

## This Day Is Shit

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20421317) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20421317>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">僕のヒーローアカデミア</a>   <a href="#">Boku no Hero Academia</a>   <a href="#">My Hero Academia</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Bakugou Katsuki &amp; Kirishima Eijirou</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Bakugou Katsuki</a> , <a href="#">Kirishima Eijirou</a> , <a href="#">Shuuzenji Chiyo</a>   <a href="#">Recovery Girl</a> , <a href="#">Aizawa Shouta</a>   <a href="#">Eraserhead</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">HHHHHHHH DON'T JUDGE ME</a> , <a href="#">messing</a> , <a href="#">Scat</a> , <a href="#">NON SEXUAL SCAT NO ONE IS INTO IT IN THIS</a> , <a href="#">Vomiting</a> , <a href="#">ALSO NONSEXUAL</a> , <a href="#">Sick Character</a> , <a href="#">Graphic Description</a> , <a href="#">really viscerally graphic vomiting and shitting one's pants okay</a> , <a href="#">public defecation</a> , <a href="#">Humiliation</a> , <a href="#">ALSO NOT SEXUAL</a> , <a href="#">so like they're still first years so should i tag this as underage?</a> , <a href="#">nsfw??</a> , <a href="#">IT'S VOMIT AND POOP AND SHIT AND DIARRHEA OK</a> , <a href="#">stomach flu</a> , <a href="#">but also some friendship and aftercare</a> <a href="#">uwu</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-28 Words: 3,529 Chapters: 1/1

# **This Day Is Shit**

by [dinosaurspice \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

HEED THE TAGS PLEASE - don't like, don't read.

Bakugou wakes up with an upset stomach.

## Notes

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

Katsuki wakes up with a stomach ache. He's not really sure why—he hasn't been sick, and he hasn't eaten anything besides the school lunches and his own cooking for weeks. But he drinks some water and goes about his morning routine as usual.

Until he goes to eat breakfast. The very thought of food makes his stomach churn. He forces down some dry toast, though, not wanting to starve.

It's a mistake. He sits in homeroom thirty minutes later with his gut gurgling. He's starting to sweat, and the pressure on his stomach is really starting to hurt. He expects that he'll puke any minute now. He should've just stayed in the dorm; this might be some kind of stomach bug. He feels disgusting, and the fuckin' four-eyed class rep will give him shit if he gets other people sick, too.

But he'll be damned if he interrupts class to ask to go to the bathroom. Fuck that.

“Bakugou,” Aizawa calls, ever indifferent.

Katsuki winces as he makes himself sit upright and meet his teacher's piercing eyes. At some point, he ended up curling in on himself, hovering tightly over his desk. He knows he's grimacing, but he can't school his face to save his life.

“Go see Recovery Girl,” he orders blandly.

Katsuki is silently grateful for Aizawa's simple, no-nonsense tone. It saves him the embarrassment of answering whether he's feeling okay, and it gives him the out he needs without fuckin' *raising his hand*. Ugh.

He grumbles a little as he packs his bag and stands, sneering at his classmates when they stare at him. He catches Kirishima's questioning glance and pointedly looks away.

He's in the middle of the hallway when his mouth starts to water. He claps a hand over his mouth—he's gonna hurl right the fuck now.

He makes a dash for the nearest bathroom. Katsuki manages to swallow, gagging, the vomit that pushes into his mouth. Just in time, he makes it to a toilet and upchucks his whole stomach into the bowl. Some of it splatters on the seat when he throws his bag to the floor, but he's way too preoccupied to care about it at the moment.

The pressure might be the worst part. He's always hated throwing up—he's from a "shit" family, not a "vomit" family. Upset stomachs usually clear out from the other end, and that's way better than kneeling on the floor and straining until he cries. His eyes feel like they're going to burst, and his throat burns.

Actually, no, the worst part might be the smell: the acid, the stink of partially digested food, the weird bleachy smell of the toilet water. It's all absolutely putrid.

No, the worst by far is definitely the texture. The *chunks* sliding over his tongue and spewing past his lips make him shudder and gag. Ugh, he especially fuckin' hates it when pieces shoot out of his nostrils. UGH, and when the liquid splashes up onto his cheek—he flinches and yelps in disgust.

When it's over, Katsuki sinks around the base of the toilet and just lays his head on the seat. Then he remembers the mess he made on the porcelain and yanks a long sheet of toilet paper from the roll, wiping first his cheek then the seat clean. Well, clean-ish. He still rests his face on the toilet, though. The coolness is a little comforting.

He's drained and shaky and morose, and he's never wanted to go home more than he does now. Home-home, not his dorm room—he wants his old bed, and he wants his dad to give him ginger soda.

He dry-heaves a couple times before he feels strong enough to drag his feet to the clinic. Recovery Girl tuts at him for coming to school sick, remarking on how peaked he looks, but her voice isn't unkind. She asks if he feels all right to go back to his room, but when Katsuki sits heavily on a cot, she lets him lie down.

“Here you go,” she says, setting a bottle of apple juice on the table by Katsuki’s head. “Don’t go letting yourself dehydrate. And some sugar will help with the tremors.”

Katsuki lets out a weak “mm-hmm” before curling his knees up to his chest. He feels empty, and hungry, but unwilling to swallow anything. His mouth feels gross.

When he starts to feel shivery, though, he sits up just enough to drink some of the juice. He swishes it around his mouth for a bit before downing it. It helps a little, makes his teeth feel less like they’re eroding by the second.

Over a couple hours, he’s able to finish the juice and gradually sit upright. Recovery Girl tells him she’ll let Aizawa know he’s sick encourages him to go lie down in his room. So Katsuki accepts another bottle juice and heads out.

He walks delicately, not wanting to go too fast and jostle his insides. The trek feels terribly long, though. His stomach is groaning again, and he wraps his arms around his stomach, pausing to catch his breath. Fuckin’ hell—his skin feels clammy again. One of his worst nightmares looks more and more like it’ll come true: vomiting in public.

He shudders and takes a cautious sip of his juice.

Katsuki walks a few paces before his stomach rumbles and seems to drop straight down to his pelvis. Fuck.

Well, it’s better than having to puke again.

Except, no, it absolutely is fucking NOT because he can’t move. Fuckin’—FUCK, he isn’t gonna drop a deuce in his pants. He absolutely will not.

He’s gonna clench everything for dear life; he’s gonna get to the dormitory; and he’s gonna rush to the first floor bathroom and blow it up on the first toilet he sees.

Katsuki takes a deep, shuddering breath. He wets his lips with a tiny sip of apple juice, and he shuffles a foot forward.

Okay, good, not so bad.

With his next step, he lifts the toe of his shoe just a bit higher, letting his heel drag. Nice, manageable. He goes to lift his other foot fully, but he gets dizzy and quickly scuffs his sole against the concrete.

He takes it slow, determined. He's over halfway there now—the building is in sight. Looming. Still so far away.

With another low, angry grumble, his stomach sends a wave of heat down his guts. And to Katsuki's horror, that heat shoots even farther down. There's pressure sitting right against his asshole, and he squeezes his asscheeks against the flood.

He folds over himself, bracing his hands on his knees. It hurts. His stomach is so tight he feels like he's gonna throw up again, and, fuck, that sounds like the worst. Blowing out of both ends. He chokes back a whimper.

Just when he thinks the situation can't get any worse, of fuckin' course it gets worse. The lunch bell rings. And Katsuki's hunched over in the middle of the sidewalk like an idiot. It's pathetic, and if he weren't so miserable and close to tears, he'd be pissed.

His phone buzzes in his pocket. Katsuki wants to ignore it, too sick to care about what anyone has to say to him, but then he thinks texting might be a good distraction. He ignores his shaky hands as he pulls out his phone.

It's Kirishima, unsurprisingly: a simple *bro, u alright?*

Katsuki breathes out through his mouth, tongue dry, and tucks his juice bottle under his arm before sending a response.

**11:45**

*Feelin sick*

**11:45**

*U still at the clinic?*

Katsuki collects himself to start waddling onward again. He picks up the pace, knowing he's got limited time now.

**11:46**

*Just left. Goin back to my room*

Katsuki has to clench his asshole again when he feels a near leak. He's pretty sure he managed to stop it, but he is prepared to throw this pair of briefs away if he needs to. He can't deal with washing out any stains from this day—he'll die of embarrassment.

He's panting, chest heaving, and his teeth are grinding. He's scared now. He's actually scared. Fuck, fuck, fuck, what if he doesn't make it?

Goddamn it, and he can hear his peers filing out of the school building, chatting as they pick spots on the grass to eat. Most students eat in the cafeteria, but some of the idiots choose to sit outside and just ruin his fuckin' day. Just absolutely torture him on what might be the worst day of his life, right fuckin' up there with being kidnapped.

He raises his phone, hoping for another distraction. Kirishima responded a few minutes ago—thank fucking god—but the message makes his face burn.

**11:47**

*Wait are u outside? I think I see you*

*Bro?*

Katsuki hates this, he hates everything, he hates everyone. There's a churning in his ass, and this time when a wave of urgency hits him, he can't hold all of it in.

He sucks in a breath, whole body tensing, fists clenching, shoulders hiking up to his ears. His lips and eyes press closed, and he trembles as an undeniable warm wetness slides between his asscheeks.

His heart is racing, dismayed panic rising so much like bile. He glances over his shoulder, thoroughly relieved to see not a single set of eyes pointed at him.

His eyes lift to the dorm building a few yards away. Fuck, the toilets are even farther still.

His lip wobbles and then peels back in disgust and anger.

He isn't going to make it.

If this huge fuckin' liquid shit's gonna happen, he sure as hell won't just stand here in the middle of the walkway and let it go.

With sweat on his upper lip and on his palms, Katsuki marches briskly toward the grass, finding shelter behind a tree and some assorted bushes. As expected, his bowels protest, and the desperation hits him like a brick wall. His breath even catches in his throat.

A long two seconds pass, and Katsuki feels that same horrible wetness slide under his balls. His briefs are distressingly full. Fuck, and he can smell it now, rank and shameful. He



clenches down again, but the effort makes him dry-heave, and the shock makes him lose the last ounce of his control.

There's no holding it back anymore—Katsuki completely soils himself. It squirts out of him audibly, and he flinches. He shakes and crouches low, hugging his knees. He tucks his head into his arms, instinctively hiding from the stark humiliation. The smell hits his nose harder this way, though, and he coughs wretchedly before holding his breath as long as he can.

His underwear quickly overflows, and steaming diarrhea pours down his legs. The seat of his uniform pants is soaked. Because of the way Katsuki's squatting, the wet bottoms dampen the material on his calves and heels. He distantly hopes the pants' dark color will hide some of the stains, but he isn't optimistic. He wants to burn them as soon as he can manage somehow to walk away from this mess—who fuckin' cares if he has to pay the school for new ones?

This is so much worse than puking up his goddamn guts. He'd take vomiting over this any fuckin' day. His face burns, and tears sting his eyes. And then he hears a wet *plop* in his pants, and he shudders and gags, falling forward on his hands as he vomits a thin stream of watery bile.

It hurts just as much as he expected it to, shitting and puking at the same time. His stomach feels like it's getting torn in half. Tears fall down his face now, and a strangled sob pushes out of his throat as he spits on the ground between his hands.

Fuck, and now the dizziness is back. As soon as his ass stops fuckin' exploding behind him, he looks around, still on his hands and knees, for his bag. It's there, a few feet away from him along with the mostly full juice bottle. He doesn't remember tossing them, but he's glad they're nearby.

A horrifying thought hits him.

His phone is still in his pocket.

He wipes the stomach slime off his hand before snatching the device from his pocket. And he huffs out a relieved sigh—it isn't . . . contaminated. There's an unread text, but he doesn't

give a single fuck about it. He slides it back in his pocket as he contemplates what the hell he's going to do now.

This is—this is the lowest he's ever been and probably ever will be.

So, *of course*, *naturally*, Stupid Hair Kirishima's voice rings out from the other side of the tree, calling his name.

Katsuki doesn't answer. He'd literally rather die than—

Loud footsteps shake the grass, plodding toward him. “Hey, Bakugou! Are you . . .”

Katsuki presses his lips together, mouth twitching up into a mean snarl. Fuck this, he's not dealing Kirishima right now. He's not dealing with *anyone* like this.

“. . . okay?”

The quiet dip in his voice makes it clear that he knows Katsuki is very much not okay. He glares sharply up at Kirishima. He wishes he could get off his hands and knees, but he can't stand up—that would reveal *everything*. And he can't sit down—*it* would just squish under him, and he'll probably cry again if he feels that.

“Fuck off, Shitty Hair,” he snaps. His voice is hoarse, throat scratchy and sore. “The fuck are you even doing out here? Go eat your goddamn lunch.”

The only small mercy here is that Kirishima approached from Katsuki's front. If the stench hasn't hit him yet, he won't know.

“I saw you juxt standing in the middle of the sidewalk. I thought you might get sick. . . .”

“Brilliant fuckin’ deduction,” Katsuki growls. “Well, you found me, so you can *go now* .”

Kirishima—the stupid, well-meaning idiot—shakes his head. “No way, man. I can’t just leave you like this.”

He squats on his heels, clearly moving to help Katsuki up, but Katsuki bats his hand away with a fist. The motion is insulting on its own, but Katsuki’s also worried about Kirishima getting to close right now.

“I TOLD you to FUCK OFF! I don’t need your help!”

And then it happens. Kirishima’s nose wrinkles, and he raises his head, looking for the source of the odor. “Dude—”

“Shut UP!” Katsuki screams, voice cracking. His fingers coil tightly in the grass, and his shoulders tremble as he lowers himself into nearly a bow. “Shut up, *shut up* , just shut your stupid fucking mouth. Don’t—” his voice gives out, and he ends up hissing through a tight jaw—“say anything.”

A long, heavy moment of silence stretches over them. Katsuki can’t open his eyes. He doesn’t want to. He doesn’t want to be here, doesn’t want to exist, doesn’t want Kirishima to ever talk to him again because there’s no way Katsuki can ever look him in the eye again after this.

Kirishima’s clothes shift, and that soft sound makes Katsuki flinch. Then Kirishima clears his throat awkwardly—Katsuki has half a mind to punch him square in the face. But that would require moving.

“Hey, man—”

“Do NOT.”

“—don’t, uh, don’t worry about it. It—it happens, you know?”

This does not make Katsuki feel better. Acknowledging this literal fucking shit show is the last thing he wants to do. “Fuck. Off.”

There’s another beat of silence. Then, the bell rings, and Katsuki can hear the distant shuffling of other students heading back indoors. Kirishima stays.

“*Listen*, Shitty Hair—”

“Bakugou.”

Katsuki waits, if only because he isn’t used to hearing Kirishima use a calm, serious tone of voice like this. He opens his eyes to stare at the grass. It’s shiny where he threw up, but the actual bile isn’t really visible. He can smell a hint of the apple juice through the thick, rancid stink of . . . of his mess.

“What if—okay. I can go get a pair of shorts from my room. It won’t take long, and that way you won’t have to walk in—” he stumbles, obviously looking for a word that wouldn’t make this horrible, embarrassing situation more awkward than it already is—“all, um.”

Katsuki rolls his eyes and unfurls one hand from the grass. He smooths the rumpled patch, noticing vaguely that his earlier panic is gone. All that’s really left now is hot shame and somber acceptance.

When he goes to speak, his heartbeat quickens, and he blinks back more tears. He mumbles, “They’ll just get dirty.”

“That’s okay.” Fuck, Kirishima even sounds like he means it, the heroic motherfucker. Fuck him—this is so stupid, so *gross*. “They’ll be more comfortable to walk in than the uniform.”

Katsuki snarls, “That’s not what I meant, jackass!”

“Well, you can wash and keep them if that’ll make you feel better. Or throw ‘em out, whatever. I get it, man.”

Katsuki lets out a shaky breath. His lip is wobbling again. Fuck, he hates this; someone just kill him, *please*. He hates that it’s Kirishima who found him like this, who’s doing all this for him. At the same time, though, he’s so fucking glad it’s Kirishima. Again. Always. Anyone else would—just, no.

With both fists tightening back up in the grass, he nods his head.

“Kay. I’ll be right back!”

His footsteps thunder rapidly away, the only sound in the empty courtyard. Katsuki can do nothing but kneel unhappily in the grass. His arms get tired, though, so he tries sitting back a little.

Yeah, fuck no, there’s a sick squelching sound, and he straightens right back on his palms. Suddenly, the skin under his briefs feels itchy and raw. God- *fucking* -damn it, he’s gonna get a rash from this, he just knows it.

Kirishima sprints back not a moment too soon. He isn’t out of breath at all—why would he be? He’s in great fuckin’ shape—when his heavy footfalls stop beside Katsuki. An unexpected rustle of plastic catches Katsuki’s ear. He glances sullenly at Kirishima from the corner of his eye.

“So, I brought some paper towels if you want to clean up. And a bag. And hand sanitizer.”

Katsuki eyes the supplies: a whole roll of paper towels, plastic convenience store bag, and clean basketball shorts. He sighs through his nose.

“Kay,” he mutters. He shifts his weight, grimacing at the stirring in his pants, but then stops himself and glowers at Kirishima. “Well, don’t fuckin’ watch, asshole! Set it down!”

Kirishima starts a little but quickly does as he’s told. “Right! I’ll be over here!” He stands somewhere on the other side of the tree. It doesn’t matter, as long as they can’t see each other.

Katsuki’s hands shake as he takes off his—blessedly mostly clean—shoes. Fuck, he doesn’t want to see this. He doesn’t want to smell it more than he already does. So he doesn’t look, and he holds his breath, dropping his pants and underwear and stepping out of them as swiftly as possible.

It’s still an atrocious experience, though. His clothes hit the ground with a *splat*, and the air on his wet, soiled skin feels cold. A distinctly awful feeling of something sliding down his thigh has Katsuki tearing at the paper towels and furiously wiping his legs and everything in between. He’s able to do this mostly by feel, but at one point he looks down and hiccups a soft cry.

On the ground is a horrible, brown, sludgy mess. He retches again, turning away from it. His head reels from the movement—he’s gotta be so fuckin’ dehydrated.

“You okay?” Kirishima asks loudly.

“Fine!” he barks.

He rushes the rest of his clean up, knowing he won’t feel satisfied until after he’s had a bath. Maybe a hundred baths. He slides on the shorts—without underwear, and Katsuki isn’t sure whether it’d be weirder if his friend *had* given him any—and rolls the plastic bag over his hands. Again, he holds his breath and uses his eyes as little as possible to scoop up the filthy clothes and napkins. He ties the bag with two knots. It’s all going straight to the campus dumpster.

After pouring a generous amount of sanitizer on his hands, he picks up his bag of disgrace.

“Kay,” he announces, all the fire gone from him.

Kirishima comes around the tree, pointedly avoiding looking at the bag. “Want me to walk with you?”

Katsuki bristles. “I can do it myself.”

“Mmkay.”

Kirishima doesn't push. Good—this whole situation is abhorrent enough without an awkward walk to the garbage dump.

“I'll see you later, then. Feel better, bro,” Kirishima says sincerely as he lays a firm hand on Katsuki's shoulder. The touch makes Katsuki cringe a little, knowing how filthy he is right now, but it's reassuring. Kirishima isn't acting differently around him.

The glare Katsuki sends him is weak, and then he shifts his eyes to the ground. “Kay.”

## End Notes

hhhhhhh i feel gross too okay, just shut up. if you think i edited this at all you're dead fuckin wrong, even i don't wanna read this.

but also... i wrote this really fuckin well huh

follow me on twitter (18+ only), if that's your thing @dinosaurspice

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