

Let It All Out

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Let It All Out

by [taitofan](#)

Summary

The misadventures of Kokichi Ouma wetting himself in front of the boys (and sometimes girls) he likes.

Chapter content:

Shuuichi: 1, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 23, 24, 27, 30, 31, 35, 37, 40, 41, 45, 47, 55, 57 |

Kiibo: 2, 8, 15, 28, 42, 44 | Rantarou: 3, 7, 12, 13, 23, 26, 48 | Kaito: 4, 10, 29, 46, 52 |
Gonta: 5, 19, 38 | Korekiyo: 6 | Miu: 17, 21, 34, 51 | Kaede: 25, 31 | Nagito: 32 | Kirumi: 33
| Tenko: 36 | Ryouma: 50 | Crossover: 39, 43, 49, 53, 54, 56, 58

Latest chapter: Like a phoenix rises from the ashes...

Kokichi finds himself in a precarious position with a mob boss who's also a doctor. That
combo can't bode well...

[The fics are unrelated unless noted and new tags will be added as each chapter goes up]

Notes

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

Shuuichi Saihara - Bedwetting

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi wakes up to a surprise.

Shuuichi woke up at three in the morning to the curious sensation of something very warm and wet against his leg. He knew it was three, because the alarm clock by his bed glowed bright in the dark, and it took him a shamefully long time to wake up enough to realize what had happened.

It wasn't until Kokichi made a little sound in his sleep and shifted slightly against his side that it really hit him.

Shuuichi reached one hand under the blankets and felt around—sure enough, there was a warm wetness seeping into his pajamas and the sheets. That couldn't be good for the mattress, he thought idly. Further exploration proved that Kokichi's pajamas were soaked, and well, there was simply no doubt that the other boy had wet the bed. Shuuichi's bed. On their very first night sharing a bed together.

Carefully taking back his hand, he pondered his next course of action. Did he wake Kokichi up? Did he wait until morning? Eventually the pee was going to get cold and uncomfortable, and what if Kokichi still had to pee more? He'd drank a lot of Panta right before bed—would he wet the bed even more if Shuuichi didn't wake him? Was this a problem he usually had or just a fluke? So many questions...!

“Nngh, Saihara...?” His decision was made for him as Kokichi sleepily cracked open his eyes. With a sigh, Shuuichi leaned over and turned on the lamp. Kokichi flinched at the sudden light filling the dark room, but after a few moments, his expression changed. First was confusion, and then—utter terror that Shuuichi had never seen on Kokichi's face. “S-Saihara, I...”

“You wet the bed.”

It was almost comical how the same boy who pretended as if he was some terrible criminal mastermind who had no shame now looked absolutely mortified. Considering the two of them had only just broken past all of their barriers and tentatively started a relationship, doing something so embarrassing must have really affected him. Shuuichi wished he knew exactly what Kokichi was thinking, if only to know how to best comfort him.

“I don't... *I never*—!” Kokichi sat up and threw back the blankets, revealing the puddle around him that had seeped into Shuuichi's side. Kokichi's face was heavily flushed as he took in the damage. Shuuichi was almost impressed by how big a bladder such a small person like Kokichi must have. “Saihara, I swear, I haven't wet the bed since I was a little kid! It wasn't even a thing I did a lot. I don't know why...”

It was then that Shuuichi noticed two things. One, Kokichi's eyes looked awfully wet. Whenever he cried his crocodile tears, there was no buildup, so these looked real. And two, he was subtly fidgeting. Maybe it was because he was nervous, but there was that *other* possibility too...

“Ouma, I believe you, and I'm not mad, really. But now I need you to be honest with me.”

Kokichi wouldn't meet his eyes as he nodded. "Do you still need to pee?"

"*Huh?*" Shuuichi gently grabbed Kokichi's chin and locked their gazes. Kokichi's breath went shallow; Shuuichi licked his lips. "Yeah, I do. Isn't it pathetic, Saihara? I finally let you in, and you let me into your bed just for me to piss in it, and I still have to go. I'm the worst."

"You aren't," he insisted, cupping his hand against Kokichi's cheek and feeling the flushed skin beneath his hand. "It was an accident, and I told you I'm not mad. I care about you Ouma, and this doesn't change that."

"But—"

"Ouma, if you still need to go, you should just finish right here."

Whatever Kokichi had been about to say, it died as the words spilled from Shuuichi's lips. He wasn't sure he'd ever seen Kokichi so flustered in his life.

"What? Saihara, you want me to...?" Shuuichi nodded, his eyes glancing down to Kokichi's crotch. Kokichi's pajama pants were soaked, and he could make out Kokichi's yellow and pink striped underwear through the clinging fabric. He felt his cock twitch at the thought of Kokichi repossessing them. "I didn't know Saihara was so kinky..."

He giggled nervously, his face redder than Shuuichi had ever seen it. Then, slowly, he nodded and closed his eyes. Shuuichi watched with rapt attention as a little stream began to trickle out from the head of Kokichi's penis. Then Kokichi made a small, pained sound and let go—Shuuichi almost moaned as he watched the piss pour out of his soaked clothing, drenching the bed even more than it already was. None of that mattered though, as Kokichi had a look on relief on his face and Shuuichi couldn't help but crawl into his lap and kiss him deeply.

Kokichi moaned beautifully into the kiss, and Shuuichi could feel that he was still peeing, now directly onto him as they kissed. His cock strained in his pajamas—he'd never been so turned on in his life. This was an aspect of himself he'd never realized existed, but he really couldn't deny it. Honestly, he didn't *want* to deny it; he wanted to make Kokichi feel better about the accident. He wanted to make Kokichi feel *good*.

He reached into Kokichi's wet pants, palming him through his soaked underwear. Kokichi's bucked against his hand, moaning hungrily. Confident that his partner was enjoying this, he withdrew his hand and pushed Kokichi's clothes down past his hips so his erection sprang free. His own clothing soon followed, and he grabbed both of their erections and stroked them with abandon. Kokichi's moans were surely loud enough to wake any light sleepers, but Shuuichi was too far gone to care. He kissed Kokichi as if his life depended on it, rubbing their cocks together, needing to be closer, closer, *closer*—

He felt Kokichi shudder, and when he heard the breathy "*Shuuichi!*" that accompanied Kokichi's orgasm, Shuuichi came as well, their cum mixing together to make the soiled bed even more of a mess. Shuuichi held Kokichi tightly as they both came down from their high, kissing him gently and whispering little affectionate nothings in his ear. "*You're so beautiful Ouma, you're so special to me, stay with me please I need you.*"

Unfortunately, it didn't take long for Shuuichi to feel Kokichi shiver. The piss was cooling, and despite how turned on he'd been in the moment, the thought of sitting in cold urine wasn't exactly a pleasant thought. He slowly removed himself from Kokichi's lap and rolled off the bed, stripping away his clothes and throwing them on the wet bed. Kokichi watched him—was he *really* blushing at seeing Shuuichi strip after what had just happened? How cute, Shuuichi thought

—before catching on and doing the same. Once their dirty clothes were off, Shuuichi dug around in his dresser and found two pairs of pants, putting them on himself and giving the other to Kokichi.

“I know they’re too big, but they’ll have to do until we can get to your room. I don’t think we should risk roaming the halls naked.” Though their legs were still wet and there were still little splatters of cum on them, the late hour was starting to catch up to Shuuichi, and Kokichi looked adorably sleepy as he pulled on the pants that were far too long for him. They could wash up in the morning. As for the bed... Well, he didn’t even want to think about that yet. Kokichi’s bed would just have to do for the moment. “Ready?”

Kokichi nodded, and Shuuichi held out his hand. Kokichi stared at it for a moment before taking it, a small, genuine smile on his face. Hand-in-hand, they left Shuuichi’s bedroom for cleaner lodgings.

And though he didn’t have the nerve to mention it aloud, Shuuichi wondered if he could find a plastic sheet anywhere...

Kiibo - Peeing in a bottle

Chapter Summary

Kiibo is tasked with taking care of Kokichi, who has a cold. Too bad Kokichi can't get out of bed, but Kiibo has a plan...

Kiibo, while not a doctor, had a large database filled with knowledge in many areas, medical included. So when the rest of his new classmates decided he should take care of the sick student among them, he'd agreed, wanting to be useful to everyone. It was only later, when he was sitting in Kokichi's room, listening to him coughing and whining about how *terrible* he felt and how *bored* he was that Kiibo realized perhaps it was less about his medical knowledge and more a combination of not wanting to get sick themselves and not wanting to put up with a demanding, whiny brat throwing orders around. Kiibo was completely immune from sickness and mostly resistant to Kokichi's antics, so he supposed it was fine.

"Kiiboy," Kokichi cried pathetically, buried under a mound of blankets, "get me a tissue!"

Kiibo had long since stopped hoping for a *please* or *thank you*, but the nickname still made him frown.

"Ouma, perhaps you shouldn't use such a rude name for the person taking care of you!"

"Person? There's only *you*, Kiiboy."

His words might have stung more if they weren't immediately followed by a loud sneeze. In fact, the look of mortification that appeared on Kokichi's face was rather satisfying, even if Kiibo had no idea what caused it.

"Ah... K-Kiibo..."

At the use of his actual name, Kiibo grew a bit concerned. While he couldn't think of anything terrible that could have happened because of a sneeze, he knew that his database was no substitute for actual medical experience. Kokichi was certainly a rude brat, but Kiibo would never want to see him actually hurt!

"Ouma, are you injured? Here, let me take off the blankets and check."

Kokichi protested weakly, but he didn't move a hand to stop Kiibo from stripping back the blankets. Once his pajama-clad body was bared, Kiibo was relieved to find nothing bleeding or broken. In fact, the only thing that looked out of the ordinary was—

"Did you pee when you sneezed?"

It wasn't a lot, and Kiibo probably wouldn't even have noticed the small wet patch if he hadn't been looking for a problem. Still, based on its location, Kiibo knew it was definitely urine. It was something to be addressed, but not a serious problem, at least.

"You big dumb robot!" Kokichi's flushed face certainly wasn't from his temperature. "Don't make fun of me! You're the one who keeps bringing me tea. Of course that will make me have to

pee!”

“Tea that *you’ve* insisted that I bring you, since you won’t drink anything but that or Panta.” He fixed Kokichi with a disapproving stare. “And it’s very funny that *you’d* tell *me* not to tease you. What was it you just called me? A big dumb robot? I’m just trying to help you Ouma. I didn’t judge you, so please calm down before I decide to leave.”

At the threat, Kokichi’s eyes went wide, perhaps even a little desperate. Kiibo didn’t really plan on leaving, but Kokichi didn’t need to know that.

“Look, I know I keep saying mean things about you, okay? But I don’t really think you’re dumb! It’s just that you’re so fun to tease!” Kiibo frowned; *he* didn’t think it was very fun. “I really need to piss, and if you don’t help me, I’ll probably wet the bed the next time I sneeze. So please Kiibo, don’t go.”

Kiibo was tempted to tell Kokichi that was just too bad—let him pee in his bed and have to clean it himself! It would serve him right! But he knew that he couldn’t actually do it, especially when Kokichi had apologized and seemed sincere about it. Besides, he was sick, and Kiibo had sworn to nurse him back to health. Kokichi wouldn’t be recovering very well if he had to sleep in a cold puddle, would he?

“Ouma, you really need to stay in bed.” Kokichi started to protest, but he shut up and his eyes widened in understanding when Kiibo picked up an empty Panta bottle off the floor. “I can still help you. Can you hold on until I’m ready?”

Kokichi stared at the bottle for a few moments, licking his dry lips. Slowly, he nodded. “Okay.”

Satisfied, Kiibo unscrewed the cap and set it on the nightstand. Kokichi could barely manage to prop himself up against the pillows, and Kiibo knew he never would have been able to make it to the restrooms. That was fine, Kiibo thought as he helped Kokichi pull down his pajama pants, he could handle this. It was just helping a friend, right? An annoying friend who was cute and charismatic and who Kiibo might have liked *more* than just a friend...

Too late to worry now, he thought as he took Kokichi’s penis in his hand and pressed the tip against the opening of the bottle. Kokichi shivered a little, though whether it was because his metallic hand was cold or something else, Kiibo couldn’t say.

“Alright, Ouma. You can pee now.”

It was a good thing he hadn’t waited much longer, because pee began to spray out the moment the words left his lips. Kokichi’s moan of relief was almost obscene, and Kiibo was glad he didn’t have a dick, or he likely would have been in an embarrassing predicament. Kokichi filled the bottle quickly, and for a brief moment, Kiibo was afraid that Kokichi’s small body housed an abnormally large bladder. Luckily, just as the urine got dangerously close to the top, the stream trickled dry.

Kiibo gave his penis a little shake, then let go to put the cap on the bottle. At least Kokichi appeared to be well hydrated, if the light color of his urine was any indication. Still, he didn’t want anyone to come in and tease Kokichi about it, so he set the bottle under the bed until he could discreetly dispose of it. When he turned back to Kokichi, he had to fight off a wave of disappointment upon seeing he’d tucked in his penis and pulled his pants up.

“Oh, are you upset?” Kokichi grinned despite looking tired, and Kiibo found himself terribly embarrassed that he’d worn his emotions so clearly on his face. “Was Kiibo hoping to see more?”

Figuring he had little to lose—even if Kokichi was teasing him and thought it was actually a gross idea, he'd still gotten further than he'd ever dreamed possible—he nodded. The flush that crawled up Kokichi's face was ridiculously endearing. “O-oh... I... I guess once I'm better...”

Kiibo took pity upon the flustered boy and leaned down to press a kiss to his forehead. The sensors in his lips told him that Kokichi wasn't running a fever. Thank god.

“Ouma, you have plenty of Panta bottles if needed, so allow you to get you more tea. I'd very much like for you to get better as soon as possible.

“...Yeah, okay.” Despite everything that had happened between them since they awoken in that strange prison school, seeing Kokichi smile so brightly at him made up for it. Well, mostly. As long as he stopped calling him Kiiboy. “Kiibo, you'll stay with me until I'm better, right?”

“I'll stay with you after that, if you'll allow me to.”

Kokichi was good at lying, no doubt, and maybe Kiibo was naïve, but he didn't doubt the sincerity in Kokichi's voice when he quietly replied, “I'd like that.”

Smiling gently, Kiibo pulled the blankets back up over Kokichi and grabbed the empty teacup, hurrying out of the room so he could come back without delay.

He missed the lovesick grin that spread across Kokichi's blushing face once he was gone.

Rantarou Amami - Peeing during sex

Chapter Summary

Kokichi forgot to do something important before he and Rantarou got started.

Sex with Kokichi was a thing Rantarou was both accustomed and very much *unaccustomed* to. Kokichi was always eager and adventurous, but that also made him unpredictable. It made him *fun*. Rantarou was pretty confident he would have been able to charm his way into any of his classmate's hearts—and their beds, naturally—if that had been in his nature, but he was glad that the petit boy, so full of fire and sugar, had been the one to catch his eye.

Today, they were trying something new—Kokichi was completely naked, kneeling on a chair to give him added height so Rantarou could better ram into his ass. Rantarou, meanwhile, was fully clothed, only having his pants and briefs down enough to let his dick out. It might have been a humiliating position, if either of them had any shame to begin with.

Kokichi clutched the back of the chair tightly as Rantarou thrust roughly inside of him, and true to form, he was confusing Rantarou's expectations.

"You're so quiet," he panted, used to Kokichi's moans and giggles and dirty, teasing remarks. "Don't tell me you aren't having fun."

It wasn't just his ego that wanted Kokichi to find their time together satisfying—he was more than a little fond of Kokichi as a person too, even with as much of a pest as he could be. If Kokichi had grown bored of him, well, he'd just have to regain his interest somehow. He wasn't letting Kokichi go so easily.

"Is Amami worried?" Kokichi's tone was amused and full of lust, thankfully not disinterested in the slightest. "It's not anything you've done. It's more what *I* didn't do before we started."

Rantarou tried to think through his hazy mind to figure out what that could be. He'd definitely prepared Kokichi well before they'd begun, so that wasn't it. They'd locked the door too—after the first time Kiibo burst into the room thinking they were arguing and found Kokichi riding his cock, they hadn't made *that* mistake again. So what...?

He suddenly remembered Kokichi fidgeting more than usual while they'd been making out, while he'd undressed him, when his fingers were up Kokichi's ass... He hadn't thought anything of it at the time, but now it all seemed a bit odd. It was almost as if—

Oh.

"Ouma, do you need to piss?"

"*So much.*" And yet, Kokichi did nothing to stop Rantarou, so he didn't cease his thrusts. "I'm not going to make it to a toilet, just so you know. The second I come, I'll be pissing a lake onto the floor." He was so casual about it that Rantarou could feel his cock twitch. "*If* I can even make it that long. I guess you haven't noticed, but I've already peed a little."

He hadn't, but now that he looked down, he could see a few tiny puddles underneath the spot

where Kokichi's dick bobbed through the slats in the chair. And so help him, he found that confusingly hot.

"If you've gotta go, you've gotta go." He tried to sound nonchalant, but it was useless. He was too horny to keep the desire out of his voice. "Don't hold back on my account."

"Good, cause I— Ahh!"

Rantarou watched with rapt fascination as a long spurt of piss escaped Kokichi's erection. He put more force behind every push of his hips, groaning as more and more leaked out of Kokichi's cock. Kokichi was finally becoming vocal, moaning as if he were in heat, and it sounded sweeter to Rantarou's ears than any music in the world. It was driving him close to the edge, so he reached down and finally began to stroke Kokichi's leaking cock.

It didn't take long after that for Kokichi to come, a breathy cry of "*Rantarou!*" falling from his lips as his cum arched to the floor. And sure enough, the moment he came, piss began to spray forcibly to the floor. Rantarou couldn't hold off his own orgasm as he watched the puddle grow. He trembled and gripped Kokichi's hips tightly to keep his knees from buckling as he emptied himself into Kokichi's ass and Kokichi emptied his bladder onto the floor.

Honestly, it was the most intense orgasm he'd ever had.

Rantarou waited to catch his breath before pulling out. Then he helped Kokichi off the chair, careful not to step in the puddle that had flooded under the chair, almost to his feet. Kokichi glanced at the mess he'd made, and then smirked up at Rantarou.

"You liked that." It wasn't a question, so he didn't answer. "Hey, you know what would be really fun? Sometime, Amami should *piss in my ass.*"

Rantarou groaned as his spent cock twitched in interest and Kokichi giggled. Kokichi Ouma was going to be the death of him, but at least it would be a pleasurable way to go.

Kaito Momota - Holding contest

Chapter Summary

Kaito is challenged to a soda drinking contest, but it's much more than that.

(aka this is the wettest chapter, just saying)

It was a fool's game to agree to play with Kokichi Ouma, but when the pint-sized brat came up to him and obnoxiously declared he was challenging him to a soda-drinking contest, Kaito agreed without hesitation. It was the perfect chance to knock the so-called supreme leader down a few notches—maybe Kokichi really loved Panta, but he was *small*. There was just no way, *no way*, that he'd be able to drink more soda than Kaito could.

So when they quickly ran out of soda and they'd both drank the same amount, Kaito was understandably confused.

"We can't have a tie," he muttered, wondering where they could get more soda on such short notice. He was *not* accepting a tie. "Ouma, what's the deal? I don't believe for a second you thought this would be enough Panta. What kind of soda drinking contest only has three bottles a person?"

"Oh, that was *plenty*," Kokichi giggled, a mischievous gleam in his eyes. "That was just the first part, and we both passed. Now we see who lasts the longest!"

Kaito stared blankly at for a few moments—then it hit him. He glared down at Kokichi, who smiled up at him as if he *hadn't* just suggested such a thing.

"Hell no," he hissed, not believing what he was hearing. *What was wrong with him?* "I didn't agree to have some freaky piss holding contest."

"Well, I'm asking you now." His eyes narrowed and his grin widened, and Kaito wished he knew how someone who normally looked so cute and innocent could make such a creepy face. "Or is Momota afraid he'll lose and piss himself like a little kid? Isn't that silly? You're bigger than me and have the advantage, right?"

Well, it was true. And the thought to getting to see Kokichi in such a humiliating position was *extremely* tempting...

"...Fine. But I won't lose."

Maybe he was going crazy, but he could have sworn he heard Kokichi whisper "*You won't*" through his giggling.

Kaito couldn't believe he'd willingly spent so much time in Kokichi's room, just the two of them. It was definitely odd, but as they waited for their bladders to fill, it wasn't as bad as he'd feared. Kokichi asked him random questions about space, and he actually seemed interested in hearing the answers. True, there were questions about aliens and rabbits on the moon strewn in, but he *mostly*

seemed serious about it. It was, amazingly, *almost* pleasant.

Before he could get too introspective with how comfortable he felt, the urge to pee started to creep up on him. It was around that point that Kokichi began fidgeting, tapping his feet against the floor and jiggling his leg before standing up, obviously trying to ease the pressure on his bladder.

Kaito felt a rush of triumph—he had this in the bag!

After another quarter hour, Kaito had to stand as well, but now Kokichi was outright clutching his crotch, his body trembling as he tried to hold on. And yet, he seemed remarkably calm about the entire ordeal.

“I think you’re going to win.” His smile was shaky, but it was a smile all the same. “How does the winner want me to piss myself?”

Kaito paused, thinking the question over. Then he stopped himself, his face heating up.

“Hey, what the hell kind of question is that?”

“You’re blushing,” Kokichi teased, pressing his knees together. “You want to see me in a degrading position, right? So don’t act like it’s *my* fault that *you’re* a pervert. Just own up to it and tell me what you want to see. Should I stand so you can see the piss soak my pants? Sit down so you can see the puddle grow under me? I’ll even get on my bed and mess it up if you want. It’s fine, I’ve got a plastic sheet.”

Kaito almost asked why he had such a thing and where he’d found it, but he stopped himself. *Priorities.*

“Ouma, I—”

“I’ll do whatever filthy thing Momota wants.”

God help him, Kokichi’s words went straight to his cock. He tried to will away his impending erection, but apparently his penis didn’t feel like listening to reason. Well, wasn’t this nice and fucked up?

“Look, just forget the whole thing and go to the bathroom. You don’t gotta go that far.”

When Kokichi frowned, Kaito knew this had all been some big, weird plan of his. Kaito had no idea why Kokichi wanted to get himself into this position, but obviously he hadn’t planned on Kaito going off script and getting all noble on him. Well, that was just too bad. He didn’t care what Kokichi *or* his cock thought—he didn’t want to see Kokichi piss his pants! *Really!*

But then Kokichi’s frown turned into a grin, and he asked with a sticky sweet tone, “Hey Momota, will you look down a second?”

Like a fool, Kaito did just that, and he almost groaned when he saw a spurt of piss damped Kokichi’s pants. Being white, the newly wet fabric became just translucent enough for Kaito to make out the bright colors of Kokichi’s boxers. He could have gone his whole life without knowing what color underwear Kokichi wore, but no, of course not. Now he had a sinking feeling that the image would start popping into his mind at very inopportune times.

“Does Momota want me to stop?” Kaito knew he should say no, look away, *leave*, but something compelled him to shake his head and watch as another burst of piss left Kokichi’s dick. Lust, he knew, that *something* was lust. Kokichi fucking Ouma was a pain in the ass, but he was an

attractive, compelling pain in the ass. And now he was moaning and more piss was running down his legs, and Kaito came to the terrifying conclusion that Kokichi was a hot mess and he *desperately* wanted a piece of that. *Fuck*. “Hey Momota, *watch this*.”

As if he could have possibly looked away, he watched as Kokichi pulled his wet pants and boxers down past his narrow hips, to his knees, and continued pissing *directly into* his clothes. It was ridiculous and nothing but fetishistic nonsense, but Kaito fell for it hook, line, and sinker. He was painfully erect now, and that was honestly probably the only thing keeping him from pissing his own pants at that point.

“Ah, that feels so much better!” Kokichi’s tone was light and cheerful as he pulled up his wet pants and grinned brightly up at Kaito. “But now you have two problems, don’t you? Since you didn’t tell me how you wanted me to piss myself, I can help you instead. If you want me to.”

Kaito had a feeling Kokichi had planned on that from the start, but he could play along. Besides, it hit him that Kokichi was very plainly asking for permission. The initial game, the *actual* game, how he went about peeing, whatever the hell he had in mind *now*... He was explicitly seeking Kaito’s consent every step of the way, and Kaito didn’t know what to make of the touched feeling that spread through him as that realization came to him.

“...Are you gonna suck me off or something?”

Kokichi’s eyes lit up, but he stayed where he was.

“Is that what Momota wants?”

“That isn’t what I asked, Ouma.”

Kokichi’s frown was back, and he couldn’t hide the frustration that came to his face. Kaito couldn’t help but smile—who knew the Ultimate Supreme Leader was such a big fan of consent? He really wasn’t as bad as he pretended to be.

“Hey, I got it, okay? I want it Ouma.”

Kokichi almost looked relieved to obtain his permission, and he quickly crossed the gap between them, immediately going down on his knees and undoing Kaito’s belt to pull out his erection. *Fuck*, Kaito thought as Kokichi kissed the tip of his cock before deep-throating it as if it were nothing. *Fuck*.

“O-Ouma, hey, I’m already close, you know? And I really gotta piss, so—”

He cut off with a moan when Kokichi gave a hard suck, trying hard not to piss down Kokichi’s throat. Thankfully, Kokichi relented, taking the length down from gay porn star level to overeager gay teenager level. It still felt unbelievably good.

“You can come in my mouth if you want,” Kokichi pulled back to murmur, licking his cock in between words. “If you piss in my mouth, that’s fine too. Or you can piss on my face. I don’t care.”

Kaito hated how the dirty words affected him—he immediately came with a grunt, right in Kokichi’s awaiting mouth. Kokichi giggled as he swallowed his cum, and the vibrations on his sensitive cock made riding out his orgasm much better than anything he’d ever felt with his own hand.

“Ouma,” he breathed, knowing he didn’t have long to enact his plan, “touch yourself?”

Kokichi neither questioned him nor hesitated—he pulled out his leaking cock and began stroking himself with a quivering hand. Kaito took his spent cock in his hand, took a deep breath, aimed, and let go. Piss sprayed hard and fast from his cock onto Kokichi’s face, and the other boy didn’t even pause jerking off as he opened his mouth, letting his tongue hang out.

Shit, Kaito thought as he trained the stream on Kokichi’s tongue. *That’s so fucking hot.*

Kokichi came only moments before Kaito’s bladder emptied, and Kaito was pretty sure he would have gotten hard at the sight of the other boy if it had been physically possible. Kokichi was drenched in piss, cum on his hands, flushed and panting... Rationally, Kaito knew this was gross and so was he for actively participating in it. Luckily, he’d always valued what his gut said over rationality, and his gut was saying he should say “fuck it” and kiss Kokichi. Really, the only thing stopping him was the fact he’d just come *and* pissed in that same mouth he wanted to kiss.

“Ah, Kaito is so kind to play with me.” Kokichi clasped his hands together and smiled cutely despite his appearance. “We should do it again soon!”

Kaito, despite everything that had just occurred, blushed hotly at hearing Kokichi say his given name so casually.

“...Fuck it.” He held a hand out for Kokichi, who stared at it for a moment before reaching up and taking it, allowing Kaito to help him to his feet. “Can I kiss you?”

Such a simple question, yet it was the only thing he’d done so far to make Kokichi blush like a virgin on his wedding night.

“Y-yes...”

Though Kaito wished Kokichi had brushed his teeth first, he couldn’t deny that kissing him was enjoyable. Kokichi was willing and eager, clutching the front of Kaito’s shirt and not protesting when Kaito slipped his tongue in his mouth. In return, Kaito didn’t complain when Kokichi pressed his body closer, getting Kaito’s clothes wet in the process. God, this was all so *filthy*, but a kinky brat like Kokichi was apparently everything he’d never known he wanted.

“Stay,” was all Kokichi whispered between kisses.

“Yeah, I’m right here.”

Kaito didn’t know how long Kokichi meant, but in that moment, he couldn’t think of any place he’d rather be.

...And a short while later, when Kokichi pulled out his big watery eyes and sugary words to get Kaito to clean up the mess, well, he supposed that still rang true.

Gonta Gokuhara - Fear Wetting

Chapter Summary

Gonta just wanted to show Kokichi a pretty butterfly, but things don't go as he'd planned.

(This is blatant Hope's Peak Academy AU!)

Gonta would be the first to admit that he was quite easy to fool, and that made him a prime target for Kokichi. As his classmates pointed out, that didn't make it right, but Gonta really didn't hold it against him. Kokichi was a very smart boy who got bored easily, so if teasing Gonta helped him, he was very happy to help!

He'd heard the others talk behind his back several times—calling him naïve to think that Kokichi was a good person deep down. He couldn't help it; he refused to only see the bad in people. Maybe Kokichi's more pleasant qualities were buried deep down—*very deep*—within him, but surely they were there! He could see evidence of it every now and then, and he was determined to find the key to make Kokichi open up and be honest with everyone.

Since the beginning of the year, he'd tried reaching out to his classmate, offering to show him interesting insects. He was always turned down, at least until his latest attempt. "*Ouma*," he'd said, a kind smile on his face as he'd approached Kokichi after classes were done, "*Gonta saw a butterfly just outside the school grounds that's the same color as your eyes.*"

Kokichi had looked bored all throughout class, but his eyes had lit up upon hearing the question. Of course, he'd accepted by saying "*Fine, I'll go see your dumb bug*" but Gonta assumed Kokichi had just been lying about thinking insects were dumb, as he *did* tend to lie for no apparent reason, and everyone knew bugs were anything but dumb!

That was how Gonta found himself leaving Hope's Peak Academy's gates, Kokichi trailing just behind him. Gonta wasted no time in leading him to the butterfly's location, knowing that if he dawdled, Kokichi would grow bored and leave. What kind of gentleman would allow such a thing to happen?

"Hey, are we almost there?" Kokichi asked. Gonta looked over his shoulder briefly to see Kokichi glancing around, not looking quite as uninterested in their surroundings as he sounded. "I mean, it's cute you saw a butterfly and thought of *my eyes*, but if we don't see it soon, I'll—"

Gonta never got to hear the threat—and luckily didn't have time to ponder why Kokichi thought that was *cute*—because Kokichi's voice died out and was replaced with a shrill yelp. Gonta spun around, concerned by the noise, only to see that Kokichi had stopped dead in his tracks, a large centipede having fallen on top of his head. It was a very lovely specimen, but Kokichi couldn't see it and thus only knew that *something* had fallen on his head.

"G-Gonta, what's on m-me?"

Gonta could clearly hear the fear in Kokichi's question, and his body shook just as badly as his voice. But it was hardly the first time he's seen Kokichi like that—the other boy *loved* to pretend

to be sad or afraid and then laugh at whoever tried to comfort him, calling them a fool for believing a liar like him. Gonta may have fallen for it a few times. A few *dozen* times. What could he say? Seeing Kokichi cry always made him feel terrible, even if he was faking it. Now Gonta smiled to himself, pleased that he'd caught onto Kokichi's game before he could be tricked. As if Kokichi would be scared of a bug!

"It's a *Pachymerium ferrugineum*," he replied, knowing the type of centipede on sight. He watched as it crawled around in Kokichi's hair, heading towards his face. "Also known as an earth centipede."

"Centi..." The color drained from Kokichi's face, and his body trembled as the centipede crawled down his forehead. "G-get it *off*..."

Gonta didn't have to do anything, because the centipede quickly dropped off Kokichi's face on its own and scurried away. However, Gonta was too distracted to watch it go, because the moment Kokichi had plead for help, a wet patch formed on the pants of Kokichi's school uniform. Gonta watched in bewildered silence as Kokichi's bladder gave way to fear, sending streaks of urine down his pant legs. He felt horrified as he watched Kokichi's bladder empty where he stood, pee soaking into the ground beneath him once his pants were too wet to hold more. Not because of what Kokichi was doing, but because he was clearly *terrified*, and Gonta had treated it like a *joke*.

Didn't it just figure that the one time he didn't take Kokichi seriously, he was actually telling the truth? He supposed maybe it was karmic justice, but Gonta couldn't take any satisfaction in it. Gonta didn't want Kokichi to be scared or humiliated, not at all. He'd just wanted to be closer to him, to show him a pretty butterfly that reminded Gonta of his pretty eyes, and look where it had gotten him.

"Ouma..."

Kokichi's pants were drenched and his bladder was obviously empty, but he didn't stop trembling. A few fat tears rolled down his cheeks, and they were very clearly not his normal crocodile tears. Kokichi was not faking this; not even *he* would go that far just for a prank.

"Gonta, *I want to go back*."

Gonta nodded hastily and rushed to Kokichi's side, wondering what the best course of action was. If they walked back, everyone would know what Kokichi had done, and Gonta wasn't about to let that happen. Kokichi could certainly be a brat, but Gonta wouldn't let him get hurt. Gonta would *protect* him.

"Ouma, please allow Gonta to make up for his mistake by carrying you back. Then no one will see your accident."

Normally, Kokichi surely would have protested—*loudly*—about such treatment being unfitting for an Ultimate Supreme Leader, but now he just nodded and let Gonta lift him up. He cradled the smaller boy in his arms, the size difference between them being so much that he was able to hide the damning evidence of Kokichi's accident. It was nice, Gonta thought, to be able to hold Kokichi so close like this, though he sincerely wished the circumstances had been different.

Soon enough they were back on school grounds, and Gonta's long strides made their trip back to the dormitory as painless as possible. He stopped outside Kokichi's room, not thinking the other boy would want to go to his room when he had a terrarium with centipedes prominently on display. Kokichi reached into his pocket and took out his keycard, handing it to Gonta, who slid it and allowed them access to the room.

Gonta couldn't help but take in as much of Kokichi's room as he could without being too blatant about his interest. It was a bit messy, with empty Panta bottles strewn about and stacks of books lying on the floor. A white board had been set up which featured doodles of all of their classmates, little lines connecting different people, though Gonta couldn't tell what it was for, or why Kokichi had a line pointing from his picture to Gonta's. Deciding not to worry about it, he carefully set Kokichi down, pleased to see his legs seemed more stable now. The sleeves of his uniform were wet from Kokichi's pants, but he paid it no mind as he offered Kokichi a warm smile.

"Gonta is sorry today didn't go well, and if you can think of anything that can make up for it, please tell me! Gonta will be happy to help!"

Some color finally came back to Kokichi's face, and he glanced down at his wet pants with a grimace, muttering, "Just... don't tell anyone what happened. That's all I want."

"Gonta promises to never tell a soul!" he swore, a solemn look in his eyes. "But is that really all? Gonta could help you clean up, at least."

Now there was more than enough color on Kokichi's face, and to Gonta's relief, a bit of his normal spark was back in his eyes.

"Why would you even want to help me?" he questioned, his hands curling into fists at his side. "All I do is play pranks and tease you. You should be making *me* do stuff for *you* to keep you quiet."

"Gonta would never do that!" he protested, offended at the very idea. "Gonta knows that you're a good person, and Gonta will protect you, Ouma, he swears!"

An unfamiliar emotion passed over Kokichi's face, but it was gone too quickly for him to think much on it. Instead, Kokichi scowled up at him, though unless Gonta was entirely mistaken, the pink dusting on his cheeks probably gave away that he wasn't as upset as he was playing up.

"Ultimate Supreme Leaders don't need *protecting*," he insisted, crossing his arms in a huff. It was ridiculously endearing.

"Everyone needs protecting sometimes," Gonta countered, and though he was often willing to accept his classmates being correct over him when their opinions differed, he *knew* he was right this time. "Gonta will protect you, and he hopes that Ouma will protect him if needed!"

Kokichi stared up at him for many long moments, as if unsure of what to say. Finally, he sighed and looked away, making a soft noise of exasperation. Still, there was a hint of a genuine smile on his face, and Gonta could clearly see the glimmer of happiness in those beautiful eyes that reminded him of butterflies.

"You're *crazy*, but fine, protect me. I don't care. I guess any good leader could use a good bodyguard." Gonta laughed softly, and Kokichi's expression seemed to brighten just a touch more. "Well, if you're so eager to help me, get me some clean clothes while I take these off."

Gonta nodded and moved towards the dresser. His hearing, being better than most, didn't miss the nearly inaudible "*thank you*" from Kokichi. A wide grin on his face, he pulled out the usual white attire Kokichi wore when not in his uniform and turned to him—only to feel his own face flush when he found Kokichi completely nude, his soiled clothes in a pile on the floor.

"O-Ouma!" he sputtered, trying to look *anywhere* but at the expanse of naked skin before him. He knew that it was terribly un-gentlemanlike of him, but it proved to be an impossible task. Gonta

had never denied to himself that he found Kokichi cute, from his mischievous smiles to his expressive eyes to his unique giggle. But taking him in like this was really just too much. How rude of him, staring like that, feeling his tight uniform growing tighter in the pants. What if Kokichi noticed and was disgusted by his uncouth behavior?

“Gonta is very sorry! He didn’t know you would be—”

“It’s fine.” Kokichi’s voice sounded breathy, and upon closer inspection, Gonta saw where he was looking—right at the growing bulge in Gonta’s pants. “I didn’t think you liked boys like that. Like me.”

Gonta was quite sure the entire class knew Kokichi liked boys exclusively, but he kept that to himself and set the clothes on top of the dresser. He forced his gaze to the ground and mumbled, “Gonta likes boys and girls equally. But... he mostly likes Ouma, when Ouma isn’t being mean at least.”

A moment of awkward silence passed between them.

“I... I’m not a nice person. You really shouldn’t like someone like me, you know? You could do much better. I mean, *look at me.*” Though it wasn’t a command, Gonta did so anyway. Much to his surprise, Kokichi was growing erect where he stood. Gonta idly thought about how much bigger he was than his small stature would suggest. “I pissed my pants because I was scared of a *bug*, and you helped me even though I’m constantly a jerk to you, and you *still* like me, and I’m getting hard because *you* are and I like you too, and I’m just the *worst*—!”

“Ouma is a kind person!” Kokichi stopped his borderline hysterical ranting, shock clear on his face. He was usually so good at hiding his real emotions; Gonta wondered just how much the day had taken a toll on him if everything was crumbling down now. “Gonta knows you aren’t as mean as you pretend; he just wishes you would be *honest* a little more. More like today! Ouma has been very pleasant today, and Gonta loves it! He wants to see Ouma this open all the time!” Kokichi’s cock seemed to swell along with the praise he received, even if his expression showed that he was unconvinced. Gonta took a tentative step forward. “Ouma... Can Gonta help you?”

“...If you really want to. I...” Kokichi’s eyes flitted down to Gonta’s bulge and giggled nervously. Then he lifted his gaze to look Gonta straight in the eyes, and somehow Gonta knew that whatever Kokichi said next, it would be nothing but the truth. “I want you to. Kiss me, fuck me, *whatever*. You don’t even have your pants off and I can tell you’re *big*. Do you have any idea how many times I’ve jerked off thinking about you pounding me into my mattress? *Too many.*” He was blushing brightly now, looking more flustered than Gonta had ever seen. “But I only want you to if *you* really want to do it. I’ve been picking on you all year, all because I just can’t deal with feeling like this, and that’s not right, I *know* it isn’t. I just... I don’t deserve you, I know, so... P-please. Do whatever you want with me, but only because *you* want it.”

Gonta knew very well that he could easily overpower Kokichi, but he also knew that Kokichi was infinitely more manipulative than he was and could probably get Gonta to do just about anything, so to hear Kokichi give Gonta all the power in this situation, well, to say Gonta felt touched was an understatement.

The conversation had brought down Gonta’s erection, which in turn was calming Kokichi down as well. That was fine. Gonta didn’t think a gentleman had sex before at least going on *one* date, anyway.

“Gonta would like it if Ouma accepted his help dressing, and then accompanied him to dinner tonight. He hopes it still counts as a date if it’s at school!” Kokichi seemed a little bewildered, but

he nodded nonetheless. “Wonderful! Gonta is very happy! Then please lift your arms, Ouma.”

“A-ah, okay.”

Gonta smiled eagerly as he began dressing Kokichi. Friend, bodyguard, boyfriend—Gonta was pleased to be any of those, let alone all of them. And judging by the cute, honest smile Kokichi gave him when Gonta leaned down and pressed a kiss to his cheek, well, he was pretty confident that the feeling was mutual.

Korekiyo Shinguuji - Bondage Peeing

Chapter Summary

Korekiyo wants to start something beautiful.

(take a sip every time the word "beautiful" comes up

also bear in mind this is really more Oumasai than anything)

It was human nature to survive, to cheat death at every opportunity. Korekiyo fully knew that this was no life or death matter, but it was still fascinating to watch all the same. Kokichi was always an interesting person to observe—hiding a horrifyingly intelligent mind behind a mask of false smiles and convincing lies, able to cry on command and then grin brightly the moment he grew bored. It didn't hurt that he was very easy on the eyes. To have such beauty and intrigue in one little package almost seemed too good to be true.

He'd often wondered what it would be like to have Kokichi tied up and at his mercy. Who knew that all he had to do was ask?

"You're getting hard." Kokichi giggled, the red ropes tying his arms behind his back and his kneeling legs together contrasting beautifully with his pale skin. "I mean, we all figured Shinguuji was a pervert, but I wonder if anyone would guess just what kind of weird stuff you're into?"

Kokichi was one to talk. His cock was partially erect, bobbing prettily over his smooth thighs.

"Tell me, Ouma, are the ropes too tight?" Kokichi huffed at his question being ignored, though Korekiyo wasn't sure if his irritation was real or part of this little game they were playing. "The state of your body suggests you are finding pleasure in this situation yourself."

"You already asked me that when you were tying me up," Kokichi answered, seeming genuinely annoyed to have to repeat himself. It was always so hard to tell with him. "I'm *fine*. Are we starting this stupid scene soon? I'll get bored if we don't."

"Very well, your fidgeting has increased tenfold from when I first bound your limbs. Tell me, Ouma, how much longer can your bladder hold on?"

He'd already made his intentions clear when he'd approached Kokichi, who had been drinking both Panta *and* tea with dinner. He wanted to see Kokichi lose control, and if that meant seeing his bladder give out, well, that was fine with him. Kokichi had seemed intrigued by the idea and agreed, with a few conditions. One, there was to be no touching other than to tie and untie the ropes. It was a pity, Korekiyo thought, but he understood. Kokichi might not have cared if his body was on display, but his heart—and the privilege to *touch* his body—would always belong to only one person, even if Kokichi denied it. And two, there was a safe word. Once Kokichi was tied up, he could play up wanting to be let go all he wanted, but if he said *cat*, that meant the game was over and he was to be untied immediately.

Korekiyo agreed to both demands easily. It was fine if he could only look and not touch—just the thought of being able to see someone Kokichi lose control was so *exquisite*!

“Hey Shinguuji, how badly would it kill your boner if I just pissed right now instead of playing along with your little desperation fantasy?” Kokichi giggled when Korekiyo’s eyes narrowed. “Oh, don’t be mad at me, or I might cry! But I’d better not, huh? That might make you come in your pants before I even get to pee!”

He let Kokichi laugh at his expense. Despite his words, he was still valiantly trying to hold on. It was, of course, inevitable that he would pee. Even if he used the safe word immediately he could never redress and get to a toilet in time. He was sure Kokichi knew that too.

“I cannot deny that watching you sob as you lose control would be an appealing sight indeed.” In fact, his cock was twitching in his pants just thinking about it. “However, I acknowledge that such a thing would be woefully out of character. That is, unless you would be so kind as to play that part, in which case I would immensely gratefully watch. You are the one who agreed to humor me, Ouma, so the scene is in your hands. I am merely a spectator.”

Kokichi stared curiously, and after a moment, he smiled widely and asked, “Have you ever touched yourself while you thought of me pissing myself?”

“Certainly.”

Multiple times, with a variety of situations for Kokichi to find himself in. Sometimes, the other boys were involved, often fucking Kokichi senseless. More often than not, one other beautiful boy in particular was Kokichi’s partner. There was, he supposed, nothing wrong with adding a little realism to his masturbation fantasies. Regardless, he kept all that to himself, but his simple, honest answer seemed to surprise Kokichi.

“You’re a real pervert!” He giggled cheerfully, tilting his head to the side and gazing up at Korekiyo with a coy look in his eyes. “Fine, I’ll play along. You’d better stand back if you don’t want to get wet though.”

He really didn’t care, but for the sake of his clothes, he complied. Meanwhile, Kokichi took a deep breath and—

“S-Shinguuji, I can’t hold on much longer!” Kokichi suddenly had tears running down his face, and he hiccupped pathetically as he squirmed against the ropes. Really, he could easily have been the Ultimate Actor. “Please let me go!”

And there it was, the scene had officially begun. With no safe word being uttered, Korekiyo made no move to free Kokichi, instead tapping a finger against his chin thoughtfully.

“I do not think I will. Perhaps this is the lesson you need not to lie to me.” He didn’t offer any details to the scenario, knowing that *Kokichi lying* was a broad enough situation to run with. “Look at you, growing erect from being tied up and about to have an accident... You are far too old for that, are you not?”

“I’m s-sorry...” Kokichi sobbed a little louder, and in return, Korekiyo grew a little harder. Maybe Kokichi had been right about the crying being a little too arousing for him. He hadn’t even touched himself and he felt as if he could come. “I won’t lie again, I swear. Just let me go. I need to pee so much, I—” Korekiyo didn’t know if the piss that spurted from Kokichi’s erect cock was planned or not, but the timing was perfect enough to make him moan. “Shinguuji is s-so *m-mean!*”

“Perhaps, but at least I am not a liar.” A thought came to Korekiyo’s mind. He wasn’t sure if it was a good idea or not, but Kokichi could always end the scene if it wasn’t, as disappointing as that would be. But if he didn’t... Maybe Korekiyo could be the catalyst to starting something

beautiful among his peers. After all, he'd never get an opportunity to force some truth upon Kokichi like this again. "Ouma, if I were Saihara, would you be begging me to touch you right now?"

"Saihara?" Kokichi's eyes widened just enough to let Korekiyo know his reaction was genuine. "What does *he* have to do with anything?"

"Everything. You are a liar, are you not? You would love it if Saihara were here watching you like this instead of myself, but you would never admit it, would you? You cannot even be honest about your own desires. How woefully pathetic."

Kokichi's eyes grew unfocused, and no doubt he was pondering what it would be like if Shuuichi *were* there. After a few moments, he shook his head and stared up at Korekiyo, his emotions not as clear as they'd been throughout the scene. Korekiyo figured he must have hit a nerve.

"You're cruel," Kokichi murmured, smiling unevenly as more tears ran down his cheeks. "Bringing *him* up while I'm like this. Does that get you off too?"

"You have no idea," he admitted, figuring he might as well go all the way at this point. "Saihara tied up as you ride him. Pounding into you with such vigor that you cannot help but tell nothing but the truth. One little slip of the tongue—*I love you, Saihara.*" He only barely caught Kokichi's sharp intake of breath, but he certainly didn't miss the longing in Kokichi's eyes. "The fear on your face as you realize what truths have spilled from your lips. The unbridled joy when he readily admits his reciprocation. Ouma, I have imagined it all, and I suspect you have as well. So why do you pretend otherwise?"

Kokichi wasn't looking at him anymore, apparently finding the floor more interesting. "I thought you wanted to tie me up and watch me piss myself, not talk about my *feelings.*"

"Humans are quite amazing at multitasking." Kokichi looked far from impressed at the direction the night had taken, but he still wasn't using the safe word. He wasn't about to let his chance go to waste. "Everyone sees the way the two of you dance around each other. He draws close; you pull away. It is a frustrating experience." And he did mean *everyone*. Miu had a betting pool for how long it would take before they finally got together, and which of them would finally break and confess first. "Why do you lie to yourself, Ouma? What are you afraid of?"

"Fuck you," Kokichi muttered, his eyes darkening and his body trembling, though whether from anger or his weakening bladder, Korekiyo could only guess. "I'm not scared, and I don't love—"

Before Kokichi could tell the biggest lie of his life, he was cut off as his bladder finally gave way. Piss arched from his cock, still partially erect, and landed in a puddle on the floor before him. Kokichi's body was as flushed as his face, almost matching the bright red of the ropes. It was filthy, it was *beautiful*. Such a lovely, fleeting experience—Kokichi Ouma was truly a work of art.

Korekiyo palmed himself through his pants as he watched Kokichi empty his bladder, helpless to stop the stream. It was disappointing to know this would never happen again, but at the same time, what an exquisite memory he would carry with him for the rest of his life.

Soon—*too soon*—the stream of piss came to an end, leaving Kokichi bound and kneeling in a puddle of his own urine, hard and panting. He turned his gaze back up to Korekiyo and smirked—that was all it took for him to tip the edge and come in his pants with a grunt.

"Cat."

How very like him, Korekiyo thought as he shakily made his way over to Kokichi, to not give him even a moment to recover. No matter, a promise was a promise. He paid no mind to the puddle as he untied the ropes, observing how they'd cut just deep enough into Kokichi's skin to leave pink marks in their wake. Kokichi gently rubbed a few spots once his hands were free, but otherwise he seemed perfectly fine. He even willingly accepted Korekiyo's hand to help him stand.

"...You're alright, I trust?" He didn't bring up Kokichi's erection, knowing he'd never be allowed to touch it. Such a shame.

"...Yeah. But get out of my room and don't come back." There was no bite to his words, and Korekiyo nodded. This was all it could be, and he'd known that going into it. He had no right to be disappointed. Without a word, he turned to the door, ready to leave Kokichi and his mess behind, telling himself this was all he'd wanted anyway. "But... Thanks."

Korekiyo paused, but only for a moment. He still didn't look back.

"You are welcome."

With that, he left Kokichi's room and hurried back to his own, trying to convince his wildly beating heart that he'd done the right thing. Something beautiful was going to come of this, and wasn't that what he'd wanted? Of course it was. This was all according to plan—he'd gotten a nice show, and no one would have to watch Shuuichi and Kokichi's ridiculous game anymore. Everything had gone perfectly, *really*.

...So why did he feel so empty?

The next morning, Korekiyo saw Kokichi as he walked in for breakfast, but he didn't receive any acknowledgement. Not that he expected any, when Shuuichi was sitting next to him, both boys smiling, and Kokichi flushing prettily when Shuuichi leaned over and gently pressed his lips to Kokichi's cheek. Kokichi looked genuinely happier than he'd ever seen.

Miu and everyone who'd gotten in on the betting pool looked as if they were ready to pounce for answers at any moment.

Korekiyo ignored it all and passed them silently, sitting away as far as he could from the new couple. He really had set this beautiful moment into motion, and he praised himself for that. It was enough to see Kokichi so happy, he told himself. Shuuichi was good for Kokichi, and they would be very happy together. That would just have to be enough.

He refused to acknowledge the irony of telling Kokichi to be honest when he couldn't stop lying to himself.

Rantarou Amami - Peeing Inside Your Partner

Chapter Summary

Continuation of chapter 3--Rantarou fulfills Kokichi's request.

Anon wanted a follow up where Rantarou peed in Kokichi's butt, and who am I to refuse?

“You’re sure about this?”

“I didn’t say it as a joke!”

Right, Kokichi Ouma, *not* joking about something—how silly of him to think otherwise! Rantarou kept his thoughts to himself, figuring that now probably wasn’t the time to start discussing Kokichi’s sense of humor. Not when he had two fingers up Kokichi’s ass, preparing him for what was to come.

“Right, of course. This whole thing just seems... odd.” That was the biggest understatement he’d ever uttered in his entire life. “Is this even sanitary?”

Below him, Kokichi rolled his eyes. It really said a lot about how often they found themselves in that position that Kokichi could be so casual even with fingers spreading lube up his butt.

“It’s just *pee*,” he replied with a huff. “More unsanitary things come *out* of my butt. Pissing in my ass one time isn’t going to kill me.” God, Rantarou hoped not. If the killing game finally started because of *that*, Rantarou would confess to murder immediately just to save himself the embarrassment. “Now stop stalling! I’m ready, and with as much as you’re squirming, I’d say you are too.”

That, at least, wasn’t a lie. When they’d decided to actually try this, Rantarou had drank as much water as he possibly could, wanting his urine to get as diluted as he could manage. That had been a few hours ago, and now he was positively *bursting*. He wasn’t the only one either—Kokichi hadn’t touched the water, but he’d had a combination of tea and Panta that had filled him up just as easily. Things would soon be getting very wet, but luckily Kokichi had borrowed—and by that Rantarou meant *stolen*—a sheet of plastic from Angie’s art supplies and fitted it to his mattress, minimizing the damage to wet sheets.

They’d taken all the necessary precautions, so he supposed all that was left was to do it. Have sex with Kokichi and pee in his ass. While Kokichi would likely end up peeing all over himself. *Normal stuff*. Rantarou might have laughed at the absurdity of it all if he wasn’t completely and utterly turned on by the mere thought of what was to come.

“Alright, alright, you’re ready anyway.” He removed his fingers and spread the rest of the lube on his erection. His full bladder was painful at that point, and he wondered if he’d even be able to hold on until he came. No matter, he put the head to Kokichi’s anus and sank in, not bothering to quiet his moan at the warm sensation that enveloped his cock. He could have sex with Kokichi a million times, and he didn’t think it would ever stop being enjoyable. “You okay?”

“You ask me that *every time*.” It was true, and Rantarou planned on it always remaining true. Besides, he could always make out the gratitude in Kokichi’s eyes when he asked. “I’m *fine*. Just move already.”

That was all it took for Rantarou to pull back until he was almost out, then slam his hips forward. Kokichi giggled and rocked his body to meet Rantarou’s thrusts, occasionally moving just so, assumedly so Rantarou would hit that sweet spot inside him. Rantarou quickly found that sex with a full bladder was quite different from the normal fare; it was hard to focus on both the pleasure *and* not peeing. The first spurt he felt escape him went unnoticed by his partner, but *he* was hyperaware of it. He tried to hold on, but it was hard to focus on anything but how *good* Kokichi felt. The next time he leaked, Kokichi grinned up at him.

“Is *Rantarou* losing control?” he teased, stressing Rantarou’s given name. “Maybe you need more experience with this sort of thing. I’ll be happy to help you!”

Oh, Rantarou bet he would. And really, he didn’t think he could possibly say *no* to that offer either. But still, Kokichi’s cocky grin—firmly intact even with piss starting to leak out of his ass—made him want to see Kokichi lose control too. He removed one of his hands from Kokichi’s hips, making it look like he was going to grab Kokichi’s erection, but then he quickly pressed down on Kokichi’s lower stomach. The squeal that came out of Kokichi would likely get him killed if he ever told anyone about it. Much to Rantarou’s satisfaction, pee started gushing from Kokichi’s bobbing cock, most of it landing square on Kokichi’s chest, dripping down his pale skin and wetting the sheets under them.

Damn, Rantarou thought, *this is hot. So fucking hot.*

It took a while for the stream to slow down, but when it seemed as if Kokichi was done—which meant Kokichi was left glaring up at him half-heartedly—Rantarou ran his hand over Kokichi’s wet chest and then finally grabbed his erection, pumping it vigorously. He knew he wasn’t going to last long, not after *that* little display. Certainly not with as full as his bladder was.

“Hurry up and come,” Kokichi whined, ditching his glare and playing up his cutesy persona as he pouted prettily. “I want Rantarou to pee inside me already!”

At those words, Rantarou redoubled his efforts, pounding into Kokichi while he worked the cock in his hand with finesse. A few more bursts of pee shot out of him, but once Kokichi came with a wordless cry, everything seemed to happen at once. Kokichi tightened around his cock, which made him come without warning. The moment his cum had emptied into Kokichi’s ass, he was helpless to stop the flood that followed. He groaned in relief as the pressure rapidly decreased, piss flowing out of him as fast as it could escape his spent cock. Below him, Kokichi’s eyes widened, and he laughed giddily as the piss poured into him.

“*Rantarou*,” he breathed, a dazed sort of lust in his eyes, “it’s so *warm*. I can feel it in me.”

Rantarou couldn’t reply. All he could manage to do was let his aching bladder empty, the piss eventually having nowhere to go and trickling out of Kokichi’s ass, around Rantarou’s cock. He didn’t care that his own pee was getting all over him; everything felt too good, too hot, too intimate. Even after his stream died down and he pulled out—the rest of his piss flowing out of Kokichi’s asshole the moment its makeshift plug was gone—he was still shaking. That had almost been *too* intense. Almost.

“Hey, did you enjoy that?” he asked once he trusted his voice not to shake.

Kokichi rolled his eyes, just as Rantarou predicted he would, but he couldn’t keep the grin off his

face.

“Yes, you dummy, I liked it.” Before Rantarou could ask his next question, Kokichi reached up and pressed a finger against his lips. “No, I’m not hurt, I’m not going to die, and if we don’t do this again sometime, I’ll *really* cry and I’m *not* lying about that. Anything else?”

Rantarou thought for a moment, and then shook his head. Satisfied, Kokichi withdrew his finger and sat up, leaning his small body against Rantarou’s larger one, burying his face into Rantarou’s chest. Instinctively, Rantarou drew his arms around Kokichi, holding him close. He knew they’d have to move soon, before the pee soaking the sheets grew cold, but they still had some time. He personally loved it when Kokichi got affectionate after sex. He loved it a lot actually.

He loved *Kokichi* a lot.

“Actually, I *do* have a question.” Kokichi pulled back just enough to look up at him, a curious gaze in his eyes. “Why aren’t we dating yet?”

The response was immediate—Kokichi’s face went red, just as it always seemed to do when sex was off the table and *emotions* came up.

“W-Why? Ah, well, I mean...” He giggled nervously, then tried his best to school his expression into one of nonchalance. It didn’t fool Rantarou in the slightest. “Because I haven’t been asked, obviously! But, I mean, we have sex all the time, so if I *was* asked, I guess I’d *have* to say yes.”

Rantarou chuckled and pressed a light kiss to Kokichi’s forehead. He was constantly baffled at how this hellion was so cute.

“Kokichi, will you be my boyfriend?”

Kokichi pressed his face back into Rantarou’s chest, presumable to hide his flushed face as he mumbled, “*Yes*.” Rantarou smiled at his reaction and tighten the hug, not wanting this moment to end. He didn’t even want to *think* about the threat of a killing game waiting outside of Kokichi’s bedroom. If nothing else, his resolve to get everyone out of their prison without anyone dying strengthened.

“...Hey, Kokichi?”

“What?”

Rantarou smirked and leaned down, whispering into his new boyfriend’s ear, “Piss in *my* ass next time?”

He suddenly had an overeager boyfriend kissing him desperately, and life was undoubtedly *good*.

Kiibo - Bedwetting While III

Chapter Summary

Continuation of Chapter Two--Kiibo thought Kokichi was well again. He was wrong.

(well this turned out longer and fluffier than I thought it would. there's not a ton of omo in this one and Kokichi is sick so there's certainly no sex, but I think the next chapter will make up for that. this is the ouma piss fic after all; gotta keep the piss flowing)

Kokichi was getting over his cold at a steady rate, and Kiibo, amazingly, found himself almost disappointed. After the first incident with Kokichi needing to use the toilet, he'd been pleasantly kind to Kiibo, quietly thanking him for help, occasionally even saying please, and most of all, *not* calling him Kiiboy. They'd talk about whatever came to mind when Kokichi was awake, Kiibo would bring him tea and fetch another empty bottle when the tea ran its course... It was an easy routine they fell into for a few days. But Kokichi was looking better and his temperature was steadily staying under the threshold for a fever, and Kiibo was at least glad for that.

However, neither of them initiated anything sexual, no matter how many times Kiibo found Kokichi's penis in his hand. It just didn't feel right, not when Kokichi was sick. They didn't even talk about the comments they'd made the first time it had happened, about potentially taking their friendship further. Kiibo honestly had no idea where they stood, but he wasn't terribly optimistic that Kokichi had really meant much by it. Wouldn't he have said something about it by now if he'd really wanted more out of their relationship...?

It was that upsetting thought that made him decide he was in far too deep, and perhaps it was time to give Kokichi some space.

"Ouma, I think you're well enough to stay by yourself tonight."

Kiibo hadn't meant anything rude by that, but the look of *betrayal* that instantly came over Kokichi's face was overwhelming. Kiibo had thought Kokichi would be happy to be left alone for the night. Had he been wrong, or was this another of Kokichi's games, where Kiibo would back peddle and apologize, only for Kokichi to laugh and call him a fool? He really wished he could read his friend better.

"What? You can't go! What if I need you?" Kokichi's voice was a little raspy from all the coughing he'd done in the past few days, but he really was sounding better. He was staying awake longer too, and able to sit up. Kiibo wouldn't be surprised if he was ready to leave his bed without help in the morning. "...Why do you want to go anyway?"

"O-Ouma..." He was thrown off by the bitter sounding question. "I just don't think you need me here all the time anymore. You're much healthier now, and—"

He was cut off as Kokichi glared up at him and threw the blankets over his head with a huff. It was entirely childish, but Kiibo still felt guilty. He was about to apologize and offer to stay another night when he heard Kokichi's muffled reply, "Fine, whatever you say *Kiiboy*. Just go. I don't need a dumb robot around anyway!"

Knowing that Kokichi was just lashing out didn't stop the wave of irritation that washed over him. He'd thought maybe Kokichi started to respect him enough not to call him that anymore, but he should have known better. A few days wasn't going to change him.

"...Very well. Goodbye Ouma."

He quickly left the room without another word, wanting to be as far away as he could get before he said something he'd come to regret.

He missed the quiet sobs that came from underneath the blankets.

A night in his own room—where he went into standby mode so he wouldn't have to think about Kokichi—and breakfast with the others—where he felt worried when Kokichi didn't join them—was all very nice. In theory. He felt as if he should be glad to be out and about, rather than just fetching tea and tissues and discreetly emptying Panta bottles, but in practice he was filled with guilt and anxiety. Why wasn't Kokichi leaving his room? His data analysis said he would be well that morning! Was he just pouting? Surely he was hungry or thirsty!

Kiibo *swore* he wouldn't go to Kokichi's room. If the other boy wanted to sulk, fine. Let him. It wasn't Kiibo's problem.

He lasted half an hour before he found himself knocking on Kokichi's door.

"Ouma? Are you alright?" There was no answer. After a moment of debate, he tried opening it, finding that it was indeed unlocked. Had Kokichi even gotten out of bed? Kiibo couldn't imagine Kokichi wouldn't have locked it if he'd been alone for so long. A feeling of dread came to him as he quickly entered the room. It only grew as he saw the flushed, shivering figure lying under a mound of blankets. "Ouma!"

He rushed to the bed, and he didn't really need to touch Kokichi's forehead to know his fever was back. His system quickly determined his temperature had been elevated for quite a few hours, likely having spiked in the middle of the night. It was all he could do not to panic—this was all his fault. If he'd just stayed one more night...

No, he couldn't lose it now. He had to get Kokichi better.

"Kiibo?" Kokichi could only barely open his eyes, but he managed a small smile all the same. "You came back."

"Of course, Ouma, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have left. Please forgive me." Kokichi didn't reply, but his smile seemed a little brighter. "I know talking probably hurts, but what can I do to help at this moment?"

There was a long pause. Too long. Before Kokichi could reply, Kiibo put everything together. If Kokichi had gotten worse over night, there was no way he would have been able to get out of bed and grab a Panta bottle if he had to pee. And Kiibo had only just gotten him more tea before their fight, with a quick glance at the bedside stand showing the teacup was empty.

"...Sorry." Kokichi face, already red from the fever, seemed to darken even more. "I tried, but I couldn't move. I didn't mean to, Kiibo, *I didn't*, I—"

"It's not your fault!" Kiibo wasn't sure he'd ever felt such an overwhelming sense of guilt as he did right then. "I got angry because you called me Kiiboy again, and I *knew* I shouldn't leave you

but I *did*, and this *isn't* your fault. I'm going to clean up and then I'm not leaving you until you tell me to go. Alright?"

Kokichi was obviously too tired to hide his emotions, because his eyes welled up far too slowly for it to be his fake tears that came on like a switch. He nodded, something in his gaze that Kiibo couldn't quite place.

"When this all started, you said you'd stay with me even after I got better." Just like that, an understanding filled Kiibo. He'd promised to stay with Kokichi until he was better, and no matter what Kiibo thought, *Kokichi* hadn't felt better, had he? No wonder he'd reacted so negatively! Kiibo had completely read the atmosphere wrong, and now he felt terrible about it. "Do you really mean it? If I *never* tell you to go, will you stay with me?"

There were many questions Kiibo wanted to ask. Why Kokichi had been so cruel to him at first if he wanted him around so much now?—that was the big one. But Kokichi looked so exhausted and his voice was so worn that Kiibo could only nod. There would be plenty of time for those heavy questions once Kokichi's fever was down.

"Ouma, I want to stay by your side for as long as I can. I only thought to leave yesterday because I thought you might *want* to be alone. Then I got upset and made a horrible mistake. It won't happen again." Kokichi seemed happy enough by that response, which lessened Kiibo guilt immensely. "Now, may I?"

He tugged at the blankets, and Kokichi reluctantly nodded. Kiibo peeled them away, and sure enough, there was a large wet spot under Kokichi's body, going up his back and down to his thighs. His pajamas were soaked, and Kiibo couldn't help but think this had probably been the result of more than one accident. He thought about Kokichi, trying to hold on, willing his body to get up but ultimately failing... Had he gone through that twice? Or had he just given in the second time? Why was he even putting so much thought into this?

Kiibo pushed those thoughts aside, knowing he didn't have time for them. He got new pajamas for Kokichi, and then moved him to the dry side of the bed. Kiibo striped him and wiped him dry as quickly as he could, not wanting Kokichi to get chilled. Or more embarrassed than he already was.

Then he picked Kokichi up and headed towards the door.

"Kiibo?"

"You can't stay in your bed like that," he explained, feeling his own face heat up as he thought about what he was doing. "For now, it would be best if I brought you to my room."

"What about—?"

"I'll see what I can do about your bed later. Toujou probably knows how to get stains out." At Kokichi's mortified expression, Kiibo almost laughed. "You don't want your mattress ruined, do you?"

"...I'd rather stay in your room forever than have Toujou know what I did."

"We'll discuss this when you're better." Honestly, he couldn't say he'd mind Kokichi staying with him. He hadn't exactly taken Kokichi's not-quite-confession seriously at first, not knowing if he was reading too much into things, but now... "Ouma?"

He managed to get into his own room, gently depositing Kokichi onto his own mostly unused bed. He made a mental note of all the things he'd need to fetch to make Kokichi comfortable. More

blankets, his tea cup, some of those empty bottles... He wasn't going to make the same mistake twice. Not at all.

"Yeah?"

Kokichi looked so sleepy that Kiibo almost told him to forget about it, but he felt as if this had gone on long enough without him knowing exactly where he stood. His other questions could wait, but he really needed to have his answer to this one.

"When we first woke up here, you were... Well, I don't think you liked me. At all. But now... Do you like me, Ouma?"

"Do I *like* you?" Kokichi stared into his eyes as intently as he could manage in his ill state, a strange little smirk on his face that was soon gone as quickly as it came. "Whatever I felt about you at first doesn't really matter anymore. The killing game hasn't started, so..." Kiibo really had no idea what that had to do with anything, so he chalked it up to Kokichi's fever. "I went and did something stupid and fell for a robot. Do you think that's pathetic, Kiibo?"

"No, I don't." He finished tucking Kokichi into bed, trying not to flush under Kokichi's gaze. Well, there was his confession, as blatant as it could get. "Ouma, you may confuse me and occasionally irritate me, but you've become a very important person to me. I... I like you very much. I'm glad you feel the same way."

Kokichi giggled softly, his eyelids starting to droop despite his best efforts. Kiibo thought it looked rather adorable.

"Does that mean I'm dating a robot?" He yawned and rubbed at his eyes before giving Kiibo a sleepy smile. "That's really cool."

"Y-yes, I suppose?" His facial circuits felt as if they might burst into flames. "T-that is, as long as that's what you want too."

"...Yeah, it is." Kokichi's eyes shut, and this time they stayed that way. As much as Kiibo wanted to keep talking, he was glad Kokichi was finally going to get some sleep. He stepped away from the bed, intent on finding a comfortable place to wait for Kokichi to wake up, when he heard Kokichi's murmur, "Thank you, Kiibo. I really don't deserve you..."

Kiibo would have replied, had Kokichi's breathing not evened out, indicating he'd drifted off. Not wanting to disturb him, Kiibo let the comment go for the time being. They'd have a nice, long discussion soon enough, and with any luck he could actually get Kokichi to be *honest* during it.

"Sleep well," was all he whispered, a fond smile on his face as he thought about how much he was looking forward to seeing Kokichi well again. "Have pleasant dreams..."

Maybe it was a coincidence that Kokichi smiled in his sleep at that moment, but Kiibo liked to think otherwise.

Shuuichi Saihara - Deliberate Double Bedwetting

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi can't stop thinking about Kokichi wetting the bed, and now he has a request...

(this is still pretty tame, if wetter, but there'll be more kink in the next one. there's also a lot of fluff in the end but what can I say I love oumasai more than myself)

Chapter Notes

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

The night had been going well. Shuuichi left dinner with Kokichi at his side, and they headed to his room. It was the first time that had happened in a while—he'd been staying in Kokichi's room while his mattress aired out, though to anyone who asked, they just liked staying together. It resulted in many sly insinuations that made Shuuichi want to crawl in a hole, but he'd rather hear that than have everyone know about Kokichi's accident, so he put up with it.

Now he'd finally gotten his bed back to a usable state, and he had something he wished to ask Kokichi.

"Ouma," he began as he let Kokichi enter first, shutting the door behind them, "I hope I'm not overstepping any boundaries, but I have a request."

A request he'd had to keep telling himself he could ask. It was fine. The worst that would happen would be for Kokichi to say no. They wouldn't break up over something so silly.

"What is it?" Kokichi kicked off his shoes and hopped up on Shuuichi's bed without a care. Then, upon hearing the crinkle as he hit the mattress, he sat up and *glared*. "Actually, Saihara, what is *this*?"

"...A plastic sheet." Kokichi's frown made Shuuichi wonder if maybe he'd been wrong after all. Maybe this wasn't a good idea. "It's not what you think! I didn't put it on my bed because I thought you might, um, have an accident. You were fine all those night we spent in your room, right?"

"*Right*." Kokichi seemed to calm down a little at that, looking a little more curious now. "Then what's it for? Don't tell me that gave you some weird pee fetish or something."

Shuuichi wasn't sure he ever felt as embarrassed in his entire life as he did in that moment.

"A-Actually, I think... I might?" For many long moments, the two stared at each other, neither saying a word. Then, Kokichi burst into laughter. "*Ouma!* Please, this was very hard for me to admit! I won't ever bring it up again if you're opposed, but I've been thinking about that night a lot, and I'd never felt like that before. It was... very enjoyable."

"Sorry, sorry!" Kokichi did not, in fact, seem very sorry as he wiped tears of laughter from his eyes. "I just didn't expect my beloved Saihara to admit to that so easily! You must have gotten really turned on to be so upfront about it!"

“I... I was.” God, how many times had he thought about it when he and Kokichi had been intimate? Every single one? Still, there were some things he just couldn’t bring himself to admit, and thinking about his boyfriend repissing his wet clothes in Shuuichi’s own lap every single time they started making out was one of them. “Ouma... I really want to try... something. Anything you’re comfortable with. Or nothing if you aren’t! Please don’t think you have to just because I —”

“*Shuuichi*.” Hearing Kokichi say with name with such intensity stopped Shuuichi’s anxious rambling in its tracks. Kokichi stared at him intently, his face betraying nothing... Then he giggled and grinned widely. “I don’t mind! What do you want to do? I’m sure you’ve been fantasizing, so tell me and we’ll do it!”

Shuuichi swallowed thickly, trying not to look as nervous as he felt. Here he was, given a pass to do whatever he wished with Kokichi, and *it was too much*. Dozens of fantasies had run through his head—how could he pick one on the spot? Admit that was what he wanted? How could he possibly tell Kokichi he wanted to—

“I want us to wet the bed together.” Kokichi’s face slowly lost its grin, and for a terrifying moment, Shuuichi thought Kokichi was upset. But then he leapt up off the bed and hastily put his shoes on before grabbing Shuuichi hand and leading him out of the room. “Ouma?”

“We need to get lots to drink if we want to really have to go by morning!” Shuuichi could do nothing but nod as he was pulled along. “Then we’re going to the kitchen!”

Part of him couldn’t believe that he was really going to do this. It was so dirty... But he could feel his cock stir in anticipation, and for once, he decided to listen to *that* head instead.

When he cracked open his eyes, the digital clock told Shuuichi it was just past five in the morning. It was possible someone else could be up at that time, but not many. Kiibo, perhaps. Maybe Kaito. Shuuichi certainly didn’t want to be among them, but his aching bladder didn’t really care what he wanted. It wanted relief, *now*.

Shuuichi couldn’t remember the last time he’d had to pee so badly—he wasn’t one to hold it until the last moment. He moved to get out of bed, when he remembered why he was like that in the first place. His face flushed as he carefully felt the sheets, finding them dry. Kokichi hadn’t had an accident, but he knew they still wouldn’t be dry for very long.

“Ouma, wake up.” He turned on the lamp and gently shook Kokichi’s shoulder until his boyfriend awoke with a displeased groan.

“Shuuichi Saihara, there’d better be a good reason—” His mumbling cut off as he opened his eyes. Shuuichi flushed as Kokichi smirked, presumably because he couldn’t stop fidgeting. He had to pee so badly! “Does my beloved Saihara have to *go*?”

“Yes,” he admitted easily, too desperate to lie. It wouldn’t have helped anyway, not when it was so obvious. Especially as a wave of desperation hit him and he had to grab his crotch. *Not yet*, he thought, *just a little longer*. “Ouma, are you...?”

“Absolutely!” Kokichi giggled and threw back the blankets. “But I have a request!”

“Anything.” That was potentially a dangerous thing to say, but there was no denying that he trusted Kokichi more than anyone else did. “I’ll do my best to do whatever you’d like.”

“Excellent!” Kokichi clapped his hands together, an excited shine to his eyes. Shuuichi expected his request had to do with their bladders, so he was a bit taken aback when Kokichi quickly spit out his question. “Can we use our first names when we’re alone?”

Oh. That wasn’t what he’d expected at all. It made Shuuichi’s heart beat a little faster to think they’d gotten to that point in their relationship, but they had, hadn’t they? So he smiled as softly as he could manage despite how painful his situation was, not wanting Kokichi to have any doubts about his answer.

“Of course, Kokichi. That’s perfectly acceptable.”

Despite it being his idea, Kokichi seemed a little flustered. Kokichi trying to talk about his *feelings* was always so ridiculously adorable.

“So, how do you want to do this?” Shuuichi didn’t comment on his quick change of subject. He had no intentions of embarrassing Kokichi. “This is your fantasy, so you should get to choose!”

Now that they were back to the pressing matter at hand, Shuuichi felt the awkwardness creep up on him. Wasn’t it enough that this was all happening because of him? Couldn’t Kokichi just take it from there? But no, Kokichi was right. This was *his* fantasy, and surely Kokichi was taking pleasure just from the fact that he didn’t know what was going to happen. Shuuichi didn’t want to let him down.

...And truly, he had to pee far too much for his embarrassment to stop him.

“We should lie back down, and you can press against me so I can... feel it.”

Kokichi hummed thoughtfully and nodded, lying down. Shuuichi followed suit, anticipation coursing through him. He couldn’t remember having accidents as a child, and yet there he was, about to deliberately pee in his bed while still wearing his pajamas. It was *exciting*.

“Does Shuuichi want to watch?” He nodded, biting his bottom lip gently as he tried not to squirm *too* much. God, he wanted nothing more than to see Kokichi pee himself again. Okay, but don’t feel like you need to wait for me to finish if you really have to go. We don’t want your bladder to pop!”

Shuuichi wasn’t sure such a thing was possible, but he didn’t have time to worry about it—a warm damp spot was suddenly on his leg. Kokichi giggled and shot him a coy smile. That was all the warning he got before Kokichi let go completely, and a steady stream gushed onto him, wetting his thigh with hot piss straight from his boyfriend’s dick. He had all he could do to not lose it right there. Kokichi’s pee spread down his pant leg, making him grow partially erect despite his own desperate need.

“It feels so good,” Kokichi murmured, nuzzling his face against Shuuichi’s neck, laying a soft kiss there. “Does my beloved Shuuichi feel good too?”

Oh god, *did he*.

“Yes,” he groaned, his breath growing shallow as Kokichi finished with a relieved sigh. Shuuichi couldn’t stop himself from turning on his side, lining up their bodies so they were pressed flush together at the groin. Kokichi buried his face in Shuuichi shoulder and shivered as Shuuichi had no choice but to give in and let all of the piss in him come bursting out. “Oh Kokichi, it feels *amazing*.”

He brought his arms up and held Kokichi tightly, reveling in the sensation of peeing in such a

foreign location. He'd never even really peed against trees in the woods, let alone in bed, positioned directly over his boyfriend's cock. His boyfriend's cock that was growing erect as he pissed against it.

"*Shuuichi*," he whined, pressing their clothed cocks even closer together, "I hope you're planning on taking responsibility for this!"

His bladder emptied at a quick rate, soaking them both and leaving them grinding against each other until he trickled to a stop. He shivered with relief as he finished, ignoring the wet sheets as he pulled away from Kokichi to hastily start shedding his clothing. Kokichi laid there for a moment, looking dazed, before he sat up and did the same. As he stripped, Shuuichi took the opportunity to take in his boyfriend's small, naked body, with all of that deliciously soft, pale skin. When they were both devoid of any barriers, their bodies melded back together, kissing and touching each other in a desperate fashion.

"Is this going to be a regular occurrence?" Kokichi asked as Shuuichi kissed his way down his chest. "Because I might have a few ideas for us to try too."

Shuuichi moaned at the very thought of what Kokichi could come up with, and he pulled away from his boyfriend's chest, only to scoot back and resume his trail of kisses up Kokichi's inner thigh and around his erection. All the while, Kokichi whined for him to stop teasing. Shuuichi almost continued merely out of principle—*Kokichi* telling him not to *tease*, ha!—but he couldn't deny that he wanted release just as badly as Kokichi did, so he quickly took Kokichi into his mouth before he could think about the drying piss on Kokichi's skin.

Sure enough, it didn't taste particularly pleasant, but Kokichi was flushed and panting and just so *cute* that he didn't care.

He might not have been a pro at sucking cock like Kokichi was—he honestly didn't think his boyfriend had a gag reflex—but he thought he'd gotten pretty good at it, especially if Kokichi turning into a moaning mess above him as any indication. He reached between his legs and pumped his own erection as he sucked off Kokichi. Every moan that left his boyfriend's lips spurred him on, and he soon came onto the wet bed sheets, groaning loudly around Kokichi's cock. Kokichi soon muttered out a warning, but Shuuichi ignored it, licking and sucking until Kokichi came in his mouth.

This time, rather than cry out Shuuichi's name as he tended to do when he came, the words Shuuichi had longed to someday hear from Kokichi spilled from his lips. He hadn't expected to hear them so soon, but he couldn't deny how thrilled they made him. Kokichi—blushing more now than Shuuichi had ever seen him before—flung a hand to his mouth as he realized what he'd just said.

"Ah, Shuuichi, I..."

Shuuichi gave him a gentle smile, hoping it would ease his nerves. They were stuck in this strange prison school for who knew how long, they'd been dating for a while, having sex, were on a first name basis... Who was going to judge them for putting a name to their feelings? Well, many people perhaps, but Shuuichi didn't really care what they thought.

"I love you too," he replied softly, resolutely. "I'm very happy we feel the same, Kokichi."

Kokichi looked as if he was ready to run back to his room and hide, but he took a deep breath and seemed to calm down a bit, offering Shuuichi a tentative smile of his own as he replied, "You know, I wasn't planning on falling in love." Shuuichi hadn't either, certainly not, but he didn't

interrupt. “You just keep defying all my expectations, and I can never read you like I can with everyone else, so you never bore me. I guess I... I really do love you.”

Hearing it again, while Kokichi wasn't caught up in the moment of his climax, filled Shuuichi with a pleasant warmth. Kokichi was as hesitant with emotional intimacy as he was with the physical kind, but they were both steadily breaking down their barriers, together. Shuuichi sat up and tugged Kokichi close, holding him tightly and placing a kiss to the top of his head.

They stayed like that for a while—by that point, surely there were at least a few early risers up and about, so he didn't see the point in going back to bed, especially with the mess they'd have to clean up first to do so. Even Kokichi didn't look inclined to go back to sleep, and he was the one who always whined to stay in bed just a little bit longer. Besides, they had a lot to do—cleaning up, doing laundry, taking a shower... But Kokichi didn't seem to be in a hurry to leave his arms, and that was okay too. They could stay like that for a little while longer.

“When we get out of this place, you'll stay with me, won't you? No matter what we might end up remembering?”

It was an odd question. One that made Shuuichi wonder if Kokichi knew something he didn't. But he thought nothing serious of it. He trusted Kokichi. He *loved* Kokichi.

“Of course. I'll stay with you for as long as you want me with you.” He felt Kokichi smile against his shoulder. “If you want me with you forever, then that's what you'll have.”

“I'll hold you to that, okay?” He giggled quietly. Perhaps Shuuichi was hearing things, but it sounded a little more melancholic than usual. “I'll end this terrible game, and we can be together, far away from everyone...”

Shuuichi didn't reply—he didn't think he was even expected to. He'd worry about Kokichi's cryptic words later; for now, he was perfectly content right as he was, with Kokichi at his side.

Chapter End Notes

Next up: Kaito!

Kaito Momota - Piss drinking

Chapter Summary

Kaito wakes up in the middle of the night with the urge to go. Maybe Kokichi can help him.

(to make up for the fact I've written nothing but Oumasai fluff lately for my other fics, here, have some sin)

Chapter Notes

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

Part of Kaito hadn't expected anything to come out of the very wet encounter he'd had with Kokichi. They had been caught in the—admittedly very strange—moment, and surely they'd both said some things they didn't mean. There was no way Kokichi really wanted Kaito to stay with him *like that*, right? Kokichi had always seemed more interested in at least three other boys among them, and Kaito had his eyes on Maki. He didn't deny that he did swing both ways, but *really*? Kokichi Ouma? Self-proclaimed liar and leader of a shadowy organization?

And yet, there they were, together in Kaito's room. They hadn't done anything sexual since their first time together, but they'd surely spent little time apart since then, hanging out as not-quite-dating-but-definitely-not-simply-platonic friends. Kokichi was at least good at *pretending* he liked listening to Kaito talk about space, and Kaito had gotten Kokichi into conversations that didn't involve him claiming he was lying every other sentence. All the while, Kokichi would plant himself in Kaito's lap, leaning into him contently as they talked.

Kokichi had even taken to sitting next to him when everyone got together to eat or to discuss their imprisonment in the strange school. He shrugged off his new interest in Kaito, asking anyone who asked, "Is it a crime to like my dear Momota?" And the first time Maki accused him of having some sort of twisted ulterior motive, Kokichi had smirked. "*Jealous*?"

Kaito had been sure Maki was going to start the killing game that day, but he managed to calm her down with many words and one hug. Kokichi had been saved her wraith, but Kaito had found himself with a pouting Kokichi for the rest of the day. It hadn't been until that night, when a soft knock on his door proved to be Kokichi—"Momota... Can I stay with you tonight...?"—that everything had been forgiven and he subsequently learned that Kokichi really liked cuddling. He'd flushed and denied it when Kaito brought it up, but he'd still made it a habit to show up at Kaito's door every night to sleep with him.

Just sleep.

Now, Kokichi was already in his room, sitting on his bed and dressed in his pajamas, kicking his feet idly as he watched Kaito change. Kaito saw no reason to be shy when Kokichi had already sucked his dick, so he didn't bother to turn away, letting Kokichi see whatever he wanted to see. He was soon dressed and climbed into bed, immediately lifting an arm so Kokichi could get into his favorite position, with his head resting on Kaito's chest, right near his heart. It was all very... domestic. Kaito liked it.

He turned off the lamp beside his bed and settled in for another night with Kokichi at his side. He ran his hand gently through Kokichi's hair, which made the smaller boy hum contently. In the morning, he decided, he'd ask. He'd find out exactly what they were to each other.

Kaito awoke not to an alarm or an announcement, but to his own body telling him to get up. He woke very reluctantly, but his bladder wasn't about to let him go back to sleep, so he had little choice but to oblige. He lay awake in the dark for a few minutes, really not wanting to leave his nice warm bed. Besides, Kokichi was a very light sleeper, which was usually fine as Kaito tended to sleep very peacefully. If he got up, Kokichi was sure to wake up, but if he didn't, well...

Maybe he was a little too deep into his feelings for Kokichi, but he wasn't crazy enough to wet the bed just to avoid waking him up. His mind made up, he at least made an effort to get up without disturbing the other boy. The darkness of the room didn't really help his difficult task, but he was sure if he moved just right—

“Ah!” Kokichi awoke with a start as Kaito accidentally elbowed him in the head. So much for that, he thought, sitting up and turning on the lamp. Kokichi sat up too, rubbing his head with a pouty expression on his sleepy face. “Momota, what was *that* for?”

“Sorry, Ouma,” he apologized, chuckling at Kokichi cute expression. “I gotta piss. So unless you want me pissing on you again, I gotta get up.”

His blunt words were the first time either of them had brought up what had happened between them, and despite looking as if he could fall back asleep at any moment, Kokichi looked intrigued.

“Would my dear Momota like to do that?”

“Oh, *hell no*. Ouma, it's—” He glanced over at the clock. “—one in the morning. You're *not* giving me a boner at this hour.”

Kokichi giggled, reaching out to tug on Kaito's goatee teasingly. “That's not what I asked!” he exclaimed in a sing-song tone. “Even if you don't want to do it now, do you want to do it again *ever*?”

Technically, Kaito realized, it was the morning.

“...If I answer that, will you tell me something too, no lying or trying to get around the question?”

“Yes.” Kokichi looked *very* awake now. “One truth for another, I promise!”

A few weeks ago, Kaito wouldn't have believed him, but now he placed some faith in Kokichi's feelings for him, whatever they might be.

“Yeah, okay, I'd be cool with doing that again. Or something like it, I guess? I never thought piss was a turn-on, but that was *fucking hot*. And I'm really kind of surprised you haven't tried to do something like it since? I keep expecting you to start *something*.” He paused, trying to decipher the oddly blank look on Kokichi's face. It didn't exactly fill him with confidence, but he wasn't giving up *now*. “So here's *my* question—what do you want us to be? Friends? Boyfriends? Friends with benefits? Whatever's going on, shouldn't we be on the same page?”

Of all the emotions Kaito expected to get from his question, angry disbelief wasn't really at the top of his list. And yet, there was Kokichi, glaring at him with an intensity that was almost frightening.

“Kaito Momota, are you honestly telling me that *we aren't already dating?*”

...What.

“Hey, you never said—”

“I didn't think I had to! I thought it was obvious!” The anger gave way to an almost panic-stricken expression. “Do you think I'd do something like *that* with *anyone*? I asked you to stay with me, didn't I? And you let me sit in your lap and sleep with you and we cuddle and I *thought* you got the hint when you hugged Harukawa that I was jealous because I *know* you used to like her. And now you're really telling me that all this time, and you didn't even consider me your boyfriend? I told everyone I like you! I call you my dear Momota! What more do you want from me?”

“Ouma, I'm sorry, I...” *I'm blind. I'm an idiot. I thought you'd make a bigger deal out of it. I thought if we were together you'd be all over me. I need to understand you better, obviously.* “I want to be your boyfriend. Forgive me?” Kokichi huffed, but when Kaito put a hand under his chin and lifted his face so their eyes met, he flushed prettily. “Great! Then can I kiss my boyfriend?”

Kokichi responded by closing the gap between them and kissing him hungrily, almost as if he was letting out everything he'd been holding back since their holding contest. Kaito remembered how big Kokichi was on consent, and suddenly, the fact that Kokichi hadn't initiated anything made a lot more sense. He must have been waiting for Kaito to make a move, and there he'd been, not even seeing what was now very obvious. They really had to work on their communication.

...But first, he still really had to piss, and the urge was getting stronger.

“Ouma...” He pulled back from the kisses, his heartbeat racing when he was how well kissed Kokichi's looked. “I still really gotta go—”

“I can help you.” Kaito didn't think he meant anything innocent by that. “You look like you could use it!”

“Look, last time was fun, but cleaning up *by myself* wasn't that great, you know?”

Kokichi rolled his eyes and reached up to flick Kaito on the forehead. He didn't seem the least bit apologetic for making Kaito scrub his floor clean and do their laundry the last time, while he'd lounged around and watched him.

“Being your toilet was fun, but I was thinking of something else. It wouldn't need anyone to clean anything!” He smiled and pointed to his mouth. “You know, if we'd had a real soda drinking contest, I totally would have won!”

It took Kaito many, *many* long moments to get the implication.

“*What?* You seriously want me to piss in your mouth?”

“You've already pissed on my tongue,” Kokichi pointed out with a shrug, as if that made it better somehow. “I don't mind. But, I mean, if you don't want to, you can *try* to make it to a toilet. Seeing my dear Momota pee his pants would be fun too!”

He sounded far too cheerful about that, in Kaito's opinion. And a bit too casual about drinking piss for that matter. But his dick twitched in a way that told him it approved, and his aching bladder was inclined to agree.

“You know you can suck my dick without piss being involved, right?” Kokichi frowned in an annoyed manner, and Kaito chuckled at how cute he looked like that. “Kidding, kidding! Look, if you’re really sure, I don’t mind. But this time I’m not kissing you until you use some mouthwash or something.”

“Momota didn’t stop kissing me last time though, did he? And I had his cum in my mouth that time too!” Kokichi gave a teasing grin as he climbed over Kaito and slid out of bed in front of him. Kaito couldn’t say much to that, so he stayed silent. “Now, I think if you sit on the edge of the bed and I kneel here...”

Kokichi dropped to his knees as Kaito maneuvered himself as Kokichi had suggested. He pulled out Kaito’s cock—thankfully still soft, as he didn’t want to deal with Kokichi teasing him about being hard over the thought of him drinking his piss—and brought it to his lips. Kaito held on as best as he could as Kokichi wrapped his lips around the head of his cock and gave him a thumbs up motion.

It was good he was ready, because Kaito was at his limit—moments later, he felt a large spurt escape him. Kokichi didn’t look fazed in the slightest as he let the warm liquid slide down his throat. Kaito swallowed thickly and let out a little more, not wanting to overwhelm Kokichi. He wasn’t about to start the killing game because he choked his boyfriend with piss.

He let out a few more short spurts that only offered the slightest bit of relief before his bladder stopped listening to him and let go. Piss gushed out of him, and he might have apologized if Kokichi wasn’t drinking it down like Panta was coming out of his dick. He didn’t spill a single drop, no matter how fast it came out, and Kaito was rather in awe at the entire situation.

When the stream finally trickled to a stop, Kokichi let Kaito’s penis fall from his lips and giggled. “Feel better?” he asked, actually having the gall to lick his lips.

“...We’ve got issues.” Kokichi got to his feet and climbed back in bed, not bothering to acknowledge that statement. “But, uh, yeah. Thanks for that.”

“You’re welcome! But let’s go back to sleep, Momota. If I want to make sure *everyone* knows you’re off limits tomorrow, I need my rest!” By that, Kaito figured he meant *Maki*. “*No one* is going to have *any* doubts anymore!”

“Right, right, I get it. I was an idiot. But you don’t need to worry, okay? I’m dating *you*, and I’m not interested in anyone else.” Maybe in another time and place, he and Maki might have gotten together. Kokichi might have gotten with Shuuichi or Kiibo or Rantarou, who knew? But that wasn’t their reality, and Kaito didn’t regret a thing. “But hey, are you sure you just want to sleep? After *that*?”

“You said you won’t kiss me until I wash my mouth, and I don’t feel like getting out of bed, so I’ll be patient.”

Kokichi... just wanted to kiss. After having his cock in his mouth. Kaito shook his head with a grin and laid down, tugging Kokichi closer until they were back in their usual position. Kokichi wasn’t going to stop surprising him anytime soon, but he supposed he could live with that. As a compromise, he kissed the top of Kokichi’s head, then leaned over to shut off the light.

“Okay, okay. Goodnight, Ouma. We’ll kiss all you want in the morning.”

“I’m holding you to that!” Kokichi snuggled into Kaito’s side, and even in the dark, Kaito could make up a smile on his boyfriend’s face. “...Goodnight, Kaito. You’re the best.”

It would be a while before Kaito could calm his rapidly beating heart enough to fall back asleep. He was probably in way too deep, but he was completely okay with that.

Chapter End Notes

Shuuichi is probably next, but not in the same line as the two that are already up. Because, you know, I have this certain AU... Just saying...

Shuuichi Saihara - Panty Wetting

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi notices his boyfriend acting oddly after drinking too much tea.

(So maybe this shocks people, but I write more than kinky piss fics. I have a Hope's Peak Academy AU that focuses heavily on Oumasai, and this is based on that series. So if trans!Shuuichi and crossdressing!Kokichi turn you off, you might wanna skip this. Though if you can handle piss drinking and peeing in Kokichi's ass, I'm not sure why this would be the thing to stop you.)

Chapter Notes

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

It was just past noon when they left the café together, hand-in-hand as they usually did. It was no strange sight to see the two Ultimates together, considering they'd been dating since their first year at Hope's Peak Academy and were now in their last. Everyone had also gotten used to the fact that the Ultimate Supreme Leader was going to wear whatever clothes he damn well pleased, so the pink taffeta skirt he wore with his white cashmere sweater turned absolutely no one's eye.

Well, perhaps Shuuichi's, but for completely different reasons.

“—and then Misa told me that the police were sniffing around our hideout, so I have an emergency meeting tomorrow with everyone...”

Shuuichi normally listened to every detail about DICE that Kokichi was willing to share, the organization still being the most mysterious thing about his boyfriend. But today, something was distracting him. Namely, Kokichi himself. Shuuichi had noticed that Kokichi had drank more tea than normal during their date, and he hadn't really thought about it at first. But now, as they walked back to the dorms, he noticed that Kokichi's steps seemed rather... rushed. As if he wanted to hurry without saying anything. Shuuichi wondered if that meant what he thought it meant, but he didn't say anything, wanting to see how everything played out.

“Shuuichi, are you listening to me?” Kokichi looked a bit annoyed at being ignored, but there was something else in his expression, something a bit desperate. “Well, never mind. Wouldn't want you figuring out where my base is yet, would I?”

“No, I suppose you wouldn't. I'll figure it out before we graduate, don't you worry.” Kokichi giggled and Shuuichi knew what he was thinking—*Bring it on*. “Ah, there are the gates.”

Kokichi turned his gaze ahead, seeming to perk up at the sight of the dormitories in the distance. Now Shuuichi *knew* he was right. He *had* to be.

By the time they'd entered the dorms and made it to the floor their rooms were on, Kokichi steps had sped up considerably, and relief shone in his eyes as they approached their wing's toilets. At least, until Shuuichi grabbed his arm and continued walking.

“H-hey, what are you doing?” Shuuichi put on his best naïve expression, as if he weren't

completely aware that his boyfriend had to piss. Badly. “I need to—”

“I need to show you something in my room. It’s important.” Maybe he wasn’t as good at lying as Kokichi, but as a detective, he certainly wasn’t bad at it. Bluffing came in handy sometimes. He’d never thought he’d use it in a situation like this, but he didn’t dwell on it much. “...You’ll like it.”

Well, he *hoped* that wasn’t a lie.

“Okay, but only because my beloved Shuuichi is asking me.”

Shuuichi led the way to his dorm room, unlocking it and allowing Kokichi inside. Was he seriously going to try this? This was wrong and sick and—

And heat pooled between his thighs just at the mere thought of Kokichi’s pissing his lacy panties.

“So what did you want to show me? I kind of have something to do.” Kokichi’s impatience was clear in his voice, though he tried to sound nonchalant. It might have worked better if he wasn’t bouncing on the heels of his boots as he spoke. Shuuichi took a deep breath and locked the door. “Shuuichi, will you answer me?”

“Take off your boots.” Kokichi froze, but only for a moment before his fidgeting continued. He did as he was told, probably just out of pure curiosity. It wasn’t often Shuuichi made demands of him. “I bought those for your last birthday, so I know how expensive they were. I wouldn’t want you ruining them.”

“Why would I do that?”

Shuuichi chuckled, his voice sounding deeper with the lust that was hitting him. “I imagine it’s hard to clean urine out of them.”

Kokichi pouted for a moment, before he groaned and finally gave in, clutching at his dick through his skirt.

Fuck, Shuuichi thought, *this is really happening*.

“Shuuichi is such a pervert, wanting to see his adorable boyfriend in such a position! How terrible!” His eyes watered up, but even *he* couldn’t keep the charade up for long, not in this situation. He smirked up at Shuuichi, the tears disappearing immediately. “If you wanted me to piss myself, you should have asked earlier. I’m happy to fulfill your every sick little fantasy!”

“You don’t seem very concerned about playing along in this fantasy. Doesn’t that make *you* sick too?” Kokichi giggled and didn’t deny it. “Lift your skirt up. I want to see you wetting your panties.”

Kokichi obliged, letting go of his dick and grasping the satiny fabric, lifting it up until his underwear was in full view. Today, his panties were pastel lavender, trimmed with a powder pink lace. He rubbed his bare legs together as he tried to hold on, moaning softly as he squirmed. Shuuichi felt the throbbing heat between his legs intensify as the anticipation grew. He wanted to see Kokichi *soak* himself.

“I’m going to make a mess all over your floor,” Kokichi warned, though he looked no less inclined to go through with it. “I’ve got to pee *so badly*, you know? All that tea went right through me. I’m going to *burst* if I don’t go soon. And there you are, touching yourself at the thought of me peeing myself. So *filthy*.”

Shuuichi couldn't help it—he palmed his crotch through his trousers, if only to relieve a little of the pressure. Kokichi was smirking again—he knew *exactly* what he was doing.

“Kokichi, *please...*”

“Please what, Shuuichi? You mean this?” Kokichi's cock was already visible through the silky material, but the head became even more prominent when a spurt of piss flowed from him, leaving a decent sized wet spot. Shuuichi groaned and rubbed himself harder. “Mmm, that felt so nice! Probably as nice as you're making yourself feel. You do feel good, don't you *Shuu-i-chi*?”

“Yes,” he moaned, feeling the pressure coiling up inside of him. “Kokichi, please just piss yourself.”

With a giggle and a coy look, Kokichi let himself relax, and the response was immediate. Pee began to flood his panties, making the purple fabric grow dark until it could hold no more. Piss dripped from the saturated fabric to the floor, while some of it ran down his legs before forming a puddle beneath him. All the while, Kokichi trembled and held his skirt up, pure relief on his face as he let his bladder empty into his wet panties.

Shuuichi came with a groan as he watched the last of the pee drip down Kokichi's pale legs. *Fuck*, he thought again, that was the hottest thing he'd ever seen. Kokichi couldn't have minded either, as his growing erection was starting to poke up from the top of his wet panties. There had been a time, early in their relationship, when such an occurrence would have stopped everything, but that was long ago. Sex was no longer a taboo subject between them, even if the piss part was new territory. He would have to consider exactly what that said about him later, but for now Shuuichi wanted nothing more than to have that beautiful cock inside of him.

“Wow, how refreshing! Shuuichi is so kind to let me have so much fun!” His eyes shone mischievously as he let his skirt fall, unbuttoning it and throwing it off to a drier part of the floor, his sweater soon following. He slipped out of his wet panties, letting them drop into the puddle with a little splash. Fully nude, he gave Shuuichi a look at aroused him all over again. “But maybe we can have some different fun now! What do you say, my beloved Shuuichi? Should we see how many times I can make you come?”

Shuuichi wasn't sure he'd ever managed to disrobe quicker.

Both devoid of any clothing, Shuuichi propped himself up on the bed against the pillows, while Kokichi joined him, immediately pressing their bodies together and capturing his lips in a deep kiss. Shuuichi moaned as Kokichi ran a hand down his flat chest, going lower and lower until it hit the spot that made Shuuichi shiver.

“You're so *wet*, Shuuichi. How dirty, getting so worked up over me wetting myself. What kind of boyfriend are you, getting off on me being humiliated?” Before Shuuichi could even form a coherent thought, Kokichi plunged two fingers inside of him and curled them, making him gasp. “Just kidding! You know me too well! That was *so* much fun!”

Shuuichi trembled as Kokichi thrust his fingers in and out of him teasingly. It felt good, *so good*, but there was something else he wanted in him even more.

“K-Kokichi, just fuck me already.” Kokichi giggled and removed his fingers, running them down Shuuichi's chest to dry them off. He grabbed Shuuichi's narrow hips as Shuuichi spread his legs, and in one fluid motion, he pushed his cock inside. “*Kokichi!*”

Another giggle accompanied Kokichi pulling out until just the head remained in Shuuichi, then he

snapped his hips, ramming right back in. Shuuichi eagerly matched his thrusts as they found a rhythm that suited their desperate need to fuck until they saw stars. One of Kokichi's hands left Shuuichi's hip and began touching him in a way that left Shuuichi crying out his name.

Shuuichi felt himself close to coming again, and Kokichi must have been close too, with as erratic as his thrusts were growing. The pressure and heat rose, and all he could focus on was Kokichi's cock, pushing in and out, pounding him mercilessly—!

Shuuichi shuddered as he came again, his muscles squeezing down around Kokichi's cock. Hastily, Kokichi pulled out and only had to pump himself a few times before he came on Shuuichi's stomach with a low moan.

The smell of sex hung in the air as Shuuichi let his head flop back on the pillow, trying to catch his breath. There was such a mess to clean up, but that had been so arousing! He'd already come twice, but the warm heat that surrounded his body wouldn't leave. He just kept thinking about Kokichi desperately wetting his panties, and the arousal came right back. Still, he knew Kokichi wouldn't be ready to go again for a while, so he was content to just bask in the afterglow.

Until Kokichi positioned himself between Shuuichi's thighs and *licked*.

"I said I wanted to see how many times I could make you come, right?" He giggled and gave Shuuichi a wink. "I hope you don't lose count!"

Apparently, it was going to be a busy afternoon.

That evening, Shuuichi found himself in the school's cafeteria for dinner, Kokichi at his side as they ate with their friends. Kaede was saying something about the student council, but Shuuichi was having a hard time paying attention. The smug grin on his boyfriend's face probably had something to do with it.

"What's got *you* so happy?" Rantarou finally asked once there was a lull in the conversation. He looked between Kokichi and Shuuichi suspiciously. Shuuichi figured the blush that sprang to his face wasn't helping. "Or do I even want to know?"

"*You don't.*"

Kokichi only giggled.

Chapter End Notes

More Oumami next, probably.

Rantarou Amami - Peeing in your partner, take two

Chapter Summary

Rantarou is curious and Kokichi is hesitant, but they're going to switch things up.

(I got multiple requests to do this, so here it is!)

Chapter Notes

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

It wasn't the next time they had sex that they tried it. Nor the second. Or third.

"Kokichi, are you *sure* you want to do this? You don't have to."

Every single time they'd set out with the same goal in mind—Rantarou would take Kokichi's cock up his ass and see what it was like to get pissed in. Kokichi had liked it, and Rantarou was nothing if not adventurous. But each time, Kokichi had some sort of excuse, and Rantarou found himself inside Kokichi as usual. Not that he minded it, but this whole piss play thing had been Kokichi idea in the first place. Didn't he want to try being on top for once, whether piss was involved or not?

"...Rantarou wants to try it, so we'll try it."

If nothing else, he couldn't use the excuse that he didn't have to pee this time. Rantarou had specifically made sure Kokichi drank enough to rule that out. Really, there was no excuse for it *not* to happen this time, unless Kokichi simply didn't want to. That was fine, even if Rantarou didn't really understand it, but he wished Kokichi would just come out and say what he wanted. He never had that problem before, so why *now*?

"That really doesn't matter. If you don't want to, I don't want you to force yourself." To think, they were having a serious talk about consent over *piss*. "Are you not comfortable being on top? If doesn't hurt to put your dick into an asshole."

It was just a joke, but Kokichi apparently didn't see the humor in it, glaring at him and snapping, "*I know that!* It has nothing to do with that!"

"I was just kidding," he murmured soothingly, reaching up from his position against the pillows to cup Kokichi's flushed cheek. "Even if it did, I know you can take a little bit of pain just as well as I can. I wasn't trying to insult you." Kokichi seemed to calm down, but he still didn't look that inclined to go along with their plan. "Look, I don't understand what's going on, but I really don't *need* to, and you don't even need to tell me why. If you don't want to go through with it, just say so and I'll stop asking."

Kokichi seemed to consider his words, but rather than finally say whatever was bothering him, he picked up the bottle of lube and squeezed a generous amount into his hand, which he used to coat two of his fingers.

"...You'll tell me if I do this wrong, right?"

And there it was—the Ultimate Supreme Leader himself had performance anxiety! Well, Rantarou could work with that, though he certainly hadn't expected it. It wasn't often Kokichi seemed unsure of *anything* he did, let alone when it came to sex.

"I will, but I'm not going to need to. You can prep yourself better than I can, and it's the same premise. I can take it."

"Right. Of course. This will be easy!" Kokichi slid a finger in, then another. True to Rantarou's word, he had no issues coating Rantarou's insides with lube, and Rantarou had no problem having Kokichi's fingers in his ass. Despite it being the first time they switched positions, he wasn't uncomfortable in the slightest, and he found that he actually rather liked it.

Rantarou watched with hooded eyes as Kokichi slid his fingers in and out of his ass a few times until he was satisfied with the slickness. Then he coated his erection with the remainder of the lube. It was then that Rantarou finally noticed the first signs that Kokichi's bladder had grown full—his thighs were trembling a little too much to simply be due to arousal.

"I'm... going to put it in now."

Rantarou nodded encouragingly, knowing Kokichi had to be nervous if he wasn't playing up how horny he was or how badly he had to piss. Well, that just wouldn't do! He wanted Kokichi to have just as much fun as he was sure to have.

"Hurry," he moaned, deliberately pushing his hips to grind his ass against Kokichi's cock. "I've been waiting to have you inside me for so long. Fuck me into the mattress Kokichi. Show me what a Supreme Leader can do."

Like a charm, a haze of lust fell over Kokichi's eyes, and he grabbed his cock, guiding it to Rantarou's well-lubed hole. Kokichi pressed the head against him, then...

Rantarou let out a loud moan when Kokichi snapped his hips forward, plunging in with just one push. While his petit body had a much larger cock than one might imagine, he was just the right size to fill Rantarou up without it being painful. Kokichi gazed down at him, not moving until Rantarou was able to catch his breath and nod.

That was all it took for Kokichi to start pounding into him, not holding back in the slightest. Rantarou quickly found that having a cock inside him was a lot different than fingers, though not in a bad way. It was better than he'd expected, *much better*, more filling. He moved his hips to match Kokichi's unrelenting rhythm, not bothering to mask his pleasure. If anyone heard, they could stop spying or have a nice show, he really didn't care.

"Fuck, your cock is going to tear me in two." Perhaps an overstatement, but the praise made Kokichi giggle happily. "You're so good at this, Kokichi."

"Rantarou's ass is so warm! My dick might melt!" Kokichi took one hand off Rantarou's hips and reached between them to pump his erection. "I want Rantarou to come first so I can see how much he loves my dick! Hurry up and come!"

It was spoken with an authority that only a horny teenaged Supreme Leader could manage, and it went straight to Rantarou's balls. A few more strokes and Rantarou came with a low moan, his cum splattering against his stomach. Kokichi's eyes didn't leave him for a moment, and Rantarou might have felt embarrassed if he didn't do the exact same thing when their positions were switched. He loved to watch Kokichi orgasm, to see that look of ecstasy on his face, knowing he'd been the one to bring him that far. Of course, when Kokichi came inside of him a few thrusts later,

he found that the view was just as nice from the bottom.

Kokichi caught his breath without pulling out, and Rantarou remembered the other part of the plan. Kokichi hadn't leaked inside of him, nor had he let go after coming. What was the hold up? Was Kokichi going to piss in his ass or what?

...He realized what he'd just thought and finally felt a twinge of embarrassment. Had he *really* just felt irritated over not being used as a toilet? He was really turning into a pervert.

"Rantarou, I can't hold on much longer." The desperate whine in Kokichi's voice snapped him back to reality. With a grin, he watched Kokichi squirm. *Finally*. "I'm going to piss..."

"Do it," he pleaded, rocking back against Kokichi to spur him on. "Piss in me, Kokichi. *Please*."

Suddenly, Rantarou felt a warm liquid pour into his ass, and he gasped. It was... strange. He wasn't sure it was entirely pleasant, but he watched the relief on Kokichi's face as he let go, and he couldn't say he regretted the experience. Eventually the piss began to leak out, and Kokichi pulled out, finishing pissing onto the bed below them. Rantarou was silently grateful as the urine poured out of his ass and ran down his butt, pooling underneath him.

Once Kokichi's bladder was empty, he gazed down at Rantarou questioningly. Rantarou smiled pleasantly back at him.

"Well? Did you like it or what?" Kokichi's apparent irritation might have been more believable if his eyes didn't look so concerned. "You didn't seem that into the last part."

"Ah, you caught me. I liked you fucking me better than the piss. Next time we do that, we'd better switch. I like peeing in you a lot more than being peed into."

He wanted to laugh at the absurdity of the situation, but Kokichi hummed thoughtfully.

"I like them both, but if my beloved Rantarou didn't like it, I'm fine with being the toilet!" He was back to being far too casual about weird kinky things, and Rantarou was downright relieved. "But maybe we should try some other things first. I have lots and lots of ideas, you know!"

Rantarou chuckled and sat up, his lips hovering against Kokichi's. "I bet you do..."

They kissed atop the wet sheets, and despite everything, Rantarou knew he'd had fun, and he couldn't wait to see what Kokichi had in mind next.

Chapter End Notes

Next is the first threesome lol. It'll be Saiousami!

Rantarou Amami and Shuuichi Saihara - Alpha/Omega AU

Chapter Summary

Rantarou is one of two omegas trapped in the strange prison school, and there's only one alpha. Who's already mated himself. What's he to do when his heat cycle starts?

(I got a request for ABO AU with omega!Rantarou and alpha!Kokichi AND one for more Oumasai, so I took the former and made it a threesome lol. I cherry-picked the ABO things I liked and ignored the rest. Anyway, long live Saioumami, the best ot3. If you're interested in the ship, one of my other fics [I Should Tell You] is going to have endgame Saioumami, though it's just Amasai right now)

Chapter Notes

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

There wasn't much worse, Rantarou thought, than being stuck in this prison school with no apparent way out, while being an omega without a suppressant in sight. At first, everything had been fine. But then his heat came, and with nothing to stop it, all he could think of was the fact that he was one of two omegas among eight boys, and there was only one alpha.

And he'd lost before there could even be a contest.

How, Rantarou thought, was he supposed to have beat Shuuichi? Kokichi had been enamored by the shy detective from the very start. When it came to light that Kokichi of all people was an alpha, Shuuichi had barely left his side. They were both happy together, even before the heat cycle had begun, and he knew they definitely weren't going to be torn apart *now*.

Rantarou thought about them fucking, probably almost constantly, in various rooms. They likely wouldn't always be able to wait to get to a bedroom. Despite his better judgment, he pictured Kokichi pounding into Shuuichi in an empty hallway, teasingly telling his omega to keep quiet or they'd be caught. Shuuichi wouldn't be able to stop from crying out of course, desperate for his alpha to pump him full of cum.

Rantarou groaned pitifully, hating everything about the situation. He was never going to make it out of this sane. The constant heat was driving him crazy, and he was to the point that he was ready to track down one of the betas just to temporarily relieve some pressure. Maybe Kiibo had some interesting attachments? He'd be okay with that. Everything, of course, would go right back to his desperate state the moment he caught Kokichi's scent, but it would be better than nothing. He just needed a cock in him so badly!

Then came a knock on his door.

Reluctantly, he got off his bed, knowing that whoever was there would be able to see his erection straining in his pants. But if they wanted to speak with him, they'd just have to deal with it. He was far too frustrated to care otherwise.

"...Hello Saihara." He really hadn't expected to see the other omega, especially without Kokichi around. Though now that he had the door open, he could smell Kokichi all over him. They'd

fucked—recently. "What can I do for you?"

It wasn't fair to be mad at Shuuichi for all of this, he knew. He hadn't done anything wrong except exist. Kokichi had been the one to go after him, and Rantarou knew he needed to respect that, even if he hated it. Shuuichi was kind and polite to everyone, and Rantarou refused to be an asshole because he couldn't satisfy his dick.

"Ah, hello Amami." His eyes glanced down at Rantarou's tented pants, but he didn't comment. "Ouma and I were hoping you'd be willing to... speak with us."

That was either a very terrible idea, or an absolute blessing. He really wasn't sure which.

"...He's *your* alpha."

"And you're obviously in pain," Shuuichi countered, not denying that he and Kokichi were mated, now sharing an empathetic link that only those who were pairbonded could boast. "I spoke to him about it, and he agreed to help you. I'll be there too, of course, but we don't want to see you hurting, Amami."

Honestly, he didn't think he really had a choice. And he didn't think he wanted to turn down a threesome with the couple either.

"Ah, well, if you're both okay with it, it really would help." He didn't think it was polite to tell Shuuichi how much he craved his alpha's cock, so he kept that to himself. "Lead the way."

Shuuichi nodded and took off down the hallway. Rantarou followed him, not surprised when they stopped in front of Kokichi's room. Shuuichi knocked twice on the door, and it soon opened, allowing them both entrance. Rantarou was immediately hit by the scent of sex, and he couldn't help the moan that escaped him.

Kokichi giggled as he locked the door behind them. "Amami must be really desperate for a cock to already be this loud!"

"Ouma," Shuuichi scolded gently, a small frown on his face, "don't tease him. If you'd mated with him instead, that would have been *me* in so much pain. You should be more understanding."

Rantarou knew Shuuichi hadn't *meant* to rub it in that he'd lost, but it stung all the same. Still, it had the intended effect of Kokichi looking a *little* apologetic.

"...Sorry Amami. But you'll be better soon! My beloved Saihara is so kind to want to help out!" *Beloved*. God, he felt pathetic, needing to resort to taking it from a mated alpha. Especially one that he *liked*. Who didn't like him back. "So let's have some fun!"

Rantarou couldn't even be excited as Kokichi stripped, merely taking off his own clothes with a sense of dismay. Kokichi didn't seem to notice, but Rantarou felt Shuuichi's eyes on him. After a moment, Shuuichi began to undress as well. Once the three of them were all nude, Kokichi bounded onto his bed and giggled, beckoning them to join him. Shuuichi did so without hesitation, but it was only because of his desperate state that Rantarou didn't grab his clothes and run. This was such a bad idea...!

"Amami." Shuuichi looked at him with such kind eyes that Rantarou immediately felt bad for being so jealous. It hit him, in that moment, that Shuuichi was extremely attractive. Pretty, even. It wasn't hard to see why he'd immediately caught Kokichi's eye. "I think you're misunderstanding the point of this. Ouma isn't going to have sex with you once and send you on your way."

"Oh." He paused, thinking he must look ridiculous, standing there with his aching erection, completely confused. "Then what *is* going on here?"

"You get to share me!" Kokichi exclaimed, giggling as he draped himself over Shuuichi's back and leaned his head against his shoulder, grinning at Rantarou. "You're so lucky, my beloved Amami!"

"You're more than welcome to leave us once we get out of here, so you can find your own alpha to mate with," Shuuichi explained, not fazed by the smaller boy hanging off from him. "But since we're trapped here, I think it would be best if the three of us stuck together. Not out of pity, but because we both like you, Amami. You're..." Shuuichi paused, his face flushing. "You're very handsome. I know we're both omegas, but I still find myself attracted to you as well..."

Rantarou felt his cock twitch at Shuuichi's words. It wasn't unheard of for a mated couple to have a third partner, but it was almost always a beta. If they both honestly wanted him to join them, even if he couldn't actually be mated to either of them, how could he possibly say no?

He *couldn't*, so he finally made his way to the bed and joined the couple.

"Yay, Amami stopped moping! Now we can have some fun!" Rantarou didn't have time to be embarrassed over being so transparent as Kokichi removed himself from Shuuichi and pushed Rantarou down on the mattress, sitting between his thighs. "I'd play around more, but you look like you've been hard for *way* too long, so we'll take our time the next round, okay? Today, I'll fuck you straight away!"

Rantarou nodded, laughing a little as he noticed Shuuichi roll his eyes from his spot behind Kokichi. Shuuichi caught his gaze and they shared an understanding look—they both cared for Kokichi, and they'd do the same for each other.

The tender moment was interrupted, however, when Kokichi suddenly pressed the head of his cock into Rantarou's wet ass. Rantarou shivered at the sensation of finally being filled after taking suppressants all his life. He wondered if this was how Shuuichi had felt the first time Kokichi had put his cock in him—as if that was exactly where it belonged.

"O-Ouma," he groaned, too far gone to care about his voice cracking, "please, don't hold back."

"Oh, I won't," he promised, slowly pushing further into Rantarou's ass. Almost teasingly slow. In fact, considering this was *Kokichi*, it probably *was* meant to be teasing. "How does it feel, Amami? Do you like my cock?"

"Yes," he groaned. Though it must not have been enough for Kokichi, because he finally rammed the rest of his cock in, right to his balls. "Yes! Ouma, that's *amazing*. I'm so *full*."

Kokichi pulled out to the head, then snapped his hips forward, drawing out another moan from Rantarou. He wasn't the only one—Shuuichi watched them with an erection of his own, lubricating fluids dripping from his ass as he watched his alpha fuck another omega. He didn't look upset though—in fact, he was watching the scene with an excited grin. Apparently, Shuuichi lost some of his shy nature when he was horny. Considering they were in the midst of their heat cycle, that must have been happening a lot.

"Amami, may I...?"

Rantarou didn't even care that he wasn't sure what Shuuichi wanted to do. He nodded vigorously, watching curiously as Shuuichi crawled along the bed until he could lean down and take Rantarou's bobbing erection in his mouth. He almost came from the sensation of being pounded

into and sucked off at the same time. God, it was too much...!

Kokichi's eyes drifted to Shuuichi blowing him, and Rantarou swore he'd never seen a more lusty expression on the Supreme Leader's face. He sped up his thrusts, and Rantarou knew he couldn't last much longer. He tried to warn Shuuichi, but he could only manage to groan before it became too much and he emptied himself into Shuuichi's hot mouth.

Another wave of guilt hit him as he saw Shuuichi sit up and swallow his cum, still hard and dripping.

"Ouma," he breathed, becoming hypersensitive after finally coming, "you can finish in Saihara."

This wasn't his alpha, he reminded himself. Kokichi could satisfy the heat, but it was Shuuichi who benefitted from this more. But Shuuichi shook his head, and Kokichi didn't stop.

"This is for you, Amami," Shuuichi reminded him. "Right now, you need this more than I do."

Then Shuuichi leaned down and pressed their lips together in a messy kiss. Rantarou could taste himself on Shuuichi's tongue, and perhaps it was just because of the atmosphere, but it wasn't as disgusting as he might have thought otherwise. He peeked open his eyes to see Kokichi watching them hungrily, looking close to coming.

With a few more hard thrusts, Rantarou could feel another new sensation—Kokichi tensed, then with a loud moan, he bucked his hips one last time and began to fill Rantarou's ass with his cum. He'd known that alphas came a lot, but it still hadn't prepared him for just how much semen was going to get pumped into him. It began to leak out even before Kokichi finished, rolling down his ass in thick globs.

God, he suddenly thought as reality snuck its way into his lust-hazed mind, it's a good thing he isn't my alpha. All this cum... I hope Shuuichi doesn't end up pregnant in this terrible place.

All concerns for Shuuichi were overshadowed by Kokichi hastily removing his cock, cum almost *pouring* out of his sensitive hole. Kokichi scooted forward, his spent cock in his hand. Shuuichi's eyes lit up, as if he knew exactly what his alpha was doing. Rantarou couldn't say he had any idea, but he was too curious to protest when Kokichi took aim and—

...Was this some sort of territory marking thing? He wasn't sure, but Kokichi was peeing on his chest, a steady stream that took Rantarou by surprise. It hadn't even appeared as if Kokichi had to go, but now he pissed forcefully onto him, moving his dick down a bit so the stream hit his navel instead. Kokichi giggled softly the entire time, as if this was some fun game. Well, Rantarou couldn't say he was that much into piss, but it was nice and warm, and Shuuichi did look awfully turned on by it...

"He did this to me too, after our first time." Shuuichi voice was breathy, and he was leaking so much now that the sheets were almost as wet with his lubricant as they were by Kokichi's piss and cum. "You're so *lucky*, Amami..."

Eventually, Kokichi's bladder emptied, and he and Rantarou both were left breathing heavily. They shared a smile, then Rantarou tilted his head in Shuuichi's direction. Kokichi nodded, then turned to his aroused omega. The smell of him certainly must have been turning Kokichi on, even after having just come. Obviously, Kokichi hadn't wanted to wait for his body to let him become erect again, because he leaned down and took Shuuichi's arching cock into his mouth.

Rantarou's eyes widened. Times had changed; omegas weren't treated as objects or sex-slaves

anymore. But there was still the unspoken agreement in society at large that omegas belonged to their alpha, whether individual pairbonded mates chose to act that way or not. Obviously, Kokichi did not see himself as above Shuuichi, because he sucked on his cock as if it was the sweetest candy, and Shuuichi didn't hesitate to bury his fingers in Kokichi's hair and spur him on.

"Ouma... I'm so close..." Kokichi must have had little to no gag reflex, because he swallowed the rest of Shuuichi's cock as if it were nothing, causing his omega to cry out his name as he came. Shuuichi was panting and shivering as Kokichi sat up and wrapped his arms around him, burying his face in Shuuichi's chest. After a moment, Shuuichi returned the hug. "...Thank you."

"Don't thank me. I'm your alpha. It's my job to make you feel good, right, my beloved Saihara?"

"Ouma..."

Rantarou watched the scene with a bittersweet twinge of jealousy.

But then they both turned to him and held out their arms, making room for one more.

Rantarou couldn't keep the grin off his face as he sat up and joined in the hug. He was still dripping in piss and cum, but he didn't care. Kokichi and Shuuichi didn't care. Maybe they were trapped, and maybe there was only one alpha for two omegas, but that was okay. They would make it work.

"And my beloved Amami felt good too, right?"

Rantarou nodded, relieved to finally be free of the oppressive heat that had enveloped him for days. "Yes, that was... Amazing." Even if the piss had been a surprise. And Shuuichi's reaction to it perhaps an even bigger one. "I really do have to thank you both. You didn't have to do his... But I'm so glad you did."

Shuuichi was back to looking shy and embarrassed as he reached out and cupped his hand against Rantarou's cheek, looking more flustered by his own actions than even Rantarou himself felt. "It's our pleasure, Amami. We care about you."

"That's right! We both like Amami a lot!" Kokichi giggled and smirked up at Rantarou. "And now that I've marked both of my beloved omegas, we can keep having fun without you getting all jealous and sulky, right?"

Rantarou laughed nervously, shooting Kokichi an anxious smile. Shuuichi let out a quiet chuckle, and Kokichi joined in with a giggle as they all cuddled together on the soiled bed.

This wasn't how Rantarou had pictured his life, but he was beginning to think that maybe this was exactly what he'd never known he wanted.

Chapter End Notes

I have a prompt for it sitting in my inbox on tumblr, so HPA AU Oumasai is probably next (which has Kokichi AND Shuuichi wetting). I'd like to do more Gonta and Kiibo in the near future, and yes Oumota anon, Kaito won't be too far off!

Shuuichi Saihara - Double Deliberate Wetting

Chapter Summary

Kokichi has a request, and he and Shuuichi have some fun together.

(I've been writing a lot of prompts on tumblr, and one I got was for Oumasai in my HPA AU-verse with "confessing a fetish" and I mean, Anon must have known I'd pick watersports, right? So this is a continuation of chapter 11. I'm not opposed to writing more in this AU if anyone wants to see more.)

Chapter Notes

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

“F-fetish?”

Kokichi nodded, not an ounce of shame on his face. Shuuichi had to take a breath to calm himself down. Well, of course Kokichi had some kind of fetish. Didn't everyone? Shuuichi himself was a little too fond of having his boyfriend fuck him while wearing lingerie and panties to not have that count as some kind of fetish, right? And he'd made Kokichi piss his panties right on the floor a month ago, and that was definitely some weird fetish that Shuuichi had done his best not to think of, lest he have to face the fact he'd never been so turned on as he had that day. So really, how bad could Kokichi's fetish be?

“If you don't like it, we don't have to do it. But I keep thinking about my beloved Shuuichi in such a compromising position...”

Shuuichi told himself not to be nervous. Surely, it wasn't anything *too* weird, right?

“Well, I'll try to accommodate you, but there are a few things I'm afraid I'm really not comfortable with...” He knew he couldn't be able to wear Kokichi's type of clothes without dysphoria rearing its ugly head, and he could think of some rather gross bodily functions he wanted nothing to do with. But with as much white and pastels as Kokichi wore, he doubted his boyfriend was into coprophilia. “...What is it?”

“I want to see Shuuichi wet himself!”

Shuuichi took a deep breath. *At least it isn't shit.*

“I... I suppose I could do that. You did it for me...”

“Right! And it got you *so* wet. So now I want to see you wet from something else!” Shuuichi had a hard time not groaning at the terrible joke. “But you wear too much black... We need you in something lighter, so I can see yours clothes get wet. I wonder...”

Shuuichi had a hard time saying no to Kokichi, but he swore, if Kokichi tried to get him to wear panties, his boyfriend would be sleeping in his own room for once.

Kokichi ran to his dresser and dug through it, eventually pulling out a pair of white silken boxers that looked too big for him. Shuuichi was pretty sure Kokichi stopped wearing boxers in their first

year at Hope's Peak, which explained why they'd been at the very bottom of his underwear drawer.

"You want me to pee in those?" Kokichi held them up and nodded, a wide grin on his face.

"Well, okay. But I don't need to pee right now."

"That's fine! We can go get coffee! That will make you have to go!" Shuuichi paused for a moment, an idea coming to him. He walked over to Kokichi's dresser and opened it, immediately spying what he'd been looking for. He took out the same pair of lavender and pink panties Kokichi had peed in the last time. "Oh, does Shuuichi want me to pee again? That's fine! We can have lots of fun together!"

Fun. Right. They changed into their new undergarments and headed to the cafeteria together. The silky material of Kokichi's boxers was nice, but he kept thinking about what Kokichi wanted him to do in them and wasn't sure how he felt about it. Watching Kokichi piss himself was hot, but how would it feel to do it himself? He'd never really had accidents as a child, and the few he could think of had been at a very young age and his parents had punished him for them. So pee himself *on purpose*...

But Kokichi wanted it, and he was going to do it too. It was fine. He could indulge his boyfriend.

Shuuichi drank his coffee, while Kokichi got tea instead. They chatted as they drank, eventually having some of their friends join them. Kokichi made sure to keep their drinks coming, obviously wanting to fill their bladders as fast as they could. Shuuichi kept sipping at the coffee given to him, almost wishing he'd asked for decaf. He wasn't going to want to sleep that night.

...Of course, with what they had planned, perhaps that was a good thing.

They waved goodbye to Kaede, the last one to leave them, and by then they'd been in the cafeteria for an hour and a half. The amount of coffee he'd drank was finally starting to get to him—his bladder felt full, but not painfully so. Not yet. Kokichi, being smaller, was starting to bounce his leg a bit.

"You look like you're already getting desperate," he said under his breath, not wanting anyone else to hear. There were still some underclassman milling about. Kokichi nodded vigorously. "Should we go back to my room?"

"Y-yeah, we'd better."

They hurried back to the male dorms, but it wasn't the desperate rush Kokichi had done the last time. Once safely behind closed doors, Kokichi kicked off his boots and grabbed his crotch.

"This isn't fair! You don't even look like you have to go!"

"Kokichi, you're much smaller than I am. I assume your bladder is too." Kokichi huffed, and it was ridiculously cute. "Won't it be better if you end up peeing first? It will be easier for me to go if I'm aroused than for you."

"Oh, is Shuuichi going to get turned on seeing me piss my panties again? What a pervert!" The teasing didn't faze Shuuichi—he couldn't deny how wet the show had made him the last time.

"But I guess you're right. I bet seeing my beloved Shuuichi piss himself will make me *so* hard!"

Well, it wasn't as if the two of them didn't constantly seem to be turning the other on for one reason or another. It still wasn't something he really liked admitting, but *maybe* he had to face the facts—

at least when it came to Kokichi, he had a pee fetish. *Maybe.*

...At least it's not shit.

Kokichi continued to bounce on the balls of his feet, clutching himself through the fabric of his skirt. Shuuichi watched his little desperation act with rapt attention—sure enough, he was getting wet with every little whimper that escaped Kokichi's lips. Suddenly, Kokichi gasped and hurriedly lifted up his skirt—there was a little wet patch on his panties. It had only been a small spurt, but that meant he was close to losing control. Shuuichi had to use all his self control not to touch himself.

"Shuuichi, I can't hold on much longer." He squirmed, pressing his thighs together firmly. It didn't seem to be helping any longer. "If you have a request, you better tell me now!"

Quickly, Shuuichi ran through all the scenarios that his mind had come up with since Kokichi's first wetting. There had, he could only admit to himself, been quite a few. One thing in particular stood out, but could he really...?

"Shuuichi, we're doing fetish play. *With piss.* Stop being shy and just tell me what's going to make you wet!"

"R-right. I, um..." He took a shaky breath as Kokichi had to grab his dick again. "Just pee yourself like last time and let me try something."

Curiosity shone in Kokichi's bright purple eyes, and he managed to smirk despite his condition. "Oh? My beloved Shuuichi is going to surprise me? Fine! But I hope you're ready, because I'm leaking really bad!"

Sure enough, there was a tiny trickle escaping Kokichi's dick, making the wet spot grow.

Shuuichi knelt down in front of Kokichi, not quite believing what he was about to do. Kokichi, still looking as curious as he was desperate, quivered as a little more leaked out.

"Shuuichi, it's coming!"

"...Just let go. Piss your panties, Kokichi. *For me.*"

Kokichi gave a little moan, and that was all it took for him to let go. The wet patch grew, slowly at first, as Kokichi's bladder loosened. It didn't take long, however, for the floodgates to open. Piss began to soak the panties, and with as little fabric as they actually had, it soon started to run down his pale thighs, flowing down to the floor.

Knowing he didn't have much time, Shuuichi leaned in and pulled down the band of the panties, lowering them just enough so Kokichi's dick was positioned to pee directly into them. He could feel Kokichi's eyes on him as he ran his hand under the stream, shivering at the warm wetness that hit his skin. By the time Kokichi was done, his panties, the floor, and Shuuichi's hands were soaked.

"Ah, Shuuichi is such a perv. Did that make you wet?" Kokichi let his skirt fall down, only to slip it and the wet panties off, letting them lie on the drenched floor. He lifted one of his wet feet and pressed it into Shuuichi's crotch, softly grinding into it. "I bet you're super turned on, aren't you? Touching my pee like that... *So gross.*"

"Says the guy who asked me to pee myself in the first place."

"We already know *I'm* gross," Kokichi replied with a giggle. "Speaking of which, you *still* don't look like you need to pee. Hurry it up! I'm getting hard just thinking about my beloved Shuuichi peeing himself!"

And, as evidenced by his growing erection, he indeed was. Shuuichi batted Kokichi's foot away—though he sort of regretted it immediately after; it had felt so *nice*—and stood up, quickly removing all of his clothes except his borrowed boxers. He *did* have to go, but not to the absolute desperate state Kokichi had been in. Of course, Kokichi was always one for dramatics; perhaps he'd just been putting on a nice show. Shuuichi could certainly appreciate it if that were the case.

"How do you want me to do this?" It only seemed fair that he ask too. Kokichi didn't even have to think about it as he gestured for Shuuichi to get back on the floor. He did so, a little confused when Kokichi brought his foot back too. "Kokichi, not that I mind, but what's this supposed to accomplish?"

He got his answer when Kokichi's foot traveled north, pressing into his bladder. He gasped, feeling a tiny leak come out from the unexpected pressure. Kokichi giggled and pressed a bit more firmly.

"Just helping you along! Come on, talk to me. Tell me how you feel!"

While Shuuichi was certainly not as vocal during sex as Kokichi, he couldn't pretend as if he didn't get off on some dirty talk. And if it made Kokichi happy, he was willing to put up with a little embarrassment.

"M-my bladder is full, but not really hurting. But your foot pressing into it makes me feel like I could pee right now." It really was no surprise when the pressure increased at that moment. "I think if you touched me, I'd be able to go right away..."

Kokichi got the hint, moving his foot back down, grinding it against Shuuichi's clit. He shivered at the sensation, trying his best to relax his muscles as he felt the pleasure coarse through his body. He was so turned on by Kokichi's wetting that it wasn't taking long for his climax to build itself up, leaving him trembling and letting out little leaks. His boxers were getting wet with both his juices and his piss, and a glance at Kokichi showed a lusty gaze in his eyes and a fully erect cock.

"I'm close," he murmured, and he didn't need to specify which. Kokichi continued teasing Shuuichi, letting up on the pressure and then grinding his foot right back down against his clit. It didn't hurt that his urethra was *right there* too. It was *maddening*. "Kokichi, I'm going to...!"

At first, he didn't even notice that he'd started peeing, focusing on the pressure leaving his loins as he came. But soon he felt the warm piss filling his boxers, pooling around his ass before dripping to the floor. Kokichi didn't remove his foot, and considering its position, he was peeing directly onto its sole. Kokichi watched him intently, breathing heavily as Shuuichi moaned and let his bladder void itself right where he knelt. It was so dirty, so naughty... So fucking *hot*.

Before long, the silken boxers were drenched, and the puddle underneath him was even bigger than Kokichi's. It was going to be a nightmare to clean, but he didn't think much on it. Kokichi finally moved his foot and Shuuichi was immediately on his feet, pulling his boxers down and letting them stay right in the puddle.

"Fuck me," he pleaded, too turned on to be shy.

"*Gladly.*"

They didn't even make it completely on the bed; Shuuichi sat on the edge and spread his legs, Kokichi's shorter body giving them the right leverage for him to stand between Shuuichi's thighs and enter him smoothly. Shuuichi's body was already sensitive from Kokichi's previous ministrations, and Kokichi had been hard for the entire thing, so it wasn't long before Shuuichi was crying out his boyfriend's name again.

"Next time," Kokichi panted, thrusting into him unrelentingly, "Shuuichi should piss on my dick while we're fucking. Will you do that? Please?"

"Y-yes," Shuuichi moaned, barely able to take the sensations bombarding him, let alone that enticing image. "I'll piss on your cock. I'll piss *anywhere you want*."

Kokichi pulled out just in time to splatter his cum on Shuuichi's stomach, slumping against Shuuichi as soon as he was spent. Shuuichi was tempted to pull him up on the bed and just have a nice nap, but their legs were still covered in drying piss, and he really didn't want to do so much laundry that someone became suspicious. He was pretty sure he'd die if anyone found out what kink he and Kokichi shared.

Great, now I've admitted it, he thought. I get hot for piss. Wonderful.

Of course, knowing Kokichi was just as into it as he was helped. A little.

"Have fun?" he asked, drawing his arms around Kokichi and stroking his hair. Kokichi snuggled into him, getting comfortable in his lap, as if he were a very large cat.

"Of course! Shuuichi is so very kind to play with me!" As if Shuuichi ever turned down any of Kokichi's requests to try new things in the bedroom. "Mmm, that was really hot. I'd ask if you had fun, but I know you did! I made Shuuichi come twice, I'm so proud!"

"That's not a record or anything," he mumbled, Kokichi giggling happily at his accomplishment anyway. "...Do you really want to do... *that*?"

"*That*?" Shuuichi frowned, and Kokichi relented. "You mean peeing on my dick when we're having sex? Of course I do! But only if you're okay with it."

He was almost mortified with how quickly he said *yes*.

Kokichi giggled hysterically as Shuuichi buried his face in Kokichi's shoulder. He was never going to live this down, was he...?

Chapter End Notes

I don't really know what's next tbh. I've got some "please write x ship!" vague requests, but if anyone has anything more specific, I'd love to hear it. I can certainly keep coming up with my own ideas, but I'd love to fulfill some requests!

Kiibo - Toilet Functionality

Chapter Summary

Can Kiibo drink? Sort of! Will Kokichi take advantage of that? Absolutely!

["She takes requests, right? Where do I ask for Kiibo being functional as a toilet and them both getting off on Ouma pissing in him to assert his dominance?" Just for you, drg anon. Thanks for the idea! There are some, ah, spoiler elements, but if you don't know the spoilers to begin with, I don't think it'll matter much.]

Chapter Notes

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

“Hey Kiiboy, I have a question for you!”

Kiibo was very tempted to ignore Kokichi, knowing that no question he could possibly have would be one Kiibo would want to answer. But on the other hand, the quicker he answered, the quicker Kokichi would leave him alone...

“What is it?”

Kokichi giggled, mischief clear in his eyes. “What would happen if you tried to drink something?”

That was an oddly innocent question, and Kiibo didn’t believe for a second that there wasn’t something more insidious behind it. Still, he decided to play along. After all, when Kokichi wasn’t being unnecessarily cruel, he really didn’t dislike spending time with him. Quite the contrary, actually. Kokichi had mellowed out his unkind teasing since they’d first gotten trapped in the prison school, but Kiibo couldn’t help but think Kokichi was still suspicious of him for some bizarre reason. Maybe if he answered Kokichi’s questions, they could come to an understanding!

“I have state of the art waterproofing,” he explained, more than a bit proud to go into his specs. “The liquid would gather in my abdominal cavity until I drained it.”

“Like peeing?”

Kiibo paused, considering the question until he realized how ridiculous it was.

“No, not like urinating. The liquid would come out in the same state it entered, and I have no genitalia for it to leave from. I would have to unplug...” He trailed off as he realized where that little plug was, his face flushing. “I-it’s still not the same.”

“Whatever you say, Kiiboy!” Kokichi giggled and stepped closer reaching out to lightly touch the area where Kiibo’s lower stomach would have been. “...But if someone peed into you and your drain is between your legs, isn’t that like you’d be peeing too?”

“W-why would someone pee in me?” Kokichi sniffed pathetically, and Kiibo sighed. Oh no. No, he didn’t think so. He knew what that look meant—those watery eyes and cute little frown—and he wasn’t falling for it! “Ouma, do *not* pretend to cry because I don’t want you to pee in me! That’s unsanitary!”

“It’s just piss,” Kokichi insisted, his tears immediately drying, running his finger down lower and lower. Kiibo didn’t stop him. “Don’t you think it would be fun? You’d get to pee just like a human! I’d donate my piss for such a noble cause.”

“...You’re getting aroused by the thought of using me as a toilet is more like it.” Kokichi pulled his hand away and shrugged, grinning and not denying it in the slightest. Kiibo couldn’t believe he was about to do this, but... “If I say yes, you need to do something for me too.”

“Oh?” Kokichi tapped a finger to his chin, as if thinking over the offer. “Well, if you’re going to say yes to my excellent plan, I guess I can hear you out. What is it?”

“Stop calling me Kiiboy. It’s very rude. How can you say you want me to do something to make me more like a human, and still call me that cruel name? I’ll let you do this, but stop calling me that. *I hate it.*”

Kokichi didn’t answer for several long moments, staring deep into Kiibo’s eyes, as if he’d find the answers to all his questions there. Eventually he sighed, nodding his head slowly. “Okay, fine. Just Kiibo then.”

His tone was oddly soft, and the part of Kiibo that found himself oddly attracted to this lying brat heated up pleasantly.

“Then... Perhaps we should go to my room?”

“...Okay.”

They headed up to the dorms, climbing to the second floor and heading to Kiibo’s room. Neither said anything during the little trip, and Kiibo found himself filling with anxiety. Why did Kokichi want to do this? Why pee? Why *him*? And why was he being so quiet now? So many questions and no answers in sight.

He let Kokichi into his room and followed behind, locking the door once they were both inside. The last thing he wanted anyone to see was him being used as a toilet. How would he ever explain *that*?

“Get on your knees.”

Kiibo jumped at the sudden command, and upon looking at Kokichi, he saw the other boy staring at him with an authoritative expression on his face. If ever he’d looked like an Ultimate Supreme Leader, it was now. It was *hot*. He dropped to his knees immediately, and Kokichi’s eyes widened so slightly that Kiibo likely wouldn’t have noticed had he been human.

The inexplicable urge to doing dirty things with Kokichi filled him, almost as if planted there by a higher power. He wanted Kokichi, *now*.

“Ouma... Piss in me. Make me your toilet.”

Kokichi scrambled to unbuckle his belt, shoving his pants down and taking out his cock. He wasn’t fully erect, but he was getting there. Kiibo would have salivated at the sight, had he been able to. As it were, he felt his circuits heat up as he opened his mouth. Kokichi took his cock in his hand and aimed it.

Kiibo didn’t flinch as the steady stream of piss fell from Kokichi and hit his tongue, sliding down his throat. He couldn’t taste it, but his sensors told him it was warm. The part that excited him was watching Kokichi, breathing heavily and watching Kiibo with hooded eyes as he pissed into

him.

By the time Kokichi's stream ended, Kiibo was filled with his hot piss. It sloshed inside of him as he spread open his knees and reached down to grasp the tiny plug.

"Ouma, your shoes might get wet if you don't back away." Kokichi did no such thing, watching Kiibo with lust in his eyes. "Very well. Could you... Could you touch yourself while I do this?"

"Yeah," Kokichi breathed, not needing to think twice about pumping his cock to a fully erect state. "Piss yourself Kiibo. Let my piss out of you."

Kiibo nodded, pulling the small plug. Kokichi's piss began to spray out, falling onto the floor with a loud hiss. He couldn't really feel it, apart from the fact that the warmth was quickly leaving his body. But Kokichi jerked his cock almost desperately, and Kiibo, not wanting to disappoint, moaned loudly for Kokichi's benefit. If the groans that escaped Kokichi were any indication, he appreciated it.

"...Come on my face."

It was as if some outside force was dictating his actions, but he didn't worry about it. Kokichi was making the prettiest noises, touching himself fervidly, whining Kiibo's name—

Kokichi came with a cry, his cum splattering on Kiibo's face, only narrowly missing his eye. Kiibo was empty of his piss now, and they stared at each other for a moment, neither saying anything. Then Kokichi dropped to his knees, not caring about the puddle there. He licked the cum off Kiibo's face, then pressed their lips together feverishly. Kiibo couldn't taste Kokichi's cum, but the very idea made his thoughts fuzzy. All he could do was kiss back as best he could manage, considering he'd never done so before. Somehow, he seemed to know just what to do.

He didn't question it. He wasn't sure he really *wanted* to know.

They knelt on the wet floor, kissing sloppily, until the puddle grew cold. It didn't bother Kiibo, but Kokichi fidgeted uncomfortably, likely growing cold. Kiibo broke the kiss reluctantly and stood up. Kokichi looked as if he was about to complain, but he stopped when Kiibo held out his hand.

"Ouma... Thank you."

Kokichi hesitated for but a moment before he grasped Kiibo's hand and allowed himself to be helped to his feet. They didn't let go.

"You're welcome." He smiled at Kiibo, and it looked so genuinely affectionate that Kiibo wanted to kiss him again, over and over. "...Kiibo is the best toilet."

Kiibo could only shake his head and pull Kokichi into a hug, which was quickly returned.

Obnoxious, lying brat or not, Kiibo was inexplicably fond of Kokichi, and he wouldn't want him any other way.

Chapter End Notes

I've got nine more requests. Yeah, I'm surprised too. And since seven of them are

Oumasai, next will probably be that. I've got Gonta and Rantarou in there to mix things up in between. But needless to say, the foreseeable future will all be request fills!

Shuuichi Saihara - Tentacles

Chapter Summary

Himiko summons tentacles, and they get Kokichi. Now it's up to Shuuichi to save him.

[I got a request on tumblr for tentacles+piss+Oumasai, so here it is. They're dating here already. Also, this is baby's first tentacles, as we only have consent here in the Ouma piss fic]

Chapter Notes

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

“You *what*?”

“I summoned tentacles.” Himiko was so casual about it that Shuuichi almost laughed. Or, at least, he might have if the circumstances weren’t what they were. “Ouma was making Tenko mad, so I used the last of my mana to summon tentacles to teach him a lesson. But they’re overeager, so you might want to help him.”

“Yumeno, wait, are you saying—”

“I’m saying no one will want to save him but you. Otherwise, he’s stuck with them until my spell wears off in a few hours.” She yawned and turned to walk away, not caring at all about what a mess she’d caused. “I need to regain my mana, so don’t bother me.”

He watched her leave, not really believing what he’d just heard. Tentacles. Himiko summoned *tentacles*. To teach Kokichi a lesson. ...There was no way that was true, right? She was just a stage magician!

That didn’t stop him from running out of the library where Himiko had found him and outside where she said they’d been when it happened. If Kokichi was really outside where anyone could see him, getting attacked by overeager tentacles...

It sounded like a bad porno.

And, as it turned out, it looked like one too.

“O-Ouma! Are you hurt?”

"Ah, my beloved Shuuichi is here! So Yumeno wasn't lying about sending you to save me!" Kokichi looked oddly alright with his situation. There were six black, slimly, pulsing tentacles sprouting from the ground, one holding each of his appendages. The fifth was prodding around his body, while the sixth was trying to force itself into his mouth. He casually leaned his head side to side to avoid it. "I hope you have an idea, because I think I'm going to end up in one of Shirogane's wet dreams if I don't get free soon."

He was oddly calm about being molested by magical tentacles, to a degree that concerned Shuuichi. But then he noticed that Kokichi's thighs were pressed together tight, and knowing Kokichi as he did, he knew it wasn't solely to keep the tentacles away.

"Were you on your way to the bathroom before this all happened?" he asked as he took stock of the situation, trying to figure out how to help his boyfriend. He seemed more fazed by the situation than Kokichi did, but he had a feeling Kokichi was trying not to look as concerned as he probably felt. He was, after all, a very good liar.

"How'd you guess?" Though he was certainly well enough to be sarcastic. "Do you know how to stop these things or not?"

He wasn't really sure how he was supposed to know how to handle magically summoned tentacles. He was a *detective* after all. Himiko didn't even know what to do other than wait it out, and she was the only one who knew how to get them there in the first place!

"...Maybe I should get Shirogane."

"I'm pretty sure her answer will be to let them have their way with me." Well, Kokichi made a good point. "Does my beloved Shuuichi *want* me to get tentacle raped?"

"Don't joke about that!" he snapped, beginning to grow far too anxious to think clearly. The tentacles were growing restless, and Kokichi was starting to tire, not able to resist as one of the tentacles finally slipped into his mouth. He spit it out, only to have it slide right back in.

"Kokichi! I'll... I'll save you, I promise!"

Kokichi couldn't speak as the tentacle slid in and out of his mouth, but he let out a pitiful groan. The last tentacle slithered around Kokichi's waist, squeezing him firmly. His entire body began to tremble, and Shuuichi finally couldn't stand by any longer. He rushed forward, not knowing what he could possibly do to help, but needing to try. He was almost at a distance where the tentacles could have grabbed him instead, when a loud whine came from Kokichi.

And his pants quickly began to soak.

Piss rushed out of Kokichi, whether out of desperation or fear, Shuuichi wasn't sure. A mixture of both, if he had to guess. The wetness ran down his legs, dripping to the ground below, and Shuuichi abruptly stopped as the inky darkness where the tentacles had sprouted began to shimmer when the piss hit it. The tentacle in Kokichi's mouth pulled out with an audible pop, and the one around his waist quickly withdrew. They both sank down into the void, and soon the four restraining Kokichi followed, letting him fall to the ground with a thump.

Moments later, the only evidence anything odd had happened was the wet ground below Kokichi, which continued to grow as Kokichi finished emptying his bladder.

"Are you alright?" Shuuichi rushed to Kokichi, checking for any injuries. Kokichi must have been more shaken than his initial attitude had suggested, because rather than laugh it off and insist he was fine, he threw himself into Shuuichi's arms and buried his face into his shoulder. Shuuichi didn't say anything about his shoulder growing wet, nor his clothes where Kokichi's soiled pants leaned into him. He merely hugged Kokichi close, whispering calming little nothings into his ear. "You're safe now. I'll make sure Yumeno never does that again."

Kokichi nodded, pulling back with eyes that were still watery. He smiled as brightly as he could manage, obviously trying to pretend as if he hadn't just been crying.

"Well, it wasn't so bad!" At Shuuichi's disbelieving frown, he giggled softly and leaned in to place a chaste kiss to his lips. Afterwards, his smile was a little more genuine. "That's not a lie! I mean, my beloved Shuuichi saved me, right?" They both knew full well it had nothing to do with him—but if Kokichi wanted to pretend that it wasn't his own piss that had chased off the tentacles, that

was fine. "Hey, this is the first time I've pissed myself and you haven't gotten really horny from it!"

Shuuichi shook his head as Kokichi giggled again, not finding it all that funny. He understood this was just how Kokichi coped with situations like this, but it wasn't particularly healthy.

"There's nothing arousing about you being scared. Or molested. I was *terrified*, Kokichi."

"H-hey, I wasn't scared—!"

Before he could keep lying, Shuuichi leaned in and pressed their lips together once more, a little deeper than before. Kokichi relaxed after a moment, kissing him back with his normal enthusiasm. Shuuichi was glad the experience had only left him shaken, not injured, whether physically or emotionally. He was going to have a serious conversation with Himiko about improper use of magic.

That sounded ridiculous even in his head, but he never wanted to see Kokichi in danger like that again.

"The next time you pee yourself," Shuuichi murmured when they parted, though their lips were still scant centimeters away, "I hope it's because we're alone and you *want* to. You're so beautiful when you lose control, Kokichi."

"...Shuuichi's such a perv." It didn't change the fact he was flushing cutely. "Let's go back to my room. I want to change before anyone sees me. Only my beloved Shuuichi is allowed to see me piss myself!"

Shuuichi laughed softly and stood up, helping Kokichi to his feet afterwards. It was painfully apparent Kokichi had wet himself—his bright boxers visible through the damp fabric—and Shuuichi wanted no one to see him like that anymore than Kokichi did. An idea came to him, and he quickly unbuttoned his jacket and handed it to Kokichi. Getting the hint, he tied it around his waist. Being so small, it covered up most of the damage.

"...Thank you." Kokichi smiled up at him, looking genuinely grateful. "I really love you, you know?"

"I love you too."

He grabbed Kokichi's hand in his, and together they walked back towards the dorms, ready to put the nonsense of the tentacles behind them.

Though, in the back of his mind, Shuuichi couldn't help but wonder if Himiko could summon something a little more tame, that would, perhaps, take orders from him. He and Kokichi could have some real fun then...

Chapter End Notes

I already have the next three chapters finished, lol. And next part we have something NEW aka this will no longer be boys only. I hope you look forward to Miu!

Miu Iruma - Forced Wetting

Chapter Summary

Kokichi wants Miu to build something for him, and she accepts an unconventional payment.

[["One day I'll write my self-indulgent Ouma/Miu fic where he makes her drink panta until she's bursting and grinds his shoe into her pussy as she wets herself." You know, my dear drg anon, I hope you still do write your own version because while writing this I fell in love with the idea lol. I actually really disliked Ouruma once upon a time but now I'm kinda falling for the ship. I even have another Ouruma chapter started, haha. Thanks drg, I really owe that to seeing stuff about the ship there. Anyway, I hope you enjoy!]]

Chapter Notes

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

"The fuck do *you* want, shrimp dick?"

If Kokichi took offense to the insult, he didn't show it outwardly. He smiled up at her with excited eyes, and somehow, that worried her more than if he'd started yelling at her.

"Iruma, I need a *big* favor from you! I need you to make me something!" A sheet of paper was shoved in her face, and she muttered under her breath as she pulled it away to look at it. "Can you manage it?"

"This is it?" She didn't question how Kokichi was able to make such detailed schematics; he wouldn't tell her the truth anyway. "Tch, that's easy for a beautiful genius like me!"

"If you say so!" She was pretty sure she was supposed to be insulted by that. "Then you'll make it?"

"I don't see why I should." She would, of course she would. She wanted Kokichi's favor; she wanted anyone's favor that may stick it in her, but Kokichi was at the top of her list. No one seemed as likely to offer her what she really wanted as the asshole in front of her. "But if you made it worth my while..."

She grinned suggestively; he frowned. *Dammit.*

"Well, I guess I could do *something*, if it means I get what I need..." His expression morphed into a cruel grin. She *shivered*. "But I hope you don't think I'd touch a disgusting pig bitch like you."

She couldn't help it; she moaned, his words going straight between her thighs. How many times had she fingered herself, imagining Kokichi fucking her and calling her a slut the entire time? Too many, probably.

"...You can do whatever the fuck you want to me."

He seemed to consider her words, smirking as an idea came to him. God, she was already getting

wet and he hadn't even agreed to anything yet.

"Well, then Iruma is very lucky! There's something I want to try, and you're a big enough whore to do it, I'm sure!" Fuck, there he went again. She wondered if how he'd react if she just stuck her hand down her panties right there. "I'll be back in a few minutes. You'd better keep your hands to yourself until then, or you'll ruin everything."

His cheery tone was painfully fake, she knew. If she didn't listen to him, there would be hell to pay, and that alone almost made her want to do it, just to see how he'd punish her. But she didn't want to risk him changing his mind, so she listened, squeezing her thighs together rhythmically to ease some pressure on her clit. All she ended up doing was getting hornier, but she didn't have to wait long. Soon Kokichi was back, two big bottles of grape Panta in hand.

"Why the fuck do you—?"

"Keep your filthy mouth shut and you'll find out." She promptly shut up, and he beamed brightly at her once more. "Iruma is going to drink all of this, and then she's going to start working on my project until she really, really has to pee! Then... You'll find out! So start drinking!"

The first thing she thought was that it was a miracle Kokichi was giving up his Panta for *any* reason. Then she quickly remembered the more important part of his proposal and felt her face flush.

"You wanna do some weird piss thing?" He giggled and shoved a bottle at her, right into her tits. She took it and stared for a moment before unscrewing the cap and bringing it to her mouth. She chugged as much as she could in one go. "This better be worth it, dickhead."

He giggled again, a cruel glint in his eyes.

"Oh, it will!"

She didn't know if she should really be trusting a self-proclaimed liar, but her vagina had already made up her mind. She lifted the bottle again and drank.

Two bottle of Panta and two hours later, and Miu had to squeeze her thighs together for more than just arousal. *Fuck*, she thought, *I need to piss so bad*. She couldn't remember the last time she'd had to go so badly, and much to her embarrassment, it was turning her on. Her bursting bladder was making her clit throb, and Kokichi watching her wasn't helping matters. Nor were his frequent questions.

"Is Iruma leaking yet?"

"N-no! For the hundredth fucking time, I'm fine!" She wasn't fine and they both knew it. She just couldn't take him asking how close she was to pissing herself any more. It was certainly inevitable, but she would hold on as long as she could. If she impressed him, maybe he'd change his mind about touching her. "Why the fuck do you wanna see me wet myself anyway?"

And again, he didn't answer.

She groaned and kept working, her hands beginning to shake. She wasn't going to last much longer. She was going to wet her panties right in front of the boy she wanted to fuck her, and she didn't even know why he wanted it. He wasn't even hard, and she'd definitely been sneaking peeks over at him to check.

Miu was able to work in silence for a few minutes before her bladder spasmed, making her gasp as a tiny spurt burst into her panties. It was only enough to make a small wet spot, but it was the beginning of the end.

"*Finally!*" Kokichi stood up from his seat and walked over to her, a bored expression on his face. "Waiting was so *dull!* This had better be as fun as I hoped, or I'll never play with Iruma again!"

She trembled at the very thought. God, she hoped this ended with them *playing*.

"Well excuse me for needing to wait before I had to piss. Even a genius like me can't fill my bladder immediately." He seemed to ignore her, instead looking her over critically. "What are you —?"

"Stop asking so many questions, you filthy slut. Just get on your knees and shut up."

She did as she was told, moaning pitifully.

"K-Keep doing that," she begged. She wasn't sure what she wanted more, to piss or to come. "Call me a slut, order me around."

"I'll do what I want, and *you'll* listen. Got it?" She nodded, and he smiled that deceptively cute smile of his. "Great! Then let's move onto the fun part!"

The fun part, apparently, was him forcefully pressing his shoe into her pussy, grinding down against her clit. She squealed, feeling another burst of piss escape her. Drool fell from the corners of her mouth as he twisted his foot against her unrelentingly, and she didn't care how loudly she moaned. She'd never felt this good before. Between Kokichi's foot and her own bladder, she quivered and panted, her breasts heaving.

And then she saw it—the tent in his pants. *Fucking finally*, she thought. She stared at his bulge, imagining what his cock looked like. The size of it made her think it wasn't as small as expected, given his small stature. She wanted that in her mouth, in her pussy, between her tits. *Anywhere*, she just wanted it.

She imagined him whipping it out and pissing on her tits, and that was it, it was just too much. She shook as she came, the sole of Kokichi shoe getting wet as she began pissing uncontrollably through her panties. He didn't let up on grinding into her clit as she pissed, a puddle growing under her, soaking her panties up to her ass and getting her legs wet. He didn't remove his foot until she was empty, trembling and moaning and still wanting more.

"Fuck me," she pleaded, removing her eyes from his hidden cock to lock their gazes. He seemed to be staring at her tits with more than a bit of interest. "Any hole you want. Stick it up my ass for all I care. Just give me your cock."

He didn't answer at first, glancing around at the mess she'd made. The mess she'd made for *him*. Finally, he nodded, unbuckling his belt and pulling out his cock. She laughed giddily as she finally got to see it.

"Don't misunderstand," he warned, sounding almost uncharacteristically serious. "I don't like you, and I'm not going to start just because we fuck. And I'm not risking knocking you up either, so I'm not sticking it in your dirty pussy. If you want my dick so bad, put your whore mouth to work, you slutty bitch."

She crawled over to him, nodding hurriedly. That was fine, perfectly fine. She didn't want to date Kokichi or marry him, and she sure as fuck didn't want to raise any shitty brats with him, as

beautiful and smart as she was sure they'd end up being. She just wanted to fuck him, have him call her all those names that made her wet, force her to do things like piss herself.

She swallowed his cock as much as she could without hesitation. This was *exactly* what she wanted.

She sucked him off, watching through hooded eyes as his face could no longer deny that he felt good, no matter what he personally thought of her. He groaned, starting to rock his hips as he fucked her face. It was, she thought, oddly restrained. That just made her want to try harder.

She got higher up on her knees, reaching up to pop open her shirt and bra, letting her tits free. Grabbing hold of either side, she guided them over Kokichi's cock, just the tip able to peek out from between them.

"Cute," she murmured, before leaning down and taking the head in her mouth. She suckled the head of his cock and moved her heaving boobs around the rest, and he finally began thrusting harder, fucking her tits and mouth.

"Dirty bitch," he muttered, his voice breathy. "You're such a slut. You can't get enough of my dick, can you?"

She pulled back just enough to utter, "No," then right back to sucking.

He grabbed her hair, pulling her head down further for a few more thrusts before he jerked his hips almost violently, filling her mouth with his cum. She greedily swallowed it all, letting go of her tits to slip her fingers past her panties and into her pussy. She was so hot, so wet, that she barely had to brush her thumb over her clit and pump her fingers in and out a few times before she came again.

They both stayed silent as they caught their breath, Kokichi tucking himself back in his pants and Miu standing up in her puddle. It was going to be a bitch to clean, but she fully felt it had been worth it. In a movie, this would have been the part where he kissed her and they confessed their secret romantic attraction, but this was reality, and he just smirked up at her as she shoved her tits back in her bra and buttoned up her shirt.

"You wanna fuck again sometime?" she muttered, her face heating up as he watched her. Fuck, he was goddamn *hot* for a shrimp. "There must be some condoms in this dump somewhere."

He hummed thoughtfully, before nodding with a giggle.

"As long as my dick doesn't have to go in your nasty pussy raw, that doesn't sound *too* bad." She cursed at her twitching clit—she really didn't need to get horny *again*. "Getting blown by Iruma was pretty boring, but I guess I could actually fuck you the next time I need to pay for a favor. Iruma is such a disgusting pig, after all! I bet you'd take cock as payment anytime!"

Honestly, she couldn't disagree with that.

"W-whatever, dickweed. Get the fuck out of here so I can clean up and keep working. I'll find you when it's done."

He turned on his heel and left the room without another word, and she sighed as soon as she was alone. *She* was wet, the *floor* was wet, she could still taste Kokichi's cum...

Goddammit, she thought, *I'm still so fucking horny. I need to find condoms, fast.*

The puddle could wait; she was getting changed and going on a condom hunt. Kokichi's cock was going to be *hers*.

Chapter End Notes

Next is HPA AU Oumasai!

Shuuichi Saihara - Peeing During Sex

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi fulfills a request from his boyfriend.

[[Another request filled, another chapter in the HPA AU that chapters 11 and 14 are in. I've got two more currently too, lol. This one is a little short, sorry!]]

Chapter Notes

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

Shuuichi watched as Kokichi pulled down his panties, letting his cock bob out of them. That was probably his favorite way to get fucked—with Kokichi still wearing the lacy little things. He just looked so goddamn hot that way, and it made him so wet, and—

He felt his bladder pulse harshly. Other things were going to get very wet, very soon.

"You still want to do this, right? You can go to the bathroom first, if you want. Or piss on the floor. I don't mind."

Shuuichi laughed at the absurd statement, shaking his head. "No, I'm fine. I mean, if anyone doesn't want to do this, it should be *you*. You're sure you really want me to..."

"Piss on my dick?" Kokichi asked cheerfully when Shuuichi trailed off. "Of course! I'm *so* hard just thinking about it! But if you think it's too weird, we don't have to."

Weird, right. As if making Kokichi piss his panties the very first time hadn't been *weird*. Or both of them wetting in front of the other just to get so horny they couldn't even fully make it on the bed before they'd started fucking hadn't been *weird*. This didn't seem any worse than that, if he were honest.

"I want to," he assured his boyfriend, who smiled sweetly at his consent. "But please, I really have to pee, so can you—?"

He didn't need to finish—Kokichi lined himself up and pressed the tip of his cock to Shuuichi's pussy. When Shuuichi nodded, he slid in completely, letting out a groan to match Shuuichi's own. They weren't in a hurry as they'd been the last time, but to Shuuichi's full bladder, even the slow, steady pace seemed frantic. His muscles tensed, trying to keep the pee inside of him despite knowing where this was all headed. It was an automatic response, he supposed.

"Oh, Shuuichi, if you keep doing that, I'm not going to last until you can piss on me!"

He flushed, realizing trying to hold it was clenching his muscles around the cock inside of him. He tried to relax without losing control, but as soon as he did, Kokichi rocked his hips sharply, giggling the entire time. A spurt of piss escaped his urethra, hitting Kokichi's dick as it slid in and out of him.

"K-Kokichi!" Even if that was supposed to happen eventually, pissing when he wasn't expecting it was still a bit embarrassing. "You did that on purpose."

"Of course I did! My beloved Shuuichi is being shy!" They'd had sex enough times that he knew he shouldn't be, but it was true. This was, after all, new. But Kokichi only seemed spurred on by his dick getting wet in two different ways at once. That made it a little easier to relax further, another spurt of pee escaping him. "There we go. Piss all over me, okay? It's *so* hot!"

"R-right." He didn't have much choice, as Kokichi's thrusts picked up both speed and power. A few more tiny spurts followed, and he was quickly reaching his limit, both with his bladder and with his impending orgasm. "Kokichi, I'm going to... I'm so close..."

"Hurry up and piss!" Kokichi reached out and rubbed his clit, causing Shuuichi to shiver. "Or maybe you'll come first? That's fine too!"

Shuuichi didn't even know what would happen first. Kokichi's cock felt so good, as did his eager fingers, and his bladder begged for release. He need to piss so badly, and he wanted to come just as much, and—

A steady, hot stream began to flow, arching up and spraying onto his boyfriend's groin as he came, crying out Kokichi's name. He seemed to piss forever, Kokichi's movements becoming erratic as the piss hit his cock. By the time it slowed to a trickle, Kokichi was panting heavily, looking down at him with lust-filled eyes. Shuuichi was afraid he might come inside of him for a moment, but Kokichi pulled out suddenly, his cum landing in Shuuichi's well-trimmed pubic hair. He winced as he remembered the unfortunate time he'd let that dry there, but at least Kokichi hadn't come inside of him.

"...Hey, Shuuichi? Can I try something?"

Shuuichi was too tired to think much of it as he nodded. That was probably for the best, as Kokichi grabbed his cock and giggled, pointing his dick where he'd come. Shuuichi knew what was coming even before Kokichi's hot piss began to fall, wetting his protruding clit and labia. Well, fair was fair, and he couldn't deny that feeling Kokichi's piss on him was turning him on all over again. Was this how Kokichi had felt? Because he was suddenly disappointed he wouldn't be able to have Kokichi's cock in him again for a while. What a tease!

Kokichi's stream ended far too quickly, leaving both of them soaking. He reached down and pulled off his panties, wet with Shuuichi's piss, letting them fall to the drenched bed. Thank god they'd thought to put some plastic on the mattress before they'd started!

"Did my beloved like that?" Kokichi teased, knowing damn well Shuuichi had. Frowning, Shuuichi grabbed Kokichi's hand and pressed it to his clit. Kokichi giggled and did one better—he leaned down and began sucking and licking it, even as Shuuichi protested. Their mixed piss didn't deter him though; he went down on him until Shuuichi was shuddering with his second release. He was grinning when he pulled away, licking his lips. "Ooh, you liked that a *lot*!"

With a huff, Shuuichi pulled Kokichi down with him, knowing they should clean up, but too sated to do any more at the moment than hold his boyfriend close and catch his breath. He supposed he couldn't really complain that Kokichi always made him orgasm multiple times. Kokichi Ouma was a complete blessing as far as he was concerned.

"We're both kind of gross, aren't we?"

The question was far too cheerful, and Shuuichi didn't bother to answer it, pressing his lips against his boyfriend's instead. Kokichi smirked into the kiss. They both knew the answer to that, and Shuuichi was beginning to come to terms with it. If it was with Kokichi, he was okay with being a little gross.

Chapter End Notes

I can hear the cries of "nooooo" now, but next is Gonta. Trust me, Gonta makes out better than Kokichi in it, lol.

Gonta Gokuhara - Mating Rituals...?

Chapter Summary

Gonta thinks that Kokichi's teasing means he wants to partake in a mating ritual.

(This was for a prompt I received for Kokichi teasing Gonta about needing to pee. It works out more in Gonta's favor lol.)

Chapter Notes

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

Being stuck in a prison school wasn't particularly fun, especially with no wildlife around, but Gonta didn't think it was *all* bad. He'd met such nice friends, after all, so he couldn't *completely* regret his fate. Of course, he didn't want to be trapped, but no one wanted to kill just to escape, so they all pitched in when it came to looking for a way out. Gonta didn't mind being paired with anyone; they were all very nice to him!

...Well, perhaps his current partner wasn't exactly *nice*, but Gonta didn't think he was really *mean* either, not like a lot of the others seemed to think. Kokichi took his teasing too far sometimes, and his lies could certainly be tiring, but Gonta was still fond of the small Supreme Leader. When he wasn't being a brat, he showed an intelligent mind that Gonta very much respected, and he didn't seem to get bored when Gonta told him about entomology. For *Kokichi* not to get bored, Gonta figured the other boy must have either really liked insects, or he liked Gonta enough to listen to him.

Either way, Gonta found that he felt a warm happiness come over him when he saw Kokichi smile up at him. He'd been very concerned about the strange feeling until he'd confessed how he felt to Kokichi himself, who'd gone pink in the cheeks and giggled nervously, saying it sounded like Gonta had a crush on him.

Gonta hadn't had a crush before, but it had made sense.

"*Yes, that must be it,*" he'd told Kokichi with a kind smile, "*Gonta has a crush on you!*"

"*O-oh. Well, of course you do! Who wouldn't? ...I like you too, I guess.*"

That was how Gonta came to be investigating with his boyfriend, a fact that everyone else embraced, as it meant no one else had to deal with Kokichi's tiring ways. Gonta was okay with that too; Kokichi's teasing had calmed down since their impromptu confession. If nothing else, Gonta was quite confident Kokichi wasn't being malicious about it.

"Gonta, you're squirming a lot over there!" They were outside looking for clues that day, though as usual, Gonta wasn't really sure what he should even be looking for, but he was more than happy to help. He'd been so eager to start helping Kokichi look around, in fact, that he hadn't gone to the bathroom before they'd set out. And, of course, Kokichi had picked up on it. "Is there something you want to do?"

"N-no!" he lied, despite knowing better than to do such a thing around the best liar among them. It

just wasn't a very gentleman-like thing to confess to, was it? Though he supposed lying wasn't something a gentleman did either, but it wasn't as embarrassing as admitting he really needed to pee and wasn't sure how much longer he could hold it. "Gonta is fine!"

"Are you?" Kokichi giggled, smiling up at him innocently. Gonta almost believed it, at least until Kokichi came closer and sharply poked his lower stomach. Gonta gasped and clenched his thighs together as his piss threatened to burst out of him right in his pants.

"Ouma, please don't do that! Gonta needs to use the restroom very badly!"

"Oh, I thought you said you were *fine*?" Kokichi giggled, running his finger lightly over the area he'd jabbed. It was clear Kokichi was teasing him, and for some reason Gonta didn't really understand, it made him shiver. "Gonta, I thought you were a gentleman? Why are you lying to your boyfriend?"

"Gonta is sorry," he apologized, trying hard to keep himself under control as Kokichi traced random patterns against his stomach. It felt nice, but it made him need to pee even more urgently! "Please, excuse Gonta, he really needs to—"

Kokichi pressed his fingers into his bladder again, not as hard as the first time, but firmly, insistently. Was Kokichi *trying* to make him wet his pants? It certainly seemed that way. A twinge of irritation washed over Gonta.

"Ouma! That is very cruel to do! Gonta asks that you stop right now!"

Kokichi froze for a moment before withdrawing his hand as if he'd been burned. Gonta could see the regret in his eyes, and that perhaps shocked him more than anything.

"Sorry. I just thought..." Gonta wasn't sure what he possibly could have thought, but he had a feeling it had gone right over his head, as Kokichi's curious ways seemed to do. He was too amazed that he was getting an apology to think too hard about it. "Well, whatever, never mind. You better go to the bathroom, right? There's plenty of bushes around if you have to go super bad."

Gonta wasn't really sure what had caused Kokichi's mood to turn so dour, and he didn't like it. Gonta thought and thought as best as his preoccupied mind could, until it came to him. Many animals used urine to mark their territory, which also fit in with many mating rituals. Upon realizing that, he felt guilty for snapping. To think Kokichi wanted to share such a thing with him!

"Ouma, Gonta apologizes! He didn't realize you want to mark each other!" Kokichi blinked up at him, looking oddly confused. Gonta hunched down and kissed Kokichi's forehead, leaving his small boyfriend flushing cutely. "Gonta would be proud to partake in such bonding rituals with you!"

It almost sounded as if Kokichi muttered "*I just wanted to see you piss yourself*" under his breath, but Gonta was too busy unbuckling his belt to know for sure, so he assumed he'd misheard. Soon he was pulling his cock out, glad that no one else had opted to investigate outside that day. He didn't think he could make it to the dorms before he'd pee his pants.

"Are you ready?" Kokichi's eyes widened and he let out a squeak that he'd surely deny, but after a moment's pause he nodded. "Wonderful! Thank you very much Ouma. Gonta is so happy you like him enough to share this!"

Gonta aimed his cock at Kokichi chest, letting his aching bladder release. It occurred to him too

late that perhaps he should have had Kokichi strip, as the moment his piss began to fall, Kokichi's white clothes became very translucent, showing Gonta the pale, smooth skin his boyfriend hid. He hoped no one saw them when they reentered the school.

Being quite large, Gonta had an equally large bladder, and it showed as his piss continued to flow even after Kokichi's shirt was drenched. The hot piss ran down his pants too, making it look as if Kokichi had been the one to wet himself. Kokichi watched this all happened with an amazed expression on his face, eventually holding out his hand to let the piss splash against it. Kokichi began to giggle just as the stream started to die down, his breath growing shallow.

"Gonta, your piss is *all over me*. I'm *soaked*." Gonta nodded solemnly, a bit relieved that Kokichi was smiling again, even if it was a little more like a smirk. "So do I get to piss all over *you* now?"

"Of course!" Gonta wasn't sure why Kokichi looked so shocked at that. *Of course* it was Kokichi's turn! He dropped to his knees before Kokichi with a gentle smile on his face. "Please, complete your half of the mating ritual! Gonta is very excited!"

In more ways than one. Now that he didn't have to worry about peeing himself, he could appreciate how ridiculously sexy Kokichi looked, drenched in his piss. He felt himself grow hard at the very sight of it. And judging by Kokichi's semi-erect cock that he pulled out of his wet pants, Kokichi wasn't turned off by it either.

"I don't have to piss badly or anything, but I can't turn down my beloved Gonta!" With their height difference, he had to step closer to make sure his pee would even hit Gonta. "Here I go!"

It took a moment for his stream to get started, but before long he was pissing onto Gonta's stomach, wetting his shirt. It was *warm* and it was *Kokichi's* and Gonta *loved* it. He wished Kokichi had been desperate too, or at least had a bigger bladder, because he wanted to be just as soaked as Kokichi was. Still, the large wet spot on him was satisfying enough.

Once Kokichi was done, Gonta stood, his fully erect cock coming very close to Kokichi's face.

"Thank you very much! Gonta is so happy to have Ouma as his mate!" Kokichi made that same high pitched sound again, and Gonta thought it was quite cute. "Now, should we move on to the next mating ritual?"

Kokichi came out of his stupor and giggled, stepping closer to Gonta and pressing a kiss to the head of his cock.

"Sure. Let's *mate*."

They didn't investigate much more than each other's bodies that day, but Gonta thought that was probably okay.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 20 is next, oh man. It'll be Oumasai because hot damn, do I still have a lot of Oumasai prompts. Out of eleven requests, six are for Shuuichi, haha.

Shuuichi Saihara - Alpha/Omega mating

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi is an alpha, and he can smell the omega trapped in the prison school with him. But who is the omega...?

(I got a request for Alpha!Shuuichi and Omega!Kokichi, so here it is! Takes place in a continuity where the killing game never starts. Vague spoilers for some things that happen between the two in canon, but only, like, character development stuff.)

Chapter Notes

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

Shuuichi had spent his entire life having people assume he was an omega. He understood, he really did. He was slender and soft spoken, with feminine facial features and a shy personality. He fit the stereotype of an omega far better than that of an alpha.

And even now, trapped in a prison school and denied of suppressants as his heat was kicking in, he still didn't shake his core personality. There was an omega among them; he could smell it. But as soon as he'd woken up with a painfully erect cock and the scent of an omega also in heat in the air, he'd refused to leave his room.

He didn't know who the omega was, nor did he want to know. He had plenty of self-control not to do something he'd immediately regret, but he didn't want to influence the omega into mating with him out of their own desperation. Alpha or not, his heart had been slowly stolen by another boy, who was more than likely one of the betas. He didn't mind the other boys, certainly, but he held no romantic interest in them. He'd rather suffer through the heat than take a mate just because they were the only alpha and omega trapped together.

It occurred to him that they might be there for a long time, and they might need to suffer through many heat cycles, but he was resolved not to give in. Even if it meant he had to have someone bring him food, he was staying put until it was safe.

And then he heard the knock on his door.

"Saihara! Let me in! It's important!"

Shuuichi groaned, wanting nothing more than to ignore Kokichi. He was in no state to entertain the other boy, especially when he felt this way. How could a beta understand what it felt like to want to mate so desperately? His cock craved that unknown omega's ass, while his heart wanted the boy on the other side of the door. He was pretty sure Kokichi wasn't lying about wanting him too, even if he always ran away whenever Shuuichi tried to bring it up. He just couldn't mate with that omega, not while Kokichi might still want to be with him.

Slowly, he rose from his bed and made his way to the door, his erection aching the entire way. He'd already shed his pants and striped down to his boxers, the pressure being too much. Surely, Kokichi would notice the tent in them. Oh well, he thought, there was no changing it. Everyone would find out about his condition eventually.

He unlocked the door and opened it, only for Kokichi to barrel in and press himself insistently against Shuuichi. Kokichi's erection poked into his leg, and Shuuichi only barely noticed it as the smell of the omega filled his senses.

Oh. Well, that made things easier for him.

"Ouma, you're the omega." It was painfully obvious, but he still couldn't believe his luck, even as Kokichi got on his toes to grind their cocks together. "That's the best thing I've heard since we woke up here."

"I know," Kokichi agreed, rocking his hips desperately against Shuuichi. "I was *so* scared you'd be a beta and I'd get stuck mating with Shinguuji or something. I came right over to make sure I wasn't going to have to lock myself away, but I could smell you from down the hall. I'm *so* happy it's my beloved Saihara!"

Leave it to Kokichi to get right to the heart of the matter. He didn't fit the profile of the stereotypical omega and better than Shuuichi did as an alpha.

"Do you really love me?" He had to ask. What they were about to do wasn't exactly to be taken lightly. Not if they were actually going to mate and not just fuck. "Please Ouma, just this once, give me the truth."

"I love you," Kokichi replied, barely above a whisper. "I love you so much. It's not the heat talking, you know? I didn't want to tell you, not with us stuck here, but it's true. Mate with me, Saihara. Please. I want to be with my beloved Saihara forever!"

Shuuichi might have blamed the heat for his passionate words, but he felt the same so strongly that he refused to entertain such thoughts. Was it fate that they were the only alpha and omega in the school? That they'd already shared an attraction even before they knew about each other? No matter—this was their reality, and Shuuichi was ready to embrace it.

"I love you too. I'm so relieved you're the omega. I wasn't going to leave my room just so I wouldn't mate with anyone. I only want you, even if you'd been a beta." Kokichi giggled happily at the confession, his face flushed cutely. "Ouma, I'm more than happy to mate with you. I want to stay with you even after we leave here."

If they left. If not, well, at least they wouldn't have to worry about locking themselves up for a week at a time four times a year. Well, unless they were locked up fucking the entire time. Being on suppressants his entire life, he didn't really know how aroused he'd stay after they mated. All he knew was that he was ridiculously horny at the moment, and Kokichi's smell was driving him *insane*.

He pulled Kokichi to the bed, not needing to prompt him to get on it. Shuuichi slipped off his boxers as Kokichi hurriedly removed his clothes and tossed them to the floor. Once he was nude, Shuuichi could see the lubricating fluids leaking from his ass. He was more than ready to mate, and Shuuichi's cock felt exactly the same.

"Fuck me, Saihara," Kokichi murmured with a coy look on his face. "Fill my ass with your cum. Make me yours."

"Shuuichi."

Kokichi's blush deepened with more than just arousal.

"S-Shuuichi, right! Mates should use their first names!" He giggled softly and gazed up with stars

in his eyes. "And my beloved Shuuichi will call me Kokichi, right?"

"Of course, Kokichi." He joined the other boy on the bed, settling in between Kokichi's spread thighs. Kokichi *beamed* at him. "Are you alright with skipping right to mating this time? You seem ready..."

"Shuuichi, if you don't stick your dick up my ass within the next minute, I'm going to ride you until we both pass out!"

It was a tempting threat, but unnecessary. He grabbed his aching cock and guided it to Kokichi's dripping hole, letting the head sit right at the opening. He wasn't trying to tease Kokichi, but the omega groaned in frustration anyway.

"Just a moment," he said soothingly, reaching out to stroke Kokichi's face tenderly. "I just want to ask one more time before we do this. You want this, right? To be my mate? I don't want you to think you have to..."

Kokichi was flushed prettily as he huffed, though there was appreciation shining through in his eyes. He put his hand over Shuuichi's and squeezed it gently. "I'm sure, okay? I already said I want to! I love you and I'm ready for any... consequences."

Shuuichi didn't want to think about those consequences, but they were certainly a possibility. If he and Kokichi mated, there was always the same chance any omega faced that he might... But if Kokichi was sure...

"Then... So am I. Whatever happens, we'll face it together."

Their lips met again, and Shuuichi pushed his hips forward, finally giving them both what they wanted. Kokichi gasped as Shuuichi entered him, his nails biting into Shuuichi's shoulders. Shuuichi couldn't even think about holding in his own moans of pleasure, his cock feeling as if this was where it was meant to be—buried deep in Kokichi's wet ass. It felt perfect; it made all of the troubles he and Kokichi had gone through--trying to break down Kokichi's walls, earn his trust, Shuuichi needing to understand him better and realizes he couldn't change him, nor did he want to—all worth it. Now he was inside Kokichi, satisfying the oppressive heat that enveloped them both, making Kokichi his mate...!

He pounded into Kokichi relentlessly, and his partner was matching his every movement with equal enthusiasm. They fucked with abandon, needing to feel the other, to let their bodies meet in the carnal fashion they both desired. Still, as Shuuichi watched Kokichi's face flush with pleasure, drool falling from his mouth as his tongue lolled out, his heart still beat wildly. *He really loved Kokichi.*

He could feel his climax quickly approaching, of which he shakily warned Kokichi. Kokichi giggled breathlessly and grinned up at him. "Then fill me with your cum! Make me all yours!"

"All mine..." His hips seemed to speed up without his knowledge. "And I'm all yours too."

He reached between them and grabbed Kokichi's leaking cock, pumping it as his thrusts lost their rhythm and became more desperate. He was close, so close...!

Kokichi moaned lowly, Shuuichi's name on his lips, as he came in Shuuichi's hand. That expression of ecstasy was all it took to tip Shuuichi over the edge, gasping as the built-up reserves of cum he'd never been fully aware of released into Kokichi. He wasn't completely innocent—he'd seen porn before, and he knew betas didn't have much semen expelled, and omegas only came a bit

more than that. Alphas, he knew, were supposed to ejaculate much more, but to actually feel himself shoot load after load of hot, thick cum into Kokichi's ass... It was the best feeling his body had ever experienced.

Kokichi shivered as his ass was filled, the cum leaking out of him when his small body could hold no more. Shuuichi, feeling guilty, pulled out and let the last bits shoot onto the soiled bed, but Kokichi didn't even seem to notice. He stared up at Shuuichi expectantly, lust still clear in his eyes.

Right. The rest of the mating rites. He'd come this far; no turning back now, even if it *was* kind of embarrassing. And Kokichi looked so *excited* to do it. With a deep breath, he took his cock in his hand, aiming it at Kokichi's chest. This was less physically bonding—they'd already jumped that hurdle—and more a symbolic one. Marking the omega as the alpha's; rather old-fashioned, but if Kokichi wanted him to, he would.

He relaxed and let the piss flow from his cock.

"Ahh, my beloved Shuuichi is marking me! He really loves me!" Kokichi giggled as the pee hit him, running down his chest and further soiling the bedsheets. He ran his fingers over his wet chest, rubbing the pee into his skin and making Shuuichi feel the strangest mixture of embarrassment and arousal he'd ever experienced. Luckily, Shuuichi hadn't needed to go badly, so he didn't need to worry about soaking the mattress or anything. His stream ended quite quickly, but Kokichi thankfully only pouted a *little*. "That's all? Oh well, my beloved mate can piss on me anytime!"

God, it sounded ridiculous, but not as ridiculous as his cock getting hard again at the thought of marking Kokichi over and over.

"...It's normal for an alpha to be able to mate multiple times during heat, but, ah, what about you...?"

Kokichi sat up leisurely, climbing into Shuuichi's lap and, without warning, sinking right onto his erection. At Shuuichi's surprised gasp, he giggled softly and placed a soft kiss to his lips. As he pulled back, he paused to murmur in Shuuichi's ear, "*I can go just as many times as you.*"

As Kokichi began to bounce enthusiastically on his cock, Shuuichi couldn't help but feel that they were both going to be very tired by the end of the week. And that was *completely* okay with him.

Chapter End Notes

Next is Miu and it also has an element to it that this fic has yet to see (though I've written it in Shameless).

Miu Iruma - Vibrators

Chapter Summary

Miu knows what she wants and how she wants it. But reality can be just as fun.

(this wasn't a request; it was me being self-indulgent and some friends goading me on, lol)

Chapter Notes

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

Miu didn't deny it when anyone implied—or even outright said—that she craved cock. It was true, she did. She knew everyone thought she was weird and crude and awkward and perhaps they were right about that too, but she wasn't about to let that bring her down. She'd had such a shitty life before getting trapped with a bunch of hot people in the prison school, and she'd be damned if she couldn't get at least *one* of them to agree to have sex with her. She was, if nothing else, a beautiful genius. Why *wouldn't* anyone want to fuck her?

So after a few dozen pep talks convincing herself that she wouldn't be rejected—because who the hell would say no to *her*?—she went straight to the top of her “I'm-Not-In-Love-I-Just-Wanna-Fuck” list and confronted him the next time he came looking for her to make him a new invention.

“No.”

“*What?*” Her face flushed with embarrassment at being rejected so flatly, but she tried her best to scoff and appear unaffected. “Why the hell not? I'm fucking beautiful! What are you, blind? Why *wouldn't* you wanna have sex with me?”

She'd even gone through the trouble of finding condoms and sticking one wrapper between her tits. It was going to be *sexy*, and he was *ruining* it. Kokichi just stared at her, clearly unimpressed.

“Iruma, you didn't ask me to have sex with you, you big idiot.” She was about to protest—she *definitely* had!—when he continued. “You asked if I'd shove my dick in you. I only said no to *that*.”

“...That makes no fucking sense.” It sounded like he was down for fucking, but he wouldn't use his dick for it? Unless he was only up for eating her out or fingering her, that didn't seem very logical. And having sex with her and not getting something out of it didn't seem very Kokichi-like either. “Will you fuck me or not?”

Kokichi didn't answer at first, seemingly debating something. As if he needed to decide if he trusted her. Kokichi didn't really seem to place much trust in anyone—and she couldn't criticize him for that, because it wasn't like she did either—and she figured her dreams of having Kokichi's cock were dashed. Sure, they did spend a lot of time together since he commissioned so much from her, but to say he trusted her, well, she wouldn't hope for that much.

“...If you tell anyone about this, I'll cut your tongue out and choke you with it.” She shivered at the intense look that came to his face, coupled with an authoritative tone. Fuck, he was hot when

he got like that. Terrifying, but hot. “I can’t believe I’m going to show this to a slut like you...”

Her clit throbbed at his words, the feeling only intensifying when he began undressing, starting by removing his scarf—shit, she thought, he had nice collarbones—and then his shirt. His torso bare, he gave her an expectant look. Admittedly, she knew she could be a little oblivious about things despite her genius, but she really didn’t know what she was supposed to say.

“...Am I supposed to be turned off by those scars or some shit? Cause I can barely see them. If you were sick or something—” The moment the word *sick* left her mouth, Kokichi’s face twisted into a sneer that made her cower. “S-sorry! I was in the hospital a lot too! It’s nothing to get upset over!”

“...You really don’t know what this means, do you?” While irritated, he seemed to calm down a little. She had no idea why he’d gotten so pissed off in the first place though. When she shook her head, he sighed dramatically. “Fine, I guess I’ll have to get straight to the point then, since you’re too oblivious to understand!”

His hands paused at his belt just long enough to be noticeable. Was he really that nervous? Because now that he wasn’t mad, she could feel the heat pooling between her legs again. She was going to get to see his cock! She salivated as his pants fell to the floor, leaving him clad in bright boxers. She was a little disappointed not to see a tent in them, but she didn’t get to think about it too hard when he quickly pulled those down too, kicking them off and leaving himself nude.

And everything suddenly clicked.

“You don’t have a dick!”

“And you have eyes,” he muttered, glaring up at her. “Congratulations, you stupid bitch.”

Well, if there was one thing she really hadn’t expected, it was seeing the familiar anatomy between Kokichi’s legs. The origin of the scars on his chest suddenly made sense, as did his reaction to her implying he’d been sick. *Shit*, she thought, *if I’d known...*

“I’m only into dudes,” she stated bluntly, not able to keep her eyes off him. Now she knew his hair color was all natural. She was jostled from her staring when she heard the angry snarl come from him. Holy shit, she’d never seen him so *pissed* before. “W-wait! I’m not done! I’m only into dudes, b-but you’re a boy, so... Aah... W-will you fuck me or not?”

Kokichi almost looked comical, standing there completely naked, looking at her as if she’d sprouted another head. Huffing, she crossed her arms and looked away, her face heating up—and her pussy getting wetter—the more she stared at him. “L-look, this doesn’t change the fact I’ve wanted to fuck you for goddamn ages. Even if you don’t have a cock, you’re... You’re fucking hot, okay? Not as hot as *me*, but close.”

“...Are you overdressed then?”

Miu’s gaze snapped back to him, her mouth watering at the implication. He gave her an impatient wave of his hand and she took the hint, quickly unbuttoning her shirt and pulling off her boots, stockings, and skirt. It wasn’t until she was taking off her bra—he rolled his eyes dramatically when he saw the condom tumble to the floor—that she thought maybe they should be doing this in one of their bedrooms and not her workspace, but that didn’t stop her from flinging her black panties off with the rest of her discarded clothes. The door was locked; it was fine. Besides, maybe now was the perfect time to try out the invention she’d been making. She was going to test it on herself before she’d decided to approach Kokichi, but now...

She walked over to a pile of half finished projects—many of which she'd put on hold anytime Kokichi had commissioned her—and picked up one in particular. She turned back to Kokichi with a grin on her face as she held up the large purple wand.

"High speed vibrator," she explained, as if it weren't obvious she had a sex toy and not a normal massager. "The head is flexible so you can adjust the angle against your clit, it has seven frequency settings, and it's waterproof in case you feel so good you start pissing yourself or something. Wanna try it?"

Maybe Kokichi didn't have a cock to get erect, but Miu knew the signs of arousal he *did* have very intimately. His clit was poking through his swollen lips, and she just knew that if she slipped a finger up there, he'd be wet. God, she wanted to finger him, or eat him out, or just rub their pussies together, or—

"You might be a stupid slut, but you *are* talented at making your inventions." The praise wasn't completely surprising—he *did* keep coming back to her for her services, after all—but she still grinned widely upon hearing it. "Fine, show me. If I'm impressed, I might give your dirty pussy some attention too."

Another shiver ran up her spine at his words, and she had all she could do to walk over to him rather than just use the vibrator on herself. She reigned herself in, getting close enough to press the vibrator's smooth silicon head to his labia. She looked him square in the eyes, grinning, as she hit the switch for the lowest setting.

The startled gasp that came out of Kokichi was never going to leave her mind, nor was the moan he let out as she adjusted the angle.

"Maybe you should sit down. I *did* say it was high speed." He glared at her half-heartedly, sinking down to the floor all the same. She followed him down, laughing giddily as he spread his legs and allowed her to get closer. She could see how wet he was now, his juices smearing across the head. *Fuck*, she thought, *this is so goddamn sexy*. "You like it, Ouma? Does your pussy feel good?"

"You know the answer to that," he moaned, and she was almost disappointed that he was too pleased to keep calling her all those degrading things she loved to hear from him. *Almost*, because knowing she was making him feel so good was a pretty powerful feeling. "F-fuck, Iruma. It's... It's good."

"You think so? What if I..." She hit a button, making the wand vibrate faster, more powerfully. Honestly, she didn't think she'd ever even need to use anything higher than the fourth setting, if that. She might have gone a little overboard, just because she could. And with the absolutely lewd expression that came over Kokichi just at the second speed, she knew they wouldn't get that far anyway. "Yeah, your pussy sure likes that, huh? Are you going to cum all over my vibe? Or maybe you want another notch?"

"T-turn it up," he demanded, barely able to speak as he gasped and moaned. "*I-Iruma...*"

God, what she wouldn't give to hear him moaning out *Miu* as he came. It wasn't going to happen, she knew, but the thought still made her clit twitch. She could always dream.

"If you insist." She did as he said, the added vibrations making her hand feel tingly. She could only imagine how Kokichi felt. There was no way he wasn't going to... She paused as she felt something spray her hand. "Holy fuck, Ouma, are you pissing?"

He didn't answer, not able to do much more than moan, but she didn't really need him to confirm

the obvious. He was definitely peeing, though she doubted he even realized it. The warm liquid wet the vibrator and Miu's hand, dripping to the floor and puddling between them. Though she'd known it was a possibility—not that she'd ever accidentally pissed herself when she'd been masturbating, *never!*—it still took her by surprise. And made her so horny that her other hand couldn't help but reach between her legs and rub her clit.

Kokichi's pee hadn't stopped by the time he shivered and bucked his hips, coming with a loud, needy moan. She didn't turn off the vibrator at first, content to watch him tremble as his pee and juices dripped to the floor, but once he shot her an unimpressed glare, she hurriedly shut off the power and removed it, tempted as hell to just use it on herself, covered in Kokichi's piss and cum be damned. But she set it on a dry part of the floor, waiting as patiently as she could for Kokichi to catch his breath. She didn't, however, stop playing with her clit. *God*, Kokichi was such a hot mess.

After a few moments, Kokichi slowly got to his knees and crawled through his puddle uncaringly, smacking Miu's hand away and replacing it with his own, rubbing her clit with deft fingers. He leaned in and whispered in her ear, "*I'm impressed.*"

Miu soon found herself with two fingers from Kokichi's other hand prodding her wet pussy, teasingly sliding in and out of her entrance. He soon slipped them into her fully, curling his fingers and smirking when she moaned.

"Such a whore," he murmured, leaning down and placing a mocking kiss to one of her nipples. "Even your tits are hard. You got so fucking wet watching me piss, didn't you? All because of your vibrator. You think you're hot shit, don't you?"

"Y-yeah," she moaned, bucking her hips against his hands. "I'm the goddamn beautiful genius who made Kokichi fuckin' Ouma lose his mind and piss all over the floor. I think that's pretty damn good."

He didn't answer, but she couldn't help but think the little hum he gave was his agreement.

He fingerfucked her and relentlessly rubbed her clit, lapping his tongue against her nipples, occasionally sucking at them. Fuck, she thought. It just felt too good! She wasn't going to last; she didn't even want to try. She just really wanted to cum!

Between the feeling of Kokichi touching her and memories of him pissing without even realizing it, the exquisite pressure built and built until she moaned a name she hadn't even meant to. It wasn't until a look of unadulterated surprise flashed over his face that she realized what she had said, but before she could utter out an apology for getting too caught up in the moment, too personal—I don't love him, she reminded herself—he smirked and leaned in to whisper into her ear.

"Hurry up and cum, *Miu.*"

And *did she*.

Her body trembled and her breasts heaved as pleasure overtook her senses, leaving her a drooling mess that surely looked even worse than even Kokichi had. Kokichi didn't even mention the some of what squirted out of her and onto his hand was a *little* too yellow. She guessed he could be kind when he felt like it.

She whimpered when he removed his fingers, wishing they could just keep going. All day long. Just fucking Kokichi until neither of them could speak, let alone move. But Kokichi slowly got to

his feet, a little shaky, a lot wet, but apparently not ready to go for round two. Or ten.

"...Get up off the floor, you idiot. We aren't going to dry down there, and I'm not putting my clothes back on with my legs covered in piss." It was a good enough point, she supposed, forcing her tired body up. Once she was standing, she was immediately pushed towards a nearby chair, Kokichi swiftly climbing into her lap and rocking their pussies together, smirking down at her. He was still wet. "Maybe you can keep me entertained a *little* while longer."

God help her, she was rethinking her stance on how she felt about this asshole. Luckily for her ego, she was quickly lost in pleasure as round two started, and continued into three. And four.

She figured that maybe it was okay to just go with it and not worry about labels.

Chapter End Notes

Next is Shuuichi in my HPA AU!

Shuuichi Saihara - Peeing during oral

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi hadn't thought he needed to pee when he and Kokichi got started. He was wrong.

((I got this prompt from a dear friend on tumblr, and she wanted more shenanigans in my HPA AU. I couldn't say no to that! Also, check out the fic's ending notes for new fanart! I'm so happy!))

Chapter Notes

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

Shuuichi hadn't really needed to use the restroom before Kokichi had pulled down his boxers and buried his face into his crotch. And really, who was Shuuichi to say no, even if he *had* been desperate? No, he'd needed to go a *little*, but nothing major. He hadn't even thought about it as Kokichi enthusiastically ate him out, that was how minor his urge had been.

But now that he was close to coming, well. He *really* needed to go.

"Kokichi, I..." He gasped as Kokichi licked his clit just right. "I need to pee!"

"Then just go," Kokichi mumbled happily through his ministrations. "Seriously, does my beloved Shuuichi *really* think I care if he pees on me?"

"Peeing my pants for you or peeing on your cock are a *little* different than peeing in your mouth," he muttered, his face flushing red at the very thought. He didn't exactly try to stop Kokichi though. "And if you don't stop, that *will* happen."

God help him, Kokichi dragged his tongue down off his clit and over his urethra. *On purpose.*

Well, Shuuichi thought, *if he's going to be like that...*

He didn't bother to hold back as Kokichi pleased him, licking and sucking and generally teasing him by not using quite enough pressure to make Shuuichi cum. But enough to make him pee.

The first spurt was small and trickled down, wetting Kokichi's nose a bit as he thrust his tongue in and out of Shuuichi's wet entrance. Shuuichi felt a wave of embarrassment crash over him, but Kokichi didn't even react. The next leak was bigger, and it finally got Kokichi's attention as the piss flowed down onto his face.

"Just let go, it's fine!" he assured, his voice full of lust and affection in equal amounts. "I want you to!"

Then he resumed thrusting his tongue into Shuuichi's vagina as far as he could go, making Shuuichi moan and his bladder ache. If Kokichi wanted it... Well, Shuuichi wasn't terribly opposed, if he were honest.

He willed himself to stop holding it, though it was a little harder when he knew his boyfriend's face

was about to get soaked. It didn't take too long before he was able to focus solely on the pleasure he was receiving and give into the pressure. He began pissing forcefully, not sure how he'd gotten so full so quickly. Being turned on before Kokichi had gone down on him, he supposed. It didn't matter now though; he was peeing and Kokichi was still tongue fucking him and it all felt so *good*—!

"Kokichi," he moaned, watching with hooded eyes as piss sprayed on Kokichi's face, flowing down his neck and chest. God, it was so *filthy*, so *hot*. "I'm going to...!"

Pee still burst from him as Kokichi brought a hand up to rub his swollen clit, and the combination of that, Kokichi's tongue, and the relief he felt from his bladder emptying tipping him over the edge. His juices hit Kokichi's tongue as his stream trickled to a stop, and Kokichi lapped it all up without a single complaint.

Shuuichi breathed heavily as Kokichi finally pulled away, grinning like a cat who'd broken into the cream. "Shuuichi's so sweet," he crooned, pushing himself up and flopping beside Shuuichi on the bed. Much to Shuuichi's surprise, he wasn't hard—though looking at the bed where he'd been laying showed a conspicuous stain where he must have thrust against the blankets until he'd come. Shuuichi hadn't even noticed, but he couldn't really feel guilty when Kokichi looked so satisfied.

"If you say so." He did; Shuuichi knew. He certainly said it enough. Though there'd been a lot more pee involved this time. "I'm not kissing you until you use some mouthwash or something though."

Kokichi giggled and buried himself in Shuuichi's arms. He was wet, but Shuuichi had no problem with that. They'd shower soon enough, strip the bed, everything they had to do to clean up after themselves when they decided to partake in watersports. For the moment, they were both perfectly content to cuddle among the soiled sheets.

And when Kokichi leaned in for a kiss anyway, Shuuichi didn't hesitate to give him one.

Chapter End Notes

Next time it's ridiculously self-indulgent Saioumami!

Shuuichi Saihara and Rantarou Amami - Triple Desperation

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi, Kokichi, and Rantarou all get trapped in a storage closet. And Shuuichi really, REALLY has to go...

((There is no one to blame for this but myself. I wrote it after having the day from hell at work and just wanted to write the most self-indulgent thing I could think of. If you already read the first draft I posted on tumblr, know that this version does add more to it!))

Chapter Notes

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

Investigating their prison with both Rantarou and Kokichi had seemed like a terrible idea from the start, but Shuuichi had agreed to it, not wanting to challenge Kaede's suggestion for groups. He knew she was trying to help him—"Really, you like them both? Well don't worry Saihara, I have a plan!"—and he knew that Rantarou and Kokichi were both smart and observant, even if they tried to hide it from everyone. Really, if he looked at it logically, the three of them combining forces *should* have been a great idea...

But when the door to the small storage room they were poking through inexplicitly locked from the outside, he thought that Kaede's timing was a little unfortunate.

"...It's not budging." Kokichi kicked the door upon hearing Rantarou's admission of defeat, and Shuuichi didn't know how the smallest among them thought he could do anything when no one else could. "Ouma, can't you just pick the lock?"

"I *could*, if I had anything with me to pick it." Kokichi looked frustrated, though whether at just their predicament or his own lack of forethought, Shuuichi couldn't tell. "I don't even have a hairpin..."

"You couldn't have guessed we'd get locked in here," he tried to comfort Kokichi, not liking the genuinely upset look on his face. He'd had a hard time telling when Kokichi was playing up his emotions when they'd first gotten trapped, but he thought he was getting quite good at it now. The tiniest hint of gratitude in Kokichi's eyes was enough to tell him he'd been right. "Akamatsu sent us all to very specific areas, so eventually she'll notice we've been gone too long."

Of course, seeing as he was pretty sure she'd had something to do with the fact he was locked in a small room with his two crushes, he figured it might be a little while before she let them out.

...It was just quite unfortunate that he *really* needed to pee.

But his bladder was quite big, so he figured he'd be fine. He'd have to be, really, seeing as not only did the closet seem devoid of anything to use as a makeshift toilet, but he really wasn't about to squat down and pee on the floor. It was embarrassing enough to pee in front of his crushes, but to do something like that in front of his crushes who didn't know he was trans...

No way, he couldn't. That was *not* how he wanted them to find out. He'd just have to hold it and hope Kaede didn't leave them alone for too long.

"How about we pass the time by talking about what we were doing before we got stuck here?" Rantarou suggested calmly, not seeming too terribly concerned with their predicament. "The three of us aren't as close as we could be, huh? Let's change that."

Shuuichi wished he had his hat to hide his flushing face; Rantarou's genial smile was just too handsome. He nodded anyway, certainly having no issues with that.

"Well, I guess if my beloved Amami wants to *bond* or whatever, that's okay with me... But good luck knowing if I'm lying or not!" Kokichi turned his gaze to Shuuichi, whose face burned hotter at the sly grin shot his way. "I definitely won't say no to getting *closer* to my beloved Saihara though!"

Rantarou shook his head, chuckling at Kokichi's antics. "I'll go first then. I have twelve little sisters back home..."

Listening to Rantarou speak of all his siblings and his rich father being his patron to travel around the world helped keep Shuuichi's mind off his aching bladder. It was nice, he thought, to listen to him speak so fondly about his family. Shuuichi didn't exactly have many fond memories of his family, his uncle aside.

After Rantarou finished speaking of the quest he'd been on to find his little sister before getting kidnapped, he turned his attention to Kokichi. "How about you, Ouma?"

"I was busy leading my organization of course!" Kokichi giggled and Shuuichi knew he wasn't telling the truth. Not anything remotely resembling the *whole* truth, at least. "But I'd have to kill you both if I said anymore!"

Rantarou teased him about that being a copout, but no one forced Kokichi to say more. Shuuichi knew from experience that it would be no use. No one was going to make Kokichi open up until he himself wanted to do it.

"I guess it's my turn now..." He tried not to fidget as they both turned their attention onto him. He tried even harder not to fidget because he could feel his bladder protesting not being allowed to release. "I helped my uncle solve cases, and I was lucky enough to solve an important murder case before the police..."

He told them both what he'd already told to his closest friends, though he felt he really should tell them both more. Rantarou had, and maybe it would help Kokichi feel more comfortable too. But what...? Well, he had an idea, and he hoped he wouldn't regret it.

"Um... Before all of that, though, I lived with my mother and father. They were an actress and a screen writer, so they were quite busy, and they had a reputation to uphold, I suppose. In middle school, I told them something and they got angry and threatened to disown me. My uncle took me in then."

It was strange. Somehow, that memory was the clearest of them all, though it still somehow seemed disconnected to everything else he remembered. He couldn't think too much on it though, not when he received such disbelieving looks from the others.

"They disowned you?" Rantarou looked as if he couldn't even believe family would do that to each other. With as much as he loved his father and siblings, Shuuichi could believe it. "I'm so sorry

Saihara. That's *awful*."

"...It's really despicable," Kokichi agreed, a strange look in his eyes, as if he was remembering something himself. Shuuichi often got the feeling Kokichi knew something the rest of them didn't, and now was no exception. He wished he knew what mystery the other boy was hiding...

"Parents, of all people, should love their children. Not abandon them..."

"T-thank you both." He was especially grateful that neither of them asked what he'd been disowned over. "But maybe we should talk about something happier? Does anyone have a nice memory to share?"

Rantarou quickly launched into tale about a trip he'd taken overseas, and for a while, it helped to distract Shuuichi from everything. Rantarou was an excellent storyteller, but even that wasn't enough to stop his bladder from making itself known again. He was getting desperate at this point, squeezing his thighs together and wishing he could grab his crotch just to relieve some pressure. Where was Akamatsu? It had been at least an hour by now! He hoped she wasn't planning on keeping them there *all day*...

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Kokichi shift from sitting cross-legged, to moving so his legs were pressed together. He squeezed his fists around the fabric of his pants, softly biting at his lower lip. Shuuichi tried not to stare, really he did, but he couldn't help but watch Kokichi showing all the signs that he needed to pee too. It was nice knowing he wasn't alone, but Kokichi could easily piss on the wall, which still didn't really help *him*.

The thought was a little more appealing than it had any right to be. He blamed his aching bladder—it wasn't as if he *wanted* to watch Kokichi pee!

"...You two aren't paying attention anymore, are you?" Rantarou didn't look upset as they both jumped to attention. Kokichi's face turned a little red too, amazingly enough. "...Look, I think it's pretty obvious we all need to pee. Maybe we should just... Go on the floor."

Shuuichi hadn't thought it was obvious they *all* had to go, but now that he looked, he could see Rantarou had his thighs pressed tightly together too, one of his hands tapping against his knee. How in the world had Kaede managed to trap them when they *all* needed to pee?

"No way," Kokichi protested, looking less disgusted by the idea and more embarrassed. The thought of *anything* embarrassing Kokichi seemed odd. "We can hold it. We aren't little kids!"

"No," Rantarou agreed, his smile looking more strained now, "we aren't. But we're locked in, and there's nothing we can do to change that. I'd rather go on the floor than in my pants because I was too shy to pee in front of you two."

"It's not like I *want* to piss myself!" Kokichi protested, looking genuinely distressed at the very thought. "But you two... You don't know..."

He trailed off, and Rantarou fixed their eyes together, regarding him with a serious expression.

"Maybe because you never tell us anything."

"Now isn't the time, Amami!"

"Then when *is* the time, Ouma?"

Shuuichi couldn't pay attention to their bickering; he gasped as the smallest burst of pee leaked through and wet his boxers. If he didn't go soon, he really would wet his pants, and even though

the fabric was darkly colored, his bladder was so full that he would leave a puddle anyway. They wouldn't find out he was trans, but he'd pee himself. What was he going to do...?

"*Fine!* I can't hold it anymore!" Kokichi clambered to his feet, his hands fumbling with his belt. "You want me to tell the truth, then fine! If you two don't like it, then screw you both!"

Rantarou and Shuuichi both got to their feet and stepped back as far as they could as it became clear what he was about to do. Kokichi pulled down his pants and boxers in one fell swoop, and Shuuichi could see why he hadn't wanted to do this. It was, after all, the same reason as Shuuichi.

Kokichi squatted to the ground and piss immediately began hissing to the floor. He looked ridiculously relieved as he let go, to the point where he didn't seem to care that he was being watched. He moaned as his puddle grew, and Shuuichi was surprised someone so small could hold so much pee. His clit throbbed at the sight, and his desire to touch himself was twofold. How was Kokichi peeing so *sexy*?

By the time Kokichi's stream trickled to a stop, he was looking up at them, his face bright red now that his desperation had been tended to.

"...Happy?"

"I'm sorry, Ouma," Rantarou immediately apologized, grabbing a nearby roll of paper towels and ripping some off to hand to Kokichi. Kokichi accepted it and wiped himself dry, throwing it into the puddle when he was done and pulling up his pants. "If I'd known you were trans too..."

"*Too?*" They both turned to Shuuichi at his loud outburst. He was too desperate—and too horny—to be embarrassed this time. "You mean I've started leaking because I was afraid you'd both hate me, and you're both trans too?"

He held out his hand to Rantarou, who—stunned for a moment—quickly tore off more paper and handed it to him. Then Rantarou took some more for himself and set the roll down, hurriedly unbuckling his belt, just as Shuuichi was doing. Rantarou didn't seem to care anymore than he did that Kokichi was watching them closely, his eyes flicking back and forth between them.

The moment his damp boxers were down, Shuuichi crouched down and held his pants out of the way. It was not a moment too soon—his pee couldn't wait a second longer, spraying to the floor loudly and forcefully, making the puddle Kokichi had left even bigger. And it only grew as Rantarou followed suit, letting out a groan of relief as his bladder was allowed to let go. It was, Shuuichi thought with only a hint of shame, all really fucking sexy. He hadn't really thought he was into that before, but he hadn't exactly giving it much consideration either. Seeing the sweet respite on his crushes faces, knowing that they were intently watching him too... It made him wet, and not from piss.

What really made him want to just start fingering himself right there was when he noticed Kokichi stick his hands down his pants as he watched them piss all over the floor.

"Ouma, are you...?" Of course he was, what a silly question. "W-we're just peeing."

"And it's hot," Kokichi insisted, obviously rubbing himself vigorously. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Don't quit on my account." Rantarou finished first, making quick work of wiping, pulling up his pants to his thighs and stepping around the puddle until he could reach Kokichi. "Let me help?"

Kokichi nodded and allowed Rantarou to pull his pants back down, replacing Kokichi's hand with his own. Kokichi moaned without restraint as Rantarou worked his clit with deft fingers. Shuuichi

couldn't finish fast enough, hopping over the now *extremely* large puddle towards the other boys. As soon as he was close enough, Kokichi reached out and grabbed his shirt, pulling him down for a kiss. Shuuichi returned it as best as he could as Rantarou's other hand reached out and touched him too.

It felt so good, more than he could have imagined. He rarely touched himself unless he was exceptionally turned on; he couldn't bring himself to most of the time. But Rantarou seemed to know exactly where to touch and how much pressure to use, and Kokichi kissed him with such vigor, and he was still so aroused from everything that had just happened—

He trembled as he came, moaning into Kokichi's eager lips. Shy as he might be about his own body, he couldn't help but reach out and touch Rantarou once he had his senses back, still kissing Kokichi all the while. Rantarou gasped at his touch, and Shuuichi cracked open an eye to see Rantarou watching their messy makeout with lust-filled eyes. It gave Shuuichi the confidence to touch him a little more eagerly, especially when Rantarou's now free hand reached up to guide him right where he wanted to be touched.

He played with Rantarou's clit, his tongue mingling with Kokichi's. He knew Rantarou came when the hand over his froze momentarily, then shook as it pressed his hand flush against his pussy. It was so hot, so *sexy*. Soon after, Kokichi let out a little cry into his mouth and bucked his hips against Rantarou's hand as he finally came as well. Shuuichi wasn't sure he'd ever seen a more perfectly arousing experience as watching the two of them orgasm.

They all slumped together as they caught their breath, Rantarou's arms drawing them close. Kokichi cuddled against them immediately, surprisingly, and Shuuichi pressed past his insecurities and let himself enjoy the embrace without worry. There was, after all, no reason for him to think they were going to hate him anymore.

"...Thank you."

"There's no reason to thank us," Rantarou assured, pressing a kiss to the top of his head. "We're all in the same boat. We'll just have to stick together from now on, won't we?"

"A-ah, yes, if you'd both like that..."

Rantarou murmured that he certainly would, while Kokichi beamed up at him, looking legitimately happy. "I think... that would be okay."

They stayed cuddled together for a while, before Rantarou suggested they take the time to pull up their pants in case help came. Shuuichi didn't tell them about Kaede's plan, and when she just so happened to show up an hour later, he dismissed her stammering apology about the floor and thanked her for letting him get closer to Rantarou and Kokichi. He didn't tell her how far they'd gone, and she had no idea what they'd all learned about each other, but that was fine.

He'd gotten two boyfriends and his pants were dry. It had been a very good day indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Shuuichi is next time, with the prompt I go with having been voted for on twitter!

Shuuichi Saihara - Begging

Chapter Summary

Will Kokichi beg to keep his pants dry? Shuuichi is about to find out.

((The prompt for this one was Shuuichi not letting Kokichi pee until he begs for it. Somewhere along the line this got out of control and I think this is the longest chapter so far. HMM.))

Chapter Notes

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

Kokichi Ouma was many things. He was smart and cunning and cute, but he was also a needlessly difficult and contrary brat who liked to plague people for the hell of it. When he was just being a little mischievous, fine. It was rather endearing, actually. But when he was just being an annoying asshole because he thought it was funny, well, that was where Shuuichi drew the line.

He couldn't change Kokichi, and he didn't want to. But that didn't mean he was going to let his boyfriend get away with being completely terrible either.

"What are you going to do?" Kokichi teased, seemingly amused by Shuuichi's disapproving stare. "Will my beloved detective punish me for hurting the robots feelings? Come on Saihara, why are you so worried about what Kiiboy thinks anyway?"

It almost seemed as if Kokichi *wanted* to be punished sometimes, but Shuuichi really wasn't comfortable doing anything of the sort. He was Kokichi's *boyfriend*, not his father. But the more that Kokichi went out his way to be cruel to their friends, the more Shuuichi wished Kokichi would just come out and say it.

"...Do you want me to punish you? Have you been *bad*, Ouma?" A little shiver went up Kokichi's spine at the words. Maybe he really *was* onto something. "I'll be very cross with you if you're acting like this because you want a reaction out of me."

It was a little amazing to hear Kokichi's breath hitch at the very insinuation that Shuuichi might be mad at him. Shuuichi really wasn't sure how to handle it. He really hoped it just some kinky thing, not that Kokichi really wanted him to be legitimately mad. Well, he supposed there was one way to find out...

"...Follow me." Shuuichi kept his voice as authoritative as he could, and there was a spark in Kokichi's eyes that let Shuuichi know that he was intrigued. Kokichi followed him to the dorms, entering Shuuichi's room without complaint.

Once inside, Shuuichi gestured to a little chair off to the side. Kokichi, looking too curious to say no, sat down and waited. Shuuichi took a deep breath and got to work. As a detective, his talent room had contained some items for apprehending criminals, and they certainly weren't in his bedroom because he'd thought about using them on Kokichi, of course not!

He first held up a pair of handcuffs, which Kokichi nodded with his consent, allowing Shuuichi to

cuff his hands behind his back without a peep. Then came out the ropes. Kokichi looked a little more excited now as his ankles were tied snugly to the chair legs, then around his chest to keep his back against the chair, looping around his handcuffed wrists.

Kokichi tugged at his bonds, a devious little smile coming onto his face when they didn't budge.

"Should I be concerned that my beloved detective is tying up people who aren't me?" He giggled, but it quickly died down when Shuuichi turned and made his way back to the door. "H-hey, wait! Where are you going? Saihara!"

He ignored Kokichi irritated yelling, shooting him a quick, "I'll be right back, please calm down," before quickly making his way towards the last important component of his makeshift plan. It was something he'd thought about, but never really expected to happen. But if Kokichi wanted to be "punished" well... Shuuichi could give him *something*.

He returned to see Kokichi mumbling to himself, with the chair turned on its side on the floor. With a sigh, he set down the big bottle of grape Panta he'd grabbed and hauled the chair up with more than a little difficulty.

He wanted to ask Kokichi why he'd done that, why he hadn't just been patient and trusted that Shuuichi was coming right back, but he already knew the answer. Honestly, it made his hesitancy to go through with this increase tenfold. He definitely had to make a few things clear before they started.

"Ouma, if you want me to stop at anytime, I need you to pick a word to say. If you say it, I'll untie you and we'll stop, no questions asked." Kokichi wouldn't look him in the eye as he nodded and mumbled *mango*. The choice of word was odd, but it worked. "Okay. But I also need you to realize that no matter what I do or say during this, I don't think you need punishment, or that you're bad. I care about you, Ouma. More than I think you know."

Kokichi didn't answer at first, but when his eyes finally met Shuuichi's, there was certainly gratitude in his gaze.

"Saihara is worried about me, how sweet! But I don't care about that sugary stuff. Let's just play already!"

Shuuichi knew that was a lie, but he didn't call him out on it. Fine, if it was time to *play*, then let the game begin...

He picked back up the bottle he'd set down and uncapped it, bringing it to Kokichi's mouth. It was one of the only two things he'd drink, but he didn't part his lips. Well, Shuuichi supposed he wasn't going to make things easy.

"Open your mouth," he demanded. No such thing happened; Kokichi only gazed up at him smugly. With one hand, Shuuichi pried open his lips and tilted the bottle back. The soda poured out faster than it could filter through Kokichi's clenched teeth, and it began to run down his throat, wetting his scarf and shirt. Shuuichi paid no mind to it. "You're going to stay tied up until you're begging me to let you go. If you cooperate, you'll make things much easier on yourself."

Kokichi's love of Panta must have won out in the end, because he finally parted his lips properly and gulped the soda down. When it was a third done, he pulled his head back, coughing a little. Shuuichi immediately drew it away, letting him catch his breath before bringing it back. This time, Kokichi drank slower, taking pauses in between. It took a while, but eventually the entire bottle was gone.

"What was that about, *detective*?"

Honestly, Shuuichi was surprised he hadn't already figured it out.

"Now we wait until you have to pee so badly that you beg for me to let you go." Kokichi's eyes went wide, his breath hitching. He didn't call it off with the safeword though, so Shuuichi supposed he was up for the challenge. "If you do a good enough job, I'll let you go. If not, your clothes are just going to get wetter."

"I don't *beg*--"

"I know you don't," Shuuichi cut him off, smiling a bit as he sat down on his bed and got comfortable. It was going to be a bit of a wait, after all. "The Ultimate Supreme Leader is above that, isn't he? Well, we'll see how much your pride matters when you're tied up and about to pee your pants."

Kokichi *shivered*, and Shuuichi felt the first stirrings in his groin. He busied himself by pulling out a murder mystery novel he'd found, knowing he didn't need to be getting hard already. This was a battle of the wills just as much as it was a sexual game. Would Kokichi give in? Shuuichi couldn't say.

For a while, Shuuichi pretended that he was reading and not constantly checking the state of Kokichi's impending desperation, and Kokichi constantly made smart little quips that would have made reading impossible anyway.

"Does my beloved detective get off on piss?" Shuuichi ignored the question, wishing he'd brought more soda to speed things up more. "I bet you do! Why else would you pick something like this? There are plenty of other ways you could humiliate me. I mean, there isn't even anyone else around to watch!"

Shuuichi almost told him that he didn't want to publically humiliate him, but then he remembered the part he was playing in the game. He could give Kokichi a good show too.

"Shall I find some of the others and invite them? I'm sure Kiibo would love to see his number one tormentor reduced to pleading for a toilet. And Iruma would probably pay me to see you like this." *Miu would probably want to join in*, he thought. "Chabashira and Harukawa would enjoy seeing you humiliated... And Hoshi, Shinguuji, Yumeno..."

Honestly, he was pretty sure *everyone* would love to see Kokichi knocked down a few pegs, even Gonta, Kaede, and Rantarou, who got along with Kokichi about the best of everyone other than himself. But Shuuichi had no intentions of putting Kokichi through that.

"Yes, yes, everyone hates me, I know!" *No*, Shuuichi thought, *they don't. They just want you to stop instigating trouble at every opportunity.* And once they broke character, he intended to tell him that. "Even my beloved detective has me in such a lewd predicament! What have I done to deserve this?"

"Where do I begin...?" Shuuichi set down the book, knowing he wasn't reading another single word. Not when he could see Kokichi finally starting to press his thighs together tightly. "You call Kiibo by a nickname you know hurts his feelings. You create messes specifically for Toujou to clean. You tease everyone and fake crying when they yell at you, then calls them idiots for falling for it. You contradict people at every turn. Why might people be tired of your childish attitude...?"

He had to bite his tongue to keep all of Kokichi good qualities from spilling out. He had so many, but he didn't let anyone but a select few see them. Shuuichi just wanted to understand...!

"Well, I guess those people are just boring, then! Are *you* tired of me too? Do you want me to be *nice*? To stop lying?"

"...I think you want to be able to stop, but you can't. I don't think you *like* your compulsive lying, so you cover it up like it's all just a game. Being a brat is just a way to hide your insecurities and fears about the situation we're in. You don't want to get close to anyone, and part of you doesn't even want to trust *me*."

"Ma—"

Shuuichi froze as Kokichi bit his lip, the safeword dying on his tongue. He waited to see what Kokichi would do. Was he alright? Should they stop there? He had no idea what the protocol was for aborted safewords, so he waited. And waited. And continued to wait until Kokichi's bright, sunny, completely fake smile was back in place.

"Saihara thinks he's the Ultimate Psychologist today, hmm? Maybe we should focus on the fact that I really need to pee, but I'm not ever going to beg!"

Shuuichi got the hint—stop that line of questioning. It only confirmed that he was right though. At least now he had an idea of how to aid Kokichi, once this little scene was done. Assuming Kokichi would let him. He'd do whatever he could to help, however Kokichi would allow him.

"We'll see about that." Kokichi visibly relaxed once he realized the subject was dropped. "You obviously don't need to go badly enough. You'll change your tune when it becomes too much and your bladder is aching for release."

Shuuichi almost felt the need to use the safeword himself; playing this role was harder when he was facing his boyfriend and not a criminal. But Kokichi's fake smile was gone, and a taunting grin was in its place. Part of him really was enjoying this, even if they both were learning where their limits were and how far they could be pushed.

Yet, it was clear that his desperation was coming on quickly. Despite his limited movement due to the ropes, Kokichi's thighs were even more tightly pressed together, and one of his legs jiggled as best it could. The soda was really hitting his bladder now, and there had been a lot of it. Shuuichi watched the whole display closely, his cock beginning to take interest as a soft moan hit his ears.

"I won't beg, not even for my beloved Saihara!" He smiled as sweetly as the pain in his bladder would allow. "Sorry if that kills the boner I see you're getting! How terrible, having a boyfriend who gets off on something like this!"

Shuuichi knew that was a lie too. Kokichi, if nothing else, hadn't complained about being bored the entire time. That was high praise, coming from him.

"Then you'll wet yourself," was all he had to say to that. It wasn't the thought of begging that was turning him on, though hearing that certainly wouldn't *hurt*. "Maybe you secretly *want* to lose control in front of me...?"

"N-no way." Kokichi's labored breathing and the tent beginning to grow in his pants said otherwise. "My beloved Saihara thinks too highly of himself..."

"You're an excellent actor. You could pretend to beg, make me let you go, then tell me it was all a lie with a smile on your face." He walked closer to Kokichi, leaning down to murmur in his ear,

"And yet you want me to believe you don't want to do this. What if I told you *I* want to see you wet yourself? Do you think any worse of me, *Kokichi*?"

Kokichi let out a whine that could have been an act, or could have been real. Shuuichi thought they were both so far gone that maybe even Kokichi didn't know anymore. He was squirming against his bonds even more now, rhythmically squeezing his thighs. The Panta was hitting him hard now—either Kokichi would beg soon, or he'd piss himself. Shuuichi was pretty sure he was going to win either way.

"I'm okay with my beloved *Shuuichi* being gross. As long as he isn't tying anyone else up but me!" He might have started it, but hearing Kokichi purr out his given name like that made his already hard cock twitch. "But if you want me to beg *and* piss myself, it sounds like you don't even want to let me go. That's not very fair!"

"I'll let you go if you beg," he promised, running his fingers through Kokichi's hair affectionately. Even if he was trying his best to stay in character, he couldn't help it. "But you say you won't, so I suppose I only get one wish today."

"I *won't*."

Shuuichi smiled and pressed his hand gently against Kokichi's lower stomach, right over his bladder. "I think you will."

And then he pressed down.

"S-Shuuichi! That's cheating!"

Shuuichi chuckled softly, pressing a chaste little kiss to Kokichi's cheek. "No one said I couldn't touch you. Now, *beg me*, Kokichi."

When he got no response, he pressed down harder. Not enough to hurt Kokichi, but certainly enough to put far too much pressure on his aching bladder. He could feel how full and hard it was under his hand, and he got another idea. His other hand wandered down to Kokichi's tented pants, rubbing the head of his cock through the wet fabric.

He's leaking, Shuuichi thought excitedly. *He doesn't have much time left.*

"S-Shuuichi... *Please*..." Kokichi took a shuddering breath as Shuuichi rubbed him with a little more force. If he came, he'd definitely lose control. There would be no stopping it. "Please let me go. I'll apologize to everyone. I'll never call Kiibo *Kiiboy* ever again. Just let me go."

"You're lying."

Kokichi giggled, a little breathlessly. "Maybe! I'll *try* to leave Kiibo alone. Is that better?"

"...Keep going."

"Shuuichi, let me go to the bathroom and I'll stop calling Iruma a slut, even if I'm *pretty* sure she likes it." Kokichi moaned loudly as the hand over his bladder pressed down even more. "O-okay, okay! Sorry! I'll... I'll do anything you want, just please let me go!"

Kokichi's voice was getting desperate now, and Shuuichi knew why. He was leaking again, even with his erection. The more Shuuichi touched him, the closer he came to cumming. And the wetter his pants became. He imagined how *soaked* Kokichi's boxers must already be and groaned.

"*Anything* is a big promise. What if I told you I wanted you to stop lying altogether? You wouldn't do it." He would never ask that either. That just wouldn't be Kokichi. "All I want you to do is stop making people upset just to keep yourself entertained. Am I not enough to excite you? I'd rather you come to me than hurt everyone else."

"You're enough, I swear. I'll leave them alone, just let me go! Please Shuuichi, I can't hold on much longer. It hurts and I'm going to cum and I'll piss myself, and... And..." Tears were springing to Kokichi's eyes. Were they fake? Were they real? It was hard to tell. They didn't look like his crocodile tears though, so Shuuichi figured they were at least partially sincere. "Shuuichi, I'm sorry. I'm *trying*, I *am*. I don't want to... Please just let me go...!"

That was good enough; things were starting to get a little too real again. Shuuichi stopped his teasing and quickly untied the ropes around Kokichi, helping him to his feet before releasing the switch on the handcuffs. One of Kokichi's hands was immediately between his legs, gripping himself tightly. Shuuichi let Kokichi lean on him as he helped him over to the bathroom, step by agonizingly slow step.

"I'm not going to make it."

"You will," Shuuichi said with as much encouragement as he could muster, even if he didn't really believe his own words. "It's right there. You can hold on. You did so well, Kokichi. Just a little more."

Kokichi nodded, not looking like he believed it either. Together, they made it into Shuuichi's bathroom, and Shuuichi could see that Kokichi was leaking again. His crotch was wet, the fabric of his pants turning rather translucent. But he hadn't lost control yet, and since he'd done as Shuuichi had asked, Shuuichi was going to help him minimize the damage as best he could.

"Just focus on holding on, and I'll get you ready." Kokichi didn't protest as Shuuichi stood behind him and unbuckled his belt, pulling down his pants and wet boxers. He took Kokichi's erection in his hand and tried his best to aim it towards the toilet. Then he began to jerk Kokichi off with firm strokes. "Don't worry about any messes, okay? Just let go whenever you need to. I'll help you."

"Shuuichi..." Kokichi leaned back against Shuuichi's chest, his body trembling, and his voice full of equal parts desperation and lust. "I'm so close... I'm going to—!"

Kokichi's cum arched up to hit the back of the toilet, his piss hissing forcefully out moments after he came. It was ridiculously sexy, in Shuuichi's opinion, though he couldn't exactly explain why. He aimed Kokichi's softening cock down more, not caring that he was going to need to clean piss off the toilet. It was worth it to see this, to have Kokichi cumming and pissing, all with his hand on his cock. God, Kokichi was so cute, so sexy. How did he get so lucky as to catch Kokichi's interest?

Kokichi seemed to piss for ages, groaning in relief all the while, but his stream eventually trickled down, coming to a stop far too soon for Shuuichi's tastes. He gave Kokichi's cock a little shake, then straightened up his clothes, even if they were rather wet. Still, he'd made it—Shuuichi did his best to ignore the ache in his pants as he held Kokichi close and let him recover from the experience.

"Are you alright?" Kokichi didn't answer at first, but after a few long moments, he nodded. "Thank you. I enjoyed that, though I think there's a lot we need to talk about before we try anything like it again. Still, you did so well. I'm proud of you, Kokichi."

"...We're still using first names?"

"I think we're at the point in our relationship where that's okay." At least when they were alone, but if Kokichi was alright with saying it in public, he thought that might be okay. He knew that he was going to need to show Kokichi more trust and affection in public if he wanted to break down those lingering barriers between them. "Unless you'd rather I call you Ouma."

"...Kokichi is fine." He turned himself in Shuuichi's arms, careful not to press his wet crotch against him. Shuuichi responded by pressing *himself* close instead. "You're such a perv. You're still hard."

"You're very arousing."

"...Well, you kept your promise, so I guess I'd better repay you." Shuuichi was about to tell him that he didn't need to do anything, but Kokichi's hands were already at his belt, and there was a cute little smile on his face. "Sure, we'll talk. But first, let me show my beloved Shuuichi how much I like him..."

Perhaps there was still a long way to go, but as Kokichi proceeded to show his affection, Shuuichi thought that they were making excellent progress.

Chapter End Notes

I had twitter vote for the next chapter and Rantarou with ABO was the winner by one vote. So that will be next!

Kaede Akamatsu - Panty Wetting + A Little Help

Chapter Summary

Kaede ends up in quite the predicament, and Kokichi is there to help out.

((THIS IS DEDICATED TO MY DEAREST FRIEND STRAWBERRYHOUSE!!!

We both started shipping Oumaede yesterday, and then I was given this beautiful prompt and I just fell in love with it. I know I said Rantarou was next and I apologize. He really will be the next chapter. But for now, please let me indulge my shiny new ship, lol. It's CUTE and I love it a lot!))

If there was one thing that got Kokichi's attention, it was people who were *interesting*. It was, perhaps, a vague term, but he knew exactly what drew him to someone—what sort of things intrigued him enough to make them worth his time. There were only a few people stuck in the prison school that he felt was worthy his interest, but Kaede Akamatsu—their de-facto leader—was one of them. She seemed so cheerful and outgoing and kind, but Kokichi knew there was more to her. She was hiding something, perhaps something even she didn't fully realize, and—

“O-Ouma? Do you think that's enough for the day? We've been out here for a while.”

His thoughts were interrupted as Kaede's shaky voice filled his ears. Kaede was usually the one who decided which students paired together to search their prison, and she liked to rotate. Today, it had been his turn to go with her, and he hadn't argued. She was one of the better people to be stuck with for a few hours, even if she wasn't necessarily his first choice. She was pretty fun to tease too, which certainly didn't hurt.

“Why? Is Akamatsu tired? Does she need a nap?” He turned away from the junk he'd been rifling through to face her, a smile plastered on his face. It was hard to maintain, however, when he saw how red her face was. “...Is Akamatsu sick?”

Maybe she really *did* need a nap? She didn't look well. Her body seemed to be trembling slightly, and she looked rather unsteady on her feet. She'd seemed fine at breakfast! In fact, he remembered seeing her eating with Shuuichi—not that he'd been *staring* at the two of them, especially not the cute detective, *never*—and putting away tea like it was going out of style. And then she'd announced the pairs for the day, and—

Oh, he thought as it hit him. *She drank a lot of tea...*

“I'm not sick,” she insisted, trying to keep a smile on her face. It was more blatantly fake than the ones he put on. “I just think that maybe we should head back. We're pretty far away from everyone...”

“And far away from a toilet?” Her face somehow got even redder, and he giggled. She really *was* fun to tease. “Well, if Akamatsu can't hold it like a big girl, I guess we'd better go back! I don't want to see you cry because you pissed your panties!”

Her cheeks puffed out in anger as she turned on her heel and stalked out of the room. He followed her just fast enough to catch up with her, whistling obnoxiously the entire time. It wasn't hard; her

steps were fairly slow and shaky. How long had she had to go for? Was she really *that* desperate to pee?

She stopped suddenly, and much to Kokichi's surprise, a hand shot down and grabbed herself through her skirt. She stood there gripping her crotch, her knees coming together and her entire body shaking. Tears sprung to her eyes and little distressed noises fell from her lips. It was...

Kokichi swallowed thickly as his cock twitched at the sight.

It was really fucking hot.

"O-Ouma, I'm not sure I can make it." It was odd, hearing Kaede sound so defeated. She never seemed to give up on anything, and he assumed she must be leaking already if she was even remotely insinuating she couldn't get to a toilet in time. Were her panties wet? He wanted to flip up her skirt and check. He'd never really considered himself hot for Kaede before, but watching her like this, desperate and overwhelmed, was apparently something he hadn't realized he was into. "S-stop staring! I can't... I-I'm g-going to..."

She let out a pained moan, and he noticed a small stream run down her thighs, wetting her long stockings. This was happening; Kaede was really wetting herself. And yet, she was still struggling to hold on, to move forward towards an impossible goal. His respect for her rose; his boner for her rose even more so.

"Akamatsu is already peeing, so she might as well just let go!" True, she could have pulled down her panties and peed right there in the hallway, but there was something inherently sexy about her still having her clothes on to do it. It was... *naughty*. He *needed* to see it. "Why struggle and hurt yourself if you've already lost?"

"I haven't *lost*," she said, her determination still there, if wavering. "If I can just..."

She reached down and pulled up her skirt, too far gone to realize she was flashing her panties to a boy. Sure enough, her cute pink panties were wet at the crotch, giving Kokichi a nice outline of her pussy. She didn't notice the color coming to his cheeks, or the tent growing in his pants. His interest in girls wasn't nearly as prominent as it was for boys, but it was certainly there. And all it took for him to realize he was hot for Kaede was for her to start pissing herself.

He might have been embarrassed if he weren't so horny.

Kaede's shaking hands didn't get the opportunity to pull down her panties—with a gasp, her knees pressed together, and the floodgates opened. Piss burst into her panties, quickly oversaturating them and running down her thighs, soaking her socks. Some went into her shoes, but most of it fell to the floor, creating a puddle beneath her that just seemed to grow and grow. She whimpered as she wet herself, but she made no move to stop the flood. The relief that shone on her face was all the explanation needed.

It took all of Kokichi's willpower not to release his aching cock and jerk it right there in the hallway.

Eventually, the piss slowly slowed to a trickle, and Kaede's shaking legs seemed like they might give out on her at any moment. Kokichi was about to make a quip about her loss of control, but upon seeing her face, something stopped him. Fat tears ran down her face, and she stared down at her puddle with a look of mortification. In all the time they'd been stuck there, he'd never seen her like this. It made him want to comfort her, but he barely knew how to handle his *own* emotions most of the time, so how could he help her?

He glanced down at her puddle, running his eyes up her wet legs. She'd dropped her skirt back into place, her fists curled into the fabric. It had been spared getting wet.

An idea suddenly came to him.

"Come on, Akamatsu!" He grabbed her hand, causing her to turn wide eyes on him. Before she could protest, he dragged her towards a random door in the hallway. He opened it up, pleased when it wasn't locked, and pulled her inside. Much to his excitement, there was a simple wooden chair in the room. *Perfect*. "I know how to make Akamatsu feel better, so sit down!"

She looked very confused as she did so, pulling up her skirt so she wasn't sitting on it with wet panties. Perhaps she was just too shocked that he wasn't teasing her or trying to blackmail her to protest, but the reason she was cooperating didn't matter. He'd take it. Once she was seated, he placed a hand on the top of her thigh. She stared at his hand for a moment, then she seemed to notice another prominent part of his body.

"O-Ouma! You're..." She was flushed as her eyes fixated on his bulge. She giggled nervously; she didn't push him away. "It's kind of weird to get like that after what I did, isn't it?"

"You can say it, Akamatsu!" He giggled and ran his hand higher up her thigh, slowly, so she could protest if she wanted. She didn't. "I'm hard because you pissed your panties! It was *so* hot, you know? But you're upset, so why don't you let me make you feel better?"

He didn't think she knew what he had in mind, but she didn't even ask, just nodding, her eyes still trained on his clothed erection. He waited until she took a deep breath and let out a quiet "*Yes*" before climbing into her lap. He ignored her warning—"Ouma, I'm still wet!"—and settled down, straddling her so that his cock lined up with her pussy. Her soaking panties were already making his pants wet, but he didn't care. He rocked his hips forward a few times, giggling softly when she moaned.

"Does Akamatsu like that?" She nodded again, and judging by the lewd noises she was making, he had a feeling she was getting even wetter now, and pee had nothing to do with it this time. "I'm glad! But before we have fun, I still need to make sure you feel better!"

It wasn't the easiest thing he'd ever done, especially since he didn't really have to go, but he relaxed his aroused body as best he could. After a few long moments, the wetness between them grew.

"You're peeing!" He giggled again, pressing his cock harder against her, letting his piss soak both of their clothes. She didn't protest as her skirt finally got wet, despite her valiant efforts at keeping it dry. "It's really warm... It's... kind of nice?"

Kaede's eyes were growing hazy, and Kokichi leaned in to press a kiss to her lips, chaste and teasing. He wasn't able to pee for long, but there was still no doubting he'd pissed in his pants as well. She was breathing heavily now, pressing her body incessantly against his. Apparently, it had worked. She certainly didn't look sad anymore.

"Well, now that *that's* taken care of, let me make Akamatsu feel good!"

"...Okay."

He didn't get the chance to say another word as her lips were on his, firm and persistent, much more of a proper kiss than before. He smiled into it, rolling his hips forward once again, grinding his erection into her. She shivered and placed her hands on his waist, matching his movements as

best she could. He was pretty sure he was grinding directly into her clit at a pleasurable angle, if her needy moans were any indication. She sounded as good as she tasted, and Kokichi wasn't sure he was going to last long, especially not with as long as he'd been hard.

He reached up and grabbed her tits, rubbing them through her sweater and bra. He wanted to bury his face in them, feel the soft skin on his cheeks, suck on her nipples until she begged for him to stop teasing her, but that would have to come later. There was something sexy about grinding against her, wet and fully clothed, listening to her melodic moans and gasps as they kissed sloppily. He was close, so close. His hips sped up, moving against her almost frantically, and when she broke the kiss and cried out his name—

“Kokichi!”

—that was all it took.

“*K-Kaede.*”

He came in his pants, still grinding against her as he rode out his orgasm. They were both a mess, but he didn't care, and she didn't seem to either. She smiled softly at him, laughing breathily as she hugged him. He could feel her soft breasts press against him, and he briefly wondered if she'd let him piss on them sometime. Maybe give him a titjob.

“Thank you, Ouma.” Ah, they were back to surnames already, were they? He wasn't surprised, and he certainly wasn't disappointed. *Really.* “Maybe... Sometime we could do something like this again?”

Her words perked him back up, and he let that familiar, over-exaggerated look of excitement slip over his features. He didn't even have to try hard to do it this time.

“Anytime, Akamatsu! It was *so* much fun playing with you!” Much more fun than he would have thought. Now he was very glad he'd been chosen as her partner that day. “But we still need to dry off before we go back, so let's make out some more!”

She shook her head fondly, leaning in to kiss him again, less hurried this time.

“Hey,” she whispered, pulling back slightly, her lips still hovering over his. “Would you be okay with Saihara doing this with us too?”

Kokichi froze for a moment before giggling and kissing her deeply, no longer able to deny to himself how sincerely *happy* he was in that moment.

His day just kept getting better.

Rantarou Amami - Alpha/Omega

Chapter Summary

Rantarou isn't technically Kokichi's omega, but that doesn't stop them from having fun.

(This follows with chapter 13, where Kokichi and Shuuichi are mated, but Rantarou is in on the relationship. The request for this one was for alpha!Kokichi and omega!Rantarou, so it seemed right to put it in that same story line.)

Chapter Notes

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

Rantarou was very pleased to learn that despite not being mated to Kokichi and Shuuichi, the two didn't leave him out. Not that the three of them were always together—there were times he'd come back from investigating the school and the smell of sex would be hanging in the air when he'd go to Kokichi's room, as they tended to congregate there. And that was fine; they were mates, after all, and he'd been with both of them separately as well.

Like now, while Shuuichi was helping Kaede and Kaito search outside. While Kokichi was kissing him like the world was about to end.

"*Kokichi*," he moaned as deft fingers ran down his chest, playing with his nipples. "We aren't even in heat. You can slow down."

"But my beloved Rantarou is *so* sexy!" Rantarou had to wonder how sexy he could really be with the mess he surely was. He was sweating and panting, and his heated skin was surely flushed. But could anyone blame him when Kokichi was so very eager to touch every centimeter of his body? "Hey, what do you want to do? Should I suck your cock? Or maybe you want me to ride you?"

Despite being an alpha, Kokichi was very fond of having a cock up his ass—or in his mouth, or his hand—when they weren't in heat. It was almost comical, seeing such a small, cock-hungry alpha with two omegas who were considerably larger than him. Rantarou was hardly complaining though. Kokichi was very enthusiastic when it came to pleasuring his partner. Or *partners*, as the case tended to be.

Today though, Rantarou had something else on his mind. Something that he'd thought about since the very first time he'd been with Kokichi and Shuuichi...

"Actually, I was thinking that maybe you could piss on me again?"

Kokichi seemed surprised by the request, but only for a moment. He was soon giggling, leaning back in to kiss Rantarou again. The kiss was deep and heavy, and when he pulled back, a thin string of saliva connected their mouth.

"My beloved Rantarou liked that so much he wants to do it again even when we aren't mating? How lewd." Kokichi calling their first time having sex *mating* filled Rantarou with a wave of affection and longing. He wasn't Kokichi's mate, but he'd be damned if Kokichi hadn't treated him

like one anyway. "Lucky for you, I like it when my beloved mates want to get nasty!"

Rantarou was already lying against the pillows, so it was easy for Kokichi to quickly grab some lube—kept solely for things like this, as Rantarou and Shuuichi's asses were both self-lubricating—and prepare himself. It was a hasty job, but Rantarou didn't lecture him as he climbed on his lap and lower himself onto Rantarou's dripping erection. Obviously he'd done a well enough job, because he moaned heatedly as he sunk down slickly.

"You know, I do need to pee, but I was putting it off because I don't get to be alone with my beloved Rantarou very much. So this is lucky for me too!" Kokichi giggled as Rantarou groaned, reaching up to grasp Kokichi's hips and help him ride his cock. Kokichi's erection bobbed between them, and Rantarou imagined piss spurting from it at any time now. It made his cock twitch in excitement. "And Rantarou's dick feels *so* good! It makes me want to cum *and* pee! Do you want that, Rantarou? Do you want me to piss all over you while I'm riding your huge dick?"

"Yes." He might have been embarrassed at how desperate he sounded if he wasn't so ridiculously turned on. "Piss on me. *Please*."

Kokichi didn't answer; he bounced on Rantarou's cock with fervor, watching Rantarou with a lusty gaze. In fact, he didn't do much more than moan and gasp until a spurt of piss shot out and hit Rantarou's chest. Kokichi giggled and asked teasingly, "Did my lewd Rantarou like that?"

"*Fuck*. Yes, do it more, Kokichi."

Perhaps it was gross to most people, but feeling the warm liquid hit his skin made him shiver with delight. Most of all, knowing that Kokichi was doing it because he was desperate to piss really made the whole thing ridiculously sexy to him. What he wouldn't give to see Kokichi bursting to piss, dancing around and holding himself and whining for a toilet—

He had to banish the thoughts from his mind, or he was going to cum far too soon.

Kokichi moved his hips faster, and it must have put pressure on his bladder, because another long jet of piss escaped his cock. Rantarou wondered if a flood would happen if Kokichi came. God, he hoped so. That thought in mind, he reached between them, taking Kokichi's erection in his hand and pumping it, not minding the occasional piss that leaked out. His hand got wet, but that was fine. More than fine, really. Preferable, even.

"I'm going to cum," he whined, lust filling his voice. "Rantarou's dick is too good! I'm going to cum, and then I'm going to piss, *all over* you!"

Rantarou almost lost it—his hips jerked up to meet Kokichi, and his hand pumped him faster. He wanted Kokichi to cum perhaps even more than *Kokichi* wanted it.

"Do it," he urged Kokichi, "cum on me. Piss on me. Please, don't hold back."

Somewhere deep in the back of his mind, he realized how the pair of them sounded to anyone who might be listening. Not that that would be anyone but possibly Shuuichi, but still. Had Shuuichi and Kokichi ever done anything like that? He suddenly wanted to watch Kokichi piss all over Shuuichi too.

He forced himself to focus as Kokichi let out a strained cry. He was close—*so close*. Any second he would lose control, and Rantarou was ready. He wanted it *so much*.

"Rantarou! I'm going to...! Aah!" With a cry, Kokichi came into Rantarou's hand, and Rantarou was only just able to remove it before a steady stream began to flow from Kokichi's cock.

"Rantarou. Ah, *I love you!*"

The words drove Rantarou wild; his heart beat madly, his hips still bucking into Kokichi's body, causing his piss to spray erratically up and down Rantarou's body. Most of it hit his chest and ran down his stomach, but some splashed his face too. Caught up in the moment, Rantarou licked his lips, tasting the piss that sprayed him. It wasn't particularly *good*, but he was too far gone to care. Every part of his body was pleasantly on fire, his every sense overloaded. It only took a few more thrusts for him to cum in Kokichi's ass, his hands gripping Kokichi's narrow hips tightly. Kokichi didn't complain though, watching Rantarou with a wide smile as he pissed on him.

"You're *so* gross," he giggled as his stream finally died down, not removing himself off Rantarou's softening cock. "It's so *hot*. I love my beloved Rantarou!"

Rantarou, despite having Kokichi still seated on his cock and covered in piss, felt a swell of affection in his heart. He'd said it again. Rantarou would never get sick of hearing those words.

"I know you aren't *my* alpha, but I love you too. I never want to leave you and Shuuichi. I love you both too much."

"...We don't care about that." Kokichi's face grew serious, and he finally pulled himself off Rantarou, cuddling into his side instead, seemingly not caring if he got wet. "We want you with us anyway, as long as you want to stay. So if you don't want to leave, don't! Who cares what anyone else thinks? I can have two omegas if we all want it that way! I'll be both Shuuichi *and* Rantarou's alpha!"

Rantarou didn't answer at first, drawing Kokichi close and burning his face in his alpha's—was it *really* okay to think of him as such?—soft hair. He eventually murmured a soft *Thank you*, which only caused Kokichi to giggle and nuzzle his face into Rantarou's shoulder.

By the time Shuuichi came back and sighed with affectionate exasperation—insisting they both get up to shower and change the bedding—Rantarou was finally able to accept it. Kokichi was his alpha, Shuuichi was his fellow omega lover, and the three of them were going to see this through to the end. He'd make sure of it.

Chapter End Notes

Next time it's Shuuichi and hypnotism!

Shuuichi Saihara - Hypnotism

Chapter Summary

Kokichi wants to try hypnotizing Shuuichi. How can Shuuichi possibly say no?

(There was a drg post about hypnotism in the pissfic a while back, and I wanted to use the kink at the very least, though I went with a more stage hypnotism approach because, well, there's only consent here in the Ouma Piss Fic.)

Chapter Notes

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

Let's try it, Kokichi had said. It will be *fun*, he'd said.

Fun. Right.

"Aw, is my beloved Saihara getting cold feet? *Boring!*"

Shuuichi sighed and shook his head wearily. "No, I'm *not*. But I don't even believe in hypnotism, so I'm not sure what you hope to accomplish here."

He'd agreed to let Kokichi try to hypnotize him, so long as he didn't make Shuuichi do anything to embarrass himself in front of their classmates if he succeeded. Kokichi was a pain in the ass on the best of days, but Shuuichi did trust him to keep his word. That didn't mean he wouldn't have Shuuichi do something embarrassing in *private*, but he was okay with that as long as it was *just* Kokichi.

"Come on, just get in the spirit! We can have *so* much fun!" There he went again with the *fun*. "I wonder what kind of lewd stuff I'll make my beloved detective do...?"

"Ouma, remember what you promised."

"I know, I know!" Kokichi waved off his concerns, giggling with excitement. "No one will see you but me! As if I want to share you with anyone anyway."

"That's good...?" Well, he was pretty sure at least. Kokichi was amazingly quite good about not getting jealous, though he occasionally saw him glaring at Kaede or Kaito when they got close. A soft smile Kokichi's way tended to calm him though, even though he always denied the cute flush that came to his face upon receiving Shuuichi's attention. "What sort of thing are you going to try?"

"Hmm..." Kokichi tapped a finger against his chin, as if he had to think about it. Shuuichi didn't believe for a moment that he didn't have this entire thing planned out. "*Maybe* I'll make you pee your pants!"

Goddammit.

"*Ouma.*" Kokichi only giggled at his sharp tone. "Is that why you kept making sure my coffee cup was full this morning?"

"Well, if the hypnotism thing falls through, I figured I might as well get you nice and desperate anyway."

He wondered how he'd managed to start dating someone so utterly *shameless*.

...Or why he found that it *excited* him more than anything.

"...Let's just try this and get it over with."

Kokichi giggled as he picked up the pendulum. Shuuichi got comfortable in his chair, knowing he had to relax if there was any hope of it working. He really didn't think it *would*, but he'd humor Kokichi. This was a pretty tame, honestly.

It occurred to him that perhaps he was reacting a little *too* casually to the thought of Kokichi wanting him to pee himself. He tried not to think about it too hard.

"Okay, my beloved Saihara, focus on the swinging pendulum and my voice. Let me lull you into obeying my command..."

Shuuichi tried not to scoff. He knew full well that hypnotism wasn't magic. Maybe he could relax enough to open himself up to Kokichi's suggestions, but enough to pee himself...? He wasn't so sure about that.

Still, his eyes followed the pendulum, and Kokichi kept his voice low and even. Well, it was soothing, at least, to listen to him speaking so calmly. It was nice, even. Not so much to put him into a trance, but enough to make him feel a pleasant cloud come over his senses.

"I'm going to count to ten, and when I say ten, you'll feel your muscles relax, and you'll piss your pants. One..."

Shuuichi became aware that he really *did* have to pee. He hadn't gone since he'd woken up—Kokichi had been curled up at his side, his hair tousled and the sheets still stained from the night before, and it made Shuuichi want to take him all over again—and it was now late into the afternoon.

"Five... Six..."

It would be easy to just let go it in the chair, wouldn't it? He'd get relief, and Kokichi would get what he wanted. Whatever exactly that was.

"Eight... Nine..."

Maybe he could just...

"*Ten*."

The pendulum stopped as Kokichi watched him, anticipation written on his features. Shuuichi's hazy mind acknowledged that it stopped, as had Kokichi's voice. What had he been saying again? He'd been counting, right?

"...I said, *ten*."

Oh, right. *That*.

"Sorry," he apologized, the clouds slowly lifting from his head. "I *did* get extremely relaxed, but I suppose I'm just not that susceptible to suggestion."

Kokichi sighed, flinging the pendulum off to the side, not seeming to care when it clattered to the floor. He looked legitimately disappointed.

"I *swore* it was going to work..."

"I *am* open to my boyfriend asking me politely."

The briefest flash over shock washed over Kokichi's face before he schooled his expression back into an overly cheerful one. "Is that so?" he asked, stepping close and running a finger down Shuuichi's chest and stomach, stopping right where his bladder was and pressing down lightly. "Then will my beloved Saihara piss his pants? *Please?*"

It was usually much harder to get Kokichi to say please, so Shuuichi knew he must really want to see it. He was still very relaxed, so he pretended as if he was sitting on a toilet, and it wasn't hard at all to feel a rush of hot piss escape his cock. He gazed up at Kokichi as he let his bladder empty into his pants, puddling under his ass and running down his pant legs. He could even hear some of it drip to the floor. Kokichi's breathing got heavy, and an obvious tent formed in his pants as he watched the scene before him. He was enjoying this; honestly, so was Shuuichi. He hadn't wet his pants since he was a small child, but he certainly hadn't gotten aroused by it back then.

He started getting hard before he even finished, and by the time his bladder had emptied, he was as hard as Kokichi was. With Kokichi still watching, he unbuckled his belt and pushed his wet pants and boxers down, kicking them off and letting them sit in the puddle he'd made. His erection stood proud, and Kokichi giggled breathily as he stared.

"Do I need to try hypnotizing you, or are you open to my suggestion that you take off your pants?" Kokichi didn't hesitate to follow the teasing words, hastily removing his clothes and climbing into Shuuichi's lap. The chair creaked under their combined weight, and Shuuichi was concerned for all of a few seconds before Kokichi began to lower himself on his erection. "O-Ouma! We have plenty of lube."

"Don't need it!" he insisted, seeming to be telling the truth. He looked completely fine as he sat on Shuuichi's cock. He was actually a little *too* slick around his cock. "I took care of everything before we started, just in case!"

Shuuichi groaned as he imagined Kokichi fingering his ass to prepare himself. He definitely wasn't complaining about Kokichi lack of shame. Not at all. Certainly not when Kokichi began to move his hips, or when he moaned loudly when Shuuichi began thrusting to met his movements.

Kokichi gripped his shoulders tightly as he bounced on Shuuichi's cock, and he didn't seem to notice anymore than Shuuichi did when a crack sounded through the air, until—

They both yelped as the chair gave out, sending them tumbling to the floor. Between his back hitting the floor and Kokichi falling on top of him, Shuuichi got the wind knocked out of him. Kokichi quickly scrambled up, Shuuichi's cock still up his ass. Despite everything, he was still hard. Of course, Shuuichi was too.

"...We broke your chair."

"I'm aware." He was also aware that the cooling piss on the floor was now seeping into his shirt. It wasn't as arousing as peeing his pants had been. "I think we should get up and finish this elsewhere."

Kokichi didn't look happy to have to get off his cock, but he did so, and as soon as he was standing,

Shuuichi got up and all but pushed him onto his bed. Kokichi fell against the mattress, and Shuuichi wasted no time lifting his hips and sinking right back into his ass. It was a good thing he hadn't bothered changing the sheets that morning.

"Saihara!" Kokichi gasped out, gripping Shuuichi's arms tightly as he was pounded into. "K-keep hitting that spot. *F-fuck!* Your dick is too good! D-don't stop!"

Shuuichi hips seemed to speed up on their own upon hearing the praise. He was breathing heavily, fucking Kokichi's ass with abandon. His whole body was in overdrive, and he was so close to cumming, especially with every beautiful noise that left Kokichi. He took one hand off Kokichi's hips and began pumping his cock instead, and the sounds that hit his ears were exquisite.

"S-Shuuuichi! I'm going to cum!"

"Do it, Kokichi. Cum for me."

Shuuichi, apparently, had the real magic, because the moment the words left his lips, Kokichi's back arched and he came with a cry, cumming into Shuuichi's hand. The beautiful sight really *was* hypnotizing, and it only took a few more thrusts for him to shoot his cum deep into Kokichi's tight ass, groaning lowly. Shuuichi didn't pull out immediately, nor did Kokichi protest when their lips came together for several lazy kisses, neither being very inclined to separate.

Eventually, Shuuichi could feel his body getting heavier, so he took off his cold, wet shirt and threw it to the ground before pulling out and lying down beside Kokichi before he could crush his smaller partner. He drew Kokichi into his arms, who giggled softly and got comfortable against his side.

"It sucks that it didn't work, but that was still *so* fun!"

"...It was." He didn't bother pointing out he had known it wouldn't work. It was at least fun to *try* Kokichi's ideas. He hated to admit it, but pissing himself *had* been rather enjoyable. He ran a hand down Kokichi's body, his touch soft, until he could reach under Kokichi's shirt and lightly press his fingers where his bladder was. At Kokichi's questioning glance, he smiled. "I might not believe in hypnotism, but I suppose I liked the other thing we did. We should do it again. Maybe you could drink a lot of tea at dinner?"

Kokichi stared blankly for a moment before his face broke into a wide grin, and his lips were on Shuuichi's once more.

Shuuichi assumed that was a *yes*.

Chapter End Notes

The winner of my last twitter poll was Kaito, so there will be Oumota next time!)

Kiibo - Wetting Right Before Making It

Chapter Summary

Kiibo offers the use of his bathroom after Kokichi locks himself out of his room. Things don't go as planned.

(Look, I know. I KNOW. I said Kaito was next and he definitely will be after this, I can guarantee it (because I have it finished, lol). But after reaching the milestone I did, it only seemed appropriate to do Kiibouma. That said, thank you to everyone who supports this fic! This means so much to me!)

Kiibo wasn't sure why Kaede kept insisting that he pair up with Kokichi for investigations. Well, he knew her *reasoning*—"Kiibo, the more time he spends with you, the better you'll get along!"—but he didn't believe it. All that ever seemed to come of the two of them pairing up was a headache on Kiibo's part.

"Kiiboy, I already looked there. There's *nothing*. Stop wasting time!"

Kiibo very nearly snapped at the use of the nickname, but he managed to still his tongue. He'd learned that engaging with Kokichi when he was teasing him only led to *more* teasing. Not to mention, today felt... different. Kokichi seemed more irritable than usual. Rather than tease, he was snapping impatiently, almost as if he didn't want to be there, which was really quite odd. Kokichi, despite his bratty attitude, still took investigating seriously.

"Ouma, you always double check what *I* have already searched. Haven't you said that it's best to do so?" In fact, he knew that was *exactly* what Kokichi had said in the past. And he'd never complained about it before. "Is something wrong? You're acting very oddly."

Not only was his short fuse very out of character, but Kiibo noticed that he kept shifting his weight, tapping his foot, and even squeezing his legs together. He tried to analyze the behavioral patterns, but the only conclusion he came to didn't seem very likely.

"I'm *fine*." Kokichi's strained tone made it obvious he was *not* fine. "Let's just hurry up and get this over with."

Kiibo, however, didn't do a thing but stare at Kokichi, who narrowed his eyes in response.

"...Ouma, do you need to use the restroom?" The smallest flush sprang to Kokichi's cheeks, and Kiibo *knew* he was right. "You could just go and come back. Or, if you'd rather not be alone, I could accompany you. It wouldn't take us long."

Truth be told, Kiibo had never seen Kokichi need to use the bathroom. He assumed Kokichi just always used the one in his dorm for whatever reason. Still, it was hard to believe Kokichi would be *shy* about peeing in front of people. However, not being alone was something Kiibo could buy, even from Kokichi. No one really wanted to be in the hallways alone when there was an unknown mastermind among them.

"...We're done here. Let's just go back to the dorms." Kokichi's voice held no room for argument,

and for once, doing such a thing didn't appeal to Kiibo in the least. "We can come back later if we really need to."

Kiibo followed Kokichi without a word, knowing that his desperation must be quite dire if he was cutting their investigation short. He also seemed to be trying to walk as fast as he could, despite being a bit shaky on his legs. Kiibo thought that Kokichi was probably light enough to be carried, but there was no way Kokichi would ever consent to such treatment from *anyone*, much less *Kiibo*.

They were quite far from the dorms, and Kokichi seemed to be getting more and more uncomfortable with every step they took. Still, he didn't complain, or even say a single word about *anything*. They walked in perfect silence. It was, Kiibo thought, rather unnerving. But he respected Kokichi's dignity--brat or not--and was determined not to make him more embarrassed than he already was.

The relief on Kokichi's face when they finally climbed up to the floor their rooms were on was quite the sight to behold. He hurried to his room, reaching into his pocket for the key...

"N-No..." He checked his other pocket. "No. There's no way..."

But it was true—Kokichi didn't have the key on him. Kiibo had no doubts he could pick the lock and would find the key sitting on the bed, or something of the sort, but that did him no good *now*, when he was so desperate to pee. Taking pity on him, Kiibo unlocked his own dorm and held open the door.

"Ouma, being a robot, I have no use for my restroom. You may use it, if you wish."

Kokichi looked between his door and Kiibo's, debating with himself, before giving a short nod and entering Kiibo's room. Kiibo followed him and locked the door behind them, watching as Kokichi headed straight to the attached bathroom. Much to Kiibo's surprise, Kokichi didn't even shut the door behind him. He felt his cheeks heat up, and he made a point to keep his eyes away from the bathroom. Kokichi must *really* have needed to go.

Kiibo waited, staring at the wall silently. And waited. And waited more. Still, there was no sound of peeing, just the rustle of clothing. What was Kokichi doing...?

"K-Kiibo, get in here!"

Kiibo jumped at the frantic request, and he didn't think twice before rushing to Kokichi's side. What he was met with was quite the shock—Kokichi's hands were shaking as he pulled at his belt, fumbling so badly that he was making no progress to remove it.

"Do you need my help?" He supposed it was a silly question and that Kokichi's glare was fully deserved. "Ah, my apologies, that was a ridiculous question. Just move your hands and I'll help you."

Kokichi slowly drew his hands away, curling his fists tightly at his side as he pressed his knees together. Kiibo made no comment to his trembling body as he easily unbuckled the belt. Kokichi immediately got his pants open the moment Kiibo withdrew his hands, the tiniest distressed noise escaping his lips. Kiibo's eyes shot down—there was a small wet patch at Kokichi's crotch. Kokichi was right in front of the toilet, in the process of pulling his pants down, and it got a little larger. Kiibo's circuits were threatening to overheat—Kokichi was starting to wet himself, and so help him, that was making him feel things he'd never before experienced.

Kokichi yanked his pants down, and Kiibo saw little wet trails running down his legs. With a

frustrated growl, Kokichi sat down on the toilet, his boxers still on, and completely let go. He pissed noisily into the toilet, the cloth of his boxers getting soaked. But, Kiibo idly thought as he watched the scene before him raptly, he supposed this spared needing to clean the floor.

"I can't believe this," Kokichi muttered, burying his head into his hands as he peed. "I was so close. I was *right there*."

"You did an admirable job," Kiibo tried to comfort, glad Kokichi wasn't seeing just how hotly he was blushing. "I do appreciate you getting your undergarments wet rather than urinating on the floor."

Kokichi's head snapped up, the glare on his face quickly fading when he finally noticed Kiibo's expression.

"...Can you get turned on?" Kiibo took a deep breath and shrugged. "I mean, I know you don't have a dick, but do you think this is hot or something?"

The sound of piss hitting the toilet water came to a stop, though Kiibo could still hear dripping coming from Kokichi's saturated boxers. *Was* it hot? Kiibo had never really thought anything was *hot* before, but after that little display...

"I apologize, Ouma. I don't want you to think I took pleasure in your mishap." He paused, his eyes not able to leave the sight of Kokichi's wet boxers. "...But it was *very* stimulating to watch."

"Hmm, Kiibo is a very lewd robot..." Kokichi giggled, no longer looking embarrassed.

Apparently, now it was time for Kiibo to wear such an expression instead. "That's surprising, but I guess it's not all bad. It could even be fun..." He reached a hand down, lightly touching the bulge in his boxers. "Does Kiibo want to see *more* fun stuff?"

"Yes." Kokichi giggled again at Kiibo's immediate response, and Kiibo hoped his face wasn't going to literally melt off with as heated as his circuits were growing. "Ouma, I know you don't like me, but—"

"*Don't be stupid*." The harsh response was more than a little shocking, but when Kiibo raised his gaze to look Kokichi in the eyes, he saw no indication that Kokichi was joking around. "I wouldn't offer to do this with just anyone. I know... I know I don't treat you well. When we first got stuck here, I had some ideas about you, and I can't completely shake them. I'm trying."

"You don't trust me because I'm a robot."

"...I said I'm *trying*." In a way, that was enough to make a swell of affection wash over Kiibo. Kokichi didn't really trust people, and he usually came to very accurate conclusions to make him stick with his first impressions. For Kokichi to try to understand Kiibo more, to push away his doubts because Kiibo wasn't human, well, that was more than Kiibo had hoped for. Maybe Kaede's plan was working after all. "Look, do you want to do this or not?"

Kiibo wasn't exactly sure what *this* was, but he nodded nonetheless, having a general idea about Kokichi's plans. "Yes. Ouma, I wish to become closer to you. I very much appreciate you trying to overcome your discrimination against robots, so please, let us do whatever it takes to reach an understanding!"

Kokichi rolled his eyes, but there was a small smile on his face. His *face*, however, was *not* where Kiibo's eyes were for long—not when Kokichi began to stroke himself through his wet boxers, the material soon becoming tented as Kokichi's cock grew hard.

"*Kiibo...*" Kokichi rubbed his cock leisurely as he moaned Kiibo's name shamelessly. "Do you want to touch me?"

Kiibo nodded, afraid his voice would glitch if he tried to speak. Kokichi smirked and stood up, slipping off his pants and boxers and tossing them in the sink. He then untied his scarf, exposing his smooth collarbones, followed by his shirt. He set those off to the side, where it was dry. Then he turned to Kiibo, not at all embarrassed to be completely naked before him.

"Ouma, you're..." His eyes gazed down the pale skin of his thin frame. He looked even smaller than normal without his clothes on. "You're very beautiful."

He meant it, he really did. Kokichi apparently wasn't expecting such a compliment, his expression showing surprise for a moment before he could school it back into an amused grin.

"Of course I am! Good to see your eyes aren't malfunctioning!" He quickly turned to the bed, but the back of his neck was red, telling Kiibo all he needed to know. "Now, are we going to have fun or not?"

Kiibo never really used his bed for much, but seeing Kokichi climb on it and spread his legs to show off his leaking erection made Kiibo wish he really *did* have a dick. To feel himself inside of Kokichi... He was disappointed for the first time in his life that he lacked such anatomy. But, he thought, he could still surprise Kokichi yet...

He joined Kokichi on the bed, reaching out to tentatively stroke his cock. Kokichi arched into his touch, murmuring Kiibo's name softly. It was a lovely sound, but Kiibo was quite sure he could get an even *better* reaction.

He turned on the vibration function in his hand, and never before had he felt as powerful as when Kokichi all but shrieked.

"K-Kiibo, you never said you could do *that*!" Kokichi giggled breathlessly as he got used to the feeling, bucking into Kiibo's hand. "Oh god, *Kiibo*!"

"Ouma," he breathed, every circuit and wire within him feeling as if it were ablaze. "May I go inside you?"

"*Do it.*" Kiibo stuck a finger from his other hand into his mouth, letting the lubricant that he had in place of saliva coat it thickly. He gently prodded at Kokichi's ass, only to have Kokichi press insistently against him, letting the tip of his finger breach the hole. Kokichi moaned loudly as Kiibo stuck it in all the way and turned that hand's vibration on too. "Kiibo, a little higher..."

Kiibo did as he was instructed, not terribly surprised that Kokichi knew his body so intimately. Sure enough, Kiibo soon rested his finger against Kokichi's prostate, causing him to cry out Kiibo's name once more. Kiibo carefully pumped Kokichi's cock while stimulating his prostate, watching carefully as drool began to escape the corners of Kokichi's mouth and little tears sprang to his eyes. Kiibo wondered if maybe this was all too much—Kokichi definitely looked overstimulated. But rather than asking him to stop, Kokichi moaned and rocked his hips against Kiibo, chanting his name as if it were a sacred prayer.

"Ouma, don't hold back," Kiibo whispered, hoping the words were soothing. "Seeing you feel good because of me is the greatest feeling I have ever experienced."

"Kiibo...!" A few tears ran down Kokichi's flushed cheeks. Kiibo was very confident that they weren't tears of sadness. "I'm going to cum! *Kiibo*!"

Kiibo didn't let up even as Kokichi came in his hand, letting him ride out his orgasm to the fullest. It wasn't until Kokichi began to make little noises of discomfort that Kiibo turned the vibration off, removing his cum-covered hand from Kokichi's spent cock and slipping his finger out of his ass.

"Did you have fun, Ouma?" It was another silly question, he supposed, as Kokichi slumped against him, throwing his arms around his shoulders and hugging him closely. Kiibo didn't think it was probably all that comfortable, but he carefully wrapped his arms around Kokichi's waist in return, knowing Kokichi would move if he got uncomfortable. "...I had fun too."

"You'd *better* have." Kokichi's words held no bite. "...Thank you."

Kiibo felt a smile form on his face, and he placed a kiss to the side of Kokichi's neck—it only widened when Kokichi shivered. "No need to thank me. I did say I wanted to be closer to you, did I not? Regardless of how you feel for me... I like you, Ouma. You may frustrate me, but do not think I don't. You've become very special to me."

He heard Kokichi's breath hitch. Kokichi pulled back from the hug and pressed their lips together almost desperately. Kiibo had never kissed before—and he fully realized how very out of order he and Kokichi were taking things—but he figured he couldn't be doing too poorly if Kokichi wasn't pulling away to tease him about it.

When they *did* part, Kokichi was flushed and breathing heavily, some of Kiibo's synthetic saliva on his lips. Kokichi licked them, muttering something under his breath about vanilla. Then he stared deeply into Kiibo's eyes, as if searching for some answer he desperately wanted. Kiibo didn't know if the little smile that came to his face as he shook his head meant he'd found it or not.

"I like you too. I shouldn't but I do."

"Because I'm a ro—"

"No." Kokichi looked sincere. Almost to a scary degree. "I don't care about that. It's just..." He sighed and let himself fall back on the bed among the pillows, tugging Kiibo's arm insistently. "It's not important. Now come cuddle with me!"

Kiibo let the subject drop, doing as was requested of him. Kokichi pressed his body against him, still very much naked, and Kiibo had to close his eyes to let the entire situation process. Kokichi and he had certainly come to some sort of understanding, even if Kiibo still had more unanswered questions than not. He had half a mind to ask them, but...

He cracked open an eye to see Kokichi's relaxed, open expression, and closed it once more. Questions could wait. If Kokichi wanted to cuddle, who was he to deny him?

They had plenty of time to reach an even better understanding after a little rest.

Kaito Momota - You Know the Drill

Chapter Summary

Kaito wakes up desperate, the bed it already wet, and Kokichi offers a unique apology. Well, maybe not all that unique for the two of them...

(This follows chapters 4 and 10, because the prompt for Kokichi to wet the bed and blow Kaito while Kaito has to piss just fit right in with the little story line I already have going for them. Also, a certain someone requested I have Kokichi called "piss boy" in a chapter, so hey, two "prompts" in one, lol.)

Chapter Notes

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

When Kaito woke up, he really, truly had to piss. To the point where the only reason his sleep-addled brain didn't immediately think the bed was wet because of *him* was because he still had to go so badly.

He lifted the blankets and saw Kokichi's soaked boxers, the wet spot under him extending to Kaito's side of the bed. God, how did such a small person have such a huge bladder? With a sigh, he shook his boyfriend awake, waiting as patiently as he could for Kokichi to blink the sleep from his eyes.

"Kaito, what the hell—" He paused, looking down at the bed and flushing deeply as he saw what he had done. "...Sorry?"

Kaito sighed, running a hand through his hair as he stared at his wet bed. Fuck, and they didn't even have any plastic down...

He'd have thought they'd learn their lesson, considering their track record.

"I *told* you to go to the bathroom last night, but no, you were *fine*!"

"*You* were the one who fucked me into the mattress! I could barely move!"

They glared at each other again, and it only ended because Kaito felt his bladder pulse harshly. He groaned, wondering how he kept getting himself into this position. Especially as Kokichi clapped his hands together in excitement, his eyes practically sparkling.

"Kaito is desperate to piss! Do I get to be my beloved Kaito's toilet again?" He was already climbing over to Kaito, tugging at his pants. "I'll even suck you off! It'll be an apology blowjob!"

Well, he supposed it would be more sincere than the apology he'd already gotten.

"...Fine. But hurry up or my mattress is *really* getting ruined."

Kokichi giggled as Kaito pulled down his pants, allowing Kokichi to free his cock. He positioned it in his mouth and gave Kaito a thumbs up, letting him know he was ready. Kaito didn't waste time letting his bladder feel relief, knowing that if he didn't, he'd surely grow hard in his

boyfriend's mouth. Being as it wasn't Kokichi's first time drinking his piss--or hell, even the second—he was able to keep up admirably, only a bit leaking out of the corners of his mouth as Kaito pissed a full, steady stream down his throat.

By the time he was empty, there were a few drops on the bed, but Kaito was hardly worried about them considering the mess Kokichi had already made. Even then, he soon didn't care about that either, because Kokichi didn't let go of his cock—he began sucking it, bobbing his head and running his tongue along it until Kaito was desperate for a different kind of release.

"How are you so good with your mouth?" Kokichi giggled at the question, the vibration feeling wonderful on Kaito's erection. "Shit, if you keep that up, I'm gonna cum. Do you want that? I can fill your stomach up with piss *and* cum."

Kokichi moaned around Kaito's cock, positioning himself to he could rut against his leg. Kokichi's boxers were wet against his skin, but he couldn't bring himself to care. If Kokichi could swallow multiple of his bodily fluids, he supposed he could get a little piss on his leg while Kokichi got off.

"Fuck, I'm really close. You're too fucking hot. I'm gonna cum just watching you rub all over my leg like a goddamn cat in heat." Kokichi only moved his body a little faster, sucked Kaito's cock with a little more force. "*Kokichi*. I'm... F-fuck!"

Kaito came with a loud groan, shooting his cum into Kokichi's awaiting mouth. Kokichi pulled away, swallowing the load with no complaints, then concentrated fully on rutting against Kaito, only needed a few more thrusts of his hips to release against Kaito's skin. He tried not to wince as he thought about what a bitch it was going to be getting that out of his leg hairs. After all, fair was fair. He couldn't use his boyfriend as a toilet multiple times and not deal with cleaning up a little cum in exchange.

Kokichi pulled himself up and flopped back beside Kaito, wiggling himself into his arms.

"Kokichi, the bed—"

"What's the point in cleaning it now? It's already full of piss. It'll still be that way in the morning." Kaito was pretty sure they could minimize the damage, but he could admit he wasn't sure *how*. Not without potentially doing something to hurt it more. God, how was he even going to broach the topic with Kirumi...? "Just go to sleep, Kaito. I'm tired."

Kaito rolled his eyes, but he allowed Kokichi to cuddle against him all the same. Now that he'd pissed *and* blown his load, he *was* getting pretty sleepy again...

"Alright, fine. Night, piss boy."

Kokichi scoffed, but he was grinning all the same. "Goodnight, my beloved Kaito!"

As they fell back to sleep, wrapped in each other's arms, Kaito couldn't help but wonder who the hell had cursed him with a piss fetish...

...Or was that blessed? Honestly, he wasn't even sure anymore.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is already done, and it'll be Shuuichi+drunk!Kokichi. It kept

ALMOST winning my twitter polls, so I just went ahead and wrote it, lol.

Shuuichi Saihara - Drunk Pissing

Chapter Summary

Kokichi drinks too much at a party, and now it's up to Shuuichi to put up with his antics.

(Honestly, I'll probably do this prompt again [with actual wetting] at some point within the actual canonical setting, but I had this idea for the hpa au and really wanted to write it.)

Chapter Notes

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

Shuuichi bit back a sigh, tugging his boyfriend along. What had he ever done to deserve such a punishment as needing to deal with Kokichi Ouma when he was drunk? Why had he accepted Misa's invitation to a party she was having, completely unrelated to anything involving DICE? Why had he shown up on Kokichi's arm, too shy around all those people he didn't know to do much but stay close to Kokichi? And why—*why*—had he stood by and allowed Kokichi to drink the spiked Panta that Misa kept pouring into his glass? Shuuichi had been able to smell the alcohol mixed in with the overly sweet soda, and he hadn't done a thing.

Well, they were adults now, so they could make their own decisions. That mean he *could* decide to leave his ridiculous boyfriend in the middle of the sidewalk by himself, but he supposed he couldn't actually do such a thing. It certainly *sounded* good though.

"*Shuu-i-chi!* I have a great idea!"

"If it's the eggs again, you can stop right there."

Kokichi giggled, louder and far more obnoxiously than he usually did. "But Shuuichi! That would be *so* fun! Listen, *listen*, I think... I think we should try it. My ass can take them."

Shuuichi sighed; while he was glad Kokichi was a silly drunk rather than a sad or angry one, he couldn't say he really appreciated Kokichi's thirst for shoving random objects up his ass when he got that way. He really never would have guessed, back when they first started dating, that Kokichi was such a size queen. Of course, he never figured he'd have a fetish for various articles of clothing, or that they'd *both* be into piss...

"First, you know I won't have sex with you when you're drunk; we go over this every single time. You aren't in your right mind to give consent." Kokichi pouted, but he nodded in reluctant agreement. "Second, we have anal beads. Ones that still look far too big, if you ask me. But I will *not* let you put eggs—"

He was cut off as Kokichi suddenly stopped, their entwined fingers making it so Shuuichi had to do the same. He turned back, intent on knowing what the problem was, but it was quite obvious. Speaking of piss...!

"Shuuichi, I really need to go! *Now!*" All of the alcohol was catching up to him, and Shuuichi

wasn't sure if he'd been desperate all along and was only just now realizing it because he was drunk, or if it had really come on that fast. Either way, Kokichi was clutching himself with his free hand, whimpering loudly. Shuuichi wasn't sure if he was supposed to feel bad for him or not. Or if he was really supposed to find it hot. Probably not, he assumed. "I can't hold it! I'm leaking!"

"Already?" All it took was a look at Kokichi's legs so see that wasn't a lie. There were little wet streaks running down his stockings. "Why didn't you say something earlier?"

They'd never wet in public, and their "accidents" were almost always planned. Somehow, he didn't think Kokichi had planned this one.

"I don't know! I didn't think I had to!"

"Well..." He looked around for a bush or something, but there was really no place to duck and pee on the dark empty street. "No one is around and all the stores are closed. Unless you want to wet yourself even more, I think you'll just have to go here."

Kokichi groaned, nodding as he let go of Shuuichi's hand and crouched down, lifting up his skirt and pulling aside his wet panties just enough to aim his cock at the sidewalk. He immediately began to piss full force, moaning in relief as it splashed to the ground. It was splattering back up at him, but he paid it no mind, too caught up in emptying his bladder to care. Or perhaps too drunk to even notice. Either way, Shuuichi watched Kokichi pissing in public and felt his face heat up. Dammit, he thought, why was this sexy?

Kokichi pissed for so long that Shuuichi wasn't sure how he'd been able to not show any signs of desperation before it was too late. There were some things he'd never really understand about his fiancée, he supposed. Finally—god, they were in the middle of the sidewalk and piss had flooded *everywhere*, they were going to get in *so* much trouble if someone saw them—Kokichi finished peeing, and he tucked his cock back into his panties and tried to stand up. Foreseeing disaster, Shuuichi was able to catch him before he fell backward into his puddle and help him to his feet.

"Feeling better?" Kokichi nodded, suddenly looking very sleepy on his feet. Shuuichi smiled, despite the paranoia, irritation, and arousal all mixing within him. "Good. Then let's get you home and into bed. You're going to feel terrible in the morning, I hope you know."

"So no eggs?"

"*Never.*"

Kokichi seemed to accept that, nodding and allowing Shuuichi to tug him along once more. Soon, no evidence was left that they'd ever been there except for a very wet sidewalk.

"*Shit*, how much did I drink last night?"

Shuuichi sipped his coffee, pushing Kokichi's favorite tea towards him as he sat down across from him at their small table. Kokichi grabbed it and downed the entire cup in one go. Thankfully, Shuuichi had been through this before and had made sure the tea wasn't too hot before giving it to him.

"Enough." Kokichi groaned and buried his face in his hands. Kokichi honestly didn't drink often, he just always seemed to take things a *little* too far. "You asked about the eggs again. And peed all over the sidewalk."

"...That wasn't a dream?"

"No."

Kokichi looked up, giving Shuuichi the most serious look his hung-over body could muster. "Next time I drink, I don't care what you have to do, stop me after I start getting tipsy. I'm so fucking embarrassed. I can't believe pissed right on the street. I'm an *idiot*."

"You aren't," Shuuichi insisted, setting down his coffee mug and reaching out to place his hand gently over Kokichi's. The matching engagement rings shined in the morning sun, and he smiled at the sight of them. "You just took it a bit too far. It's not like you do this very often, you haven't learned your limits yet. But if you *really* want me to, I can try to dissuade you next time."

"Thanks. I think that would be best, if I'm almost pissing myself in public and bringing up eggs again. We even got anal beads, *god*." Shuuichi chuckled, and Kokichi was finally smiling, just a little bit. "...I didn't, like, start striping at the party or anything, did I?"

"No, you didn't." Kokichi looked ridiculously relieved to hear that. "You were very well behaved aside from the eggs. And urinating in public."

"That's *something*, I guess. Imagine the leader of DICE finally going to jail for public indecency."

Shuuichi couldn't help but chuckle at the thought, and Kokichi giggled softly too, though he was soon clutching his head for his efforts. Shuuichi shook his head as he went back to his coffee, thinking, at least to an extent, that this was what Kokichi got for how he'd acted the night before. God, he loved Kokichi more than anyone or anything, but he could be a bit much at times.

"...Hey, did you get wet when I was pissing?"

Shuuichi choking on his coffee was all the answer Kokichi needed.

Chapter End Notes

Next time should be Saioumeade!

Shuuichi Saihara & Kaede Akamatsu - Defilement of a piano & threesomes

Chapter Summary

Kokichi defiling Kaede's piano leads to something straight out of his wet dreams. Who knew Shuuichi and Kaede were so eager?

(This is a continuation of chapter 25, and we finally get to that hook. Inspiration came from a wonderful comic on twitter of Kokichi cumming on Kaede's piano, and I decided to utilize that as well as Saioumaede. This is probably the closest I'll get to writing Saimaede too, lol, though I want to write this threesome more! ...And this is the longest chapter yet, so I went a bit overboard I guess, haha.)

Chapter Notes

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

Kokichi slipped into Kaede's talent room silently, the room dark and empty. He locked the door behind himself, slipping the lock pick into his pocket, and approached the piano standing in the middle of the room. He imagined Kaede sitting at the bench, her fingers running over the keys expertly, beautiful music filling the room.

He climbed onto the bench, sitting on his knees and pulling his hard cock out of his pants, stroking it slowly.

He imagined her pressed against the piano, her skirt hiked up and her panties pushed aside as he fucked her with reckless abandon. She'd moan, sounding far more exquisite than anything her piano could produce, begging him to touch her. He'd tease her a bit, playing with her tits and messaging her thighs, but eventually he'd feel himself getting close, and he'd rub her clit, making her cry out his name as she came.

Maybe he'd fuck her so hard she'd piss herself, making a puddle on the floor as he continued ramming into her.

Soft moans escaped Kokichi's lips as he jerked off, picturing the entire scene clear in his head. God, he'd woken up so ridiculously horny, and the thought to do this here had entered his head and refused to leave. His hand sped up as he pictured Kaede pissing herself as she was fucked. Maybe after he came in her, he'd piss in her pussy, fill her up until his pee dripped out and joined hers on the floor. God, that would be *disgusting*.

It was so fucking *hot*.

He gasped as his orgasm hit, his cum splattering across the keys.

He panted as he stared at the soiled keyboard. He should clean it up and leave, he knew he should, but now the idea was in his head, and—

He aimed his soft cock back at the keys and relaxed his body, letting his bladder empty against them. He really hadn't needed to go, so he didn't have much piss to soak them, but they certainly got wet enough to prove someone had used the piano as a toilet.

Kaede was going to be so *mad*...

He giggled to himself as he finished peeing and tucked himself back in his pants, hastily retreating back to his room without cleaning up.

After all, he needed to leave *some* evidence behind, didn't he?

Kaede entered the room wearing a completely disgusted expression. Kokichi kept a straight face as he ate breakfast, though he was very pleased to see her go straight to Shuuichi, whispering in his ear. Shuuichi's face became flushed as she no doubt told him about the state her piano had been in.

He could see her glancing over at him, but Shuuichi apparently didn't jump to the same conclusion she had.

After breakfast, the two of them went off for their own little investigation, and Kokichi wasted time waiting for them by bugging literally anyone who crossed his path. He was pretty sure half of the others wanted to start the killing game with him as their victim by the time Kaede and Shuuichi found him and asked for him to follow them. He did so with an easy grin, not at all surprised when they led him to Kaede's talent room.

"Ouma." Kaede still looked peeved as she threw the lock behind them. "I know it was you."

"Oh?" He giggled, looking between her and Shuuichi. Shuuichi's face was flushed, and he couldn't seem to look him in the eye. He did, however, glance at the piano, the blush going so far as to turn the tips of his ears red. It was *adorable*. "What does Akamatsu know? Because *I* don't know what you're talking about!"

"Don't give me that! Who else would have broken in here and done that to my piano?" She crossed her arms and huffed. "You could have at least cleaned up your mess! It was such a pain to clean, and you could have warped the wood!"

"Akamatsu, I don't know what you mean!" Kokichi giggled, not only at how cute she was with her cheeks puffed out like that, but Shuuichi looked like he wanted to *die*. Well, Kokichi wasn't about to make it easy on them, not when this was all so interesting! "Maybe you should just tell me what was wrong with your piano?"

"You... You jacked off on it! And peed on it! No one would have done that but you!"

"Oh? And why would you think that?"

Her eyes glanced at Shuuichi again, leading Kokichi to do the same. His face was bright red, and he figured that Kaede must have secretly liked seeing him so flustered just as much as he did. Especially when, instead of keeping what they'd done the prior week a secret, she replied with no hesitation, "...I peed myself, so you sat in my lap and did the same thing, then we grinded together until we both came." He smirked, impressed by how bold she was being. "...And then I asked you if you wanted Saihara to do that sort of thing with us, and you were the happiest I'd ever seen you."

He could feel the burn of embarrassment within him, but he did an admirable job keeping the same easy grin on his face. Well, at least until he looked over at Shuuichi, and saw his boner.

"A-ah, Saihara... Are you that lewd that you're hard just from hearing that?" He could feel his cheeks go pink, not able to take his eyes off Shuuichi's tented pants. "Do you wanna fuck with me and Akamatsu?"

Shuuichi looked absolutely mortified, trying to stand in a way that made his excitement less noticeable. It was a futile effort, and Kaede giggled softly. "He got hard when I tried to walk him through what I thought you did to my piano. I didn't tell him that I noticed though."

"Akamatsu!" Shuuichi probably couldn't have blushed harder if he'd tried. "I wasn't..."

"You weren't getting hard thinking about Ouma breaking in here to defile my piano? Peeing on it, then touching himself?"

"I jerked off first, actually!" They both turned to him, Kaede rolling her eyes and Shuuichi's mouth agape. He didn't care about keeping the game going anymore. "And I thought about fucking Akamatsu so hard she peed herself! And then I peed inside her pussy, and it was *so* hot! Don't you think so? Does that get your panties wet?"

Her flushed face, the gentle heaving of her breast... It really said it all. She was turned on too, and watching the two of them in that state because of him... His cock had started stirring the moment he saw Shuuichi's prominent bulge, and now he was even harder than he'd been the night before.

"Ouma... If you wanted a threesome, you could have just asked. You already knew I was okay with it." Kaede glanced at Shuuichi, smiling kindly at him. "Saihara... I'm sorry we're embarrassing you. We just both like you a lot, and I think you like both of us too. But if you aren't comfortable with this, please just tell us and we'll stop."

"Right! My beloved Saihara's comfort comes first!" He really *did* mean that. Of everyone he found *interesting*, Shuuichi was at the top of his list, and he'd wanted to be closer to the shy detective for a long time. "...But if you want to fuck my ass while I fuck Akamatsu's pussy, I won't complain!"

Shuuichi face was liable to catch on fire if he blushed any harder. He looked between Kokichi and Kaede, his eyes flickering between Kokichi's tented pants, Kaede's breasts, both of their eager faces... Kokichi couldn't help but feel a little proud when he saw Shuuichi stare at his bulge and lick his lips.

"If... If you're both okay with that..." Kaede clapped her hands together in excitement, while Kokichi felt relief flow through him. He would never admit to how worried he'd been at the thought that Shuuichi might *only* want Kaede. "I'm not opposed. At all."

"T-that's great!" Kaede's eyes weren't exactly leaving Shuuichi's bulge anymore than his own were. He was honestly a little surprised they hadn't had to fight over who got his cock first. "Maybe we should get undressed then? I, ah, I think we're all ready for this!"

Kokichi might have been amused by Shuuichi's hands immediately moving to unbuckle his belt if he hadn't done the exact same thing. Kaede shimmied out of her skirt and pulled off her panties as Shuuichi and Kokichi lost their pants and boxers. Once Shuuichi's erect cock was exposed, he could hear a little gasp come from Kaede's direction. He felt the same way; god, he was *thick*. And that was going up his ass. How lucky was *he*?

"Ah, Saihara is big! How fortunate for me and Akamatsu! It wouldn't have been disappointing if you'd had a pencil dick!"

"You're quite big yourself," Shuuichi said softly, still looking very flustered as he busied himself with removing his jacket and shirt. "And Akamatsu, you're very... Um..."

"You can say her tits are big, it's okay!" Kaede paused in the middle of unclasping her bra and sent

Kokichi a weak glare, her face rivaling Shuuichi's. They were both so fun to tease! "It's true! Go on, Saihara, tell Akamatsu you like her tits!"

"T-they're very nice," he muttered, not able to look her in the eye. Or the tits. Or the pussy. Kokichi made sure to stare at them enough to make up for Shuuichi being shy. "They're... big. And they look soft."

"They are," Kokichi piped in, walking behind Kaede and reaching up to squeeze them. She let out a little gasp; Shuuichi let out a little moan. "Saihara should touch them! Right, Akamatsu?"

"I-it's fine, Saihara. I don't mind if it's you or Ouma. You can touch my body anywhere you want!"

Her permission obtained, Shuuichi stepped forward, reaching out to tentatively lay a hand at the side of her breast. Kokichi took his hand away, only to put it over Shuuichi's, making him squeeze it harder. Kaede moaned as the two boy's messaged her tits, Shuuichi's hands eventually becoming less hesitant even without Kokichi's guidance.

"They *are* soft," Shuuichi breathed, his eyes hazy with lust. "Ouma, do you have lube? I think... I think we should start soon? I'm not sure I can... I've never..."

Kokichi giggled and let go of Kaede, reaching down into his discarded pants to pull out a little tube, waving it around teasingly. "Oh, you mean this? Does my beloved Saihara want to fuck my ass before he cums from playing with tits like a virgin?"

Rather than blush and stammer, Shuuichi's hands fell from Kaede, and he regarded Kokichi with a look of epiphany. It unnerved Kokichi to see such a look, especially when they were so close to fucking. That's all that was, right? No strings attached sex? So why did Shuuichi look like that...?

"You really mean that, don't you? I thought you just called me that to tease me, but... You mean it."

He cursed Kaede for mentioning how *happy* he'd been at the thought of a threesome. He cursed Shuuichi for bringing up feelings when they were *supposed* to be fucking. He mostly, however, cursed himself not only because it was absolutely true, but he was filled with the desire to run away from this whole situation and never look back.

Instead, he plastered on a grin and tapped his chin thoughtfully, the little white lie spilling easily from his lips. "Do I? Saihara must think pretty highly of himself to say such things in front of Akamatsu! You're going to make her feel bad!"

"But Ouma, don't you like *both* of us? I mean, I thought..." She paused, a tiny frown on her face. "Okay, let's all just tell the truth so we don't do this with any wrong impressions. I like you both. I wouldn't do this with people I don't care about. Saihara?"

Shuuichi looked Kokichi straight in the eye, giving Kokichi a soft smile that made his heart melt. "I care about you both as well, and there are no people I'd like to be with more than both of you. Ouma... I know this sort of thing is hard for you, and I can't say I always understand you, but I think we've all made a lot of progress since we first got trapped here. I want us to get closer. I want you to feel like you don't have to hide things from us."

He froze again, the fake grin becoming harder to maintain. God, why couldn't they just fuck? Why did they have to get like this? Shuuichi and Kaede were looking at him with such understanding and affectionate expressions and he just wanted to run and hide and—

He laughed and made himself walk over to Shuuichi, getting on his toes to rub their cocks together. His erection had started to die, but as he focused on the feeling of Shuuichi on him, it rose back to attention. Into Shuuichi's ear, he whispered, "Don't you like a good mystery, my beloved detective? Why don't you figure it out for yourself?"

He realized how transparent he must be, how there was no way they believed his weak attempts to dodge the truth, but for once, he really couldn't bring himself to tell a lie. Especially as Shuuichi leaned down and captured his lips. Kokichi made a shocked little noise into the kiss, but he was soon eagerly kissing back, much more comfortable with *this* than with discussing his emotions.

Shuuichi and Kaede both *liked* him.

And he liked them too.

He'd be damned if he could say it out loud though.

As they kissed, deeply and more than a little sloppily, Kokichi felt the little tube slip from his hands. He didn't think much of it as he heard the cap pop open, but when he felt a slick finger slip between his cheeks and prod at his hole? He broke the kiss abruptly and craned his neck back to see Kaede, not looking all that apologetic considering she'd been about to slip a finger up his butt.

"Akamatsu, I didn't know you were that kind of girl!" She ignored the taunt, rubbing her finger against him without actually breaching the entrance. "I don't mind, but I didn't think you'd be into sticking your fingers up people's butts!"

"I thought I could help Saihara out." He thought she looked a little too into what she was doing for it to be quite that simple. "And maybe it wouldn't hurt you if he was distracting you?"

It was cute how she thought he'd never stuck anything up his ass before.

"Well, if Akamatsu really wants to, I won't say no!"

Before either could say anything, he pressed his lips back to Shuuichi's, letting his free hands pull Shuuichi down more so he could comfortably kiss him while spreading his legs more for Kaede. She knelt behind him, pressing her finger firmly against his entrance, letting it slide in to the first knuckle, then the second. She wiggled her finger around, getting all of the lube on it slicked around his insides. It wasn't any worst than his own fingers, which were admittedly smaller than hers. It felt nice, those long pianists fingers sliding in and out of him and—

He gasped into the kiss as she brushed against his prostate. If he wasn't worried he might cum if she played around too much, he would have asked her to do it again.

She withdrew her finger and coated that one plus the next one with more lube, then slid them both in him. It still wasn't as bad as some of the things he'd decided would be good to put up his butt—he wasn't a size queen, he stubbornly thought, he *wasn't*—and he shivered at the pleasant sensation. Meanwhile, one of Shuuichi hands had traveled up to his chest, rubbing gently at a pert nipple. He could feel his cock twitch, the overstimulation starting to become too much. How the hell was he going to take Shuuichi's cock up his ass *and* stick his dick in Kaede's pussy?

"That's enough," he told Kaede, reluctantly breaking the kiss, his heart beating faster at the lewd expression on Shuuichi's face. God, he was a blushing, panting mess, and they'd only been kissing. "If we don't get to the real fun, Saihara might cum just from kissing!"

The fact that neither of them called him out on that was in itself a miracle.

"I think the best way to do this would be..." Kaede walked to the piano, bending over it, her ass in the air. She gave a teasing little wiggle as she smiled at them. "Since Ouma is so much shorter than us, he should take me from behind."

He supposed he couldn't really say much when he'd pissed on her piano. Still, he filed her teasing away for later. He was a patient guy...

"If that's what Akamatsu wants! Then..." He pulled away fully from Shuuichi, standing behind her, running his hands down the curves of her body. "...I can oblige!"

Without warning, he sank his cock into her. The feeling was *amazing*; she was warm and wet and the sound that escaped her was even better than when he'd grinded his cock against her pussy. He couldn't even move at first, needing to calm himself down before he came just from getting his dick wet.

And then he felt Shuuichi come up behind him and part his cheeks, pressing the head of his cock to his hole, and a terrible feeling came over him. A very arousing yet embarrassing and terrible feeling.

"S-Saihara, if you—"

It was too late. Shuuichi's slick cock—god, he regretted missing seeing Shuuichi lube himself up—slowly slid into him. Shuuichi kissed at his neck as he entered him, centimeter by delicious centimeter. Having his dick in Kaede and Shuuichi's dick in him was, he was pretty sure, the absolute best thing that could have happened to him.

But he was still embarrassingly close to coming before they'd even really started.

"Ouma, please move!" Kaede, being the only one of them who didn't need to worry about only being able to cum once, rocked her hips insistently against him. And then Shuuichi decided that was an excellent idea and pulled back out slowly, only to thrust back in sharply. Kokichi hadn't even known he'd let out a little cry until he heard them both laugh. "Ouma, do you feel good? Is it better than your dream?"

"Shut up," he ground out, his hips beginning to move to the rhythm his partners set despite himself. God, they felt so *amazing*. "I'll show Akamatsu what feeling *good* is like!"

He moved one of his hands from her hip to rub at her throbbing clit, making her moan as he didn't waste time teasing it. He was going to make her cum before he could look like a fool, he swore. He could do this, he could—

"S-Saihara!" At least, he *thought* he could until Shuuichi started hitting his prostrate, then he wasn't so sure. "You're both so cruel, ganging up on me!"

"Punishment for defiling Akamatsu's piano," Shuuichi whispered in his ear, sounding breathily and lusty and *god*, Kokichi really wanted to kiss him again. "If you want to pee on something, next time come to me."

Kokichi thought back to Kaede telling him how Shuuichi had gotten aroused at the thought of him peeing on the piano, and now he was starting to get a better picture of what kind of kinks his shy detective was hiding. He pictured himself peeing all over Shuuichi's face, and he almost came right then. Though it wasn't as if banishing the thoughts really helped. Not when Shuuichi kept hitting his sweet spot and Kaede's moans were growing louder and they were just both overstimulating him so much and—!

"K-Kokichi! I'm going to... I'm—!" Kaede gasped loudly, and a familiar sound filled Kokichi's ears. Even before he felt his feet getting splattered with warm little drops, he knew what she was doing. "*Kokichi. Oh god. I can't believe this.*"

And yet, even as her piss sprayed to the floor, she didn't stop moving back against him. Not even when her body jerked and she grinding her pussy against his hand, calling out his given name again. *Shit*, he thought, he'd just fucked her until she pissed and came. And Shuuichi was still thrusting hard into him, panting into Kokichi's ear, and he was so close! *Too* close. He was going to come!

He quickly pulled out of her, one more brush of his prostate enough to splatter his cum all over her ass. He felt Shuuichi try to pull out too, but he shook his head, pressing back against him almost desperately.

"*Shuuichi. Come inside me! I want Shuuichi's cum in me!*"

He didn't realize what he'd called Shuuichi until it was too late, but he didn't have time to regret it as Shuuichi began to moan his name—*Kokichi*, not Ouma—his thrusts becoming erratic. Kokichi let his tired body be pounded into, and when Kaede turned around and began kissing him, he couldn't do anything more than kiss her back. His every nerve felt as if it were on fire, and even though he'd just cum, he wanted more!

"Hey," Kaede whispered as she broke the kiss, kneeling down in front of him and aiming his cock at her tits. "I bet if you pee on them, Shuuichi will like it."

He didn't even question it, he relaxed his bladder and let his piss flow over Kaede soft tits. She looked passed him as she smiled coyly and rubbed the warm pee into them with her free hand, and he just knew she was doing this to edge on Shuuichi. He fully approved.

"Kokichi... Kaede... I..."

Kokichi's bladder just finished emptying as Shuuichi jerked his hips one last time and came in his ass with a loud groan. The wish that Shuuichi would piss in his ass came unbidden; he filed that away for later too. *Patience*; he could wait. Couldn't have all the fun in just one session, right? That was, assuming...

Would there be a next time?

Shuuichi pulled out of him, and Kokichi found that he wasn't at all disgusted by the feeling of Shuuichi's cum leaking out of his ass. Kaede, however, wiped at the cum on her ass with the tiniest frown, though she didn't complain. He supposed it was odd that she was more concerned with that than the piss on her tits, but he wasn't about to argue when the three of them all shared the same weird kink.

Shuuichi sank down to the floor where Kaede still sat, gently tugging Kokichi down with him. They were all a hot mess, but Kokichi couldn't even really focus on anything except the odd feeling in his chest. He was happy, but apprehensive. As if he wanted this, yet didn't. Or knew he shouldn't. But he looked between the two people who'd piqued his interest, and the happiness seemed to outweigh the apprehension, if only by a little bit. He let Shuuichi pull him into his lap, Kaede scooting over to lean against Shuuichi's side and lay a hand comfortingly on Kokichi's thigh.

"...Next time we might want to try an actual bed. Maybe with some plastic down." Despite being tired, he was still a little surprised by Kaede's suggestion. And Shuuichi's shy agreement. They both wanted a next time? With *him*? "What do you think, Ouma? Saihara's room next time?"

Despite his better judgment, he closed his eyes and leaned into Shuuichi's chest, nodding.

"Sounds good to me."

Maybe this was all wrong, and maybe he shouldn't be so happy. Maybe he didn't even really deserve it. But he *was*, and he wanted to be. For once, maybe he could just stop over thinking things and let them come as they did.

Just this once, he supposed that really wouldn't hurt.

Chapter End Notes

Next time will be Nagito and Kokichi trapped in an elevator!

I'm going to try to start regular Saturday updates from now on!

Nagito Komaeda - Trapped in an Elevator

Chapter Summary

Kokichi gets trapped in an elevator with a third year student known for his luck. But is getting stuck with Nagito when he really has to go bad luck or good luck...?

(Sorry, my otps slipped in here too, lol)

Chapter Notes

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

Kokichi hadn't thought much of it when he entered the elevator with one of the upperclassmen. So what? Surely, the rumors of class 77's Ultimate Luck, Nagito Komaeda, were grossly exaggerated. To have such an extreme cycle of good and bad luck follow one person sounded outright supernatural. That, of course, piqued Kokichi's interest, but he wasn't about to believe it. Nothing bad would come of an elevator ride, *nor* anything good. They'd ride it to the ground floor, and then he could rush to the dorms and—

The elevator jolted to a stop, and Kokichi's full bladder jolted right along with it. *Dammit.*

"Oh my, we're stuck." Nagito didn't sound terribly worried, even smiling kindly at him. "I found five hundred yen this morning, so a small inconvenience was sure to happen. I apologize for getting you caught up in it. It's lucky that I didn't find five hundred thousand yen, or I might worry about the elevator crashing to the ground floor instead!"

The joke *might* have been funnier if Kokichi hadn't had all that tea at breakfast. Or Panta at lunch. Or if he'd just gone to the bathroom at any point instead of holding it. But every time he'd gotten the opportunity to go, Shuuichi had wanted to talk with him, and how could he turn down his crush? Now he was trapped in an elevator with a handsome upperclassman and he had to piss so badly he could almost taste it.

This really *was* bad luck.

"How long do you think this will take?" He did his best not to show his desperation, pressing his thighs together so he wasn't squirming around *too* blatantly. "A school like this must be pretty fast about this sort of thing, right?"

"...You're from class 79, aren't you?" Nagito had a thoughtful look on his face, which soon lit up in understanding. "That's right, you're the Ultimate Supreme Leader, aren't you? A few of my classmates were very intrigued when they learned about your talent. You haven't been approached by any princesses lately, have you?"

"No, can't say I have." Though he *had* noticed an older student with long blonde hair staring at him with intrigued eyes a few times. He had a feeling that what he did with DICE probably wasn't anything a princess would be interested in. "What does that have to do with my question?"

Nagito laughed airily, not appearing to care that Kokichi wasn't being terribly respectful. "You just haven't been here long enough to know how things work. Don't worry, we won't be in here too

long. Of course..." He paused, and the smile that appeared on his face was more than a little condescending. "Whether you'll make it to the bathroom before you have an accident will be a test of *your* luck, won't it?"

Kokichi's face heated up, and he was very tempted to forget having any respect for this asshole with his ridiculous luck cycle altogether and just grab his crotch. But he still had his dignity, and he wasn't going to show his weakness in front of a guy like *that*.

"I'm fine," he insisted, standing up as straight as he could—cursing the fact he was so short, especially compared to Nagito—and adopting his Supreme Leader voice. Neither was terribly easy when he had to piss so very badly. "I don't need pity from someone like *you*. Unless you'd like to tell me you *didn't* try to blow up a building just to stop exams?"

Nagito's eyes narrowed just a touch, his smile taking on a little more of an edge. Honestly, it was pretty hot. Kokichi was glad he had to piss too urgently to pop a boner, though he wasn't sure that would be any more humiliating than the situation he was already in.

"I paid the price for that, don't worry. Though I suppose this just proves that I'll never live it down, if even the newest class has heard about it." He pushed himself off the elevator wall and loomed over Kokichi, his kind smile terribly fake. Kokichi would know the signs of *that* anywhere. "I wonder how people will react to knowing the Ultimate Supreme Leader, boasting ten thousand followers, peed himself in an elevator? You can blame my luck, of course, but it will still spread. People will lose respect for you."

Kokichi, despite knowing Nagito was just trying to get a rise out of him, felt his insides freeze. He let people believe the ten thousand followers thing, despite DICE only having ten members. He was working on getting more followers around the world, finding people he could trust in other countries to recruit more members, but the numbers were nowhere as high as the rumors suggested. If he were to lose steam before he could set everything up...

He held it together outwardly, smirking up at Nagito with one of the grins his classmates called "*really fucking creepy*." He wasn't sure why they were even having this little battle of wits, but at least it was *somewhat* distracting him from his aching bladder.

"*Hardly*. I'm the Ultimate Supreme Leader for a reason. I can bounce back from *any* scandal. Besides, you're assuming I'll wet myself. I'm not an idiot, you know. If I really can't hold it, I'll piss on the floor. Or are you too much of an idiot to—"

He was cut off as Nagito reached out and pinned him to the elevator wall. He let out a shocked little gasp, but he didn't try to move him. Nagito tilted his head to the side, giving Kokichi a questioning glance. Kokichi, despite his better judgment, nodded. Nagito responded to his consent by bringing his knee up to press up between Kokichi's thighs, netting him a soft moan.

"I think that's enough of that game, don't you?" Kokichi nodded, having a hard time not grinding himself against Nagito's leg. "Good. Then maybe we should try something else?"

"S-Sure." His voice cracked and it was embarrassing, but *god*, he was getting horny too quickly to care. "Komaeda, I..."

"There's someone in the reserve course," Nagito said conversationally, as if he *weren't* letting go of Kokichi's wrists to instead undo his pants and slip his cock out of his boxers. "His name is Hinata. I want to give you some advice as your senior—if there's someone very close to your heart, you're better off getting the courage to tell them instead of pining for them for three years. Maybe then you won't find yourself in elevators with cute first years, getting turned on by them needing to

pee."

A shy smile and kind golden eyes flashed through Kokichi's mind at Nagito's words. How many times had he wanted to come out and admit his feelings for the beautiful detective? Too many. Though he couldn't honestly really say he minded his odd casual encounter with Nagito. It wasn't as if either of them were tied down, and if he were to take Nagito's advice, he would have to do this now, because if he got Shuuichi to be his boyfriend, he'd rather die than cheat on him.

"You could still do it," he said, his voice a little shaky as Nagito slowly pumped his cock. He could feel himself salivate as he stared at the prominent bulge in Nagito's pants. "It's not too late."

Nagito hummed noncommittally, removing his leg and turning Kokichi's around to face the elevator wall. His touch was firm, yet still careful, and Kokichi couldn't help bucking into his hand to help ease his aching cock. Nagito tutted in his ear, grinding his clothed cock against Kokichi's back.

"I'd tell you to be patient, but I suppose we don't know when the elevator will start, do we?" His hand sped up, and he didn't say anything when Kokichi gasped, a tiny spurt of piss escaping his cock and arching against the wall. "Maybe the elevator stopping was actually good luck, and getting caught jacking off a first year would be the bad luck? Or maybe it was bad luck, getting to do this is good luck, and something bad will happen when I meet with Hinata? It's hard to tell sometimes."

Kokichi let Nagito ramble on, not bothering to hold back his piss as it leaked out of him. It was a forgone conclusion—he'd piss after he came anyway, so why bother? If he were desperate enough to be leaking even with a boner, he was far too desperate to hold on for the elevator to start back up. He was going to piss in this elevator one way or another.

"Komaeda, I'm really close," he warned, his body trembling with his impending release. He couldn't even be embarrassed about how quickly Nagito was making him reach his peak; he blamed his bursting bladder for making him too sensitive. It was as good an excuse as any. "Hurry!"

Nagito suddenly bent Kokichi over, leaning over him grind against his ass instead. The height difference didn't make it easy, but considering Nagito stopped talking and focused all his energy on getting them both off, Kokichi supposed it worked well enough. If nothing else, feeling Nagito's cock against him and his skilled hand on his own cock was too good, and he moaned loudly as more piss escaped his dick. He wouldn't last much longer...

He closed his eyes and imagined Shuuichi was the one behind him, rutting against him and jacking him off, the lewdest expression on his face and making the most delicious little noises...

He wasn't even aware that he moaned out anyone's name as he hit his peak, cum splattering against the elevator wall. He didn't even have time to recover before his bladder completely gave up, the rest of his piss hissing out of him quickly and noisily. Nagito was nice enough to hold his soft cock even after he came, pointing it towards the wall to make sure he didn't pee all over his shoes.

By the time he was done, the elevator floor was flooded, but he'd never felt so relieved in his life.

Nagito only needed a few more thrusts before he was gasping out "*Hajime!*" and jerking his hips a few last times as he came in his pants. Ever the gentleman, he straightened himself up and tucked Kokichi's dick back in his pants, a far more genuine smile on his face now.

"So, Saihara must be your precious person? Isn't he one of the Ultimate Detectives? He must be

very good at what he does to get that title with someone in the school already having it."

Kokichi couldn't even be all that embarrassed that he'd let the name slip when Nagito had done the same. At least he hadn't said *Shuuichi*.

"...My beloved Saihara is the best. I'll... I'll take your advice." He didn't say thank you, but Nagito's expression told him he understood all the same. "...I don't think I'll tell him about *this* though."

"Fair enough!" Nagito's laugh was lighter now, and whatever sexual tension caused by Kokichi needing to pee was long gone. He decided not to think too hard on the fact that he'd gotten a third year horny just because he'd been desperate to piss. "But when you and your detective get together, don't forget about me."

"If you get your precious Hinata, I don't think you'll be thinking about *me*." Nagito shrugged, and Kokichi didn't say the same thing he assumed Nagito was thinking—this was something he wouldn't be forgetting anytime soon. "Anyway, I wonder how long until—"

As if some higher power was waiting for the perfect opportunity, he was cut off by the elevator jolting to life, continuing its journey to the ground floor as if nothing had ever gone wrong. The floor said otherwise, but Kokichi didn't think Nagito was going to tell.

When they got to the bottom and the door opened, he and Nagito both looked as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. They'd only been stuck for less than an hour, so he didn't expect any fanfare when he stepped out, but...

"Ouma!" He suddenly found himself with Shuuichi's arms around him, hugging him tightly. "Are you alright?"

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Nagito watching them, a knowing look in his eyes, before his attention turned to someone he'd never seen, who looked very concerned about Nagito's wellbeing. Hajime Hinata, he presumed. With as much as Hajime was fussing over someone who constantly had bad luck, he wasn't sure why Nagito was so sure his feelings were unrequited. He silently wished Nagito good luck as Hajime led him away.

He turned his attention fully back to Shuuichi, reluctantly pulling out of the hug enough to smile brightly up at him.

"I'm fine! Just got caught up in some bad luck is all!" And some good luck too, he supposed. And since he had no such luck cycle surrounding him, he didn't have to worry that anything bad was inevitably going to follow. "Don't worry, Komaeda and I just got... closer."

Shuuichi nodded, the relief in his eyes so clear that it made Kokichi's chest ache. God, as fun as that had been, he really liked Shuuichi. *So much*.

He remembered Nagito's advice and his response to it, then steeled himself before going back in for another hug. Shuuichi didn't hesitate to wrap his arms back around him.

"Ouma, are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm perfect when my beloved Saihara is with me..."

As Shuuichi's arms around him tightened and Kokichi peeked up to see his bright red face, he softly giggled to himself. Maybe there was something to this luck thing after all.

And maybe someday Nagito could use his luck cycle to get him and Shuuichi stuck in an elevator too.

Chapter End Notes

Next time is Kirumi!

Also, I now have another fic called "Let It Go" which is a far smaller sister story to this one for non-Kokichi piss fics I might write. There's only Tenmiko right now, but I've gotten a few requests for other ships (Kirumi/Kaede and Amacha are definite requests I accepted) that will end up being posted there too. Please check it out if you're interested!

Kirumi Toujou - Ageplay

Chapter Summary

If Kokichi really wants Kirumi to be his mom, sure, she can work with that...

Chapter Notes

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

"Toujou, be my mom!"

The first time she'd heard it, Kirumi hadn't thought much about it at all. Kokichi was just being ridiculous, and that was that. After all, she was only slightly older than him, and surely he would have said the same to anyone who could cook as she could. However...

"Toujou, I'm hungry! Make me lots of pancakes!"

"Toujou, I spilled my Panta! Wash my clothes so they don't stain!"

"Toujou, ketchup is gross! I want an omelet without any!"

Toujou this, Toujou that. She knew he was perfectly capable of acting his age, and in fact only seemed to play up the childish helplessness around her. As if it was some fun game to force her to actually act like his mother. Honestly, she didn't mind cooking or cleaning, not even for him, but it was a little odd to have a rather attractive boy her age playing that sort of game.

She'd thought long and hard about the implications, not to mention the consequences if she went forward with her plan.

She decided it was worth a shot to at least try.

Kirumi gathered everything she needed, borrowing a few innocent things from Tsumugi and Angie to make it all come together. Maybe she wasn't a seamstress by trade, but the finished product looked good to her—certainly good enough to serve its purpose. She hid it under her pillow until the time was right, and she threw a sheet over the other part of her plan. She'd found *that* item in a room full of random junk, and it had been what had given her the idea in the first place. A room full of baby items? A boy who wanted her to play house with him?

Fine. If Kokichi wanted her to be his mom, she'd be his mom.

At breakfast, Kirumi laid out the food for everyone, and they dug in. Well... not *everyone*.

"Toujou, what about me?" Kokichi didn't look particularly pleased to be blatantly excluded.
"That's not a very nice thing for a mother to do!"

A small smile came to her lips. Oh, if he only knew.

"Forgive me, Ouma. I know you do not particularly enjoy ketchup, so I've prepared something

else for you." She could have made omurice without ketchup, but then she couldn't do what she planned. Not with all of the others still there. She wanted to do this, but not with anyone to witness it. She didn't want to *embarrass* Kokichi. "Please be patient."

Though he frowned and loudly complained the entire time it took everyone to eat, he stayed in his seat, his eyes watching her carefully as she gathered dishes and took them away. Once they were alone, he quieted down, eyes full of curiosity. Good, she had his attention.

"Thank you for your patience, Ouma. I must confess that I held you back so I could speak with you privately." She sat across from him, pleased to see his intrigue was only growing. "I would like to try something with you, but it requires your consent first."

"...Keep going, Toujou."

"Very well. I want to try age play with you." She waited for the protests, or perhaps laughter. It never came. Emboldened by his lack of ire, she continued. "For today, I will be your mother. I will not do anything to degrade you in front of the others, thus why I waited with your food, should you chose to accept my proposal. And if you should at anytime want to end this, all you need say is *Toujou, the game is over*. I will stop, and you will be free to do as you please. Otherwise, I will assume you still wish to play, and will act accordingly."

"...Like punishing your naughty son?"

She nodded, her heart beating a little faster as he smirked at her. "Precisely."

"Then when do we start playing, *mama*?"

Kirumi closed her eyes for a moment, gathering her nerves. As the Ultimate Maid, she could handle anything. That included this game. It had been her idea, after all, and she couldn't let her nerves get her now. She opened her eyes and put on a calm smile.

"Now."

Kirumi stood up and went back to the kitchen—Kokichi's breakfast hadn't actually been cooked, but it didn't take her long at all to get a few fluffy pancakes made, topped with butter and powdered sugar and syrup, just as tooth-rottenly sweet as he liked them. She brought them out to him along with tea, setting them before him. He grinned as he finally saw his breakfast, but before he could pick up his fork, she gently slapped his hand away and took something out of her apron.

"Now, now, Kokichi, we both know what a messy eater you are." It felt odd to say his given name so casually, but what sort of mother used her son's family name? "You need to wear this while you eat."

She stepped behind him, fastening the bib around his neck. While he could be a very messy eater, it was more getting it on his face, not on his clothes. Still, watching his face heat up at the treatment was oddly satisfying.

"Toujou, I don't—"

"That's no way to speak to your mother," she scolded gently, stepping back and making her way back around the table, where she sat down across from him and picked up his fork, cutting into the pancakes and holding up the fork to his mouth. "Be a good boy and open up."

It looked as if he was starting to question this game after all, though she wasn't sure what he'd really expected. Just roleplaying in the bedroom? Well, they'd get to that, if he didn't call things

off right then and there. Much to her relief, he opened his mouth, allowing her to feed him the pancakes. He chewed them much more slowly than he normally would, and she had a feeling he was questioning how much he actually wanted to go through with being treated like a child for the day. But after he swallowed, he obediently opened his mouth for the next forkful.

Her smile grew as she fed him. Phase one, complete.

They met no one on their way to the dorms, which was probably good for Kokichi, as Kirumi had insisted that he "*hold mama's hand so you don't get lost.*" And when he hadn't protested, she'd pat his head and called him a good boy, and he'd looked so innocently *happy* and it had broken her heart a little. How had Kokichi's real mother treated him? He never spoke of his family or his past, and to react so strongly to the smallest praise...

"Mama, we're here!" He grinned up at her, a knowingly glint in his eyes. "Was Mama *distracted*?"

At least he didn't know what she'd been thinking about. She highly doubted he would accept anyone's pity.

"Come inside," was all she said, unlocking her door and ushering him in. It was highly inappropriate to have a boy in her bedroom, but she was about to propose he do something that very well could make him never speak to her again, so she supposed it didn't really matter. She locked the door behind them and let go of Kokichi's hand to reach under her pillow and pull out the thing she'd worked so hard to make.

"Toujou, the game is—" She stilled as the words blurted out of his mouth, but he stopped himself short before he could end things. They stood, staring at each other, until he sighed and glanced at the object in her hands wearily. "...I'm not using that."

"That's fine. Will you at least wear it?"

It took a few long moments for him to eventually nod, reaching out to accept it.

"Fine. I didn't think you were so kinky..."

She allowed the break in character, considering the situation. But she didn't give it to him.

"Kokichi, you're just a little boy. Let Mama put it on you."

She really wasn't sure who was the more embarrassed looking of the two of them—Kokichi looked as uncharacteristically flustered as she was sure she did. Her face burned, and she wouldn't have felt ashamed at the crack in her cool demeanor if she hadn't just said that she wanted to put a diaper on Kokichi.

She wasn't really sure what was wrong with her, but the heat that pooled between her thighs as his hands wandered to his belt might have answered something.

"...Remember that I won't use it. And if you can tell I'm wearing it, I'm *not* leaving this room."

"Fair enough," she murmured, watching as he pulled his pants down to his ankles. She did the laundry, so she already knew what his boxers looked like, but to see them on him, complete with his bulge, was a completely different experience. She wondered what he looked like when he was erect. She imagined he must make quite the tent in them. "...It would be best if you took those off too."

Kokichi muttered something about her being thirsty under his breath, but he pulled his boxers down all the same, kicking them and his pants off. "Okay, *Mama*, go ahead."

God, it felt wrong to hear him say that as she approached him and fastened the diaper around him as quickly and professionally as she could, trying not to stare at his soft cock as she did so. Just looking at it made her want to reach down and touch her aching clit, but she restrained herself. She wasn't about to start anything sexual when he was still calling her *Mama*.

Once the diaper was on him, she pulled up his pants and inspected him. She really didn't think it was noticable, but she looked to him for the final verdict. He didn't look terribly pleased with the situation, but he sighed and nodded.

"Alright, it's doesn't look bad. But if anyone says *anything*, I'm blaming you and the whole thing is off."

"Again, that is fair." She reached out her hand, trying to calm herself. She really didn't understand why this had her so worked up. At least, there weren't any explanations she was really willing to entertain. "Shall we go back to the kitchen? You can help *Mama* cook lunch for everyone."

Kokichi putting on a bright smile helped ease her mind. Acting or not, he made a very convincing excited child. "Okay, *Mama*!"

He took her hand, and she wondered why she hoped he never let go.

"Now I need the soy sauce."

Kokichi handed her the bottle she'd requested, and Kirumi was very pleased at how helpful he was being. Even if this was all just a game, it really did prove that his brattiness was all just an act. Maybe he just wanted attention; maybe he got bored easily. She didn't know, but it was nice to just have him help her without making a mess of the kitchen in the process.

"And now the salt."

He passed it to her, and she added a dash to the meal. It was always interesting trying to cook for fifteen different people, but she enjoyed the challenge.

"...*Mama*, I don't want to eat with the others."

She paused her stirring for only a moment. She knew very well why that was.

"They'll wonder where you are." She heard him scoff softly. "Kokichi, you're presence is hard to miss. Someone will notice you're missing."

"And they'll like it, I'm sure!" The cheerful words had an underlying edge that didn't sit right with her. "*Mama* doesn't have to lie! I know no one likes me!"

"I like you." The words were out of her mouth before she could even think about them. Her face flushing, she tried to backpedal. "What sort of mother doesn't like her son?"

"...Lots." She waited for the familiar giggle and *That's a lie!* but it never came. "I'm glad *my* *Mama* doesn't hate me though! That would be terrible if she did!"

"Yes," she agreed softly, her heart aching at the very thought of Kokichi as an actual child,

growing up in an environment that would lead him to be the troublemaking, compulsive liar he'd grown up to be. "It would be most terrible indeed..."

She cooked the rest of the meal in silence.

Kirumi came back to the kitchen to find Kokichi had eaten all of his food and hadn't made a single mess in her absence. It brightened her mood, which wasn't very good thanks to her peers. Sure enough, people noticed Kokichi was gone, but most of the talk involved being glad that he was missing. Only three people had seemed concerned he was missing at all, and a crack from Tenko about how "Maybe that nasty boy finally released no one likes him!" had really gotten to her.

"...You will be happy to know you were missed." He didn't even have any rice around his mouth as he looked up, a disbelieving expression on his face. It was a miracle. "It's true. Saihara, Akamatsu, and Amami all asked about you. They recalled you staying behind with me this morning and asked if I knew where you were. Saihara especially seemed concerned about your wellbeing. I told them you had a stomachache and would be fine later tonight."

She wasn't blind; she knew exactly why those names made him perk up.

"Saihara asked about me?" She especially wasn't shocked that learning *Shuuichi* had been concerned was his top priority. "I hope Mama isn't lying to me. That would be cruel!"

"I am not. He was the first one to inquire about you, in fact." She swore it wasn't jealousy that was washing over her, certainly not. "...I'm honestly surprised you agreed to this. Surely you know of my intentions."

"Should you really be talking about this with your *son*, Mama?" He giggled as he pushed his plate away, leaning on his elbows to grin up at her. "How many kinks are you hiding anyway?"

"Joking aside," she stressed, ignoring his questions, "I had wondered if your interest lied with women at all. You seem rather interested with Akamatsu, but more so with Saihara and Amami. If I may be so bold, *Saihara* especially."

Kokichi shrugged, his eyes falling to the table. He looked as if this was the last conversation he wanted to be having, yet he wasn't running away.

"I like anyone who's interesting. I don't care about *anything* but that. And... Toujou proved she was interesting by wanting to do this, so how could I say no?" He glanced up at her, some fire back in his gaze. "I hope Mama doesn't have a problem with her son liking multiple people."

It was a warning not to get her hopes up that he wasn't going to still like the others, and that was fine. More than fine, in fact. Kokichi had very good taste in crushes.

"Isn't it a mother's job to teach her children how to share?" He giggled, looking far more like himself now. Good, she thought, melancholy didn't suit him. "Now, I think we could both use more tea, don't you?"

He agreed as she busied herself with the task, and if he's guessed her plan, he didn't call her out on it. She would capture his interest fully before the day was done, she swore it. If she stood a chance... She just had to take it.

Kirumi got multiple cups of tea into Kokichi before having him dry the dishes she washed. Then she took his hand and led him back to the dorms. *Slowly*.

It all paid off by the time she got him back into her room and saw him look straight towards her bathroom.

"Toujou, let me—"

"Mama," she corrected, not minding the slip when they were speaking of serious matters, but knowing this was her last chance to get in character. "Kokichi, you are far too young to use the adult's bathroom." His eyes narrowed at her, and she knew what he was thinking. "A small boy needs a potty his size..."

She walked over to the item she'd scavenged, pulling off the sheet. A child's potty chair, complete with a swan neck sprouting from the front. She had no idea why it had been in the prison school, but the moment she'd seen it, she'd pictured Kokichi using it, his aching bladder releasing into it, overflowing as his piss proved to be too much for such a small potty...

She really couldn't deny that Kokichi had been right about her being *thirsty*.

"...Mama, that's not going to hold it all." He was shifting his weight from foot to foot, and it was obvious he was quickly becoming desperate as the tea hit his bladder. "So unless you want a mess to clean up..."

She ignored the warning, smiling sweetly down at him. "Mama is the Ultimate Maid. Cleaning is not a problem in the slightest." Upon his hesitance, she couldn't help but add, "Unless using the potty like a bog boy is too daunting and you would rather use your diaper. Mama can change you afterwards."

His glare deepened, and she held her hand to her mouth to hide her amused smile.

"...*Fine*, Mama. I'll use the... potty." He spit out the word, making quick work of his pants and ripping the diaper off of himself, flinging them both onto Kirumi's bed. True to his word, the diaper was completely unused. Oh well, she thought, maybe some other time. "You're seriously going to have a puddle on your floor though! So don't blame me!"

"Of course not," she assured him, her eyes not leaving his exposed cock as he hovered over the chair. Even with as small as he was, he was still far too big for it, needing to hover over it in order to aim his cock into the reservoir. "It really is no problem at all..."

"I can see that. How wet are you right now, Toujou?"

She was very grateful he dropped the use of Mama, because the answer was: *extremely so*. She supposed the knowing smirk on his face meant she didn't have to answer out loud, to which her gratitude rose even more. She was embarrassed by how turned on she was, how badly her composure was crumbling. She'd never felt such a strong desire to have a cock in her before, and yet, there she was.

"...It's not healthy to hold your bladder. You shouldn't wait much longer."

Almost as soon as the words escaped her lips, a trickle of pee leaked from Kokichi, hitting the plastic potty noisily. Kirumi had never watched another person pee before, and certainly never a boy. She couldn't say why it was so fascinating, but it truly was. Her heart beat wildly and her clit ached as more piss fell into the potty, though it was clear he was still trying to hold back and not cause a flood. But after a few more long spurts, he let out a moan, and there was no more holding

back--piss shot out of his cock, the stream strong and fast. It quickly filled up the potty, and he wasn't lying when he'd said there was no way it would all fit. He reached the top soon, but his bladder wasn't finished, causing piss to overflow out of the chair and drip down the sides, pooling around the potty and spreading out. He peed and peed some more, and by the time the stream finally began to weaken, Kirumi was very glad she knew of the secrets of baking soda. She was going to need it.

Kokichi stood up on shaky legs, trying to step onto dry floor. It was a little useless, seeing as his feet had gotten wet while he'd been peeing, but she didn't say anything. In fact, she said nothing as Kokichi walked straight before her and held her gaze evenly.

"Toujou, the game is over."

She didn't have time to respond as he pressed himself close to her, standing on his toes to try to reach her lips. Taking pity on him, she leaned down and met him partway, their lips coming together feverously. He reached up, his hands groping her tits through her dress, and she moaned as he squeezed them without shame. One eye cracked open during the kiss, and she could see his cock hardening as they kissed messily. She groaned and broke the kiss, hiking up her skirt and sitting on the end of her bed, spreading her legs and pulling aside her panties to expose her wet pussy.

"Top drawer," she instructed, and he opened up the little dresser by her bed, a few foil packets she'd stored away sitting there. He grabbed one and ripped it open, hastily rolling the condom over his cock. Her bed was low enough that she was at the perfect height for him to slip his cock into her easily, causing her to gasp loudly as he slid in with no hesitation. "H-have you done this before?"

"Nope!" He grinned at her, pulling out and thrusting back in a few times as he tried out a few different rhythms. "I've jacked off a bunch, and I've fingerfucked my ass thinking about riding Saihara's cock, but that's it! I've never had my dick in a pussy before. Toujou gets to be the first for that!"

"You... You are my first as well." He giggled at her confession, leaning in to place a teasing kiss on her nose. "Ouma, I know this is all a game, but—"

"Hey," he cut off, bringing his hands up to squeeze her tits more as he rocked his hips rhythmically into her, "I still want Saihara's dick, you know? What do you think about him and me spitroasting you?"

She pictured Shuuichi taking her from behind as she sucked Kokichi's cock, and she couldn't help the loud moan that escaped her lips. "That... would be acceptable."

He giggled, and though he was squeezing her tits a little roughly and his pace was a bit clumsy, she wrapped her legs around his waist and gripped his shoulders, thoroughly enjoying the sensation of his cock pounding into her. She thought back to the sight of him pissing so desperately, and her hips started moving to meet his thrusts, not able to take much more of this heat without release. She was so close to cumming...!

One of his hands left her breasts and reached between them, rubbing at her clit and making her moans grow louder.

"Girls like being touched there, right Toujou? Does Toujou want me to touch her there?" Her moaned yes made him giggle. "I hope Toujou cums soon! My dick is good, right? It's going to make Toujou cum!"

Despite his teasing words, she could sense the underlying need for validation under them. Or, at least, she was pretty sure. With Kokichi, it could be hard to tell which emotions he was underplaying or overplaying or just plain trying to hide...

"Y-yes, you're very good at this, Ouma." Her praise made him grin, and his hips seemed to move even faster. He wasn't going to last much longer either. "I'm so close. Please, cum inside me, Ouma. You fill me up so well—I want you to cum in me!"

He groaned, his thrusts becoming more erratic as he approached his orgasm. She was close, so close, and as she focused on his aroused expression, she felt the familiar coil building up inside of her. Just a little more, and—

"O-Ouma!"

The eager hand on her clit became too much, making her come with a shudder, her legs holding him tightly as she rode every last bit of pleasure she could. Her pussy tightening around his cock must have proved to be too much, as he was soon groaning her name and emptying himself into the condom. He didn't pull out immediately, leaning his body into her chest as he tried to catch his breath. She reached up and tentatively stroked his hair, pleased when he leaned into her touch rather than pull away.

"...Did Toujou enjoy the game?"

"Yes," she answered honestly, without hesitation. "I did. Thank you for playing along."

"And does Toujou want to play more?"

"Will you use the diaper?" Just as she'd thought, his eyes immediately narrowed. "I was merely joking. Do not worry, I will never ask you to do something you do not wish to do. You can say no at any point."

He only gave her a hum in response, finally pulling out of her and busying himself with removing the condom. She let him avoid the subject, knowing that he'd gotten the message either way. Besides, she was rather intrigued at just how full the condom was. He'd cum so much...!

Soon it was tossed away, but she had a feeling she'd be touching herself later on, imagining him fucking her raw, creampieing her with all that cum...

She sighed softly as Kokichi sought out his boxers and pants once more, pulling her panties back into place. She really *was* thirsty. And, well, if that were the case...

"I believe you mentioned an interest in spitroasting?"

He paused, his boxers on, but his pants only up to his knees. After a moment's thought, he pulled them all the way up, shooting Kirumi a grin that was far more in line with the expression she was used to seeing him wear. She vaguely wondered if she'd ever be able to see whoever he was hiding underneath the persona he showed the world.

"One dick isn't enough for Toujou?" he teased, buckling his belt. She didn't miss the flush that crawled up his neck, betraying his nonchalance. "I suppose if Saihara were interested, I wouldn't say no..."

"No, I suppose you wouldn't."

He didn't verbally answer her, but he did give her the smallest hint of a genuine smile before he

headed to the door.

"Sorry about the mess Toujou. But any time you want to play, come find me!"

He was gone before she could respond, and she shook her head as she got to her feet, taking in the puddle and overflowing potty chair that she still needed to clean. This *had* been her idea, so she couldn't complain. Honestly, she'd had too good of a time to care about the mess at all.

With a resolute nod to herself, she got to work, living up to her title as Ultimate Maid.

And if she wanted to keep imagining that threesome with Kokichi and Shuuichi while she cleaned, well, who was going to stop her?

Chapter End Notes

Next is probably Shuuichi because I have so many requests with him again, haha.

Miu Iruma - Playing to Win

Chapter Summary

Kokichi and Miu play a little game... And Miu is determined to win this time.

(I was going to post the Oumasai chapter I have done this week, but I got a very kind message from someone on tumblr and I said I'd bump up publication on their request, so it's Ouruma this time! The prompt was for Kokichi to pee inside Miu and for her to dig it, so, here it is!)

Chapter Notes

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

Everything between them seemed to be a game. A really weird, kinky game. Not that Miu was complaining—no, certainly not!—but when she and Kokichi had started having you-aren't-who-I-really-want-to-fuck-me-but-you'll-do sex, she hadn't really expected things like *this* to happen.

Namely, the two of them needing to drink ridiculous amounts of tea before getting down to business, both having bursting bladders as they got ready to fuck.

"Does Iruma want my dick?" Kokichi teased, a cruel smirk on his face as he pressed the head of his cock to her wet opening, rubbing it lightly around her pussy but not plunging in. "Or is she afraid she'll piss all over it and have to pay the penalty?"

The penalty would be chosen by the winner of whatever game they were playing, and Miu hated to admit it, but she had yet to win a single time. Kokichi's penalty games had ranged from making her blow him under the table at breakfast without getting caught, to not being able to touch herself as he jacked off onto her tits, to making her build a double sided dildo so she could fuck him up the ass.

...Okay, she hadn't minded *any* of that, but still. She wanted to get to choose something for once!

"I'll win this time, you fucking twink," she groused, growing impatient at his teasing. If she wanted any hope of winning, she needed to get to work right away. "Just get on with it, will you?"

He giggled, and she didn't quiet her moans as he finally pressed the head in. God, how unfair was it that his cock was so big for as small as he was? Again, not really a complaint, but it still kind of pissed her off. He slid into her easily, barely giving her a chance to get used to being filled before he began to move in and out of her. Not that she needed it; she was relieved to finally have his cock pounding into her.

"Iruma is making lewd faces already! Is she going to piss on my dick soon?"

His smirk made her weary; he had used underhanded tactics to make her lose before, and she really wouldn't put it past him to do it again. Like, pressing on her bladder or something. Of course, whoever came first was probably going to piss, but—

An idea hit her. A terrible, *wonderful* idea.

"Not that I want your shrimp dick to piss in my smokin' hot bod, but I think you're gonna be the one losing this time." He had only a moment to look confused before her legs wrapped around his waist and she shot her hand out to press firmly against his bladder. He let out a little cry as his hips jerked, and she felt a rush of warm piss squirt into her. It was... really fucking hot, actually. She laughed loudly as he struggled to gain control. "Too late! You've already started pissing! You can't stop now!"

His erection was obviously the only thing keeping him from losing all control, yet she could still feel bursts of piss spurting into her. She had already won, and his glare told her he knew it too.

"Iruma wants to celebrate her first victory? Fine!" She moaned obscenely as a long, hard jet of piss rushed into her pussy, the pee leaking out around Kokichi's hard cock and wetting the mattress under her. Thank god she'd thought ahead and put plastic on her mattress! "Does Iruma like having me piss in her? That's what cheaters deserve!"

"Like you always playing with my clit to make me cum first? Or squeezing my tits to make me moan first? Yeah, no sympathy, shortie." She used her legs to force his hips to go faster, knowing she wasn't going to be able to hold back a flood for much longer either. "Don't act like you don't like using my hot pussy as a toilet. You're hard as fuck! You should see *your* lewd face!"

He looked as if he wanted to deny it, but all he could seem to do was keep thrusting until she could feel no more piss escaping his cock. She'd really done it! She'd won! The penalty game was hers to choose! Maybe she'd make him eat her out and she'd piss all over his face and—

She didn't even notice that she'd started peeing until she heard him groan. She glanced down—licking her lips as she saw his cock slide in and out of her—and sure enough, she was leaking right onto his dick. Seeing as it didn't matter anymore, she didn't hold back, allowing her piss to spray all over him as he fucked her. His hips were rocking against her body faster, and she knew what that meant—he was going to cum soon. She didn't want his cock out of her, but seeing as they weren't using a condom and she wasn't stupid enough to want to get pregnant with Kokichi's brat, she supposed they had no choice.

They would have really cute, smart kids, she thought idly.

"Pull out before you cum in me, asshole!" She tried to sound intimidating, but it came out sounding more like a half-hearted whine that she didn't really mean in the slightest. Still, he apparently agreed with her, because he pulled out and rutted his erection against her clit instead. They were both so wet, and having an empty bladder was such a relief! She shivered with pleasure as her orgasm hit, not caring in the slightest when he came moments later, his cum landing in her well-trimmed pubic hair. She was pretty used to it, at this point. Didn't mean she couldn't give him shit for it though. "Nice going, you dumbass. You know that's a bitch to clean!"

He rolled his eyes as he removed his weight off her, scooting down the mattress until he found a dry spot to sit on. He reached down and swiped his cum off her with two fingers, shoving them into her mouth afterward. She'd been expecting it, and rather than be surprised as she had the first dozen times, she sucked his fingers clean, running her tongue teasingly over his flesh. He wasn't quite able to hide all his interest, but he did a damn good job.

"...And what penalty does Iruma want?"

She hated that she'd spent so many nights finger-fucking herself to the fantasy that she didn't even need to think about it.

And when he didn't object to eating her out while she pissed on his face, well, she considered that

the biggest victory of all.

Chapter End Notes

Shuuichi is definitely next, because I already have it finished, lol.

Shuuichi Saihara - Hiding an Accident

Chapter Summary

Kokichi is acting a little oddly, and Shuuichi doesn't need to be a detective to see that.

(HAPPY BIRTHDAY KOKICHI! What kinda of Ouma pissfic writer would I be if I didn't update on his birthday? So in honor of that, have one of the tamest chapters I've done. The prompt was: Kokichi having a genuine accident and trying to hide it from Shuuichi.)

There was something very odd going on, and Shuuichi didn't need to be a detective to see that. Kokichi was hard to understand at the best of times, though they had been getting closer as of late, slowly letting each other in, both sides trying their best to understand the other. Shuuichi had sworn to understand Kokichi, to not disregard him and his lies, and in return, Kokichi was attempting not to hide things from him.

Attempting being the keyword, as he was very obviously hiding something right now.

"Ouma, are you alright?" It was obvious he wasn't, but Kokichi was being oddly silent as they explored a wrecked wing in their little prison. They'd been spending a lot more time together lately, and it just didn't seem right that Kokichi was being so *quiet*. "If you aren't feeling well, we can go—"

"I'm fine!" He absolutely wasn't. Other than his odd silence, he was taking very small, deliberate steps. He was very subtly shaking, and his smile was ridiculously strained. "I just... I just need to look over here. Stay there!"

Kokichi's tone was even more concerning than his silence had been. His voice shook, and he was almost desperate to make sure Shuuichi listened to him. So much so that Shuuichi really didn't dare *not* obey. He let Kokichi do whatever it was he felt he needed to do, sticking on the other side of the large room and facing the wall.

It had occurred to him that maybe Kokichi needed a toilet, and his deduction was almost certainly right now that Kokichi demanded privacy. He wasn't really sure why Kokichi was so shy all of a sudden; Shuuichi would have thought he'd be more apt to whip out his dick and piss on the floor without a care as to who watched. Maybe there was more to this mystery after all?

Shuuichi waited to hear the telltale sound of urination, but nothing hit his ears. He had to use all of his willpower not to turn back and look at Kokichi, to see a glimpse of whatever he was doing. But Kokichi had asked for privacy, and Shuuichi would give it; Kokichi being comfortable around him was far more important than his own curiosity.

But when several minutes passed and there was absolutely nothing, he couldn't help but grow concerned. "Ouma? Are you sure you're alright? Do you need help with anything?"

"I'm fine!" The response was immediate; and Kokichi's tone was uncharacteristically panicked. It put Shuuichi on high-alert, his mind racing to justify why he shouldn't turn around and just make sure Kokichi wasn't bleeding out or something equally terrible. "Just... Stay there, Saihara! Or I'll

have to kill you!"

Shuuichi rolled his eyes at the childish threat. Kokichi had made it quite clear he was very much against murder, and getting closer to him showed that any of his little threats of violence were completely unfounded. Kokichi had been willing to *cut off his own finger* to get Shuuichi to understand him; there was no way he could ever possibly mean that.

"...What are you so embarrassed about? If something happened, I won't laugh at you." He knew they still had a long way to go before they would truly understand each other, but he hoped Kokichi knew him better than that. "I just want to help you. You don't need to hide anything from me, Ouma. I promise I won't think any less of you."

Maybe it was a big promise, but Shuuichi was confident in his words. Kokichi couldn't have possibly done anything *that* bad just standing in a room with him. Why, the worst he could do was...

Shuuichi didn't like how flushed his face got as he considered the possibility. No, that was not something he wanted to see! Surely not!

"Who said anything about me being embarrassed? Don't think you can just make things up about me because you're a detective!" As if the tone of his voice didn't betray that he was definitely embarrassed about *something*. "If Saihara is going to be so cruel, maybe he should just leave me alone!"

The bait was obvious. Too obvious. Kokichi must have been desperate to get rid of him if he was being so transparent about it.

"Do you really want me to go, or do you just not want me to see whatever you've done?" Kokichi's annoyed sigh said it all. "Ouma, forgive me for being blunt, but... Did you wet yourself?"

There was more silence, and just as Shuuichi was about to apologize, quick footsteps ran past him and out the door. Shuuichi was too shocked to follow at first, only able to crane his head to where Kokichi had just been. He swallowed thickly as he saw the telltale puddle on the floor. Kokichi had really... But why...?

He rushed after Kokichi, hoping he hadn't gone *too* far. Something didn't add up, and he was going to get to the bottom of it. Luckily for him, Kokichi left wet footprints as he ran, leading down the hall and stopping in front of another unused room. Shuuichi expected the door to be locked, or maybe something heavy pushed against it to keep him out, but when he turned the handle it opened up without a fuss.

And it didn't take long at all to see Kokichi curled up in the corner, his knees to his chest and his head down. Shuuichi shut the door and slowly walked closer, frowning as he saw Kokichi's face was flushed very darkly. Much too darkly just because his pants were obviously soaked.

"Ouma... Why didn't you tell me you were ill?" He hunched down and reached out towards Kokichi's face. When Kokichi just stared rather than tell him to stop, he gently touched his forehead. It was *far* too warm. "Ouma, you have a fever!"

"I said I'm fine," he muttered, no longer able to keep the exhaustion out of his voice. "You don't have to worry because I'm an idiot and wanted to spend time with you instead of stay in bed... Or because I didn't even realize how bad I had to pee before it was too late... Or because even then, I couldn't get my fingers to work right and get my belt off, so I wet my pants like a *baby*."

Shuuichi wasn't sure he'd ever heard Kokichi sound so genuinely upset. He blamed the fever; he was a little ashamed, however, to think that he liked seeing Kokichi unable to hide how he truly felt. It was nice to see him so vulnerable for once. Why, he bet if he really wanted to, he could get all kinds of honest answers out of him like this...

"Ouma, please let me help you to your room. You need rest." But he cared about Kokichi, and he wouldn't take advantage of him like that. Kokichi would tell him what was so obvious when he was ready. Shuuichi could be patient until that time came. "I'll stay and make sure you're alright, if you'll let me. If not, I'll still check up on you. You shouldn't be alone with a fever."

"...I'm gross."

"You *aren't*. You're ill. I'm not blaming you or judging you. I just want to make sure you get better."

Kokichi's eyes were hazy, blinking heavily up at him. He always looked a little sleep-deprived, so Shuuichi hadn't even thought anything of it. But it was so *obvious* now! How did he miss it? What kind of detective was he, missing the glaring clues that the person he cared about the most was sick?

"...Saihara really wants to help me?"

"I do," he promised, not an ounce of him lying. "I'll do anything I can to help you get better. Please don't worry, Ouma. I'll be here for you however I can."

He stood up and stretched out his hand, holding his breath as he waited to see how Kokichi would react...

When Kokichi reached out for him, a relieved sense of joy washed over him.

"...I guess I can trust my beloved Saihara. Just this once."

Shuuichi's smile was sincere as he helped Kokichi to his feet. He was pretty sure that Kokichi's was too.

Tenko - Handcuffed Together

Chapter Summary

The last thing Tenko wanted was to end up handcuffed to Kokichi for a few hours. Especially when she has to go...

(I got a request, way back when I posted the first chapter with Miu, for Tenko. I turned it down then because I wasn't into Tenkouma, but times change and here we are. If Tenko having even the slightest interest in guys upsets you, you really should skip this chapter, because you won't like it.)

Tenko didn't like boys and she *definitely* didn't like Kokichi, and she would suplex anyone who insinuated otherwise. Really! She didn't!

Thus her annoyance when she found herself stuck with Kokichi for the day, pretending like she didn't want to throttle him the entire time. But Angie had insisted her god said the student council needed to show the way to the non-believers, and Himiko had agreed, even when it turned out Tenko was assigned to Kokichi... She didn't believe in Angie's god for even a moment, but how could she possibly say no to *Himiko*?

"Chabashira, you're being *boring*! Where's my prize for putting up with this?"

She'd suggested going to the store, which seemed like a neutral enough place to go that could interest them both. But Kokichi was being *particularly* obnoxious that day, and *everything* seemed boring to him. With a sigh, she pulled out a Monocoin and held it out for him.

"Will you shut up if Tenko gives you this?" He giggled and snatched it out of her hand, bounding over to the Monomono Machine, prattling something about a key and wanting to bring his "beloved" somewhere, and she didn't really pay attention. This wasn't worth it, not even for Himiko. "Please let today just *end*..."

Kokichi put the coin in the slot, and Tenko hoped that he got something he liked, if only to stop his whining. He turned the dial...

And out popped a shiny pair of silver handcuffs.

"Cool! Chabashira, look! Your coin got something good! Not the hotel key, but it'll do!" He hurried back over to her, and before she could say a word, he locked her wrist with one side, putting the other around his own. She stared at him as if he were the biggest idiot she'd ever seen. "Oh, come on, they're just trick handcuffs! Look, I'll..."

He hit the tiny latch, but nothing happened.

"Ouma..."

"Just give me a second!"

He hit it again, but nothing. And then he tried slipping his wrist out, but it was too tight. Then he fished a bobby pin out of his pocket and tried picking it, but it was no use.

"Ouma! What did you *think* was going to happen? Just get the key!"

"There *is* no key! That's why I thought they were trick ones!"

They glared at each other, and Tenko decided that Himiko could have sworn to marry her for putting up with Kokichi and it *still* wouldn't have been worth it.

"Fine, then let's go find Yumeno. Her magic can help!"

"And when that useless witch can't do anything, we can go to Iruma, who *can*."

Tenko couldn't really argue that Miu probably was the better bet, but hearing him insult Himiko so blatantly just made her even angrier than she'd already been. How dare he! Just because Himiko never did anything more than parlor tricks didn't mean she wasn't the best magician around! She was just too tired to waste her energy on stupid things! But surely she could help them!

"Ouma, just stop talking before Tenko breaks your wrist and saves us all the hassle."

It was an empty threat and he likely knew it, but he shut up all the same. Small miracles, she thought.

"No."

Tenko laughed nervously, shaking her handcuffed arm for emphasis. Kokichi's entire arm went with her.

"But Yumeno, can't you try—"

"No. I don't have the MP." Himiko's task had been to "convert" Kirumi, and she was apparently doing that by having tea and cookies served to her. Tenko felt something very new—annoyance with Himiko. She'd at least *tried* to make Kokichi happy, even though she thought Angie's god was the stupidest thing she'd ever heard of in her entire life. And now Himiko wouldn't even *try* to help? "Someone *else* will have to help *him*."

Tenko did not like Kokichi. And she understood that Kokichi and Himiko did not like each other. But to think Himiko would snub her just because Kokichi was involved...!

"...Tenko sees. Then we'll go find someone less *selfish* to help."

She turned on her heel and stalked off, and when Kokichi yelled over his shoulder that "*Yumeno is the most useless witch ever!*" she didn't say a word. Nor did Himiko respond to either of them.

She blinked away her tears before Kokichi could notice them.

"Yeah, of course a beautiful genius like me can do it! What kinda morons are you?" At the combined glares she got, Miu cowered back immediately. "H-hey, stop it! I can do it, okay? Free of charge! Just let me look at it..."

They let Miu inspect the handcuffs, and she muttered to herself as she poked and prodded. After a short while, she stood up and nodded.

"Yeah, this'll be easy. Come back in two hours and I'll have my latest, most ingenious invention

finished!"

"*Two hours?*" She had to be stuck with him for that long? "Can't you—"

"Clean out your ears, Miss Andry, *two hours*. Even Cuckichi knows my genius can't be rushed! Now get outta here or it'll be even longer!"

As much as she wanted to protest, she didn't want to be stuck with Kokichi any longer than necessary, so she hurried out of Miu lab, dragging Kokichi with her. *Two hours*. She was going to go crazy! She was...

She almost stopped in her tracks as the anger that had been fueling her finally calmed, and she felt a little twinge in her bladder. Fear coursed through her as she realized that there was *no way* she would be able to wait two hours before peeing. She hadn't gone all day since before she'd even met with Angie's little cult following, and it was catching up with her fast. But she couldn't go with a boy attached to her...!

"Hey, Chabashira, are you okay?" She glanced down at him, and oddly enough, he seemed sincere in his concern, which meant she must not have looked well at all. "Is being with me for two hours *that* sickening?"

He giggled and flashed her smile, but this... This was fake. Was he actually *upset* by that? Why did he care what she thought of him?

"...There are worse ways Tenko could spend two hours." Better ways too, but that seemed to perk him up a bit. "Let's just find something to do to pass the time until Iruma is done."

He nodded and let her lead the way. She decided to go to her favorite spot outside to practice her Neo-Aikido. Not that she could do anything with Kokichi attached to her and needing to pee so badly, but at least the spot was calming. She sat down in the grass, Kokichi sitting down next to her. She was surprised that he was being so quiet, rather than obnoxiously complaining about his clothes getting dirty or something.

"...Chabashira?"

"Yes?"

"I need to piss."

Tenko almost choked on her own spit.

"E-excuse me? Why are you telling *Tenko* that? Tenko doesn't need to know about such disgusting things!"

"Because I *really* need to go, and I don't want you starting the murder game because I have to pee!" She supposed that was why he'd gotten so quiet. Still, she didn't know what to say. They both needed to pee, but there was no way she was peeing in front of him or letting him pee in front of her! But she didn't want to have an accident or be responsible for his either... "Chabashira, don't you have to go too? You keep squeezing your thighs together..."

She flushed hotly as her secret was exposed. Was it just her, or did him knowing make her have to pee even more?

"S-so what? It doesn't matter. We'll just have to hold it!"

"Chabashira, I've had to go since you dragged me out of breakfast." His voice sounded as tense as she felt. "I *can't* hold it much longer."

"Why didn't you say anything *then*?"

"Because you *never* want to be anywhere near me! How could I pass up something so *interesting*?" He grinned up at her, and somehow, her face blushed even redder than before. "Chabashira isn't boring after all! She was so cool telling off Yumeno like that!"

She couldn't even find it in herself to be mad at that. Himiko had been selfish, and she was a little sick of giving everything to please her and getting nothing in return. If Himiko didn't want to be her friend, well, maybe they weren't meant to be friends. Friendship *did* take two, after all. And if they couldn't even be friends, well, there was no hope of being girlfriends, was there?

Well, she could find a different girlfriend, couldn't she? Of course she could! Maybe. Possibly. If she was lucky.

"Well, Yumeno was being mean, so... It doesn't matter. We'll wait for Iruma to help us." She glanced at his smiling face again and swallowed nervously. Had Kokichi always been so... No, no that was ridiculous. He was a nasty boy, and that was that. *Really*. "...Are you sure you can't hold it?"

"Can *you*?"

She hated that her bursting bladder already knew the answer to that without her needing to think.

"No, Tenko really can't. But we're stuck! What are we supposed to do?"

"Water the grass?" She glared at him, but he didn't laugh. "I'm serious! We need to go and you don't want me going into a girl's bathroom and you won't go into a boy's, so we either wet ourselves or we piss out here. If you're *that* concerned that I'll peek, I'll tie my scarf around my eyes or something. But I'd really rather not go back to Iruma with wet pants!"

He was very serious about not wanting to wet himself, and Tenko hardly needed to question that. She didn't want to either, of course! But the thought of a nasty boy peeing so close to her...!

Her face heated up despite herself. She knew there was no hiding it, but she hoped he didn't misunderstand. It was embarrassing, that was all. To pee, he'd have to take out his...

Is it small, like the rest of him? Or is he hiding something? Or...

She let out a strangled noise, banishing those thoughts from her head. She didn't care what his penis looked like, she *didn't*! *Really*!

"...Fine. We'll have to go out here. But if Tenko catches you peeking, she'll punish you!" She didn't say what that would consist of; she didn't need to. "Tenko will go first, then you can. Alright?"

"Alright, alright! But Chabashira better hurry up! I have to go too!" He closed his eyes and turned his head off to the side, and Tenko was satisfied that there was no way he could look at her. Still, as she pulled her panties aside, she kept her eyes trained on him, not trusting him not to peek when she wasn't paying attention. "Okay, I'm not looking, so go already!"

She ignored his impatience, making sure her skirt was out of the way. Once she was satisfied with her positioning, it was just in time—her pee didn't even start as a trickle, but rather gushed out of

her the moment she stopped trying to hold it back. She moaned in relief without even thinking, but it felt so good that she didn't care much even when she remembered that Kokichi was right there. In fact, maybe letting him know just how nice getting relief felt would be a good punishment for handcuffing them together in the first place! She continued making relieved little noises as she peed, her bladder happy she hadn't tried to last another two hours. She knew now that it would have been impossible—the pee just kept coming!

When she finally finished, it occurred to her that she had nothing to wipe with, but getting her panties a little wet was no big deal in comparison to fully wetting herself, so she pulled them back in place without another thought. All that time, Kokichi hadn't looked her way, nor had he made a peep. She felt a little bad about trying to torment him now... But only a little. He was still the annoying, lying, headache-inducing brat he'd always been.

"Tenko is done. You can go now." He didn't say anything, nor did he turn her way. With a frown, she spoke a little louder. "Ouma, you better not have fallen asleep! It's your turn!"

He finally turned his head back, and much to her surprise, a light flush coated his cheeks. On someone as pale as him—and who also lacked shame—it stood out. It didn't take her very long to find out *why* though, because it was quite evident the moment her eyes caught sight of his lap. He took one look at her face and sighed.

"I don't know what Chabashira expected, moaning like that!" Honestly, she'd always kind of figured he had no interest in girls, but she supposed that's what she got for making assumptions. "...Look, it will go away in a little while. I won't jerk it in front of you or anything, so don't break my neck, okay?"

Tenko didn't know a lot about penises, but she *did* know they could grow erect with little provocation. She also knew it was hard to pee with an erection. Or, well, so she'd heard.

Ouma really needs to pee, a traitorous little voice in her head whispered. *And it's Tenko's fault he's like that... She should take responsibility.*

Tenko, despite popular belief and even despite what she often thought when she was annoyed with boys, was not one-hundred percent against ever being with a male. She definitely preferred women, and she disliked so many guys that it was a simple mistake to make. She didn't correct people who made assumptions about her sexual orientation, because honestly, she wished it was true. Boys were so *terrible*...

And yet, here she was, terribly curious about Kokichi's dick.

Of all the boys, she thought sulkily, it had to be *him*, didn't it?

"...Ouma, if Tenko is at fault, she can't be mad at you. She *isn't* a terrible person, you know!" She felt her heart speed up at the size of his tented pants. God, he certainly couldn't be *tiny*, could he? "If you can't wait, you can... touch it..."

She was hit by the overwhelming urge to stroke his bulge herself. To take it out and pump it until he was a shivering mass under her touch. Tenko liked girls who were small and cute, and loathe as she was to admit it, that extended to boys too. As much as Kokichi bothered her, he *was* small and he *was* cute. And he was hard because of *her*...

"Chabashira, you're drooling." The teasing tone made her frown, but she wiped the drool from the corners of her mouth all the same. He didn't have to sound so *smug* about it! "How cruel—you threaten me if I peek, but you're gawking at my dick!"

"It's still in your pants," she argued, knowing it was weak at best. Still, she supposed he was right. "Tenko apologizes. She won't look, so you can do whatever you need to do."

"...Does Chabashira *want* to see it?"

God, *did she*.

"Tenko supposes it wouldn't be the *worst* thing she'd ever seen."

"That's not what I asked!"

He was grinning at her, and part of her wanted to push his face in the dirt. The other half wanted to push his face in her pussy and make him put his big mouth to good use.

"...Tenko wants to see your penis."

With a giggle, Kokichi's hands were at his belt in an instant, the handcuffs making it so Tenko's hand got dangerously close to his crotch. She watched as he got his pants down enough to slip his cock out of his boxers, his erection standing proud. It seemed a little bigger than what would be proportionate to his body, and though it wasn't huge, it looked like it could satisfy his partner with little problem. It was also kind of cute, if she were honest.

"Does Chabashira want to touch it? Or watch *me* touch it?" He punctuated his question by rubbing the head of his cock, a smirk on his face. "Either is fine with me, but you need to decide. I need to piss *so* badly! I'm going to start leaking before I cum!"

Tenko considered the question, licking her lips as she watched his thumb play with his slit. She'd never touched a penis before, and she didn't know when the opportunity would arise again...

"Tenko wants to touch it."

He giggled again, removing his hand and allowing her to reach over with her free hand and run her fingers tentatively over it. It was hard and heated and felt odd under her touch. But he let out such a cute, pleased little noise that her hand didn't stay hesitant for long. She wrapped her long fingers around his length and pumped it, smiling as he shivered. He really looked cute like that—his face flushing, unable to fully hide his pleasure as she slowly jerked him off. He might not be honest all the time, but it seemed that his body was.

"Ouma, is Tenko making you feel good?"

She knew the answer, even when he shrugged and, trying to sound nonchalant, said, "I guess it's nice enough! Nothing too special though!"

"Then Tenko guesses she doesn't need to finish..." She laughed when he immediately glared up at her. "Oh, was that a lie? Ouma is such a terrible boy, lying even when Tenko is taking responsibility."

"But you're still doing it."

"She is," she agreed, moving her hand a little faster, liking the cute noises he was making. "Even if you can be absolutely horrid, Tenko doesn't hate you. She doesn't mind helping you, *if* you aren't being a jerk."

"It's fine, Chabashira. I'm used to people hating me!" She frowned; that second half sounded far too sincere. But before she could question him, he moaned loudly, and a warm burst of piss

escaped his cock. She watched it arch onto the grass, and her hand sped up without her even fully realizing it. "I'm *so* close! I'm gonna cum!"

She didn't say anything more as she focused on the feel of his cock in her hand, on his lewd expression, on his adorable noises... Kokichi was surprising her that day, and in *good* ways for once. She hadn't ever really paid attention to how cute he could be because of his personality, but it was becoming obvious that he was fully capable of being pleasant if he felt like it.

"Ouma is such a filthy boy... You're going to pee any second now, aren't you? So dirty..." The thought was turning her on just as much as it was edging Kokichi closer to the brink. A tiny part of her mind wondered what would happen if she had his cute cock inside of her, so close to cumming and pissing... But no, not today. Later, perhaps. "Ouma is so *dirty*. Peeing right with Tenko's hand on his penis. How vulgar."

Her lusty tone surely gave her away, and Kokichi gasped and moaned as she pumped him faster still, leaning his small body against her. He was surely close, too close to last much longer. She really wanted to see him cum...!

"C-Chaba—" He couldn't even finish her name, a pleased groan cutting him off. "I... I'm..."

His hips snapped forward harshly, his cock twitching in her hand as his cum shot onto the grass in thick spurts. She tried her best to watch both it and his adorably lewd expression. Soon his hips stilled, and she watched with utter fascination as piss trickled out of his cock, swiftly turning into a steady stream to rival her own. How, she wondered, did someone so small have such a large bladder? His piss hissed onto the grass, and he said nothing, simply shivering subtly as two forms of relief washed over him.

Tenko was too far gone to care that she was disappointed when he was finally finished.

It was a dangerous game they played, to do all of that out in the open and not make themselves presentable immediately, but Tenko didn't put his penis back in his pants right away. She gave it a little shake to be polite, but when he made no move to help her and simply leaned heavily against her, panting softly...

She swallowed and wondered how quickly she was going to regret this question.

"Ouma?" He made a little sound to let her know he was listening. "How long does it take a boy to get hard again?"

Slowly, he turned his head up to look at her, a devious little grin on his face.

"Oh? Are you finally giving up on that useless witch? Should I be calling you my beloved Chabashira instead?" He giggled, but when she didn't get angry and yell, he quickly sobered, perhaps looking a bit uncomfortable even. "Chabashira, look, that was fun, but..."

"Tenko isn't saying anything about commitment, you idiot boy! She knows we're both interested in other people." Upset as she was with Himiko, she couldn't just lose all of her feelings just because she was mad at her and she'd had a good time with someone. And she knew that if a certain detective gave Kokichi the chance, he'd never look back. And that was fine, she thought. But that didn't mean they couldn't come to an understanding and be a little less lonely. "But if you ever wanted to just... You know... Tenko wouldn't mind."

"You want to be friends with benefits with a *filthy boy*?" Kokichi looked more at ease again, giggling as he finally lifted his hips to pull his clothes back in order. Tenko released her hold on

him, and he tucked himself back in his pants. "I wouldn't have thought either of us would say this, but... Sure. My beloved Chabashira is much more interesting than I thought!"

That was a high compliment coming from him, she thought.

"...Then what's your answer to my question?"

"Oh..." He smiled and tugged at their cuffed hands. "Probably about the time Iruma gets these off of us. If you want to do what I think you do, we could put our time to good use and find something we'll need..."

Tenko immediately got to her feet, Kokichi stumbling behind her as they began their great hunt for condoms. And an hour later, when they entered Miu's lab to get released...

"There! My genius saved you idiots again— H-hey, wait a fucking second. The hell you got in your pocket, shrimp dick?"

Kokichi rubbed at his wrist and shot Miu a devious grin. She knew *exactly* what they were, and her heavily flushed face said it all.

"Chabashira could tell you that name isn't applicable!" He giggled and grabbed Tenko's hand before she could say anything, waving to Miu. The poor girl looked as if she might pass out. "Don't get jealous, you dumb slut! My beloved Chabashira likes girls more anyway. Maybe someday we can all have lots of fun together!"

Any anger Tenko could have mustered disappeared as she imagined Kokichi and Miu—two of the most infuriating people she knew—both naked and willing, Kokichi hard and teasing and Miu dripping wet and needy...

"M-Maybe Iruma could join us right now? As payment for helping us...?"

Both of them stared at her, Miu unbelieving and Kokichi contemplative. After a moment, he shrugged and she let out a pitiful whine.

"R-Really? I can come too?" Her bluster was gone as she scurried over and took Tenko's other hand. Miu was drooling and breathing heavily, her chest heaving... Oh god, her tits were so *big*. Tenko wanted to bury her face in them. "You aren't lying?"

"Tenko doesn't lie. She isn't Ouma!" He nodded in agreement. "...Iruma should come with us, if she wants."

Tenko certainly hadn't started the day thinking she'd be leading both Kokichi and Miu to her bedroom, after jerking off Kokichi and watching him piss, but, well, she supposed surprises could be nice every once in a while.

Maybe she could get over her fruitless crush after all.

Shuuichi Saihara - Pissing in a condom

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi is impatient, but Kokichi can hold it until they're done. Right?

(The prompt for this one was Kokichi pissing in a condom while having sex with Shuuichi, set in my HPA AU. Well, I did that the best I could without giving them a medical emergency on their hands, lol.)

Chapter Notes

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

Shuuichi watched from his place among the pillows as Kokichi rolled the condom over his erection with a practiced ease, not hesitating to guide it straight to his wet opening. They only had a short while to do this, but that was fine. They knew what they were doing.

"You're sure you want me doing this?" Shuuichi nodded; he was horny as hell, and they'd had too many close calls lately to not be using protection. Testosterone would only help him so much.

"You know I need to piss, right?"

"Just don't burst the condom inside me and I'll be fine." He was joking, but Kokichi gave him an annoyed stare anyway. "Please, we don't have long before class. *Fuck me.*"

Kokichi shrugged and pressed his cock into Shuuichi's pussy, both of them moaning as they came together. Kokichi didn't start moving immediately, and despite wanting to move his hips just to get things started, Shuuichi allowed his boyfriend a moment. After all, he was the one who insisted Kokichi fuck him before he could even use the toilet. At the time, he hadn't even thought anything of it—Kokichi had pissed inside him a few times—but then Kokichi had gotten out a condom and he remembered they'd decided they needed to get better about using them...

Well, Kokichi could hold on until he was done, right?

After a few moments, Kokichi pulled out, thrusting back in with a little less force than he usually did. Shuuichi was a little concerned; just how badly did he have to pee?

"Kokichi, are you sure—?"

"I'm fine!" It was a lie; Shuuichi didn't need to be the Ultimate Detective to know *that*. "Don't give me that look! I can hold my piss!"

Shuuichi didn't argue; it was true that their "accidents" were either staged or the result of them being purposely careless because they were both degenerates who got turned on by piss. Shuuichi had *mostly* gotten over his embarrassment about it, so long as Kokichi was the only one who knew. He actually liked having Kokichi leak into him, and if it wasn't for the condom, he'd probably just tell Kokichi to let go.

The picture of Kokichi losing it and pissing in the condom was actually pretty hot, just not when it was inside his vagina. He really didn't want to explain *that* to a doctor.

Kokichi, despite his desperate state, still managed to fuck him silly, touching his clit and his chest and all the other sensitive spots that made Shuuichi moan. For Kokichi's sake, Shuuichi let him lose himself in the pleasure, wanting to cum as quickly as he could. He glanced down to watch Kokichi's cock sliding in and out of him, that very cock that was hold back a flood of piss...

"K-Kokichi, I'm really close..." Kokichi made a pleased noise, his hips getting even more unsteady as they rocked against Shuuichi. "Your cock is so good, Kokichi. I'm going to—I'm...!"

He didn't get to finish—he gasped loudly as his orgasm washed over him, the heat that had been so overbearing finally uncoiling from his groin. He squirted all over Kokichi's dick as he came, and as soon as he saw Kokichi's eyes roll back he knew his boyfriend wasn't going to last any longer. Sure enough, only a few more snaps of his hips and Kokichi let out a low groan and shot his load into the condom.

Then he pulled out so fast that it might have been comical, had Shuuichi not been so concerned.

"Kokichi, are you—?" When he noticed the condom that was still over Kokichi's cock, he understood. Among his cum was a small amount of piss. Not even enough that Shuuichi had noticed, but Kokichi had indeed leaked as they'd fucked. Now Kokichi's thighs were trembling as he tried to get off the bed and get to the toilet, but Shuuichi really didn't think he'd make it. He looked far too desperate, too close to bursting. And when he saw more piss trickle into the condom... "Kokichi, you can make condoms into water balloons. Just keep a good grip on it and piss into it. You'll feel a lot better."

And it will be hot, he thought.

"It might not hold it all..." he warned, though he looked resigned that he'd have to try.

"You know as well as I do that there's plastic over the mattress. Just let it all out, Kokichi. It's fine."

At his assurance, Kokichi nodded and tightened his grip on the condom as he let his pee empty into it. His face showed his concentration as he tried to take it slowly so it wouldn't burst all over the bed. As the condom filled with lightly colored liquid—Kokichi was certainly well hydrated, if nothing else—he slowly moved it down his dick to allow more room for the pee.

Shuuichi watched with rapt fascination as the condom swelled with piss. Kokichi finally got it down to the head of his cock and pinched the condom closed so he could slip the rest off and tie it up. It really did look like a water balloon. Kokichi then quickly hopped off the bed and ran for Shuuichi's bathroom, Shuuichi following right behind him. Kokichi gently placed the full condom in the sink and aimed his dick at the toilet, sighing in relief as the rest of the piss he'd managed to hold back was allowed to come hissing out. Shuuichi was impressed by the volume his bladder had been holding. He really *did* need to go!

"...You could have told me it was *that* urgent."

Kokichi shook his dick after his stream finished, picking the condom back up and holding it over the toilet. With a quick little pinch, he made a tiny hole that allowed him to drain it into the toilet.

"...My beloved was horny." Shuuichi gave him an unimpressed stare. "And so was I! And needing to piss makes me even hornier! I'm not blaming you. I just didn't think I was *that* close to losing it. Sorry..."

It was rare to have Kokichi offer that word so easily, and Shuuichi couldn't keep the fond smile off

his face as he stepped forward and plucked the empty condom out of Kokichi hand, tossing it away and gathering his boyfriend into his arms. They were surely going to be late to class now, but Shuuichi didn't really care. It was as if they'd get in trouble anyway. He could always just claim his tardiness was related to his talent... And it wasn't really a lie. The mystery of Kokichi Ouma was an ongoing case that Shuuichi was extremely invested in.

"There's nothing to be sorry about. I just don't want you to be uncomfortable because you're putting me over yourself."

"...You're way more important than *me*."

Shuuichi sighed and hugged Kokichi closer. No, they were definitely not getting to class on time.

"Come on, let's get dressed and go down to the cafeteria. I'm sure they still have some pancakes left." Kokichi followed him silently, but Shuuichi was relieved to see he was at least smiling a little. Shuuichi would miss class a thousand times if it meant Kokichi never lost his smile. "And if we're going to be late anyway, I think I'll drink plenty of coffee. I mean, you're correct when you say having a full bladder enhances sex..."

Kokichi's smile grew, and so did the fondness in Shuuichi's heart.

Chapter End Notes

I'm still trying to knock out some older requests, so next time will likely be Gonta!

Gonta Gokuhara - Bedwetting

Chapter Summary

Kokichi falls asleep in Gonta's arms, but he doesn't anticipate Gonta being such a heavy sleeper...

(I'd gotten a request for just more Gonta, and I'd wanted to do a chapter where Kokichi wasn't able to get out of bed because his partner was inadvertently holding him down, and well, who better for that than Gonta! I guess there's a spoilery thing in here, but this is a space mode thing where the bug incident still happens. No plot spoilers or anything!)

[also omg, as of my writing this, Let It All Out is the most kudo'd fic in the v3 tag! Thank you all so much, this makes me so happy, you don't even know!!!]

When Kokichi had fallen asleep, he'd felt oddly at peace. Not completely satisfied—he wasn't sure he was *capable* of that—but things had been... nice. After all the terrible things he'd said and done to Gonta, to have it all forgiven, to get another chance to set things right...

He didn't feel that he deserved that, but if Gonta trusted him, he supposed he could give it a shot.

Therefore, when Gonta had shyly hinted that Kokichi was small enough to fit in his bed and could stay the night, Kokichi had agreed, on the promise that all of Gonta's insects were firmly secured. Upon being promised that they were, Kokichi had agreed, and he'd fallen asleep with Gonta's strong arms holding him close.

Of course, nice as that all had been when falling asleep and actually sleeping, now that he was awake and found himself unable to move, it wasn't quite as nice.

Dammit, he thought, trying to wiggle his way out of Gonta's grasp, *I can't get out...*

It hadn't been so bad at first, and he'd been content to lay there and just focus on the feeling of being with someone who wanted to protect him rather than strangle him. But the more time passed, the more he was reminded that there was really something pressing he had to take care of.

I can hold it. I'm not a baby. Gonta will wake up soon and I can pee then. It's not a big deal.

He squeezed his thighs together, repeating those words in his head. He could hold it. He was far too old to have an accident! To wet the bed at his age would be so shameful that he couldn't even imagine it!

A wave of desperation washed over him, and he frantically wiggled his arm down to clutch himself through his boxers. He could do this! Sure, he had to practically pinch the tip of his dick at this point, but he could hold on! He wouldn't...

Frustrated little tears stung his eyes as a tiny spurt escaped him—just enough to leave a small wet patch on his boxers. It wasn't even noticeable, but it was proof that he'd hit his limit. *He couldn't wait any longer.*

Determination filled him—he wasn't going to piss the bed like a child. With his free hand, he shook Gonta, no longer able to take it. He'd tried to be nice and let him sleep, but he'd had to pee since waking up and that extra hour was just too much.

"Gonta, wake up! Let me go!" Kokichi groaned when Gonta showed no signs of waking. "Gonta, I said: wake up! This is an emergency!"

Apparently, his new boyfriend of twelve whole hours was the heaviest sleeper in the world, because he didn't so much as twitch. Was this really his fate? To wet the bed? Not even his own bed, but Gonta's? Was this his punishment for making fun of Gonta and being scared of his stupid bugs? He'd apologized for the former and was working to make things right, and he'd already had to go through the torture of being locked in a room with Gonta's bugs overnight, so wasn't that punishment enough? Why wouldn't Gonta just *wake up*?

More piss escaped his cock, and his bladder felt so weak from holding his morning piss for so long that he knew he wasn't going to last much longer. He only had one choice—he had to put all of his strength into getting free. He only had one shot too. Either he'd break free, or the excursion would prove too much and he'd lose control. It seemed like a foolish idea—him, of all people, trying to out-strength *Gonta*—but he had to try. Maybe the adrenaline from not wanting to wet the bed would help? Well, there was only one way to find out...

He let go of his dick and braced his hands against Gonta's arm. He readied himself for the count of three. One, two...

He pushed Gonta's arms with all of his strength, knowing his pride depended on this. He could do it! He could still make it out of this with his dignity intact!

...Except Gonta neither budged nor awoke, and Kokichi could feel his boxers growing wet. With a resigned, hollow giggle, he gave in and let his bladder do as it would. Warm piss gushed from his cock, quickly saturating his boxers and running down his thighs to the sheets below. It would inevitably soak into the mattress and then he was going to need to have a very embarrassing conversation with Kirumi. It sucked and he hated it, but part of him still thought that maybe this was the kind of humiliation he deserved. Much closer to what he deserved than Gonta forgiving him at least.

After pissing for longer than he could ever remember, Kokichi bladder finally finished voiding itself onto the bed, leaving him still trapped in Gonta's embrace, yet now also in a puddle of his own piss. It was gross and humiliating and he hated it and he hated *himself* and--

"O-Ouma?" And *of course* Gonta finally woke up the moment he started crying. "Ouma, what's wrong? Gonta didn't hurt you, did he?"

Kokichi hated that his real tears didn't have the off switch his fake ones did, so he plastered on the biggest, fakest smile he could and chirped, "Well, Gonta wouldn't wake up and I couldn't get up, so I guess the only thing hurt is your bed! Maybe I need to get an air horn so you won't trap me!"

He tried not to sound bitter, knowing it wasn't Gonta's fault, and it was *Gonta's* bed that was dirty now, and maybe if he'd been a little stronger, this wouldn't have happened. No, he wasn't mad at Gonta, but *himself*? Well, what else was new?

That didn't stop the guilt from filling him when Gonta sat up and surveyed the bed, looking as if he might start crying too. He certainly looked distressed.

"Ouma! Gonta is *so* sorry! He didn't mean to pin you down! You aren't injured are you?"

Just my pride, he thought sullenly.

"Nope, you'll have to try harder than that to kill me!" Gonta only looked further horrified at the joke. "Calm down, it's just a joke! I'm not hurt! I just..." *Pissed your bed like a baby*. "...couldn't get to the toilet. You're freakishly strong you know!"

He knew that was the wrong thing to say even as the words spilled from his mouth. Insulting others to save the last shreds of his own self-worth was another bad habit right along with the compulsive lying, and he was honestly trying to temper both. He just wasn't having the best of luck with it. But he wasn't upset with Gonta, and he'd told himself he would fix his mistakes, and he sure as hell wasn't doing a good job so far, was he?

"Gonta is—"

"*You* shouldn't be sorry! I'm the one who pissed the bed like a dumb kid!" His wet boxers and the puddle he sat in only served to fuel his anger at himself. "I should have been able to hold it until you woke up. It's not your fault you're a deep sleeper..."

He'd love to be able to sleep himself. He thought maybe if he wasn't so sleep-deprived all the time, maybe his mood would improve. Maybe he could be closer to acting the way he always pretended. Sleeping with Gonta had honestly helped, and if it continued, maybe he'd be well rested for once. But if he was going to get into situations like this one, he wasn't sure he could bring himself to do it...

"Gonta should have told you that he doesn't wake up easily. And that you can make him wake up by pinching his nose! Gonta will wake up every time if you do that!" Admittedly, that would have been nice to know, but he still couldn't be upset with Gonta. Not when he looked so apologetic. "Ouma tried his best, and Gonta truly is sorry! He swore after locking you in with his insect friends, he'd never hurt you again..."

Kokichi thought back to how scared he'd been that night, insects everywhere. He could still hear everyone laughing as he'd *screamed*. God, that night had been the worst. He was lucky he hadn't pissed himself back then. Why did he have to go and fall for an Entomologist?

"...I lied to you. I deserved to be punished."

"No! Ouma doesn't deserve punishment, not at all!" Gonta's passionate words were accompanied by him pulling Kokichi against his chest, paying no mind to his wet boxers as he held him closely. "Gonta had no idea you were so scared; he thought you were being mean again. He did something terrible to you, and that time it was even on purpose. Gonta wants to be a gentleman; he wants to protect you! And he just keeps hurting you..."

Kokichi let out a shuddering breath and wrapped his arms around Gonta. His hands were nowhere near close to touching, and he was reminded that Gonta could do him serious harm if he wanted to. And god knew Kokichi had done enough to deserve it. To hear him so genuinely sorry for the incident with his insects...

"...Thank you."

"There's no need to thank Gonta! His insect friends are very important to him, but Ouma is more important!" If Gonta noticed the silent tears that dripped down Kokichi's cheeks and fell onto Gonta's chest, he didn't mention them. "Ouma... Gonta will try very hard to keep you happy. He wants your smiles to be real..."

Kokichi didn't say anything as Gonta leaned down to press a kiss to the top of his head and he hugged Gonta a little tighter, but truth be told, the tiny smile that formed on his face was completely genuine. Maybe they'd both made some bad decisions, but that didn't mean they couldn't move forward from them. Maybe Kokichi could even feel a little better about himself with Gonta at his side.

...Though he *really* wasn't looking forward to telling Kirumi about what happened that morning.

Makoto Narumi - Desperately Peeing in a Bucket

Chapter Summary

Kokichi has his eyes on the Ultimate Sergeant, and he's determined not to mess this up. So, of course, the bathroom is out of order...

[I'm celebrating having over 800 kudos for my 80k of Ouma pissfic with my one and only crossover ship for him. I'm sorry if having a non-DR character brought in isn't your thing, but I really love them both and I think they'd be really good together! This is likely be the only time I'll do it, unless people like it and want me to continue. Anyway, Makoto Narumi is from Seraph of the End and he's wonderful and I love him and hell I've already written a pissfic for him too, so please enjoy.

Here's a link in case you wanna see what he looks like or read a little about him first or whatever: http://owarinoseraph.wikia.com/wiki/Makoto_Narumi

And thank you to everyone who's gotten this fic where it is! I love you all! I'd have never written so much piss if it weren't for all your support!]

Kokichi Ouma, Ultimate Supreme Leader of Hope's Peak Academy's 79th class, was no stranger to getting crushes. Boys, girls, it didn't matter to him. If someone was interesting, they were fair game, though being pretty to look at certainly didn't hurt. He supposed that was a big part of the reason he often found himself staring at one of the third-year students—how utterly interesting Kokichi found the older boy to be! A talent such as Ultimate Sergeant, yet he was a loyal friend and loud and passionate and more than a little naive... Not to mention he was tall and toned, with long auburn hair and matching eyes, with that little beauty mark...

Kokichi wanted to know Makoto Narumi more than just from afar, and he was pretty used to getting what he wanted.

"Narumi!" Makoto turned towards him with a curious expression on his pretty face, his four friends also looking at Kokichi. He paid them no mind; he was only interested in one of their little self-made squad. "I want to talk with you!"

He rather expected that someone in class 77 wouldn't know who he was, so he was quite relieved when Makoto looked him over and became serious. "Kokichi Ouma, class 79, Ultimate Supreme Leader, right?" Kokichi nodded, a pleased little grin on his face. They were both in their school uniforms, so if he could recognize him still, that must mean *something*, right? "...Look, I don't know what you want with me, but I'm not interested in working with you. Your organization isn't even military based."

A little pang hit Kokichi—both frustration and disappointment. Yet, he still found himself intrigued. Even his own classmates didn't know much about DICE, so how did *Makoto*? He didn't seem to be lying either. This was certainly worth investigating.

"Who said anything about *that*? I don't need a sword or shield." Though he wouldn't say no to one, certainly. Physical fighting definitely wasn't his forte. "I just want to talk to you."

He certainly wouldn't mind having Makoto join DICE. He'd seen Makoto swing his trident around—not that he was spying or anything!—and he always ended up hot and bothered by the exquisitely elegant sight. Makoto was strong and fast and flexible...

He had to stop himself from thinking any more on *that*. He needed to focus, not get aroused.

"...Okay, fine. I'll talk to you once classes are out. Meet me outside at the fountain, okay?"

"That's fine! I won't keep my beloved Narumi waiting!"

He didn't miss the flush that came to Makoto's face at his words, though he turned on his heel and ran off before he could get any answer. He kept his grin plastered on his face, though inside his heart beat wildly in his chest. Trying to flirt with cute people was always so hard, but he was confident enough in his acting abilities to know he got the job done. It wasn't as if he wasn't always hiding how he truly felt anyway; he certainly had plenty of practice.

The rest of the day seemed to drag, and that was always the worst. When he got bored, he tended to get in trouble for pulling pranks. Today, however, he was on his best behavior, knowing he couldn't stand Makoto up after finally getting the courage to talk to him. Makoto would never give him, a mere first-year, another chance if he did that. So he had to deal with the aching boredom as the teacher droned on and not bother anyone. He kept himself occupied as best he could, doodling and drinking from his water bottle, then chugging the whole thing so he could play with the bottle. It helped, if nothing else.

Finally, class ended, and he was immediately out of his seat and rushing outside before the teacher could even say goodbye. He was small enough that it was easy to maneuvered his way around the crowd, and he was outside by the large fountain before he knew it. He stood, bouncing on his toes, as he waited impatiently for Makoto to arrive. The sound of the fountain's gushing water filled his ears, and after a moment, he stilled, a thought entering his mind.

He hadn't gone to the bathroom since that morning, and he'd just drank all that extra water... He thought about running to a bathroom, but the moment the thought entered his mind, a familiar group came into view. Well, he thought, it was fine. He could hold it. Makoto said something to his friends and they continued on towards the dorms, but Makoto stopped before him, an easy smile on his face.

"Hey," he greeted, giving Kokichi a little wave. "So what's this all about, anyway? I'm not sure what you could want with me if this isn't about our talents."

Kokichi always thought things out, accounting for different outcomes that could change his course of action, and he was good at thinking on the fly too. But as Makoto smiled down at him, Kokichi's mind seemed to go blank. Every line he'd rehearsed completely left his memory, every spot he was supposed to say something cool or witty completely gone. He hated that he felt his cheeks flush as he stared up at Makoto silently, stupidly not knowing what to say.

"...Wait, don't tell me Rika was right?" Makoto's face burned red as he turned his gaze off to the side, his flustered appearance making Kokichi's own embarrassment flair. "...I've never gotten a love confession before..."

Kokichi had a hard time believing that, but at the same time, that really hadn't been his intention. Later, maybe, after he'd gotten into Makoto's good graces, but not immediately. And yet, he couldn't seem to make himself refute it. Makoto coughed and turned back to him, waiting for him to say *something*. Kokichi's first instinct was to say it was all a lie and run away to never return. But Makoto was too interesting, too attractive, to do that. He wanted to know Makoto, to have

Makoto *want* to join DICE...

An Ultimate Supreme Leader and Sergeant were a really good combination, weren't they? Even if Makoto joined the military, they could be an asset to each other. And as he took in Makoto's beautiful face and pretty eyes and long, slender neck that he just sort of wanted to *lick*...

"...Narumi should consider himself lucky that someone as great as me is willing to let him date me! People would literally kill for the privilege, you know!"

He internally winced the moment the words spilled from his mouth. God, why was he always like that when he got nervous? Now Makoto was going to be pissed off at him and never talk to him again...!

"You're awfully full of yourself, aren't you?" Makoto peered down curiously at him, a little frown on his face. "...Would people really try to kill me if I accepted your feelings?"

"Nope, that's a lie!" Makoto's frown deepened. God, he was batting a thousand, wasn't he? "But Narumi *is* the only one I've asked, so who knows! Maybe I have secret admirers out there who would be really jealous!"

He didn't. He wouldn't fool himself into thinking otherwise.

"...Yeah, I guess." Makoto stared at him, a searching look in his eyes. Kokichi kept his mouth shut, knowing he wasn't helping himself while he was so flustered. And his bladder getting heavier wasn't helping either. He had to use all of his willpower not to fidget. "Look... How about we just hang out today? I mean, you're cute, but I barely know you. Maybe I can give you an answer then."

"...Okay!" It was honestly more than Kokichi had been expecting. Especially to be called *cute*. He was far more used to people commenting on how skinny he was, or how sleep-deprived he always looked. Not actually thinking he was attractive in any manner. But Kokichi got the feeling that Makoto was far too honest to lie about that. Or much of anything. Painfully honest people who were easily tricked didn't usually interest him, but Makoto was also so observant and researched others and had a talent that required so much discipline and leadership and responsibility that he couldn't help but want to know more. "So what does Narumi want to do?"

He hoped it was someplace with a bathroom.

"There's a cafe just off campus. We could go there." Kokichi immediately knew which one he meant—Misa, one of his loyal members of DICE, worked there as a waitress. It was a popular spot for dates, and Kokichi *loved* sweets... "I'll buy us tea."

"...Okay."

Makoto smiled warmly and Kokichi was pretty sure he'd never been so enamored in his entire life.

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Makoto pulled open the cafe door and allowed Kokichi to enter. He looked around and saw that it wasn't too busy, but sure enough, everyone there seemed to be a couple on a date. He and Makoto weren't really on a *date*, but it was kind of close, right? And if he didn't screw it up, maybe Makoto would want to go out on a *real* date...

"...A hundred thousand members? Really?" Makoto looked skeptical. "I hadn't heard anything about *that* many..."

"Yep, all over the world!" There were nine others and they were all in Japan, but he was branching out. He'd get to a hundred thousand one day. "DICE reaches every corner of the world!"

"Hmm..."

Makoto peered down at him, nodding after a bit. Kokichi giggled and was about to declare it a lie and see how fun Makoto's reaction was when a familiar face popped into view.

"Welcome! I'm Misa and I'll be your waitress today!" Misa didn't outwardly react to see him, and her smile was very bright—a little too much so for seeing two strangers. But perhaps her boss and a guy her boss might have mentioned as being very *interesting* a few times after DICE meetings, when he got grilled about his life at Hope's Peak... "Please, follow me!"

Misa sat them at a little two person table and gave them the menus. Drinks and desserts stared Kokichi in the face, and his mouth watered as he caught sight of fluffy strawberry pancakes topped with mountains of whipped cream and blueberries. They looked delicious!

"We'll just have tea." Kokichi's head shot up, actively needing to keep the grin on his face to not show his disappointment. He really wanted those pancakes, but what could he really say? Makoto agreed to pay for tea, and it wasn't like Kokichi really had the money to spend. He needed to save everything he had to expand DICE's reach. "Black for me."

"I'll take peppermint!" he chirped, knowing Misa would have already known that, but not about to out a member of his family to someone he didn't know if he could fully trust, even if he wanted to. Trust never came easy to him.

Misa took their orders and assured them she'd be right back, shooting Kokichi a wink as she left. He appreciated her support, even if she had the situation wrong. Once she was gone, Kokichi looked around for the restroom, knowing that he wasn't going to be able to hold it much longer. His eyes lit up as he spied it in the back of the cafe.

Only to have all his hope come crashing down as he saw the *Out of Order* sign on it.

"Ouma, are you alright?"

Kokichi giggled as he turned back to Makoto, abruptly standing up on shaky legs. His thighs pressed together tightly, and he wanted nothing more than to grab his crotch. But he wasn't a child—he could be mature about his desperation. He just needed to get some help from someone he trusted with his life. Misa could fix this...!

"I'm fine!" he lied brightly. "I just need to tell that waitress something I forgot! I'll be right back!"

He didn't wait for Makoto's reply before he headed off towards the kitchen. Misa must have seen him coming, because she stepped out with a worried expression on her face.

"Boss," she said quietly, concern evident in her tone, "what's wrong?"

"...Can you let me in the bathroom?"

Her frown made his stomach ache with anxiety. No, no, that wasn't a good expression at all!

"I'm sorry, I—"

"Misa, please!" he cut her off, keeping his voice as quiet as he could despite the urgency. The last thing he wanted was for the entire cafe to know he was about to piss his pants. "It's an

emergency!"

"I would," she assured him, looking truly apologetic and making him regret snapping. He was sure she knew it wasn't aimed at her, but that didn't take the guilt away. "I really would, but the owner has it locked and I don't have a key. You could definitely pick the lock, but people would see."

"Misa... I'm sorry I'm being like this, I just have to go so bad and I kept making stupid decisions because Narumi agreed to go on a not-date..." He usually hated any sign of pity, but Misa's kind, understanding eyes were actually comforting. "I really like him. More than I want to. I can't..."

"Oh boss... Wait! Don't worry, I have an idea! Come on!" She tugged him over to a little storage closet off to the side, opening the door for him. There wasn't much in there, but he did see a sink and cleaning supplies. And a bucket. "You can go in that, then dump it down the drain and rinse it out. No one will ever know!"

"...Thank you." He truly meant it. Everyone in DICE was like family to him. The good kind, not the kind fate had allowed to give birth to him.

"No need for thanks, boss! But you're welcome!" She turned back towards the door, but before she could slip out, she called out, "Oh, and just so you know, this room doesn't have a lock, but I'll keep guard!"

He wasn't sure how she could really do that when she still needed to work, but he figured he wouldn't be long anyway and he would trust her. He was far too desperate to worry about someone walking in now anyway; the proverbial dam would break at any moment if he didn't piss right away.

Kokichi hurriedly got his pants down, pulling his dick out of his boxers and aiming it towards the bucket. He didn't have to try hard at all to relax his bladder before pee came trickling out. It made loud little splashes against the plastic, but he didn't care if the whole cafe heard him at that point. He needed to go so badly!

Piss began to gush out faster, and he let out a moan of relief at the liberating feeling.

Just as the door opened.

"Hey, Ouma, what are you—"

Kokichi jumped as he heard Makoto's voice, but he was far too gone to stop. His face flushed hotly as Makoto hurriedly shut the door, his eyes wide as he watched Kokichi desperately piss into the bucket. His stream seemed to go on forever, and despite his audience, he couldn't help but let out a few more relieved groans as his aching, overstretched bladder voided itself. The bucket was considerably full before Kokichi finally began to slow down, the last of his piss dripping with little plops into the flood of urine within the bucket. He gave a tiny shiver as he finished, then gave his dick a little shake before finally letting go.

He bit back his embarrassment and lifted his gaze to meet Makoto's, ready for the shame he was sure to face... Only to see Makoto's face completely red, his brown eyes a little hazy. He was breathing a little hard too. Kokichi's eyes wandered down to see that it wasn't the only thing *hard* about Makoto at the moment.

"...Did you seriously get it up watching me piss?"

"Y-You kept moaning!" Makoto snapped, pointing an accusing finger at him. "Look, I told you you're cute, didn't I? And you had your cock out like that, so what the hell was I supposed to do?"

It's not like I can help that!"

Kokichi felt a grin form on his face. Oh. Oh, this was going to be *good*. Makoto was really going to be worth all this hassle, he could feel it.

"Oh, can't you?" he asked innocently, his narrowed eyes and teasing smirk a complete contradiction. "I mean, most people aren't turned on by piss, but okay. You must *really* like the way my dick looks then, huh?"

It was still hanging out, and Kokichi saw Makoto's eyes flicker down to it. They lingered a bit too long for him *not* to be interested.

"It's not like it's *bad*," he mumbled, shrugging his shoulders a little. "I guess it's... bigger than I expected. Or maybe it's just because you're so small..."

If anyone else had said that, Kokichi would have taken it as an insult. Coming from Makoto, he was *pretty sure* it was a compliment.

"Oh? And how big is Narumi's dick? Looks pretty big, judging by that bulge." Makoto shifted his weight nervously, causing Kokichi to giggle as it did absolutely nothing to hide the fact that his cock was straining in his pants. He really *did* look big, and Kokichi could feel his own cock begin to harden. "I could help you with that..."

"We aren't even on a date," Makoto muttered, not looking Kokichi in the eye.

It seemed obvious to Kokichi that Makoto was interested. He obviously wasn't a prude if he stayed to watch Kokichi piss, so what was the hang-up? Did he just simply have a personality full of sugar and fire? That suited Kokichi just fine!

"So? Think of it as friends with benefits then. Or a one-time thing, just for fun. It doesn't have to be serious."

"It's serious to me!" Kokichi stilled at Makoto's outburst, not really knowing what to make of it. Makoto placed his hand on his chest and he looked Kokichi square in the eye, a passionate expression on his face. "I wanted to know you better because relationships are very important to me! I—" He abruptly stopped, his face taking on a pained look. "My parent died when I was eleven, so all I had left in the world were my friends. My new family. So to take a relationship so casually... I don't know. That's just not how I want to do things. I'm willing to give your feelings a shot, but only if you're serious."

Kokichi's cock calmed down during the emotional moment, and he tucked it back in his pants without a word. Next he picked up the bucket and poured it down the drain, starting the water up and adding some soap to clean up. Makoto didn't say anything either, simply watching him wash away all evidence of his earlier desperation.

Once the bucket was clean, he wiped off his hands and turned to Makoto with a blank expression. "I'm serious."

"Are you? That's not a lie?" Makoto looked skeptical, but still willing to believe him. As if he *wanted* to believe that Kokichi was telling the truth. And something about Makoto made him *want* to. He nodded his head. "...Okay, fine, I'll believe you. Why don't we just go back to our tea now? It'll get cold if we don't."

"Right." He plastered a grin on his face, hating how tight his chest felt. He was just making an ass of himself left and right, wasn't he? "But Narumi doesn't have to feel bad for me! He can just

reject me, it's fine!"

Kokichi already knew people found him annoying, and he couldn't seem to stop lying and riling people up, and now he'd gone and lost control in front of Makoto as well as say stupid things to upset him... There was no way Makoto was going to want anything to do with him now.

"...I didn't say I was going to reject you. We haven't even gotten to hang out yet." His face softened, and Kokichi felt an odd yearning in his chest. He really wanted Makoto to be part of his family too. Even if the older boy didn't accept him as a lover, he really wanted to be his friend, to have him in his life, to have Makoto want him in his family too...! He felt just as he had with all the members of DICE, just with the added *I want to kiss your dumb beautiful face* too. "But, well... You're confusing and kind of a brat and a little obnoxious, but I want to know you better. See if all of that is actually true. So if you want we could... Go on a real date next time?"

Kokichi's grin slowly faltered. He'd heard all of those things countless times, but to also get told someone wanted to know him well enough to see what he was hiding? To even realize he was lying about all of that in the first place...? To not even ask that he *stop* lying? A smaller, more sincere smile took its place at the implications.

"I'd like that."

Makoto ended up lecturing him about all the sugar he dumped in his tea and Kokichi couldn't help but tease him as Makoto kept falling for little white lies, but by the time Makoto paid and they were headed back to campus, Kokichi could definitely say he'd had a good time. Misa had even apologized for getting called away, but he'd waved off her concern, assuring her everything had worked out. He would deny how much he'd blushed when she slyly asked him for the details later.

"So, tomorrow I need to practice after classes are out, but you can watch if you like? Then we can go back to the cafe and we can get actual food. You know, if you want to."

Kokichi's could already feel his excitement rise at the thought of getting to watch Makoto swing around that trident without needing to hide the fact he was ogling.

"That sounds great to me! I'd love to see my beloved Narumi showing off his talent!" He giggled mischievously and grinned up at Makoto. "And if I get pancakes afterward, I guess I can put up with you being all sweaty and gross."

"*Gross?* I—!" Makoto stopped as Kokichi giggled again. "Let me guess, another lie? You're really something else..." Kokichi was about to make a smart comment, but Makoto's hand reached over and gently brushed their fingertips together, rendering him speechless. He wondered if his own face was as red as Makoto's. "But I really want to see what you're like when you don't feel like you need to lie to me, so... I accept your feelings. Let's try dating. I really wouldn't mind eating pancakes with you."

Okay, now his face was *definitely* red.

"...Me too."

The smile they shared was tender, and Kokichi didn't run, despite the fear and uncertainty that ran deep within him. Maybe, with time, he'd come to trust Makoto and invite him into his family, and Makoto would trust him enough to do the same.

"But, you know, if you've gotta piss, it's okay to make me wait a few minutes. You don't need it to

get so bad you have to go in a bucket."

Now Kokichi face was red for entirely different reasons.

"W-well, I think Narumi needs to show me his dick pretty soon to make up for what he saw!"

"Is that a lie too?"

No, he thought, *absolutely not*.

"Who knows? I'm a liar after all!"

"Ouma, I swear—!"

The two bantered back and forth as they approached campus, and Kokichi could honestly say that despite everything, he'd had a good day and he was looking forward to the next. In fact, if Makoto was around to keep things interesting, maybe everything was going to turn out okay in the end after all.

Shuuichi Saihara - Drunk Bedwetting + Rewetting

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi didn't know where the alcohol came from, but that's probably a good thing, or he might strangle someone.

(I haven't written a purely Oumasai fic quite like this, though there was that one Saiousami chapter... But you'll see! Yes I know, I use bedwetting more than I probably should, so sue me. I swear that the next chapter will be something I haven't used at all yet. In an AU of mine I haven't written into this fic. ...You'll see!)

Shuuichi didn't know where the alcohol had come from, but he did know that he really hated whoever had decided to let everyone know about it rather than pour it all out. Not that *all* of his classmates had decided it was a good idea to start drinking, but some had. More than enough, really. Including Kokichi, who'd poured more rum into his Panta than was necessary, despite Shuuichi's caution against it.

It had been cute at first, if Shuuichi were honest. Kokichi got very passionate and talkative when he was buzzed, and the more he drank, the more his inhibitions lowered, and the less he lied. But once he'd crossed a certain line, he just got sort of... ridiculous.

"Shuuichi! I feel funny!" Kokichi giggled and clung to Shuuichi's arm, probably because he would have stumbled otherwise. Shuuichi didn't answer him as he led them to his room. He didn't want to risk leaving Kokichi alone, not knowing just how sick he might get. He'd never forgive himself if he woke up in the morning and found out Kokichi had choked to death on his own vomit. "Shuuichi, are you ignoring me?"

Shuuichi sighed at the slurred words and shook his head. "No Ouma, I'm not ignoring you. You feel odd because you're drunk. At least you mixed your liquor with soda, but you still had far too much. Have you ever even had alcohol before?"

"Hmm... Nope!"

Shuuichi believed it.

"Then you certainly had more than you should have." Kokichi looked up at him and glared weakly, a little pout on his face. "Ouma, please. You can barely walk. You've been calling me by my given name for hours. You haven't lied in all that time. You..." He hated to think he rather liked all of Kokichi's drunk mannerisms. "You aren't yourself."

Maybe he was easier to deal with in some ways, but Shuuichi would never ask Kokichi to change himself. He'd grown closer to the other boy because of everything he *was*, not all the things he wasn't. Maybe someday Kokichi would do all of those things without needing liquid courage, but Shuuichi would still love him even if he didn't.

It occurred to him that Kokichi probably wouldn't even remember all of this in the morning. He could probably admit all sorts of things to his boyfriend, things that Kokichi might take better if he was drunk...

He stopped that line of thought, berating himself harshly. How dare he even *think* of doing that! To bring up something so emotionally charged when Kokichi was inebriated was terrible of him! No, he wouldn't be a coward. He'd tell Kokichi what he needed to say when Kokichi was sober, even if it meant getting told everything was fine, only to be told "That's a lie!" moments later. He had to trust that not even Kokichi would do *that*.

"...Hey, Shuuichi?" Shuuichi sighed, somehow just knowing Kokichi wasn't about to address a single thing he'd just said. "I really wanna put eggs up my butt."

Despite everything that had happened since getting trapped in the school, that was still enough to take Shuuichi aback.

"E-Excuse me?"

"Yanno, the cooked eggs. In shells." Apparently, *hard-boiled* was too difficult for Kokichi to remember. "I wanna stick 'em up there like a guy would do."

"...Ouma, I don't know of anyone who puts eggs up their rectum."

"Sure they do!" Kokichi's insistence might have been comical under other circumstances. "Lots of guys! I mean, it'd be easier to put them up my pussy, but—"

"Ouma?" Shuuichi stopped so abruptly that Kokichi stumbled into him. He gazed up at Shuuichi and giggled loudly. "Was that a lie?"

"Nope!" Kokichi didn't seem at all concerned he'd just mentioned something like that so casually. Somehow, Shuuichi didn't think it was something he normally shared with others. "My beloved Shuuichi doesn't care about that though, right? He's such a virgin he'd stick it in either hole!"

"O-Ouma!" His heart beat wildly as Kokichi leered up at him. God, he absolutely couldn't tell Kokichi how many times he'd touched himself to the thought of Kokichi's cock, which apparently wasn't even a thing. But Kokichi had been telling the truth all night, and that didn't seem like a thing Kokichi would lie about anyway. "Of course I don't care. I..." *No*, he thought, *not now. Not yet*. "You're you, no matter what. Besides, that's no one's business but your own."

They thankfully reached the lower floor of the dorms, the area deserted so Kokichi didn't inadvertently out himself to anyone else. He sincerely hoped Kokichi didn't regret this in the morning, and he debated whether or not to even let Kokichi know what he'd said if he didn't. At the moment, he led Kokichi to his room, unlocking it and ushering him inside. Kokichi didn't let go of him as he locked the door and led him to the bed, which Kokichi then proceeded to throw himself onto with a giggle.

"Shuuichi brought me to his room! Are we gonna fuck? Is he gonna stick his dick in my pussy or my ass?"

God, Kokichi was making this difficult.

"...You're going to bed, and I'm going to make sure you don't choke to death in your sleep." Kokichi pouted, and Shuuichi had to bite his lip harshly not to say everything he wanted. He was glad Kokichi didn't notice. "You can't give your consent while you're drunk, whether we both want this or not. Go to sleep, and if you still think this is a good idea when you're sober, we'll talk."

"...Shuuichi really *does* wanna fuck me? Even though I don't have a dick?"

"I told you, that doesn't matter to me. I want you to sober up so we can discuss our feelings, and I hope you'll be willing to do that." He wasn't sure he should be holding his breath, but he wanted to trust Kokichi. "So lay down and get some rest. I'll make sure you're alright."

Kokichi stared up at him with a blank expression for many painfully long moments, before nodding and laying his head down on the pillow. Shuuichi shook his head fondly, pulling off Kokichi's shoes—earning him a soft hum of appreciation—and deciding that it was really as far as he could go. Kokichi would just have to sleep in his normal clothes that night. Drowsiness must have hit Kokichi fast, because it wasn't long before Shuuichi could hear soft snores coming from him.

He grabbed a book and sat on the other side of the bed, ready to keep vigil that night.

Hours later, Shuuichi's eyes were beginning to droop. It was very late, but he still didn't trust that Kokichi wasn't going to wake up sick with all he drank. For the moment, however, all was quiet. Kokichi slept peacefully, and Shuuichi wondered if maybe he'd be okay if he drifted off for a bit...

He jolted awake when Kokichi suddenly let out a soft, pained little groan, starting to stir. He set his book down and got closer, ready to turn Kokichi on his side if it looked as if he might vomit, but after a few moments of restless turning, Kokichi stilled and sighed almost inaudibly. Shuuichi was very confused for a moment, until something caught his eye.

And then he was *very* awake, because the crotch of Kokichi's pants were growing wet.

Shuuichi's breath hitched as he watched the piss flow freely down Kokichi's clothed thighs, growing into a puddle underneath him that wet his shirt and pants further. He could make out Kokichi's bright boxers as the fabric turned translucent, and oh, he thought, no, Kokichi certainly didn't have a penis in there, did he?

He averted his gaze from Kokichi's crotch, knowing this wasn't something he should be seeing for many reasons. But it was too late to try to wake him now—Kokichi wouldn't be able to walk to the bathroom on his own even if he could stop his bladder from voiding right in the bed. Which would probably be near impossible to do, considering how much piss was emptying from his small body.

He hated that the wetter things got, the more ridiculously aroused he grew.

Soon there was a puddle that reached halfway up Kokichi's back and almost down to his knees as all the rum and Panta left him. The mess was going to be incredible to clean... But as Kokichi finished wetting the bed and went back to peacefully sleeping, haven't woken up in the slightest, Shuuichi found that he didn't care all that much. It could be washed, Kokichi hadn't gotten sick at least, and he was going to have something to masturbate to for a long time if Kokichi didn't actually want to take their relationship further.

Speaking of which, however...

Shuuichi carefully got off the bed and hurried to the bathroom, leaving the door open a crack so he could make sure Kokichi didn't wake up again. He hurriedly pulled down his pants and boxers, leaning against the sink as he went to work.

His clit ached and his pussy was so wet that he didn't even need to think twice before he plunged two fingers in, the thought of his boyfriend pissing the bed being the turn on he never thought he had. He fingerfucked himself, desperately rubbing his throbbing clit with the other hand. He

thought about Kokichi peeing himself in his lap, their pussies rubbing together, Kokichi's hot mouth and eager hands on his skin...

He bit the inside of his cheek as he came, his juices dripping down his hand as he pumped his fingers a few more times, riding out his orgasm. When he pulled out his sticky fingers and shakily straightened up to wash his hands, he looked at himself in the mirror and stared for a moment before smiling. He honestly hadn't thought Kokichi was like him; part of him had been terrified that Kokichi wouldn't want him anymore if he knew. He just hoped Kokichi hadn't thought the same as him...

Determination filled him as he shed his jacket and unbuttoned his undershirt. He took off his binder, no longer afraid of needing to juggle how long he could safely wear it with Kokichi finding out. He kicked off his pants and pulled his boxers up, leaving the bathroom and grabbing a more comfortable shirt to put on for the rest of the night. Then he settled down on the bed again, glad to see Kokichi still looked alright.

Well, except for the soaked bed.

He ignored his clit's little twitch of interest and picked his book back up.

Shuuichi blearily opened his eyes at the sound of Kokichi groaning pitifully. A glance at the clock showed he'd fallen asleep, but only for three hours. Oh well, he thought, that was what coffee was for.

"Saihara...?"

"We're back to Saihara now? No more Shuuichi?" Kokichi stared up at him, a confused look on his face. Taking pity on his obviously hung-over boyfriend, Shuuichi continued, keeping his voice low, "I don't know how much you remember, but you were calling me Shuuichi all night after you drank. You told me a few other things too, and I don't think any of them were lies... Oh, and if you haven't noticed, you wet my bed too."

Kokichi's gaze ran down his body, his eyes widening a bit before he groaned again.

"...I need to piss again."

Shuuichi couldn't help the chuckle that escaped him. Nor the arousal that followed.

"I *should* make up get up and use the bathroom, no matter how much your head must hurt. But I think you're learning enough of a lesson as it is, so... You can just go there again, if you want. We'll have to clean up later anyway."

Kokichi was too out of it to question if getting the mattress wetter was truly a good idea, but Shuuichi didn't really care. All he cared about was Kokichi's easy acceptance, and the sight of his semi-dry clothes growing wet once more. The same spots where his piss had first wet began to grow more so as he peed himself for the second time in just a few hours. The already saturated fabric grew allowed more of his clothing to get wet, but having not have had any more to drink, his bladder wasn't nearly as full, and it barely even caused another puddle to form underneath him.

Shuuichi knew that was an odd thing to be disappointed about, and yet...

"...Did that turn you on?"

"And if it did?"

The two stared for a few moments, but soon Kokichi wearily laid his head back and closed his eyes. Shuuichi tried not to feel bad for him, knowing he'd done it to himself, but it still hurt to see the one he'd grown to love in pain.

"...I remember everything. I was just hoping you wouldn't call me out on it." Shuuichi gave him a disbelieving look. "It's true. I mean, not wetting the bed, but you bringing me up here, you saying we couldn't have sex, the egg thing, me telling you..." He trailed off, his eyes flickering to his wet pants. "Guess you could have figured it out though, huh?"

"Well, we should probably talk about it more when you aren't hungover and have had a shower, but..." He gestured to his chest, which while not very busty, was certainly fuller when unbound. "I assure you, I feel no differently about you than I did before."

Despite how much Shuuichi guessed Kokichi's head must hurt, a tiny smile came to his face as he realized what that meant.

"I had surgery for my lungs a few years ago and got rid of them. My scars healed really well." Shuuichi nodded, wishing he had such a thing as well. Maybe, after they escaped, he could get that little comfort too. "...Saihara, thank you for saying no last night. For sex and the eggs. Especially the eggs."

"You don't have to thank me." He reached over and gently ran his fingers through Kokichi's hair, his boyfriend letting out a pleased little hum. "I'd never take advantage of you like that. You might be my boyfriend, but if you aren't able to give me your consent then I would never touch you. I love you, Ouma. And I respect you. I *never* want to hurt you."

Kokichi didn't say anything, but he brought a hand up and took the one Shuuichi had in his hair within his own, threading their fingers together. Shuuichi smiled and let Kokichi drift back asleep. There would be plenty of time for talking later. And god knew they had a lot to talk about. And even more to clean.

But for now, he was content to hold his boyfriend's hand and know that neither of them were alone. They'd be there for each other, and with these secrets bared, perhaps they could become even closer. That, he thought, would be nicer than anything in the world.

...Though the thought of getting into the shower with Kokichi was, admittedly, a very nice thought as well.

Shuuichi Saihara - Stuck on a bus

Chapter Summary

A school bus isn't exactly the best place to be stuck when you have to go. Shuuichi is there to help.

(So I had a request for Kokichi to have to pee on a bus! And the requester was okay with it when I asked if putting it in the same continuity of my fic *Bad Moon Rising* (which has established Oumasai) was okay. You don't HAVE to read that to get this (but if Oumasai with pregnancy and piss and blood and spoilers interests you...), just know that's they're in the same school and dating. So, I wouldn't really say this has v3 spoilers as it's stuff I made up for that fic or so vague you wouldn't even know it's a spoiler. Also, if you've read that fic, you'll get the significance of the ending part, but since I never come out and say it, I didn't tag it or anything. You can come to whatever conclusion you want for the end, lol.)

Chapter Notes

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

Shuuichi honestly didn't care about the school trip his class was taking, but he could at least admit that he liked the fact that while everyone else was huddled together up front, he and Kokichi were cuddled together at the back of the bus, watching their favorite show on his phone. Since no one liked them, everyone was ignoring them, which he found far more preferable to when anyone decided to give them attention. *That* certainly never ended well.

Someone on screen was named the murderer and dragged away to their death, and Shuuichi smiled. He *knew* they were the killer! He turned to Kokichi to tell him he'd won their bet—they'd wagered oral, so Shuuichi hadn't particularly cared if he won, and it wasn't as if Kokichi wouldn't go down on him with no prompting anyway, but it was the principle of the matter—but he was met with an interesting sight.

"...Do you need to pee?"

"Not so loud!" Kokichi hissed, though he didn't look mad, just nervous. Kokichi *usually* looked a bit nervous when they were in public though, so that wasn't really a shock. "...Yes, I do. I was going to go before we left, but..."

Kokichi didn't accuse him of being at fault, but considering he remembered all too well following Kokichi into the boy's room—as he always did, so no one tried anything funny—and one thing led to another...

"You should have told me you needed to go. We could have had sex over the toilet and you could have just peed then." He pictured the image, bending Kokichi over the toilet, railing the piss out of him... His cock twitched with interest. "Don't give me that look. It would have been fun."

"Says the guy whose favorite time to have sex is when I'm bleeding..." Kokichi was smiling despite his words. They both knew full well that was Kokichi's favorite time to do it too. "I mean, I wouldn't mind trying that sometime, but right now I *really* need to go. I'm not sure..." Kokichi's

face was flushing slightly, his legs pressed tightly together and his hands curled into fists around the fabric of his pants. Shuuichi wondered if that was so he wouldn't grip his crotch to ease the pressure. "I don't know if I can hold it until we get there..."

If Shuuichi had been in that situation, he would have slipped his dick out and pissed in a bottle or something, but it wasn't as easy for Kokichi to do that. True, no one was looking back at them and no one was sitting even remotely close, but the risk of getting caught was there.

Not that they didn't risk getting caught having sex in semi-public places on a regular basis, but he supposed this was a little different.

"What do you want to do?"

He was hit with the realization that he wouldn't mind seeing Kokichi piss his pants. They'd used the bathroom in front of each other plenty of times since they'd started dating way back in middle school, but Kokichi had never had an accident that he could remember. Not even when they were very young in elementary school. Hell, this was his first time even seeing him desperate!

It was pretty hot, honestly.

But despite his cock's interest in the fantasy, he still would never wish for Kokichi to be humiliated in public. People found enough reasons to bully them as it were, and having an accident on the bus was only sure to add to their list of reasons to be cruel.

"I don't know...? I mean, I can try to wait, but I have to go so *bad*, I've..." He lowered his voice almost to a whisper, "I've leaked a little."

Their uniform pants were black, so it was hard to tell if Kokichi's leak was bad or not. He glanced around to make sure they were still being ignored, then ran two fingers over Kokichi's crotch. Kokichi shivered a little, and Shuuichi was surprised to find he'd leaked a fair amount, even if it didn't show. He rubbed Kokichi a few more times before removing his hand, getting a weak glare in response.

"*We're on the bus.*"

"No one is looking."

"Would you like it if I rubbed your dick with everyone around?" Kokichi shot back, looking a little too into the idea to make his glare look convincing.

"Is that a question you *really* need to ask?"

They stared at each other for a few moments before Kokichi giggled softly.

"No, I don't. I'm not opposed, I just... I really need to pee. If you touch me, I'll lose control for sure." Shuuichi filed that away in the back of his mind for when they were alone. "I need to go so bad. I don't know what to do."

He was biting his lip now, gazing up at Shuuichi for an answer. Shuuichi had sworn years ago that he would protect him, and he wasn't about to let Kokichi get humiliated. But what to do...?

He tried hard to think of a solution, but his concentration shattered when Kokichi let out a little gasp and his hands shot to his crotch. He held himself tightly, his body shaking. He looked as if he might cry, and that was never a good thing. He hadn't seen Kokichi cry for a very long time; in fact, not since middle school, when he'd broken down for reasons Shuuichi hadn't understood at the

time. Even when he'd been so scared, the day he'd first started presenting himself the way he truly was, he hadn't outright *cried*. It was such a heartbreaking sight, and Shuuichi didn't want that at all...!

Then he remembered something he had in his bag, and inspiration struck.

"Wait, I think I have an idea..." He grabbed his bag and shuffled some things around, pulling out a piece of clothing and holding it out for Kokichi. "You can pee into that!"

Kokichi stared at it for a moment, then shot Shuuichi a disbelieving look.

"Your sweaty old gym shirt? You want me to put *that* against my pussy?" Still, after a moment's pause, he took it all the same. "Well, fine, I guess I don't have a choice. But what will you do with it? It's going to get soaked..." Shuuichi pulled out the plastic bag he'd had it in to begin with, and Kokichi sighed, apparently resigned to his fate. "...Okay, I'll do it. But warn me if anyone looks this way..."

No one was going to look back at them and they both knew it. But Shuuichi nodded all the same, quickly glancing around before focusing on Kokichi quietly unbuckling his belt and lifting his hips to pull his pants and boxers down enough to shove the bunched up shirt against his labia. He glanced down at Kokichi boxers for a moment, seeing the crotch glistening with piss. It made his cock harden even more.

Then he heard the hiss of peeing, along with Kokichi's little sigh of relief. He scooted closer, leaning down to get a better view. Kokichi shook his head with a click of his tongue, but he pulled the shirt away just a tad, enough for Shuuichi to watch as the piss flowed out from him and wet the fabric. Shuuichi's cock was completely hard as he watched his boyfriend piss into his shirt, occasionally glancing up to see his cute relieved face. God, he loved his boyfriend so much...!

"Shuuichi, you're getting all sweaty again." Kokichi sounded more amused than anything, and Shuuichi couldn't really say much when it was true. He was gross and sweaty and into ridiculous kinks, and yet, Kokichi still loved him. Kokichi never judged him or told him he was disgusting and worthless. Kokichi was the best thing to ever happen to him! "I'm almost done..."

Disappointment washed over him as Kokichi's stream trickled to a stop, but he supposed it was a good thing. The shirt was soaked, some of the pee wetting all the way through and making little drips on the bus floor. He forced himself to stop staring and held out the plastic bag, allowing Kokichi to dump the entire thing in. Shuuichi grabbed a tissue from a little packet he kept in his bag and handed it to Kokichi to wipe himself, watching with more than a little interest as he got a nice look at his boyfriend's pussy. Then Kokichi threw the tissue in with the shirt and Shuuichi tied a tight knot at the opening and shoved it back in the bottom of his school bag, where no one would know of its existence except him and Kokichi.

Finally, Kokichi pulled his damp boxers and pants back up, shooting Shuuichi an exasperated look as he did up his belt.

"...You didn't keep watch." Shuuichi gave him a sheepish grin, but he didn't deny it. "Well, no one saw it, so I guess it's fine. ...But as punishment, I'm not getting you off!"

Shuuichi almost choked at Kokichi's firm words, knowing he was serious when Kokichi grabbed his free hand as to not let him touch himself either. Shuuichi supposed it was best not to take any more chances on the bus, but his cock was *aching*...!

"But if you just let me put my bag over my lap I—"

“If you behave yourself, we can go to the bathroom when we get there and you can fuck me again. I know you have plenty of condoms in your bag.” He leaned close, his voice dropping low as he whispered into Shuuichi’s ear. “And when we get back to school, I’ll probably have to pee again and we could try out that idea you had... Would you like that, my beloved Shuuichi? Would you like to rail my pussy so hard I piss myself?”

Despite Kokichi’s delicious words making his cock strain even further in his pants, he nodded and tried to will his erection down. God, he wanted to cum *so badly*, but he’d rather do it deep within Kokichi than in his boxers.

The teacher called out that they only had twenty more minutes left, and Shuuichi sighed, picking up his phone as Kokichi cuddled back into his side. He resumed the show, when something hit him—

“Hey, I was right about the killer! I won the bet!”

“...Good thing you’ll get hard plenty of times today for me to blow you at some point, huh?” Kokichi giggled as Shuuichi flushed, yet again not being able to deny that would certainly be the case. But with a boyfriend as cute and handsome as Kokichi, could anyone really blame him? “Hey, let’s bet on the next victim! Same prize! Shuuichi is going to eat me out next time!”

Shuuichi quickly agreed and they gave their predictions. Again, he really didn’t care if Kokichi won; he would consider himself a winner either way. Still, if he gave a completely unlikely victim candidate, well... Maybe he really just wanted something sweet to eat that day.

He drew his arm around Kokichi and held him close, losing himself in the feel of the boy he loved so much and the show that was saving their lives.

Shuuichi was startled awake as Kokichi all but hopped out of bed and ran to the bathroom. The sound of desperate pissing soon hit his ears, and he chuckled. It had been four months since they’d learned the news, and Kokichi seemed to be desperate to piss *at least* once a day, though he’d yet to have any accidents. Come to think back on the subject, he never had one before they’d come to the academy either...

Kokichi was soon climbing back in bed, sighing heavily as he leaned back against the pillows and rested a hand on his stomach. At least he wasn’t feeling sick too. That was certainly Shuuichi’s least favorite part of all this.

"...You said you'd have an accident one of these days."

"And today isn't that day!" Kokichi's glare was weak at best, and Shuuichi wasn't surprised when he started to giggle. "My beloved is still so gross, wanting to see me wet myself... Look at you, you're hard!"

Shuuichi didn't bother trying to hide his erection, nor did he bother to tell Kokichi about the dream of the past he'd been having. He could remember clearly now—he and Kokichi pushed the limits of how many times they could cum in one day, which was quite the feat considering it had been a school day. But sex had been one of their only escapes from reality back then, and they never had to face any consequences to make them rethink their actions.

He glanced at Kokichi's belly, his cock stirring a bit more at the beautiful sight. Well, they had their consequences now, but Shuuichi didn't regret it at all.

"...How do you feel?"

Kokichi giggled and sat back up, crawling into Shuuichi's lap and grinding their crotches together. Shuuichi shivered as Kokichi smirked down at him.

"I feel like riding you until you forget your name."

Shuuichi leaned in and captured Kokichi's lips in a desperate kiss. He still loved Kokichi more than anyone or anything in the world, and he was so glad they'd found each other again; that they could experience this all together. And to think that Kokichi felt the same...! It seemed too good to be true!

But as Shuuichi laid a hand on Kokichi's stomach, he knew it was real. He had physical proof of their love and devotion, and he knew he would never trade it for all the fame and glory in the world.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be Kiibouma!

Kiibo - Too Desperate to Wait

Chapter Summary

Kiibo comes to a realization about Kokichi. He doesn't like it.

(I got a request for Kiibo, with whatever story I wanted. And an anon on drg said something about no one caring about your deep underlying reasons for pissing yourself, which led to another anon saying "taito would." Which is very true. Now, that's not QUITE what happens in this chapter, but I went full force with the melodrama, lol. I'm not pointing out anything new with this chapter, but I hope you all enjoy Kokichi being extra anyway! They're supposed to have been stuck there for a while, in case that isn't clear!)

Chapter Notes

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

There was something very perplexing about Kokichi, and it rather drove Kiibo crazy. He was a walking contradiction—saying he hated liars while toting himself as one, covering up piercing words with a sugary tone, smiling one moment and giving the creepiest stares the next, able to cry on command and stop just as fast... Kiibo didn't really understand any of it, try as he might. He also didn't know what he'd ever done to Kokichi to warrant the horrid nickname he'd been bestowed, though he kept trying to figure out how he could have possibly offended him.

So the longer they were stuck in their prison, the more Kiibo thought, and the more he learned about humans, and the more possible conclusions he came to.

Until the day he reached a startling realization.

"Ouma!" Kokichi stopped in the otherwise empty hall, turning around to shoot Kiibo a grin. Was it just him, or did it look a little strained? Kokichi had looked as if he was in a hurry, but he didn't want to let Kokichi suffer any more if he could help! "I'm sorry, if you have somewhere to be, I can wait."

"...If Kiiboy is foolish enough to *want* to talk with me, I suppose I can oblige!" He shifted his weight on his foot, though Kiibo couldn't really guess why. Was it odd that he could notice such little things? Would a human have even paid attention to that...? He pushed the thoughts aside and shot Kokichi an unimpressed look. "Aww, don't be that way Kiiboy! Just tell me what you want and stop wasting my time!"

Kiibo bit back his harsh words; if Kokichi was busy, he'd get to the point. After all, he was there to help. To maybe mend whatever unknown rift there was between them.

"Ouma, you hate liars." Kokichi raised a brow, nodding slowly. "And you, yourself, are a liar."

"Yeah, right on both accounts! What's your point?"

Kiibo wondered if Kokichi *really* didn't see the problem with that, or if he was just pretending. How had no one else ever come to this conclusion? Why had it taken *himself* so long to see it?

"...Ouma, doesn't that imply that you hate yourself?"

Kokichi's grin slowly fell from his face, being replaced with a blank stare. Kiibo felt as if his sensors were chilled ten degrees just from that one look. He was about to apologize, when Kokichi was suddenly all smiles again. They were so fake that even Kiibo didn't have any problems identifying them as such.

"I don't know what a dumb robot is doing, thinking he knows what a human feels!" His weight shifted again. His posture was tense. There was the slightest shaking in both his hands and his legs. "Trying to be the Ultimate Psychologist? Going to try to get inside my head and make me realize all kinds of things about myself? Make me a better person?"

"No, Ouma, I—"

"I don't need *you* to tell *me* how much I hate myself, alright?"

They both stilled after the loud outburst. Kiibo, despite figuring that was the case, hadn't expected such a straight answer. And apparently Kokichi hadn't meant to give one, because his eyes were wide and his breathing shallow, his body trembling even more than before.

Kiibo was about to speak—though he really wasn't sure what to say other than to apologize—when Kokichi turned on his heel and sprinted off. Kiibo was shocked still for a moment more before running after him. He wasn't sure if leaving Kokichi alone was the better thing to do, but he just couldn't bring himself to hurt Kokichi and not try to fix things. Kokichi hated him enough as it was; he didn't want to completely burn *all* bridges between them.

Kokichi was fast, but his body was also shaky, and it didn't take Kiibo long to catch up enough to see him dart into an empty room. Kiibo expected to find it locked, but much to his surprised, it opened without a single bit of resistance. He entered the room, expecting Kokichi to yell at him to leave, but instead he was met with the curious sight of Kokichi trying to unbuckle his belt with shaky hands.

"Ouma?" Kokichi didn't even look up as he finally yanked it open and hurriedly pushed his pants and boxers down. He aimed his dick at the wall and a steady stream of piss immediately flowed from the head. "O-oh, that explains why you were in such a hurry earlier..."

"Shut up," he mumbled, a hint of relief in his voice as he emptied his bladder all over the dusty, peeling paint. It was loud and splashed as it hit the wall, running down to form a puddle on the floor. The more Kokichi peed, the more it grew, though Kokichi didn't seem terribly concerned as it crept towards his shoes. The relief was overriding that, Kiibo supposed. "I've had to go all day and *you* stopped me..."

"I'm not judging you Ouma," Kiibo promised, knowing it was rude to stare, but not able to look away. Kokichi knew he was looking anyway, and he didn't tell him not to... This was just a human function he knew about in theory, but had never witnessed himself. It was rather fascinating! "Urinating is a normal, healthy human function. If I delayed you getting to a toilet, I apologize. I simply wanted to make you feel better about the conclusion I'd come to. I didn't mean to humiliate you."

The torrent of pee—Kokichi certainly hadn't been lying about holding it for so long!—started to die down, and soon Kokichi was giving his dick a little shake and straightening his clothes back up, not once looking at Kiibo. His face was devoid of any emotion, but as soon as his buckle was fastened again, he turned to Kiibo with a wide grin. A grin that Kiibo didn't doubt was completely fake for even a moment.

"It's really funny that you think anything I said back there was the truth! I'm a liar after all! Who knows what I really feel!" Kiibo frowned; Kokichi's outburst had been far too genuine to be another of his lies. "Poor little Kiiboy, thinking he can be just like a human and offer me emotional support! Like I'd need that from anyone, but especially you! You're just a worthless robot! What do *you* know?"

Kiibo's metallic fingers clenched as Kokichi's insults continued, but he remained silent and did his best to keep calm. Kokichi was lying. About how much, Kiibo couldn't say, but he was hurt and lashing out and Kiibo had an odd attachment to him and just couldn't let this go. Maybe the timing was a bit strange—okay, *very* strange—but Kiibo wanted to settle this *now*. Kiibo might not have been the strongest robot out there, but Kokichi wasn't getting past him if he blocked the door.

"Ouma, I won't ask you to tell me anything you don't want to. It's your decision whether or not you trust me, and it's obvious that you really *don't*. Perhaps more than anyone else. I don't understand what I've done to make you feel that way, but I'd never force you to tell me anything that makes you uncomfortable." Kokichi's expression didn't change from that same deceptively cheerful smile. "...That said, I'm not letting you out of this room until you answer me one thing. Just a yes or no question. Ouma, is there any chance that you *won't* hate me one day?"

"Hate?" Kokichi's grin slowly faltered, leaving him looking just a touch uncomfortable. Kiibo hated that he was a little glad to see it, what with all the times Kokichi had said cruel things to him. "...Wouldn't it be really pathetic if someone who hated himself was too paranoid to trust anyone and pushed everyone away, and that just made him hate himself more? And made someone he actually really *wanted* to like and trust think he hated him? Wouldn't that just be *hilarious*?"

"Ouma..."

"I don't hate you, Kiibo. How long have we been stuck here anyway? Long enough that I shouldn't still think you're hiding something, right? Hey, do you think I'm pathetic too? You do, don't you? Everyone does! I'm annoying, aren't I? Don't you wish someone *would* kill me?" Kokichi began to giggle, the sound not even remotely cheerful. "Tell the truth! You know I *hate* liars!"

"Ouma, I..." Kiibo didn't really know what to say; he'd never had to deal with a human having some sort of emotional breakdown before. "You aren't pathetic. You're scared, aren't you? Just like everyone else. You don't want to die, and you don't want anyone else to die either. The way you feel about yourself can't help, can it? But I promise you, I don't want you to die. I care about you Ouma, even with as cruel as you can be. I know some of it's an act, and I'm trying to be patient with you, even if you don't make it easy. But if you don't hate me... I'll keep trying. I'll do my best to make it so you can trust me enough to not pretend around me."

Kokichi didn't answer at first, letting out a little sigh as he seemed to be contemplating something. After a bit, the smile that came to his face seemed a little more genuine.

"Maybe Kiibo is naive to trust me... But I think that makes you pretty human-like, don't you?" Kiibo struggled to answer; it was backhanded, but it *was* a compliment! "...I want to investigate outside, but another person wouldn't hurt to have around. I guess if you want to be useful, you'd better come along with me!"

Kiibo stilled when Kokichi walked up to him and grabbed his hand, his artificial skin blushing at the sudden contact. Kokichi smiled at him, so much more brightly than he had all day... It made Kiibo smile too, gently squeezing Kokichi's hand. Was that the slightest bit of color on his cheeks...?

"Do you find holding hands to be more embarrassing than urinating in front of me?" He wasn't being judgmental, he was simply curious. Kokichi's cheeks burning hotter was all the answer he needed. "Never mind Ouma, it doesn't matter. I'm glad you trust me enough not to hurt you that you'd do either of those things. I won't tell anyone about earlier, I promise."

He didn't miss that Kokichi had implied he was a person, and he hadn't even used that terrible nickname... Maybe, he thought as he and Kokichi left the room together, they hadn't solved everything, but he thought they'd made some incredible progress.

...Though Kiibo knew he was going to have to sit down later and analyze why the sight of Kokichi peeing had made his circuitry heat up so much...

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if you didn't like the idea of a crossover ship, but Makoto Narumi is next time!

Makoto Narumi - Desperately Peeing in a Trash Bin

Chapter Summary

Kokichi can hear the shower running from his boyfriend's bathroom, and it's not helping him in the slightest...

(Look, sorry if you aren't interested in crossover ships but I LOVE NaruOu and I really wanted to write it again, and I plan on doing at least one more chapter of it in the future. Feel free to skip it if you really don't care about Makoto's chapter. ANYWAY this was inspired by a story my bff Mei told me about a stupid thing she did in college and gave me permission to swipe it for the pissfic (though I changed a lot of details), so lol, thanks Mei!]

Chapter Notes

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

Hope's Peak Academy had all of the tools its Ultimate Students needed to succeed, and that was why Kokichi found himself sitting outside of a practice field, watching his boyfriend sparring with a girl from class 78. She was good, Kokichi would admit, but Makoto was *better*. It wasn't his bias talking either—he was winning their little spar, if the teacher keeping score was to be believed. Kokichi didn't really know or care how it worked; he was there to see Makoto.

Makoto, with his handsome face and flexible, strong body, sweating as he put his all into the practice fight under that sweltering sun...

Kokichi felt his face heat up and he watched the sweat roll down Makoto's long neck, quickly uncapping his water bottle and chugging down the last of it before tossing the empty bottle into a nearby recycling bin. It had been the second one he'd had, and now he desperately wished he had a third. He didn't know what was hotter, the weather or his boyfriend, but either way, he was thirsty as hell.

"Point, Narumi. That's ten! The match goes to the Ultimate Sergeant!"

Makoto lowered his trident and shook hands with the girl, then turned to Kokichi and shot him a smile that was far brighter than the sun that shined down upon them. Kokichi leapt to his feet and stood before Makoto, bouncing on his heels as he grinned up at him.

"Congratulations, my beloved Narumi! You won!" His mind went blank as Makoto wiped the sweat from his brow, another bead of sweat trickling down his throat... God, Kokichi just wanted to *lick it*. "U-um, I think we should go celebrate! We should go out!"

"And I suppose you want *me* to pay for a date celebrating *my* victory?" Kokichi smiled sweetly, and Makoto sighed and nodded. "Yeah, okay, sure. That café you like?"

"You like it too!" Kokichi shot back, knowing Makoto liked the sweet food there more than he let on. Kokichi, of course, couldn't get enough of it, and having one of his loyal members of DICE work there didn't hurt. He turned on the tears and wobbled his lower lip, taking sadistic glee in the panic that formed on Makoto's face. They'd been dating for two weeks—how was he still falling

for this? "Or is Narumi already sick of me? Does he want to break up? *What did I do wrong, Narumi?*"

He started bawling loudly, internally laughing at Makoto's frantic insistence that such a thing wasn't the case—he wasn't breaking up with him, of course not! Kokichi just cried and carried on, knowing everyone around was watching him. He loved the attention, loved having eyes on him, loved knowing that people were finally looking at him and that he wasn't still stuck at home with parents who couldn't have cared less if he even came home alive—

He finally turned off the waterworks as they became a little too real. Fake crying was one thing; *really* crying was his least favorite thing in the world.

"Just kidding!" he announced in a singsong voice, smiling the fakest grin he could. Damn, he'd made himself upset... "That was a lie! I know Narumi doesn't want to break up with someone as great as *me*!"

Makoto stilled, his concerned expression giving way to irritation. God, his scowl was so *sexy*. It made a little shiver of excitement run up Kokichi's spine.

"Look here, Ouma, that isn't funny! I was worried about you and—"

"And Narumi really should learn not to fall for it!"

Upon being interrupted, Makoto's eyes darkened, and something in Kokichi grew very cold. God, had he pushed things too far already? Why did he always do that? Why couldn't he just—

"...I need to take a shower before we leave. If you don't need to do anything, you can wait in my room for me."

He didn't wait for an answer, walking past Kokichi in the direction of the dormitories. Kokichi didn't hesitate to follow him, staying quiet as he walked just a step behind him, which wasn't easy considering the size difference between them. He wanted to apologize, he really did, but it was so hard for him to say the words. He'd spent his entire life apologizing for things he hadn't done, and now the words left a sour taste in his mouth even when he knew he should say them.

He managed to stay quiet until they reached Makoto's room and he was let inside. It wasn't the first time he'd been there, but it was the first time Makoto slammed the door behind him. Kokichi was so used to it that he didn't jump, though his heart did beat a little faster when Makoto winced at his own actions.

"...You can do whatever you want. I trust you not to make a mess. I'll try not to be long, and then we'll go, okay?" His voice was a little softer, but Kokichi could still tell he was aggravated. "And... I didn't mean to slam the door. Sorry."

"...It's fine! Narumi is mad at me, I know! At least he only slammed the door and didn't hit me!" That was one thing his parents never did at least; they weren't stupid enough to do anything that would implicate them for child abuse. "Would it make my beloved Narumi feel better if he did?"

It was a stupid question and he knew it. Makoto might have been a combatant at heart, but Kokichi knew full well he didn't condone abuse, domestic or otherwise. To imply Makoto might hit him was *insulting*.

Therefore, he wasn't shocked when Makoto tensed up and scowled at him.

"Ouma, I don't know what your problem is this afternoon, but if you don't cool it by the time I'm

out of the shower, you might as well just go back to your room and forget about today. You're being a *fucking brat* and it's *really* hard not to yell right now. So whatever the hell your problem is, get it out of your system or go back to your own room, got it?"

Kokichi didn't get the opportunity to answer as Makoto stalked into his bathroom and—while not slamming it—shut it with more force than was probably necessary. With a little sigh, he sat on the bed, staring down at the floor until he heard the shower turn on. He was relieved it didn't sound like Makoto was slamming things about, but he knew his boyfriend wasn't happy with him. He wasn't surprised; he knew he deserved it. He just couldn't help but keep going...

As much as he hated it, he knew he had to apologize. His pride wasn't as important as keeping the relationship going. He wasn't going to mess this up because it would be easier to run away. No, he could do this!

The sound of running water was soothing as he thought about what he'd say to apologize while still keeping his dignity intact. He knew, rationally, that if he told Makoto why he acted the way he did, maybe his boyfriend would be more patient with him. Or even if he told him there was a reason but just couldn't tell him yet and ask him to please be patient. But the thought of telling Makoto—or anyone, really—about what his home life had been like... It scared him. He didn't even want to think about his sorry excuses for parents if he didn't have to.

Kokichi was so wrapped up in his dilemma that he barely noticed as he began to jiggle his leg and squeeze his thighs together. The sound of the shower continued on, and Kokichi briefly wondered how long this would take. Makoto *did* have a lot of hair... It didn't really matter to him how long Makoto took to get ready, but it slowly dawned on him that he'd drank a lot of water...

A hand shot to his crotch as it hit him just how badly he had to pee. His anxiety had held the urge at bay, but now the soothing water had calmed him a bit and he realized just how much he had to piss. But hey, it was fine, right? Makoto couldn't be too much longer, and he could just use the toilet in there!

He waited as patiently as he could, his leg jiggling faster and his hand pinching the tip of his dick. He'd never had the urge to go come on that fast before, and it was a little ridiculous. He wasn't sure how much longer he could hold it, and he didn't know his way around this section of the dormitory to know where the community bathroom was. If he left the room and couldn't find it, he was probably going to piss himself, and he wasn't about to do *that*! No, he could hold it, it was fine! He'd already had to resort to peeing in a bucket in front of Makoto, and he wasn't going to make a fool of himself again!

But more minutes passed, and the water was still running. Surely he was done showering by now! What, was he standing under the water to calm down or something? Was his inability to go to the bathroom because he'd wound Makoto up so much? Was this all going to be his own fault if he peed his pants...?

Desperately, he scanned the room, looking for something to help. He wished he'd kept the empty water bottles, or that Makoto had some lying around, but he didn't see a single thing he could safely relieve himself in. There must be something...!

Then he saw it. Right next to the bed. A small silver metal trash bin, lined with a trash bag, completely empty. If he peed in that, maybe he could empty it out before Makoto could notice what he'd done. But could he really be himself to piss in his boyfriend's garbage can? That was *gross*. But, at the same time, he had to pee *so badly*. Even if the shower ended immediately, he couldn't wait for Makoto to get out. He had to go. *Now*!

He got on the bed onto shaky legs and hurriedly got his belt off, pushing his pants and boxers to his ankles. He pulled the bin in front of him and kneeled down, grabbing his cock with a trembling hand and aiming it into the bag within. He didn't need to try to let go; the moment he had his cock positioned, piss began to forcibly spray out. He choked out a little cry of relief as his aching bladder was allowed to empty. It felt so good! He was so glad everything had worked out and—

“...Ouma? *Really?*” He jumped as he heard Makoto's voice very close to him. He couldn't stop peeing if he'd tried, so he had no choice but to look up at his boyfriend—body glistening from his shower, his hair down, nothing but a towel around his waist—as he continued. “God, you really had to go, didn't you?”

Makoto didn't sound upset that he'd come out to see Kokichi peeing in his trash bin, but embarrassment still filled him. He couldn't believe he'd been so wrapped up in his desperation he hadn't noticed the water stop, or that if he'd just waited a few more minutes he could have used the toilet. His cheeks burned with shame, especially as he turned back to the bin and saw how very full it was of his piss. He didn't say anything as he finished and slowly stood up to pull up his pants. In fact, he took his time, not really trusting himself to talk. Finally he had no choice, so he turned to Makoto with a wide grin and giggled.

“Sorry, my beloved Narumi! I drank all that water watching you today, and I couldn't wait! I didn't think you'd mind! You *did* get hard watching me piss in that bucket!”

Makoto coughed, his face showing his own embarrassment. Kokichi couldn't help but peak down, and sure enough, he was met with the hopeful sight of a tented towel. Makoto had gotten turned on by watching him pee *twice* now, so at least he wasn't mad about this little incident.

“Yeah, well... You could have just knocked on the door. I would have let you come in and use the toilet.” Kokichi's mind raced for an excuse why that didn't cross his mind. He couldn't really think of one. “Look, I'm sorry. I know I yelled at you the last time you started talking about sex and stuff, but I trust you and I know you wouldn't use some dumb excuse to see me naked or anything, so next time, don't worry about it. It's not healthy to hold it for so long, you know? I don't want you getting an infection or anything.”

“I-I don't do this a lot, Narumi! You keep seeing me in weird positions!” He let Makoto think what he would about the shower situation. He supposed maybe he had been a little hesitant to bring up the subject again, but that hadn't really crossed his mind. Well, not consciously at least. He didn't *think* it had anything to do with that? Maybe...? “Anyway, I'll clean this up, okay? I'm... I'm sorry.”

“Sorry?” Makoto frowned a little, but he didn't look *mad*. “Ouma, look at all of that. You obviously had to pee a lot. You don't need to be sorry for not pissing your pants.”

He could have left it at that, and god knew he wanted to, but he'd made a decision earlier, and he wasn't backing out now. He wasn't a child, and he wanted this relationship to work. He had to do this!

“...Not just that. I'm sorry for the way I was acting earlier. I was trying to wind you up on purpose and that was wrong.” The words almost burned in his throat. He forced himself to keep going. “I know I get annoying. I want people to notice me... My parents, they... They really didn't care about me, you know? The thought of being alone or ignored anymore, it...”

It scares me, he couldn't bring himself to say.

“Ouma...” Makoto ran a hand through his long auburn locks, and Kokichi was hit by how very

beautiful the older boy was. “I’m sorry too. I guess I never even think about how shitty some parents are. It’s terrible that they made you feel like this, but at the same time, you can’t take it out on people. If you want my attention, just tell me that. I’ll understand now.”

“Narumi...”

“I mean it. If you feel bad, just tell me you want some attention. You don’t even need to say why.” He stepped forward and gently brushed the side of Kokichi’s face, an affectionate expression on his face that made Kokichi feel pleasantly warm inside. “I care about you, Ouma, even if you drive me insane sometimes. If I can help you, I want to. Please let me, okay?”

“...Maybe I made that all up. Maybe that was just a lie! Maybe my parents love me!” He felt frustration rise within himself; he didn’t know why he was even saying that. Why was it so hard to believe Makoto actually cared about him? “Maybe I just like seeing Narumi mad and—”

“That’s enough lies for one day, Ouma.” Makoto leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to the top of his head. “Let me get dressed and put my hair up and we’ll go. I’ll buy you all the pancakes you want, okay?”

He grabbed some clean clothes and headed back to the bathroom without waiting for a response, and Kokichi had to sit back on the bed to calm himself. If *Makoto* could see through that, he must have been *transparent* with his lying. But in this case, he was glad. It was hard to tell the truth about such personal issues, but having Makoto at least know the basics was comforting. Knowing he didn’t think less of him was a dream come true. Maybe someday he could tell Makoto *everything*...

Well, not yet. But soon. He trusted Makoto more than his mind told him he should, but he did his best not to listen to that. He was going to be happy with Makoto, and his past *wasn’t* going to stop him.

And when Makoto came out of the bathroom and held out his hand for Kokichi to take, he didn’t hesitate to smile and reach out.

The walk to the café was quiet and pleasant after the afternoon they’d just had, and Kokichi didn’t even care when people on the streets stared. Let them, he thought, his head held high. He and Makoto looked great together, and people *should* stare!

They were soon seated in the café, Misa immediately claiming their table—if Makoto realized she had personal ties to him, he never mentioned it—and they gave their orders. Tea, of course, as well as pancakes for Kokichi and shortcake for Makoto. Kokichi almost teased Makoto for his order, but he stopped himself at the last moment. Maybe he’d done enough teasing for one day. As an apology for peeing in his trash bin, he’d lay off for a bit. Besides, it wasn’t as if his blueberry pancakes with mounds of whipped cream and more sugar-coated blueberries on top would be any less sugary. He’d get Makoto to admit to his sweet tooth eventually.

They chatted far more peacefully than earlier, Kokichi trying not to push Makoto’s buttons. After all, he had Makoto’s undivided attention, and it was really nice to just talk about silly little things and not have to worry about his conversation partner having an ulterior motive.

Kokichi scooped the last bite of blueberries and cream into his mouth, then drank his last sip of tea and sat the cup down. How many cups had he had...? His pancakes had been so sweet and delicious, so it was a few... He didn’t really need to pee, but at the same time, he really didn’t want

to make a fool of himself a second time that day, so he stood and tried his best not to flush as he told Makoto he was going to the bathroom. Luckily, it had been fixed and he didn't need to worry about peeing in a bucket again.

The men's room was small—just a stall and two urinals. He was only peeing, so he went to a urinal and made quick work of his pants, aiming his dick and emptying his bladder in such a completely normal manner than he was ridiculously relieved.

And when the door opened and Makoto casually waltzed in, Kokichi felt his body warm.

"...Does my beloved Narumi really like watching me pee?" Makoto rolled his eyes and took his place in front of the other urinal, unbuckling his belt with no care to the fact he was next to his boyfriend. Who had never seen his dick despite Makoto having seen his quiet a few times.

"Narumi, ah..."

"...I don't care if you look."

Kokichi was done peeing, but he still had his dick in his hand as Makoto pulled out his own length, aiming and pissing without another word. His cock was pretty big—a little longer and thicker than average, to be sure. Kokichi felt a bit self-conscious; his was big for how small his body was, but it was nothing in comparison to his boyfriend's. He watched as pee sprayed from that big cock of his, and he could see why Makoto kept getting hard watching him do it. There was something very appealing about watching the relief on your partner's face as they pissed, and as Kokichi pictured what Makoto would look like desperate, clutching his cock and needy for a quick piss, somewhere—anywhere!—before he let loose in his pants...

He felt his dick harden in his hand, and he might have jacked it right there if they weren't still in public.

Makoto glanced over at him, and he hastily let go of his half hard cock, trying his best to get it back in his pants before Makoto could notice. It was, of course, a futile effort. Makoto didn't comment though, merely finishing his business and zipping up. They washed their hands and left the bathroom in silence, and Kokichi wasn't sure he'd ever been so confused. Makoto watched him and didn't care if he looked but they'd barely even kissed! Did Makoto want him or not?

Makoto paid for their food and they left together, slipping his hand into Kokichi's casually. It brought some color to Kokichi's cheeks that he'd completely blame on the cooling weather if questioned.

"Narumi?" Makoto glanced down at him, his visage much calmer than it had been earlier that day. He nodded his head, indicating that he should continue. "...Thanks for the date. I could come back up to your room, if you want..."

His tone made it clear what he was offering, and the dark dusting of color that came to Makoto's cheeks told him that he understood.

"I..." He swallowed so heavily that Kokichi could see his throat bob. God, he wanted to leave love bites on that smooth expanse of flesh... "I think you should just go back to your room tonight."

"What?" Kokichi felt his frustration rise. What was wrong? Why didn't Makoto want to do anything with him but look? Why wouldn't he just touch him already? "What's up with you? Why don't you ever want to—?"

Kokichi quickly shut up as Makoto squeezed his hand.

“We’ve only been together for two weeks, Ouma.” God, it was hard to imagine he’d almost pissed himself twice in two weeks... “Let’s just take things as they happen, okay?”

“...Okay.”

Makoto gave him a warm smile that made his heart beat a little faster, and he couldn’t help but smile too. Makoto was just so nice to him... He really lov—

Kokichi shook his head and squeezed Makoto’s hand back. Just take things as they came, right. He could do that. He could trust Makoto not to get sick of him and abandon him. He’d be okay!

...But he really, truly hoped he’d be able to see Makoto desperate to piss before he found himself in a *third* unfortunate situation.

Chapter End Notes

Next is Kiibouma! Then either Shuuichi or Kaito (I'm polling for it on twitter right now), and the opposite after that!

Kiibo - Vibrating Fingers

Chapter Summary

Kiibo isn't sure why Kokichi suddenly wants to know more about him, but he supposes he can show off a few of his functions...

(The last time Kiihouma was requested, I asked "cis or trans?" and the requester said cis but wasn't picky. So I decided to, you know, just write both. So here we go, the return of Kiibo and his glorious vibrating fingers! This is also, I think, the second longest chapter so far!)

Chapter Notes

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

The day Kokichi came up to him to talk and not only didn't insult him *or* ask inappropriate questions but also *didn't call him Kiiboy* was the day Kiibo knew something was wrong.

"Ouma, are you ill?"

If the offended glare he received was anything to go by, perhaps that hadn't been the correct question.

"No. I'm *fine*." The terse words were followed by a bright smile that was no doubt very fake. "Is it a crime to want to talk with you? Do you hate me *that much* that you always think I'm up to something or I have to be dying? Is that it? Does my beloved Kiibo want me to *die*?"

Kiibo sighed wearily as Kokichi started up the waterworks, which he knew from experience were even faker than that grin had been. He was tempted to let Kokichi carry on as long as he pleased, see how long he could last, but the wailing was grating on his auditory sensors.

"Ouma, please. Of course I don't want you to die. I'm just surprised by your behavior. It's very subdued today." Friendly, he wanted to say. Almost suspiciously so. "Unlike your usually self."

"And who's to say my usual self isn't just another lie? Maybe I've got you all fooled! Maybe this is all part of my master plan to throw you off guard and kill you all!" Kokichi's tears immediately dried up, and he giggled and shook his head before he could get called out on that blatant last lie. "Just kidding! But calm down, okay? I just want to get to know you better is all! We've been stuck here for months and months and we don't know much about each other!"

"No, I suppose we don't." But was that a surprise considering that Kokichi very obviously had something against him? Why the sudden change of heart...? "I can't say I'm opposed to us getting along better, if you're serious. What exactly would you like to know about me?"

"Well, you don't have a dick, right?" Kiibo flushed; he still couldn't get over the inappropriate questions Kokichi liked to throw around. "Why are you so shy? I just said I want to know you better, didn't I?"

"I didn't think that was what you meant..." Kiibo muttered. "I don't know what you think I'm hiding from you, but I assure you, it's nothing. I don't have any secrets, Ouma."

"No conscious ones at least, right?" Before Kiibo could ask what he meant, Kokichi giggled and shook his head. "Never mind, that doesn't matter anymore, I guess. But I still think you must be hiding *something*, even if you don't know it... Do your fingers vibrate or something?"

"What? I mean, yes, but what does that have to do with anything?" Kokichi went very still for a moment, before he practically had stars in his eyes. "Ouma, I'm not sure why that's so exciting? Most of my body can vibrate..."

"See? That's exactly it! You're practically a walking sex toy and you don't even know it!" The implications made Kiibo frown, and Kokichi rolled his eyes. "Stop taking everything so seriously, it's just a joke!"

"It's not a very funny one, Ouma! I don't appreciate being compared to an inanimate object!"

"Kiibo... I'm sorry. That wasn't what I meant." The very fact that Kokichi apologized and didn't follow it up with a declaring that he'd been lying was enough to make Kiibo calm down. "You don't have a lot of knowledge about your functions, do you? You don't realize your potential! Think about it. Vibrating fingers, a recording function... Did you ever even realize you could make sex tapes?"

"W-why would I do that?"

"Why?" Kokichi giggled again, tapping his finger to the side of his chin in mock thought. "I wonder...? To titillate the viewers at home?" Kiibo had no idea what he was talking about, but Kokichi grinned wide and he knew what was coming next. "That's a lie! Jeez Kiibo, what else do you think you'd make a sex tape for? Money or personal enjoyment, right? Well, *maybe* there's a real pervert here who'd buy our sex tape... I bet Iruma or Shinguuji would get off to that..."

"*Our* sex tape?" He felt his every circuit heat up; he didn't dare tell Kokichi that he'd gotten flustered just thinking about holding the other boy's hand. The thought of having sex with him, of seeing that body part that Kokichi liked to ask about... He was afraid he might fry something even Miu couldn't fix. "Ouma, we aren't even dating!"

"We could change that." He smiled at Kiibo, looking very earnest in his excitement. "Or we could just do things out of order! Doesn't that sound *interesting*? We'll have sex first and date after! And have more sex! I want to feel Kiibo's fingers in me..."

Kiibo exhaled, his voice chip shuttering as his thoughts whirled wildly. Did Kokichi just want him as a giant sex toy, or was he just really bad at this whole "wooing" thing? It wasn't as if Kiibo had any experience either, so maybe he was looking too much into it. Even if nothing came of this, was it so bad to make Kokichi feel good? He was making an effort to be a little less of a brat, the longer they were stuck there. And despite everything, Kiibo felt very warm thoughts for Kokichi...

"...Okay. If you want to try it, we can."

Kokichi's face went blank once more, and Kiibo thought he detected a hint of nervousness. But Kokichi didn't run; he rocked on his heels and hummed, a tiny smile coming to his face.

"I'm surprised Kiibo said yes... But if you mean it, I'll come to your room after dinner, okay? I hope you won't disappoint me! I wouldn't want to have to rip out your circuits!"

He giggled and ran off before Kiibo could say anything, and Kiibo shook his head, not unkindly. In fact, he couldn't help but smile himself. He wasn't sure what this would all lead to, but if he could make Kokichi happy even for a night, well, that would be good enough for him.

Kiibo didn't eat, but he always enjoyed being around his friends at meals. Today though, he was very impatient, barely able to pay attention to anyone or anything except Kokichi. And was it just him, or was Kokichi practically inhaling his food...? Kiibo was a little concerned he might choke if he didn't slow down.

Before long, Kokichi was hopping up and thanking Kirumi for the meal, then hurrying out of the cafeteria. Kiibo forced himself to wait two full minutes before he excused himself, rushing after Kokichi as soon as no one could see. By the time he reached the dorms and got inside, Kokichi was already outside his door, tapping his foot impatiently. Considering their rooms were right next to each other, he wondered if Kokichi would have an excuse about how he just hadn't wanted to go in his own room yet, should Kiibo lie and say he didn't want to have sex after all. But that was cruel; crueler than what he felt Kokichi had done to him, and he quickly brushed the thought away never to return.

"Are you ready, Ouma?" Kokichi turned to face him, a bored expression on his face that Kiibo was, for once, able to see right through. Kokichi wanted this; Kiibo didn't doubt that for a moment. But that didn't mean he couldn't tease Kokichi a little bit, right? "Of course, if I'll merely bore you, I suppose you should just go to your room and forget about this. I'll just leave you alone and—"

"No!" Kokichi looked shocked by his own outburst, but he didn't retreat. "...Let's just go to your room. If we both want this, no one should stop us, right?"

The way Kokichi asked the question almost made it seem like he didn't believe Kiibo really wanted it. Kiibo smiled warmly and unlocked his door, holding it open for Kokichi.

"Of course. And I assure you, Ouma, there's nothing I want more." Kokichi didn't look entirely convinced, but he nodded and entered his room, Kiibo following and locking it behind him. He didn't want Miu or anyone else busting in tonight, and he was quite sure Kokichi didn't either. Though there was one thing he wasn't sure of... "Do you... really want me to record this?"

Kokichi glanced around the room for a while, decidedly not answering. Kiibo stayed patient, knowing there was no use in trying to make Kokichi answer anything he didn't want to. Eventually, he turned back to Kiibo and made a deliberate move to untie his scarf, his eyes locked with Kiibo's.

"...I want you to. I'll prove that I trust you not to leak that." Kiibo yet again wasn't sure what Kokichi was talking about. Who would he leak a sex tape to? "Do you trust me, Kiibo? That I'm not using you for some evil scheme?"

"I know you're not evil." Kokichi set his scarf down and kicked off his shoes. Kiibo was rather entranced by his smooth collarbones as Kokichi worked on the buttons of his shirt. "You can be very frustrating and rude, but I can't help but think that you're hiding something too... I want you to trust me, Ouma. If this is what it takes to gain your trust, I will do whatever you want. I want you to feel comfortable around me, not worry that I will betray your trust for no reason."

Kokichi's fingers fumbled with a button. It would likely be unnoticeable to a human, but Kiibo caught it. Kokichi was more nervous than he let on. Had he ever had sex...? Kiibo found himself hoping the answer was no, so he didn't have to worry about Kokichi comparing him to anyone else. Kiibo knew that textual knowledge would only get him so far in this situation, and he certainly had no practical experience. He wasn't a sexbot! But as Kokichi's last button popped, he could do nothing but stare at the smooth chest he was met with. It wasn't unmarred—two faint

scars ran down either side of his chest—but he was a beautiful sight all the same.

“...It’s hard, you know? To trust people.” He gestured down to his chest. “Does this make you change your mind?”

“No. Why would it?” Kokichi sighed, shaking his head. His hands went to his belt next, and Kiibo could feel his internal temperature rise as Kokichi pushed his pants down, kicking them off and leaving him only in his boxers. Without taking them off, he crossed over to Kiibo’s bed and crawled on top of it, propping himself up against the unused pillows. He was such an alluring sight, but Kiibo was slightly concerned about one thing... “Ouma, are you not finding this situation arousing?”

“You don’t get it, do you? That’s fine. You’ll see soon enough! Just trust me, I’m aroused. I have been for *hours*, imagining your fingers in me... They’ll be a lot better than *mine*, I’m sure!” Kiibo didn’t see why Kokichi would lie about that, but his boxers weren’t tented at all. “Stop worrying and get up here already! Don’t bore me, Kiibo!”

Kiibo only hesitated for a moment before doing as he was told, sitting on his knees before Kokichi. Kokichi stared at him for a moment before nodding to himself and hooking his thumbs in the band of his boxers, slowly pulling them down until he could fling them off with his other clothes. He was flushed as he spread his legs and reached a hand between his thighs to open up his lips, showing off his wet inner folds.

“You... You *are* very aroused, I can see.” Kokichi nodded, and he seemed relieved that Kiibo wasn’t upset. Kiibo figured Kokichi would prefer he not make a big deal out of this, so he said nothing, merely reaching a hand out to gently trace Kokichi’s wet lower lips. The little shiver he received in return was exhilarating. “This is why you wanted my fingers... Well, I’ve never done such a thing, so please tell me if I do anything to cause you pain.”

"You won't hurt me," Kokichi insisted, rocking his hips against Kiibo's fingers. "You don't need to be gentle, I won't break."

"But Ouma, have you ever—"

"Not with a person. But if you think I haven't put stuff up my pussy way bigger than your finger, you need to think again." The image of Kokichi thrusting a dildo in and out of himself entered Kiibo's mind and refused to leave. And was it just him, or had Kokichi actually implied he was a *person*? As his face flushed hotter, Kokichi smirked. "So you'd better show me how good you are! And don't forget to record it!"

Kiibo really wasn't sure why Kokichi was so insistent that he record their little tryst, but he obliged the other boy, activating the camera within him. Everything that he saw would now be available at his whim. He'd be able to see Kokichi like this whenever he wanted... Perhaps he saw the appeal after all.

"Alright, I'm recording." He moved his finger from Kokichi's lips to the soft folds within. He was still afraid he'd do something to hurt Kokichi, but he trusted that he'd have no problems telling him—very loudly—if that were the case. As it was, he enjoyed seeing Kokichi squirm as he explored this new territory. It was even more foreign to him than what he'd been expecting, and his curiosity was almost as prominent as the heat building in him. "Ouma... This is where you would get the most pleasure, correct?"

He moved up to touch the swollen little nub, not quite sure how to approach it. He started by rubbing it in gentle little circle, earning him a soft moan for his efforts. It sounded so *nice*...

He activated the vibration in those fingers.

"K-Kiibo!" Kokichi's body shook as Kiibo applied more pressure to his clit, the moans growing in volume. Kiibo couldn't bring himself to believe Kokichi was faking it, especially when he sat up and shoved Kiibo's hand away, panting heavily. "W-wait. Not yet. I want your fingers in me first."

Kiibo was rather sure Kokichi could reach more than one orgasm, but he didn't argue; this was about what Kokichi wanted, after all. He turned the vibration back off, bringing two fingers to his mouth and sucking on them. The thick, clear lubricant he had in place of saliva coated them, and he was quite sure it would work just fine, especially with as wet as Kokichi already was.

"...You can't taste anything, can you?" Kiibo considered which fingers he'd just had in his mouth and shook his head, a bit frustrated that the answer was no. He wished he could taste Kokichi, to know if he was as sweet as he looked. Not that Kiibo particularly knew what *sweet* tasted like, but it was supposed to be pleasant, right? Kokichi certainly *looked* as if he should taste appetizing. "Whatever. That just means you won't mind doing things other guys might not want to, right?"

"Do you want me to..." He paused, finding it a bit difficult to say the lewd words. "...To eat you out? I couldn't taste it, no, but I see no reason I couldn't do such a thing."

Kokichi was obviously trying to look unaffected by the offer, but the flush to his cheeks and his heavy breathing indicated otherwise. "...If Kiibo doesn't disappoint me, he can do that next time!"

Next time. Kiibo found himself smiling as he positioned his lubed fingers at Kokichi's dripping entrance.

"Very well. Then I'll be sure not to disappoint." He slowly pushed his fingers in, Kokichi gasping quietly at being penetrated. He didn't complain, so Kiibo assumed his fingers couldn't feel *too* unpleasant. He went up to the second knuckle before pulling them back, giving a few gentle thrusts to let Kokichi get used to it. When Kokichi began to make soft little noises and rock his hips, he plunged them in all the way and *curled*. The squeak Kokichi let out almost made him chuckle. "Is that a sensitive spot, Ouma?"

"I-I guess... It's okay..."

Such a blatant lie, Kiibo thought, deserved to be punished...

He turned the vibration back on and relished in the needy moan Kokichi let out.

"*Kiibo!* F-fuck me already! I want to cum!"

Well, who was Kiibo to say no to that? His fingers still pulsing, he moved them at a faster pace than before, putting a little more force behind it when Kokichi was matching his pace with no complaints. God, Kiibo thought, Kokichi looked like a hot mess—panting, drool slipping from the corners from his mouth. There was so much pale, smooth skin on display, and Kiibo wanted to touch it all. He wished he could taste it, wished he knew what it felt like to a human. But at the same time, he was so happy that Kokichi had chosen *him* to do this with. That whatever had bothered him was apparently behind them. Kokichi was so frustrating and irritating, but he was also intriguing and lively and intelligent, and Kiibo was so fond of him, and this was making him heat up to such dangerous levels...!

And then Kiibo's sensors detected a liquid hit his hand, and he seriously hoped he didn't malfunction, because the moan that escaped him this time was terribly glitched sounding.

Does he even realize he's peeing? Kiibo thought, watching as the hot piss sprayed from Kokichi and down upon the hand that was fingerfucking him. Kokichi was such a wreck that Kiibo doubted it. He supposed it was a good thing he didn't use his bed for anything, because Kokichi's emptying bladder was surely making quite the mess. But Kiibo didn't care; knowing that he was causing Kokichi so much pleasure as to make him lose control like that was such a powerful feeling. He turned the vibration up, Kokichi practically crying as Kiibo's other hand went to his clit, rubbing it just a little harder than before. Kokichi moaned and squirmed and begged for more, more, *more*, and Kiibo gave it to him, going as fast and rough as he dared.

Kokichi's bladder must have gotten full from the tea he'd drank at dinner, because the bedspread was soaked around them by the time he finally stopped peeing, and Kiibo wondered if Kokichi would do that the next time when he went down on him. Would Kokichi's warm piss feel good on his tongue? God, he hoped so. He hadn't ever thought that was an experience he wanted to have—or one most humans would want at all, actually—but he *did*.

Desire for Kokichi coursed through his circuits, and despite knowing it would put hitch in the recording, he leaned down to capture his mouth in sloppy, open kiss which Kokichi quickly returned. And just to give Kokichi a taste of what was to come, he activated the vibration in his tongue, making Kokichi giggle happily into the kiss. Kiibo didn't doubt what Kokichi was thinking upon learning he could do *that*.

He pulled back from the kiss and made sure he got a good look at Kokichi's well-kissed face, never wanting to forget this moment. Kokichi was trembling and making the cutest little desperate noises now, so he had to be close, right? Kiibo kept his eyes on Kokichi as he continued to fuck him, not wanting to miss the expression when he—

“Ah! *Kiibo!*”

The sight of Kokichi's orgasm set off something inside of Kiibo. He was so hot, so close to utterly overheating. Kokichi's shaking body and the juices that further wet his hand and those erotic gasps and moans...

Kiibo wasn't physically able to cum, but he was pretty sure that his system temporarily seizing up and rebooting was the closest equivalent he got. Upon coming back online, he was relieved to see that the recording, while stopped, had still saved. That was enough for one day anyway, he decided, removing his fingers and turning off all of the vibration features. Kokichi watched him silently, something odd in his gaze that Kiibo couldn't quite place.

"Vanilla."

Kiibo jumped at the unexpected and rather random word that spilled from Kokichi's lips. Was that really the first thing he had to say about this?

"Excuse me?"

Kokichi pushed himself up on shaky arms until he could sit up. He glanced at the mess he'd made on the bed, but rather than seem embarrassed, he giggled and grinned at Kiibo.

"Your robot spit," he clarified. "It tastes like vanilla."

"Is that a good thing...?"

Kiibo's sensors reminded him of all the fluids that coated his hand. Waterproof or not, Kokichi's piss and juices would *probably* be best cleaned up. He thought that perhaps his lubrication would

be best to keep the joints moving correctly, but the moment his fingers were in his mouth and Kokichi was staring with more than a bit of interest, he hastily pulled them out. God, he hoped Kokichi didn't realize how much he wished he could taste things in that very moment. Luckily, Kokichi only smirked and leaned in, his lips ghosting over Kiibo's.

"It is if you like vanilla," he murmured, and hand coming up to cup Kiibo's cheek. *"And I do."*

Their lips met again, and Kiibo found himself hoping that vanilla was a pleasant flavor.

In the days following their rendezvous, Kokichi acted as if nothing had happened. He was his usual lying, bratty self, and the only reason Kiibo knew anything had changed was the fact that Kokichi still refrained from calling him Kiiboy. Kiibo let Kokichi have all the time he needed; he couldn't deny, however, that he *might* have watched the recording he'd made a few times...

...Twice a day, at least...

"Kiibo?" He paused, turning around to face the familiar voice. Kokichi was alone, and for the first time since he'd left Kiibo's room, he looked a bit hesitant. "...Have you shown anyone the video you made?"

"No, of course not. That's a private matter, meant just for the two of us." Kokichi hummed as he rocked on his heels, and Kiibo couldn't stop from imagining that same voice crying out his name as he came. He'd wanted to make Kokichi go to him if he wanted more, but, well, Kokichi *had* sought him out... "Ouma, about what I asked the other day... Are you still interested?"

Kokichi stilled, tilting his head a little as he regarded Kiibo in a serious manner. "Oh, you mean eating me out with your vibrating tongue? Was Kiibo serious about that?"

"Yes." He supposed Kokichi wasn't expecting such a blunt answer, because his eyes widened considerably, and Kiibo could hear his sharp intake of breath. "Ouma, I can see you still don't fully trust me, but I'll do whatever it takes to change that. If pleasuring you is the way to do it, I will. Please, allow me the opportunity to change your mind."

"...Would Kiibo go down on me right here, if that's what I wanted? Would he make my pussy taste like vanilla right in the hall where *anyone* could see?"

The lewd thought, admittedly, was exciting. And he knew Kokichi liked exciting things. But he couldn't bring himself to nod. Slowly, he reached out and took Kokichi's hands within his, pleased when he didn't jerk them away.

"Ouma... I'd like to think I understand your comfort level better than that. I'd rather the two of us be somewhere you'd feel comfortable. I'll do whatever you're happy with, but I feel you'd be more contented where we'd have privacy."

Kokichi let out a shuttering little breath, a tiny smile coming to his face. Kiibo felt as if he'd passed some unknown, yet important test.

"...I can show you my room then. Though I've got a whiteboard I need to change a few things on..."

Kiibo didn't know what he meant, but as Kokichi lead them towards the dorms, their fingers entwined, he couldn't say that he really cared. He was finally breaking through Kokichi's walls, and there was no greater pleasure to him in the world.

Chapter End Notes

Next is Oumasai!

Shuuichi Saihara - Gagging

Chapter Summary

Despite rumors, Kokichi Ouma does, in fact, have a gag reflex. A bad one.

(I always write Kokichi as having no gag reflex, but my best friend Mei is into this stuff and lol, I suppose I just wanted to give this concept a shot! Thanks again Mei!)

Chapter Notes

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

Kokichi had first heard it by accident—Shuuichi and Rantarou had been walking in the hall together, and before he could jump out and surprise them, his name had hit his ears.

"So, how far have you and Ouma gotten?"

"A-Amami! W-would you like it if I asked about you and Kiibo?"

"I'll tell you anything you want to know about us if you're really curious."

"No! That's not necessary. I'm just not sure I should talk about that without Ouma's permission."

Shuuichi was just as sweet as Kokichi had imagined dating him would be. He was very invested in making sure he felt comfortable and loved, and honestly, Kokichi really appreciated it.

...But part of him really, *really* wanted Shuuichi to get rough. To degrade him and make him cry and punish him for being a lying brat and—

"Fair enough. I'll just use my imagination then... I bet he doesn't have a gag reflex, huh?"

"Amami!"

"Kiibo doesn't."

"*Amami!* I don't need to know that!"

Kokichi didn't follow them as they walked out of hearing range, his face heating up as he thought about how extremely wrong Rantarou was. Not only had he and Shuuichi done nothing further than handjobs—which, admittedly, were very nice, especially when he was in Shuuichi's lap, feeling his boyfriend's warm hands as he lazily jerked him off—but, well...

Kokichi could barely brush his teeth without choking. He was small, and despite everyone saying he had a big mouth, it was *physically* very small. He wasn't sure he could properly blow Shuuichi if his life depended on it, let alone deep-throat him. Was that really how he came off to his peers though? Like some dick-sucking champ? *Him*, Kokichi Ouma, who'd run away from his blatant crush for months before he could even bring himself to hold his hand without getting too flustered to run away? Who couldn't flirt and had never kissed before Shuuichi and sometimes still blushed over hugs?

But he'd obviously sucked a *ton* of cocks. *Obviously!*

Kokichi wasn't naive—he realized that the persona he presented to the others was far more confident and perhaps that made him seem more sexual than he was. It wasn't like he didn't *want* to suck Shuuichi's dick. The thought of blowing Shuuichi and getting to watch him get flustered, getting to listen to him moan, getting to taste Shuuichi's cum? All things he most certainly *did* want. And, well, the more he thought about it, the more he thought he could do it. Why not? He'd managed to fool almost everyone into thinking he didn't have deep emotional issues, so surely he could fake his way through a blowjob!

And that was how Kokichi found himself kneeling before his bed, settled between Shuuichi's thighs and staring at his boyfriend's big dripping cock up close and personal. He'd already known Shuuichi was oddly well-endowed, but having his face so close made it seem almost intimidating. How the hell was he supposed to fit even *half* of that in his mouth?

"Ouma, you don't have to do this if you aren't comfortable. It's okay." Kokichi lifted his gaze to see Shuuichi giving him a concerned look. Here Shuuichi was, hard as a rock, and he was more concerned with his boyfriend's well-being than getting off. While Kokichi supposed that was in fact the right thing to do in a healthy relationship, he just wasn't sure how he'd actually managed to get himself into one of those. "You don't look like you want to do this, so please don't force yourself. We can stop."

Not *You can jerk me off instead* or even *I'll jack off on your face*, no. They could just *stop*. Shuuichi was too fucking sweet and it was making Kokichi feel terrible. What had he done to deserve this...? Nothing.

"Oh? Is Saihara worried about me? How kind!" He leaned forward and gave the tip of his dick a teasing little kiss. "How dare you underestimate me! Does Saihara *want* to make me cry?"

"Ouma, please, you don't need to lie about this sort of thing. Not with me. I lo—" Shuuichi cut off his a little cry as Kokichi licked his length. "Ouma, stop trying to distract me! I love you and I don't want you to do something just because you think you should!"

"...I know all that," Kokichi mumbled, earning a shuttering gasp as he suckled on the head of Shuuichi's cock. Licking it wasn't bad at all, and this wasn't either. Maybe he *could* do it! The thought spurred him on, and he took a little bit more in his mouth, bobbing his head a little.

"O-Ouma..." Shuuichi had never moaned quite like that before, like this was a pleasure he'd never known. Kokichi supposed that was in fact the case though, and he felt powerful. Shuuichi had felt a hand on his cock before he came along—even if it were Shuuichi's own—but this was his first time getting a blowjob, and Kokichi was doing great! He could totally do this! "Ouma!"

Kokichi didn't think much of it when Shuuichi's hips jerked a bit. It jumped him a little, but that meant he was doing a good job, right? And since he was moving his head, it was fine if Shuuichi wanted to facefuck him a little. He could manage it!

Except it didn't take many more instances of such before the push and pull didn't *quite* match and Shuuichi's cock slid to the back of his mouth, almost hitting his uvula. He gagged around the intrusion and pulled back hastily, his eyes watering as he coughed a few times.

"Ouma? Are you alright?" Kokichi hoped his face wasn't half as red as it felt. "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to choke you!"

"Choke me? Don't be silly, my beloved Saihara!" His lie might have been more convincing if he

could have stopped the tiny coughs that peppered his words. "You must have a big head to think your dick can choke me!"

Shuuichi tried sputtering out how that wasn't what he meant, but Kokichi couldn't take it—he went back to sucking his boyfriend's cock, which *was* in fact big enough to choke him. And he really did love how well-endowed Shuuichi was, despite the tickle still deep in the back of his throat because of it. He didn't know how many times he'd stuck his fingers up his ass as he'd masturbated, wishing he had that thick cock inside of him instead. Even now, just thinking about the cock in his mouth made his erection ache. He wanted to touch himself, but he thought it wise to place his hands on Shuuichi's thighs. Just in case.

He continued blowing Shuuichi, and he could tell his boyfriend was now holding himself back. Kokichi felt a rush of annoyance run through him; if only he hadn't choked! Now Shuuichi wasn't going to have fun and that just wouldn't do!

Slowly, he took more of Shuuichi into his mouth, reminding himself that he could do this. He sucked and licked with all the enthusiasm he had to make Shuuichi feel good, and slowly, he seemed to relax and enjoy himself again. Kokichi hummed in satisfaction, and Shuuichi let out a load moan as it vibrated his cock.

And, despite Kokichi trying to hold him down, his hips shot forward again. Kokichi didn't blame him, not at all. But the fact remained that Kokichi still didn't exactly know what he was doing and it took him by surprise yet again, even worse this time since he'd already been gagging earlier. So when Shuuichi's cock went even *further* down his throat, actually bumping the back of it, it was really no wonder that he felt as if he might throw up.

The panic of being choked filled Kokichi and in his haste to pull away, he accidentally jerked forward, pressing the erection further down his throat. He gagged loudly, his body shaking as he finally moved back, coughing deeply, his breathing shallow as he forced down the bile that threatened to expel itself. No, he thought, no way was he embarrassing himself further by puking. It was bad enough that he couldn't calm down, couldn't stop the coughing that wracked his body. He was vaguely aware of Shuuichi on the floor with him, murmuring soothing words and rubbing his back in an attempt to help. In a way, it did—he at least felt his nerves soothe, which made getting his breathing under control much easier.

"It's alright, Kokichi, you're fine. Everything is okay. Nothing is wrong. It's not your fault."

Kokichi might have gotten flustered over the use of his given name if the last bit hadn't caught his attention. His knee-jerk reaction was to think that of course it wasn't his fault he'd choked! But he quickly realized that wasn't a thing Shuuichi would ever insinuate, and instead realized that his legs were *very wet*.

"I..." His throat felt sore, and he blamed that for the familiar prick behind his eyes. He wasn't crying because he'd just pissed all over Shuuichi's floor, no way! Kokichi Ouma didn't really cry, everyone knew he only faked it! "I made a mess, huh? Sorry Saihara, I'll clean it up!"

His voice was too raspy for the fake cheer to be believable, and Shuuichi only held him close, ignoring the puddle on the floor before him. He buried his face in Shuuichi's shoulder, taking a shuddering breath as he tried not to think about how badly he'd lost his composure as to start peeing without even realizing it. He was glad he hadn't had to go a lot at least!

"It's fine, please don't worry about it. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to do that again. I'm the worst..."

Kokichi shook his head, still keeping his face pressed against Shuuichi's skin. He felt much better

like this, but he didn't want Shuuichi thinking his own gag reflex was anyone else's fault. Neither of them was really to blame, he supposed. Though he really should have just accepted that he wouldn't be able to take much in his mouth instead of trying to push it, then making Shuuichi feel guilty...

He reached between them and felt that Shuuichi's erection had only partially died. Shuuichi shivered at his gentle touch, a moan escaping him as Kokichi wrapped a hand around his cock and began to stroke it. When Shuuichi tried to mumble that it wasn't necessary, he finally lifted his head and brought their lips together in a gentle kiss.

He really, *really* loved Shuuichi.

Though he'd gone soft while he'd been choking, the feel of Shuuichi's hard, thick cock in his hand and the sweet moans that hit his ears made his arousal return. He scooted closer, crawling into Shuuichi's lap—realizing a bit too late that his legs were still wet, but Shuuichi didn't react so he didn't pull away—until he could bring their cocks together. He couldn't wrap a hand around them both, but Shuuichi's hand was soon there to help, the two of them working in tandem to jerk each other off as their kisses grew sloppier, more desperate. Shuuichi's graceful, long fingers touching him was almost as arousing as the feel of their cocks pressed together so snugly, and Kokichi could feel that he was close. And judging by the beautiful sounds Shuuichi was making—and considering they'd both been so close before his little incident—he knew he wasn't far off either. He sped up his pace, and Shuuichi didn't try to stop him. They kissed and moaned and touched and Kokichi could feel the heat coiling in his groin and—

All of the embarrassment from the day seemed to melt away as he came, and certainly so once Shuuichi's cum added to the mess on their hands almost directly after. Shuuichi continued to milk them until they'd rode out their orgasms, then gently dislodged Kokichi so he could get them both to their feet. The puddle looked a lot bigger now that he was standing up, but Shuuichi paid it no mind as he got some tissues to clean their hands.

"...Why are you so nice to me?"

Shuuichi didn't seem as surprised by that question as Kokichi thought he might have been.

"Because I love you and you deserve to be treated kindly." It was so confident, so matter-of-fact that Kokichi felt the sting behind his eyes come back. He tried to blink it away, but... "You can cry. It's okay."

And when Shuuichi held him close and didn't complain when Kokichi got tears and snot all over his chest, well, he figured Shuuichi must have been telling the truth.

Chapter End Notes

Next up is Kaito!

Kaito Momota - Piss Drinking (Again, Kaito's turn)

Chapter Summary

Kaito Momota is definitely, undeniably straight, and surely his latest plan will prove it! (or, you know, NOT)

(So, here's the first Oumota chapter in a separate continuity! ...And yet, somethings stay the same! Anyway, so I know Kaito being a closet case is sort of a meme at this point but it's one I can get behind. And the world needs more happy Oumota content, so I suppose I'll help provide it! I really like how this chapter came out, so please let me know your thoughts!)

Chapter Notes

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

Kaito Momota was one-hundred percent, without a doubt, absolutely, undeniably straight. He loved girls and that was that. No arguments.

"Ah! Momota!" The fact that he was on his knees sucking off Kokichi meant nothing. He wasn't gay! Nor had it meant anything when Kokichi had sucked his dick the day before. Or those handjobs in the library. And he definitely hadn't been turned on when they'd rutted together in that empty hallway... "You're too good at sucking my dick! I'm gonna cum!"

He didn't like the praise and he certainly didn't ignore Kokichi's warning on purpose to taste his cum on his tongue, no. That would be *gay* and Kaito was *straight*!

So when Kokichi was flushed and panting softly and leaned down to kiss him, Kaito pulled away and pulled a face that made him frown.

"Momota, I swear, if you say *Ouma we can't kiss that's gay* one more time—"

"It *is* gay!" he protested, knowing that Kokichi really couldn't argue that fact.

"We're both bi! *What does it matter?*" Kaito stood up, and he wasn't watching as Kokichi tucked his dick back into his pants. He certainly didn't miss the feel of it in his mouth. Kokichi didn't look particularly happy, but his angry face wasn't cute. Not at all. Because he wasn't bi either, he was straight! "You're the biggest closet case I've ever seen in my life. You've blown off Harukawa for the past two months to suck my dick and you won't even kiss me. Are you interested in me or not?"

The answer was: of course not. How could he be? Kokichi was a guy! He only liked girls! He didn't want to kiss Kokichi or hold him in his arms as they fell asleep together or hear that cute giggle of his or ram his cock deep into Kokichi's ass, oh, or maybe Kokichi would ride him? Bounce on his dick and moan like his life depended on it? Yeah, he didn't want that either.

"Can't we just... Not talk about it?" Kokichi glared up at him. "Ouma, look, I'm straight, okay? Since when do you like talking about shit like feelings anyway?"

"I *don't*, but when a guy who acts like he's into me keeps saying he's straight one second and sucks

my dick the next, it's a little confusing!" Kokichi shook his head and lowered his gaze to the floor, his expression turning blank. "Whatever. Momota can lie to himself all he wants! But the next time you want to get off, don't come to me unless you're ready to tell the truth!"

Kokichi ran out of the room before he could say anything, but then again, what else did he have to say? It was really rich to hear *Kokichi* of all people lecture him about lying, but he found that he really didn't have it in him to get mad. True, Kokichi drove him insane more often than not, but he supposed he'd become a bit fond of him in all the months they'd been trapped at Gifted Inmates Academy. The outrageous lies and elaborate pranks didn't even really bother him anymore. No, he liked Kokichi just fine. More than fine.

He sort of loved Kokichi actually, and—

And Kaito stopped in his tracks, both physically and mentally, and he backpedaled so hard his head hurt. Like hell he loved Kokichi! He wasn't gay or bi or whatever! He only liked girls! He was no lying closet case, he just...

He had an explanation for everything he'd done with Kokichi, really he did! It wasn't as if Kokichi had been his closet key and now he was finally accepting that he loved cocks or anything. That maybe he'd even be okay with having *Kokichi's* cock up *his* ass. No way, no how. Kaito was straight, and he'd prove it!

A plan hit him, and he ran off to find everything he was going to need to prove once and for all that he was one hundred and ten percent pure hetero.

The next day Kaito waited until after breakfast, where he watched Kokichi drink three cups of tea with his overly sweet looking pancakes—not that he was watching him on purpose or anything!—and he knew that his plan was going to work. As soon as everyone dispersed, he was at Kokichi's side, and neither Shuuichi nor Rantarou seemed all that surprised by that turn of events. He was pretty sure he even heard Rantarou whispering something about *making up*, but he ignored it. He had a plan to enact!

"...Momota, didn't I tell you not to talk to me unless you were ready to stop lying?" His hands were on his hips and he was not at all cute as he glared up at him. "I hate liars you know!"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Just come with me, will you?"

He reached for Kokichi's hand, and it was small and warm in his as he led him away. Kokichi didn't protest; it was likely because he loved intriguing things, but the reason didn't really matter to Kaito. He was just glad Kokichi was cooperating instead of being a stubborn brat who was holding a grudge because Kaito wouldn't kiss him.

By the time they reached the dorms and Kaito led him to his room, it hit him that Kokichi's hand was sort of a perfect fit for his. It was a lot smaller, true, but he liked that. He liked how soft and warm it was, how pleasant it felt to squeeze it affectionately as they walked, to feel Kokichi hesitate for a moment before doing the same. Or, mind you, it would have if Kokichi had been a girl.

Because, well, you know.

He let go of Kokichi's hand and ushered him inside, locking the door behind them. Kokichi had been in the room plenty of times, but there was a new addition that made his eyes widen.

"Grape Panta is your favorite, right?"

"Yeah, but that useless witch hid it all when I told her she was a talentless hack. Where'd you find it?"

Kaito didn't want to think about how many favors he owed Angie for helping him find Himiko's stash. He supposed any liquid would have done for his plan, but the sticky sweet soda was Kokichi's favorite and he *had* been looking everywhere for the hiding spot, so...

"It doesn't matter. It's all yours." Kokichi gave him a look, as if to ask him what the catch was. "Look, it's yours, okay? I just... I want you to drink one right now."

"...What?" Kokichi didn't see where this was going, and Kaito was very, *very* relieved. "My beloved Momota is so weird... Fine. But only if you promise that you'll actually answer my question from yesterday!"

Oh right, about being *interested* in Kokichi. Well, after his plan went through, he'd have it!

"Deal. Drink this and by the time we're done in here, it'll be crystal clear!"

Kokichi muttered something about wondering why he liked a guy with moonrocks rolling around in his head before uncapping one of the bottles and chugging down much more than anyone his size had any right to drink in one go. Kaito ignored the juvenile insult and was amazed he didn't choke on it.

Kokichi took a few minutes before he drank anymore, and he got comfortable on Kaito's bed. The same bed he'd been sitting on the day before when Kaito had taken his cute cock in his mouth and sucked him dry. But he wasn't thinking about that and getting hard! Not at all!

They were silent as Kokichi drank and Kaito watched him, willing down his erection. Or, rather, trying to. But he watched as Kokichi's throat bobbed as he drank the soda, and he just wanted to lick that smooth, pale flesh, and well, he wasn't doing a good job of keeping his dick down. Thankfully, Kokichi soon emptied the bottle and tossed it aside carelessly.

"Okay, I drank it all, you weirdo. Now what?" He glanced down at Kaito's pants and giggled, a bit of color springing to his cheeks. "I don't know why you're hard, but I'm pretty sure I said I don't want anything more to do with a closet case who won't stop lying... Don't you think the fact your dick got excited watching me drink soda says something?"

"Ouma, just shut up and let me suck your cock." Kokichi blinked up at him, a disbelieving expression on his face. "Please?"

"...Momota is so *strange*..." Kokichi's hands were at his belt regardless, soon slipping his pants and boxers to his ankles. "But I want my answer after this!"

"Yeah, yeah, you'll get it..." He got to his knees and situated himself between Kokichi's legs. He hoped enough time had passed... "Just don't hold back, okay?"

"What are you—ah! Momota, what are you doing?" Kaito had not only swallowed Kokichi's dick almost to the hilt, but he used a hand to firmly press on his bladder as well. This was it, this was his master plan. Piss was disgusting, right? So if Kokichi pissed in his mouth, it would be gross and he could finally say that he didn't enjoy sucking cocks! It was the perfect plan! "Momota... You shouldn't... I need to..."

He needed to piss! Perfect! Between the tea and the Panta, Kaito hoped it wouldn't take long.

Kokichi was hard in his mouth now, but after he came, he would pee, right? That sounded logical. So if he just put all of the cock-sucking skills he'd learned over the past few months to the test, he could make Kokichi a moaning, shivering mess in no time!

He ignored the little voice in his head telling him that was *not* something a straight man would say and kept sucking.

"Momota, I'm serious, I really need to pee." Kaito gave him a thumbs up, not pausing his ministrations for a moment. "Was this what you wanted? You have some weird piss fetish? I didn't know my beloved Momota was so lewd!"

He obviously wasn't doing a good enough job if Kokichi could still talk like that, so Kaito reached up to fondle Kokichi's balls as well. Seeing the smaller boy come undone was always an appealing sight, and today was no different. Every little moan and gasp and whimper went straight to Kaito's cock, and he would have jerked himself off if he hadn't needed both hands for Kokichi.

He didn't even notice at first that something had spurted from Kokichi's dick. Something warm. Something like...

He must really need to piss if he's already leaking, Kaito thought, letting the hot liquid slide down his throat. Well, he didn't need to wonder if Kokichi would pee after he came at least!

"Momota... I'm close..."

Just as the night before, Kaito ignored the warning and continued blowing Kokichi like the fate of the world depended on it. And just like before, when Kokichi came, he swallowed his cum with no issues. But this time, there was a new addition...

More hot piss trickled out of Kokichi's spent cock, and Kaito drank it down. That was the plan after all—he'd prove to himself this was gross! And well, it was warm. And it tasted pretty weird. And Kokichi sure had to piss a lot! It was a little difficult keeping up, gulping down all that hot piss, feeling it on his tongue, sliding down his throat...

Kaito came in his pants with a shuddered moan, still drinking Kokichi's piss. He hadn't touched himself even once.

By the time Kokichi was done peeing, Kaito let his dick slip from his mouth, his expression somber. Kokichi sighed as he saw it.

"...Let me guess? You came in your pants from drinking my pee, after sucking my dick, and you're *still* going to say you're straight?"

"Ouma, shut up, this is really important." Kokichi rolled his eyes and nodded. "...I'm bisexual as fuck."

"*Oh thank god.*"

Kokichi was off the bed and in Kaito's lap in an instant, pressing their lips together without a care for the fluids in Kaito's mouth. Kaito didn't complain or try to stop him, simply returning the kiss and wondering why the hell he'd always denied this before. Kokichi was so eager and his lips were sweet from the Panta, and Kaito wasn't sure grape had ever tasted so delicious.

"Hey," Kokichi murmured in between desperate kisses, as if they were making up for lost time, "we've got all this Panta... Does my beloved Momota want to play a game?"

Kaito responded by breaking the kiss to grab two bottles of soda and shove one into Kokichi's arms.

It was going to be a long time before anyone saw either of them again.

Kaito and Kokichi entered the dining room together for dinner after dropping off a considerable amount of soiled bedding and clothes, and he hoped Kirumi didn't ask too many questions as long as they cleaned up their mess themselves. No one needed to know about the very wet afternoon they'd had, but Kaito knew *he* certainly wouldn't be forgetting it anytime soon.

He completely forgot that he was holding Kokichi's hand again until he could practically *feel* Maki glaring daggers at the two of them. Kaito suppressed a shiver, wondering why he'd ever thought things could work out between the two of them. Kokichi, in his typical bratty nature, giggled loudly and pressed himself closer to Kaito's side. Maki muttered something under her breath and turned away, and Kaito was thankful he didn't hear it.

"Oh, so you two are *finally* going to stop hiding your relationship?"

Rantarou and Shuuichi both looked a little too relieved at that, and Kaito felt a touch of embarrassment at Rantarou's question. Had everyone assumed they were already dating? He supposed he could see why they'd come to that conclusion. And he also supposed he could see why Kokichi had gotten so frustrated with him. Maybe he *had* been a little ridiculous before. Maybe it had been stupid of him to pretend he was straight when he was sort of a cockslut.

Okay, he was *definitely* a cockslut.

"...Yeah, I guess I came to my senses."

"And *I* came over and over, right, my beloved Momota?"

Kokichi's question was asked loud and clear, as if to make sure absolutely no one in the entire room missed it. Kaito guessed he deserved that.

"I don't think anyone wants to hear about that, Kokichi..." It didn't even occur to him that he'd used Kokichi's—*his boyfriend's!*—given name until the hand in his went slack. It wasn't horribly surprising, he didn't think. He used Shuuichi's name just because they were best friends. But apparently Kokichi hadn't expected it, considering he was staring up blankly at him. "Kokichi? Something wrong?"

"...No." A tiny smile came to his face, and he tugged Kaito over to their usual seats with their friends. "Everything is fine, my beloved Kaito!"

Despite all the eyes on him, Kaito forced down his kneejerk reaction to yell he was straight—because god, *he totally wasn't*—and sat down with Kokichi. Who he sort of loved. Maybe a bit more than he should. He guessed you probably didn't spend hours pissing and having sex and ingesting so much cum without at least loving someone a *little*.

And as Kokichi leaned into his side as dinner was served, Kaito could finally admit that he was one-hundred percent, without a doubt, absolutely, undeniably bisexual and Kokichi Ouma had been his closet key.

Oh, and he'd been right. Having Kokichi cock up his ass had been more than okay. Ten out of ten, he thought, would get the piss railed out of him again.

Chapter End Notes

Next is Shuuichi, as his birthday is coming up!

Shuuichi Saihara - Wetting during a class trial

Chapter Summary

It's Shuuichi's birthday! But a class trial is going to prove to make his day very... interesting. It's sure to be a birthday he'll never forget!

(Shuuichi peeing himself in front of everyone during class trial came from drg, I remember that much. So when I needed a birthday fic for Shuuichi, I thought, "Hey, why not?" So... Sorry Shuuichi, lol. Happy Birthday!)

Chapter Notes

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

When Shuuichi woke up on the day of his eighteenth birthday, he'd thought he'd have a good day. It was, after all, his birthday, and despite being trapped in a dome for unclear reasons, he had friends and a boyfriend and there was no reason to think anything would go wrong!

Except his eyes had been open for all of ten seconds before an announcement sounded, telling everyone to get to the trial room right away.

"Do we have to...?" Shuuichi sighed and sat up, scanning the room for their clothes. Technically, he'd still been awake when his birthday started. And he wasn't sure there was a better way to turn eighteen than with his cock up Kokichi's ass. "It's not like anyone died! Monokuma's trials are all such bullshit..."

As of late, Monokuma had been attempting to get them in the spirit of killing by show them all how exciting class trials could be. Whenever someone committed some sort of rule violation, the class would investigate to see if they could find the culprit. If they did, the rule-breaker had to face a "punishment" that typically was something simple to make up for what they'd done. But if they weren't caught, they got a prize. It had yet to convince anyone to start killing, but it was typically a thing Shuuichi still enjoyed.

But today was his birthday, and he really would have preferred staying in bed with Kokichi all day, just as they'd done on Kokichi's birthday. Maybe break their record. If they got started early enough, it was certainly possible!

"...Yes, I suppose we should. There's always the chance this is serious." He doubted it though. Probably someone was sneaking to the cafeteria after curfew again or something equally asinine. "We'll spend the rest of the day together, I promise."

"I should be the one promising that!" Kokichi finally got up too, apparently having no problems parading around naked as he grabbed his clothes. "It's my beloved's birthday! If you want to do something *special*, you should get to!"

Kokichi had wanted to ride his dick for his birthday, and by god, had they ever worked hard to make that happen as often as possible.

"...Alright then, I want to have you at my side as we find the truth at this trial, then I want to come

back here and not leave the bed for the rest of the day.” Kokichi giggled as he bent over to pick up his boxers, and Shuuichi had to look away before he changed his mind about going to the trial. “As long as that’s alright with you.”

The smirk he was met with when Kokichi stood back up was sure to keep his anticipation up all throughout the day. Among other things.

“Oh, my beloved Saihara... There’s nothing I want more than to sit on your dick *all day long*.”

Shuuichi could tell this was going to be a very, *very* long trial.

Everyone stood at their podiums, and Shuuichi thought it was odd that they hadn’t been given time to investigate before they were thrown into the trial. Of course, it made a little more sense when Monokuma had cackled and reminded everyone of one of the rules.

“I told you little shits I don’t care what you do in your dorms, but no getting frisky anywhere else!” Shuuichi didn’t even need to hear the rest to hazard a guess that perhaps someone had found some... DNA evidence in one of the rundown corners of the school. In their defense, it was late and no one was around and Kokichi had looked so handsome and the kissing got out of hand...! “Toujou! Tell everyone the evidence so we can get this trial moving!”

“...There is not much to say. There was semen on the wall near the eastern entrance this morning, presumably from last night. I cleaned it, though I do wish everyone could do such things in a more private setting. However, I apologize, but I was *not* the one to report this.” Her gaze lingered on Shuuichi for just a moment. “I know today is an important day.”

Murmurs of assent came from many of the students.

“Yeah, yeah, we all know it’s Saihara’s birthday! So can we just get this over with? I have very important things to do!” Kokichi paused and *leered* at Shuuichi. “Or should I say, Saihara has very important things to do. And that’s *me*. So let’s start already!”

Everyone ignored Kokichi, used to his antics by that point. Kirumi had said nothing to be refuted, but Kaede asked her a few questions regardless. The conclusions drawn were: There was at least one male student involved. That was really all they could prove, as the partner’s sex was impossible to know.

Well, Shuuichi knew. Kokichi too. But Shuuichi didn’t particularly want to be punished on his birthday... But if they could get away with it, they’d simply get a reward and everyone could go on with their day. He hated to lie—he’d leave that up to Kokichi—but he felt he was justified in it, just this once.

...Besides, he’d come straight to the trial room from his dorm, and it hit him that perhaps he should have used the restroom first. Well, no matter. Surely the trial wouldn’t drag out too long, right?

“Alright, I know that’s not a lot to go on, but we really don’t have any leads... I don’t suppose anyone wants to confess?” Kaede looked around, but no one said a thing. Shuuichi hoped that shifting his weight to ease the pressure on his bladder didn’t make him look suspicious. “Okay, then... Since Toujou is the only one to have seen the evidence... Do you have any theories?”

“Well, it’s really all conjecture, but...” Kirumi looked at Shuuichi again and sighed. “It seems cruel to say this today, but there are only a few romantic relationships among us, and while I hate

to accuse Saihara of anything, this does seem like something Ouma would do..."

"Damn fuckin' straight it does! Just confess already, Cuckichi!" Miu pointed a finger at Kokichi, shrinking back a little when he glared at her. "S-stop looking at me like that...!"

"Well, I mean, I know *you* aren't getting any, so you *must* be innocent, but that's a pretty big accusation without any proof!" He turned from where Miu was cowering and grinned brightly at Kaede. "Okay Akamatsu, I'll give my alibi! I was with my beloved Saihara last night, all night long. If you think that mess is really from us... Ask yourself—do you really think *Saihara* would ever do something like that?"

Shuuichi was used to Kokichi's testimony having leading questions, and this he knew was no different. Sure enough, Kaede instantly looked uncomfortable. Would anyone accuse him of being a pervert who would fuck his boyfriend in public when they weren't that far from the dorms...?

They'd be right, but who would be the one to call him out...?

"He's dating *you*, isn't he?" Ah, good old cynical Maki to the rescue. "Some of your degeneracy must have rubbed off on him. You two are our best suspects. You just said it yourself—you were together all night. The opportunity was there."

"Well, Harukawa is right... You had the means and opportunity... And, well, I guess the motive too..." Kokichi's demeanor didn't break, and Shuuichi was glad, because the more people that kept staring at him, wondering if he'd really done lewd things with Kokichi in a dark hallway, the more urgent his need to pee seemed to get. "Look, you two were... excited. Okay, we all make mistakes. If you just confess, we can forget all about it!"

For *Kaede*—the girl who tried to defend people no matter what—to think their guilt was that obvious, it must have been transparent. Then again, who else would it really have been? And, well, she *was* right. They were all right. But for everyone to know he'd lost all self-control like that...!

"We won't confess to a crime we aren't guilty of." The lie slipped from his mouth easily, confidently. What was he doing...? "Everything you have is circumstantial. Unless you have actual proof...?"

Kaede and Kirumi shared a look, Kirumi shaking her head. Of course they didn't. Surely, he could leave this up to Kokichi now—Kokichi could pin the blame convincingly on someone, and then he could apologize later on. Grovel even. But he really just couldn't bear to admit to it, even if everyone would find out if the wrong culprits were chosen. Perhaps he wasn't thinking clearly as he kept shifting his weight and squeezing his thighs together. He wanted to reach down and grab his dick, to try and ease a little pressure...

"Ah, I did see Saihara and Ouma in the halls together last night, around...ten o'clock?" Everyone turned to Kiibo, who looked contemplative. "I didn't think much of it then, but they were kissing in the hallway... Though when I saw them, it was only that."

"Why didn't you mention it sooner?" Kokichi asked, thankfully keeping his face its normal color, unlike Shuuichi's own, which was rather flushed. He hadn't even noticed Kiibo...! "How do I know you aren't making that up?"

"I just didn't think you'd do more than kiss! That isn't against the rules." He turned to Rantarou, his expression turning a little shy. "And I was with Amami, so he can vouch that I'm not making it

up."

"Ah, well... I didn't see Ouma and Saihara, but I did notice him look at one of the corners when we were headed to my room... I guess it would have been near the eastern exit..." Oh great, and Rantarou had been there too! Today just kept getting better! "Either way, I don't see why Kiibo would lie about that. And before *someone* accuses us of anything—" He shot Kokichi one of his oddly creepy stares. "—some of us can control ourselves until we get to our dorms."

Kokichi actually bristled at that—he tended to get rather agitated when Kiibo was involved, for reasons Shuuichi wasn't entirely sure of—but he quickly recovered and giggled loudly.

"Like Kiiboy said, kissing isn't against the rules, and you were too moonstruck to pay attention, so your testimony doesn't amount to much!" Their case was shattered, but Shuuichi was happy to see Kokichi not giving up and having fun doing it. But his anxiety over being found guilty was beginning to lose to his anxiety that he was going to piss his pants in front of his entire class. All of his friends, his boyfriend... "Does *anyone* have any *actual* evidence?"

"...I do." Everyone once again turned back to him, and Kokichi's shocked look was almost comical. But considering it quickly turned to concern, Shuuichi didn't get the chance to find any humor in it. His bladder ached painfully now, and he knew if he didn't just confess and end this, he wouldn't make it. "My evidence is that I personally bent Kokichi against the wall and caused him to leave that mess. I'm guilty. So please, let's vote. Right away."

"S-Saihara...?"

He just shook his head, silently apologizing to Kokichi that he just couldn't keep it up. He was glad Kokichi really didn't have any shame, even with as many insecurities that he otherwise hid. Getting fucked in a hallway wasn't a thing he had a problem with, nor was anyone knowing about it. A small miracle, he supposed.

"Please, let's just vote. I... I can't..."

He hunched over his podium, groaning in pain as a long spurt of piss escaped his cock. He doubted that his dark clothes would even show it, but he knew it was there. And the fifteen sets of eyes watching him from the other podiums surely knew something was wrong.

"Saihara, are you sick?" Kaede's concern wasn't helping anymore than Kokichi's. "I know we can't leave the trial room, but if you're ill, maybe Monokuma will make an exception..." Monokuma's despairing laughter was all the answer they needed to that. "It's his birthday! Please, just let him go!"

"Too late!" Monokuma cackled, and it really was. Shuuichi didn't think he could make it to the men's room without pissing himself even if he tried. "It's time to vote for our guilty parties! If you want the birthday boy to get out of here, you'd better be quick about it!"

The moment they could vote, Shuuichi wasted no time picking himself and Kokichi. He felt bad, but everyone already knew. If nothing else, maybe everyone else could leave the trial room before he lost control...? Thankfully, the votes were all cast quickly.

Fifteen pairs of votes were for Shuuichi and Kokichi.

One was for Rantarou and Kiibo, and no one needed to ask who *that* came from.

"Well, it's not very fun if the guilty party *confesses*, but you bastards voted right!" Monokuma leered down, his odd mismatched eyes locking with Shuuichi's. "And now for punishment... You

all have to stay in here until Mr. Can't-Keep-It-In-His-Pants loses control!"

Confused murmurs arose, and Shuuichi almost cried out of frustration. This was a fitting punishment for breaking the rules and lying about it, he supposed. Humiliation on his birthday... And the worst part was, he knew he'd do it all over again, given the opportunity. He knew, looking over at Kokichi—who was trying to hide both his concern and his confusion and not doing the perfect job he usually did at either—that this boy would be his downfall over and over again.

Knowing that it was no use, he accepted his punishment, and with all eyes on him, and finally let go. He doubted anyone could even tell as the first jets of piss streaked down his pants, but even the dark fabric eventually became saturated enough to glisten under the light. And once the puddle began to grow under him... The room went deathly quiet, and the hiss of him pissing his pants was all that could be heard. Well, that and the quiet little sob that escaped him, his face flushed hotly. Everyone was watching him wet himself like a baby and cry about it, and he wasn't sure he'd ever felt so terrible in his life...!

"Shuuichi..."

Kokichi's breathy call of his given name made him look up. Kokichi's face was flushed pink, his breathing heavy. And his pants... Well, apparently his boyfriend was into piss, which was certainly something he never would have guessed. It took the sting out of the situation a bit, but he still had to deal with the fact that everyone else was seeing this too, and surely they weren't *all* turned on by this.

His boxers were completely saturated and his pants were soaked, and not only were the insides of his shoes wet, but the puddle had grown big enough that it was dripping off his podium and onto the floor. He hadn't even thought his bladder had that much in it, but now he wanted to go back in time and kick himself for not using the toilet before leaving his room. Especially as his pee slowed down, finally trickling to a stop.

Everything was still very quiet, save from Shuuichi's sniffles and Kokichi's labored breathing.

"...It's okay, Saihara." He couldn't even look at Kaede, despite her gentle tone. "That was Monokuma's punishment, and you endured it. None of us will bring it up again, will we?"

Assurances that they wouldn't rose up from everyone, and he was glad he'd gone out of his way to become friends with the entire group. He had a feeling, say, *Kokichi* wouldn't have gotten the same response.

"Thank you," he muttered softly, straightening up as best he could. He wished he had his hat to hide his face, knowing it was still burning hotly. "I would appreciate it..."

Monokuma's laughter rang out, and he pulled his gavel out of nowhere to signal the end of the trial, calling out that the blackened had been punished. Everyone quickly rushed out of the room, save for the two guilty parties. Shuuichi couldn't bring himself to move yet, but Kokichi hopped down from his podium and slowly made his way over.

"...Shuuichi." His voice was softer this time, less lusty and more caring. Though when Shuuichi looked at him, he could still see the tent in Kokichi's pants. "I'm sorry that happened to you... No lies. I mean, it was hot, but I wish it could have happened in private, you know?"

"T-thank you..." Embarrassment still coursed through him, but everyone being so nice about it was certainly helping. "I think... I just want to lock myself in my room for the rest of the day."

"Oh, well, if that's what my beloved wants..."

Shuuichi smiled a little at the barely concealed disappointment on Kokichi's face, finally moving so he could lean down and press a kiss to Kokichi's forehead. "With *you*, of course. We can't leave my bed the rest of the day, remember?"

"I-I knew that!"

Shuuichi chuckled, stepping down from his podium and trying to avoid his puddle, intent on getting to his room and forgetting about the day as soon as possible...

"Hey, where do you think you two are going?" Monokuma jumped down and landed in front of them, grinning cruelly up at them. "You were both found guilty, and you both need to be punished! And this mess isn't going to clean itself..." He pointed a gleaming sharp claw at Kokichi. "So if you like your boytoy's piss so much, I guess *you* can clean it!"

Kokichi rolled his eyes, muttering something that sounded like *I just wanna get the piss railed out of me* but then again, maybe he'd misheard. But wisely, he accepted his punishment rather than argue and get something worse. But after Monokuma shoved cleaning supplies at him and he got to work, he shot Shuuichi a mischievous smile.

"If that dumb bear thinks I care about touching your piss, he's got another thing coming." His giggled quietly and looked up at Shuuichi with hooded eyes. "As if I haven't had plenty of my beloved's fluids on my hands, in my mouth, up my ass..."

The image of pissing in Kokichi's mouth or ass made his cock stir in his wet pants, and he quickly had to shake it away before they got in trouble for the same thing a second day in a row. But still, he filed it away for later. Maybe even later that night, if he *had* heard Kokichi correctly.

"...You didn't pee this morning either." Kokichi's giggle told him all he needed to know. "Would you mind terribly if I left to get a few... things?"

"Mmmm, it's my beloved's birthday, so he can do *whatever he wants!* I won't complain!"

Shuuichi murmured his thanks and left the room, not caring about his wet pants as he went in search of what he had in mind. Everyone already knew what had happened anyway... And when Angie opened her talent room to him with nothing but an enthusiastic laugh that her god had told her he was coming, well, he supposed he was past the point of embarrassment.

It was his birthday, and he was going to have *fun*.

Kokichi was waiting for him outside of his dorm, and he giggled when he saw the large sheet of plastic rolled up in Shuuichi's arms.

"Well, *someone* has some plans, doesn't he?"

Shuuichi simply unlocked the door and ushered him inside. Kokichi wasted no time in shedding his clothes while Shuuichi busied himself with stripping the bed and setting everything up. Seeing that Kokichi's dick was already hard made him hurry, and he was thankful that Kokichi helped him put the sheets back on so he too could remove his clothes, exposing the fact that he was also *very* excited.

They were soon both naked and on the newly protected bed, and Kokichi sought out his lips

immediately, kissing him with a desperate passion that made Shuuichi moan. Kokichi hummed contently into the kiss, one of his hands reaching between them to slowly stroke Shuuichi's cock. He shivered at the teasing touch, and while he wanted to pull Kokichi into his lap and have his boyfriend ride him, he remembered his decision and pulled from the kiss.

"I want you to fuck me."

"...*What?*" In all the times they'd been together, Kokichi had always ended up showing how good he was at being a power bottom. It hadn't been a conscious decision on anyone's part; it was simply what it was. But now Shuuichi realized that he wanted all of Kokichi's fluids inside of *him* too, and if Kokichi still had to pee, well, he'd get a few different things in one shot, wouldn't he? "...That's fine with *me*, but are *you* sure? Have you ever even stuck a finger up there?"

"No, but I trust you." Kokichi's face was blank for many long moments, then he took a shuddering breath and nodded slowly. There was a look of hesitation in his eyes that made Shuuichi's chest clench painfully. "I mean it, Ou—*Kokichi*. I trust you. I know you'd never hurt me on purpose. So please trust *me* now that this is what I want. I want you Kokichi, and *only* you. All of you."

"...Okay, if that's what my beloved Shuuichi wants!" Shuuichi decided to have mercy and not comment on his flushed face. "But, I mean, you'd better tell me if it hurts! I don't want you crying or anything!"

"I will," he promised, laying back and spreading his legs as Kokichi grabbed the lube. He wasn't sure why he was so embarrassed; perhaps it was Kokichi staring, licking his lips? Yeah, that was probably it. "Kokichi, *please*..."

"Well, since my beloved asked so nicely..." He uncapped the lube and poured a generous amount into his hand, dipping a finger in before pressing it against him. "Just relax, okay? It's gonna hurt if you don't!"

Shuuichi nodded, willing his body not to tense up as Kokichi's slick finger entered him. It didn't hurt—maybe he was too horny to get *too* tense—but it did feel odd. Still, when Kokichi removed his finger and slicked up another, he didn't stop him. Two fingers coated his insides, just as Shuuichi regularly did to Kokichi. Once he was well lubed, Kokichi spread more onto his erection, then positioned himself to enter him.

"Wait!" Kokichi stilled, the head of his cock pressed against his opening, giving Shuuichi a concerned glance. "Nothing's wrong, I was just thinking... You can get deeper if I'm on my hands and knees, right?"

"Shuuichi wants his first time to be an *experience*, does he?" He smirked, the sight sending a shiver down his spine, his cock twitching harshly. "Okay, then turn around. Face down, ass up! I'll give you a birthday present you'll never forget!"

Kokichi was giggling as Shuuichi did as he was told, putting a pillow under his arms and lifting up his hips. For a second time, he felt Kokichi's cock press against him, but this time he made no move to stop him from pushing in. It felt odd to feel his ass fill up, but it still didn't *hurt*. He remembered the first few times they'd fucked, Kokichi had felt very sore the next morning, and he assumed that would hold true for him too, but as Kokichi buried himself deep in his ass, well, he couldn't even begin to complain. His own cock was painfully hard, and Kokichi's aroused moans were only making it worse.

"Shuuichi, you're so *warm*! Your ass is gonna melt my dick right off!" Kokichi stayed balls deep for a while, allowing them both a chance to get used to these new sensations. "Hey, can I move

yet?"

"Y-yes, please do." He felt Kokichi pull out then slide back in, which he repeated a few times as he tried to find the right rhythm. Kokichi always made a big deal out of Shuuichi hitting his prostate, so he wondered... "*K-Kokichi!*"

"Found it!" He couldn't see Kokichi's face, but he knew his boyfriend was grinning. "It feels good, doesn't it? That's how I feel *every single time* my beloved fucks me! Aren't I lucky?"

Kokichi began to thrust steadily, constantly brushing against Shuuichi's prostate. It felt *amazing*, and he could see why Kokichi was always okay with being the bottom. And judging by the lovely sounds coming from him, he'd be more than okay with switching their positions up more in the future. Shuuichi loved the feel of Kokichi's ass around his cock, but this? Feeling Kokichi pound into him relentlessly? This was everything he hadn't known he was missing.

"Harder," he begged, rocking his hips back against Kokichi's. "Please, fuck me harder."

"If that's what you want! Then I won't hold back!"

Kokichi grabbed Shuuichi tightly and snapped his hips deeply, causing Shuuichi to cry out. Then he picked up the pace, still thrusting deep into his ass with every move. Kokichi was unyielding, and Shuuichi *loved* it. He shivered with pleasure, getting lost in the feeling of bliss that threatened to overwhelm his body. How was he supposed to last? He swore, if Kokichi touched his cock, it would all be over, and—

And of course, Kokichi chose that moment to lean over him and reach down to stroke his erection.

"Ko... Kokichi, I'm—"

"Then hurry up and cum already! Jeez, it's your birthday! You can do whatever you want!" Kokichi giggled and leaned as close to Shuuichi's ear as he could get to add in a deeper, huskier voice, "Do you want me to cum inside you? Or pull out and finish on your face? You get to choose."

Fuck, he wanted *both* of those.

"Cum inside me." Kokichi's answer was a breathy giggle and to somehow move his hips even *more* vigorously. "I want you cum in me... I want..." Well, he thought hazily, now or never. "I want you to piss in me."

Kokichi didn't say anything, and Shuuichi might have questioned if he'd even heard if his breathing hadn't grown more labored. He let go of Shuuichi's cock and grabbed his hips once more, fucking Shuuichi so hard that it became difficult to think. It just felt so good, *too good*. His cock bobbed and twitched, and even being untouched now, Shuuichi knew he wouldn't last. It was hard to think of anything except for how good Kokichi's cock was, how full he felt, how loved he was! God, he loved Kokichi so much! He—!

Shuuichi came with a cry, his cock spurting thick strands of cum onto the bed. Kokichi's movements were becoming jerkier, less precise, and it wasn't long after that when Shuuichi felt him give a few last thrusts as he emptied himself into Shuuichi's ass.

"...Are you sure you want me to pee in you?" Shuuichi was only just barely able to comprehend the words, his face practically buried in the pillow he'd been drooling onto. After a moment, he gave a hum of approval, not trusting his voice to actually make words at that point. "Okay... You asked for it..."

He had, and as he first felt the hot piss flow into his ass, he couldn't bring himself to mind that this was gross by most people's standards. He didn't care. He loved Kokichi and this was *hot* and god, he couldn't wait until they could both get it back up and Kokichi could fuck him again and cum on his face and... And...

"Shuuichi, are you okay?" He groaned in response. "I mean, I'm glad you're alive and all, but you aren't going to pass out or anything, are you?"

"...N-no, I'm okay." The words might have been more believable if he hadn't practically moaned them out. "This is just... Really good."

Piss was spilling out from around Kokichi's cock and running down his thighs, and he couldn't bring himself to worry. That was what the plastic was for after all. After a short while, Kokichi gave a relieved little sigh and pulled out, letting the rest of his piss come gushing out. Shuuichi knew it was a bit odd to mourn the loss of that warmth, but he'd had such a surreal day that he honestly wasn't that bothered by much of anything anymore.

"Wow, good thing we didn't put new sheets on! We'd definitely have to change them again!" Shuuichi couldn't bring himself to look at them, knowing it was true. He simply let his body slump down onto the soiled mattress, Kokichi soon cuddling up to his side. "That was *so* much fun! I'd ask if my beloved liked it too, but I think I already know the answer to that!"

Shuuichi hummed in agreement, finding the strength to turn himself around and pull Kokichi's smaller body closer. Kokichi stilled for a moment—even after all they'd done, it seemed affectionate touches that he didn't initiate still surprised him—before relaxing in the embrace. Shuuichi remembered how long Kokichi had run away from him and denied his feelings, and his heart welled with affection for Kokichi. Maybe he could be a frustrating brat at times—okay, a *lot* of the time—but he loved Kokichi just as he was.

"It's still early," Shuuichi pointed out as casually as he could, rubbing Kokichi's back tenderly. "I think we can still try a lot of new things before my birthday is over."

Kokichi giggled softly and leaned in to place a gentle, teasing kiss to his lips.

"Then let me take care of my beloved *all day*!"

By the time the day would end, their bodies would be exhausted and the sheets ruined, but Shuuichi would certainly say that he'd never had such a fun birthday in his entire life.

Chapter End Notes

Since I'm updating early for Shuuichi's birthday, there won't be a chapter this coming Saturday, but Rantarou will be next Saturday!

Rantarou Amami - Drunk Peeing

Chapter Summary

Rantarou is helping Kokichi go undercover with DICE, but perhaps he's had more wine than he thought...

(Rantarou won my twitter poll for this chapter, and I don't write Oumami nearly often enough these days, so this was nice to write!)

The dress, Rantarou had to admit, was beautiful. Silk and satin, pearls and petticoats—it was gorgeous and expensive and absolutely stolen, but he tried not to think too much about that. After all, it wasn't as if *he'd* taken it, and as long as there was some plausible deniability, he could at least pretend that his boyfriend had obtained it legally.

He just... really doubted it.

"Amami, smile a little more!"

Rantarou hadn't even realized he'd begun to frown until Kokichi quietly pointed it out, and he plastered an easy grin on his face. Right—no point in worrying about the dress. DICE didn't do anything to harmless citizens, just as the heist they were pulling that evening was only going to harm a corrupt cooperation. When they'd met in school, Kokichi had only had ten members in his organization, and all they'd really done was play pranks. But Kokichi had certainly lived up to the title of Ultimate Supreme Leader, boasting the numbers globally that he'd once lied about. But his original members were still at his side, and they too were distributed around the fancy party to enact the plan.

Rantarou didn't exactly know what that was, and that was how he liked it. He'd go undercover with Kokichi for the sake of a plan, but the fewer details he knew, the better. Right now, he just knew he had to look pretty and stay quiet. Not that Kokichi had asked that of him, but if Rantarou was to pull this off, opening his mouth would be a big giveaway that he wasn't a woman.

Alcohol flowed freely, but Kokichi was mostly holding his glass of expensive wine for show; unsurprising, considering he had a heist to conduct. Rantarou, however, sipped at his own wine slowly, not particularly caring much for the taste—which reminded him of battery acid, if he were honest—but if couldn't talk, he supposed he had to keep busy *somehow*. If getting shitfaced on overpriced wine was all he had, he guessed he had little choice. What a boring night...!

Though, with DICE around, perhaps that was a good thing. Things tended to get a bit hectic when they were involved. It was a good he was the Ultimate Adventurer, because he wasn't sure how much of DICE's shenanigans a typical person could possibly take.

Rantarou currently stood at Kokichi side as he schmoozed with the CEO's son, the middle aged man eyeing Rantarou up with no regard to the fact that Kokichi was on his arm. Maybe it was the revealing dress? Rantarou knew he was attractive, but he wasn't all that feminine, and surely anyone who looked closely would see past the fake bust he wore and tell he wasn't a woman. Maybe the man could tell and just didn't care? He wasn't sure, but he downed the rest of his glass, wincing a bit at the acidic taste that hit his tongue.

"Is Miss Amano quite alright? She looks as if she could benefit from... lying down for a moment. My family has rented out the entire floor and there are plenty of rooms..."

Rantarou shot Kokichi a look that subtly begged him to come up with an excuse to get them away. Kokichi's poker face was as good as ever as he turned to the slimy man with a concerned expression.

"She does look a bit under the weather, doesn't she? I think we should take you up on that!" The man fished a cardkey out of his pocket, and Rantarou didn't doubt for a moment that the man had another copy and was hoping to catch him alone. Luckily, he knew Kokichi knew that too. "Come on Ran, I'll walk you there and you can rest a bit."

Kokichi led him out to the hallway, finding Misa and Ken among the crowd, silently letting his second-in-commands know he was leaving for a bit. Once they were away from everyone, Kokichi giggled softly.

"You drank more than you think you did!" Rantarou wanted to deny it, but he supposed he was leaning on Kokichi a little more than he normally did. "Did you even notice how much you were fidgeting in there?"

Rantarou glanced down at Kokichi with a little frown. "...Really?"

"I'm not lying! This is why you end up pissing yourself every time we drink. You don't even know how badly you need to go, do you?" Rantarou's frown deepened. Did he have to pee...? He tried to focus on his bladder, and sure enough, he felt it pulse harshly. Well, shit. How many glasses had he drunk exactly...? "Don't worry, I know what we can do to get back at that gross bastard. If he wants to take advantage of you, we'll just have to leave him a little surprise!"

Rantarou didn't say anything more as they reached the room. Kokichi swiped the cardkey and helped him inside. Rantarou thought they might head to the bathroom, but Kokichi only lead him further into the room, right to the bed. Rantarou stared at it, confused. He wasn't really supposed to take a nap, was he...?

"Don't worry, my beloved Amami, I'm going to help you! I doubt you could do this yourself *sober*." Kokichi stood behind him, gathering up the petticoats and silky material of the dress and pulling it all up past his waist. "Hold this, okay? I'll aim for you."

Rantarou did what he was told, wondering what the hell Kokichi meant by *aim*.

Until Kokichi slipped his cock out of the satin panties he wore and pointed it right at the bed.

Rantarou might have argued about this, had the man in question not obviously been trying to take advantage of a drunk "woman." After all, it would be a poor hotel worker who had to clean the bedding, not the man. But even with his fuzzy thoughts, Rantarou knew that Kokichi always had a trick up his sleeve to humiliate corrupt people, and he trusted that his lover had a plan now too. So Rantarou took a deep breath and relaxed...

He didn't even realize that he was peeing at first, until the hiss of his urine hitting the bed met his ears. He looked down to see a strong steam escape the tip of his cock, all of the wine from the night leaving his aching bladder. Kokichi was moving his cock around to make the puddle as big as he could, and Rantarou let out a little moan, both of relief and of arousal. He pictured Kokichi sitting on his dick and riding him right on that soiled mattress, their fancy clothes be damned.

"...Rantarou, you're drunk, so don't get any ideas." Rantarou almost asked him what he meant, but

then he saw that the piss had stopped and his cock had grown hard. ...Maybe he really had drunk more than he thought. "This was a nice little gift to leave that bastard, but that's all it is. If you want to jerk it, you better do it yourself."

That seemed like a lot of work, so he shook his head, not complaining as Kokichi tucked him back in the panties and let the dress fall back into place. His dick began to soften as soon as Kokichi's hand was off it anyway, and he did still have the presence of mind to know he didn't want to be in that room any longer than he had to.

He was vaguely aware of the sound of a few pictures being snapped before Kokichi was ushering him out of the room. Rantarou leaned against him a little more as his eyes began to droop. Kokichi said something about it almost being time, and that Hyouta could carry him down to the car, but the rest of his words were a blur. He was just so sleepy...

Rantarou awoke with a wince, sunlight shining in his eyes. He sat up slowly, seeing that he was in his own bed, in his and Kokichi's apartment, wearing the dress from the night before. Kokichi was nowhere to be seen, but he could hear the familiar voice humming from the other room. Looking at the bedside table, he saw a glass of water and a few pills on top of a little scrap of paper with a doodle of Kokichi giving a peace sign. Amazingly, Rantarou's head didn't hurt too much, but he gratefully took the pills and drained the glass all the same.

As soon as he sat the glass down, Kokichi bounded into the room with a smile on his face. He wasn't wearing the suit from the night before, but rather just a long t-shirt that belonged to Rantarou. It almost *looked* like a dress on his smaller frame.

"Ah, my beloved finally awakens! Look, look!" He shoved his phone in Rantarou's face, an article about DICE being a major headline on the new site. "And this too!" He scrolled down a bit, past a picture of DICE at the party, which must have happened past the point his memory left him, and he almost choked at the headline he was met with. And the photo of the piss-covered hotel bed. "You can read it later, but let's just say that disgusting pig won't be trying to lure any other drunk women into his hotel room again... Or, well, men."

"...Sorry about last night." Kokichi looked as if he was about to argue, but Rantarou shook his head and continued. "I didn't even pay attention to how much I drank, and—"

"And there's nothing to apologize for! Everything went fine!" Kokichi climbed on the bed, throwing his phone on the mattress and leaning into Rantarou's side. "The only thing that was disappointing was that I couldn't come home and ride my beloved Rantarou's dick! You are *so* hot in that dress!"

"You were really handsome in that suit." Kokichi beamed at the compliment. "...We could always have dessert before breakfast."

Kokichi giggled and leaned in to place a teasing little kiss to Rantarou's lips before pulling back and pushing the many layers of dress aside. Rantarou decided to help rather than just sit there, reaching back over to the table to open the little drawer and pull out the lube. Kokichi plucked it out of his hand and quickly poured out a generous amount, wasting no time in plunging two fingers into his ass to prepare himself, using his other hand to coat Rantarou's growing erection. Kokichi was a pro at multitasking by this point, and it wasn't long before he was climbing into Rantarou's lap and positioning himself over the awaiting cock.

Rantarou moaned deeply as Kokichi put his hands on his shoulder to brace himself and sunk onto

his cock, not stopping until he was fully seated. It didn't matter how many times they did this; Kokichi ass always felt *amazing*. And as soon as Kokichi began to bounce on Rantarou's cock, a look of ecstasy on his face, Rantarou almost lost control.

"Kokichi," he groaned, his hands resting on Kokichi's hips, though the smaller man needed no help in his endeavors, "you'll make me cum if you don't slow down."

"Oh? Is my beloved gonna turn into a minute man on me?" He giggled, not slowing down his pace at all. "Come on, Rantarou, you've got more control than *that*, don't you?"

Rantarou might have been more upset at the teasing if he was able to do much more than try not to release into Kokichi's ass already. He did, however, have the peace of mind to reach between them and wrap his long fingers around Kokichi's bobbing erection and pump it steadily. Kokichi gasped at the contact, letting out a little whine that he would surely deny if Rantarou brought it up.

"Fair's fair, right?" Kokichi's half-hearted glare said everything. "You started this, you know."

"Hmm, I guess it *was* my idea to get you in that dress..." He removed one of his hands off Rantarou's shoulder and ran it down the silken material covering Rantarou's chest. "You're so *hot*. And your dick is so big! It's not fair! Stop being so perfect!"

Rantarou chuckled despite the intense arousal that flowed through his body. He knew very well that he was far from perfect, and that Kokichi knew that too. But the praise went straight to his cock, and it was getting so hard not to cum!

"Kokichi... I..."

"Just cum already if you're *that* needy!" Despite his words, Kokichi looked ready to cum in Rantarou's hand at any second. "Fill me up with your hot cum, Rantarou! Turn my ass into a creampie!"

Despite how ridiculous the words were, Kokichi spoke them with such a needy desire that Rantarou couldn't help but buck his hips up and do just as he said. Kokichi rode his cock as Rantarou came, milking his erection for all it had. Somewhere between Rantarou coming and Kokichi slowly rising off his softened cock, he'd cum into Rantarou's hand. Rantarou looked around for something to wipe it off, before just deciding to lick it off. Kokichi's hungry look as Rantarou ate his cum told him he'd made the right decision.

"...If you keep that up, we'll have to stay in bed *all day*! Oh, we can celebrate DICE's victory!"

Rantarou chuckled and drew Kokichi in; he imagined they must look like quite the pair, him in a rumpled fancy dress and Kokichi in a ragged, oversized t-shirt, Kokichi being so much smaller than him... But with as much as they may be very different or very similar, Rantarou didn't particularly care. He loved Kokichi, and that was all that really mattered.

"I'm okay with that."

Kokichi giggled and leaned in for a kiss, and Rantarou didn't hesitate to return it.

Lest Karr - How good is your control...?

Chapter Summary

Hope's Peak Academy trying to get students with similar talents to be friends sounds stupid, but in the case of a certain Ultimate King, Kokichi might be willing to make an exception...

(Okay, remember how I said Makoto would be the only crossover character? Well if you follow me on twitter you probably saw this coming, but... I lied! Lest Karr is ALSO from Seraph of the End, so if you don't like crossovers, well, this chapter isn't for you. But I love Lest almost as much as Kokichi, so sorry, but I had to do this! I THINK Lest and Makoto will be one only crossover characters, but maybe I better not say anything and lie again, lol. Anyway...

http://owarinoseraph.wikia.com/wiki/Lest_Karr

ALSO!!! THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR 1000 KUDOS! Chapter 50 is next time too! I appreciate your support so much!!!)

Chapter Notes

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

It seemed like a waste of time, Kokichi thought, to pretend that those with similar talents would become good friends. Therefore, when the teachers at Hope's Peak Academy decided to encourage just that, Kokichi had rolled his eyes and loudly proclaimed what a terrible idea it was. But inwardly, he'd also recognized that with a talent such as his own, it could be beneficial to rub elbows with the school's other leaders. After all, that number boasted a princess. And a king.

A king with a stupid hat on top of his stupid two-toned white and red hair pulled into two stupidly long braided pigtails, and ridiculously complicated clothing and a dumb face...

Lest Karr, Class 79-A's Ultimate King, was short and sarcastic and arrogant. He never wore the school's uniform, and he walked around looking completely sleep deprived and bored out of his mind. Whatever country he was apparently king of must have been near Germany, because his Japanese carried a slight accent.

...It was cute, like *Lest* was cute, and Kokichi had to tear his eyes away from Lest because he did *not* mean that in the slightest. Lest was annoying! Kokichi was so glad that they hadn't ended up in the same class! He'd hate to have to see those intelligent red eyes all day, or his soft face. He didn't want to hear Lest's melodic voice or cute laugh or—

Kokichi Ouma, Class 79-B's Ultimate Supreme Leader, had a crush on a boy who was smaller and more of an annoying asshole than himself, and that was saying something, he knew. He'd tried to deny it and explain it away, but after coming up with his current excuse as to why he should actually attend these meetings, he was finding it harder to deny the truth.

"...I believe Miss Nevermind will not be joining us today."

Sonia was very much late, and Kokichi wished she'd just waltz in with her typical smile and ease away all the tension in the room. Or was Kokichi the only one who felt that way? Lest didn't look particularly affected, but Kokichi was confident that he didn't look as flustered as he *felt*, so perhaps he was doing an okay job hiding it...

Lest shifted in his seat, the only sign Kokichi had seen that gave him any indication that anything was off with the other boy. Even then, it was very subtle. Perhaps Lest was just bored of waiting. Sonia *did* tend to be the one to get things started. But they were both leaders too! They didn't need Sonia!

"Guess it's just us today!" Kokichi giggled and leaned in closer to Lest. The best way he knew to deal with feelings like his was to act so over the top about it that no one could tell the truth from lies. "Whatever shall my beloved Lest and I do?"

Lest tapped his boot very softly on the floor. It sounded very loud in the empty classroom they were using for their meeting.

"Ah, well if there is no reason to stay, we shouldn't waste our time..." Kokichi frowned, and Lest did much the same. "Are you saying you really *want* to have this meeting, just the two of us?"

"I didn't know my beloved Lest hated me so much!" He turned on his fake tears, sniffing loudly. The exasperated face Lest made was ridiculously endearing. "I just want to spend more time with you!"

"Oh yes, and why wouldn't I want to spend all my time with a loud, compulsive liar who cries on cue to manipulate others?" Kokichi's eyes quickly dried, and he was only a little surprised that Lest had picked up on that when even his own classmates didn't seem to understand just how much of what he did was an act. Though that didn't mean Lest knew *why* he did it. And crush or not, he certainly wasn't going to bear his emotional scars that day. "Why, one might think you deliberately acted that way to push others away, so they won't have a reason to leave you first..."

Okay, this was getting a little too real.

"If you don't want to be alone with me, you can just say so! You don't have to make up dumb theories!" At least Lest hadn't shared his thoughts on his parents... "Whatever, go on, do whatever it is a king does away from all us peasants!"

"And if *you* want to spend time with me, you could just say so." Lest tilted his head a bit, regarding him curiously. "You seem to be under the impression that I don't notice you watching me. I am not sure I understand your motives however. Because if you think I will allow you to manipulate me into letting you into a position where you could overthrow me—"

"As if I want to do that!" God, DICE kept him plenty busy as it was. Ruling an entire country sounded *horrible*. He could do so much more from behind the scenes! But if someone like Lest and someone like him were to combine forces... "There's a reason you're a king and I'm not! I'd never want to do all that boring stuff!"

"Then you are attracted to me." It wasn't a question; no, Lest seemed very secure in being right. Kokichi went to deny it, but Lest smirked in a way that made his insides uncomfortably warm. "I do not blame you, I suppose. I *am* rather desirable..."

Lest accentuated his teasing tone by scooting even closer than Kokichi had before. They were so close that Kokichi could feel Lest's breath on his face. Lest really *was* very pretty and Kokichi could feel his cock stirring in his pants. He didn't even want to think about all of the wet dreams

he'd woken up from that involved the boy before him. Apparently, his subconscious was really into the idea of him sucking Lest's dick, as that seemed to produce more sticky sheets than not.

"As desirable as a potato!" God, was *that* ever a lie. "What makes you think—"

"Your erection." Kokichi paused, no longer able to keep the flush from his face. "I would think that you of all people would understand not to underestimate me. I am not blind, Kokichi Ouma. You aren't as subtle as you'd like to believe. At least, not with someone who understands."

"Understands...?"

Lest stood up from his seat completely, slowly maneuvering himself into Kokichi's lap. Kokichi didn't protest; on the contrary, his hands quickly went to Lest's narrow hips, his erection straining tighter against his clothes.

"It's hard, looking the way we do, and getting others to take us seriously. And the demons that follow you, that you have to keep hidden from everyone... It's hard, is it not?" He laughed softly and rocked his hips against Kokichi's, eliciting a quiet moan. "But not as hard as *you*."

"Y-yeah..." Which part he was replying to was a mystery even to himself. Was he sure this wasn't just another wet dream...? "Lest, you..."

"What is it, Kokichi?" Kokichi was used to all the foreign exchange students using his given name, but hearing Lest say it so sensually made him shiver involuntarily. "Do you want to go to my room...?"

"If that's what my beloved Lest wants." Something about the situation seemed a little different than he'd fantasized, but if it were so, it didn't change his mind—or his boner. And if Lest didn't want to bring it up, he saw no reason to either. "But if you want to get that far, you might wanna stop grinding on my dick!"

Lest stopped rocking his hips, placing a teasing little kiss to Kokichi's lips before getting off his lap and holding out a gloved hand for him. Kokichi only hesitated for a moment before accepting the invitation. Having sex with his crush wasn't exactly how he'd planned the day to go, but well, a good leader could adapt to any situation!

As they hurried to Lest's room—not far down the hall from Kokichi's room in the male's dorm, actually—Kokichi noticed that Lest's steps seemed slightly shaky. And his hands trembled slightly when he went to unlock his door. And he kept shooting looks towards his bathroom door once they were both inside...

Kokichi always could have just straight out told him to pee first, finally recognizing the signs he'd seen all afternoon. But he couldn't deny it was satisfying to see Lest too proud to admit to something as simple and common as needing to pee. Maybe he'd see how long Lest could last...

"What do you want to do?" He knew he didn't have a condom, but perhaps Lest did? Or maybe Lest didn't even want to go that far, which was fine. But his dick was aching, and he really wanted *something*! Hell, Lest letting him jerk off on his face would be more than fine! "I'll do anything my beloved wants!"

Lest took off his hat, cravat, gloves, and boots without saying anything, and in return Kokichi—who, despite trying to grouse about Lest never wearing the academy's uniform, never wore it either—untied his checkered scarf and kicked off his shoes. He only had three more garments to go, but he glanced at Lest, seeing all those layers he had to get through... He wanted to offer his help, but

he was sure Lest was faster at dealing with his fancy clothes than Kokichi was.

"...I'll go as far as you're willing," Lest finally replied, making quick work of shedding his overcoat and dress shirt. With just his undershirt on, Kokichi could make out a gentle curve in his chest. He supposed multiple layers were more comfortable than binding. Though he wondered if Lest did that when he dressed down. If he ever *did*, that was. "Surely you can tell by now that I'm not what you'd thought."

"Not having a dick doesn't exactly change anything about you." Except for how he'd be handling himself when they fucked, but that wasn't even an issue as far as Kokichi was concerned. If Lest had been the Ultimate Queen instead, it wouldn't have mattered. Lest was hot, yes, but more importantly, he was *interesting*. Kokichi didn't solely care how attractive someone was; if they were boring, he wasn't interested. "You're still an asshole either way!"

Lest clicked his tongue and let his last shirt fall to the floor. His breasts weren't big at all—hell, they were probably on par with Himiko's, though he really didn't want to think about *her* tiny tits. But Lest's... They suited him, Kokichi thought.

"You're so very charming... How do you not have everyone in the school *begging* for your attention?" Kokichi ignored him, though it was mostly because he was too distracted by Lest finally removing his trousers. Kokichi quickly stripped himself down to his boxers, just in time for that to be all Lest had too. "...Hmm. They suit you."

Kokichi saw nothing wrong with the pink and yellow stripes, just as he had no complaints for the silken dark blue of Lest's boxers. Though Lest actually *did* seem sincere this time.

"Oh... Thanks..." He hoped that the slight burn he felt on his face wasn't noticeable. "Anyway, we should probably lose them, huh?"

Lest nodded, slipping his thumbs in the waistband. Rather than yank them off, he hesitated for but a moment before slowly sliding them down and kicking them off. Kokichi tried not to stare, but he quickly gave up as his cock twitched harshly. His erection was straining painfully against the fabric, and he had no choice but to hurriedly take them off, his cock bobbing free from its constraints. He felt a little better when Lest stared too. Kokichi expected him to make a smartass comment on its size, but it seemed Lest approved of what he saw.

"...I regret that I don't have any condoms."

Well fuck.

"What, you don't trust me to pull out?"

It was a joke—mostly—but Lest shook his head.

"I don't care if you come inside me, but if anything were to happen, we'd have to get married right away. Are you ready to accept that?"

The implication of what Lest was willing to accept with him wasn't lost upon Kokichi, and he thought he might cum right there just by thinking about it. How was he possibly going to last...?

"Well, we can do that some other time instead, right? This wasn't exactly planned!" He walked over to Lest's bed and hopped on it, patting the mattress next to him. "I have an idea, if you like it!"

Lest nodded, and Kokichi pushed him back down the mattress and crawled between his thighs.

When it became clear what his intentions were, Lest spread his legs without hesitation. Kokichi could only take a stab at what he was supposed to do, but he'd never given up before, and he wasn't about to start now. He leaned in and licked a long trail up Lest's slit. Lest let out a soft gasp at the contact, and that spurred Kokichi on. He licked Lest a few more times reached up to part Lest's lips and lap at the wet folds within.

"Kokichi... Higher..." Lest's moans went straight to Kokichi throbbing cock, and it was all he could do not to reach between his legs and jerk off. "Hurry..."

Kokichi did as Lest said, licking up to Lest's clit and suckling at it. He had no idea if he was doing it right, but when Lest let out another loud moan and pushed his hips against Kokichi's face, he figured he couldn't be doing a *terrible* job. He kept suckling, his hands on Lest's quivering thighs, every gasp and moan making him so *needy*.

"Touch yourself." Even with Lest's voice wavering, it came out like a command. Kokichi would have been inclined to blatantly ignore it if his cock wasn't so hard. "Let me see you come undone..."

Kokichi removed a hand and slipped it between his own thighs, rubbing his thumb against his leaking slit. He moaned as he touched himself, starting to pump his erection as slowly as he could, knowing he'd cum immediately if he went any faster. The vibrations from his moaning only made Lest grind his pussy even harder against Kokichi's face. The delicious noises got louder and more frequent, and Kokichi couldn't help but move his hand faster and faster along with them...!

"Ko-Kokichi—!"

Hearing Lest cry out his name made Kokichi lose control; he came onto the blanket, his orgasm hitting him with an intensity he'd never felt before just by jerking off. The smell and taste and sound of Lest was just so *overwhelming*...!

Moments after he came, Lest's entire body shuddered, and Kokichi's tongue didn't ease up until Lest stilled, panting, his chest heaving. God, he looked so painfully handsome. So fitting for a king! Kokichi sat up, wiping distractedly at his wet chin, and helped Lest sit up. They stared at each other for a few moments, and Kokichi couldn't even say which of them moved first, but they were soon kissing messily, noses bumping and probably a little more saliva being passed between them than necessary, but Kokichi didn't care, and Lest didn't seem to either.

After a few minutes of sloppily making out, Lest pulled away with a little distressed cry, a hand shooting down to his crotch. Oh right, Kokichi suddenly remembered, Lest had to pee. He was a little impressed Lest hadn't lost control earlier, but he was more upset with himself that he hadn't made Lest cum so hard he's pissed. That just meant he'd have to get in lots of practice! A thing he wasn't at all opposed to.

"I need to..." Kokichi pictured himself pressing on Lest's bladder without warning, watching Lest's face as he gasped and lost control, his piss flowing past his fingers and wetting the bed... But as fun as that sounded—sexy too, which as odd as he realized that sounded, he didn't take back—Lest's bed wasn't protected and Kokichi didn't want to ruin in, so he kept his hands to himself. Later, he promised himself. He'd make Lest piss himself eventually. "Excuse me a moment..."

Lest slid off the bed onto shaky legs, and for a moment, Kokichi wondered if maybe Lest would lose control on his way to the bathroom, maybe make a nice puddle on the floor. But no, he hurried to the bathroom, and before Kokichi could question his actions, he followed Lest, earning himself an unimpressed look.

"...Can I watch?"

"I suppose so, considering what we just did. You're here anyway." He sat down on the toilet, spreading his legs to give Kokichi a nice view, and it didn't take more than a moment before piss began to gush out of him and into the bowl. It splashed noisily down into the water below, and Kokichi was torn between watching him pee and taking in the relief that washed over Lest's face as he did so. "Do you really enjoy this so much?"

Kokichi's dick gave a little twitch, and he was sure if he hadn't *just* cum, he'd already be aroused again. The thought of Lest—this handsome, self-assured, arrogant, easily bored king—being desperate for such a common thing was really more appealing to him than it had any right to be!

"Yes." Lest rolled his eyes at the blunt answer, and Kokichi giggled in response. "Come on, doesn't my beloved Lest want to piss himself sometime? Just for me? *Please?*"

He batted his eyelashes and pouted his lips, and just as he'd hoped, Lest smiled. He rolled his eyes and shook his head in exasperation, but he smiled all the same.

"I really don't know what to make of you..." Kokichi forced down his disappointment at Lest's words, plastering a large grin on his face. Well, what had he expected? That Lest would immediately understand him just because he'd gone down on him? He supposed he should be lucky he wasn't immediately getting kicked out! "However, I'd like to change that. Maybe once I feel I understand you more, I'll humor your request."

It took all of Kokichi's willpower not to climb right into Lest's lap and make out more right on the toilet, but he thought that would, perhaps, be a bit odd. As if getting Lest to agree to piss himself if they ever reached a deep emotional connection wasn't weird enough.

"Maybe in the meantime, my beloved Lest wants to go out on a date?"

Lest didn't answer at first, instead grabbing some toilet paper to wipe himself, then flushing everything away and washing his hands. Kokichi watched him silently, his heart beating a little faster than he liked. Was it pathetic to feel this nervous? He just really liked Lest, more than he'd ever liked anyone, and—

"...Very well. That does not sound unpleasant."

And when Lest leaned in for another kiss, Kokichi could honestly say he'd never been more grateful that Sonia missed their meeting, and if she missed a few more... Well, he was pretty sure he'd be alright with that. After all, it was a waste of time to pretend as if students with similar talents would become good friends, but two boys with similar talents becoming boyfriends? He had a little faith that it could work.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 50 has something new... I hope you look forward to it...!

Ryouma Hoshi - Legitimate Medical Issue

Chapter Summary

Something is wrong with Kokichi... And Ryouma thinks he can help.

(I was told that if I get the pissfic to 50 chapters, I needed to make number fifty about, well, what this chapter is. So I figured, why not. Also, everyone who's been baiting me since February to add Ryouma, be careful what you wish for.)

Chapter Notes

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

Ryouma watched as Kokichi jolted from his seat with no warning and ran out of the cafeteria without a word. It wasn't exactly a shock to see him suddenly take off like that, but *usually* that was because he'd just been annoying someone who wanted to throttle him. No, the past few weeks it had been happening more and more—Kokichi would suddenly get a panicked look on his face and take off as if his life depended on it. Or, if Ryouma was onto something, his *pride* depended on it.

He quietly left the table to follow after Kokichi. If anyone noticed him go, they didn't say anything. It certainly wasn't odd for *him* to take off without a word, after all.

Ryouma took his time, not all that surprised when he got to the men's bathroom and saw Kokichi's shoes under the first stall. He waited silently for a moment, trying to assess the situation. Had it finally happened? He felt a little guilty if it had, and he swore this time he'd finally say something even if it hadn't. Kokichi was pretty obnoxious, but if Kokichi had a problem and he had a solution, then Ryouma felt he should at least *try* to help.

"Ouma? You alright in there?" Kokichi didn't say anything. Not a single peep. No declarations that he was fine, no loud lies, nothing. Ryouma could only assume he'd been right. "You need some dry clothes?"

There it was—a soft, strangled sound of embarrassment.

"I have no idea what Hoshi means! Why would I need dry clothes? Don't be ridiculous!"

"Ouma, I've seen all the signs. It's nothing to be ashamed of. There aren't exactly any doctors here. But there are things you can do to try to fix the problem yourself."

Slowly, the bathroom stall creaked open, and Kokichi's face peaked through. He had a very fake grin plastered on his face, and Ryouma didn't need to see the rest of him to know his pants were wet.

"...What do you mean?"

"Your bladder infection." Kokichi threw open the door, and sure enough, his pants were soaked and there was a puddle right in front of the toilet. Had his belt gotten stuck? Was he just a second too late? Ryouma really did feel a little bad he hadn't said anything earlier; maybe tried to help Kokichi before it got so bad. "I mean, maybe there are antibiotics somewhere in this hellhole, but

even if there aren't, you might be able to fight it yourself. Drink lots of water, don't try to hold it, maybe there's even some cranberry juice around..."

"Bladder infection...?" Kokichi didn't even seem to be paying attention, staring down at himself in bemused awe. "I'm sick? I'm not just... being a baby?"

"You have to piss a lot, and it comes out of nowhere right? And when you have to go, you *have* to go? Maybe it even hurts a little when you do?" Kokichi hesitated for a moment—probably finding the conversation odd, and Ryouma didn't blame him for that—then nodded. "Sounds like a bladder infection to me. My girlfriend got 'em a lot. Not as common in guys, but it's possible. Saw a few in prison."

Part of him wanted to question if Kokichi had been sticking his dick in unclean places, but he figured that wasn't his business. Though whoever his partner was, perhaps they needed to do a better job at cleaning house before Kokichi made his entrance. Clear out that bacteria. Or he needed to wrap it up. Well, assuming that was even the reason. Maybe he was jumping to conclusions.

"So you're saying, maybe I can get rid of this if I drink a lot of water and cranberry juice—"

"And lay off the soda for a while."

"—and have to give up Panta. But maybe I *can't* get better by myself. Maybe I'll be stuck with this. Or it will get worse! Hoshi, what if it *doesn't* work? It's not like I want to keep pissing my pants!"

Ryouma felt a bit odd hearing Kokichi sound so genuinely distressed. Even his expression couldn't hide his fear. With a sigh, Ryouma slowly shook his head.

"I can't say what will happen, but you've got to try, right? Like you said, you don't want this to get worse. You have nothing to lose."

"...I guess not." Kokichi didn't look particularly happy as he dug into his pocket and pulled out his dorm key, holding it out for Ryouma. "Would you mind...?"

Ryouma accepted it, a little relieved to feel it was dry. Hey, he'd offered.

"I'll be back in a few minutes."

He quickly left the bathroom and headed to the dormitory, hearing Kokichi yell after him not to poke around his room. Of course, he had no interest in meddling with Kokichi's affairs, so he found a spare pair of pants and boxers and swiftly left, locking the room back up and hurrying back to Kokichi, all in the span of a few minutes. No one else had even left the cafeteria.

Kokichi thanked him when presented with his clothes, and Ryouma left to let Kokichi clean himself up and redress. And if anyone noticed Ryouma reenter the cafeteria and go into the kitchen to see what kind of juice he could find, well, at least no one questioned him.

Kokichi started drinking water like it was going out of style, and when Ryouma had found some juice, he'd hoarded it all, leaving the Panta alone. For a few days, he was going to the bathroom left and right, but not with the urgency he had been. Kaito had made the mistake of asking why Kokichi kept running off, and he got his eardrums blown out from Kokichi's wailing for his trouble.

Then, a few weeks after Kokichi's accident, Ryouma was approached by Kokichi after dinner. During which time, Kokichi hadn't left once. Come to think of it, he'd stayed put during breakfast and lunch too...

"Hey... Thanks." Kokichi was more subdued, sincere. It was a nice change from his usual false cheer. "I did everything you told me to, and I feel really good now! Not even any close calls!"

And the little smile he wore was, well, pretty cute, if Ryouma were completely honest. To himself. In his head.

"Not a problem. My pleasure to help." Even if it *were* to make sure Kokichi didn't piss his pants again. After all he'd done, helping that much was surely just scratching the surface of his penance. He knew he needed to do a lot more to repent, but after all of the time he'd spent trapped with these new friends of his, learning of all their problems and dreams alike, he was willing to see it through. He wouldn't let his own demons beat him. Despite how he'd felt when he'd first found himself trapped there, he didn't want to die; he would keep on living, whether he felt he deserved it or not. "Glad to see you're healthy again and—"

He was cut off as Kokichi leaned down and placed a little kiss to his forehead, pulling back with a giggle and a cheeky "All thanks to my beloved Hoshi! We'll have to spend more time together later!" before darting off. Ryouma's face heated up despite himself, and he pulled his hat down over his face as much as he could as he felt the flustered feelings wash over him.

Kokichi Ouma was certainly a wild card...

But maybe Ryouma didn't mind that as much as he'd initially thought.

Chapter End Notes

Next time is Miu!

Miu Iruma - Loss Of Control. Twice.

Chapter Summary

Miu knew what she wanted; she just didn't exactly plan to admit ALL of what she wanted.

(Thank you to everyone who left me such nice comments on chapter 50! The response was overwhelming! ...So I'm almost sorry that this chapter is a Miu chapter, so you know what that means. Also, if the MENTION of the possibility of pregnancy upsets you, skip this chapter. I don't confirm or deny anything, but the possibility exists. Please be aware of that! No, lol, it's not Kokichi though. I've got a whole other fic for that, haha.

I did take inspiration for this from one line in the English version, but I'm not gonna change the way I write this to perfectly emulate the dub changes or anything. This pissfic will continue as the pissfic always has!)

Chapter Notes

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

Unfuckable, ugly bitch.

The words ran through Miu's head ad nauseam. To think a shitty little cockslut like Kokichi Ouma would dare call a beautiful genius like her unfuckable and ugly! It was unacceptable! It was...

God damn, was it ever turning her fuck on.

Miu, despite what her classmates thought of her, was not an idiot. She could see that Kokichi didn't talk to anyone else the way he spoke to her. The closest, she supposed, was his preoccupation with whether or not Kiibo had a dick, but that still wasn't quite the same. No, he only ramped up the vulgarity and degradation with *her*. Miu Iruma, the queen of vulgarity. The only one of them who visibly got off to being degraded. He was obviously trying to turn her on, he just had to be! Maybe the little dickwad wasn't as uninterested in chicks as she'd initially pegged him.

That was how she came up with her next genius plan, which she had to put into motion as soon as she could, before she got so horny that she resorted to fucking someone totally unworthy of a sexy bitch like her. No, she had standards! Really she did! They were just... a different from most other people's. And that was fine! If she wanted to get fucked silly by an obnoxious cock-sucking manlet, that was her prerogative!

"Hey, Cockichi! Quit trying to get in Cuckhara's pants a minute and come here!"

Kokichi stilled for a moment before slowly turning to face Miu with a blank expression. Shuuichi took one look between the two of them and hurriedly said his goodbyes, promising Kokichi they could finish their conversation later. Once he was gone, Miu strode up to Kokichi, trying not to let her fear—and arousal—at his expressionless face show. He only did that to her right before he was about to say something that would go straight to her clit.

"...You scared Saihara away, you stupid whore. I was finally..." He trailed off, subtly shifting his weight as he brought his thumb to his mouth, biting it in concentration. Her breathing quickened as she noticed the problem—namely, the tent in his pants. Had she really just cockblocked him? Not that she had any idea if Shuuichi would have accepted or if Kokichi would even have asked, but it seemed like he'd at least planned on trying. "Did you do that on purpose, you dumb slut?"

"N-no! How was I supposed to know you were finally gonna stop being a fucking baby and ask him to fuck you?" Kokichi's glare was very impressive, even being half a foot shorter than her. "W-wait! Listen! I mean it! I thought you were just fucking around with him like you always do! I didn't know!"

Kokichi sighed, and Miu glanced down to see he was still sporting a nice bulge in his pants, though it was starting to go down. She couldn't have that! She squeezed her arms against her chest to make her tits pop more and leaned in, the cleavage close to his face. He stared for a moment at the flesh mere inches from him, then sighed again, this time louder and far more dramatic.

"Okay, fine, you're too stupid to read the atmosphere, I get that. But now you think that throwing yourself at me like a bitch in heat will get you what you want?" She only continued to stare at him hopefully. "...You really want me to fuck you, don't you?"

"I want you to piss on my tits!" Kokichi stilled again, and this time, so did she. She... She hadn't meant to say that. She really, really hadn't. "I mean, I... I want you to fuck me too! I mean I *just* want you to fuck me! But, um, if you *wanted* to piss on my tits I wouldn't really mind, I guess..."

Her face burned as Kokichi was so shocked that even *he* couldn't hide it. Oh god, what had she done? She was just going to wave her tits around and offer to let him do whatever he wanted to her, not confess her biggest jerk-off fantasy! How had her plan already gone so far off the rails when it had been so simple? Why was her clit doing the talking for her?

"...Wow, Iruma really *does* want me to degrade her, doesn't she?" Kokichi giggled, staring up at her with his deceptively childish grin before reaching out and groping her tits with both his hands. She let out a little squeak, which quickly turned into a moan. They were right in the hallway! Anyone could come by and see them! Oh god, she wished someone would! "You think my piss is good enough for these lumpy fleshbags? You're crazy, aren't you, you nasty slut?"

"J-just fuck me," she whimpered, her clit throbbing almost painfully as his hands squeezed her tits, pinching her peaked nipples through the fabric of her shirt and bra. She wanted to feel his hands on her bare flesh! "Ouma, you can do anything, I don't care. Just fuck me!"

"Hmm, Iruma isn't asking very politely, is she?" Miu swallowed thickly, her eyes once again checking the state of his pants. Yep, he was still hard, and it didn't seem to be going away. Was she finally going to get her wish? "Maybe if a dumb dog like you asks nicely, I'll consider sticking my dick in your dirty pussy."

"Please stick your cock in my pussy! I'm so fucking horny!" The words came easily; she felt as if she might cum just from his hands on her clothed tits. "Fuck me raw if you want, I don't care. But I need you to fuck me! Please!"

"*Need* it, you say? Iruma really *is* desperate for my dick!" He removed a hand from her chest, only to slip it under her short skirt. He giggled again, and she shivered at the feeling of one of his fingers running over her slit through her panties. "You're *disgustingly* wet! What a slutty bitch, so sure I'd even consider touching her!"

For once in her life, Miu thought better of opening her mouth and pointing out he was *already*

touching her. The last thing she wanted was for him to stop.

"Ouma..."

"...Fine. Let's go to your room." The words made her heart speed up; he was going to do it! He was going to have sex with her! "But I don't have any condoms, so I hope you do. I don't want anything to do with having any shitty brats with you!"

She had to bite her tongue from calling *him* a shitty brat.

"...I don't." Both of Kokichi's hands were off her in a moment, and she didn't hold back her frustrated groan. "Just pull out before you cum, it'll be fine! You can handle that much, right?"

She didn't want that. She wanted him to pump her full of cum and turn her into a creampie. She wanted him to knock her up, not because she loved him or anything silly like that, but she'd always wanted to be a mother, and he was the closest to having brains and looks that matched hers. Plus, well, he really fucking turned her on for reasons that even she couldn't really explain. Attraction to bratty manlets, she supposed.

"Iruma is such a stupid cumdumpster... But sure, fine! If you want to risk it, just don't come crying to me!" As if she'd cry about it. Only out of happiness maybe. "Now hurry up! Let's get to your room before you start humping my leg!"

"I-I'm not a dog," she muttered, but she did as she was told, knowing that with as long as he'd been hard, he had to have wanted release just as much as she did.

They went straight to her room in the dorms, and the moment the doors were locked behind them, Kokichi pushed her towards the bed. She yelped and stumbled a bit, but she didn't protest getting on it, nor him hopping on and crawling up to her. He didn't take off his clothes, nor remove hers. All he did was spread her legs and pull the crotch of her panties aside to expose her wet, dripping pussy.

"*Gross.*" It didn't stop his hands from going to his belt. She watched, her mouth salivating as he pulled out his hard cock. It wasn't as small as she'd often joked, and she'd never been more thankful for anything in her life. "I'm not gonna catch anything, am I? Oh, wait, you're just a slutty virgin who no one wants to fuck! My mistake!"

"*You're* the one who— Ahh!" She was cut off as he lifted her hips and pressed the head of his cock to her entrance. He wasn't even inside, but just feeling him that close to her was enough to surprise her. He didn't move, just staring down at her with a bored expression. But he couldn't hide his shallow breathing, and Miu was pretty confident that no matter what he said, he wanted this too. "Look, w-whatever. I'm a virgin, so what? Are you saying you aren't? At least with a girl?"

"Are you kidding? I've fucked plenty of hot chicks!" He immediately giggled and pressed the head of his cock into her for a moment before pulling it back out. She wanted to *scream*. "That's a lie! I'm not a slut like you!"

"Just a cockslut, right?" Rather than answer, he snapped his hips forward, pushing his way completely inside of her. Miu gasped at the sensation of being filled with something bigger than her fingers and warmer than a dildo. "F-fucking finally! I didn't think you'd ever get on with it!"

"Hey Iruma, do you think if I fuck you hard enough, *you'll shut up?*" He pulled out to the head and slid back in; she was so wet that he had no troubles at all. He did that a few more times—Miu only

being able to moan at his slow, deep thrusts—before he settled into a faster rhythm. "That's more like it! Dogs don't talk, do they?"

"I'm not a—"

She cut off with a yelp as he reached between her legs and began rubbing her clit, not slowing down in the slightest. Miu had a hard time thinking of much more than that hard cock railing her pussy, the smug look on Kokichi's face only making her hornier. Drool slipped from the corners of her mouth, and she wasn't even sure she could string more than a few words together at that point.

She was so lost in the feeling of pleasure than she didn't even realize what she was doing until she heard Kokichi's obnoxiously loud laughter.

"Is Iruma *pissing* herself? You're a real piss-slut, aren't you? No wonder you want me to defile your tits!"

She supposed she should have expected that of herself, considering her track record for leaking when she used her vibrator. But since Kokichi's hips only seemed to move faster, she figured he didn't really mind that much and didn't bother trying to stop herself. His cock just felt so good; she couldn't help herself! She was close, so close...!

Kokichi didn't stop even as Miu's pee wet his cock and his pants, as well as sliding down her ass to wet her blankets. None of that mattered to her though; his fingers were relentless on her clit, and her emptying bladder was only turning her on more, and when she came without warning, well, she really wasn't shocked at all.

She was, however, a bit surprised when not long after, Kokichi stilled, cumming with a low groan. Inside of her. Deep, deep inside of her. He, apparently, hadn't expected it either, his face flushed from more than just physical excursion. They stared at each other for a moment, both panting harshly, then he slowly pulled out. Well, she'd wanted to be a creampie. She wondered if the other thing might come true too...?

God, she really kind of hoped.

"...You gonna piss on my tits or what?"

At her words, the tension seemed to break, and he giggled with what Miu was pretty sure was a touch of relief. No point in worrying about it yet, she supposed.

"I suppose I can indulge my beloved bitch, just this once!" He practically sneered the mocking *beloved*, but she really wouldn't have expected otherwise. She didn't care, especially since he clamored up to his feet, balancing on her mattress and holding his dick to aim towards her cleavage. At that point, she hardly cared that she had her clothes on; she laughed breathlessly as piss streamed from his spent cock onto her, wetting her exposed skin. The front of her shirt quickly became drenched, soaking through her bra. His piss was warm against her, and it took all her willpower not to reach up and rub it into her skin.

Of course, when he giggled and lifted his dick to make the stream go to her face, maybe she proved that she was indeed a bit of a piss-slut when she opened her mouth and very willingly let him piss on her tongue. If he was surprised that she was into that, he didn't show it. Maybe she was just that obviously depraved. She was okay with that.

Once his stream trickled to a stop, he flopped back on the mattress, his dick still hanging out. Of course, Miu couldn't say much considering she still had her panties pulled aside, her pussy still

exposed. She could feel some of Kokichi cum leaking out of her, and between that and all the piss soaking her, she was completely turned on again. She wondered if Kokichi was up for staying until he could get it up again...?

After a moment, he tucked himself back in his pants, and she guessed she had her answer. She hoped her vibrator was charged...

"Well, that was really boring! I might as well have been fucking a rock!" He hopped off her bed, and Miu took some satisfaction that the crotch of his pants were wet with her piss. She hoped someone saw him on his way back to his room. It would serve him right! "But what did I expect, agreeing to have sex with an unfuckable bitch? No one to blame but myself!"

"Tch, just fuck off already, shrimp dick..."

He giggled and all but skipped to her door, but once his hand was on the handle, he paused, though he didn't turn back to her. She waited to see what else he could possibly do or say to arouse her before he left her to masturbate.

"...What are you gonna do if...?"

He didn't continue, but she didn't really need him too. Oh, so they *weren't* ignoring that possibility after all? He was so confusing!

"I'll do what I fucking have to, since *someone* couldn't just goddamn pull out!" He didn't flinch at her sharp tone, and she wasn't really angry. Maybe he knew that? He was eerily good at reading her. "...I don't give a shit what you do, if that's what you're worried about."

That wasn't true; he didn't need to know that. Then again, maybe he already did. She really had no idea.

"Just... let me know, okay?"

She would have asked what the hell it was to him, if he hadn't bolted out the door before she had the chance. With a sigh, she forced herself up, feeling even more cum leak out. How much did someone so small possibly have in him? Fuck, she was so horny still. She needed that vibrator... She could think about Kokichi railing her again... At least she knew she wouldn't piss herself this time.

As she got up to find it, a hand wandered to her stomach, a thousand thoughts running through her head; all of the possible consequences of that afternoon bombarding her. But... It wasn't very likely that anything would happen, right? Kokichi was probably shooting blanks! Right, she was going to be *fine*!

...But if she did have to give Kokichi some big news, well, she wasn't sure she'd really mind.

Chapter End Notes

Next time it's Kaito!

Kaito Momota - Fear Wetting

Chapter Summary

Kokichi thought the movie was stupid, but Kaito was a little more than jumpy...

((Sorry for the wait on this one! I took a little break to write some stuff for a different fandom! But here's the next part, and it's in line with the last Oumota chapter, so they're already dating!))

Chapter Notes

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

Kaito Momota was a man! Not a baby! He didn't get scared of anything, certainly not some cheesy horror movie with terrible effects and a predictable plot and bad acting!

At least, that was what Kokichi kept complaining about as he shoved popcorn in his mouth and leaned into Kaito's side, looking completely uninterested.

"...We could stop watch it if you're bored," Kaito offered, for once very happy that Kokichi wasn't easily entertained. God, he really, *really* didn't want to watch anymore of this. It was terrifying!

"No, it's fine, I wouldn't wanna ruin our date!" Kaito, despite his best efforts, couldn't always read Kokichi. Was he being sincere, or could he tell that Kaito was nothing but bluster? He honestly couldn't tell. "Let's watch this boring movie till the end and then have some *fun*!"

He drew out the word fun, making it very obvious exactly what he meant. Kaito would frankly have rather just skipped to sucking Kokichi's dick, but he had to stay strong! He was brave! He could get through the movie!

He tried to ignore the panic that welled in his chest when a zombie burst through a door on screen. Kokichi muttered about the makeup not even covering their hairline, but Kaito surely couldn't notice anything like that. Trying to be casual, he picked up his drink and shoved the straw in his mouth, needing something to stop the very unmanly noises that threatened to escape his lips. It helped, so he kept drinking as Kokichi kept making sarcastic comments and picked the movie apart. Well, at least *one* of them seemed to be having a good time.

Kaito felt a pang of relief when the credits finally rolled and he was able to turn on the lights. Kokichi could certainly be a brat, but he was kind enough not to mention just how fast Kaito moved to hit the switch. Though, maybe that was because he was too busy looking confused when Kaito froze after the light came on.

"Kaito? Did you hurt yourself?"

Kokichi's genuine sounding concern only made things worse; Kaito was fine physically, but... It seemed that all that soda had gone straight through him. He needed to piss. Badly.

"I'm fine, just fine!" It was hard not to grab his crotch; it felt like if he didn't pinch his dick, it would all come out any moment! "Let's just get back to my room, okay?"

Kokichi thankfully didn't say anything, a serious look on his face as he nodded and got up. Kaito was glad he didn't linger, immediately following Kaito out of the room. All they had to do was get back to the dorms and Kaito could piss in peace. And not have to worry about any haunted men's rooms or anything. No, it had to be his own bathroom, that one was safe!

They walked through the empty halls, Kaito's steps rather jerky and slow, which allowed Kokichi to keep up with him even going at a casual pace. Even with as preoccupied as Kaito's mind was, he could still recognize that Kokichi's silence was odd. What was he...?

Kaito glanced over at his boyfriend, only to feel a rush of fear when there was no one there. He stopped and frantically turned around, looking for any sign of him.

"Kokichi? Where'd you go?" There was no answer. "Hey, this isn't funny! Get your ass out here!"

But there was no familiar giggle, no bratty voice asking him if he was scared a ghost had taken him away, no—

Oh no, Kaito thought, bursting bladder forgotten. *What if a ghost had taken Kokichi away?*

"Alright, look, Kokichi is a little shit, but he's *my* little shit, so whoever took him better give him back!" There was no answer. "I'm not joking, you better give him back. Trust me, he's too much for you to handle! You'll be *paying* me to take him off your hands!"

Kaito put up his fists, ready to punch any ghost he might come across, when he felt it. A tiny tap on his shoulder. With an unholy screech, he whipped around, swinging at the air—

Only to realize two things. One, Kokichi was standing a few feet away laughing his ass off, and two, his legs were growing wet. Very, very wet.

"Oh god, you should see your face! It's *priceless*!" Kaito wanted to be mad, he really, truly did. But between the relief that there were no ghosts and the knowledge that Kokichi was safe and the aching in his bladder swiftly going away, he just couldn't be. "...Wow, you're really making a mess, aren't you?"

Piss flooded his pants and puddled down to the floor beneath him, and Kaito didn't even bother to stop it. It was too late; might as well keep the damage to one section of the hall instead of spreading the mess around, right? Besides, Kokichi was watching him with interest written clearly on his face. Seems they were both a little more interested in piss than was *probably* normal.

Kaito tried not to think about how Kokichi liking him pissing his pants was still a little different from Kaito cumming in his pants after drinking Kokichi's piss. Maybe he kind of missed being in the closet...

Then he saw the tent in Kokichi's pants and reminded himself that no, he was totally a cockslut and didn't miss it at all.

"You asshole," he muttered as the piss finally trickled to a stop, feeling his face heat up as the impulsive part of his brain egged him on to suck off Kokichi right there in the hallway. He hated to think of just how many times he'd done that in the past. He mostly hated that he really didn't hate it at all. "You knew I had to piss, didn't you?"

"And that you were *super* scared, yep!" Kokichi giggled and once upon a time, Kaito would have punched him in the face for his exhausting antics, but he liked to think that he'd grown as a person in their time imprisoned at the academy. "Kaito's show was *so* much better than that terrible

movie, you know? Genuine! Believable! I give it an eight out of ten!"

"Just an eight?" Kaito was more irritated by the piss in his slippers than the score, but he'd humor Kokichi. For reasons he still didn't always want to admit. "The hell do I gotta do to get a ten?"

"Hmm, what indeed...?" Kokichi rocked on his heels, looking thoughtful. It was... Cute. Kokichi was cute and Kaito was weak. Dammit. "*Maybe* if my beloved Kaito wanted to take me up to his room and rail me so hard I pissed myself... I *might* give you those last two points..."

Kaito said a little apology to whoever found his puddle and ignored his wet slippers, stalking over to Kokichi and grabbing his hand. Kokichi didn't protest and Kaito tugged him along towards the dorms; no, that little bastard just *giggled*.

...But damn, did it ever make Kaito want to kiss him senseless! He really was thankful that he'd admitted that he liked cocks. That he liked Kokichi's cock. That he liked *Kokichi*.

The piss was just a nice unexpected little extra.

Chapter End Notes

I honestly don't know what will be next. Either more OuLest or maybe baked Kokichi with Oumasai. It's a mystery I suppose!

Makoto Narumi - Turning the Tables

Chapter Summary

After all the times Makoto caught Kokichi desperate, wasn't it time for the tables to turn...?

(Sorry for the wait! I've been kinda busy writing OnS stuff. So, uh, sorry if you don't like the HPA AU crossover chapters, but here's the next part in Makoto Narumi's story line! I like Kokichi with Lest more, but I'm still fond of this ship! Still, I felt the need to insert my biggest otp in this chapter, lol whoops! I might continue this story line even more, we'll see!)

Kokichi chugged down the rest of his water bottle, knowing—just knowing!—that this was eventually going to bite him in the ass. But he was tired and thirsty and knew passing out would put a damper on his upcoming date far more than needing to pee would. But wouldn't all of this secret training be worth it once Makoto saw that he was getting muscles! Not big ones, he supposed, but after worming his way into Kaito and Shuuichi's training sessions, he was making progress!

Kaito had made sure he knew the importance of staying hydrated though, and Kokichi had taken it to heart, knowing he wasn't exactly all that physically strong and should probably listen to whatever advice he got. Kaito might have been an idiot as far as he was concerned, but he'd helped Shuuichi get stronger, so he supposed he could drink some water.

But he swore, if he ended up needing to piss in another non-toilet receptacle, he was going to scream.

After training, he'd hurriedly showered and changed, not wanting to be late, even if Makoto had told him time and time again it was fine. He supposed part of him was still worried that his third year boyfriend would someday grow tired of his antics, even if he had certainly calmed down now that Makoto knew more about his home life. He hadn't really needed to pee anyway, and he did let his bladder relax during his quick shower, so he figured he would be fine. He wouldn't make a fool out of himself *again*! Makoto was going to start thinking he had a weak bladder if he did!

But as he waited for Makoto to show up, he *had* to keep drinking. He couldn't let Makoto know he'd been desperate to look stronger, just as Makoto himself was, to the point he was getting too exhausted. They were going to the park today, down by the lake. It wasn't anything special really, just peaceful and a nice place to relax away from campus. Kokichi wanted to go, he just really didn't want to walk there. Thus, downing water like it was going out of style in the hopes he could at least stay upright. If he needed to piss, well, there would be plenty of trees, right?

“Ouma! Sorry I'm late!” Kokichi's smile was genuine as Makoto came into view, his boyfriend panting and a little sweaty from the run there. In other words, *really hot*. Kokichi, however, tensed when he saw the little frown on Makoto's face. He hadn't done anything, had he...? “There was some stupid drama going on... Some little punk in my class was making fun of Rika's hair, so I told him to stop being a coward and fight me, and his boyfriend decided to fight me instead...”

Seeing as Makoto had beaten the Ultimate Soldier, Kokichi was sure Makoto had been victorious.

“What, did you put him in the infirmary?”

Makoto’s frown deepened. “I’m lucky *I* didn’t have to go to the infirmary...”

“What?” Kokichi could barely believe that not only had Makoto lost, but he’d lost that badly.

“What kind of talent did the guy have?”

“He’s the...” Makoto looked as if it physically pained him to admit what he was about to say. “... Ultimate Ballet Dancer.”

It was his love for Makoto and not wanting to get dumped that stopped Kokichi from laughing. Oh, he knew who that was... But Makoto’s ego was obviously bruised, and as much of a brat as Kokichi knew he could be, he didn’t want Makoto to be legitimately upset.

"It's fine, he just caught you off guard! Don't worry about it! Let's just do on our date, okay? I want to spend the *whole* afternoon with my beloved Narumi!"

Makoto smiled that warm smile of his and held out his hand, and Kokichi didn't hesitate to take it. A pang hit his chest as he thought about how close it was getting to the end of the school year. Before he knew it, Makoto would graduate and go off to join the military or something and he'd barely get to see him while he was still at Hope's Peak and he was going to miss Makoto so much, and—

And he wasn't going to worry about that at the moment. There were still a few months to go before that would happen, and he wasn't going to get all depressed already when he could be having fun instead.

They chatted about school and random frivolous things as they made their way to the park, Kokichi making sure not to bring up what had just happened. The weather was chilly but the sun was out, and the cool air actually felt pretty good on his heated skin from his workout.

They passed a crepe stand on their way there, and Makoto offered to buy Kokichi one, which he readily accepted, getting a big crepe filled with cream and sweet fruits, while Makoto got one with chocolate. Kokichi moaned blissfully as he took his first bite, his other hand holding Makoto’s. He was so happy in that moment as they continued their way to the lakefront and sat down together in the grass.

The sweet crepes were delicious, and Kokichi didn't mind in the slightest that Makoto felt the need to tell him all about how obnoxious some of his classmates were. Just being with Makoto made him so happy, so comfortable...

How odd, he thought, that he actually felt comfortable in someone's presence.

"—and I don't know why they think they can get away with anything they want? But no, I swear, those two could start fucking in the middle of class and the teachers would pretend it wasn't happening. Just because that pipsqueak is a king..."

"Is this because the dancer kicked your butt?" Makoto's heavily flushed face was absolutely adorable. He looked redder than a cherry. In fact... Kokichi pulled a sugared cherry out of his crepe and held it up. "Look Narumi, it's you!"

"S-shut up!" Makoto took a bite of his chocolate crepe with a little more force than was necessary. "Geales and Karr think they're so strong... I'll show them..."

Kokichi didn't bother pointing out that the exchange students probably didn't get away with much

more than all the other Ultimates did, because he honestly liked Makoto venting to him. The thought that Makoto trusted him to tell him all of that made him feel wanted.

Kokichi leaned into Makoto's side a little as his boyfriend went back to ranting. It was, despite Makoto's irritation with his classmates, very peaceful. Makoto's body next to his was warm and solid, and Kokichi never wanted to leave!

...And that was why he noticed right away when Makoto started to squirm, and it sent his heartbeat racing as he tilted his head to look up at Makoto. He looked a bit pained, and Kokichi felt his legs crossing and clenching... Oh, he knew those signs well!

"Hey, Narumi, do you need to piss?" Makoto stopped mid rant about how the Ultimate Ballet Dancer shouldn't be able to fight like that, and what the hell was in the Russian water to make ballet dancers that freakishly fast and strong, and somehow his face managed to flush even heavier. "You might want to go before you end up peeing in a bucket. Or a trashcan. Or, you know, your pants."

Kokichi was thankful he at least had never had an accident right in his pants. He wasn't sure he'd ever be able to look Makoto in the eyes if he went that far! But he couldn't really deny that if it were Makoto to do such a thing... He really wouldn't mind. Just the thought of Makoto soaking his pants made his cock twitch with excitement.

"I'm *not* going to piss my pants, Ouma." Like he wasn't going to get his butt handed to him like the Ultimate Ballet Dancer, of all talents, *sure*. Kokichi wisely kept that sore spot to himself; he'd teased Makoto enough. "Look, I... I really do have to go, okay? But we're the only ones out here, and there are plenty of trees..."

Makoto sounded more like he was trying to convince himself than Kokichi, but Kokichi nodded all the same. He'd seen Makoto piss before, so it wasn't like it was a big deal.

"Just go in the grass, or piss in the lake for all I care! Just don't let your bladder pop!"

Makoto rolled his eyes at Kokichi's singsong tone, but he stood up and immediately started working at his belt all the same. Kokichi could now better see how desperate Makoto really was—he squeezed his thighs together and shifted his weight from foot to foot, biting his bottom lip softly. It hit Kokichi in that moment that Makoto had quite obviously pulled the same stunt Kokichi himself had—in his haste to not be late for their date, he obviously hadn't peed. Or maybe the adrenaline from losing his fight had made him not realize how much he'd needed to pee. Either way, Makoto was nice and desperate now, and it was *sexy*.

...But the thing that really got Kokichi's dick hard was the fact that no matter how much Makoto tugged at his zipper, it wasn't going down. And Makoto's pants were too tight to just pull down. Makoto groaned and cursed under his breath as he pulled frantically at it with shaky hands. He scowled, desperation clear in both his needy moans and in his eyes.

"Narumi, do you need some help? I can try to..." The words died in Kokichi's throat as a burst of piss wet the crotch of Makoto's pants. "Narumi!"

Makoto didn't give up trying to get his pants down even as more piss leaked out of him, and Kokichi watched as the fabric became more and more saturated. Oh god, he thought, this was really happening! Makoto was pissing himself, and Kokichi was there to witness the whole thing!

Makoto didn't say a word as he wet himself, nor did he look Kokichi's way, keeping his eyes trained on his zipper, fruitless as it was. Even if he got it down, it was too late; his pants had two

long wet streaks going down them, and even though he wore black pants, he'd emptied his entire full bladder into them, and it was obvious that they were soaked.

Kokichi practically had to sit on his hands to keep from jerking off right there.

Eventually, Makoto's pants stopped growing wetter, and after a tick, he swiftly buckled his pants... And walked towards the lake. Kokichi sprang to his feet, not knowing what in the world his boyfriend was doing, but Makoto was already walking into the much too cold water, up to his waist. Kokichi understood why Makoto had done it, but at the same time...

"Narumi! You're going to get sick!" Makoto power walked out of the lake, his teeth chattering as he did so. "It's not worth catching the flu over!"

"I won't get the flu," he groused, and just the sight of Makoto's completely soaked lower half made Kokichi feel cold. Not, however, cold enough to completely kill his erection as he remembered why exactly that was. To think, Makoto had pissed himself before he had! "...Sorry, but I need to get back to the dorms."

As much as Kokichi didn't want to cut the date short, he knew it was necessary. They made their way back in silence, walking quickly and thankfully not coming across many people. The school grounds were mostly empty, and Kokichi figured the fact that it was dinnertime probably was to thank for that. There were no incidents as they got to Makoto's room. To Kokichi's delight, Makoto held the door open for him.

"My beloved Narumi is letting me stay? How lucky!"

"It's my fault our date got messed up, so it's the least I can do. If I hadn't let my loss upset me so much, I would have remembered to piss before coming to see you, and I wouldn't have ruined things..." Kokichi was about to say that watching Makoto piss himself had hardly messed anything up but Makoto's pants, but he was cut short as Makoto began to undo his belt. This time—much to Makoto's relief and irritation, because *of course* his pants were cooperating *now*—the zipper went down without a hitch. "Ouma, don't pass out over there. You've seen my dick before."

That was true, but it was no less overwhelming as Makoto dropped his wet pants and boxers and kicked them off, leaving his lower half nude. And as if just to torture him, he pulled off his sweater and threw that aside too, leaving him standing there completely naked.

"N-Narumi..."

"You know, we've been dating a few months now. If you want to call me Makoto, that's fine. My friends do, so I don't see why my boyfriend can't." Kokichi nodded, his eyes unable to leave Makoto's cock. Even soft, he was big. The thought of that going up his ass made his own erection come back with a vengeance. "And if we're at that stage in our relationship, I guess if you wanted to do something..."

Kokichi's face burned as he realized what Makoto was implying. Makoto took relationships and sex seriously; if Makoto was finally willing to go further than kissing...

"...Does my beloved Narumi love me?"

He realized that perhaps now wasn't the time. Maybe he should save emotional confessions for when Makoto's pissed in clothes weren't three feet away and his dick wasn't positively aching, but he needed to know. Was Makoto finally agreeing because he loved him, or had Kokichi's insistence just worn him down? ...And why did the thought that it would be the latter hurt so

much?

“...Kokichi.” Hearing his given name slip from Makoto’s lips made his heart pound. He loved Makoto so much; he loved him more than he ever thought he’d be able to love another person. “I do love you. Despite all the stuff you do that drives me crazy, you’re special to me. You bring a light to my life I was missing before... I’m so happy with you, Kokichi.”

Kokichi had to take a deep breath to keep his composure, and he quickly began shedding his clothes. God, he wasn’t going to cry, he *wasn’t*! No, he tossed his clothes to the ground, standing before Makoto with a hard dick and a soft look in his eyes.

“Well, I love my beloved Makoto, so I think he should do *anything* he wants with me...”

“Anything...?” Makoto licked his lips, and Kokichi could see his own cock starting to stir as he looked Kokichi’s nude body up and down. “Okay. In that case, I know what we should do.”

They made their way to Makoto’s bed, kissing and touching and letting Makoto get nice and hard. Makoto’s skin was warm and smooth, and he could feel that heavy cock pressed against his skin. He really didn’t think anything of it when Makoto maneuvered himself to be propped against the pillows, pulling Kokichi’s smaller body closer to his. But when Makoto reached over to his bedside table and pulled out some lube, only to coat his fingers in it and slip them up his *own* ass, well...

“Is this okay?” Makoto asked, plunging two slick fingers up his ass. “I just really want your cock...”

“S-sure, of course!” Not that he ever expected Makoto to want to do it *that* way, but there was plenty of time to get Makoto’s fat cock up his own ass, and how could he ever say no to the chance to sink his dick into Makoto’s tight ass? “Whatever my beloved wants!”

Makoto poured more lube onto his palm, then reached to pump Kokichi’s erection, getting it nice and slick. Kokichi moaned at the sensation of Makoto touching his cock; it felt so much better than his own hand! He was already shivering in anticipation over what being inside Makoto would feel like!

"I think we're ready." Makoto withdrew his touch, positioning himself so his hips were elevated, then spreading his legs. "Kokichi... Fuck me, *please*."

God, his third year boyfriend looking so needy and spread out like a fancy buffet... It was almost enough to make him cum right there. He held on though, taking his dick in hand and leading it to Makoto's lube-filled asshole. Once the head pressed against Makoto's opening, Kokichi wondered if he should ease in or push his way in quickly...

Makoto provided the answer for him, pushing his hips down to impale himself on Kokichi, causing them both to cry out. Kokichi couldn't begin to move at first, worried he'd cum too fast if he didn't calm down a little, but Makoto quickly grew impatient, moving to fuck himself on Kokichi's cock.

"Kokichi, please, move... I need your cock..."

Kokichi could barely process what was happening, his hips beginning to thrust on their own, that delicious heat around his cock feeling better than anything he'd ever experienced. Makoto moaned and gasped and cried out for Kokichi to rail him into the mattress, and how was Kokichi to say no to that? He pounded into Makoto as hard as he could, no longer worrying about how fast he might

cum. It wasn't as if Makoto was going to let him take his time anyway.

To help himself out, he grabbed Makoto's bobbing cock between them, stroking it firmly. Makoto was being loud enough that surely his neighbors knew what he was doing. The headboard knocking into the wall as he fucked Makoto probably helped too. He hoped that whoever it was, they were out of their room at the moment.

Regardless, Makoto didn't seem to care, so Kokichi didn't either. He jerked off Makoto as he rammed his hips as fast and hard as he could, the memory of Makoto pissing himself mixing with the sight of Makoto underneath him, and it was just too much...!

Kokichi came deep within Makoto's ass, his lover's name on his lips. Trying to save himself from embarrassment, he hastily pulled out before Makoto could even begin to protest and bent down, taking Makoto's leaking cock into his mouth. No one was going to say Kokichi Ouma was an insensitive lover! To further help Makoto along, he slid two fingers back up Makoto's ass, still slick with lube. Kokichi had fingered himself plenty of times to know right where to go...

Between Kokichi's mouth on his cock and fingers massaging his prostate, it didn't take much longer for Makoto to shoot his cum down Kokichi's throat, Kokichi hastily pulling back from Makoto's jerking hips as to not get choked and make a fool of himself. He wiped at his mouth as Makoto lay panting on the bed, then slowly laid down beside Makoto... Who promptly grabbed him and pulled him closer.

"That was amazing," Makoto mumbled, his face pressed into Kokichi's hair. "Yeah, that was worth it..."

Worth the wait, Kokichi assumed. And yet, there was something about all of that—phenomenal as it had been, despite him not lasting as long as he would have liked—which seemed a bit off...

"Makoto, I get the feeling you aren't a virgin." The moment the words were out of his mouth, he froze. That wasn't really his business, was it? And besides, maybe he could just take a cock so easily because he had a dildo or something! "Not that I care! What you did before we got together is your business, not mine!"

Makoto didn't answer at first, but peeking up at him, his expression didn't look angry, more... pensive. After a few long moments, he sighed and hugged Kokichi tighter.

"In first year, I really liked someone in my class, but he was more interested in someone else. And one night, the three of us sort of..." Makoto's face began to flush at his memory. "Fucked all night long? But they were in love with each other and I was just someone to spice things up, and I guess that hurt me more than I wanted to admit. So I swore that the next time I had sex, it would be with someone who loved me. ...That sounds really dumb, doesn't it?"

"No," Kokichi answered, with complete honesty. "If you liked this guy that much and you thought something might happen, I bet it hurt." It would have hurt him if Makoto had fucked and ran, even with as much as Kokichi had wanted to have sex right away. He was kind of happy Makoto had denied him. "...But you're happy with me, right?"

"Of course I am." Makoto nuzzled his face into Kokichi's hair, a sense of calm washing over him. "...You'd never ignore me for some freakishly strong Russian..."

Kokichi had to stop himself from bursting out laughing. Again. Oh, oh that was *rich*.

"...Makoto, you do know that students with similar talents are encouraged to spend time together,

right? And... King and Supreme Leader are both considered leadership talents, right?" Makoto froze, and Kokichi couldn't help the giggle that escaped his lips. "I wasn't going to tell you I'm kinda friends with Lest since Urd kicked your butt, but... You've slept with them? That's so funny! Do you have some kink for short people? Lest is smaller than me!"

The idea that Makoto had liked Lest two years prior amused Kokichi more than it probably should have. He couldn't really feel bad that Lest had pursued a relationship with Urd instead—not when it meant Kokichi the one was in Makoto's arms right now.

"...I hate you."

"I love you too, my beloved Makoto!" And if he just so happened to bring up the subject of a double date the next time he saw Lest... Well, Makoto *probably* wouldn't kill him, right? "...Hey, Makoto?"

"What is it?"

Kokichi giggled, leaning up to press a kiss to Makoto's lips, then pulling back with a grin.

"Let me up, I gotta pee!"

Makoto's arms just wrapped tighter around him, and Kokichi was okay with that.

Urd Geales & Lest Karr - Deliberate Wetting and Threesomes

Chapter Summary

Kokichi doesn't know why Lest still won't be his boyfriend, but he's about to find out in a very unconventional manner...

(Hey so this fic isn't dead, I've just been very preoccupied in the Seraph of the End fandom! Which this chapter probably shows, lol. This is a continuation of chapter 49, and oops, my biggest otp of all time ended up sneaking in. Sorry, but UrdLest is my life!

http://owarinoseraph.wikia.com/wiki/Urd_Geales

And a biiiiiig thank you for over 1300 kudos!!! Wow, I'm still in awe!!! Everyone's support means so much to me! Also a note that while I'm still @taitofan on twitter, I'm now @lestkarr on tumblr! And a big thank you to my bff May for giving me the idea for Urd's Ultimate talent!)

Much to Kokichi's displeasure, he wasn't actually dating Lest Karr. They'd gone out *on* dates, and they'd kissed, but they hadn't done anything else sexual, nor would Lest agree any time Kokichi made a joking—well, he was painfully serious but he couldn't bring himself to present it that way—comment about how they should be boyfriends...

Lest would just hum thoughtfully and not say anything on the subject at all. It was frustrating, but Kokichi supposed if he couldn't just come out and ask, it was what he deserved.

Regardless, Kokichi waited two months and three days to hear those fateful words.

“Do you still want me to wet myself?”

He froze for but a moment before he looked up from the textbook he'd been pretending to read and fixed Lest with a grin.

“Of course I do!” When Lest only hummed in response, Kokichi frowned and forced tears to well up in his eyes. “Is my beloved Lest teasing me?”

“I promised you nothing. I merely asked if that was something you still desired.” Well, that was true enough, but if Lest was going to be such a little tease about it, he was going to face the consequences! Kokichi readied himself to start wailing... “If you get us kicked out of the library I will never let you even be in the same bathroom as me, let alone indulge your odd fetish.”

“It's not a fetish!”

Lest fixed him with an unimpressed look. “Then what is it?”

“...It's just a curiosity.” That he hadn't been able to banish from his mind in the last few months. God, he really didn't want to think about all the times he'd jerked off thinking about Lest pissing those fancy clothes of his in utter desperation... “Don't give me that look! It's true!”

“Let me guess. *That’s a lie!*” Kokichi frowned at Lest’s impersonation of him. It was a little *too* on the nose. “I don’t care if you’re turned on by that. I’m German, Kokichi. I’ve seen far odder porn than that...”

Kokichi still had no idea what country Lest was actually king of, seeing as Germany didn’t have a king. Lest was always very secretive of that, but he couldn’t have gotten into Hope’s Peak without actually being a king, and it wasn’t like Kokichi himself didn’t hide the details about DICE, so he couldn’t really push the issue. What he could pursue, however, was something far more fun.

“So does that mean you’ll do it?”

Lest sighed and set his own book down, locking his crimson eyes with Kokichi’s own purple ones. He seemed to be debating something very intently, but after a few long moments, he nodded.

“Alright, I’ll do it. But you’d better make it worth my while.”

“Oh, I will!” Kokichi could hardly contain his excitement, the grin on his face surely giving him away. “I’ll do anything my beloved Lest wants!”

“Anything?” Kokichi nodded, and Lest leaned closer, dropping his voice so low it made Kokichi shiver. “Well, having you eat my cunt last time was nice, but maybe it’s time to see if your cock is good enough to please a king...”

Kokichi’s cock was certainly interested in that challenge, twitching to life.

“I haven’t gotten any condoms yet.”

Lest smirked in such a manner that Kokichi thought his insides might melt. “*I don’t care.*”

Kokichi had to bite back a moan, a tent quickly forming in his pants. Lest stood up and gathered his things, looking completely casual despite what they’d just been discussing. When everything was packed away, he walked past Kokichi, pausing right beside him to lean down and whisper in his ear to meet him in his room in an hour. He was gone before Kokichi could find his voice to ask why he needed to wait that long.

Kokichi sighed and slumped his head against the table with a thump, hoping that his raging erection went away, or this was going to be a *very* long hour.

Little less than an hour later—because Kokichi really, *really* couldn’t wait a moment more—he was knocking loudly on Lest’s door. It opened just enough for a hand to reach out and grab his arm, hauling him in. He would have questioned what was going on, if taking one look at Lest’s squirming body hadn’t given him all the answer he needed.

“I drank as much water as I could as soon as I left the library,” Lest explained, not caring about his audience as a bare hand wandered between his thighs and gripped himself. He had his boot, gloves, and most of his clothing off, with the exception of his pants and undershirt. “I wasn’t sure if you’d prefer to watch me piss myself or fuck me while I was desperate.”

Oh, what an unfair question!

“...I want to see you piss yourself first.” Lest nodded, his gaze flitting to the door. Kokichi really couldn’t say why though. “But after... If you want...”

"You can fuck me afterwards, it's fine." Lest looked to Kokichi, then back to the door, his bare foot tapping impatiently as he gripped his crotch tighter. Under his breath, Kokichi heard him mutter, "If you don't hurry up, you're going to ruin everything..."

It must have said something for how desperate Lest was, if he let something so major slip. Just who was he talking about...? Despite his arousal—or maybe because of it—Kokichi plucked up all his courage and asked as casually as he could, "What, is my beloved Lest expecting someone? Are we not dating because you have a secret boyfriend you're cheating on?"

"I am *not* cheating on him!" Lest's pretty crimson eyes were immediately full of anger, and he quickly moaned and locked his knees tighter. His outburst must have left him close to losing it. "...He kept Sonia distracted that day so I could be alone with you. We both noticed how you seemed to feel about me, and we thought it might be interesting..."

Interesting. There was nothing Kokichi liked more than *interesting*. But was that still true if he was being used to cuckold Lest's boyfriend, or whatever was going on...?

Yes, he quickly decided, yes it was. Whatever Lest's intentions were, Kokichi was certainly having fun. And who knew? Maybe once Lest's actual boyfriend got there, they could find that a king could very well have *two* boyfriends...

"Well that certainly isn't boring! So when's he suppose to get here?" Lest looked a touch weary, as if he'd expected more resistance to the idea. Well, the joke was on him—Kokichi very much wanted to be with Lest, and if that meant sharing him, so be it. He didn't particularly like being left in the dark for so long, but technically Lest never lied to him... Besides, Kokichi was a liar, so who was he to judge even if he had? "Come on, you're gonna piss yourself any second! If he wants to watch, he'd better hurry!"

Kokichi tried to imagine who Lest's lover was. Probably someone in his own class. Maybe that other shorty, Nix Parthe? No, he was always hanging off Taro Kagiya's arm. Makoto Narumi, the Ultimate Sergeant? He was certainly hot! Oh, but if he wasn't with Ky Luc, he was with Shuusaku Iwasaki... Or both...

And then it hit him that he always, *always* saw Lest with the same guy, no matter when or where it was...

Before Lest could answer, there was a sharp knock at the door, and with relief evident in his voice, Lest called out for the person to enter. And when Urd Geales, Ultimate Ballet Dancer, walked through the door and locked it behind him, Kokichi really wasn't shocked. He was, in fact, rather excited. Urd was tall, dark, and sexy, with golden hair and eyes the same bright crimson as Lest's own. He was another exchange student, hailing from Russia, and the thought that Urd had probably plowed Lest's pussy raw was hot as fuck.

"You're late." Despite Lest's blunt words, there was a soft look in his gaze as he turned to Urd. Kokichi couldn't believe he'd missed it before. Perhaps he'd just been willfully ignorant, seeing as he'd wanted Lest for himself. But looking back... Yes, he supposed he should have seen the possibility that the two always being together meant something more than friendship. "You were almost *too* late."

"Forgive me. Rigr was trying to start something again." Lest nodded as if he perfectly understood, and Kokichi supposed he did. Apparently some very interesting things went on in Lest's class. "I'm glad I didn't miss this. That would have been such a shame."

"As if you haven't seen this plenty of times..."

Kokichi felt a pang of jealousy hit him. *What?* Lest had pissed himself for Urd before? Well, they *were* dating... And Lest had agreed to do this for him too... He supposed he had no right to complain. Especially when Lest was squirming around so deliciously...

"I meant the fact that someone else will be pleasuring you." Urd turned to Kokichi, a critical gleam in his eyes. Kokichi could certainly see why Lest had hooked up with a guy like Urd. He really *was* ridiculously hot... "Kokichi Ouma. Lest has enjoyed his time with you, and for that, I'll allow you this chance. Do not disappoint either of us."

"Right..." He hadn't been aware he'd be fucking Lest with an audience, but he couldn't deny that the thought of cucking Urd was rather exhilarating. "Don't worry, I'll show Lest a good time!"

He sincerely hoped that wasn't a lie. He knew he was probably a lot smaller than Urd, and Lest surely had gotten railed by a fat cock before. Would he measure up? He wasn't small by any means, but the growing bulge in Urd's pants told him he still couldn't compete.

An idea came to Kokichi, but he decided to tuck it away until after Lest pissed himself. It didn't look like he could last much longer. He was constantly shifting his weight, glancing between Urd and Kokichi, almost as if to make sure all eyes were on him. Kokichi didn't know how Lest thought either of them could possibly look away.

And then Lest let out a soft moan, and a dark spot appeared at his crotch. Kokichi's breath hitched; it was really happening! Lest Karr, the Ultimate King, was pissing his pants.

"Es fühlt sich gut an, mein Geliebter," Lest gasped out as the wet patch grew bigger. Kokichi could only assume it was German, though he didn't speak the language at all, so he had no idea what he was saying. They were words for Urd, he supposed. *"Das macht mich deinen Schwanz wollen..."*

"You promised him that privilege today, didn't you?" Lest nodded distractedly at Urd's question. Kokichi, for his part, was having a hard time keeping his attention evenly between Lest's relieved face and his pants, which were steadily growing wetter. "Trust me, you can have it as many times as you desire. But you should keep your promises."

"Ja, ja, natürlich..."

Lest didn't say anything after that, a much louder moan escaping him as the piss flooded his pants faster, making two wet streaks down his legs and puddling underneath him. Kokichi was a little amazed at the bladder capacity someone so small had; Lest was smaller than even he was, but Kokichi wasn't sure even he could hold *that* much piss. And he just seemed to keep peeing forcefully, the puddle growing as it saturated the fabric to the limit. After a few more moments, Lest suddenly popped the button and yanked them down, allowing Kokichi a nice view of piss falling from his boxers and down into his pants. God, he wasn't sure his dick had *ever* been so hard.

"Do you like that, Kokichi?" Kokichi couldn't bring himself to look away from Lest's little show, but he could just tell from the tone of his voice that he was smirking. "I'm *so* wet... I hope you're ready to show me a good time."

Oh, Lest was wet alright, and as he slipped down his boxers, Kokichi could see just how many ways that was true. A last few trickles of piss slipped from between his lips, but more so than that, it was clear just how aroused he was. His lips were puffy, and his clit was peeking through them. Lest kicked off both garments without a care, then pulled the undershirt off his torso. Kokichi finally glanced up, seeing that his nipples were peaked as well. He was gorgeous, and Kokichi felt as if he might cum in his pants if they didn't fuck soon.

“Of course I did,” he answered truthfully, unable to lie in the slightest. “I’ll do anything you want me to.”

“Well, then I hope you’re ready to get your dick wet.” Lest was certainly smirking as he used two fingers to spread his lips, showing off the wet folds Kokichi had previously tasted. “I want your cock in my cunt. I want you to make me *scream*. Can you do that, Kokichi?”

Kokichi licked his lips absently, nodding as he finally tore his gaze from Lest and over to Urd. There was a very obvious, very *large* bulge now fully formed in his pants.

“Of course I can! A Supreme Leader can do *anything*! But...” He giggled and gave Urd his best sultry smile, which was to say, he hoped he didn’t look silly, as he’d certainly never tried this before. He was confident in his acting skills at least. “Maybe someone else would like to use one of *my* holes too?”

Urd raised an eyebrow, a thoughtful expression coming to his face. He glanced to Lest and they had a silent conversation, Lest shrugging as if to say “*Why not?*” Urd turned back to Kokichi, a smolder in his gaze that made Kokichi shiver.

“Very well. If you think you can pleasure Lest while I take pleasure from you, I won’t say no.” Urd’s hands went to his belt, and it was now *Urd* that Kokichi couldn’t look away from. Urd’s cock spring free from his pants, long and thick, and Kokichi wondered just what he’d gotten himself into. “Then shall we begin?”

The consensus was yes, immediately, and clothes were shed faster than Kokichi thought possible. They all stepped around the puddle and convened on Lest’s bed, Lest’s legs still wet as he lay atop the blankets. Well, that was what washing machines were for, Kokichi thought.

“Hurry up,” Lest complained, spreading his legs impatiently. “If you’re inside me, it might not hurt as much.”

Kokichi had put plenty up his ass, but perhaps nothing as big as Urd was. He was a little surprised when Urd immediately reached into the bedside table’s drawer and pulled out a half empty tube of lubricant. He was sure there was an interesting story behind it, but he’d have to ask later. Urd poured some in his hand and lubed up a finger, then another.

“Right... Okay...”

Kokichi had never stuck his dick in anyone nor had another person inside him, but he was determined not to let his inexperience show. He guided his hard cock to Lest’s pussy, and once Lest nodded, he pushed in. He stopped himself from gasping at how warm it was, how much Lest’s pussy seemed to swallow him in. And once he was fully sheathed, that was when he felt the fingers press into his ass.

“Oh, you can stop trying to pretend you aren’t a virgin.” Lest’s smug tone might have irritated Kokichi if he hadn’t been trying not to cum. His dick felt so good, and Urd’s long fingers were already filling him up. When they were replaced with Urd’s cock, he wasn’t sure how he’d last! “If *you* can’t make me cum, I know *Urd* can...”

It was a taunt as much as a challenge. They were testing him, and by god, Kokichi wasn’t going to lose! He’d show them what a Supreme Leader could do!

“I’m fine. I’ll definitely—*Ah!*” Urd’s fingers brushed up against his prostate, and a spike of pleasure ran up Kokichi’s spine. “I’ll m-make you cum, you’ll s-see!”

“Hmm, yes, I suppose I will...” Lest looked over Kokichi’s shoulder, and Kokichi wondered what kind of expression Urd had right then. He always looked so composed and serious... Did that change when he fucked Lest? “I think he’s as ready as he can be *mein Geliebter*. Try not to tear him in half. I rather like him.”

“I make no promises.” It was as close to sounding like a joke as Kokichi had ever heard from him, and Kokichi probably would have been impressed if Urd hadn’t taken out his fingers as he said it. But he didn’t have to worry for long. Urd must have already slicked up his cock with the rest of the lube, because the head was soon pressing into him, and much to Kokichi’s delight, it slid in quite smoothly. “I’m impressed. You’re taking this well.”

Kokichi didn’t miss the fact that Urd giving out praise was a rare thing. No, he ate it up happily. Urd’s cock was stretching him, filling him up. He couldn’t even begin to say which sensation was better. Being between Urd and Lest was the most amazing thing to ever happen to him!

“But will you last once we get started?” Lest’s teasing question was accompanied by a roll of his hips, just enough to push his cock in and out a bit. That, in turn, pushed him a bit more onto Urd’s cock. Oh, this certainly wasn’t going to be easy, was it? “How good is your control? Maybe some incentive will help you...? If you can last longer than me, I’ll give you something I know you want.”

Kokichi didn’t know what he had in mind, but it didn’t matter. He was intrigued now, and he would win. No matter what he had to do, no matter what disadvantage he was at, he was going to make Lest cum first! ...Even if that meant playing dirty.

“Well, how can I let my beloved Lest down?”

He went to snap his hips, but it was a bit difficult when Urd grabbed hold of them, leaning down to murmur in Kokichi’s ear, “I’m afraid I have a stake in this too. You’ll have to play by *my* rules...”

Urd nipped at Kokichi’s ear, then straightened up and pulled out of Kokichi’s ass to the head of his cock, sliding right back in afterwards. Kokichi didn’t let himself get frustrated; if he couldn’t pick the pace, fine; he could still do this. He fell into the rhythm Urd set, pulling out and gliding back into Lest in tandem with Urd’s own thrusts. Lest certainly didn’t seem to mind it; his chest heaved gently and he moaned softly as he was fucked. It was hot, but Kokichi knew they could do better.

Luckily, he also knew that Urd only had so many hands to restrain him, and he had a plan.

“My beloved Lest looks so sexy like that. You really like getting fucked, don’t you?” He tried his best to keep his tone as singsong-like as he could, grinning down at him cheekily. “You’re a real cockslut, aren’t you?”

“And you *aren’t*?”

Kokichi giggled and shrugged. “Sure I am. And I can see why you’d like this. Urd’s cock is *really* big! I feel like his fat cock is gonna rip me in two!”

Much to his pleasure, the praise seemed to work; he felt Urd’s thrust speed up, just a bit. That, in turn, gave him more room to thrust deeper into Lest.

“Fat? Y-yes, it’s rather fat. It’s never let me down before. Urd *always* makes me cum first.” And unbeknown to Lest, he was helping Kokichi’s plan. “*Mein Geliebter*, don’t look like that. There’s no need to be modest. You know I love your cock.”

Oh, what Kokichi wouldn’t have given to see Urd’s face...

“...I’m glad.”

...Especially since Urd actually sounded affected now. It seemed clear to Kokichi that Urd and Lest really cared for each other, and he forced down that jealousy to prove he was good enough too. He could impress them. He could love them just as well as they loved each other!

That thought in mind, he both rolled his hips and let a hand wander to Lest’s clit, beginning to rub it steadily. Lest moaned lowly, his thighs shaking. Kokichi didn’t let up, even as Urd noticed what he was doing and tried to bat his hand away. But he couldn’t keep Kokichi’s hips in place and restrain both his hands, so Kokichi merely switched to his other hand, giggling all the while. He heard Urd make a noise that might have been displeasure, or perhaps it was impressed. A bit of both maybe?

“You think you can win this?” Urd’s grip tightened on his hips, and he changed his angle just slightly. Just slightly to rub against his prostate again and again and again. “Are you quite sure you can manage...?”

“Cheater,” Kokichi whined, trying to get himself under control. God, everything just felt so good! And Urd’s voice was so sexy, as was Lest’s flushed face as Kokichi rammed into him, now going even faster and deeper thanks to Urd... He couldn’t cum though, not yet! “I’m at a disadvantage, but I’ll still make Lest cum first! Don’t underestimate me!”

Lest looked close, but Kokichi felt closer. He really had to think...!

“My beloved Lest feels so good. Your pussy is *so* wet, and my dick feels like it might melt! You feel too good!” Lest’s moans seemed to grow a little louder with the praise; okay, this was the direction he wanted. It was his last hope. “You’re so hot, you know? Getting to fuck the sexiest guy in Hope’s Peak should make me Ultimate Luck! And you moan *so* erotically, did you know that? Just your voice could make me cum!” He realized maybe he was laying it on thick, yet nothing he said was anything but the absolute truth. “Plus you’re smart and interesting and tough and I really love you and—”

Kokichi didn’t have time to think about what he’d said; Lest choked back a yell, his body shaking jerkily as he squirted around Kokichi’s cock. Kokichi laughed breathily; he’d done it! He’d made Lest cum! And not a moment too soon either; he could feel his own orgasm swiftly approaching, and Lest tightening around him only made it worse. Or, well, better, he supposed. Lest was just too attractive, too compelling! He didn’t care if Lest loved Urd; he wanted Lest to love him too!

It was with that thought that he cried out wordlessly, cumming deep within Lest’s pussy. His eyes never left Lest’s own, and much to his pleasure, Lest was definitely looking at *him* too. He wanted very badly to kiss Lest in that moment, but he couldn’t reach with Urd holding him.

Well, until Urd bent him forward, pounding into his ass hard and fast. Kokichi’s overstimulated body hummed with pleasure, and he didn’t even think twice before leaning in to capture Lest’s lips. Lest kissed him back, their liplock messy and deep and wet. This really all seemed unreal to Kokichi; he’d just cum inside his crush and now his crush’s boyfriend was railing his ass, and everything was so perfect, so worth all the trouble he’d dealt with before coming to Hope’s Peak!

By the time Urd came, effectively turning Kokichi’s ass into a creampie, Kokichi could barely think straight. He was vaguely aware of Urd pulling out and gently lifting him up off Lest, settling him down beside Lest instead. Two warm bodies pressed up against him, and he was pretty sure he heard someone tell him to rest, that they’d talk later...

But he drifted off so quickly that his exhausted mind could only assume.

When Kokichi awoke, it was long past curfew, but he'd never cared about that before and wasn't about to start anytime soon. He was warm and comfy nestled between Urd and Lest, who were both dozing. He was fully intending to go back to sleep, but Lest stirred, blinking bright crimson eyes blearily.

"Kokichi?" Lest yawned and regarded him for a moment before smiling. "You made me cum first. You get a prize."

"What do I get?" He hoped his guess wasn't just wishful thinking, but the genuine affection on Lest's face told him it wasn't. Still, he kept his tone light and teasing as he asked, "Do I get my beloved Lest?"

The arm around Kokichi's waist tightened, and he couldn't quite mask his disbelief as he felt a kiss placed on the top of his head.

"Didn't I tell you that I have a stake in this as well?" Urd asked, pulling Kokichi flush against his chest as Lest scooted closer, all three of their naked bodies snug. "Lest and I come as a pair. But if you're willing to accept us both, well... You've proven to me that you care about Lest. That's enough for now."

Kokichi felt a swell of emotion in his chest, and he was silent for a few long moments as he told himself this wasn't a dream. This was really, truly happening. Once he trusted himself to speak, he wiggled around in Urd's grasp to lie on his back, shooting a wide grin to them both.

"I get my beloved Lest *and* my beloved Urd? I'm luckier than Amami!" He giggled, feeling so much happiness, so much affection, that he could barely stand it. He'd known his life was looking up when he'd escaped his sorry excuse for a home and came to the academy, but he'd never guessed he'd have two great guys as his boyfriends! "Hmm, but you can't get rid of me easily you know!"

"And we don't want to." Lest's firm, serious words made Kokichi freeze. He sounded so confident! "You can be a pain, but I've become fond of you, and Urd has had to hear plenty about you. Trust me when I say this wasn't a decision either of us took lightly. You showed Urd you're sincere, so let us show you that we're serious. Can you do that, Kokichi? Can you let us in?"

Could he? Could he really trust *anyone* so easily? He honestly wasn't sure, but...

"I'll try."

That seemed good enough for Lest, and he nodded contently and let his eyes slip shut.

"Good. Then let's sleep, and you can both help me clean in the morning before class."

Kokichi had a feeling that Lest probably wouldn't be doing a whole lot of cleaning himself, especially when he heard Urd sigh softly, followed by Lest's quiet laughter. But that was fine; Lest had done this for him after all, and he was so grateful. For everything. He was honestly happy, after so long of pretending...

And as he fell back asleep, safe and warm between his new boyfriends, he could only hold on to the hope that life would continue to get better.

Shuuichi Saihara - Pregnancy Sex

Chapter Summary

Shuuichi will do anything to help make his boyfriend comfortable. After all, he's the reason Kokichi is in this position...

(I wrote this last June for Bad Moon Rising, but I'm not sure that fic will ever get that far, so I figured I'd put it here so it didn't go to waste. If you've never read that fic, it's fine, I think you get the picture. But please, do yourself a favor and DO NOT READ THIS IF A TRANSMAN BEING PREGNANT IS TRIGGERING TO YOU. Don't let a pissfic cause you any harm! Keep yourself safe!)

Shuuichi woke up, his mind slow and sleepy. Nothing in particular had woken him up, and glancing next to him showed that Kokichi was sleeping soundly on the other side of their bed. He was on his back, still nude from the night before, a peaceful look on his face as he rested. Shuuichi's eyes wondered down his body, stopping on Kokichi's prominent baby bump, rising and falling as he breathed. God, Shuuichi thought, Kokichi was so *beautiful*. His small body was carrying their child, and he was just so...

Shuuichi felt his cock twitch as his eyes roamed his boyfriend's pregnant body. Kokichi was so fucking *sexy*.

He wondered if he'd wake Kokichi if he jacked it right there, but before he could decide if he should head to the bathroom or not, Kokichi let out a soft little whimper and started to stir. Despite his arousal, Shuuichi felt a twinge of panic. He knew he overacted to every little thing, but he was just so concerned about Kokichi's well-being. His morning sickness had been severe and was only just now starting to dull as he entered his third trimester. The baby still had a few months, but what if it was early? *Too* early? What if it was too much for Kokichi when the time came? No one there was a trained doctor or nurse. What were they going to do?

"Shuuichi? What's wrong?" Kokichi slowly sat up, Shuuichi breaking from his panic in order to reach over and help him get comfortable. The further along he got, the more Kokichi was accepting any help offered to him. Shuuichi supposed it was just getting to be too much to handle on his own. "You aren't worrying about me again are you? Because I have two very pressing problems *right now* you should be paying attention to, not stuff three months away."

"What's wrong?" he asked, a touch of panic in his voice. He didn't admit that was *exactly* what he'd been worrying about. Kokichi already knew anyway. "How can I help you? I'll do anything I can!"

Kokichi giggled, reached down to gently stroke Shuuichi's cock, which was still half hard. Under Kokichi's touch, it didn't take it long to grow fully erect.

"It's nothing too bad! But the kid's foot is jabbing into my bladder, so I gotta piss *really* bad." Kokichi said it so casually that Shuuichi almost missed the way he squeezed his thighs together tightly. *Almost*. "The other thing is that seeing your dick so hard made me *super* horny! If you don't stick it in my pussy right away, I might die!"

It was an obvious exaggeration, but Shuuichi was hard pressed to say no, even if Kokichi had to piss. It was fine; it wasn't as if they hadn't already put down plastic over the mattress anyway. If Kokichi wanted him to fuck him, well...

He was soon crawling over, positioning himself between Kokichi's knees. He guided his hard cock to Kokichi's dripping pussy and slid in easily. Kokichi moaned loudly as he was filled up, and Shuuichi wasted no time thrusting in and out of him. After a short while of that, Kokichi groaned and put his hands to Shuuichi's chest, pushing him away. Shuuichi stilled, his cock protesting harshly. He promptly ignored it.

"Kokichi? What's wrong?"

"Argh, this position just got *super* uncomfortable... Pull out and do me from behind instead, okay?" Shuuichi nodded and did so, helping Kokichi turn over so he was on his hands and knees. It made his stomach hang down, and thus made Shuuichi cock somehow even harder. "Much better! Okay, my beloved Shuuichi can fuck me again!"

Shuuichi didn't need to be told twice. He sank right back in, the new position allowing him to get even deeper within Kokichi. As much as he was a sap who preferred seeing Kokichi's face while they had sex, this certainly had its benefits. He leaned down against Kokichi's back, rubbing Kokichi's pregnant stomach with one hand and reaching down to tease his clit with the other, his hips rocking steadily the entire time. Kokichi went right back to being vocal—moaning and gasping and calling out Shuuichi's name and begging him to go faster, to fuck him harder!

Shuuichi could feel his orgasm quickly approaching, Kokichi's warm, soft heat feeling heavenly around his cock. He was about to warn Kokichi he wouldn't last much longer if he kept that up, when he was stopped by a new noise. A hissing sound. He glanced down and almost lost it as he saw the hot piss spray from Kokichi down onto the sheets.

Oh right, he thought hazily, *Kokichi needed to pee...*

Kokichi's full bladder voided his morning pee all over the bed, soaking the sheets and pooling around Shuuichi's knees when the fabric became saturated. God, it was so filthy and so hot, and Shuuichi wasn't sure he'd ever felt more turned on since the first time he'd fucked Kokichi while he'd been menstruating. His pregnant boyfriend was pissing so much, so forcefully, while they were still fucking, the force of Shuuichi's thrusts spreading the piss even further—!

"Shuuichi! I... I'm cumming!"

He was loud enough that anyone hanging around would hear them, and Shuuichi hoped Rantarou had decided to stay in Kiibo's room that night, or else he was probably getting quite the interesting awakening. Of course, god forbid the two had stayed in Rantarou's room...

He didn't think much more on it as he felt heat coil in his groin. Everyone knew he and Kokichi had sex; it was extremely evident. If anyone heard, they heard. He was much too far gone to care if anyone took notice of Kokichi's cries. Maybe anyone who heard would be jealous that they couldn't see the way Kokichi's back arched and his body trembled as his juices mingled with the last of his piss, making a further mess of the bed.

It was the gasped *I love you* that was Shuuichi's undoing, causing his body to lose control and shoot his cum deep into Kokichi's pussy. His hips jerked a few more times as he emptied himself, his arms wrapped around Kokichi's middle, both of his hands now touching Kokichi's stomach. There was the proof of his and Kokichi's love—the child they made together.

He pulled out of Kokichi, helping him turn over and lay down on Shuuichi's side of the bed where it was still dry. They were both breathing heavily, and Kokichi's face was flushed, a genuine smile on his face. Shuuichi gazed down lovingly at him and cupped a hand to the side of Kokichi's face, rubbing his cheek affectionately with his thumb.

"I love you too."

Kokichi's eyes welled up with tears, and he grinned widely as they slipped down his face.

"I'm so lucky to be having my beloved Shuuichi's baby! I'm..." He paused a moment, a look of realization coming to his face. After a moment, he giggled and reached up to wrap his arms around Shuuichi neck and bring their faces closer. "I'm happy! I'm so, *so* happy!"

Kokichi closed the gap to bring their lips together, and Shuuichi didn't hesitate to kiss him back with all the love and passion he could muster. For Kokichi to finally feel content in their prison was a miracle in and of itself, and to know he was part of the reason for that was simply too much. Shuuichi felt tears slip from his closed eyes; god, he loved Kokichi so much!

The bed needed to be stripped down and they could both use a shower, but as they kissed and hugged and laughed and cried, nothing seemed more important than just being together. The rest of the world could wait.

Nix Parthe & Ky Luc - Surprise, vampires can pee!

Chapter Summary

Kokichi is summoned to Turkey by his superior, and his day is about to get very odd...

((Yeah, okay, so. Sorry for the wait. I've had a lot of OnS and Tourabu fics to write, with a lot of piss too, lol (including lots of pissfics with Nix and Ky; I love them both so much). Idk when I'll update this again as I don't have anything started, so I hope this will satisfy until I can get something else written. This one takes place in OnS's universe and Kokichi is a vampire because, well, why not.

Nix: http://owarinoseraph.wikia.com/wiki/Nix_Parthe

Ky: http://owarinoseraph.wikia.com/wiki/Ky_Luc

Nicolas: <https://taitofan.carrd.co/#nicolas>

Nicolas is my oc and a fan progenitor, oops, lol. I didn't like my original ending so I thought I might bring him in.))

To say Kokichi wasn't having the best of days was an understatement. A surprise Progenitor's Council meeting had been called just as he was about to leave Belgium, Lest had been pissy about something, which made Urd's temper very short, which got Kokichi yelled at more than a few times, and now...

"You're late."

Kokichi had to try very hard to keep the grin on his face.

"Well, you were on that call too, weren't you Lord Parthe? I couldn't exactly deny a summons from Lord Geales." He was pretty sure no one but Lest himself could get away with ignoring Urd's direct command, and that was because the two had been banging for over a thousand years. It was the worst kept secret in the history of forever. "And traveling to Turkey does take a while, you know!"

Kokichi wasn't exactly happy he'd been saddled with Belgium. But as a fourth progenitor, he'd had to let the higher progenitors stake their claims first, and Krul had taken his homeland from when he was a human. So his next best bet was to get as close to Germany as possible to best bother Lest as much as possible without losing his head. At least he got some fun out of it.

But now he was in Turkey, on summons from Nix Parthe, third progenitor and pain in Kokichi's ass. All four of the progenitors above him tended to bug him on some level—he couldn't even think of getting mouthy with Urd, Krul was the bitch who took Japan from him, Lest was a little bastard who got away with everything because he regularly got Urd's dick wet, and Nix...

"Well stop wasting my time, will you? Let's go!"

Nix Parthe was a bossy, arrogant, tiny prick with a stupid mask. Kokichi hated him. And how cute he was. And how much he really wanted to take that mask off and kiss the freckles he knew were under there and run his hands through that soft, wavy hair, and—

And Kokichi stopped himself, because he knew very well that this stupid centuries-old crush on Nix was never ever going to go anywhere, and he really might as well give it up.

“Lead the way, my lord!” He giggled and gave a mock bow, and though the mask obscured Nix’s pretty crimson eyes, Kokichi just *knew* he was rolling them. “I’m sure you have better things to do than waste your time with a *fourth* progenitor!”

“I *do*,” Nix snapped, turning on his heel and stalking away from the landing pad where Kokichi’s personal helicopter had touched down. “So just hurry up!”

Kokichi giggled and followed Nix, a little bit of genuine cheer coming back to him. Nix was a jerk, but at the same time, his bark was worse than his bite. Of all the thirds, he was definitely the nicest, and his humans were the happiest. Kokichi couldn’t say he was a fan of how Japan and Germany were run. The Turkish humans seemed happy enough though, and well cared for. Kokichi, for what it was worth, respected the high progenitors who kept their livestock well cared for. So he followed Nix, still not sure what his superior wanted. He’d refused to explain, merely telling Kokichi to get there as soon as he could, and Kokichi had listened, because what else was he supposed to do? Anything to ease the boredom of living for two millennia was welcome!

...Plus, he couldn’t deny that even if Nix would never be his, it was at least a treat to get to look at him. He had a little sway as he walked, his long hair swishing over his ass. God, how did the thirds all keep their hair so long? It must be convenient for their partners, able to grab if so easily while they fu—

“Kokichi Ouma! Are you listening to me or not?”

“Of course,” he lied easily without missing a beat. “You were complaining about how long you were waiting.”

Nix let out a frustrated little sound and nodded. “Very well. But the least you can do is give me some indication that you’re paying attention!”

“Of course, my lord! Anything you want!” It was, in fact, very easy to appease Nix, and Kokichi was hardly the only one to know that. He was probably one of the few among the high progenitors to take such a vested interest in Nix though. “But are you going to tell me why I’m here?”

“I was getting to that!” he snapped, “Just follow me and stop being a pest!”

Nix led him to a room not far from his personal office, and Kokichi was only mildly surprised to see dust fly around when the door opened. Oh, he really hoped he wasn’t dragged all the way to Turkey to clean...!

"There are reports here from spellcasters, dating from before the uprising. I had one of my aides going through things, and he said Germany and Belgium were mentioned frequently. I know I'll have to tell Lest Karr eventually, but I thought I'd let you go through them first, see if anything is of interest to you. If it doesn't have to do with Turkey, I don't care, but I thought you might..." Nix shrugged, and maybe it was the poor lighting of the room, but he could have sworn he saw a bit of color to Nix's face. "If you don't care, fine, you can leave, but seeing as it concerns your territory..."

Honestly, Kokichi *didn't* care. At all. But it got him closer to Nix. And Lest would care immensely. Kokichi didn't dare do too much to piss him off, but surely just knowing he hadn't gotten to look through the papers first would upset him. And neither he nor Nix could get in trouble as long as everything was still present, right? Oh, this was perfect!

"Oh, isn't that sweet of my beloved Lord Parthe, letting me go first! If you're not careful, I'll start to think you don't really hate me after all!"

"What? I don't—" Nix cut himself off, frowning at him. It was so cute that it made Kokichi's grin widen. "Just shut up and look at whatever you want in this room. I'll have to look over anything you want to take back to Belgium, but as long as it won't upset Lest Karr, I really don't care what you do."

With that, Nix turned on his heel and left the room in a hurry, leaving Kokichi in the dusty, poorly lit room all by himself. Well, if he was here anyway, he supposed he could see what the humans had been up to, though he doubted it was anything important if the reports were just gathering dust. Oh well, he thought as he grabbed a stack and settled down to read, he might as well peek through...

Kokichi wasn't sure how many hours past as he flipped through useless documents. Too many, probably, not that time really meant much to him, especially when he didn't need to sleep except to ease the boredom. He was, however, getting a bit thirsty, and if Nix was going to call him all the way out there, the least he could do was feed him. It was with that thought in mind that he left the papers in a heap and left the room to either find Nix or one of the attendants who could find Nix for him.

He didn't see any lower nobles or common vampires as he poked around though; no, the halls he passed were quite bare. He wondered why...? Did Nix not like anyone so close to his office if he wasn't being summoned by Urd? Or maybe it wasn't just that. Maybe—

Kokichi heard a soft humming from the end of the hallway, and he quietly made his way to it, peeking in through the lock. He knew even before he looked that it must be Nix's bedroom, and sure enough, he was right. Nix was laying back amongst a mound of pillows on a bed far too large for him. But Nix Parthe was a king, and his elaborately decorated palace didn't hide it. His bedroom was just as decked out as the rest of the place, if not more.

Kokichi was quite interested in many of the sights he witness through the keyhole, from the many waterpipes lined on shelves around the room, to the mug he was drinking from as he read through a stack of papers. Whatever that was... It certainly didn't look like blood...

Nix sighed and set his paper on the bed, glaring in the direction of the door. "Kokichi Ouma, I know you're out there. If you really think I can't detect your presence, you're an idiot."

"Sorry, Lord Parthe!" he apologized without sounding apologetic in the slightest. "I know, I know, I just thought I'd have more time to admire your beauty before you could tell!"

How did one best hide their infatuation with a pretty little third progenitor who could rip you in two in a second flat? Lay it on so thick that he thought it was all a joke, of course!

"Stop being stupid and just come in already. The door is unlocked."

He supposed no one dared to go against the fourth strongest vampire on the council, so locking his doors was highly unnecessary. Well, not that a flimsy human made lock could keep even a common vampire out, but still. It was the message it sent, he supposed. Regardless, he didn't leave Nix waiting, striding in with a grin on his face.

"Oh, now you're inviting me into your bedroom? Very scandalous, Lord Parthe!" Or maybe it

would have been if it wasn't common knowledge that Nix had shared the beds of many high progenitors over the millennia. But never Kokichi. Not yet at least. "Have you grown bored of Ky Luc finally?"

Nix tensed, a frown coming to his pretty face. Oh, *that* had been a dangerous thing to ask! Not that Kokichi didn't like Ky; he was one of the high progenitors that Kokichi liked the most, in fact. But Kokichi could fully admit—to himself—that he was more than a little jealous. The other progenitors all seemed to have either a steady centuries old lover or a revolving set of them, and he had nothing. He supposed that was what happened when you pushed everyone away.

A fourth progenitor who was such a coward probably deserved to lose Nix to a fifth progenitor, he figured.

"Hardly. Ky and I are doing just fine, and you'll do well not to act so disrespectful!" Kokichi tried not to roll his eyes. He understood, he did. Nix was the youngest of the thirds and tended to get treated as weaker than the others. Kokichi understood all too well in fact. "...Anyway. Are you done looking at the papers? You can go if you don't want any of them."

The dismissal was a little too casual; Nix was mad at him, certainly. Bringing up Ky hadn't been the best move. But before he could get snappy himself, he remembered his whole reason for coming to find Nix...

"I'm still looking at them, but I was hoping you'd share something to drink." He was close enough now to see the mug balanced in Nix's lap definitely was not blood. "...Is that coffee?"

Nix bristled yet again, but Kokichi wasn't entirely sure why this time, seeing as he hadn't asked it in an accusing tone or anything.

"What business of yours is that?" Nix snapped, his grip on the mug tightening slightly. Kokichi hoped he didn't crack it. "What I choose to do is none of—"

"Can I try it?"

Kokichi was well aware that eating and drinking wouldn't actually hurt them, but few vampires could stomach the taste of anything but blood to begin with, so why bother? It wasn't an unnecessary pleasantry like sleeping, so he really didn't know of anyone who did like. Except for Nix he supposed. Part of him was curious now; he'd ever had any desire to drink, but the fact that Nix liked it piqued his curiosity...

"You won't like—" Nix stopped short, looking a bit alert. After a short pause, he gave a small nod and held the mug out. "Fine, go ahead. But don't complain to me if you don't like it."

Kokichi nodded and accepted the mug. The smell of rich, dark coffee wafted up, and it at least *smelled* good. He'd never even had coffee when he was alive though, so he didn't have a clue what to expect. He took a tentative sip...

He didn't really like it, to be honest. It was very strong and bitter. Nix had apparently added blood to it much like humans added cream and sugar, but it didn't help the taste much. Still, he'd asked for it, and he didn't want to look foolish in front of Nix, so he continued drinking, Nix looking up at him almost expectantly. Why did Kokichi get the feeling he was expected to drink all of it...?

He was vaguely aware of the presence of someone familiar getting closer, but the presence wasn't hostile and Nix could obviously sense it too, so he focused on drinking the disgusting beverage. How did Nix actually like this stuff? Maybe if he'd had something sweet... Kokichi had liked

sweet things when he was alive, so that might have been okay. But this coffee was just...

"...Is Lord Ouma drinking your coffee, *mon coeur*?"

Kokichi hastily swallowed the last of it and turned to the source of the voice, standing in the doorway and looking amused. Again, Kokichi didn't dislike Ky Luc. But right then, Ky was one of the last people Kokichi wanted to see. The way Nix brightened up upon seeing Ky... It made his chest burn.

"I didn't expect to see *you* here, Ky Luc," he muttered, handing the empty mug back to Nix. "Isn't France going to suffer having you away all the time?"

If Ky was offended by Kokichi's comments, he didn't show it. No, he just kept an amused expression on his face. Ky always looked like that, or bored out of his mind; there was no in between. Even if he was only a fifth progenitor and thus hadn't been alive as long as Kokichi and especially not Nix, Ky was perhaps the high progenitor most affected by boredom. Kokichi couldn't stand it either, but Ky was known to go to great extremes to ease the monotony of eternity.

"*Non*, Lord Ouma, my country will be just fine, I assure you. France's livestock are very well behaved!"

Kokichi was glad Ky didn't ask about Belgium, or make any other small talk. He wasn't in any mood to play polite, even if it was with Nix's lover.

"Well isn't that *fascinating*. Anyway, if you're here I'll be going. Those papers are all boring. Let Lest Karr have them. I'm leaving..." And yet, when he turned to go, a hand shot out and roughly grabbed his arm. He tried not to wince as it held him in place with more force than was necessary. "...Does my beloved Lord Parthe want me to stay?"

"You drank my coffee, so yes. At least until the effects take place. You can leave after that, but not a moment before." Nix's expression held no room for argument. "It was supposed to have a surprise for Ky, but I thought maybe this would make for an even more interesting afternoon..."

"Oh, *mon sang*, you really are very considerate!" Ky plopped down beside Nix and laid a kiss atop his head. "I do love watching you squirm around so desperately, but this should be very interesting indeed! I do hope Lord Ouma can give us a good show!"

...Squirm desperately? What...?

"Well, I barely got a few sips and he downed the mug, so it shouldn't be too long before it hits him. Anytime now, I'd think. He's not *that* much bigger than I am..."

Kokichi was about to demand to know what they were talking about, when a very strange sensation came over him. Like a twinge in his lower abdomen... Like he had to...

"...Do I... have to pee?" He hadn't peed in over two thousand years; it was hard to even remember what it felt like. But it was all he could think of to explain what was happening. "Vampires don't ___"

"They do if they drink anything but blood. And it comes on much faster than in a human." Nix's tone was one of someone who knew from experience. God, Kokichi wished he'd been around to find out how he'd figured that one out! "And this is your first time in so long that you probably don't have any bladder control left..."

"*Non*, he probably doesn't," Ky agreed, Kokichi left wondering just what they were implying. "It

took you a long time to build those muscles back up, so he'll surely make quite the flood, seeing as you're stronger than him!"

Oh, that was what they meant. ...*Wait.*

"Are you two saying I'm gonna piss myself?" They gave him a look that confirmed that immediately. He would have made a comment on that fact that Nix had apparently pissed himself a lot, that this was a game for the two of them, but he didn't for two very important reasons. One, he didn't want to think about that and get a raging boner right in front of them, and two, he was trying not to do exactly what they thought he would. "Well think again! I know when to find a toilet, no matter how many years go by! I—"

"You're pissing yourself, Lord Ouma."

Ky's words startled him, and he quickly looked down to see his white pants were indeed getting very wet. He tried to stop the flow, but much to his mortification, he couldn't. It was like... Well, as Nix had said. Over two thousand years of not using his bladder had weakened it so much that he wouldn't stop the muscles no matter what. Warm piss flooded his pants and ran down his legs, pooling to the floor. Not only was he pissing himself in front of Nix and Ky, he was doing it in Nix's bedroom. And there was nothing he could do to stop it.

"How does it feel, Lord Ouma?" Kokichi looked up from his growing puddle and was only mildly shocked at the expression on Ky's face. His pupils were dilated, hazy with lust. And there was a noticeable tent in his pants too. "Come now, don't hold out on us!"

Apparently, Ky Luc, fifth progenitor and king of France, had a piss fetish. Of course he did.

"Fuck off," Kokichi said as cheerfully as he could manage with piss running down his legs. "You both knew this would happen, and neither of you warned me. How terrible you both are!"

His tone had a singsong lilt to it, but Nix frowned all the same. "I didn't think it would upset you so much..."

Kokichi forced himself to plaster on a grin and giggle, looking Nix straight in the eyes as much as his embarrassment told him to look away. "Oh, you thought I was really sad? That's a lie! It's sweet that my beloved Lord Parthe is concerned for me, but it isn't necessary!"

"When you lie, you wail and carry on like a human child who dropped their ice cream. Do not lie about lying to *me*, Kokichi Ouma." Nix turned from Kokichi to Ky, shaking his head slowly. "Sorry, I thought he'd be up for this. I don't know, maybe find it *interesting* or something. I'll get more coffee after he leaves and you can watch me instead."

"Ah, it's fine, *mon coeur*! It was worth a try!"

They acted as if he wasn't even in the room, and it frustrated him to no end. What was their game...?

"Yes, I suppose..." Nix glanced back to Kokichi and waved him away dismissively. "If you're done with the papers, you might as well go back to Belgium like you wanted. Next time I'll invite someone else. Maybe I can make a call to Italy..."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he'd like that!"

They returned to ignoring him, discussing how much the progenitor who ruled over Italy would like to have a piss-filled threesome with them—he *absolutely* would, as everyone with eyes could

see the King of Italy was in love with Ky except for Ky himself—while Kokichi stood there in his wet clothes. That was it? He was dismissed just like that? Nix knew he was lying and just wanted him to go?

...They wanted a threesome with another fifth progenitor, so did that mean they had wanted one with him...?

Kokichi opened his mouth to change his mind, say he wanted to play with them after all... But then he promptly shut it and left the room without another word. He was a coward, after all, right? He couldn't have Nix anymore than that lovesick fifth could have Ky. If he got a taste... Wouldn't it just hurt more? Kokichi figured he might as well cut his losses, leave Turkey as soon as he could. The halls were still empty, and his pilot knew better than to say anything about his clothes as he got in his helicopter and ordered their return flight.

He was running away again. That was all he was good at, wasn't it?

Suddenly, the phone line in his copter beeped. Kokichi was very surprised when he saw the familiar name. Speak of the devil...

“...Yes?”

“Lord Ouma! I'm having a little, um... Problem in Venice. Ky is visiting Turkey and Lord Karr is in Russia, so I was hoping you could stop by?”

The pretty little progenitor looked so hopeful for his help. Kokichi didn't know what the problem was, but then again, at that point he really didn't care.

“...Well, I suppose I could swing by Italy. Just for my beloved Nicolas!”

The smile he got in return was rather beautiful. Well, maybe the day wasn't a total bust after all...

And Venice had some choice coffee, didn't it?

“Lord Ouma, I know what happens when you drink coffee.” Kokichi pouted, but Nicolas didn't budge. “And, like, if you think I don't see the stains on your pants, you *really* must think I'm an idiot.”

Nicolas Palazzo, the pretty blond in a dress with far too many ruffles, sometimes acted as if he had more sugar and dreams in his head than common sense, and he was an arrogant little bastard to boot. But he wasn't stupid. Naïve at times, but not stupid.

“...If you drink it, we can have sex.”

“Lord Ouma, I've banged all the guys on the council, from the sixths all the way up to Lord Geales. Including *you*.”

Ah yes, so they had. A few dozen times over the centuries.

“...We could drink it together.”

Nicolas raised an eyebrow, his crimson eyes full of bemusement. “Since when do you have a piss fetish? I thought Ky and Lord Parthe had the corner on that...”

Kokichi shrugged, not quite sure himself. Or, at least, so he told himself. He wasn't about to

admit it was easier sleeping with the Council's resident cockslut—well, one of them anyway—than the guy he actually had feelings for.

“I don't know. Just happened I guess!”

“...Well, I guess you do kinda seem like the type who'd have a piss fetish, now that I think about it. Maybe it's all the white you wear...” Kokichi didn't know what to say to that, but he was spared a response when Nicolas sighed and raised the cup to his lips, taking a long sip before holding it out to him. “Fine, but we're doing this together. You can wash your clothes here afterwards too. You're going to get smelly, Lord Ouma. That's not cute at all!”

Kokichi accepted the cup and smiled, this time rather genuinely. Nicolas was certainly an odd one...

But as he took a sip of the coffee—filled with cream, sugar, and blood, tasting *much* better this time—he figured that at least Nicolas was in good company. Maybe he would have to start spending more time in Italy...

Shuuichi Saihara - Thirsty Little Flower

Chapter Summary

"You have to water me! You have to use your pee!"

((Thank you for your support. I really appreciate it. Being a meme has been quite the experience!))

Rantarou and Shuuichi were walking outside, minding their own business, when they came across a very strange sight. Kokichi was on his hands and knees on the ground, some sort of bonnet around his head that made it look as if he were a flower. Kokichi had done some very odd things, but this was certainly up there.

"Nnnhhggg, I'm a thirsty little flower. You have to water me. You have to use your pee."

He had on the most pathetic face, gazing up at Shuuichi with those big purple eyes...

"I... am *not* doing that."

While his tone left no room for argument, Rantarou turned to him, a disbelieving look on his face.

"And just let him fucking *die*?"

Shuuichi slammed the laptop shut with a sigh, giving his current company an unimpressed look.

"Fifty-six chapters, Ouma."

"Um, excuse me Saihara, you just read number *fifty-seven*!" Kokichi smiled so innocently, and Shuuichi didn't believe it for a moment. "What, it's not my fault you can't appreciate a little pee!"

"A *little*? Ouma, that's over one hundred and twenty-eight thousand words of you urinating and having sex with most of our class!" Thankfully not everyone, as he could barely imagine how quickly Kokichi would be dead if Maki had ever made an appearance. "You even brought in characters from that vampire anime!"

"Oh come on Saihara, are you saying you wouldn't bang a bunch of hot vampires?"

"Not the point, Ouma!"

"Well what *is* your point?" When Shuuichi couldn't come up with anything, Kokichi giggled and shrugged, not looking particularly put out. "Well, whatever. I'm kinda bored with it anyway. I'll end it there. For now."

Shuuichi raised an eyebrow, not believing for a moment that Kokichi would just stop. "...You're just going to write about those vampires peeing instead, aren't you?"

"Aww, you got it in one Saihara! You really *are* the ultimate detective!"

Shuuichi sighed and let his head smack the table, Kokichi's giggling filing his ears. Sometimes he really hated being right.

Ougai Mori - Aphrodisiacs

Chapter Summary

Kokichi finds himself in a precarious position with a mob boss who's also a doctor. That combo can't bode well...

((Like a phoenix rises from the ashes... The pee train never stops, it just takes a break to recoup. I told someone on drg I'd try to finish a half-done chapter I'd started last year, and I have a half written Oumota chapter I'll probably try to finish, but if there are a lot of crossovers, don't be surprised. At least they won't all be OnS now, right? lol, if you aren't familiar with BSD, well, this has some blatant dubcon elements so be warned. I'm back, but if I start writing more like I do for other fandoms, that's how it will be and I understand if you aren't interested in reading those chapters. Keep safe everyone!

Ougai Mori: http://bungostraydogs.wikia.com/wiki/%C5%8Cgai_Mori))

Chapter Notes

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

Kokichi Ouma, aged seventeen, was a troublemaker and general pest to those who knew him, but he absolutely one-hundred percent did not condone murder. That was a bit of a problem when he lived in Yokohama and violent crimes seemed to happen on a daily basis. And he knew without a doubt that the Port Mafia was to blame for a large majority of it. No one could stop them though, so...

What better way to get something done than to do it yourself? It wasn't terribly hard to get in and find himself as a low level grunt. Then it was just a matter of lying his way up the chain until he could put his plan into action. Was it stupid to try to stop Ougai Mori himself? Yes, and he knew it. But he was willing to die if it meant bringing down the mafia from the inside out.

It wasn't a fast process, getting anywhere near Mori. It took him forever just to see Chuuya, but considering he'd been with Akutagawa at the time, he'd thought better of trying to speak to him. While it would be easier to see Mori if he got in an executive's good graces, getting skewered didn't sound fun. He'd have to keep trying any way he could. Eventually, he knew he'd get to Mori's side.

Kokichi didn't condone murder, but perhaps with his ability, he wouldn't need to.

"You there. Come here." It was just shy of six months when Kokichi finally heard the voice he'd been waiting for. Acting as the obedient dog his coworkers were, he did as he was told, breaking apart of a small group he'd just returned with—drug smuggling, which Kokichi didn't care at all if people did—to bow down to Mori himself. "You're Ouma, aren't you?"

Kokichi giggled as he straightened up, plastering on a grin as he answered, "That's right, Boss. How fortunate for me that you know who I am? Or... Unfortunate maybe? Am I in *trouble*?"

He said the last word in a sing-song manner, and no, this was certainly not the way to speak to a

mob boss for the first time, but Kokichi needed to strike while he had the chance. Half a year in the mob was half a year too much. It was time.

“Hmm... I was going to say Nakahara had praised your silver tongue, but I see that I’m going to get to experience it firsthand.”

Kokichi giggled again, tilting his head to the side and lowering his eyelids just a tad. “How lucky indeed, getting praised by someone so important. Of course...” He paused and slowly ran his tongue along his bottom lip. “If the Boss wants to see just how talented my tongue is, I could *show* him...”

Mori raised an eyebrow, showing that the implication wasn’t lost upon him. He looked Kokichi up and down, humming softly to himself.

“You’re a bit older than I prefer, but I can’t say I’m not curious.” He smirked and turned, waving for Kokichi to follow. “I’ll give you one chance to impress me.”

One chance... That was all he’d need. Either he’d succeed, or his failure would mean his life. He would toss the coin and hope it landed in his favor. He just had to try.

He was led through heavy security through the building, to places he’d never been even remotely near before. He felt his pulse quicken, though outwardly he continued grinning. Time was swiftly approaching... All of his work for the past six months was coming to an end. And as he was led into Mori’s office, all he could think was that either way, he had no regrets.

“Ah, Boss’s office is so big!” He smirked up at Mori. “Not the only big thing, I hope.”

“Not at all. Or, at least, no one has ever complained before.” Mori seemed very cordial as he smiled and made his way to the large chair behind his desk; Kokichi didn’t trust him. “Why don’t you come over here and I’ll show you.”

Admittedly, despite everything, Kokichi felt the smallest stirring of desire at the thought of seeing Mori’s cock. He wasn’t a bad looking man at all, and if the circumstances had been different he surely would have actually stuck around and partaken in such a feast. As it was, he had a mission, and he pushed down all other thoughts as he slinked over before Mori and knelt down between his legs.

This is it, he thought as Mori made quick work of his pants and pulled out his cock, already half hard. He was close enough to—

“*Vita Sexualis.*”

The moment the words escaped Mori’s lips, a presence materialized behind Kokichi, and the feel of a pinprick hit the back of his neck. He didn’t dare turn to see who was there, but he definitely saw Mori smirking down at him.

“...What’s going on, Boss?” he asked, acting confused, making it shine in his eyes and seep into his tone.

“Hmm, he’s good, isn’t he Elise?” Elise...? That was who was behind him? He hadn’t even considered that she hadn’t been by Mori’s side earlier. “Did you bring it?”

“Of course I did, Rintaro! Though you’re a real big pervert, you know!” He heard her huff behind him, but the sharp metal digging into his skin—a needle maybe?—did not move in the slightest. “...I guess he’ll look good in it though. He’s real scrawny.”

“I’d like to say he’s... petite.” Mori turned his attention back to Kokichi, a look in his hooded eyes that promised he wasn’t getting out of this. “As for you... If you think for a moment I didn’t know about your treason, you aren’t as smart as you think you are. And if you thought a pathetic ability like yours could take me down, well. I’m not sure how you even made it this far. I suppose because you really do have quite the silver tongue... But that won’t work on me.”

Kokichi forced himself to keep eye contact as he asked with a haughty smirk, “And what are you gonna do with me now?”

It was obvious that Mori saw through him yet again, knew how terrified he was despite everything. Mori hadn’t become a mob boss for nothing, that was certain. He chuckled, and then pointed to something behind Kokichi.

“Elise, go ahead.” Mori’s smile only widened as Kokichi gasped, the needle piercing his neck and some kind of fluid entering his system. It wasn’t really painful, but the fact that he had an unknown substance forcibly injected into his body was more than a little disconcerting. “Don’t panic, it won’t hurt you. In fact, it’s going to make you feel good. Let’s turn that pretense of yours into reality, shall we?”

“So you’re gonna drug me and rape me?” he spat, finally losing his composure. There was no way out, not with Elise there. It was clear that she wasn’t the little girl she and Mori pretended she was. “And then what? Kill me? Make an example of me?”

“Really, you think I’d do something so base as resort to rape?” Mori looked offended; Kokichi’s blood boiled. “Oh no, believe me, you’ll be *begging* for my cock by the time we’re done.”

“*Hardly*, you—” He was cut off as he felt a tug at the end of his shirt. He looked down to finally see Elise, smiling up at him far too sweetly. At least she didn’t have any more needles, but what she *did* hold out to him was... “I’m *not* wearing that.”

“You are,” Mori shot back, so infuriatingly sure of himself. “Because if you don’t, you won’t get *this*.”

He accompanied the word by grabbing his cock and stroking it slowly. Kokichi couldn’t help but stare at it, his mouth watering at the sight. Mori was an utter bastard, but his cock sure was fat. If he had *that* inside of him, well... Involuntarily, he shivered at the very thought. Strange, because he felt hot. Abnormally so, in fact.

“What was in that needle?” he asked, trying not to look too concerned. He had a feeling he knew, and if so... “Drugging someone counts as raping them, you know.”

“Rintaro wouldn’t rape anyone, dummy!” Elise snapped, still holding out the dress. “It’s an aphrodisiac, and all it does is make you aroused. If you don’t wanna have sex, it’s not gonna make you. You’ll just have blue balls is all.”

Kokichi winced. This wasn’t going well at all. His body really was hot, desire flowing through him. Mori’s cock wasn’t even fully erect and it was just so *big*. He tried to convince himself he didn’t want it. If Mori was telling the truth, then he would be fine, right? He’d probably get locked up at the very least, but it was better than the alternatives.

“I’ll deal with it,” he ground out, his voice a bit rough.

“Very well,” Mori said, leisurely jacking off his cock. “But if you change your mind, Elise is right there.”

“I can leave when you start fucking, right?”

Mori assured her that she could, and Kokichi probably would have marveled at how wrong that sounded coming out of someone who looked like a little girl if he'd been able to look away from Mori's cock. His hands itched to reach for his crotch, to touch himself, audience be damned.

I... I could pretend to go along with it, he reasoned with himself, part of him even believing himself. Pretend to be Mori's little slut and then take him down when he lets his guard down...

Kokichi hastily kicked off his shoes and made quick work of his belt, trying to pretend like he didn't see Mori's disgustingly smug expression. He kicked off his pants and only hesitated a few moments before shucking his shirt off, leaving him with only two articles of clothing. Mori, amazingly, didn't say anything. He didn't even look surprised. Well, if he didn't care...

His binder came off next, letting his tits pop free, knowing he shouldn't leave it on during sex anyway. It wasn't like Mori wouldn't have figured things out when his boxers dropped, so what was the point?

“You don't trim, I see.” Mori didn't sound upset by that, despite the rumor that he was only into young girls. Honestly, as long as Mori didn't call him anything of the sort, he didn't care what the rumors said. “As lovely as the sight is, I believe you need to slip into something, don't you?”

“...Whatever. They're just clothes...” He snatched the dress from Elise, who finally put her arms down. He shoved it over his head and pulled it down, letting it fall around him. It was a very familiar dress indeed. “This is *her* dress.”

And indeed, it was an exact replica of Elise's red dress in everything but size. Kokichi thought he must look like some sort of porcelain doll in it. Whatever Mori thought, it must have been good considering his cock was fully erect now.

“It is. It's cute on her. On you, well... Let's just say I've always appreciated a boy in a dress.” He looked over to Elise and gave her a nod, and by the time Kokichi looked over to where she'd stood, she had completely vanished. “Now that we're alone, you can have what you want.”

His cock. God, a man like him had no right to have such a magnificent member between his legs, and it pissed Kokichi off that he did indeed want it. Badly.

“Fine. Where are we gonna...” He trailed off as Mori stopped jacking off and patted his lap. He really wasn't going to let Kokichi claim he hadn't wanted this, was he? “Gonna make me do all the work, huh?”

Despite his sarcastic tone, his voice came out embarrassingly breathy, and he felt his clit aching, begging him to stop the pretense and go sit on that cock already. He was finding it harder to argue, harder to think. He was so hot, so horny, so desperate...!

His brain didn't win that round. He took hurried steps over to Mori, climbing in his lap and pretending he didn't need the help Mori gave him, considering his size. He knew it was stupid, knew it was dangerous, knew he shouldn't... But as he hiked the dress up to position himself over Mori's cock, he didn't really care. And when he lowered himself down, feeling the head penetrate him, he didn't care in the slightest.

“Why are you so big?” he muttered, though he didn't exactly mind. “You're stretching my pussy.”

“Lucky, I suppose.” His hands fell to Kokichi's hips, rubbing them through the soft fabric of the dress. “It's not too much for you I hope.”

Kokichi doubted he really cared. “*Hardly*. I can take a dick bigger than this!” He dropped his hips suddenly, grinning up at Mori as he was utterly stretched. “See? Your *medicine* made my cunt so wet that there’s no way this could hurt. So sorry, but you’re not gonna see me cry or anything.”

“Confident, aren’t you? Well...” He tugged the dress out of Kokichi’s hands, letting it fan out around them. “*Show me.*”

Taking the challenge, Kokichi began to bounce on Mori’s lap, his pussy absolutely *dripping* around the cock inside of him. His already hot body seemed to burn as he impaled himself on Mori’s cock over and over, too aroused to go slow. Mori didn’t try to slow the pace; he let Kokichi move as he pleased, watching him intently with hooded eyes. That selfish little part of him that had wanted this all along wished Mori would touch him.

Mori made no such move, his hands planted firmly on Kokichi’s hips. He had a feeling that if he wanted Mori to manhandle him, he’d have to ask. While that was the last thing his pride wanted to do in that moment, his body screamed for the older man’s touch. He wanted those long fingers and nimble hands to roam his body, that warm mouth to kiss and nip and *bite*. His neck, his clit, *hell*, Mori could suck on his tits if he wanted, so long as he had more contact.

“It looks like something is on your mind.” Bastard had the nerve to *not* sound like he was getting ridden vigorously. “Is there something you’d like to say?”

No, he told himself. *No, no, no. I’m not asking that. Never.*

But then Mori leaned in and sensually licked the shell of his ear, and that was all it took to break him down.

“Touch me, you ass,” he snapped, knowing that Mori knew *exactly* what he wanted.

“Hmm, should I?” Mori looked rather thoughtful for a moment before smiling in a deceptively kind manner. “Perhaps if you ask me nicely I could indulge you. Oh! And you should call me *daddy*.”

Pure desire seemed to shoot through Kokichi’s body. Fuck, that shouldn’t have made his clit twitch as harshly as it did. He knew he should have put up a fuss or a fight, not given in like some wanton slut, but he needed this more than he’d ever needed anything in his life! His every nerve demanded he give in and have Mori’s touch, and the drugs thumping through his veins weren’t helping in the slightest.

He recalled Elise telling him that he wouldn’t fuck Mori unless he’d wanted it otherwise. It was hard to admit that she hadn’t been wrong.

“Please Daddy, *touch me*. I *need* it.” He whined like a bitch in heat, which was, coincidentally, exactly what he felt like. “*I need you.*”

Mori chuckled, and Kokichi hadn’t even realized that that tears had slipped down his cheeks until Mori leaned in and licked them off. Kokichi moaned at the sensation of that warm, rough tongue on his heated skin.

“Ah, didn’t you say you wouldn’t cry, baby? You should have specified you wouldn’t cry from *pain*, I suppose.” A hand finally left Kokichi’s hips, sliding under the dress to teasingly prod at his puffy clit. “I’ll have you *sobbing* before we’re done.”

If frustration and desire had affected him so much, then it really went to show how much he was

enjoying himself when Mori finally gave in and gave him what he craved so very much. Not only did he have a thick cock in his cunt, but Mori began rubbing his clit in earnest. If that weren't enough, he dipped Kokichi back so he could latch onto one of Kokichi's nipples through the dress. Kokichi gasped as Mori suckled as if expecting milk; he was amazed at how much he enjoyed that sensation, even with the layer of wet fabric between them.

This was all so wrong, but at that point he simply didn't care. Consequences be damned, he'd take whatever he could get and pretend that he was doing it for a noble cause. After all, Kokichi was a top-notch liar, and that didn't exclude lying to himself.

"Daddy, *more*... Fuck me harder..." His thighs burned as he slid his wet cunt up and down Mori's length, but he refused to slow down no matter what. "Fill me up! Make it drip out of my pussy!"

"Such a needy boy," Mori murmured, giving Kokichi's nipple one last lick before straightening up and abruptly pulling Kokichi off his lap with a wet pop. Kokichi was about to ask what the fuck he thought he was doing, but Mori set him on the edge of his desk and thrust in before he had the chance. "Don't worry baby, Daddy won't let you leave without a womb full of cum."

The words made Kokichi moan again, loud and needy. He'd never felt like this before; none of his previous partners made him feel so good yet so wrong. Maybe that was what *made* it so good—he had a mob boss fucking him like their lives depended on it. A man that went against all of Kokichi's morals. A man he'd come up to this room to incapacitate. And now the only way he wanted to die was from choking on Mori's cock.

The sudden thought of getting to have that magnificent dick in his mouth came at the same time Mori gave a particularly sharp thrust, his cock practically kissing his cervix. All rational thought left his mind as his orgasm overtook him, wetting Mori's cock even more than it already was. His small frame shook and his pussy tightened around the girth inside of it.

Maybe he should have been embarrassed that he yelled out "*Daddy!*" with tears streaming down his face as he came, but Kokichi didn't exactly have a lot of shame.

As he came back down, Kokichi found that he could barely move. He was well fucked—and still getting pounded—satisfied, and the drugs were now at the point of making his sated body relaxed. He could do little but let Mori keep using him as a cock sleeve.

"Hmm, the comedown seems smooth. Perhaps a little *too* much..." Kokichi barely had the strength to lift his head up as Mori chuckled. "You're lucky I don't mind, or I'd have you shot in the head for making such a mess."

He would too, Kokichi didn't doubt it. And he soon saw exactly what kind of mess he was making. He knew his pussy must be *wrecked* if he couldn't even tell he was pissing onto Mori's cock. That... *probably* wasn't a good first impression to make, but he was too out of it to care. He watched lazily as his piss ran between their bodies, pooling on the edge of the desk before dripping off onto the carpet below. Mori didn't tell him to stop or even miss a beat; his thrusts merely became erratic.

"I should rub your nose in it like a dog." His voice was rough; sweat ran down his brow. Kokichi was hit with the desire to ask Mori to spit in his mouth, but he decided to save that for later. "What other disgusting things are you willing to do to keep yourself in my good graces?"

Kokichi only took a moment to answer, looking up from his dying stream of piss and focusing his hazy eyes on Mori. "Anything you want, *Daddy*."

As Mori groaned deeply and shot his seed into Kokichi with one last sharp thrust of his hips, Kokichi had a very good feeling that his life was about to take a very interesting turn from then on out. And the look Mori gave him, coupled with the cruel smirk on his face, excited him as much as it worried him. Where was he going from there...?

Sharp heels clicked against the floor as the trio walked down the hall. Elise was a few steps ahead as Mori walked back to his office. And Kokichi, well, he was clinging to Mori's arm less because he was simply clingy and more because walking in heels was fucking tough and he still hadn't gotten the hang of it. The slinky dress that barely covered his ass and threatened to flash everyone if he were to trip didn't help matters. No, this wasn't all that fun, but to see people's reactions when Mori called him baby—he called Mori *Daddy*, of course—made his sore feet worth it. The hilarity of seeing their disbelief when Mori had him sit on his lap during a meeting and felt him up shamelessly? Almost as good as getting Mori's cock multiple times a day. He was very virile for his age, Kokichi had found.

"We have a meeting tonight, baby. You'd better sit on my lap once we get to my office and rest your feet..."

Sit on his *cock*, he meant.

"Sure Daddy, whatever you say!" He giggled and turned hooded purple eyes to Mori, a sly little smile on his impish face. "But you know... I haven't gone to the bathroom in a while. Should we stop there first?"

"...No, it will be fine."

Kokichi giggled again and let Mori lead the way, ready to get the piss fucked out of him once more. This, he decided, really was the life.

...And he did his very best not to think about what was going on outside of his new little bubble.

Chapter End Notes

blows a kiss to drg Sorry anon, but that really was me.

End Notes

We now have fanart! Here's an absolutely fantastic piece from chapter 11 of Kokichi wetting his panties: <http://lestkarr.tumblr.com/post/159356850050/here-you-go-man-sorry-for-all-the-mistakes-this>

And another excellent piece of Kokichi pissing his panties, from @softkiibo on twitter! <http://lestkarr.tumblr.com/post/159882319080/holy-shit-this-is-the-other-pic-i-got-from>

i-am-trashetta on tumblr sent me this wonderful piece of Kokichi drinking too much Panta

with predictable results, which was inspired by this fic!

<http://lestkarr.tumblr.com/post/160283913545/hey-i-just-wanted-to-let-you-know-that>

I AM TRULY BLESSED!

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [Keep It All In](#) by [XenaSorceress](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!