

## Orange Nightmare

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/69524761) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/69524761>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">citrus - サブrouタ   citrus - Saburouta</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Aihara Mei/Aihara Yuzu</a> , <a href="#">Aihara Mei &amp; Aihara Yuzu</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Aihara Yuzu</a> , <a href="#">Aihara Mei</a> , <a href="#">Taniguchi Harumi</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Farting</a> , <a href="#">fart kink</a> , <a href="#">Fart Fetish</a> , <a href="#">Farts</a> , <a href="#">Fart</a> , <a href="#">Soiling</a> , <a href="#">panty-poop</a> , <a href="#">Pantypooping</a> , <a href="#">Bathroom Kink</a> , <a href="#">Light Scat</a> , <a href="#">Desperation</a> , <a href="#">Scat</a> , <a href="#">Omorashi</a> , <a href="#">Pee</a> , <a href="#">Watersports</a> , <a href="#">not really smut</a> , <a href="#">It's a fetish fic</a> , <a href="#">Fetish</a> , <a href="#">Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot</a> , <a href="#">Sorry for plaguing the tag with fart stuff</a> , <a href="#">Submissive Yuzu/Dominant Mei</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-08-20 Words: 3,271 Chapters: 1/1

# Orange Nightmare

by [NymphoLady](#)

## Summary

Yuzu has an interesting dream which turns into a nightmare pretty quickly.

## Notes

This took way too long for me to write. I think. Anyway, to be more specific, this is one out of two Citrus stories, this is a shorter one. But I was comm'd by my buddy Baom to write two citrus stories. Since Yuzu is our adopted child, he gave me permission to write more stories about her. I do like Citrus quite a bit, so this is one out of two citrus stories I was comm'd to write.

This story actually plays on a scenario that I've always wanted to write. Fear-messing, or something of the sort anyway. But yeah! Enjoy this one, as always.

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

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

The room was quiet that night, bathed in the pale glow of the moon filtering through the curtains. Yuzu stretched out across the bed she shared with Mei, her stomach just a little too full from all the snacks she had picked at throughout the day. Pocky, chips, a half-bag of gummies she'd smuggled into class—Mei had given her the usual look of quiet disapproval, but hadn't said much more than a sigh and a shake of the head.

Now, though, that overindulgence was coming back to haunt her. She shifted, wriggling beneath the blanket, first lying on her back, then rolling onto her side. Mei, meanwhile, was already fast asleep. Her breathing was steady and serene, her body still as a doll's. Even her hair fell neatly over her pillow, as though she had willed it into place before closing her eyes.

Yuzu glanced at her in the dark, cheeks puffing out in a pout. "Geez, Mei... how do you *do* that? You look like a model in a magazine even when you're asleep."

Mei didn't stir.

With a little huff, Yuzu flopped onto her back again. Her stomach made a soft gurgle, and she pressed a hand against it absentmindedly. Maybe that last chocolate bar before bed hadn't been such a great idea. But what was she supposed to do? They had been studying late, and she needed the sugar to stay awake!

She curled onto her side, facing Mei. The other girl's face was turned toward her now, serene in slumber, her lips pressed in that faint, imperious line she always wore. It was unfair, Yuzu thought, that Mei could be so calm and collected even in her sleep, while she herself couldn't stay still for five minutes.

Her toes peeked out from under the blanket, then she yanked them back in. She wriggled her legs, shifted her pillow, then finally let out a dramatic sigh, muffled into the futon.

The silence of the room pressed in around her. She could hear the faint sounds of the city outside—the distant rush of a passing car, the chirp of a lone cricket in the schoolyard. Inside, there was only the quiet rhythm of Mei's breathing.

It was soothing, in its way. Yuzu stared at her for a while, eyelids growing heavier. Despite her churning stomach, despite her restlessness, she felt herself slowly slipping into that drowsy haze where thoughts tangled and blurred.

Her hand slipped from her stomach, her body settling at last. Her breathing grew slower, uneven at first, then deeper. She mumbled something incoherent, lips twitching, before finally sinking fully into sleep.

Mei remained motionless beside her, unaware of the restless dream her stepsister was about to stumble into.

---

Yuzu opened her eyes and blinked. For a moment, she thought she was back in the academy hallway. The polished floors gleamed under the soft glow of overhead lights, but something felt... off. The corridors seemed longer than usual, stretching on like they had no end. And the windows showed not the quiet night sky, but rows of brightly colored lanterns hanging against the darkness, flickering with warmth.

She rubbed her eyes and looked again. Sure enough, when she stepped forward and peeked through the glass, she could see students milling about outside. A festival? On a school night? That didn't make any sense... but then again, when had anything in her life *ever* made sense?

"Well, if everyone's having fun, I might as well join in," she said aloud, shrugging with a grin.

When she turned the corner, Harumin was already there, waving at her. "Yuzu-chi! You're late! We've been waiting for you!"

Yuzu's grin brightened. "Harumin! You didn't tell me there was a festival tonight!"

Harumin just laughed, the sound echoing strangely down the endless hallway. "C'mon, slowpoke, or all the takoyaki will be gone!"

The two of them darted outside, where the academy courtyard had somehow transformed into a sprawling festival ground. Stalls lined every edge of the yard, their striped cloth banners flapping gently in a breeze that Yuzu hadn't felt inside. Lanterns swung from poles overhead, glowing orange and red, and the crowd was thick with familiar faces: classmates, teachers, even the student council.

At the center of it all, Mei stood at a cotton candy stall, looking as perfectly composed as ever. She held a paper cone of fluffy pink sugar in one hand, her expression just as sharp and unreadable as if she were addressing the entire council.

Yuzu skidded to a stop in front of her, hands clasped behind her back. "M-Mei! You... you're here too?"

Mei glanced at her, unimpressed. "Of course. Don't slack off, Yuzu."

Yuzu puffed her cheeks. "It's a festival! You're supposed to have fun, not just glare at people!"

Still, when Harumin tugged her toward a stall selling fried noodles, Yuzu followed willingly, laughing as she went.

The dream blurred, details shifting around her like watercolor bleeding on paper. One moment she was balancing a candied apple in one hand, the next she was slurping down noodles, then juggling a skewer of grilled chicken. Everywhere she turned, there was something new to snack on, and she happily accepted it all, her cheeks sticky with sugar and her stomach full.

But halfway through a particularly gooey bite of taiyaki, she froze. A strange pressure twisted in her belly.

“H-huh?” Yuzu pressed a hand against her stomach. “Weird... I didn’t eat *that* much...”

Except she had. She really had. And now, the weight of all that food pressed down lower, a tingling urgency making itself known. She shifted her legs awkwardly.

“Harumin, hey, do you know where the bathroom is?” she asked, forcing a laugh.

But when she looked up, Harumin was gone. So was the taiyaki stand. The crowd had thinned, too, and the air felt cooler now, the lantern light dimmer. The cheer of the festival had receded into uneasy silence.

Her stomach let out a soft gurgle.

**Prbbbppt.**

A little bit of gas slipped out before she could stop it, and she squeaked, her face heating.

“U-uhhh... no one heard that, right? Right? Haha...”

She turned on her heel, spotting a sign a few meters away with the telltale stick figure pointing to the bathrooms. Relief surged through her—until she reached the door and swung it open. Instead of stalls, the room beyond was a classroom. Rows of desks. A chalkboard. A teacher she half-recognized staring blankly at her from the front.

Yuzu yelped and slammed the door shut.

“Wrong room! Wrong room!”

Her thighs pressed together tightly as she backed away. Another cramp ran through her, and she doubled over slightly, muttering to herself. “Come on, Yuzu, you can hold it... it’s just a little further...”

She spotted another sign and dashed after it, but when she flung the door open this time, she found herself staring at toilets that were each taller than she was, perched like porcelain thrones against the wall. She staggered back, gawking up at them.

“H-how’s anyone supposed to...?!”

A groan left her lips as her stomach twisted again.

She tried another door—occupied. She tried a stall—locked. The hallway stretched longer each time she ran down it, the festival stalls fading behind her, replaced by dim corridors and flickering lights. The chatter of the crowd was gone, replaced by faint, eerie noises: scraping footsteps just around the corner, shadows that seemed to move when she wasn’t looking.

Her desperation mounted. She clenched her fists, bouncing on her toes as she scanned the shifting, nonsensical layout of her school-turned-funhouse. “J-just one bathroom... please,

just one...”

A shape loomed at the end of the hallway. A tall, faceless figure with glowing eyes. Yuzu yelped and spun around, only to find another one blocking her path. They weren’t doing anything—not yet—but their presence made her heartbeat spike.

She darted into another room, slamming the door shut behind her. Inside, rows of stalls stretched on endlessly. She stumbled forward with relief, grabbing at the first door handle—locked. The next—locked. Every single one, locked.

Her thighs squeezed together as she whined, rocking in place.

**PPPPPRBBBBBBBPT .**

Another bubble of gas slipped out, echoing far too loudly in the empty bathroom. Her face turned crimson. The smell reeked of cotton candy and other such things. The smell was enough to make her gag, she really had overdone it.

She smacked her palms against the last stall door. “Come on! Somebody let me in!”

No response.

The hallway outside groaned as if the walls themselves were alive, shifting closer. The faceless shadows were still out there.

Yuzu pressed her forehead against the cold metal door, tears pricking her eyes. “N-no... this is so unfair...”

Her belly cramped hard, and she squirmed, clenching desperately, every nerve in her body focused on holding it in.

Yuzu staggered back from the locked stall, her body trembling with the strain of holding it in. Her hands pressed tightly between her thighs, legs twisting together as she bounced in place. Every muscle in her face was scrunched in desperation, her teeth clenched, a pitiful whimper escaping her lips.

“J-just a little longer... I can’t... I can’t...”

**BRRRPTTTTT!**

A rude, sputtering burst slipped out despite her best efforts, echoing around the tiled room. Her cheeks burned crimson as she slapped a hand over her backside as if she could physically hold the sounds in.

“N-no, no, no! Not here! Not like this!”

Another cramp hit her, sharper this time, making her double over. *SpprrrRllrt* ! A thin, wet-sounding note slipped free, trailing into a bubbly squeak. Her eyes watered.

Before she could recover, the stall doors rattled violently on their own, slamming against their frames. The lights above flickered, buzzing angrily. From the hallway, heavy footsteps pounded closer, like something massive was stalking toward her.

Yuzu's breath caught in her throat. "Oh no oh no oh no—!"

She bolted, throwing the bathroom door open and tearing back into the distorted hallways. Her shoes squeaked against the polished floor as she sprinted, one hand still clutching the hem of her skirt, the other pressed desperately against her stomach.

Behind her, the pounding footsteps quickened. She dared a glance over her shoulder—something tall and misshapen was following, its limbs too long, its head brushing the ceiling as it lurched forward. Its face was nothing but a stretched void, eyes like burning lanterns.

Yuzu screamed, the sound bouncing down the corridor, and ran faster. Her bladder throbbed, her bowels churned, every step a jolt that threatened to undo her.

***FRRrppppptthhhpbbblt !***

Another blaring note ripped out of her, vibrating through the hallway like a trumpet blast. She gasped in horror, legs wobbling as she stumbled forward. Sweat trailed down her face, the hallway reeking of potato chips and so on.

The hall stretched endlessly, doors sliding past, each marked with that same mocking restroom sign. She threw herself at one, shoulder slamming into it—only for it to open into yet another classroom. Desks scattered. Blackboards empty. Shadows lurking in the corners.

"Ughhh! Why can't I find just one bathroom that actually works?!" she cried, voice cracking.

The monster's footsteps thundered closer. Her bladder spasmed, and she bent at the knees, thighs clamped tight, tears streaking the corners of her eyes. *SplrRrrrTttt!* A wet, quivering burst slipped free, followed by another *frrRRppppptttt!* She whimpered, shaking her head.

"Not now... not in front of Mei... not—!"

She turned a corner—and there it was.

At the end of the hall, glowing in warm golden light, stood a bathroom door. Above it, a neon sign spelled out "RESTROOM" in sparkling letters. The faint scent of air freshener drifted through the cracks.

Yuzu's eyes lit up, joy flooding her. "Yes! Finally! I-I can make it!"

Clutching her stomach, she sprinted, each step accompanied by desperate little sputters and squeaks. *BrrrPT! Sprrlrrt! Ffffrppppbbblttt!* The noises trailed behind her like embarrassing fireworks, but she didn't care anymore. She was so close.

The monster bellowed from behind, the walls trembling as it gave chase. But Yuzu's focus was locked on that glowing door. She shoved it open and stumbled inside—

—and gasped.

It was perfect. Clean, tiled, shining white porcelain stalls lined neatly in a row. In the center, a single toilet gleamed as though it had been waiting just for her, sparkling with dreamlike brilliance.

Her whole body shook with relief. She dashed forward, fumbling with her skirt as she tore it up, heart hammering, bladder screaming for release. “I-I made it! I actually—!”

She sat down, her bare thighs pressing against the cool seat. The relief was instant, a hot stream beginning to spill out of her as she sagged forward, face slack with utter release. Her anus began to relax.

But then—

The floor dropped.

Her stomach lurched as the toilet beneath her vanished like smoke, replaced with empty air. Her hands scrambled for purchase, but there was nothing. She was falling, plummeting into blackness—yet her body wouldn’t stop.

*Pssssshhhhhhttttt!*

A torrential hiss echoed around her as she lost control completely, hot liquid soaking her clothes. At the same time, her bowels gave way, bubbling and sputtering as messy bursts slipped free. *BRrrrrppppptthhhht! SpllrrrrRrrrttt! FFRrrrrbbllllpppppttt!* The sounds rattled through the void as Yuzu screamed, kicking her legs in midair, unable to stop herself.

“N-nooo! I-I can’t—!”

Her voice cracked, echoing into nothingness. She felt the wet warmth spread, the humiliating weight settling against her, her cheeks burning hotter than ever.

And then—

She woke up.

---

Yuzu’s eyes snapped open, breath hitching as she sat up halfway. Her body was trembling, her cheeks damp with sweat. For a moment she thought it had just been a nightmare, a terrible, embarrassing dream...

But then the smell hit her. The damp, sticky warmth beneath the blanket. The unmistakable squish when she shifted.

Her stomach dropped.

“O-oh no... oh no no no...” she whispered, voice breaking.

She flung the blanket back, her heart sinking as she saw the mess she had made of the futon. Her panties were soaked, the sheets beneath her stained. Tears welled up in her eyes as she slapped her hands over her face.

And right beside her—still lying perfectly still—was Mei.

Her girlfriend stirred slightly, eyes fluttering open, glancing toward Yuzu. "...What's wrong?"

Yuzu froze like a deer in headlights, face blazing scarlet. "I-it's... it's nothing! Just a bad dream, haha! Y-you don't need to look, Mei, really!"

But Mei's gaze slid down to the futon, her expression unreadable. Silence hung in the air for a few agonizing seconds.

Finally, she sighed. "...Honestly, Yuzu. You really are hopeless."

Yuzu buried her face in her hands with a squeal, rocking back and forth, wishing the floor would swallow her whole.

She sat frozen in the middle of the futon, her hands moving down to clutch the sheets, her face beet-red and streaked with tears. The smell and dampness clung to her, impossible to deny. Every nerve in her body screamed at her to *say something*—to explain, to defend herself, *anything*.

"U-um! S-so, you see," she began, her voice wobbling like jelly. "I was dreaming, and it was the weirdest thing! There was, like, a festival in the school? And Harumin was there, and you were there too, Mei, and I ate all this food, and then—then there was this monster chasing me, and I was *so close* to finding the bathroom, but the stalls were all too tall, and the doors were locked, and then finally I found one, but it disappeared, and—"

She was rambling at a mile a minute, hands flailing, her wet clothes squishing unpleasantly whenever she shifted her weight. She could *hear* it, the humiliating little squelch beneath her whenever she moved.

Mei sat up slowly beside her, her expression unreadable in the dim moonlight. Her hair fell perfectly into place despite just waking up, her gaze steady and cool.

"...Yuzu," she said evenly, cutting through the flood of excuses.

Yuzu snapped her mouth shut, hiccupping slightly from the effort. Her wide eyes blinked at Mei, lips trembling.

"You made a mess," Mei continued, her voice calm but not unkind. "That's all there is to it."

Yuzu's shoulders slumped. "Uuuuugh... don't say it like that! You make it sound like I'm a little kid!"

Mei's gaze softened just slightly, enough that Yuzu noticed. She reached over and took Yuzu's wrist, guiding her gently off the futon. "Come on. Let's clean this up before you make it worse."

“W-wait, Mei, I—” Yuzu started, only to be tugged firmly toward the bathroom. Her protests withered under Mei’s steady grip, her face burning as she waddled awkwardly, her ruined panties squishing with every step. She wanted to sink into the floor, vanish into mist, *anything* but endure this humiliation under Mei’s sharp gaze.

Yet Mei didn’t tease further. She didn’t laugh or scold. She simply set about gathering fresh clothes and towels, her expression cool but efficient. And when Yuzu hesitated in the bathroom doorway, face scarlet, Mei only said, “Take them off. I’ll start the laundry.”

Yuzu squeaked, covering herself with her hands. “Y-you don’t have to say it so bluntly!”

Still, she obeyed, heart pounding as she peeled the damp fabric from her skin. The cool night air rushed against her thighs, and she groaned, covering her face with both palms. “This is the worst... absolutely the *worst* ...”

Mei didn’t comment. She simply handed over a towel, her motions smooth and unflinching. It was that composure—so steady, so untouchable—that both comforted and embarrassed Yuzu more than anything else.

When at last she was clean and redressed, the futon freshly covered with blankets, Mei slipped back under the covers as though nothing had happened. Yuzu lingered awkwardly at the edge, wringing her hands.

“Um... Mei?” she ventured timidly.

Mei’s eyes flicked open.

“I’m... really sorry. For all of that. I-I’ll try not to... you know. Again.”

Mei was quiet for a moment, her gaze resting steadily on her. Then she shifted over, patting the bed beside her. “Go to sleep, Yuzu. You’re making too much noise.”

Relief washed through Yuzu’s chest, and she dove back under the covers, curling up beside Mei with her face pressed into her shoulder. “You’re way too nice to me sometimes, Mei...” she mumbled, already drifting back into exhausted slumber.

---

The sunlight streaming through the curtains woke Yuzu the next day. She yawned, stretching her arms overhead, only to find Mei already awake and dressed, brushing her hair in the mirror.

Yuzu blinked blearily at her. “M-morning, Mei...”

Mei’s eyes met hers in the reflection. “Good morning. Did you sleep well?”

Yuzu flushed, remembering the disaster from last night. “U-um, yeah! Pretty well! Haha...”

Mei set her brush down with a soft *click*. “That’s good. But just to be safe—”

She turned, her expression perfectly straight.

“—you’ll wear diapers to bed from now on.”

Yuzu froze mid-stretch, her brain stuttering to a halt. “...H-huuuh?! D-diapers?! No way!”

Her face turned crimson, her arms flailing wildly as she sat bolt upright on the bed. “That’s humiliating! I-I’m not a baby, Mei! You can’t just—!”

Mei raised one eyebrow. “You soiled the bed.”

“That was a *dream accident!* A once-in-a-lifetime, never-happening-again dream accident!” Yuzu wailed, kicking her legs under the blanket. “I’m not wearing diapers, I refuse! Absolutely not, Mei!”

Mei didn’t answer, only turned back to the mirror with the faintest twitch at the corner of her lips.

“Meiiiiiiii!” Yuzu’s anguished cry echoed through the dorm, a dramatic wail that could probably be heard down the hallway.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!