Just... just... I can't do titles

by Anonymous6285

Summary

Rated T for language
This is a collection of a whole bunch of omorashi/wetting/hurt/comfort short things. NO SLASH/SEX/SMUT. Maybe fluff.
Fandoms(I may not have them all now but if it's under the fandom, I have it already. If not, it will be added):
Sherlock
Spn
Star Trek(Movies, TOS, TNG)
LOTR/The Hobbit
Marvel Cinematic Universe
Star Wars
Doctor Who
Queen (And Bohemian Rhapsody)

Cool. I am open to other fandoms, but the characters will most likely be OOC.
“John?” he asked as he made his way down the hall to the other room. “John, are you okay?”

Another whimper seeped through the walls of the flat, and Sherlock’s footsteps got heavier and faster.

“No!” the older man finally cried. This was the point where Sherlock began running. He bursted through the door and into John’s room, but by that time, sobs were already escaping his lips. Sherlock stopped, realising it was just a nightmare.

He began to leave as to not embarrass John anymore, but he was stopped.

“Sherlock?” John asked in between sobs. He turned back to face the bed.

“Yes?” he replied weakly. John wiped the tears from his face.

“Please stay.” The younger man didn’t dare disagree. He walked over to and sat on John’s bed. “Sherlock, I’m so sorry I woke you.”

“No. It’s-- it’s fine.” Sherlock thought back to what his parents used to say whenever he’d had a nightmare. When he was little, those words would soothe him because he always believed it would be okay. But John wasn’t a little boy. He couldn’t just say everything was okay, for clearly it was not. Instead he asked, “Are you okay?” John’s eyes started tearing up again.

“No. I’m not. I just--” He stopped talking.

“Do you want to talk about it?” This was when John lost it. He squinted his eyes as tears started falling.

“Sherlock, everything is just so different.” He threw his hands up to his face. “I used to think everything was just as it was supposed to be. But then I met you. And it’s not your fault, it’s just--” His words stopped, and he leaned into Sherlock. Not knowing what to do, Sherlock scooted close, but felt something odd beneath him. He glanced down to see a liquid soaking up into the comforter. He stood, causing John to look up worriedly.

“John?” John felt more tears coming. He knew Sherlock had pieced it together. Oh, well. The silence about it was nice while it lasted. “Did... did you wet the bed?” John nodded slowly and shamefully as Sherlock lifted the covers off of him.

“I didn’t mean to. It just happened.” Sherlock looked sympathetic, which was odd, considering he was a sociopath.

“Thanks,” he mumbled.

“No problem.”
While on a hunt with Dean, Cas accidentally wets himself, and it triggers a few emotions inside him.

Dean and Cas had been working on a case in a town called Roswell, Georgia. A house known as ‘creepy house’ had a legend that the ghosts of five girls haunt the house a man killed them in the 1800s. The house had been burned down recently, releasing the spirits that were inside. A number of strange deaths had happened within a month of the fire.

After a few days of researching, the two saw what was going on. It took them a while without Sam to help them.

They made their way to the Public House, a restaurant where witnesses claimed to have seen a person punched to the wall by an invisible force. Using FBI badges, Dean and Cas managed to get past the police. Once inside and upstairs in the bar, the began searching for a body. They knew that one or more of the girls could’ve been here because of the place’s history.

After just a few minutes, Cas heard Dean call his name. He ran to the noise, coming face to face with a very powerful spirit. He was immediately thrown against the wall.

“Cas, you okay?” Dean asked. He was currently sitting on the floor and leaning against another wall. Cas felt a spurt of warmth into his pants. He decided to ignore it.

“Yes, but I can’t move.” This soon changed when the invisible force moved to Dean, throwing him into the wine glasses hanging from the ceiling above the bar.

“Shoot, Cas!” Dean cried out. But the ex-angel was too busy trying to figure out what was happening to his body to listen. He felt as his bladder forced itself to empty without his permission. Rivulets of urine were pushed down his leg as he tried desperately to stop it. “Cas, shoot her!” Dean repeated.

“Dean, I--” his heartbeat sped up as he realised what was happening as inevitable.

“Cas, what’s the matter with you? Shoot!” Cas took his gun, aimed it at nothing, and shot. Dean sighed as Cas looked down to see the stain across his crotch. Suddenly, tears sprung to his eyes, and not knowing how to hold them back, he broke down into the ugliest cry ever.

“Dean, what’s happening to me?” he sobbed. Dean was there in an instant.

“What’s the matter, Cas?” he asked a little more annoyed than he’d hoped.

“Dean, I just-- my eyes burned, and now my face is wet.” Dean sighed. Cas didn’t even know what crying was.

“Jesus Christ,” Dean whispered to himself. “Cas, it’s called crying. It can happen when you’re nervous or sad or hurt or something.” He thought it’d be best to stop there. “Did something that you’ve never had happen before happen? You’re not hurt, are you?”
“No, Dean. I’ve just-- I’ve never cried after urinating, and I didn’t mean to. I couldn’t-- I couldn’t stop it, Dean.”

“What are you talking about?”

Cas glanced down at his pants again while slowly moving his trench coat out of the way. Dean smiled when he saw. But not because he thought it was funny. He smiled because he thought Cas was funny.

“Dean, I’m sorry. I really am.” Dean stopped smiling, realising what Cas was going through.

“Hey, it’s alright. Why don’t we just go get you some new clothes?” Dean started towards the stairs.

“No, it’s not alright,” came a soft voice.

“Really, Cas,” he said turning back around, “we all piss ourselves at some--”

“Dean, why can’t I do anything right?”

“What?”

“I can’t do anything right. I can’t get rid of the mark, I don’t have my powers, and now I’ve pissed myself like a kid. You were right. I am just a baby in trench coat.”

Dean swore he could feel his heart sink down so far in his chest. He, too, felt on the brink of tears.

“Cas, I don’t mean that. It’s just a joke.”

“Dean, I know you’re disappointed in me,” Cas demanded as he wiped away the remaining tears. “And I’d rather you admit it then lie.” With this, he stomped past Dean and down the stairs, leaving his puddle of urine. Dean stayed.
Hold It - Sherlock

Chapter Summary

Sherlock and John are trapped in a box together, and Sherlock has to pee. Bad.

Sherlock and John were in a bit of a situation. They had been captured and put in a box together, Sherlock’s front up against John’s back. It wouldn’t have been a big deal, save the fact that John had a headache and Sherlock wouldn’t stop moving around. He groaned.

“Is something the matter?” Sherlock questioned.

“I have a terrible headache,” John answered, “and you keep squirming.”

“I’m not squirming,” Sherlock protested.

“Well, you are. Are you hurt? Because--”


“Then tell me what’s wrong.” Sherlock stared into John’s hair, trying to find a single strand he could focus on.

“Nothing’s wrong.”

“Sherlock…” No response. “Fine.”

A few more minutes passed, Sherlock trying his best not to move anymore. But not doing so caused a small spurt of urine to leak out and dampen his boxers. He gasped and squirmed once more to stop it.

“Sherlock, this is getting ridiculous. Just tell me what's wrong.” Sherlock sighed out of his nose.

“John, I need to urinate.” Sherlock’s face reddened at his words. John sighed as well, realising that Sherlock’s situation wasn’t quite as dire as he thought.

“Just try and hold it, yeah? Lestrade will be here soon.

The younger man grunted in reply.

“You okay?”

“I’m fine,” he grumbled.

“If you really have to go, I won’t mind if you… you know.”

“I'll be fine.” But Sherlock thought about it. Based on the distance they were from Lestrade’s current location, the time John texted him, and the average driving speed of a cabbie, it would take 24 minutes. Of course he had to factor in the ten-ish minutes it’s take to actually get in the cab.

Sherlock knew he couldn’t make it.
“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“What for? For the fact that you have to take a leak? Sherlock, it’s okay to have needs. I know you’re super smart, but—”

“John, please stop. I know it’s fine. That’s not what I was apologising for.”

“Then what are you—?” John stopped talking, but not because he didn’t know what to say.

At that very moment, Sherlock’s bladder contracted, and, without his permission, began emptying.

“John, I’m so sorry,” he squeaked.

“Sherlock, it’s okay.” He knew his friend was probably feeling pretty bad, and he tried not to sigh or make any noises that signified his disgust at the hot urine running down his butt and the back of his thigh.

“John, I—” He sighed, clearly disappointed in himself. “I’m sorry I didn’t say anything earlier. I know I had to go, I just-- I was avoiding bringing it up.”

“Sherlock, it happens. Stop worrying about it.”

Sherlock remained quiet as his flood came to a stop. He curled his toes in the puddle of quickly cooling liquid.

“Feel better?” asked John. Sherlock gulped.

“Yes,” he said, voice cracking.

After a while of Sherlock’s suppressed sobs and John’s pounding headache, they heard someone call.

“John? Sherlock?” It was Lestrade. Sherlock’s heart skipped a beat. He’d known Lestrade would show up, but he still couldn’t bear the fact that now, not only had he accidentally peed on John, Lestrade would see that he accidentally peed on John.

“In here,” John called. “It’s a really small space.” Sherlock drew in a breath as he heard a lock click a few minutes later. A wall opened up in front of John, revealing the light from outside the box they were trapped in.

“Hey, Greg.” Lestrade moved out of the way as John stepped out.

Sherlock watched with shame as John whispered something in Lestrade’s ear. He didn’t need to hear; he knew what John was saying. He stepped slowly out of the box, feeling the liquid squish in between his toes. He tried his best to shake the horrible feelings going through him.

“Hello, Lestrade,” he mumbled calmly, though they both could feel the shaky embarrassment in his voice.

Lestrade caught a glance down at Sherlock’s pants, but Sherlock quickly closed his coat so he couldn’t see them.

“Why don’t you two go get in the cab. We’ll stop at Baker Street.” Sherlock didn’t reply.

“Uh, thanks,” John stepped in.
“Don’t worry about the seats in there,” he said, looking down at the ground. “I’ll just pay extra for cleaning.” Sherlock started walking off, but John stayed.

“Hey, really, thanks.” Lestrade gave a slight smile. “Thanks for not laughing or anything. I know he acts like it doesn’t matter, but he was really upset about it.”

“John, I know how he feels. And it’s a horrible feeling. He doesn’t deserve to be laughed at for something he couldn’t control.” John decided not to question it and just nodded and walked back to the cab.

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Much to Sherlock’s surprise, John slipped into the seat next to him all the way without slowing down.

“Did Lestrade force you to sit next to me?”

“No.”

“Then why are you? I’m disgusting.”

“Sherlock, stop it. You are not disgusting.” Sherlock didn’t protest. “The need to urinate makes you human. And you can’t always control it.”

Sherlock was too embarrassed to respond, and they rode in silence back to the flat.
Chapter Summary

Sam knows something is wrong with him, but lets Dean continue thinking it's a stomach bug.

“Dean!” he complained, a voice like a gravel road.

“I know, Sammy, I know. You feel awful. Just lay down.”

Sam ignored Dean’s comment and began maneuvering his body from his position on the couch. Dean saw him and pushed him back down into the cushions.

“What’re you doing Sammy? You need to rest.”

“I need the bathroom,” Sam replied with extra emphasis on ‘need’, somewhat mocking Dean. Dean sighed.

“Fine. Go,” he said as if his brother needed his permission to use the bathroom. Sam stood with a suppressed groan nonetheless and made his way to the door down the hall. When he came back, he slumped back onto the couch, groaning once again.

“Sam, you alright?” Sam did his weird ‘I want to smile, but at the same time, I don’t’ face. “I’ll go get something for your stomach. I’ll be right back.”

Dean left the room, leaving Sam to grab at his abdomen as his bladder sent a signal to his brain. It had been a while since he’d been able to properly relieve himself. Every time he tried, a small pain shot through him and caused him to stop.

But there was no way he was telling. It wouldn’t get him anything other than a load of embarrassment from Dean.

When dean returned with a cup of pink liquid, Sam sighed quietly. He really should just tell his brother. It would at least excuse his frequent using the bathroom, or trying to anyway.

“Drink up,” Dean said as he handed the tiny cup to Sam.

“No pills?” Sam asked annoyed.

“Nope. Sorry.”

Another contraction of his bladder caused Sam to double over.

“Sam, you okay?”

“I just need to go to the bathroom.”

Dean raised an eyebrow. “Again?”

“Still,” Sam corrected, but probably shouldn’t have. It told Dean that he hadn’t gone while he went
two minutes ago.

“Didn’t you just go?” Sam hesitated.

“I-- yes. Well-- yes.” Dean cocked his head to the side.

“Sam, you got something you’re not tellin’ me?” Sam gulped audibly.

“No. I guess--” He stopped talking and looked Dean right in the eyes.

“Sam,” Dean demanded. “What aren’t you telling me.” It wasn’t a question.

“I’m going to the bathroom, Dean.” He stood, and to his utter embarrassment, he felt his bladder give way and start to empty painfully into his quickly darkening jeans. He hoped to Hell Dean hadn’t noticed and tried to slip away, but was stopped.

“Sam,” Dean repeated sternly.

“Dean, I really have to go.” He tried one last time to sneak past Dean before his urine began pooling on the floor beneath him, but it was useless. Dean threw his arm up and looked down at his barrier for Sam. That’s when he saw.

“Sam, did you just…” He trailed off, not wanting to say it aloud.

“I’m sorry, Dean,” he said as the first tear slipped out of the corner of his eye.

“What…?” He didn’t know what to say next.

“Dean, I was gonna tell you,” he managed through his breaths.

“No, Sam, you did. I’m sorry. I should’ve--”

“It wouldn’t have mattered.” Dean looked confused.

“What do you mean?”

“It hurts so bad when it comes out. I don’t know what happened.”

“Sam, are you okay? I know this isn’t just about you pissing yourself.”

“Dean, I haven’t peed that much, or at all, really, since Monday.”

“You can’t go three days without using the bathroom.”

“You’re not supposed to.” Dean thought about it. It couldn’t have been a curse; They hadn’t been on a hunt in weeks.

“Sam, I--” His words were cut off.

“That was the third time, Dean,” he said flatly. Dean raised both his eyebrows.

“Excuse me?”

“It happened when I stood from the toilet on Tuesday, and I wet the bed last night.”

Dean’s harsh look softened, much to Sam’s surprise.
“Why didn’t you say anything?” Sam tilted his head in confusion, eyes still red. He tried to say something, but it only came out as a squeak. “Sam, I’m serious.” Dean must’ve read his mind.

“I can handle this myself, Dean.”

“Obviously not, but either way, you can’t handle everything that’s going on. And maybe getting rid of one thing would make it a little easier.”

Sam felt more tears start to well up in his eyes. Dean was serious. This was something that only happened when he was trying to have a ‘chick-flick moment’.

“Dean, I’m sorry. I really-- I was gonna tell you. I just-- I don’t know. I thought you were gonna make fun of me. Or get mad or something.”

Dean could feel his heart break inside of him. His own little brother couldn’t trust him with something so petty.

“Sam, I’m sorry. I didn’t know-- listen, if you ever have just a bit too much weight on your shoulders, I’m going to help is you ask, okay?” Sam nodded. “Good. Now why don’t we get you to a doctor?”

“I’m gonna shower first,” he said. Then he smiled kindly and walked away from the puddle on the floor.
John had been having a lot of nightmares lately. Not only about the war, but also about Sherlock’s death. And every time he woke from one, the sheets were soaked and smelling of urine.

One Monday morning in December was no different. He’d woken up in a cold puddle. He stood slowly from the bed and began pulling the sheets off. Glancing over to see the time, he realised he was late for meeting Lestrade. He definitely wouldn’t be able to clean this up before he left, so he kept it where it was and quickly showered and dressed. He left in a hurry, scrambling past Sherlock, who was sitting quietly on his chair.

“Goodbye, John,” he had said. He got no reply.

When John sped out the door, Sherlock didn’t know exactly where he was going and went back to something he was reading.

After a while, Sherlock began roaming throughout the flat. He was bored and had tried to stop shooting the wall with a variety of things, like bullets and arrows. He walked in and out of the kitchen, bathroom, and his room. But when he went into John’s room, he saw a pile of clothes on top of bed that had been half stripped of its sheets.

He wandered towards it and saw what John probably wouldn’t have wanted him to see. He turned quickly, trying to pretend he never saw it.

But when he left the room, he bumped into...

“John?”

“Sherlock, what were you doing in my room?” Sherlock’s face turned a bit red.

“I— sorry. I was bored and I just—“

“Decided to wander through my stuff?”

Sherlock grimaced. “I didn’t see anything. I swear. Well, I didn’t mean to.”

“Sherlock, please just leave.”

Sherlock didn’t argue at all. He sped past John and out of the room. John threw his hand up into his hair, somewhat grabbing at it. He groaned in frustration as he slid down the wall to the floor, almost in tears.

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Other than throwing his things in the wash, John had pretty much stayed in his room until dinner. That’s when he went to the kitchen to grab something to eat.
Sherlock tried to converse.

“So, earlier today.”

“What about it?” John replied grumpily, thinking he was talking about the bedwetting incident.

“Where’d you go?”

Oh. He wasn’t. “I went to see Lestrade.”

“What about?”

“Nothing important to you.” He was really talking to him about everything going on. He knew any therapist or counsellor wouldn’t understand.

“Oh.”

There was a long awkward silence. John knew he had to bring up the fact that he’d wet the bed at some point or Sherlock and he would be like this forever.

“Hey, so about the whole, err, bed wetting... thing.”

“John, I won’t bring it up if you don’t want me to. I’m sorry I—“

“No, it’s fine. I mean, somebody else should probably know about this.”

Sherlock cocked his head. John was talking about the incident as if it were a present matter.

“John, what are you talking about?” John felt on the brink of tears again.

“Lestrade thought it only happened once. I was staying at his place kind of on and off. And I wet the bed one night there. Haven’t stayed over since.”

“John, you don’t have to tell me this. I really don’t mind if you—“

“But it was about you,” he said, voice cracking as he spoke. Sherlock glanced at him, suddenly in shock. “Sorry,” John mumbled as he lowered his head and left the room.

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The next morning was no different. John followed his typical ‘wash the sheets and pyjamas’ cycle, but on his way to the utility room, he bumped into Sherlock, who was walking from the kitchen to his chair with tea in hand.

“Do you need any help?” he asked his flat mate. He scooped up the pile of laundry in John’s hands before he got an answer. John reached over in attempt to grab it back.

“I don’t need help Sherlock, I’m fine.”

Sherlock felt deeply hurt by the statement, seeing his own friend didn’t trust him, but he didn’t hand the laundry back over.

“John, go shower. I’ll do this for you.”

“Sherlock, really. I’ll be fine.”

“Shower. Now.” He smiled and practically skipped off away from John.
Then came the next morning. John had woken in his puddle, but instead of him getting up and washing everything, his plans were changed.

Next to him on the bed was Sherlock. Laying down with him. Under his blankets. He felt so bad about it. How was he going to make this up to the younger man?

“Sherlock?” He said quietly.

“John, are you awake?” came a reply. That was fast. Had he been awake that entire time?

“Sherlock, why didn’t you wake me?”

“I thought you’d want to sleep.” John felt tears start springing to his eyes as he bit back a spontaneous need for air.

“Why are you here? You knew this would happen.” Sherlock took a deep breath.

“You woke up in the night and said you couldn’t go back to sleep.”

“I did?”

Sherlock ignored the question. “You were scared.” He sat up, not a bit disgusted by the puddle underneath him. “So I laid down with you. To help you sleep.”

John smiled a bit. “Err... thank you,” he said awkwardly. “Do you mind if I have a shower?”

Sherlock stood from the bed and stripped to his underwear.

“As long as I’m next.” John got out of the bed as well. They both had showers, Sherlock washed everything, and they failed to talk about it for the rest of the day.

The next day, when he woke up in yet another mess, he didn’t rush up. Being so accustomed to Sherlock making everything okay for him, as he had done the past few days, he didn’t do anything but lay there, waiting for Sherlock to come to him.

But he never did. “Sherlock?” he called. Sherlock was there within a minute.

“John, is everything alright?” John sighed when he heard the soothing voice. He knew everything was going to be okay.

“Sherlock, I wet the bed,” he squeaked out.

“Why don’t you go clean up. I’ll handle everything. But I want to talk to you about this later.” John’s heart rate quickened at the words. What did Sherlock mean he wanted to talk to him about it?

“All right,” was all he said in reply, though. All throughout his shower, Sherlock’s last sentence was on his mind. It tugged at his nerves until he got out of the bathroom and made his way to the younger man.

“You wanted to talk?” he asked.

“John, you’ve been wetting the bed a lot. I think you may want to consider nappies.” John opened his mouth in protest but before he could speak, Sherlock did again. “I know,” he said. “You don’t
want to wear them. They’re embarrassing. I get it. But I think it’s better than waking up wet every morning.”

“I can’t wear nappies, Sherlock.”

“John, it’s temporary. Only until you stop wetting the bed. We can talk to a doctor if you want—“

“No.”

“Then why don’t you wear them? It’ll be fine.” John sighed.

“Alright. If you think it’ll help.”

“Thank you, John.”

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Sherlock went out and bought some for John, and John put one on that night.

When he woke, he was dry, but the pungent smell of urine still filled the air. He stood, feeling the heavy nappy around his hips, and walked to the bathroom. Pulling down his pants in front of the mirror showed him the yellow-stained undergarment over his crotch.

He cringed when he saw it but removed it and threw it away. He showered and left the bathroom, only to be greeted by Sherlock.

“Well?” John said nothing. “Did it work?”

John’s comfort in the situation seemed to have slipped. His face reddened.

“Sherlock, can we not talk about this?”

Sherlock nodded, backing himself away. “Err… yeah. Sorry.” He smiled a bit before turning and leaving for the kitchen.

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The next day was the same way. He woke up, showered, threw away his nappy, and avoided the subject in conversation.

It was like this for many weeks until one day it stopped. He didn’t tell Sherlock it had, though. So Sherlock kept buying more.

When the cabinet under the sink was finally too full to fit more, John spoke up at dinner one day.

“Sherlock?”

“What is it, John?”

“I stopped, err, wetting the bed.”

Sherlock smiled brightly. “That’s fantastic. Do you wanna try and sleep without a nappy?”

John looked down. He felt bad because he knew that Sherlock had been spending his own time and money getting these things for John and he stopped using them after only a few days.

“Yeah,” he whispered.
“Good.”

So that night, he let Sherlock put him to bed, let him practically tuck him in.

“Sleep well, John. If you need anything, just call my name.” John nodded his response.
“Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

And just like that, Sherlock spoke no more of the nappies, neither did John, and they stayed under the sink for as long as either of them could remember.
Torture - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

With Cas trapped in a ring of holy fire, Dean is tortured by a demon. During, he wets himself, and Cas tries to make him feel better.

Pain shot through every part of his body, both of his arms tied up to a cross. The shallow cuts across his chest, no matter how small, stung so bad. And it didn’t help that his bladder was aching for release.

“Cas,” he moaned. Cas looked worriedly at Dean.

“Dean, are you okay?”

“Cas, it hurts so bad.” Cas looked down at the ring of fire around him, wishing he could make it disappear and go help his friend.

“Dean, I wish I could help. I really do. It hurts me to see you like this.”

“I gotta piss.” Cas gave him a look of sympathy.

“After being human--” He was cut off by a sudden stern female voice.

“Silence.” The word hung in the air until the angel protested.

“Erin, let him go.” The brunette the demon was possessing turned.

‘Shut up, Castiel.” She shoved Cas down to the ground.

“Cas!” Dean squirmed, not only trying to hold his bladder, but also trying once again to escape. Then he was pinned with force up against the wooden cross.

“Silence!” She approached him with a metal rod, placing it lightly on his abdomen.

‘Stop it! Leave him alone!”

“I don’t need your help, Castiel.” With this, she pushed the rod ever so slowly into Dean’s skin. A scream escaped his lips as he tensed his muscles. Doing so, he also tensed his bladder.

Cas watched as a dark stain spread across and down Dean’s jeans. He knew Dean would be upset about it, but there really was nothing he could do. When Erin finally pulled the rod back out, Dean was standing in a puddle of urine and blood. Erin gave a small smile, taunting Cas, and left the room.

Tears poked at Dean’s eyes as he looked down at his mess. A single one fell, and he looked back up.

“Cas,” he managed, eyebrows up and voice breaking. He stopped his tears. “I just wet myself,” he said and chuckled. Cas only looked at him strangely. Then his smile faded and his eyes grew even more red. And more tears fell. “Cas, everything hurts so bad.”

“Dean, it’ll be okay. Sam will be here soon.”
Dean groaned. “Sammy’s gonna see me like this. He’s gonna be mad, isn’t he, Cas? He’s gonna be so mad.”

“No, he won’t. You did nothing wrong.”

“I ran away from him to sacrifice myself. Then I got you trapped, too. And now I’m covered in my own piss.” He looked at Castiel, eyes wide. “I’m disgusting. You think I’m disgusting, don’t you?”

“No. I understand. It’s nothing to be ashamed of.” He knew Dean didn’t believe him, but he stopped talking about it.

After a while of silence and Cas constantly staring at Dean, Sam got there. He first saw Cas and put out the fire. Then, he turned and saw Dean. He ran to him, joined by the angel, untying him from the cross. He helped his brother to the ground and rubbed his hand soothingly up and down his bare back.

Dean was shaking, though. His whole body. He knew Sam had to have noticed his wet pants and just wasn’t saying anything about it.

“Sammy,” he said, tears pouring down his cheeks.

“Dean, it’s okay. You’re gonna be okay. I just need you to stop talking and relax.” He ran a hand through Dean’s hair.

“Sammy, I w-wet myself.”

“I know, Dean. It’s okay.” As Dean continued to cry to Sam, Cas knelt down to the ground. Now sitting down on his knees, the angel reached his arm out to Dean. It brushed across Dean’s chest, taking away all the cuts. Dean wrapped his arms around Cas and hugged him tight.

“Cas,” was all he said as Cas awkwardly hugged back, seeing that Dean was okay. “Sam, I’m so sorry. I should’ve listened to you.” Dean pulled away to look at his little brother.

“It’s okay, Dean. I’m just glad you’re okay. But next time, don’t try to go sacrifice yourself. If it weren’t for Cas, you might have been dead right now.”

Dean looked up at the angel, giving him a slight smile.

“Thanks, Cas.” Cas smiled back.

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They fought and killed the demon, and when it was all over and Dean was changed, and they were finally back in the Impala, Dean caught Cas wiping a single tear from his face.
Chapter Summary

When Jensen and Misha get drunk, they stay the night in Jared's trailer, Misha sleeping next to Jared. But in his sleep, Misha accidentally wets the bed.

“Alright,” Jared said, voice deep. “You two need to calm down. Just--” He sighed. “Just stay here tonight, okay?”

“I don’t wanna,” Jensen complained. “I wanna go home.”

Jared rolled his eyes. “You’re drunk.”

“No, I’m not,” he protested.

“Yeah, right.” He pointed Jensen to the couch and handed him a blanket. Jensen didn’t argue.

“This is soft,” he said, running his hand up and down the blanket.

“Yeah, just go to sleep.” When Jensen shut his eyes, he turned to Misha, who was fast asleep on Jared’s bed. He groaned softly. “Damnit, Misha.” He sat down in the bed next to the sleeping Misha, rolled Misha’s body over, and crawled under the covers with him.

His eyes slowly closed, and his consciousness slipped away.

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Jared shot awake from a horrible dream, heart beating fast. He slowed his breathing and started to get up when he felt a hand on his arm. He turned and saw Misha laying there, terror played across his face.

Jared debated whether or not to wake him, but that’s when he felt something on his leg. He knew immediately what was happening. Misha was wetting the bed. Now he would wake him up.

“Misha,” he said lightly, pushing on the older man’s shoulders. “Hey, Misha,” he said a little louder. Misha woke with a start. He could already feel the urine seeping through his pants. His heart started beating incredibly fast. He was peeing the bed. At least nobody was--

That’s when he realised he was up against a tall body, and he heard a voice.

“Misha, hey,” he said soothingly. “Calm down.” He felt hot tears sting at his eyes.

“J-Jared, I--” he said, voice cracking. He knew if he said one more word, he would burst into unwanted tears.

“Misha, it’s alright.”

“No, I-- shit,” he mumbled as he tried to stem the flow but couldn’t. He hopped up off the bed and sped to the bathroom, leaving a trail of liquid along the floor. When he closed the door, Jared heard a groan from the other man, his voice cracking once again.
Sitting on the bathroom toilet lid, pants still on, his face was red and puffy as he let out quiet, even sobs. He was humiliated.

There was a knock on the door.

“Misha?” It was Jared. “Misha? You okay?”

“Shit. I’m sorry, Jared.”

“It’s all good. Really. Shit happens.” Misha tried to smile, but it didn’t work. His eyes watered as he sniffled. “Hey, you alright?”

“No,” Misha managed.

“What’s wrong?” That was a stupid question.

“I pissed myself in Jared Padalecki’s trailer on Jared Padalecki’s bed while pressed up against Jared Padalecki.” This got a smile from them both.

“Well, I’m sure Jared Padalecki doesn’t care because he knows you didn’t do it on purpose and things like that happen all the time. Not to mention, he’d want you to know you were drop-to-the-floor drunk last night.”

“Thanks, Jared.” Jared ignored this, and he continued on to his next thought.

“While you’re in there, get yourself a shower. I’ll get dressed and go get you some of your clothes. But feel free to wear mine. Uh, Jensen’s still asleep in here, but he won’t care if he finds out, so don’t sweat it. I’ll be back soon, alright?”

“Hey, Jared, thanks. Again. I would’ve never been so fucking nice about this to someone.”

“Once again: Shit happens.”
A Bit Uncomfortable - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

When on a case, Sam and Dean get stuck dangling from a rope, Sam from Dean's waist. And Dean's serious situation can't wait.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this one really fast, so it's really messy and kind of bad, but here ya go.

“Dean, my arms are falling asleep.”

“Just hold on, ‘kay? You’re not the only one with a problem here.” Sam grinned as he pulled himself up further, his face pressed into Dean’s crotch.

“Oh, I see. You don’t like that I’m so close to your special areas while we’re dangling from a rope and there’s nowhere for you to go.”

“It’s not just that, Sammy.”

“Then what is it?”

“You don’t wanna know.”

“I’ll pay you ten bucks.” Dean felt his bladder contract. He might as well just tell his brother. If they weren’t found within a minute, he was gonna pee anyway.

He took a deep breath, mentally preparing to say his next words. “I gotta pee real bad, and I don’t think I can hold it another minute.”

“Aw, man,” Sam whined. “I just wasted ten bucks on that? And I’m gonna get peed on, too?” This made Dean squirm again, and a spurt escaped.

“Don’t say ‘pee,’ Sammy.”

“Dean, just go. I won’t tell anyone.”

“Yeah, but--”

“And I won’t tell Cas, either, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

“How do you--?”

“You’re not too subtle.”

Dean didn’t want to reply. Instead, he decided to just stay here quietly. This was until Sam slipped. He let go of the rope above him with one hand to grab his brother before he fell into the darkness.
beneath them. As he pulled Sam back up, though, he realised one minute detail. He was peeing. He groaned in frustration. This was so embarrassing.

“Shit. I’m sorry, Sammy. I just couldn’t--” He groaned again, this time, his voice cracking in the realisation that he was pissing himself. He closed his eyes, trying to hide from the truth.

But after a few seconds, he felt a ground underneath him. He opened his eyes to see Sam scooting away from him. He pushed back until he bumped into legs. Looking up, he saw the familiar face of an angel. Cas didn’t seem to notice him, though.

He was too interested in the older man sitting in the growing puddle around him. He tilted his head to the side.

“Dean, are you urinating?”

Dean tried so desperately to stop, but when he couldn’t, he broke down in tears.

“This is so humiliating,” he cried. “Sam…” He didn’t have to finish for Sam to know what he wanted. He stood up.

“Hey, Cas,” he said, turning the angel around, “thanks for your help.”

“Where are we going? I need to be sure Dean is okay.”

“He’s upset.”

“About what?”

“He did something considered childish, and his emotions beat the logic of the situation.”

“Oh. Perhaps I should--”

“No. He’ll be fine. Give him a minute.”

“As Dean dried up his tears, he left the room they were in and escaped to the comfort of his own. At this very moment, he wanted to disappear.
Tickle Fight - Sherlock

Chapter Summary

When tickled by Rosie while John is talking to Lestrade, Sherlock pees himself.

“Just stay out here with Rosie, okay?” Sherlock nodded. He would only be in the office for around fifteen minutes. He didn’t know why John could hardly trust him. “Make sure to keep her occupied. She likes any game and tickle fights.” Once again, John was treating him as if they didn’t even live together. Nonetheless, he tried to go along with it.


“That’s what I said.” He looked once more at the five year old in Sherlock’s lap before turning into the door behind him.

“Well, Rosie, it’s just you and me.” The little girl looked up at Sherlock.

“Tickle fight!” she screamed as she jumped up onto Sherlock’s stomach.

“No,” he yelled, but it didn’t stop her. She continued tickling the crap out of Sherlock’s armpits. Sherlock tried to push her off, feeling a sensation rising to noticeability. “Rosie, get off,” he demanded. “Rosie, stop. I need to urinate. Rosie.”

But she didn’t care.

“Why won’t you tickle back?”

“Get off of me,” he repeated.

“But I wanna play!” She started jumping up and down in Sherlock’s lap as she moved her hands down to Sherlock’s abdomen. She began wiggling her fingers and pressing down on his bladder.

A string of ‘no’s fell out of Sherlock’s mouth in a panicked blur as he felt a wave of relief sweep over him.

Rosie got up and ran off down the hall.

Sherlock didn’t move as a puddle formed beneath him.

*****

John glanced at the door worriedly when he heard Sherlock yelling ‘no’ repeatedly.

“Maybe I should go check on them,” he said, looking back at Lestrade.

“No, I’m sure they’re fine.”

“What if they’re being attacked, Greg?”

“John, you’re paranoid.”
‘I’m gonna go check--’

‘You know what?’ said Lestrade kindly as he rose from his seat, ‘I’ll go check for you.’ He smiled fakely and left the room.

He turned left after closing the door. To see Sherlock, his face a bright red. But that wasn’t what brought fear to his eyes.

‘Sherlock, where’s Rosie?’ he asked. Sherlock shrugged, which was highly unusual for the detective to do. ‘What’s the matter with you?’

Sherlock only blinked. How did Lestrade not see it already?

‘Why aren’t you talking?’ Sherlock looked down at his lap to hint at his urine soaked pants. When Lestrade saw it, he tilted his head to the side. ‘Did she--?’

Sherlock shook his head.

‘Oh.’ Then realisation struck him. ‘Oh, er, why didn’t you-- if you ever need the loo, it’s down the hall to the left. You know that, right?’

‘I-- yes. I know. It’s just that Rosie was--’

‘What’s taking so long?’ asked John as he stepped out of the door. ‘Where’s Rosie?’

‘She must’ve run away from Sherlock.’ John turned angrily to him.

‘How could you just let her get away?’ he demanded. Sherlock tried to curl in on himself.

‘John, calm down,’ Lestrade said. ‘I’ll go find Rosie.’ He turned and ran down the hall. John looked sympathetically at Sherlock.

‘Hey, I’m sorry I yelled at you,’ said John, knowing the younger man could be very emotional for a sociopath.

‘John, I think I’m gonna go back to the flat.’

‘Why?’

‘Er...’ He looked down at his pants, like he’d done to Lestrade. Horror played across his face the minute he saw it.

‘Oh, no,’ he said as if she were the one who had just wet himself. ‘Sherlock, I’m so sorry. She said she didn’t have to go. I think she must be just pretty shy about it, but--’


‘Yeah?’

‘It wasn’t Rosie.’ Confusion swept over John.

‘What do you mean it wasn’t Rosie?’ Sherlock glanced down at the floor in shame.

‘You were right about the tickle fight,’ he said. ‘And I just couldn’t hold it. I don’t know how it happened.’
John chuckled then started laughing a lot.

“You peed yourself during a tickle fight?” Sherlock’s face burned a brighter red.

“Please don’t mention this to anyone,” he pleaded.

“I won’t, Sherlock. Don’t worry. But--” He stopped his laughing, trying to be a tad more respectful. “Sorry, Sherlock. I didn’t mean to laugh.” By this point, he had calmed down.

“It’s fine. I suppose it’s rather funny.”

“No, I won’t laugh anymore. Why don’t we head back> I’ll talk to Greg later.” Sherlock nodded.

“Alright then. Let’s go see if he found Rosie.”
Asleep - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

Human Cas falls asleep in the Impala and wets himself in the back seat.

Cas sat in the back seat of the Impala, fast asleep. Sam was driving and Dean, too, was sleeping. After a few hours of silence for Sam, Dean woke up. Sam noticed.

“Morning,” he said. Dean nodded and rubbed at his eyes.

“Cas awake yet?” Dean asked.

“No.”

Dean looked at the clock. “He’s been asleep since nine last night.”

“He’s human now, Dean.” Dean rolled his eyes. “Though you should probably wake him. We’re getting close.”

No sooner could Dean turn around, Cas jumped awake. Dean chuckled.

“Nightmare?” Cas only nodded feeling something strange beneath him. He looked down to be greeted with a stain across his pants and a puddle underneath him. The stain appeared to be growing as he felt a relieving feeling.

Dean turned back to face the road, not noticing the stain.

Cas realised what was happening and began to feel tears welling up in his eyes. He had just wet himself. And in the Impala to make matters worse. He was going to have to tell them and he knew it. But he couldn’t bring himself to do it. He pressed his lips together to keep them from quivering and squinted his eyes at the burning.

But Sam then spoke.

“What’s that smell? Is that piss?”

Now the lump in his throat was too big to hold back the tears. He bursted, throwing his hands to his face. Dean turned to see him.

“Cas, buddy, what’s the matter?” Cas swallowed and looked up at him.

“I’m sorry, Dean. I didn’t mean to.”

“Didn’t mean to what?” Dean didn’t need an answer though. He saw the mess in the back seat. “Cas, it’s okay. It—it happens, alright? But why didn’t you say anything? We would’ve stopped for you.”

“I w- was asleep,” he sobbed.
“Oh.” Dean turned back to Sam. “Pull over,” he said. Sam didn’t argue and pulled the Impala to the nearest stop in the side of the road. Dean got out and opened the door for Cas, who was still crying.

When Cas got out, Dean rubbed his hand on the top of his back to calm him.

“Cas, it’s fine.”

“But the Impala—” He was cut short by sob.

“Baby’s fine, okay? Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Cas followed Dean to the trunk and Dean got out a duffel. He handed Cas some of his clothes and got a towel from the back.

Wanting to give Cas some privacy, he made his way to the side of the car and began cleaning it. When Cas was done changing, he approached Dean, clothes in hand.

“Dean, you do not have to clean my mess.”

“It’s okay. Uh, why don’t you put your clothes in a plastic bag?”

Cas nodded and proceeded to do this as Dean finished up. He closed the door and shoved the towel in the bag with the clothes.

“We’ll wash them later,” he said to Cas. Tears were still running dripping down his face. He then opened the door for Cas, who slipped in. “Scoot over.” Cas did so, wondering why, but Dean slipped in with him before he could ask.

“Dean what are you—?” Dean put his hand over Cas’s.

“It’s okay, Cas. I love you.” Cas smiled.

“Thank you, Dean.” He then rested his head on Dean’s side and Sam drove off.
Sherlock sat up in his bed, shivering in fear. He knew John would be home any minute but also knew that John could do little to help him.

He had had a nightmare the previous night, awaking in a cold sweat, screaming, terrified. John was next to him in a second, but still he saw the hound and it’s big red eyes.

So here he sat, afraid to go to sleep and have another nightmare. It was only seconds later when he heard the flat door open. John tried to be quiet, but his footsteps on the creaky floor gave him away.

Sherlock so desperately wanted John to find him awake. However, he knew John wouldn’t come check on him. For this very reason, he somehow managed to squeak out a ‘John’.

John cracked open the door with a puzzled face.

“Sherlock, what are you still doing up?” No response. “Sherlock, are you okay?”

He shook his head.

“John, I—“ He didn’t finish.

“Did you have another nightmare?” He shook his head once again. “Then what’s wrong?”

“I don’t wanna go to sleep,” Sherlock said, hearing the childishness in his voice. John had never seen Sherlock like this. That hound must have really gotten to him. He felt he should help.

“How about I, uh, sleep with you tonight?” The words coming out of his mouth sounded like something he never thought he would say but nevertheless here he was.

Sherlock nodded to his question.

“Ok. You hang on a minute while I go change.” Seeing Sherlock give a slight nervous smile, John left the room.

When he returned, Sherlock was still sitting up. He walked to the bed, pulled up the covers and scooted in next to Sherlock.

“You good?” He asked. Sherlock nodded.
“You brushed your teeth?” John couldn’t help treating him like a child when he was like this. Sherlock nodded. “Do you need the loo?” Sherlock knew he had to go but he was much too scared to just get up and go. He shook his head.

John was satisfied with his answers.

“Then lay down.” Sherlock did so and so did John, throwing the comforter back over the two. “Goodnight, Sherlock.”

“Goodnight, John. Thank you.”

John smiled to himself. “No problem, Sherlock.”

Sherlock awoke with a start, sweating as he remembered the hound once again. It wasn’t too long until he felt it. The wetness in between his legs. His heart started beating faster than ever as he sat up.

“J-John,” he stammered out. He knew he’d have to tell John or he would figure out anyway.

To his frantic words, Sherlock heard a grunt in reply.

“John, I— I mean I didn’t mean to—“

Sherlock couldn’t spit it out, but as John rolled over to face Sherlock, he felt it. He, too, sat up, throwing the comforter off of them both. Doing so, he revealed a big cold stain and slight puddle under them both.

He heard a stifled sob from his side.

“Sherlock, it’s okay.” He knew the man was probably ashamed of what happened.

“John?” he sobbed.

“Yeah?”

“I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean to.”

“There’s nothing to be sorry for, Sherlock. These things happen. It’s all good, yeah?” Sherlock nodded. “Good. Then let’s get this cleaned up and go back to bed, alright?”

Sherlock said nothing more as the two stood from the bed. He was first to shower as John stripped the bed. John then showered, and they put new sheets on the bed.

“John?” came Sherlock’s soft voice in the silence. They were both now back in the bed.

“What is it?”

“Could you maybe not tell anybody what happened?”

“Well? What happened?” Sherlock couldn’t help but smile to himself. This was John’s promise to keep the incident a secret.

“Thanks.”
Jack in the Bunker - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

Jack wets himself while sleeping on a chair in the bunker. Sam finds him curled up in a corner.

Chapter Notes

I'm just getting really lazy with titles.

“No, Dean. Nothing bad has happened. Listen. He’s just a kid, okay? He’s not hurting anything. He won’t... he’s not evil, Dean. Just give him a shot…. I don’t care, Dean. He said that you told him you were going to kill him.”

Sam listened intently to the phone when the lights flickered a few times. Knowing it was probably Jack, he squinted his eyes.

“Dean, I have to go…. No. he didn’t do anything. Goodbye. See you in a few.”

With this, he hung up and started looking around.

“Jack? Is everything alright?” He’d gotten through a few rooms before hearing muffled sobs. “Jack?”

“Sam,” came a timid, sad voice.

“Jack,” Sam said before finally realising where the boy was. He walked over to the corner of the room, where the half human half angel child sat with his knees drawn up to his chest. It was dark, so all Sam could see was the dim outline of his face.

“Hey. Are you alright?”

“I didn’t mean to. Please don’t get mad at me.”

“Didn’t mean to what?” Sam asked, the worst possible thoughts running through his head. “Jack,” he said sternly before thinking that being hard in the kid would make him less likely to talk. “What’s wrong?” This time, he lowered his voice.

“I just wanted to sleep,” Jack started explaining. “I was tired.” Sam nodded to show he was listening. “And so I saw a chair that looked very comfortable. And I sat and fell asleep.”

Sam continued to listen, hoping the story would go somewhere. He could tell Jack’s voice was breaking a lot, though.

“I had the worst nightmare about my mother and my father. But when I woke up,” Jack said, tears starting to run down his face, “the chair was wet. My first thought was that maybe something had spilled. But as I looked around, there were no cups. And I understood that I had urinated while I was
asleep.”

Sam raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, uh,” Sam started, but cut himself off when Jack started talking again.

“Sam, I really didn’t mean it. I feel so,” he paused to think for a second. “Embarrassed. And I want to make it up to you.” Sam felt a ping of sympathy run through him.

“Jack, no, it’s okay.”

“No it’s not.”

“Really. I don’t mind. I’ll clean it up.”

Jack wiped away his tears as he stood, allowing Sam to see the giant wet spot all around the crotch of him.

“Sam, why are you being so nice to me?”

“You didn’t do anything wrong. That’s why. Dean may say you’re evil, but you’re not, okay? I believe that you can be whoever you choose to be. Where were you sleeping?”

Jack was silent as he brought Sam to the chair he had soiled, but he spoke again, teary eyed.

“Sam, I’m sorry about this.”

“Hey, hey, it happens to everyone. No need to get worked up about it.”

Jack nodded and helped Sam by cleaning up the floor as Sam dried the leather chair using chemicals unknown to the young boy.

“To you?” asked Jack.

Sam looked over at him. “Huh?”

“Has it ever happened to you?” he repeated. “You said it happens to everyone.”

“Oh, uh, yeah,” Sam replied, wondering why he was about to explain the times he’s wet the bed to the weeks old offspring of Satan himself. “It’s happened a few times on hunts. And back when I had these weird psychic powers, I had visions, which a lot of times caused it.”

Jack nodded in interest. “Thank you for telling me. It makes me feel a lot better knowing that someone as great as you has had this, as well.” Sam’s heart crumbled. To think that this boy looked up to him so much was amazing. He was so used to being the younger brother. The unimportant one. When he had to tell Dean about his accidents, his brother laughed it off. Told him he was always gonna be the baby brother. But by confessing the same thing to Jack, he was looked up to.

“No problem, kid. Uh… why don’t you go take a shower. But take off your shoes here so you don’t track it anymore. I’ll take care of the rest.”

“Thank you, Sam.” And with one swift move, he pulled his pants and underwear down and kicked off his shoes and socks. “I don’t want to track it,” he said with a smile as he walked away completely naked from the waist down. Sam was trying to get it out of his sight, but just couldn’t. He chuckled to himself.
So when Dean got home that exact second, he saw his brother kneeling down with a roll of paper towels scrubbing at the floor. The other paper towels, stained yellow, surrounded him, and then of course there were the soaked clothes in a pile.

“The hell happened here?” he said in his deep voice, startling Sam.

“Oh, uh..”

“Did you piss yourself?”

“No. It was Jack. He had a nightmare.”

“You mean I now have the piss of the antichrist on my chair?”

Sam’s jaw dropped. “Dean, he’s just a kid. And he didn’t do it on purpose. When you wet the bed, do you do it on purpose?”

A blush spread across Dean’s face. “I don’t wet the bed, Sammy. I’m not a child.”

“Dean, you think I’ve never found any of those sheets stuffed under your mattress? And besides, that one time when you put your pyjamas in my load of laundry? And nothing else?”

“Shut up. I bet you’ve wet the bed, too.” Sam nodded, not even trying to argue.

“Of course I have. Anyway, my point is that he’s just a kid, Dean. He isn’t evil. Nurture is more than nature, and he would rather kill Lucifer than hug him, alright?”

Dean scrunched up his eyes. “Fine. But the moment something bad happens because of what he did, I’m killing him.”

“Dean,” Sam tried.

“Sam, I mean it.” And with this he walked off, leaving Sam to clean up the rest of the mess.
The Roller Coaster - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

On his first roller coaster, Cas has to pee, and we all know how that'll turn out.

Chapter Notes

I don't know how this came into my head, but it did. So... voila!

Dean and Sam had always loved roller coasters. When they were little, the very few of them they rode always gave them great memories. So when Dean heard about the fair open in a town he, Sam, and Cas were working a case in, he went ahead and bought tickets for them all.

He presented them to the other two hunters, for which they were excited and they went after the hunt was done.

“For a case well solved,” Dean announced at the gates of the fair when they entered. He led them all over to a tall roller coaster. “Wanna ride this one?” He asked.

Sam nodded, but Cas grew a bit nervous. It was right of him to. He was newly human and was still nervous about a lot of things. His life was fragile now.

“Cas, you’ll be fine,” Sam assured, so Cas hesitantly followed the brothers to the line. He pulled a water bottle out of his bag and started sipping at it. It was very hot that day, and he didn’t want to be dehydrated.

“You excited?” Dean asked him. He drank a bit more water and nodded.

But he wasn’t really excited. He was more nervous than he’d ever been before.

When they were at the front of the line, Cas started noticing something. The need to urinate. He hasn’t gone in a few hours, and for the last half hour or so, he’d drank a bottle and a half.

“Dean,” he said, trying to tell the hunter of his situation, but Dean stepped right into the roller coaster. So he did the same. “Dean,” he whispered. Dean turned.

“Yeah?”

“I have to urinate,” he said, hoping Dean would allow him to leave and use the bathroom. But the bar came down, hitting his bladder. He winced.

“It’ll only be a few minutes,” Dean promised. Then he turned to Sam on his other side, and the two started getting giddy with excitement. Cas mentally cursed himself for getting on the ride instead of just going to the bathroom. He would have avoided all of this and could have come right back.

But the ride started, jolting him forward.
They were all silent as the ride clicked up its biggest hill, but at the top, Cas’s heart started racing.

“Dean,” he said, feeling his bladder threaten to force itself empty. “Dean, I have to go. Now.”

Dean looked over at Cas.

“You mean go go?” Cas nodded.

“Um, just try and hold it just a little while longer, okay? Can you do that?” Cas shook his head.

“Dean,” he whined. And suddenly, the car fell forward. Everybody started screaming and Cas felt warm liquid start to pool in his lap. He looked down to see a glistening patch on his pants start to spread outwards and fast. Tears fell from his eyes as he tried to stop it but couldn’t.

When the ride started to calm down more, everybody got a bit calmer. But Cas did the opposite, realising what he just did. He knew that Sam and Dean were gonna be mad at him. He felt so embarrassed.

So Dean looked over at him.

“Cas, is everything okay?” He asked. Cas didn’t want to say anything, so he only nodded.

“Yes, Dean. I’m fine.” Sam leaned over Dean.

“See that wasn’t so bad, now was it?” A blush spread across Cas’s face as he knew he’d have to tell them what happened.

“Dean,” he said timidly and weakly.

“Mm?”

“Dean, I- it was an accident.” That’s all Dean needed. He looked down at the ex-angel’s lap, and sure enough, there was a large stain and a puddle on the floor and seat around him.

“Cas, it’s okay,” he assured. They were silent as the ride stopped and everybody got off. But Cas just sat there. So Dean got back into the seat and leaned over to touch his arm.

“Cas, come on. We’ll take care of it. Don’t worry.” Cas reluctantly stood and stayed close behind Dean.

“Sam,” Dean whispered. The younger brother turned around.

“Yeah?”

“Cas wet himself. Can you let them know?” Sam’s face turned serious and he nodded. He walked over the one of the workers, but Dean led Cas out of the ride. Cas felt his heart sink when he heard what they put over the speaker of the ride next.

“We had a little accident,” said the voice. “Repeat, we had a little accident.” Tears started spilling over the man’s face.

“I’m so sorry,” he said. “I should have been able to wait.”

Sam ran his hand up and down Cas’s back, pressing with a small amount of pressure.

“Hey, it’s alright. It happens to everybody.”
“They had to clean up after me. Can you tell them I’m sorry?”

“I’m sure they know you’re sorry, Cas. Why don’t we go get you some new pants, though?”

And so the three of them set out to the impala, where Castiel changed into different pants, and they re-entered the fair. For the rest of the day, they forgot about the incident and had a great time riding all the other rides.
The First Nights - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

A newly human Castiel is having trouble holding his bladder at night.

Chapter Notes

This is if Cas were at the bunker while first human and Dean had let him stay.

Cas woke up peacefully, not from a nightmare anything. However, he still found himself on top of a stain around his crotch. When he realised what had happened, his emotions got the best of him and he broke down crying.

After he was fine, even if it was just for a moment, he stood and stripped his sheets and clothes, including underwear. Then, he made his way through the halls to the washing machine.

Sam, who was sick at the time, heard this. He knew he was in no condition to fight, so he pulled out his phone and texted Dean.

‘Hey, someone’s here.’

Dean’s phone buzzed on his bedside table, and he shot up, already with his gun in hand, aimed at the phone. He sighed in relief when he saw it was just a message from his brother. But when he read it, he brought his gun up again, heading out the door of his room.

Back in the washing room, Cas was struggling with his laundry in a pile on the floor. He couldn’t figure out how to open the top to the washer, no matter how much he pulled at it. He groaned in frustration.

Dean followed this noise, still much too tired to realise it was Cas. Soon enough, he got to right outside the door and was about to turn and shoot when he heard something else.

“Dammit!” He definitely knew that voice. He put his gun away and went into the room, not prepared for what he saw next. There was his former guardian angel, completely naked, pulling on the washing machine.

“Cas?” Obviously the other man didn’t know he was there, because he jumped and spun around in surprise.

“Dean!” Dean shut his eyes.

“Cas? Where are your pants?” Cas blushed and crossed his hands in front of his private parts.

“Dean, I can explain--”

“Well, there’s really only two reasons you’d be doing laundry at three in the morning. And I’m pretty
sure I know which one it’s not.”

Cas sighed. “I didn’t mean to wake you, Dean. I’m sorry.” Dean could see the tears welling up in his eyes and knew to be gentle.

“Cas, don’t worry ‘bout it.” He glanced at the pile of sheets and clothes on the floor. “Do you need some help with that?” cas also glanced down and nodded. As he blinked, two tears fell, one from each eye.

So Dean helped him put the stuff in the washer and get it started. The entire time, Cas was trying to stifle his sobs, to no avail. So Dean spoke up.

“Cas, it’s okay. We’ve all done it. Sammy, me.” No response. “Besides, you’re newly human. It’s bound to happen.”

“This is so humiliating,” Cas said, voice cracking.

“You’ll live,” Dean said. He turned back to Cas. “Do you wanna shower now?” Cas only stared at him. “Okay, you can do it later. That way, Sam won’t suspect anything.” Cas brightened.

“You mean you won’t tell him?”

“Not unless you want me to.” Cas smiled.

“Thank you, Dean.” Dean smiled tiredly back at him.

“No problem, Cas. Why don’t you go get dressed? You can go sleep in my bed. I don’t really wanna go back to sleep.” Cas didn’t argue and slipped away to his room.

Dean went over to Sam’s room, creaking the door open slowly.

“Sam, it’s me,” he said, insuring he didn’t get shot. Then he went all the way into the room. “It was Cas. He was going to the bathroom.” Sam glanced over at his clock and squinted.

“At three in the morning?”

Dean rubbed his hand through his hair. “That’s what I said. It must be hard dealing with all that for him though.”

Sam agreed, and then Dean left.

The next day, Cas woke up around the same time, once again, soaked through with urine. But instead of getting up, not wanting to wake Sam again, Cas texted Dean.

‘Dean’

It took a few minutes, but Dean replied.

‘What is it’
‘I seemed to have urinated on my bed again.’

Dean smiled to himself. Of course Cas could make any statement socially awkward.

‘I’ll be right there’

Dean walked in to find Cas up against his headboard, knees drawn up to his chest and tears running down his face again.

“Come on, man, it’s good. Accidents happen.” He walked over to the man and rubbed smooth circles on his back.

“Dean, why does this keep happening to me?” Dean winced.

“I don’t know, man. You’re new at this bladder thing so I don’t blame you. It’s frustrating, isn’t it?”

Cas just continued to sob, throwing his head into Dean’s shoulder. Dean hugged him and the two got everything cleaned back up. They went into the kitchen and had a drink of water.

“Cas, I’m sorry this is happening. I wish I could help. I just—I hope you know that this is okay and normal” Cas fake smiled.

“Thank you, Dean.”

They remained quiet as they emptied their glasses and went back to bed.

This time, Dean didn’t stay up. He let Cas sleep next to him. He knew if he made up an excuse to sleep somewhere else, Cas would catch on and be very upset with himself.

“Goodnight, Dean.”

“Night, Cas.”

Dean woke up first, and he immediately felt a wetness beneath him. He lifted the covers over himself and saw the stain.

Oh, no, he thought, Cas is never going to forgive himself for this.

Either way, he knew he’d have to wake the ex-angel.

“Cas,” he said gently. “Cas, wake up.”

Cas tossed and turned a few times before gaining his consciousness. Then he knew. He broke down sobbing.

“Dean, I’m so sorry. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.” Dean looked at him sympathetically. He wished there were something he could do to help, but there wasn’t.

“Cas, there’s nothing wrong with you. Let’s just go get cleaned up okay?” Cas nodded.

Everything was taken care of. And that afternoon, when Sam went out, Dean talked to Cas.
“Cas, now that Sammy’s okay to be alone, I’m gonna leave for a few days. If you have any trouble, just talk to Sam, alright? He won’t judge.”

“Dean, can you… tell him for me?”

“Uhh, yeah.”

Right before Dean left that night, he also talked to Sam.

“Hey, Cas has been wetting the bed a lot recently, and he’s super upset about it. Could you just keep an eye on him, please? If he wakes up at night just help him get changed and tell him it’s alright.”

“Sure,” Sam said, sort of confused. But he didn’t question it further.

“Thank you so much, Sammy. See ya in a few days.” Sam waved, and Dean turned and left.

The next morning, Cas’s heart sank. He’d hoped he wouldn’t wet the bed, but when he saw it the first thing that went through his mind was, Oh, no, Sam is going to be mad.

So he kept quiet about it and laid back down. Maybe it would dry.

After not too long, Sam woke up. It was six. He checked his phone and found one message from Dean.

‘Check on Cas when you’re up’

Sam put his phone back down and made his way to Cas’s room.

“Cas? You okay?”

He was awake. But decided to make no noise, hoping Sam would go away. He had almost succeeded when he drew in a shaky breath.

“Cas, is everything alright?”

Cas rolled over, tears in his eyes. He was finally able to sniffle loudly.

“I’m okay, Sam.”

“Did… did you…?” He trailed off, not wanting to say it. Cas knew what he was implying and nodded. “Alright, it’s fine. Go ahead and shower. I’ll clean it up.”

Cas did as he was told, and Sam did as he promised. They sat that morning in the kitchen, completely silent, only looking awkwardly at each other.
That lasted until Cas spoke.

“Umm… thank you, Sam. I know I can be a handful sometimes, but I’m glad I have someone like you to help out.”

“No problem, Cas. If you ever need help, I’m here for you. Even if you’re having nightmares at two in the morning and can’t sleep. Really.”

As awfully specific as it was, Cas smiled.

“Once again, just thank you. Could you also maybe teach me how to use the washing machine? I don’t wanna always have to wake you and Dean.”

“Of course, Cas.”
Jessica - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

When Sam wets the bed, he tries to hide it from Dean.

It was Jessica. He saw Jessica. Her burning. Her death. Her grave. A sadness coursed through his veins, his eyes getting hot. After a few minutes, the dread turned into fear. Fear of a future without her. A life of loneliness. Would anyone ever be his Jess again?

He sat up in a motel bed in a cold sweat, chills ran up and down his skin, spine, everywhere. He tried to brush off the feeling, but as he pulled the paisley comforter of of him, a pungent smell stuffed itself up his nose. He knew the smell immediately and glanced to his crotch quickly, hoping he was wrong. He wasn’t. He had pissed the bed.

He got up quickly and stripped to a pair of wet, clingy underpants. He threw these clothes on the ground and pulled the sheets off.

After a while of rummaging through things, he found a big plastic bag to shove everything into before shoving them under the bed. If Dean left for something, which he probably would, Sam would burn the bag and everything in it.

After about a day, Dean still hadn’t left Sam alone, though. And through their case, they’d have to go to a place about 100 miles away.

They left early the next morning, and luckily, Sam hadn’t wet the bed again. He got up and started packing.

“We’ll be back later, Sammy.” A wave of relief washed over him at his brother’s words. He would still have more time to burn the evidence.

So they got in the Impala and started driving. Sam yawned. He hadn’t been getting much sleep lately. With the nightmares and the fact that they were always on the run, Sam felt he had gotten more sleep at Stanford.

When he yawned twice more, dean glanced over at him.

“Why don’t you get some sleep, Sammy? You look tired.” Sam yawned again.

“I’m fine,” he replied. There was no way he was risking pissing himself in the Impala just so he could catch up on sleep.

“Sam, you really don’t look too good.” Sam rolled his eyes.
“Thanks, but I’m okay.”

Dean didn’t bother replying. He knew he’d be contradicted.

But after a few minutes, Sam was asleep anyway. Dean smiled to himself. He loved when he was right. As they got older and Sam just got smarter and smarter, it happened less often. And now that he’d been to Stanford, he was even smarter.

About another hour had passed when Dean began hearing a whimpering from beside him. He looked over to see a distressed Sam. he must’ve been having a nightmare, which was nothing new. Something he did notice, though, was the growing stain on Sam’s pants. It could only mean one thing.

“Sammy,” he soothed as he shook his brother awake. When Sam started coming around, he pulled off the road.

“Dean, what’s wrong?” spilled the words out of Sam’s still half-closed mouth.

“Aw, Sammy.” Dean walked around the car and opened Sam’s door. “Sam, you had an accident.”

“We were in an accident? Are you okay?”

“Sam, everything’s okay.” By this point, Sam was almost completely awake. And that’s when he noticed he was sitting in a puddle.

“Oh, no. Dean, I--”

Dean, hearing the panic in his voice, tried to remain calm. “Sammy, it’s alright. Why don’t you just stand up for a minute?”

Sam groaned in embarrassed frustration as he stepped out of the car. “I’m sorry, Dean. Really. I didn’t mean to.”

“I know, Sammy. Just… calm down and go change.”

“But I didn’t bring any clothes,” he sobbed.

“I brought some in case we had to stay somewhere or something. They’re in the back seat.” Sam didn’t reply but clothes out anyway.

“I’ll, uh, I’ll clean the front seat.” Once again, other than his stifled sobs, Sam had no reply. “Actually, why don’t you sit in the back seat. You could use some more rest.” Sam was still quiet as he stripped from his wet pants and underwear and dressed himself without even drying off. Dean cleaned up the front, Sam put his clothes into a bag, and the two of them continued on the road. With Sam asleep in the back seat, Dean drove slower than he normally would have.

It was only when they were back at the motel did Dean bring it back up.

“Hey, Sam?” Sam stopped typing and looked up from his laptop.

“Yeah?”

Dean hesitated.

“Oh… about what happened in the Impala earlier today--”
“Dean, I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I know, Sammy, but--” He stopped mid-sentence, not knowing what he was supposed to say. Sam stared at him until he made his mind up, deciding to just say it. “Sammy, are you having nightmares?”

Sam drew in a sharp breath. “Uh, no. Why?”

“No reason.” They were both quiet a while. “I washed your clothes.” Sam looked more embarrassed.

“Thanks.”

“And, Sammy?”

“Yeah?”

“I washed your sheets, too.”
“Dean, I don’t understand what’s wrong with you,” Cas said as he looked over at Dean, who was curled up on the other end of the couch.

“He’s sick, Cas,” Sam said as he came into the room with a bowl in his hands. He approached Dean. “Want soup?” he asked. Dean shook his head. Sam sighed. “Okay. Well, if you change your mind, it’s here.” He set it down on the table next to the couch.

When Sam left the room, Dean groaned.

“Is everything okay, Dean?”

“No,” Dean said back.

“Can I help?” Before thinking, Dean took the pillow under his head and threw it to floor as he plopped back down the other way, his head falling into Castiel’s lap. After a few minutes, though, he became dissatisfied with his position and pulled himself completely into Castiel’s lap. He rested his head on Cas’ shoulder and sniffled.

“Put on Scooby Doo,” he said to his angel, to which Cas followed Dean’s command.

After a few minutes, Dean had fallen asleep, his butt still on top of Cas, his knees drawn up to his curled arms, and his head resting peacefully on Cas.

Cas only sat there, watching Scooby Doo for a few hours as Dean slept. But not too long after that, he felt something he didn’t particularly wanted to feel. Not for his sake, but Dean’s. He knew it could be quite embarrassing.

But he knew he’d have to wake Dean. The warm wetness seeping through his clothes was already uncomfortable, and Dean wasn’t even done peeing yet. He gave it a few minutes so Dean wouldn’t wake up still peeing and then placed his hand on the hunter’s shoulder, shaking it a bit.

“Dean, wake up,” he said slowly. “Dean.”

“Cas,” came a small, timid voice. “Cas, I…” The voice died off.

“I know, Dean. I think you should get up.” Dean didn’t listen. He only stayed where he was and started to cry. “Dean, there’s no reason to cry. Everything’s okay.”

“M’sorry, Cas,” he sobbed lighty. “Didn't mean to.”

“I know you didn’t. But you need to get up so we can clean this up before Sam gets in here.”

“M’so embarrassed, Cas.”

“I know.” Eventually, Dean stood up, and Cas with him. But Dean fell back into Cas. The angel
knew he wasn’t going to willingly walk out of here anytime soon, so he placed one hand under Dean’s knees and the other around his back and he scooped him up.

They started on their way out of the room and towards the bathroom, Dean constantly apologising under his breath.

“Dean, you don’t have to apologise. It wasn’t your fault.” And soon, they were at the bath room, and Cas sat Dean down on the toilet. “Why don’t you strip and give me your clothes. I’ll get them washed.” Dean nodded and started undressing right there, not seeming to care about the angel seeing him naked. And he started the shower.

When Cas was done putting all of the clothes in the washer and also dressed himself (he’d take a shower later), he went to find Sam, who was sitting in the kitchen with a book.

“Sam?”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t tell him I told you, but Dean had an accident on the couch, and I wasn’t sure how to get it out.”

Sam only nodded understandingly. “Yeah. He’s got a weak bladder when he’s sick like this. I’ll go check it out.”

“Thank you, Sam.”

“No problem, Cas. Thanks for telling me. It’s just good to know, because a lot of times, he won’t tell me he wet the bed, and he’ll be really upset all day. And I’ll have no way of knowing why.”

And with this, Sam went to clean the couch and Cas also took a quick shower and checked on Dean, who was laying in his bed.

“Dean, are you alright?” Dean shook his head.

“I’m really sorry about earlier, Cas.”

“It’s okay. I’m not mad at you.”

Dean fake smiled and closed his eyes, trying to get some more rest.

“Dean, if anything else happens, get Sam or I. We’ll help, okay?”

When Cas got no reply, he left, leaving the hunter to his sleep.
“Bruce is clearly the strongest,” Nat said.

“Well, I think it’s Rogers,” Thor protested. Loki looked at him, jaw dropped.

“You dumbass. It’s you! You’re the freaking God of Thunder!” Thor glanced at Loki.

“I don’t want to brag in front of infinite beer wizard,” he whispered.

“It’s not bragging. It’s the truth.”

“It doesn’t sound good.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Stop it!” came a deep voice from the front of the car. It was Tony. “I’m trying to drive, and you’re stressing me out.” Peter, who was sitting in the middle of the front seat between Stark and Strange, tensed up again and drank some more water. “Sorry, kid,” Tony said, noticing this. “They’re just really pissing me off.” Peter nodded to show he understood.

They started up conversation again, but Peter sat quietly. He began noticing he had to use the bathroom really badly. Damn those water bottles. However, he didn’t mention the fullness of his bladder for fear of being embarrassed.

Tony did glance over at him a few times, mostly only when he squirmed. He was the only one who seemed to notice. And he was also the only one who seemed to know what was going on.

“Kid, you okay?” Peter looked up and nodded. “You sure?”

“I’m okay, Mr. Stark.” Tony knew he wasn’t, but he wasn’t going to argue. So he turned back to the road.

“Alrighty, kid. But if you need something, let me know.”

“I’m okay, Mr. Stark,” Peter repeated. When Tony was done messing with the kid, Peter crossed his legs and doubled over slightly. Tony decided that unless Peter admitted he need to pee, he wouldn’t get to. Strange noticed that Peter had to go and also that Stark seemed to be ignoring him. He took out his phone and started texting Tony.

Suddenly, a dinging a noise sounded through through the speakers of the car.

“What is it, Friday?” Tony asked.

“You have one new message.”
“Put it in my ear,” he replied.

“One new message from Stephen Strange,” it said through his earpiece. He glanced over at the man before FRIDAY started reading, but Strange was staring out at the road. “Tony, your kid is about to piss himself. Stop the car.”

“I’m not stopping until he admits he has to go.”

“Tony Stark, pull the damn car off the road right now!”

“I’m not going to.” Stephen tucked his phone away and started talking aloud.

“Stark, I’m not feeling too good. You think you can pull over a minute?” tony squinted in anger.

“No.” Steve looked at him in disbelief.

“Tony, that was the rudest thing I’ve ever heard! Pull over!” Tony groaned. “Tony!”

“Fine.” He jerked the car over to the side of the road, causing Peter to whimper. “Kid?” Tony asked as Strange opened the door and stepped out.

“Mr. Stark, may I get out, too? I have to use the restroom.”

Tony smiled. He was glad he finally got Peter to admit he had to go.

“Go ahead, kid.”

“Thanks, Mr. Stark.” Peter reached down to unbuckle and stopped, his eyes getting hot. “Uh, Mr. Stark?”

“What is it?” Peter didn’t respond in words. He only looked down at his lap. Tony recognised immediately the stain across Peter’s jeans. “Get out!” He yelled in a panic. The tears waiting in Peter’s eyes started to fall.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Stark.”

“Just get out,” he demanded. He did as the man told as to not get any of his urine on the seat. When he was out of the car, he finished wetting himself and completely broke down.

“Oh my god,” he cried, making his way over to Strange.

“It’s okay,” he soothed. “Why don’t you stand back a little? I’ll clean up your pants.” Peter didn’t argue and stepped back a few steps. Strange cleaned him up, and Peter climbed back into the front seat.

“Mr. Stark, I’m so sorry,” he squeaked out.

“No, it wasn’t your fault,” Tony replied, knowing the kid was emotionally sensitive. “Sorry I yelled at you.”

“I deserved it.”

“No you didn’t. I’m really sorry. Can we just forget this even happened?”

“Please.”
“Will you tell me next time you have to pee?” Peter nodded.

And just like that, none of the people in the car ever spoke of it again.
Chapter Summary

While trapped under a floorboard, unable to get out, Sam and Dean are forced to face the reality that they can't hold their bladders that long.

Chapter Notes

Set in season one.

Sam tried to reposition himself on top of Dean. They had been stuck underneath the floor of an old abandoned house after hiding from somebody. After the man left, though, they found they couldn’t get out.

So here they were, Dean on the cold concrete beneath him and Sam on top of Dean. Because he was longer than the space they had, though, he had to curl up almost in fetal position on top of his older brother.

Dean had managed to call a friend, who’d be there in a day or so, but until then, they were stuck.

So Dean tried to make conversation.

“How are you, man?”

“Not too good, actually?” Sam replied.

“What’s wrong? Don’t like spending time with me?” Sam was about to mention his semi full bladder but decided against it. He could wait, and Dean would only make it worse.

“Must be,” He said instead. “Or maybe it’s the fact that I’m stuck laying on top of you for another few hours.”

“Did I say hours?” Dean asked and chuckled. “Oops.”

“What?” Sam asked, annoyed. “When’s your friend gonna be here, Dean?”

“Sometime tomorrow night.”

“What?!!?” It was already 11 at night, but Sam knew he couldn’t wait to pee until then.

“Sorry,” Dean said, laughing. “I mean I’m already feeling kind of nauseous. But if anything’s wrong, you may want to let me know now.”

Sam yawned.

“You can sleep if you’re tired. I’ll try and sleep, but I’ve been kind of off, so I might not be able to.”
“I don’t think I should sleep right now, Dean,” Sam admitted as he felt his bladder spasm.


“Dean, I have to pee.”

He heard his older brother sigh. “Ok, it’s fine, just try to sleep. If it comes to the point where you just can’t hold it anymore, I understand.”

Wow, Sam thought. That came out quick.

“I’ll be okay. I’ll try to sleep.” He smiled even though he knew Dean couldn’t see him.

“Alright. I’ll be here.”

“No shit.”

So Sam curled up on top of Dean and fell asleep despite his minor problem of a full bladder.

Dean started to drift off into a light sleep.

And after about five hours, he was awake again. But Sam was still asleep. He started humming AC/DC as he brought one of his arms up over Sam’s back. It weighed down on him, which must have crossed some sort of border.

For just a few seconds later, Dean felt hot liquid seeping through his jeans. He knew it wasn’t any of his bodily fluids, and it didn’t seem to be stopping soon, so he assumed it was Sammy wetting himself.

Poor kid, he thought. He’s gonna be humiliated when he wakes up.

And Dean was right. As soon as the puddle was done forming under his ass, Sam woke up. Dean immediately heard a quiet sob.

“De,” came a small voice.

“Sammy?”

“De, I’m wet. M’sorry. So sorry,” he said, voice cracking with embarrassment and sadness.

“Sammy, it’s okay. I don’t mind.”

“Dean, you’re wet, too. Oh my god, I’m sorry.” He was sobbing at this point.

“No, no, Sammy, don’t cry. It’s alright. Sam?”

In getting no reply, he tried to comfort his brother a different way.

“Sam, we’re gonna be in here a while, and there’s nothing you could have done. In fact, I have to pee, too”

“De… you don’t have to piss yourself for me. It’s okay.”

“No, I’m serious, Sam. I have to go pretty bad now. And with you pressing down on my bladder, I might as well just go now and get it over with.” His little brother was silent, and he decided to just let go. He closed his eyes and tried not to focus on the fact that even more piss had started soaking into
his pants. It was probably getting on Sam’s shirt, too.

“Dean, I’m hungry,” Sam said. Dean felt uncomfortable talking while he was currently peeing on his brother, so he stayed silent. “Dean,” Sam said after a few minutes.

“I heard you, dammit. And I don’t have anything to eat. Just fall back asleep.”

“I can’t. I feel too weird.” Dean sighed.

“Fine. Don’t fall asleep. But don’t complain to me when you’re hungry again.”

Eventually, Sammy fell back asleep and Dean waited for his friend to arrive, not too excited to share with him what happened.
Chapter Summary

Bladder shy Misha has to pee on a flight with Jared and Jensen. After no luck in the bathroom, he cries and wets himself in front of Jensen.

Misha rested his head against the side of the plane, staring out the window, trying to distract himself from the fullness of his bladder. He had been watching his fluid intake, hoping this wouldn’t have happened. Where had he gone wrong?

“Misha, do you need to get up? You seem a bit squirmy.” It was Jensen, sitting next to him.

“I’m okay,” Misha lied.

“Whatever you say.” Jensen forgot about it and went back to messing with the small screen on his seat.

After a few more minutes, Misha decided he’d at least try to use the bathroom. Jared and Jensen moved out of the way for him.

When he came back a few minutes later with a frustrated face, Jensen spoke.

“That why you were squirming so much?” Misha, knowing his bladder was still full and he’d still be squirming, protested against it.

“No. I just wasn’t feeling too good.”

“Oh. You feeling better now?” Misha nodded, even though he wasn’t even close to feeling better.

After another hour, Misha got to the point where he had to cross his legs, no matter how embarrassing it was. He saw that Jensen was busy on the screen and wouldn’t notice. So he crossed his legs and started rocking back and forth. He knew he’d be more comfortable if he could actually pee, but whenever he tried, he froze up.

Two minutes later, Jensen looked over at him.

“Hey, Mi-- what the HELL?” He saw Misha practically pee-dancing in his seat. As humiliating as it was, Misha was still glad Jensen’s loud words didn’t grab Jared’s attention. “Misha, what’s wrong with you?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

Jensen took a long look at him before coming to what he thought was wrong.

“Do you have to piss?”

“Yes,” Misha said, defeated.

“It’s right there and open,” Jensen replied looking at the light-up bathroom sign.
“I already tried,” Misha said, knowing that now Jensen would know his secret.

“What do you mean? Are you bladdershy or something?” Misha nodded as he turned to the window and his face grew redder. “Oh, I didn’t know that.”

“Now you’re the only one who knows it.”

“I’m honoured, but you’re in quite a pickle here.”

“I’ll be okay,” Misha said, despite the tears falling down his cheeks.

“You sure?” Jensen noticed these tears.

“No. I have to pee so bad, and I can’t. How would you feel?”

“Sorry. Is there anything, though, I can do to help?” Misha shook his head. After this, Jensen really just ignored Misha. Until landing, when Misha started to cry a bit louder than before.

“Jensen…” he groaned. Jensen glanced over at him, legs crossed, doubled over, and rocking back and forth.

“Oh my god. Just a few more minutes. After we land, you need to at least try to go again, okay?” Misha nodded, but he knew he wasn’t going to make it.

The landing got closer and closer as spurts started soaking into his boxers. Jensen placed a radiating hand on Misha’s as they touched down, but it didn’t seem to make Misha feel any better. Hitting the ground jostled his bladder just enough, and he lost it. Urine shot out of him, quickly dampening his pants and pooling in his seat. He whimpered again, this time much louder. Jensen looked over, wanting to pretend he wasn’t seeing what was unfolding before him. But he shouldn’t, couldn’t. Misha couldn’t get himself out of this situation alone.

So as the plane landed, Jensen tapped Misha’s shoulder, and Misha looked up, face red with tears.

“Misha, it’s okay.” He didn’t add on to his words, not knowing what else he could possibly say. He also didn’t know how in the hell he was supposed to fix this. “Is it okay if I, uh, tell Jared?” He asked the other man, thinking Jared may have an idea. Misha nodded. Jared would probably figure out anyway.

Jensen turned towards the man sitting on the other side of him. He tapped his shoulder gently.

“Hey, Jared?”

“Yeah?”

“Misha, uh… pissed himself, and I don’t know what to do, so I’m just asking you.” Jared looked completely lost.

“He what?”

“He wet himself.” Jared blushed at the thought.

“Oh. Uhh.” He started to pull off the long overcoat he happened to have on. He handed it to Jensen. “There. Give that to him. Tell him to just button it up all the way.” Jensen gave a slight smile. “After he stands up,” Jared added.

“Yeah.” So Jensen turned to Misha and explained what Jared said.
So they left the plane out into the Atlanta airport and made their way to a family bathroom.

“Can you guys come in with me?” Jared and Jensen looked at each other strangely.

“Uh… Misha,” Jensen started, but cut himself off.

“Please. I just-- I know I’ll be upset, and I think I’ll maybe have an anxiety attack, and I just don’t wanna be alone.” Neither of them argued, and they followed Misha into the room-sized bathroom.

As he undressed, the two of them tried to converse with him, and it worked.

“What happened, Misha?” It was Jared. Misha’s face grew red. “I mean, it’s not every day you forget to go to the bathroom.”

“I can’t go when I’m not in private.” Jared’s forehead stretched as he raised his eyebrows.

“So… you’re bladder shy?” Misha nodded, embarrassed about the way Jared put it. “Hm.” So Misha finished pulling off his pants and dried off with paper towels. Jared and Jensen glanced at each other as he did, not wanting that image burned into their brains. Jensen pulled a new pair of pants and boxers out of Misha’s carry on. Thank God he always brought an extra pair of clothes to the cabin. So he got dressed and they put all of the dirty clothes into a plastic bag the got from the airport staff.

“Hey, uh, can you maybe not mention this again?”

“Sure thing, Mish.”
Drugs - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

While drugged, Dean wets himself in front of prophet Chuck.

Chapter Notes

The end is a bit fast. Oh, well.

Dean sat on the couch in Chuck’s small home. He had been drugged in a way that he couldn’t even stand without support. Chuck was on the phone with Sam

“I don’t know what to do, Sam. He keeps mumbling, but I don’t know what he’s saying. Sam, help me.”

“Calm down, Chuck. It’s okay. Ask him to tell you what he wants.”

“Okay.” He covered the bottom of the phone. “Dean, what do you want?”

Dean groaned in frustration. “Mmm… bladder.”

Chuck turned back to the phone. “He said bladder, Sam. What do I do now?”

“Help him to the bathroom. And make it quick. He’s usually pretty shy about that. If he’s saying things about it, he must really need to go.”

“Um, okay. I’ll go now. Bye.”

“Bye.” chuck walked over to the couch and helped dean. He could see Dean was trying to hide the gestures, but grabbing for your crotch isn’t exactly subtle. As they neared the bathroom, Dean stopped and whimpered.

“Dean, come on. You’re alright.”

“M’sorry,” he squeaked.

“Oh.” He didn’t even have to ask. “Uh.” Dean lifted his left leg up, which was completely soaked already. His right leg not so much. Drops of urine fell from the shoe to the growing puddle on the floor.

“Oh my god,” he groaned miserably.

“Uh, Dean, it’s alright,” Chuck said, trying to cheer him up, but going by the tears that brimmed his eyes, it wasn’t working very well. “Dean, we’re, uh, we’re gonna get you in a bath, okay?”

Dean shook his head.
“Do you wanna wait till Sam gets here?”

Dean shook his head again.

“Look, if you don’t want Sam to know, that’s fine. But you’re gonna have to take a bath.”

Dean whimpered. “I don’t want my stalker to see my dick.”

Chuck sighed. “Dean I didn’t stalk you guys. It’s not my fault I’m a freaking prophet.”

“Still. And if me pissing myself wasn’t enough for your precious books--”

“Dean, I don’t put that in the books. I’ve never put anything like that in the books. Like that time Sam was having nightmares about you and wet the bed for three weeks.”

“S’mmy wet the bed?”

“Uh, no. Do you wanna go ahead and clean up?” Dean nodded.

“Thanks for not telling Sammy.” Chuck grunted and practically dragged Dean to the bathroom. Chuck, m’sorry. You don’t have to do this.”

“Dean, it’s not your fault, and I’m happy to help.”

Neither of them said anything else as they washed Dean up, or mostly Chuck washed Dean up, and got him dressed in some of Chuck’s clothes.

When Sam got there, neither spoke of it, and Sam didn’t seem to notice Dean’s change in clothes.
Sam, having seizures because of the wall breaking, has one in Baby while Dean is driving and accidentally wets himself during it.

“I think I’m doing FINE, Dean,” Sam said, annoyed.

“I’m just saying, with that wall breaking, you’re not exactly in the best shape.”

“Dean, if you really think that I’m not fit for doing what I need to do, then why are we doing it?”

“There are things out there, Sam, that we have to kill. Most of the world can’t handle that kind of stuff.”

Sam was quiet for a second.

“Dean, I’m sorry I can’t--” He cut himself off, so Dean looked over to see if he was okay. He wasn’t.

There he was, sitting in the passenger seat, seizing. Dean quickly pulled off the road, putting his hand on Sam’s shoulder.

“Sam?” He waited a second. Obviously no response. “S-Sammy?”

After about a minute, Sam stopped.

“M’sorry, De,” he said quickly.

“Sammy, you didn’t anything wrong. It’s okay.”

“The seat. I’m so sorry.”

“The seat?” Dean looked down to see what he meant. And sure enough, he found out. Sam had a wet patch on his pants and was sitting in a puddle on the seat. Sam must’ve pissed himself.

“No, Sammy. It’s okay. It’s not your fault.” Sam opened the car door and stepped out. He lifted up one of his legs, feeling as it clung to his crotch.

“Dean.” He looked up, face flushed.

“Just get back in. We can clean it up when we stop.”

Sam got back in, sitting down in the puddle.

“Dean, why are you being so nice about this?”

“What do you mean?” Dean kept his eyes on the road as he pulled back out.

“I just pissed myself in Baby.”
“So?”

“So?”

“Had I done that a few years ago, you would’ve killed me.”

“Yeah?” Well, a lot can change in a few years.”

Sam didn’t say anything as they rode to the closest motel.
“Dean,” Sam said, feeling his overfilled bladder nagging at him. Dean turned the radio down but kept his hand on the knob.

“What?” he asked, somewhat annoyed.

“I have to pee,” he said, embarrassed.

“Hold it,” Dean replied and turned the radio back up. Sam’s heartbeat sped up. He didn’t think he could hold it. He’d told Dean he had to go because he couldn’t.

“Dean, I--” But Dean couldn’t hear.”Dean!” he yelled a little bit louder. The volume went up even more. “Dean, I will piss myself in your Baby on purpose!”

The radio then shut off. “Go in a cup,” he grumbled.

“There aren’t any in here, Dean,” he moaned. “Please. Can you just pull over?”

“We’re on a tight schedule.” Sam knew he wouldn’t win and decided to wait until Dean had to go.

But after another hour, Sam was wriggling around in the passenger seat, and Dean’s eyes hadn’t left the road.

“Dean,” he whimpered, his legs pulled onto the seat.

“We’re not stopping.” He continued to whimper in silence until Dean sped up a lit bit, causing the car to slightly jerk forward. The motion jostled his bladder, and he felt a spurt escape and dampen his boxers.

“Dean, I can’t hold it. I’m going.” Dean kept calm while he pulled off to the side of the road.

“Go,” he said flatly, but Sam didn’t move. He only looked down a the growing stain on his pants. Dean noticed the glistening of it and jumped closer to his brother, but didn’t touch him.

“Get out,” he demanded. Sam didn’t argue. He stepped out, urine still running down his pants. He looked up at Dean with sad eyes, knowing that pulling himself out of his pants wouldn’t do anything now. “Dammit, Sam, take your pants off, man.”

“Dean, I’m so sorry.”

“Stop it. Don’t apologise.”

“Dean,” he whined, the one word stretching out.

“I’m sorry, man. I should’ve pulled over when you asked.” Sam didn’t say anything. He only looked down at his pants in sorrow.
“Dammit, Dean,” he mumbled, voice breaking. Then he bursted into tears, throwing his hands up to his face. Dean slid out his door and walked around the front of the car.

“Sammy, it’s not your fault,” he tried as he walked past his little brother, quickly dragging his hand down Sam’s arm. And he went to open the trunk and pulled Sam’s bag out. “I’m sorry,” he said again as he picked out another pair of jeans for Sam.

“Well, it’s not your fault. I should’ve been able to hold it another second.”

“No, Sam. Don’t worry. I was a jerk. I’ve just been so worked up about everything that’s been going on. I’m really sorry.” Sammy wiped away his tears.

“I just pissed myself, Dean,” he said as he kicked off his shoes.

“Nobody has to know, Sam. I won’t tell a soul.” sam was quiet as he finished dressing, and Dean waited in the car. He shoved his clothes into the towel he found in the back seat.

“I’m so sorry,” he said. “I can’t believe I just did that. It was humiliating.”

“Sam, I’m sorry I didn’t stop for you. I swear I won’t tell anyone. I’ll do your laundry, too.” No reply. “Okay, when I start driving, we’re going to forget all about this.” Sam nodded. “Good.”

And the Impala started, driving off down the road.
Bridge - Supernatural

Chapter Summary

Stuck on a bridge in the Impala, poor Cas has to pee with Sam and Dean.

“Dean?”

“Yeah, Cas?” Dean replied as he looked over the narrow bridge they were about to cross. He’d always hated places like this with small stores and small roads.

“Can we stop somewhere? I have to use the bathroom.” Dean nodded.

“There’s a little town up here it looks like. It’ll only be a few minutes. This bridge is freaking long.”

“Okay.”

Sam stayed quiet. He, too, had to go a bit, but based on the way Cas was squirming freely now, it wasn’t as bad as him.

As they reached the midpoint of the bridge, Cas let out a small, involuntary whimper. Dean turned to see what was wrong.

“Cas, why didn’t you tell me earlier?” Cas didn’t reply, so Dean turned back to see the road. And suddenly, the car jolted forward.

“Dean,” Cas said, throat tight. “Could you not do that again, please?”

“Sorry, man. The car in front of us just stopped.” He tried his best to see what was going on, but couldn’t. “I don’t know what’s wrong. It’ll probably clear up in a few minutes, though.”

And Cas really did hope so, but after another ten, not a single person on the bridge had moved at all.

“Dean,” Cas nearly whined. Sam was surprised to hear the man so timid.

“You know what? I have to go pretty bad, too. Cas, do you want to walk to that town up there? We can find a bathroom.” Cas nodded. “We’ll be right back, Dean. Call me if you get off of the bridge.”

“Okay.”

So they started walking forward, knowing it would take way too much time to walk back the other way. But when they got closer to the edge, Sam saw two bodies, both unconscious on the road. One of them was a child and the other seemed to be the kid’s mom.

“I’m sorry. You can’t go this way.” A police officer stepped in front of them, and Sam looked at her instead of the bodies.

“Listen, my friend really has to go to the bathroom. We’ll be quick.” The officer gave them a sympathetic look.

“Sorry, boys.” Then she caught a glimpse of Cas, legs pressed together, hands in fists at his side,
trying not to perform more embarrassing gestures, such as doubling over or grabbing his crotch. “You’ll just have to wait.” Then she pointed the other direction, behind them. “Or you could walk back that way.” They both turned to look at the ridiculously long bridge, but they couldn’t even see land on the other side.

“We’re okay.” Sam gave her a quick smile before turning back around, walking slowly so Cas could keep up. “How you holdin’ up, Cas?”

“Bad.”

“I’ll see if I can find you a cup or bottle or something when we get back to the impala. If not, it’s okay if you just...” He stopped. “It’s going to be a while up there. I mean, they’ve got bodies and no ambulance yet. And I don’t want you uncomfortable.”

“Sam,” Cas protested, catching on to where Sam was going. “Dean would be so mad at me. And I’d ruin the seat. I won’t do that.”

“You wouldn’t ruin the seat. You know how many times that seat’s been pissed on? And Dean being mad? What would he do to you? Give you the silent treatment for a few minutes?” Cas swallowed.

They reached the car just a second later, and Sam opened the back door for Cas, who slid in and grabbed his crotch.

“That was quick,” Dean said, but when he looked at Cas, he knew they hadn’t actually been to the bathroom. “What’s going on up there?”

“Two bodies, from what I could see. Probably some wrecked cars, too. It’s going to be a while till we can drive.” Dean sighed and cranked off the car. Then he glanced back at Cas and quickly back to Sam

He put a hand over his discreetly so Cas couldn’t see it moving. ‘What about him?’ He mouthed as he moved his eyes to gesture to Cas.

‘I told him it’s okay to go,’ Sam mouthed back.

‘In my car?’

‘Dean.’ Sam activated one of his bitch faces. Then he took out his phone so he could text his brother.

‘There’s nowhere else to go. The other side of the bridge is miles away. We don’t have any bottles. And he’s uncomfortable.’

‘Fine.’

“Hey, Cas?” Dean said as he turned to see Cas in the back seat.

“Yes, Dean?”

“Just go,” he said. He faced forward and silently sighed through his nose.

“Dean, I--”

“Go!” Dean practically yelled. It startled even Sam.

“Whoa, Dean,” Sam said, looking in disbelief at his brother. “Calm down.” He turned back to Cas.
“Sorry, man. I think he’s just upset we’re stuck in this…” His words slowed and stopped when he saw the growing stain on Cas’ pants. He bit his lip and turned back to the front of the car. They were all quiet and heard the soft hiss of the ex angel’s bladder emptying, making them all very uncomfortable, Cas especially. When his stream finally died down, he looked horrified down at his lap.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“It’s alright, man,” said Dean. “When you gotta go, you gotta go, right?” He chuckled a bit, but stopped himself abruptly.

“Dean,” said Sam.

“What is it, Sammy?”

“I have to go, too.” Dean rolled his eyes.

“Can you at least try to hold it until we get out of this traffic?” Sam nodded. “Okay.” He turned so that he had one leg up on his seat. “So, who wants to play a game?” Cas shook his head and looked down at his lap once again, trying to pull his trench coat over the mess.

His pants were completely soaked. ‘He must’ve really had to go,’ thought Dean.

“Hey, uh, Cas. It’s okay,” he said. “Really. It happens to the best of us. Don’t sweat it.” Cas looked shyly up at Dean, but didn’t say anything. “Cas, we won’t tell anybody if that’s what you’re worried about. And there’s no need to be embarrassed around us.”

“I know, Dean, but--” He cut himself off as tears started to poke at his eyes. Then he sniffled. Sam and Dean looked at each other before Dean got out of the car and slid into the back seat next to Cas, wrapping both of his arms around the fallen angel. Tears rolled down Cas’s cheeks, but he didn’t try to stop them.

“It’s alright, Cas. Just let it out.” Then he made even more awkward contact with Sam, who grinned as Dean’s face reddened.

‘Bitch,’ me mouthed.

‘Jerk.’
Human Cas is upset after wetting the bed because he thinks he should only go in the toilet.

The end kind of drags.

“Stay with me, Cas,” Dean said as he had one hand down on the other side of Cas than his body. He had his head bent down in front of the newly human angel. “Come on, man.” But Cas’s eyes stayed closed. The cuts and bruises all over his body were nothing compared to the sheer amount of blood coating his face.

“How’s he doing?” Sam asked from the front seat.

“He’s not breathing too heavily.” Then Dean took Cas left wrist in his hand. “But he’s still got a regular pulse.”

“Alright.”

“Is it okay if he sleeps, Sam? He’s looking pretty damn tired.”

“No,” the younger Winchester replied immediately. “Keep him conscious until we can make sure there’s nothing seriously wrong.” Dean sighed.

“Alright.” Then he proceeded to nudge Cas until he opened his eyes again. “Sammy says you gotta stay awake until we check you out, Cas.” The other man grunted in reply.

“Dean, I don’t feel very good.” Dean tried his best not to roll his eyes. “What happened?”

“Well, you got in a fight with another angel over some grace, but, uh, you weren’t strong enough to take her down.” Cas only squinted his eyes slightly and started weirdly up at Dean.

When they got to the motel, Sam looked over Cas to be sure there weren’t any serious cuts or injuries, but he seemed to be fine.

So he let Cas fall asleep, and Dean gave him some privacy. Him and Sam sat at a table in another part of the room and began quietly looking for a case online.

After a few hours, they were both interrupted by Cas’s gravelly voice.

“Dean?” he said, but his voice sounded more emotional, more human than it ever had before.

“Oh, Cas,” Sam said, though, as he started over to the bed. “How are you feeling? Does anything
“What’s the matter?” Sam asked when he noticed something wasn’t quite right. The ex angel’s face was as red as he’d ever seen and he white knuckled the comforter on top of him.

“I, um, I think I’m sorry.” And he burst into unexpected tears. Sam and Dean made awkward eye contact with each other before Dean stood and jogged over to the bed to be by his angel’s side.

“Hey, Cas, what’s the matter, bud?” Cas didn’t answer, so Dean got a bit closer to him, rubbing a hand up and down his back gently. “Are you hurting?” Cas shook his head as he began to raise the covers up a small bit. Both of the brothers directed their attention towards it, so he knew he had to tell them.

“Dean, I…” and then he pulled the comforter all the way off to reveal the odd shaped stain underneath his soaked borrowed pyjama pants. Seeing this, he started to cry even harder. “I’m so sorry.” And a loud sob escaped him.

When Dean saw it, he immediately started feeling sorry for the guy. He felt the secondhand embarrassment for the former angel and started to rub his shoulders.

Sam only looked in shock, like he couldn’t look away. But when Dean looked to him, he blinked a few times fast and jerked his head around to look at his brother.

“Cas, why don’t you get on up? We can get you cleaned.” Cas obeyed and started to get up. When Dean followed him into the bathroom, Sam started to pull off the sheets, wondering why Cas had been so upset at something so petty. He decided not to question it and continued pulling off the sheets.

In the bathroom, Cas curled himself up on the floor next to the bathtub.

“Cas,” Dean soothed. “It’s alright. No big deal.”

“But, Dean, I peed in the bed. You told me I was only supposed to go in the toilet. And I was supposed to recognise the urge to go.” Dean gave a sympathetic smile.

“Cas, you can’t feel the urge when you’re asleep. It’s not your fault. You were hurt. We didn’t want to wake you so you could use the bathroom before you slept, alright?” Cas nodded miserably.

“Okay, why don’t you strip down and hand me your clothes. Then you can get yourself in the shower.” Cas stood, and Dean turned to give him privacy as he undressed.

Soon, Dean came out of the bathroom with the former angel’s clothes.

“He’s in the shower,” he told his brother as they made their way out of the room to find a place to wash all of the wet stuff.

“I hope he’s not too upset about it.”

“It’s just since we told him that he should only go to the bathroom in the toilet. He thinks he’s just a disappointment.”

“Should we talk to him?”

“He’ll be okay.”

“Alright.”
“That’s them,” Dean whispered as he looked over Jack’s shoulder. When the boy turned around, though, he got a little mad. “Don’t look,” he said. Jack immediately turned back around, frightened.

“Sorry,” he said in a dejected tone.

“Looks like they’re getting ready to leave,” Dean said, getting out his wallet to pay for the drinks they bought. He stood slowly, so the boy stood, as well. But when he did, his knees bent down and his back up at how full his bladder was.

“I’m gonna use the bathroom,” he said, but Dean stopped him. Then the people he’d been staring at walked by.

“No can do, kiddo. Looks like we’re out of here.”

“But, Dean,” he whined. Dean didn’t listen, only followed the people out. Jack had no choice but to follow.

As soon as Dean started driving, Jack knew he was in trouble. Every slight turn the car made threatened to empty his bladder, but he was too embarrassed to mention it to Dean.

They watched as the other car sped up in realisation that someone was following them. Dean also sped up, and Jack squirmed and whimpered.

“Sorry, kid. I almost got them.”

Jack shut his eyes tight. “Dean, I have to go.”

“You have to pee?” Dean glanced over to see him nodding. “Okay, just hold it a few more minutes.”

“I’m sorry. I can’t.”

“Don’t you dare piss in this car, kid.”

“Dean,” he said in a sad voice as he grabbed himself through his pants. That was all it took for Dean to pull the car off the side of the road.

“Go ahead,” he sighed. Jack continued to hold himself as he waddled out of the car. When he let go to undo his jeans, he doubled over.

Dean got out, too, to make sure the kid was alright. As he walked around the impala, though, he saw the car they had been following turn around and start making its way back. Out of the window, Dean saw the barrel to some sort of gun. Not knowing whether it was dangerous to Jack or not, he sprinted to the boy and pulled him down to below the windows. So here they sat, Dean up against the car and
Jack in his lap, still squirming.

“Dean, what are you—” And suddenly, a loud bang rang throughout the air, and they both looked up to see a big flame enveloping the car.

Dean felt a warmth spread over his pants. He knew exactly what was happening. When things got quiet just a second later, he heard it, too. A soft hiss filled the air as they waited for another attack. But none came, so Jack finished peeing in complete silence. The older man looked down at his crotch, which made it look as if he were the one who just pissed himself.

“I’m so sorry, Dean,” Jack cried.

“It’s okay, kid. You’re safe. That’s what matters, right?” But then Jack started sobbing hard. “Jack, don’t cry. I’m sorry I pulled you down on me. I didn’t know you had to go that bad.”

“Dean,” was all he could say before sniffling really loudly. The older hunter wrapped his arms around Jack soothingly.

“I’m not mad, Jack. Do you want to get up and get back?” Jack nodded as he pulled himself out of Dean’s grasp and stood up on the dirt, looking in shame at his pants, which were completely soaked. Dean also stood, but tried not to look down at his, not wanting to make the kid feel even worse.

“Dean, are you sure we should get back in the car? I don’t want to ruin the seats.”

“Trust me, kid,” Dean said as he looked to make sure they weren’t still still there. “If these were sensitive, Sammy would have ruined them already. Between his tiny bladder and constant wet dreams, oh,” Dean caught himself suddenly. “I shouldn’t have said that. Don’t tell him I said that. He’s kind of embarrassed about them.”


“We’ll talk about it on the way home.”

“Okay.” And with this, they got in the car and drove off.
Chapter Summary

Roger Taylor wets the bed. :/

Chapter Notes

Just watched Bohemian Rhapsody and I loved it.

Roger sat on the couch coughing like crazy. He’d been sick for a few days, and all he wanted to do was just sit down and peacefully watch the telly. But his noisy coughs were making that impossible.

Brian looked over in annoyance.

“Can you keep it down, Rog?” Roger glared at him. And after a few seconds, he stood up.

“Yeah. Why don’t I just leave, huh? It would seem to be better for everyone in the—” He was cut off by his scratchy throat once again, breaking out into another coughing fit.

John smiled to himself. It was funny to him that Roger couldn’t get through even one sentence without making a complete fool of himself.

That’s when Freddie came in and saw Roger, arm over his mouth as he coughed. And he saw John smiling and Brian laughing. He ran over to Roger and started leading back over to the couch.

“What are you doing, Freddie?” he managed, calming down.

“Oh, darling, you are going to watch this television if you want to. And if Brian and Deacy are giving you a hard time about it, I’ll make sure they’re the ones who leave.”

Roger raised his eyebrows. “Thanks, Freddie.”

“You’re very welcome. Now watch the telly.” Roger grinned at Brian and watched what was on. Freddie went back into the kitchen.

After a few seconds, Freddie returned with a glass of water for his friend.

“Drink up. It’ll make your throat feel better.” Roger did so.

***

Hours later, they had all started heading to bed. When John and Freddie took the first bedroom, Brian squinted somewhat angrily at Roger.
“Now I’ve gotta share with you.”

“Sorry,” Roger said in a real dejected tone, causing Brian to get a bit worried that he’d really hurt him.

“It’s fine.” Roger went into the room first and took the bed closer to the door, leaving Brian with the one by the window. They both managed to slip into a sleeping state without Roger coughing, which was a miracle.

But around two in the morning, Roger started screaming. Brian woke up immediately to find his friend struggling in his bed, his covers being thrown around on top of him. Brian stood and walked over to the other bed.

“Roger, it’s okay,” he said, placing a hand on Roger’s thrashing shoulder. “Calm down, Rog. Whatever’s happening, it’s not real.” Roger sat up forcefully in his bed, breathing heavily. “Hey, you alright?”

Roger nodded, but then when Brian pulled him into a hug, he noticed a wetness crawling beneath him. He knew exactly what it was. Then he broke down into tears. Brian hugged him closer.

“It’s alright, Roger. What’s the matter, buddy?” Roger sobbed.

“I didn’t know I—“ He cut himself off with another sob.

“Hey, Rog, it’s alright. Whatever’s wrong, it’s okay. It’s all okay.”


“What do you mean?” The blonde hesitantly pulled the covers off of his body, allowing Brian to see the stain on his pants and sheets. “Oh. It’s alright, Rog. Why don’t you, er, hop on up and have yourself a shower?”

“I’m so sorry, Brian.”

“It’s alright.” Brian helped Roger up to a point where his feet were dangling off the bed. Suddenly, the door opened.

“What’s going on?” asked Freddie.

“It’s nothing. Roger just had a nightmare.”

“Oh. Is he alright? I heard crying.”

“Yeah. He’s fine. Just a little shaken up.”

Freddie nodded to himself. “I’m going back to bed then. Just wanted to see if he was alright.”

“Night, Freddie.”

“Night, darling.” And then he left. Brian ran a hand through Roger’s hair and dried one of his tears with another.

“Roger, calm down. It wasn’t your fault. We’ll get this cleaned up and get you back to bed, alright?” The blonde nodded.
When Brian started walking out, Roger didn’t follow. The other man came back into the room.

“Rog, you’re going to have to get up.” Roger shook his head.

“What if somebody’s out there?”

Brian sighed. “Well, do you want me to carry you?”

***

“Roger, stop crying. There’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“I pissed myself, Brian.” And then he started coughing.

“It happens, Rog.” He pulled the younger man closer to him and hurried to the bathroom, where he sat Roger down on the cold toilet seat. “Undress real quick and I’ll go get you some new clothes.”

“Okay.”

***

When he returned, Roger was sitting completely naked on the toilet seat. His soiled clothes were on the floor, and his face was bright red. Brian sat the clothes down next to the sink.

“Start the shower, Rog. I’ll clean these.” He picked up the clothes from the floor.

“I’m really sorry, Brian. I don’t want to be a burden.”

“It’s alright. I want to help however you need it. You’re my friend.” Roger smiled.

“Thanks.”

“No problem. Now start that shower.” Brian fled before Roger stood, wanting to give the man a little bit of privacy.

When he got back to the room, he stripped the sheets and carried them, along with the clothes, on his way out to the hallway joining the two rooms and bathroom.

As he made his way closer to the washing machine, he was so focused on the shower he’d heard turn on that he didn’t notice John standing with a cup of water at the bar.

“Brian? Is everything okay?” He sipped at his water.

“Oh! Yeah. What are you doing up?”

“I came out here when Freddie went to check on you guys. Couldn’t go back to sleep.”

“Sorry.”
John let the apology drop as he noticed the pile of laundry in Brian’s hands.

“Did one of you…?”

“Uh, yeah. He’s in the shower now. Don’t tell him you know. He’s really embarrassed.”

“Oh, yeah.” And then like magic, Freddie appeared once again.

“I heard you guys talking.” He then noticed the laundry as well. “Did he do more than have a nightmare, Brian?” And he grinned.

“Yeah. But don’t mention it, okay? He’s beaten up over it.”

“Of course, darling.”

***

When Roger was out of the shower, John had replaced his sheets and Freddie had thrown his other ones in the washer. And at 2:30 in the morning, they were all waiting for him on the couch in front of the television.

“Brian?” He looked worriedly over at his friend.

“I told them you just had to refresh after your nightmare.”

Roger nodded to himself. “Uh, yeah.”

And then he sat down, and they talked like nothing had happened.
Concert - Queen

Chapter Summary

Freddie has to pee during a concert and runs off afterwards to go. Things don't quite go right.

Chapter Notes

It was 3 in the morning. I was tired. I was bored. I wanted to write. This happened for some reason. I got lazy, so the end is kinda crappy :/

Roger watched as his friend walked across the stage. They were playing no song, but Freddie was still wiggling around. Roger knew what was wrong, and thought the man deserved it. He had to pee.

Before they went on stage, Roger stopped at the bathroom. John And Brian did, as well, but Freddie has only looked at them funny.

“You guys can’t hold your bladders? Babies.”

“Freddie, you should probably go. It was a long drive.”

“I’ll be fine, darling.”

And so here they were. Just one more song left. And it was Don’t Stop Me Now, not too long. Which was always good for Freddie.

He managed through the song alright and then ran off stage. Roger slowly followed to the nearest bathroom to make sure he was alright. But when he got inside of it, he noticed a yellow puddle on the white tiles next to a urinal.

“Freddie?” And then he heard muffled sobs. “Hey, Freddie, are you alright?”

“Roger…”

“Fred?” He took a few steps to look in each of the stalls and found that Freddie was sitting in the corner of the big stall, his head buried in his knees. Roger could already see the yellow stains and wet spot on Freddie's jumpsuit. “Oh, Freddie.”

He stepped closer, attempting to pull the man up.

“Come on, Fred,” he said soothingly. “It’s alright. It was an accident.”

“Rog… er. I, I didn't me...ean to. I—“ And he was sobbing again.

“Hey. It’s okay. Nothing we can’t fix, right? But you have to get out of here.” Freddie nodded and followed Roger out of the bathroom. Outside, Brian and John saw the two and rushed over to make
sure Freddie was alright. He was practically limp.

“Is everything alright?”

“What happened?”

Roger looked over at Freddie. “He’s fine. He just—it’s nothing.”

“Why’s he walking like that?”

Roger then made incredibly awakened eye contact with John. ‘He wet himself,’ he mouthed, not even sure John would understand. He did by some miracle.

‘Oh.’

Roger continued bringing Freddie back to the trailer.

“We’ll only be a minute.”

And they walked out of sight.

“Poor Freddie,” John muttered to himself. Brian didn’t know what happened, but based on the way Freddie was acting about it, he really didn’t want to know.

After Roger helped clean him up, none of them ever spoke of it again.
“Dean,” Sam groaned. His arms and legs were bound to the table beneath him. “Dean.” He knew his brother wouldn’t be there for a while, but he had to go to the bathroom very badly. And there was nothing else he could do.

His hips thrashed back and forth as he moaned again.

“How long is this going to take?”

Somebody walked into the room. “What do you want?”

“I have to,” he started. But he stopped when his bladder spasmed. He started moving around again.

“Be quiet, boy.” The man walked around the table and jabbed a hand in Sam’s abdomen, causing him to scream in pain. “Stop moving, you won’t break free.”

“Move your hand,” he cried. The man pushed it further into him.

“Stop moving.” Sam stopped until the man left the room once again. And his hips started moving again. He knew he wouldn’t be able to hold it, but he wasn’t going to willingly piss himself.

“Dean.”

That’s when he heard a reply that wasn’t the man keeping him hostage.

“What are you doing here?” Sam heard a gunshot, and then a ‘what the hell’ from his brother. Then he heard as many things came crashing down. He could feel his bladder spasm again.

“Dean, hurry!” He felt so embarrassed he was having this problem. He was 22 for God’s sake and shouldn’t be on the verge of soaking his pants.

“Give me some time, man! This guy’s tough.” Sam felt his eyes get hot as a small spurt of urine shot out of him.

“Oh, god,” he whispered under his breath as his vision got blurry from unshed tears. That’s when Dean spoke again.
“Yes! Finally!”

“Dean,” he cried again. He tried to cross his legs but couldn’t move them because of the bonds at his ankles.

“Hey, what are you freaking out about, dude?” But then Dean walked in and saw Sam struggling on the table. A small wet spot appeared near the fly of his pants. “Son of a bitch.” Dean ran over and started frantically untying the knots, but to no avail.

“Can you go a bit faster?”

“Sam, they won’t freaking open. Keep you hands still.”

“Try harder.”

“I am, man. They must be cursed or something. Did that guy do something?”

“He said… some gibberish and then left.” Sam started frantically moving again. “Hurry the hell up, Dean.” Then he started crying. “Dean, I’m have to pee.” A loud sob sounded in the room.

“I know that dammit. I’m trying, Sam. I really am.” Sam groaned as the wet patch grew larger.

“Dean!”

“Goddammit!”

“I’m gonna wet myself!”

Dean tried again with two more of the knots.

“Why won’t they come undone?!”

“What did he say?”

“I don’t know!” Sam cried harder as Dean stood and walked over to the book on a table.

“Damn. It’s closed.” He flipped through it fast, but nothing caught his eye. “Son of a bitch!”

“Dean!!!”

“I know, Sam! I’m trying to find something!”

“Can you cut them?” Dean pulled out a pocket knife and tried, but it didn’t work.

“It’s not working!”

“Can you… you know?” It took Dean a minute to understand what he was getting at. And then his face scrunched up in disgust.

“Ew! No!”

“Dean, please! I’m about to pee myself!” He sniffled loudly, wishing he could wipe his tears. The stain grew even bigger, about halfway down his right thigh.

“Dude, I’m not touching your penis!”

“Come on! It’s not like you’ve never seen it before!”
“As much as I don’t want to see my adult brother piss himself like a baby, I’d rather have that happen than me touching you in places a brother never should.”

“Dean! Please!”

“No!” Dean tried once again at the knots, but they still wouldn’t budge. “I’m gonna try every reverse spell in this book, alright?” Sam cried as he fidgeted more than he already had. He was practically rocking the table.

“Hurry!”

“I will, but I don’t want you to hurt yourself, Sammy.”

“Dean, stop!” Dean threw his hands up in surrender. He flipped through a few pages before hearing a string of ‘no’s falling out of Sam’s mouth.

He looked up to see his little brother struggling as the wet patch grew bigger and bigger. Soon enough, a soft hiss filled the silent room, and Sam was lying in a puddle on the table.

“Oh my god,” he whispered before breaking out into tears. “I’m so sorry. I’m such a baby!”

“It’s alright, man. Let’s just get these bonds undone.”

For the next couple of minutes, Dean looked through pages but couldn’t help but hear Sam crying.

“Sam, it wasn’t your fault. I mean, when was the last time you had the chance to even go to the bathroom? It’s not an easy job. Just be glad it’s only pee.”

Sam sniffled, but stayed quiet. Eventually, they got the bonds off, and Dean led Sam to the impala.

“You can change at the motel. It’s just. A few minutes away.”

Once again, Sam was quiet. And he didn’t say a word the rest of the day. Dean knew bringing up the accident would make Sam mad or sad or whatever other emotion he’d feel, so he still didn’t say a thing.
Chapter Summary

Martin pees himself on set, and Ben and Steven are really kind about it.

Chapter Notes

This is weird. Yesterday, I was walking around Port Angeles, and I was kind of standing on a pier. I was at the top of this staircase thing there is there. But I was just watching container ships and ferries and stuff leaving for Canada and Seattle and whatnot. And then I started thinking about this summer when I went to Seattle on one of the ferries. And then I remembered that on the ferry, I wrote this story. And then last night when I got home, I spent forever trying to find it. And it's pretty shitty, but why the hell not put it on here? Enjoy.

Martin watched as a stunt double fell from a platform to a big, inflated bag of air on the sidewalk. He’d seen it a few times already, but this time would be different. He didn’t know it yet, though. Nobody did. Until the stunt double landed, and instead of standing back up, he groaned. Many people ran up to see if he was okay.

“I can’t feel my leg,” he said to them. The people on the platform, including Benedict Cumberbatch, came down to see if he was okay as well.

Before long, an entire crowd of people surrounded Martin. His breathing became erratic, as he started to shake.

Instead of going to the stunt double, Ben made his way over to Martin.

“You alright?” he asked, getting close to Martin to hear him. Martin didn’t answer. “Martin?”

A look of sheer horror played across Martin’s face.

“What’s wrong?” Now, Ben’s voice was deep in concern. Martin tilted his head down at the sensation of hot liquid down his pants. As the other man saw this, his look softened.

“B-- Ben?” Martin said, tears welling up in his eyes as the stain continued to grow. Martin grasped Ben’s wrist tightly and buried his face into his upper arm. The warmth of his rough skin radiated up the taller man’s arm, sending shivers down his spine.

After a few minutes, Martin looked up at Ben’s face. He looked down at the puddle around his feet. A sob escaped his lips as he pulled in a shaky, snotty breath. A noise sounded, drawing attention. Ben noticed and quickly pulled himself in front of Martin and wrapped his arms around him protectively.

“Oh, no. You’re getting it on yourself,” Martin said quietly in between sobs.
“Don’t worry about it,” he replied. “Hey, hey, you’re alright. It’s okay.” He backed away a bit, starting to take off his long coat.

“No, Ben, this is humiliating.” Ben gave a sympathetic look as he slipped his coat off all the way, handing it to Martin.

“Put it on. It’ll cover you until we get to Steven, okay?” Martin sniffed.

“I don’t want to go to Steven.”

“He won’t mind. It’s alright.” Martin then took the coat that had been resting in his hand and threw it over his back, shoving his arms in the holes.

Both of their faces reddened as they pushed through the crowd. Ben got to Moffat and whispered something in his ear. Moffat turned to a man behind him.

“Is everything good here?” he asked.

“They’re saying he broke his leg,” the man replied.

“I’ve gotta leave for a bit, so make sure he gets to a hospital or whatever.”

“Alright.” Moffat turned to Martin, then, seeing the teary face, turned to the younger man.

“Are we okay? Need a change of clothes?” Martin sniffed again, not wanting to answer and admit the problem. But Steven didn’t need an answer. “Let’s go get you some new pants.” He smiled lightly at Martin. Then he noticed the too long coat on the man. “Nice coat,” he said, grinning.

As they started walking to wherever they were going, Martin spoke.

“Sorry,” he said, trying his hardest not to cry again. “I don’t know what happened. I just kind of tensed up.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it. Costume will get everything sorted. I’m sure this isn’t the first incident they’ve come across.”

“Yeah,” Martin agreed, giving a slight smile. Ben glanced at him and threw his arm up to Martin’s shoulder. They caught eyes, and Martin then knew that everything would be fine.
Chapter Summary

Freddie, John, Brian, and Roger are captured in a net by a crazed fan, and one of them has to pee. Bad.

“Can you please move over a bit?” Roger asked. Brian was currently lying atop him and his overfilled bladder. And all he wanted was to be let down and take a leak. But he couldn’t.

“Does it look like I can move over?” Brian twisted to look the blonde in the face, but because he was on top of Roger’s torso, it only made it worse.

“Stop moving!” he shouted.

Freddie, whose head was resting on Roger’s crotch, shuffled.

“Rog, darling, it’s not worth getting mad over. We are stuck in a net after all.” He raised one of his arms and pulled on the top of it. It rocked ever so slowly back and forth.

“Freddie, you’re going to make it fall,” complained John.

“Oh, yeah!” Brian’s face lit up as Freddie started shaking it more. John shifted, trying to get comfortable as Brian and Freddie swung the net from side to side. Roger groaned.

“Guys, please stop.” They did.

“What’s the matter, Roger darling?” The blonde rolled his eyes.

“Could you just stop?”

“Are you hungry? I’ve got a cracker in my pocket.”

“I’m fine. But why the hell do you have a single cracker in your pocket?”

“Are you tired?” Brian twisted once again, causing Roger to groan once again.

“No, I’m not tired.” As Roger moved his hips around some more, Freddie caught on.

“Oh, darling, do you have to use the loo?” Roger blushed, and they were all silent for a few seconds.

“No.” John sighed. “And of course I’m right under you.”

“I didn’t want this to happen.” Roger’s eyes were getting red and hot, and it showed in his voice.

“It’s alright, darling. It’s a bodily function. Just let it out. Let it all out.”

“Freddie.” The name dragged on as Roger groaned.

“Freddie, don’t tell him to just piss himself. I’m sure he can wait.”
“Can we not talk about this? Just don’t rock the net. It’s not going to fall.”

Brian stayed as still as he could, not wanting to set Roger over the edge. He didn’t know how bad his friend had to go, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to risk it.

“Roger, Freddie’s right. If you have to go, it’d be better if you did.”

“Shut up, Brian. I’d prefer if I didn’t get covered in Roger’s piss.”

“Deacy, for fuck’s sake, I’m the one with my head in his crotch. Calm the fuck down!” Then they all heard Roger sniffle. “Roger, darling?”

“I’m so sorry. I really don’t want to get this on you. I’m sorry.” He sniffled again.

“I can try to move over for you.”

“No. I don’t think I’ll be able to make it. I mean, who knows how long we’ll be stuck up here?” He sniffles again, wishing he could move his hand to wipe his tears, but it was cupping John’s crotch, and moving it would be more awkward.

“Rog, if it’s that bad, just go. Sorry about what I said. John smiled a bit, but he knew nobody could see him.

“Can you guys not bring this up again? This is embarrassing.”

Then, only when they were completely silent, Roger was able to start. It started very slowly, almost not at all. Just as fast as Roger felt the crotch of his pants grow warm and wet, he heard Freddie’s voice.

“Oh! That’s warm, Roger.” Roger tried to stop, but hot urine was still forcibly being pushed out of him.

“Oh, God,” he breathed. Eventually, he just let go. Piss shot out of him and down Freddie’s face. It soaked through the seat of his pants to John underneath him. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, you guys.”

“It’s called an accident for a reason, Rog.” Brian shifted uncomfortably as he felt the urine soak into his shirt.

“Makes me sound so childish. I’m such a baby.”

“You’re not a baby for needing to pee, Roger darling. Do you want me to—”

“No, Freddie. I think me wetting myself is enough for us all.”

“But if you—”

“No. Don’t.”

Freddie didn’t argue further. When Roger was finally done, they all stayed completely quiet. They weren’t let down until Jim was there, and he didn’t mention that they were all wet in weird places. He managed to find out it was Roger from the fact that his face was bright red. And the eye contact he got from the other three.

When they were finally cleaned up, they all felt a lot better. Roger did all of their laundry after insisting it be done, and Brian helped.
The incident came up a few times in close conversation, making everyone laugh, but never in public. And they were all pretty quiet about it.
As Sherlock stepped into the cab, he felt the cold wind on his neck finally leave him alone. The inside of the car was nice and heated, and as he settled down and closed the door to block the winter outside, he told the cabbie his address. It wasn’t until after a few minutes that he had to pee. Pretty badly, too. He could feel the urine sloshing around in his bladder every turn the cabbie took. He winced in discomfort because he knew he wouldn’t be home for at least forty minutes.

Another ten minutes had gone by and he was contemplating just letting go. But that would be a horrible mess for not only him, but the cab driver, too. So he kept it all in, waiting as he got closer and closer to the flat.

But then he thought about John. He always told him to use the bathroom before he left anywhere. Because he knew things like this would happen. If John saw him after he wet his pants, he knew he’d get some sort of talk. But if he showed up having to use the bathroom, he’d get the same talk but worse. And John could bring it up whenever he wanted.

He still decided to hold it in. Suddenly, a spasm caused him to double over. He felt a small spurt escape him, so he gripped himself tighter than ever. Then, he slowly pulled himself up and looked down at his bulging bladder. He knew he couldn’t take much longer.

“When will we be there?” he decided to ask.

“Be patient, lad. It’s only fifteen minutes away.” Fifteen minutes. He could do it. And then his phone buzzed. He picked it up to see he had a new message from John.

‘When are you going to be here? I have something for you to see.’ He didn’t really want to respond. Only hold himself and stare out the window, but he knew he should respond.

‘Fifteen minutes. What is it?’

‘You’ll find out.’ Sherlock rolled his eyes.

‘Alright. I’ll see you soon.’

‘See you.’

And Sherlock was left, once again, only to think about the nagging feeling in his bladder. Another quick thought of just going crossed his mind. The relief would feel so nice, so warm, so wet. But he’d be embarrassed. So what? It’s not like he’d ever meet this cab driver again. And John surely wouldn’t yell at him for pissing himself. It was perfect.

But still he waited. He wasn’t a child, and he wasn’t going to wet himself like one, either.

He managed to make until he got to the flat and paid the driver. Then he hobbled up the stairs and
knocked. He wasn’t going to dig through his stuff to find the keys and unlock the door when somebody else could do it for him.

He waited a few minutes, doubled over, hands pressed in his crotch, before knocking again.

“I’m on my way, dear,” he heard the voice of Mrs. Hudson. When the door opened, it was her. “Oh, Sherlock, are you alright?”

“Can I, can I use your… loo?”

“Of course, Sherlock.”

“Thank you.” He scampered off down the hall, performing embarrassing gestures such as grabbing himself and crossing his legs as he walked. When he finally got to the bathroom, he slammed the door and leaned up against the door. His bladder was so unbearable, he couldn’t stand himself back up.

“Oh, no,” he mumbled as a spurt of hot urine soaked his boxers. He thought about letting go once again. But this time, it happened. A few tears fell down his cheeks as his pants quickly darkened. The relief felt so good, but he knew he’d have to explain this to Mrs. Hudson.

He didn’t care. He continued to empty himself into his pants and on the floor of her bathroom. And he didn’t regret it.
Dean is paralysed and has to pee. Sam has a really bad stomach bug. Cas is trying to get them to Rowena as quick as he can.

Cas kept both of his eyes on the road as he drove back to Kansas. He’d just got the phone with Rowena, who said she’d help Dean and Sam. They’d been hit with different spells that couldn’t be healed with angelic grace.

Sam had been hit with a form of ridiculously complicated stomach bug. He had a bucket with him that he’d puked into four times since they stopped. And the reason they stopped was because he’d shit himself, which had been incredibly embarrassing.

He knew Dean knew it happened, but was just glad that his brother couldn’t make any snarky remarks.

As they went on, Sam managed to hold his stomach, but Dean started growing noticeably nervous. Cas noticed.

“He’s, uh.” Cas looked over at him. “He’s sweating a lot. And he’s crying.”

“He’s crying?” Sam knew this was very unlikely of his brother. He leaned forward over the seat, placing a hand on Dean’s shoulder. “Dean, it’s alright.” He didn’t know for sure what was happening, but he had to comfort him somehow.

He then noticed the small wet spot near the fly of Dean’s pants. He kept his eye on it, confused, but as it glistened and grew a small bit bigger, he knew what was wrong.

“Cas,” he said frantically. “Pull over.”

Remembering what had happened earlier, and thinking it was Sam, he pulled the impala to the side of the road. Sam immediately got out of the back seat and opened Dean’s door, wrapping his arm around his brother, using all his strength to pull him up. More liquid started pushing itself out of him.

“What’s going on, Sam?” Cas asked. Sam ignored the question as he stood his older brother up. Dean began an endless stream that started to soak his pants.

“Shit,” Sam mumbled as he quickly unzipped Dean’s jeans. “I’m so sorry, Dean.” And with this, Sam reached into Dean’s fly but stopped himself. It’d be better for Dean to just piss himself than have Sam touch him in places he shouldn’t. He pulled his hand away. “Alright, I won’t pee for you,” Sam sighed. “But is we get home and you still can’t move, I’m cleaning you up.”

Dean didn’t reply, and Cas ran around the car to the scene.
“Dean? Did he…?” Sam nodded and zipped Dean’s fly again. But then he bent over and started retching. Dean fell to the ground, so Cas ran to him and pulled him back to the impala. Then he went to Sam.

“Cas, it hurts so bad.” The angel rubbed his back and pulled his hair back as he threw up hard onto the grass.

“It’s okay, Sam.” When the younger Winchester was done, Cas helped him back to the impala. He got a paper towel from the trunk and handed it to Sam. “Clean your mouth.”

Sam did and then looked at Dean, who was sitting in the seat next to him instead of the front.

“Should we change his clothes now?” Cas shook his head.

“We have to get to Rowena.” Sam nodded.

“Right. We should probably get going.” Cas agreed and got into the driver’s seat again. Sam stayed in the back with Dean leaning on him for the rest of the ride.
Drumming - Queen

Chapter Summary

Roger wets himself during a concert.

Roger glanced down at his watch. This had by far been the longest concert ever. It wasn’t until Freddie started playing Bohemian Rhapsody that he noticed the throbbing in his bladder.

But he couldn’t stop the song now. After a few seconds, the entire crowd was singing. He really did love all of their fans, but he knew that they were slowing the song down, which was not what he needed right now.

Through minutes of absolute agony, he sat. And eventually, the end of the song came. He could feel the urine sloshing around inside of him. He knew if this next song wasn’t the last, he was going to soak the seat he was sitting in.

“John?” he said. No reply. “John?” The bassist turned around.

“Yeah?”

“Is this the last song?”

“Think so. Why?”

“I have to take a leak so bad. I’m gonna pee on myself.”

“Why didn’t you go before?”

“I forgot.”

John rolled his eyes. “Of course you did. I’m sure you’ll be fine.”

“What if I don’t make it, John?”

“Then we’ll clean it up. No problem.”

Roger nodded as he squirmed a bit.

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At the end of the song, Roger noticed a warmth. While he was drumming, he tried to ignore the need in his lower abdomen. But looking down at his pants, he saw why he should have never done so. His pants were soaked.

“Oh my god,” he whispered to himself. John heard him and turned. He immediately noticed that Roger was on the brink of tears. ‘I peed on myself,’ he mouthed.
John gave him a sympathetic look. “Roger, it’s alright. Just stay here.” And he walked to the front of the stage with Brian and Freddie.

“Where’s Roger?” Brian asked.

“He can’t right now.” Freddie gave him a weird look, but he wasn’t going to ask further on stage.

After a few seconds, they started making their way off stage. Roger didn’t move, so John came to the drums.

“Roger, you have to get up.”

“The audience.”

“They won’t see. It’s alright.” Roger stood and followed John off the stage.

“That went well,” said Brian, but Freddie was more worried about his drummer.

“Roger, what’s the ma-- oh.” Roger looked shamefully down at his pants. He looked back up at Freddie and Brian staring blankly at his pants, trying so hard to hold back his tears. But when Brian looked up and made eye contact, he couldn’t take it. He broke down in tears and ran off.

“Should somebody…?” Brian trailed off.

“He’ll be alright. But I’m going to make sure his seat is cleaned up.” And John left.

Brian and Freddie looked at each other.

“Why didn’t he go before?”

“Must have forgot.”
Group Chat - Queen

Chapter Summary

This is a texty thingy. I don't know. I was bored.

Chapter Notes

Inlovelwithmycar - Roger
Douluvme - John
Bri - Brian
Darling - Freddie

Thought it was rather obvious but yeah.

Queen Group Chat

Inlovelwithmycar: guys help
Douluvme: what now roger
Inlovelwithmycar: I got myself stuck
Bri: Ooo :) stuck I hear?
Inlovelwithmycar: uh yeah. I’m dangling by a weird harness
Darling: how the fuck…?
Inlovelwithmycar: shut up and hurry to my house please
Douluvme: Omw
Bri: I gotta see this
Darling: well I have nothing better to do on a Sunday

Inlovelwithmycar: uuuggghhh Guys hurry please
Inlovelwithmycar: guuuuyyyyy
Darling: whats the matter now roger
Inlovelwithmycar: i have to take a leak
Bri: I’m almost there. Hold on
Inlovelwithmycar: aaaaaaaaaaahanshdjndfndjdfdj
Bri: calm the hell down
Inlovelwithmycar: i have to pee so bad
Douluvme: I’ll be there in about 20 minutes
Inlovelwithmycar: when’s Brian gonna be here
Bri: I’m almost there but traffics horrible :/
Inlovelwithmycar: oh no
Darling: what
Inlovelwithmycar: i can’t hold it dammit. Hurry up
Inlovelwithmycar: oh god the harness is pressing on my bladder. Help

Douluvme: I’m here Rog but I don’t know where your house key is
Inlovewithmycar: us et the rodj peu spent
Douluvme: ?
Inlovewithmycar: under the rock
Douluvme: ok
Inlovewithmycar: holy shit hurry up
Bri: I’m here too
Bri: looks like Deacy got the key
Inlovewithmycar: …
Darling: just pulled up
Inlovewithmycar: oh god
Douluvme: it’s the wrong key Rog
Inlovewithmycar: nvm
Bri: huh?
Inlovewithmycar: NEVERMIND DAMMIT
Bri: oh
Bri: Oooohhhh
Douluvme: do you still want us to help you?
Inlovewithmycar: ...yes
Douluvme: ok. Where’s the other key?
Inlovewithmycar: in the mailbox probably
Darling: found it
Bri: were coming in roger. Where are you
Inlovewithmycar: upstairs first room to the right. Uuggghhhh. Fuck! Now I’m covered in my own piss
Douluvme: …
Brian and Roger were getting drunk at a bar. Well, more like Roger was getting drunk at a bar. Brian was the DD, which meant he probably shouldn’t be getting drunk at a bar.

He was there to laugh at a hysterical blonde trying to impress the girls around him by drumming on the table with plastic straws. It didn’t sound like much as his arms flailed around helplessly and the straws bent and broke on the edge of the counter top.

Brian grinned as the girls giggled and politely turned away to ‘use the ladies room’. Roger turned back to his curly haired friend and smiled his cheeky, drunk smile. Brian didn’t have the heart to tell him the girls were now sitting on some biker’s lap, running their hands up and down his chest.

“What can I say, Brian? I’m a ladies’ man.” He chuckled.

“Right. Why don’t we get you home now?”

“Can I take someone home?”

“No, Roger. You can’t.” Brian put some money down on the counter. Roger pouted, but followed Brian to the door anyway.

He squirmed a bit, and Brian noticed.

“Rog, do you want to use the loo before we leave?” Roger shook his head.

“I don’t have to,” he insisted. Brian winced at how the way Roger was walking didn’t line up with his claim.

“You sure?”

Roger nodded proudly. Brian led him out, holding the door for him. When they were in the car, Roger started holding himself freely.

“Can you hurry home, Bri? I’ve gotta take a leak really bad.”

Brian rolled his eyes. “Why in hell didn’t you go in there?”

“I didn’t want to embarrass myself in front of the ladies.” He grinned to himself at the mere thought
of them. “Men don’t have to use the loo.”

Brian couldn’t believe what he was hearing. And yet, here was Roger looking like he was going to piss himself because he didn’t want to embarrass himself in front of the ladies that ran away from him to be with the biker. That, he considered a bit extreme.

“Roger, if you have to go that bad, just go in there and go. I can wait if you want, or I could go with you.”

Roger still refused. “No. I’ll wait till home.”

“Alright, then.” And Brian pulled off. He kept a close eye on Roger in case he had to suddenly pull over, but the man seemed to be fine, as drunk as he was.

After not too long, Brian started hearing drawn out sobs and sniffles from beside him. Roger was bawling his eyes out.

“Roger, you okay?”

“I have to go so bad, Bri!”

“Want me to pull over?”

Roger still refused. Brian knew Roger got bad mood swings when he was drunk, but to go from egotistical, stuck up brat to sobbing because of your bladder was really something.

When they finally got to Brian’s house, Brian went around the car and opened the door for Roger, who had apparently stopped crying and was in more of a funny mood.

“Brian, I don’t really want to have sex tonight. Why are we here?”

Brian chuckled. “Because my house is closer, and you’re about to piss yourself in the stupid Alfa Romeo you’re apparently so in love with.”

“Fair point.” And then Roger stood and started wobbling over to the door. Brian followed and searched through his pockets for his keys.

“Dammit,” he muttered under his breath.

“Brian, please tell me you have your keys. It’s coming out!” Brian searches once again, but still nothing. Then he checked under his mat. Nothing.

“I’m gonna go get the spare keys. Hold on just a little longer, okay?” Roger shook his head.

“Just hurry.” As Brian ran off to get the spare keys, Roger doubled over and let a single tear escape him. Brian came back and quickly unlocked the door for Roger. He stood out of the way to let Roger go, but when Roger took off, he tripped on the door frame at the bottom of the front door.

Brian heard a slapping noise as his friend hit the hardwood floor in front of him. And then sobs again.

Brian knew what happened. He closed the door slowly and stepped into the side of Roger as a puddle formed by him. Around Roger. He sobbed.

“Roger, let’s get you up,” he said after a few minutes. Roger shook his head in reply. “Come on, Rog.” Brian bent down to help Roger up, placing his hand on Roger’s upper arm. Roger jerked it
“Don’t touch me,” he said sadly.

“Roger, you have to get cleaned up.”

“Leave me alone!”

“Roger, it’s okay. I’m not mad at you. But you have to get up.”

“I don’t want to.”

“Rog,” Brian whined as he pulled a limp drummer up off of his floor. “Come on. Walk for me.” Roger still wouldn’t move, so Brian picked him up and held him to his chest. “Dammit, Roger.” Roger was still crying.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“Calm down. It’s fine.”

“No, it’s not.” Roger tried to pull himself out of Brian’s arms, but Brian held on.

“Hey! Stop that!” Roger sobbed again.

They made it to the bathroom, where Brian set Roger down on the toilet.

“I don’t believe I’m doing this,” he whispered to himself. “Roger, stop crying. You didn’t do anything wrong.” Roger sniffled and looked up at Brian. Brian took a deep breath. “Do you need any help taking your clothes off?” Roger nodded. Brian sighed. “Alright.” And he started pulling Roger’s jacket and shirt off. He then moved on to the pants. But he stopped at the underwear.

“Why don’t you get these off yourself and have yourself a bath or something?” he suggested, but Roger shook his head.

“No. I don’t want to.”

“Roger, you have to.” Roger pouted. “Fine. I’ll do it. But don’t blame me when you’re embarrassed in the morning.

“I won’t be embarrassed.”

“Right.” And then Brian pulled Roger’s wet, clingy underwear off of him. He helped him into the tub. “You’re bathing yourself,” he said.

“Fine.”

“I’ll wait in here in case you drown or something.” Roger stood and got into the bath.

“How do you start it?” Brian started it for him, making sure it was warm enough. “Thank you.”

“No problem. But don’t hurt yourself. I’ll be back in a second.” Brian returned about a minute after with a book in his hands.

“Nerd.”

“Wow. You’re one to talk. Guess who was just so drunk he pissed himself on my floor? Oh, bloody
hell. The floor. I’ll clean it later.” By this point, he was just talking to himself.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

And Roger cleaned himself up, Brian waited. And then he let Roger borrow some of his clothes so he could go to sleep. They shared a bed.

In the morning, Roger woke with a terrible headache.

“Oh my god,” he said as he sat up in bed next to Brian. Brian’s eyes flickered open.

“Oh. Good morning, Rog. How’d you sleep?”

“I pissed myself!” Roger exclaimed, completely ignoring Brian’s attempt to make a normal conversation.

“Yeah. You did.”

“And you saw me naked!”

“Yeah.” Roger glared at him. “Hey. I asked if you could do it yourself.” Roger looked away, back at the comforter on top of them both.

“I pissed myself,” he whispered under his breath. Brian grinned.
John accidentally wets himself on Roger's couch at a new year's party.

I wrote this and trust me, it was new year's day like 10 minutes ago. Now it's the second, dammit. Anyway, here ya go.

I'm bad at endings.

New year’s eve. Ah. New year’s eve. It was always made such a big deal. John never really knew why. And he never went to the big parties, either. And yet here he was sitting on one of Roger’s couches. There was no telly in this room, which meant less people would be in here if any at all.

He was bored. He grabbed a book off of the table which had so many rings on it from wet cups that he couldn’t even see the title of it.

Opening it, he saw a table of contents mentioning dark matter. He’d heard of it before, but didn’t actually know what it was. So he decided to read it.

Soon, he realised he had to take a leak. Not badly. Just enough to make him uncomfortable. As he turned to look at the bathroom, he saw the incredibly long line.

I can wait another two hours, he thought, checking the clock. 10:30. So close. He went back to the book.

Another hour came and went, and by this point, everybody was gathered in the other room. He started hearing a countdown. From 30. He continued reading.

But then they got to 0, and everybody went crazy. John jumped a little, as it startled him. But something else happened. He realised that he no longer had to use the loo, and when he looked down at his pants, there was a dark stain spreading quickly from his crotch. It was getting on the couch. He tried to stop, but it was too late now.

He fought back tears as he thought about what he was supposed to do. A girl walked in, probably from Roger’s room, and giggled when she saw his mess. John quickly grabbed a blanket from the other side of the couch and put it around his wet pants.

1971 was not off to a good start.

In the kitchen, Brian was talking to Freddie. Was. But Freddie had left, and so instead, Brian was listening in on people’s conversations. He found it to be very enjoyable.

“At least I’m not that poor bastard who pissed himself on the couch,” said one of the girls he was
Brian immediately started making his way to the back room. If some guy had pissed himself, he wanted to make sure that a, the couch was cleaned and b, the guy was cleaned. At least given a new pair of pants or something.

When he got there, though, all he saw was the bassist, John. The girl had been lying. Of course she had. So Brian sat in the chair in the room, opposite the couch.


“Good,” he lied. Brian noticed the blanket.


“Oi! I got that for him!”

“Oh.” John stood a bit to put the book back down on the table, but his blanket slipped. He didn’t have time to catch it, so he tried to pretend his pants weren’t completely soaked. Brian, though, noticed.

“John?” John looked down at his pants, his face flushed.

“I just spilled some wine. Sorry about the mess.” Brian nodded to himself, but he knew by the sheer look of it that that wasn’t the truth.

“Why don’t I get you upstairs? We can get you some new clothes.” John nodded and followed Brian up the stairs.

“John,” he said when he reached the spare room. “Why didn’t you just go to the loo?” John’s face grew redder.

“How did you…?”

“John, I can smell it.”

“I’m sorry.” Brian could tell that John was about to start crying.

“It’s alright. But you know where it is, right?” John nodded.

“Yes. The line was so long, and I thought I could hold it. But then everybody started screaming and it startled me. I really didn’t mean to—“

Brian shushed his rambling. “Hey, it’s alright. You want a shower?”

John shook his head. He didn’t want to waste Roger’s water.

“Alright, then. I’ll go see if Roger has some clothes you can borrow or something.” John didn’t want him to do anything, but he wasn’t going to argue about it.
Brian walked off back to Roger’s room. He knocked, not wanting to disturb anything that was going on inside.

“Who is it?”

“It’s Brian.”

“Come on in.” Brian opened the door to find a near naked Roger laying with his limbs going off in separate directions. He tilted his head back so that he could look upside down at Brian.

“Hey.” Roger turned around, his underwear riding up, so he pulled at his wedgie. “You look like Fred in those.”

“Wonderful.” And then he breathed. “Alright?”

“Uh, I was wondering if you had any clothes John could borrow.” Confusion swept over the blonde.

“Yeah. But what happened to John’s clothes?”

“He, er, well.” Roger scrunched his eye eyebrows together. “He wet himself on the couch.” Roger stood up and started putting on pants.

“He what?”

“He didn’t do it on purpose. Don’t get mad.”

“We talking about the same John?”

“Deacon?”

“Yeah. Okay. Umm, I’ll get him some clothes.” Roger walked over to his dresser and started pulling things out. “What all does he need?”

“Enough to get home I guess.”

“Underwear, trousers, shirt, socks?”

“Yeah. I guess.”

Then the two of them went back to John and handed him the clothes. They were surprised to see that John was not sitting on the bed where Brian had left him. They didn’t think he was in the room at all. Until they heard a quiet sob. Brian walked around the bed to find the guy curled up against the wall.

“Oh, John, it’s fine. Really.”

John didn’t move, so Brian got down and wrapped an arm around him.

“Why don’t you get on up, John?” He stood but kept his eyes on the ground. “Roger brought you some clothes. You sure you don’t want a shower?” John kept his eyes on the ground.

“Why don’t you, er, hop in the shower,” Roger suggested. John wasn’t going to argue with someone telling him to take a shower instead of asking.

“Okay. Where’s the shower?” Roger handed the clothes to him.

“Down the hall to the left. You’ll see it.”
“Thank you,” John mumbled as he sped off into the hallway.

“Welcome,” Roger called back to him and then turned to Brian. “He alright?”

“Just a little shaken up I guess. Poor guy.” Roger nodded his agreement.

“You want to show me where he, er…”

“Yeah.” And then Brian and Roger left to clean the couch.
Guitar Solo - Queen

Chapter Summary

Brian is apparently sick, and things don’t go quite right in the recording studio.

Brian felt horrible. Everything felt horrible. He was getting up to pee every half hour. He’d had diarrhoea several times. And he was so nauseous, by this point, he just wanted to throw up.

And today was the day they finished recording a song they’d been working on. The guitar solo. It was going to be the end of him. As he got up, he found he’d wet the bed again. As much as it hurt his personal pride, he wasn’t going to let it get him down. He could take care of it just fine.

He cleaned everything up and threw his stuff into the washer they all shared. He’d told his friends, embarrassing as it had been because they shared a house at the moment and were bound to find out sooner or later.

After he was dressed for the day, he started making his way downstairs to eat some breakfast.

“Hey, Bri. How’d you sleep?” Roger asked.

“Fine. How about you?”

“Alright. Did you, you know?”

“Uh, yeah.” Brian quickly jumped off the topic. “What’s for breakfast?”

“Freddie made pancakes!” Freddie turned with a plate of stacked pancakes in his hand and a grin plastered on his face.

“Rise and shine, Bri! Pancake?”

Brian took a seat at the bar. “Sure.”

“And of course some coffee,” Roger singsonged as he poured some into a glass for Brian.

“Actually, I’m good.” John looked up from the paper he’d had his nose in.

“Oh.” Roger sounded disappointed, but shrugged. That’s when Brian felt his bladder alert its presence. He cringed at it, knowing he’d gone not too long ago. Right before his shower.

“I’ll be right back,” he said and slipped away just as Freddie was setting his pancake in front of him.

Brian wound up not only peeing, but then having more explosive diarrhoea. He groaned as he left the bathroom. And he tried not to cry at all. He wasn’t going to let this sudden, whatever it was, get the best of him.

He got back to the kitchen and ate his pancake, refusing another as he was already starting to feel nauseous.
Later, while he was recording the guitar solo, he felt his bladder again. But he was in the studio about to record again, and he couldn’t leave. He moved a bit.

“Can we hurry this up a bit?” he whined as Freddie and Roger argued about the way he was playing.

“We could, but you just need to play a little more… extra.”

“Freddie, he sounds fine. Can we just move on?”

“No, Roger. We can’t.” Brian sighed.

“I’ll do it again. Just make it quick. I don’t feel very good.”

“Deacy, roll it.”

Brian started okay, but then he stopped.

“Brian, you alright?” He pulled his guitar off and set it down on the ground. And then bent down.

They all watched as he started vomiting.

“Well, there’s that wonderful pancake I made him.”

“Freddie!” Roger stood and went I to the room, running to Brian’s side. “Hey, just breathe, Brian. You okay?” Then Roger smelt the foul stench of something. Unfortunately, he knew what it was. “Brian, did you…?”

Brian swallowed and looked embarrassed up at Roger. He nodded. He had shit his pants in front of Roger. And Freddie and John, too.

“I’m so sorry,” he managed before throwing up again. Roger frowned as he rubbed a hand up and down Brian’s back.

“It’s alright, Bri. It’s okay.” Freddie and John stayed where they were, watching as Roger soothed him.

As Brian continued vomiting onto the floor, he felt his bladder give way. He cried, pulling himself back up. Roger rubbed his arms.

Freddie and John saw it immediately, but it took Roger a few seconds to notice the small puddle forming underneath Brian.

“Brian,” he said softly as Brian cried harder. He pulled the taller man into a hug. “It’s alright. Calm down. It’s all fine.”

“Roger,” he sobbed.

“Brian, it’s alright. Really. Why don’t you go get yourself cleaned up? I’ll take care of the floor. Don’t worry about it.” Brian didn’t say anything, but also didn’t resist when Roger started leading him out of the room. He shamefully passed Freddie and John in tears. The two of them just stared at him, not only feeling bad about what happened to him, but completely shocked.
John and Freddie cleaned up the floor before Roger was back.

“Where’s Brian?” Freddie asked.

“He’s in bed. He must be pretty sick.”

“Poor guy,” John said.

“Yeah. I think we should just call it a day. What do you say, Fred?”

“Sure.”
Peter Parker had been too embarrassed to admit his problem before, and now it was coming back to bite him in the butt. He had to pee. Badly. And here he was at gunpoint trying not to piss himself like a baby.

“Mr. Stark,” he tried, but nobody heard him.

“Tell me where the girl is, or I swear to you I’m gonna french fry this little freak.” Peter knew that was him. He squirmed a bit for two reasons: he still had to pee, and he was now about to be shot.

“Let’s do it.” Peter’s heart sank. He thought Tony would at least try to save him. “You shoot my guy, and I’ll blast him. Let’s go.” Oh. Peter didn’t listen for a little bit as he moved around again.

“Stop moving, kid!” the man holding a gun said sounding somewhat annoyed.

“I can’t,” he managed. He started to feel the urine slowly coming out. He wiggled again. “Can you let me go, please? I really have to--”

“No! You think I’m crazy?” Peter whined.

“Mr. Stark.”

“Not now, kid. In case you forgot, that guy has a gun.”

“Sorry.” And then Peter felt his heart rate go up fast as more urine pushed itself out of him. He tried not to move again.

After a few seconds of silence, he let go. Hot liquid poured out of him and down his suit. He wasn’t aware that it would create a puddle by his feet, which made the entire thing just that much more embarrassing. He cried.

“Mr. Stark,” he whined. Stark sighed.

“It’s alright, kid.” Strange watched, genuinely concerned for Peter, but everybody else just stared. Star-lord thought about making some sort of comment, but thought better of it.

Tony put his gun away and had his arms up in surrender as he approached Peter.

“Can I get him cleaned up?” he asked Star-lord. “I’ll come right back, and we can resume our little showdown. I promise.”

He let Peter go and put his gun down. Strange watched as Tony walked the kid over to the side and bent down at his side.

He started undoing the front of Peters suit to see the soiled pants. And then he used a strange device on his suit to start drying the pants quickly. But not instantaneously.
“Kid,” he said. “When you have to go to the bathroom, just tell me before it gets bad, okay? I won’t be mad.”

“Are you mad at me now?” Tony shook his head.

“No. What happened was an accident. But if you tell me when you have to go, we can prevent that.” Peter nodded as his face flushed red. “Why didn’t you tell me this time.”

Peter shrugged. “I don’t know. I was kind of embarrassed about it. Sorry.”

“It’s fine. Just tell me next time. Promise?”

“Yeah.” Tony finishes drying Peters pants and closed the suit back. They then resumed their showdown as Tony has promised.
Interview - Queen

Chapter Summary

While being interviewed, Rog has to pee. Oof.

Chapter Notes

My dad's watching Mr. Robot, so I decided to, like, I dunno, write something. Because I started thinking of things. And I was bored... because I haven't caught up to him yet. I'm bad at things.

Roger shifted from side to side as the interviewer asked another question for the four of them. Freddie started answering right away, and Roger jumped once, bending his knees as he landed back down. His bladder was killing him. He forgot to go before the show, and had to go the entire show, and now, when he should have been peeing, he was being interviewed.

Brian looked strangely at him.

“You okay?” he said softly. Roger nodded.

“I’m fine.”

But as the interview dragged on and on, he crossed his legs, trying to be cool about it. It caught John’s attention. He made a weird face to Roger from the other side of Freddie, who was talking again.

“I’m gonna go to the loo.” He tried to slip away, but the interviewer stopped him.

“I won’t be long. I promise.” Roger hesitantly agreed to stay, regretting his decision immediately when he felt his bladder yell at him again.

The lady didn’t ask anymore questions of Roger, and he started wondering why she wanted him there anyway. He knew if he didn’t get to a toilet soon, he was going to pee himself.

“Alright. I’m gonna go. I’ll be one second.” The lady stopped him again.

“Wait. Let me ask you one more question.” One more? She hadn’t asked him any at all.

“Fine.” He wobbled from side to side as she asked him something. He wasn’t listening at all, though. He was too focused on not letting the urine pressing on him from inside escape. He embarrassedly crossed his legs and bent his knees. He could feel a part of his pants get warm and wet.

“Roger, why don’t you just go to the loo. We’ll be here when you’re back,” Brian interrupted the lady. Roger nodded and scampered as fast as he could off to the toilets.

When inside the stall, being much too embarrassed to use the urinal, he was finally able to relieve
himself. And it felt so nice… until he realised his pants were now soaked. He broke down crying and sobbing. He couldn’t back out there like this. What would they think of him? So he closed the toilet lid and sat down, crying more.

After ten minutes, Brian was worried as to why Roger hadn’t come back to the bathroom.

“I’m going to check on him,” he said as he walked off towards the loo. When inside, all he heard was sobs. “Oh, god,” he whispered. “Roger? You in here?” The sobs stopped. “Roger?” Brian repeated.

Roger tried to stay as quiet as possible, but Brian knew he was in here. “Okay, then.” And Brian opened the door and closed it back. The sobs started again, so he walked over to a stall with an obvious yellow puddle inside of it and knocked.

“Rog, it’s fine. But you can’t hide in there forever.” Roger stood and opened the door so Brian could see him. He sniffled before crying tears again. “Er, Roger, do you want to--”

Roger didn’t let him finish the sentence before he threw himself into Brian’s arms, wrapping his own around Brian. The taller man pulled Roger closer.

“It’s okay. Why don’t you head back and get yourself cleaned up, okay?”

“Can you come with me, please?”

“Of course, Rog. I’m just going to go tell John and Freddie I’ll be right back.” Roger pulled away.

No. Please don’t. They’re going to be mad.”

“They won’t be mad, Roger.”

“Can you please not tell them?”

“Alright. Let’s just get you cleaned up, alright?” Roger nodded.
Chapter Summary

Stuck in traffic, Roger has to pee while next to Freddie.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this one a few months ago. Once again, isn't that title just so clever? Wow. I'm so creative.

Freddie and Roger were on their way to Los Angeles, California in a rental car they'd gotten at some company in Texas. And Roger had been acting really weird because of something. Whenever Freddie would ask him a question, he'd say he was fine and kind of shrug it off.

The truth was that he had to pee. Rather badly, too. But he was too embarrassed to tell Freddie.

After about an hour or so, Roger had began subtly squirming. He had started to feel the urine sloshing around inside of him and decided that if he didn’t ask his friend to stop soon, he was going to soak the seat.

“Hey, Freddie?” he said shyly. Freddie looked over at him. “I have to use the bathroom.”

“I’ll pull off at the next exit,” Freddie replied. Roger was a bit surprised he didn’t make some remark or be immature about it, but he wasn’t going to argue.

“Thanks.” He felt a little relieved when he saw the sign that said there was a gas station at the next exit, just a few miles away.

“I’ll probably go ahead and fill her up, too.” Freddie focused back on the road as the traffic started to slow down a bit. And as they got closer to the exit, he saw out of the corner of his eye that Roger had crossed one of his legs over the other.

“Freddie, how long is it gonna be?” The other man looked worriedly over at Roger.

“Not too long. Just a bit of traffic. You doing alright?” Roger nodded despite the intense discomfort he felt from his bladder. Like it was a cup full of water about to spill over the edge. The image got to his mind, and the brief thought of just pissing himself also made itself clear to him.

He pushed a little bit, but when a small amount of urine came out, he gasped and his hand flew to his crotch in an embarrassed hurry.

“Roger?”

“I’m fine. I’ll be fine.” But Freddie wasn’t sure he believed him. He now had his legs crossed, his hands white knuckling his crotch, and he was slightly rocking back and forth.
“You sure?”

“Um, actually, Freddie, I think I might just go in my pants. Every time I think about it, I also think that it would feel so good, you know?” Had he just said that aloud. Well, shit. If he didn’t end up going in his pants, that statement was probably something he would never live down.

“Uh, yeah. But the gas station is just up here. So if you could wait just a few more minutes…” Roger nodded, trying to forget what he’d said and keep his mind off of his current need.

Another ten minutes passed, though, and they still weren’t to the exit.

“Oh, God. Freddie, what’s taking so long?” His eyes started tearing up unwillingly.

“I don’t know. There must have been an accident.” Roger’s face twisted.

“Don’t say accident, Freddie.”

“Sorry.” Freddie looked over at Roger, who was now crying. “If it’s really that bad, just go. We can clean it when we stop.”

“It’s embarrassing.”

“In front of me? What did I ever do to you?”

“Nothing. It’s not you. I know you would never make fun of me, well…”

“Well, I never.” Roger wiped one of the tears from his cheek.

“Okay, well, Brian would. I’d never live it down, Freddie.” He placed his hand back on his crotch when the car stopped abruptly.

“Sorry,” Freddie apologised. “Car in front stopped. And, in case you haven’t noticed, Brian’s not here. I’m not going to go out of my way to tell people that you pissed yourself in the car.” Another tear fell.

“Dammit, Fred. It hurts. How long till the gas station?” Freddie rolled down his window and stuck his entire top half out of it. He looked for a while before pulling himself back in.

“Well, yeah. There was an acci— a crash up there. It’ll probably be a while.” He heard Roger breathe deeply through his nose.

Neither of them said any words for the next few minutes.

“Are you alright?”

“No,” Roger sighed as he let out a loud breath and leaned back in the passenger’s seat. Freddie’s eyes darted towards his crotch, where his sweatpants were darkening quickly. “Sorry.”

Freddie didn’t respond. He looked up to the road.

But Roger couldn’t. He felt relief flood him as the wet warmth spread around his crotch and down one of his legs a little bit. But the majority of it pooled under his ass.

“I’m disgusting.” Freddie looked over at him, where he could still see the stream of hot urine jumping through Roger’s pants, landing on the seat a good two inches in front of him. He quickly looked away once again.
“Yeah. Between the whole in love with your car thing and this…” Roger scowled.

“Shut up.”

“I’m just saying.” Roger closed his eyes lightly and sighed.

“That felt really good.” And then he looked down at his lap and started crying a very ugly cry.

“Roger? Is everything okay?”

“I just pissed myself, Freddie,” he said as if it explained everything. “I could’ve waited.”

“Um, Roger, it’s no big deal. Really. We’ll stop and get it cleaned up, and we’ll never speak of it again. Done.” But it didn’t keep Roger from crying. He sighed. “I swear I won’t tell a soul.”

“Freddie!” he cried. “What’s wrong with me? I can’t even hold my pee! I’m such a baby.”

“It’s alright. It happens to everyone at some point. And I think we’ll be stuck in here a while.” Roger nodded and wiped away his tears. He sniffled.

“I’m just glad Brian wasn’t here.”

“Yeah. Then you would have been really embarrassed.” Roger smiled.

“Thanks for being so understanding. You’re the best, Fred.”
As they stepped into the warm-airied building, Brian was once again aware of his mildly aching abdomen. For the entirety of the ride, he knew he had to wee, but he figured he could wait until they got to John’s.

When they got inside, he didn’t want to use the first floor loo, not wanting to make his friends think he was that uncomfortable. So he gladly followed them to the lift.

It was old.

“How does Deacy ride this thing every day?” Roger asked as the lift started and made a horrible, uncomfortable noise.

“We should have taken the stairs,” Brian said. His bladder started feeling weird.

“You guys underestimate the power of this lift. It’s obviously perfectly capable of—” The lift stopped.

“Shit.”

“Well,” Roger said a few seconds later. “Guess we’re stuck here then.”

“Probably won’t be long,” Brian replied, mostly trying to calm his panicking bladder. Freddie pressed the emergency call button.

“Hello?” asked the voice. “Oh, sorry, uh 999, what’s your emergency?” Roger smiled and looked over at Brian, but the man looked worried.

“Er, me and my friends are stuck in this lift, and it’s not moving.”

“We’ll send someone, sir.”

“How long will that be?” Brian asked, fidgeting. Roger caught on to what was wrong with him.

“They’ll be there shortly.”

“Thank you,” Freddie said as the line went dead.

“Brian, that back corner’s open.”

“What?” Brian said, confusion-ridden.

“You obviously have to pee, Bri. Just get it over with.” Brian blushed.

“I don’t have to--” Roger made a noise. “I’m not going in the corner. I can wait.”

Freddie looked weirdly as him. “Brian, why don’t you just go in the corner? You’d feel better.”
“No. I’d rather wet myself.”

“Brian--”

“I said no, Roger. Leave me alone.”

About ten minutes went by, and Brian was full on squirming.

“We have someone here, but he said it could be a while till you’re out.”

“How long is a while?” Freddie inquired.

“Two or three hours.” Brian groaned. “Is everything alright in there?”


“I’m gonna wet myself,” Brian said, a plain look on his face.

“You can either hold it or go in the corner, Brian.”

“No, Freddie. I’m not going in the corner.”

After two hours, through which Brian had miraculously been able to hold it, they finally spoke again. Roger did.

“Brian, I don’t mean to be rude or anything, but it looks like your balls are about to be squeezed off.” Freddie caught a glance over at Brian, whose legs were crossed over each other at least twice. He was shaking as small tears ran down his flushed face.

“He’s right. Maybe you should--”

“No! I’d rather go in my pants--”


“Yeah, but I can’t just go in my pants, Rog.”

“Corner,” he replied, knowingly.

“I can’t go in front of people, okay! I- I freeze up.” When Brian then felt a spurt of urine trickle out, he took to grabbing himself. “Oh, god. Oh, no!” He groaned involuntarily.

“Do you want to sit down?” He shook his head. And then the lift started to shake. Freddie desperately gripped the handrail.

“Oh, shit. I might wet myself if it keeps shaking like this.” Roger pushed Freddie into Brian. “Hey! What was that for?”

“Those that have to pee go to that side of the lift.” And then it shook again. “Oh, no! We’re gonna fall, aren’t we?”

“Guys…”

“We’re not going to fall, darling, calm down.”

“Guys.”
“You don’t know that, Fred.”

“Guys!”

Freddie and Roger looked over to Brian. His pants were soaked, and a big puddle sat at his feet. He was on the brink of tears.

“Feel better?” Roger was obviously trying to lighten the mood, but it didn’t work.

“I just…”

“I know. It’s fine. It’s alright.” The lift shook again and started moving. “Oh, no. We’re about to fall.”

Freddie nodded. “I don’t want to die alone. Come here, Brian.” Brian hesitantly walked over to them, and they all hugged as the the lift lowered. “The cable’s gonna snap any second now. I love you, darling.”

“We love you, too Fred.” They all shut their eyes tight until they heard a ding. Their eyes snapped open to see the door opening, revealing a few people. One had a belt on.

“So sorry for the inconvenience, guys,” he said. The next was a short woman.

“I’m glad you’re okay.” And then there was John, his hands on his hips.

“I knew it was you guys. You were supposed to be here hours ago.” They all let go of each other, and Roger smiled. The three people standing outside the lift obviously saw Brian’s pants, but nobody said anything about it, so he didn’t either.

Back in John’s place, he told Brian he could have a shower and got him some new clothes.

“Thanks.”

“No problem”
“Where’d Roger go?” Brian complained as he plopped down onto the couch.

“He went to the loo,” John said as he read the newspaper in front of him.

“Half an hour ago.”

“Oh, stop it. You wanna see him, go ahead, Brian. But I can tell you that I’m not responsible for any conversation that goes on in there.”

Brian huffed before standing back up and heading in the direction of the bathroom. He opened the door to find Roger, legs crossed tightly as he pulled down frantically at the skirt around his waist.

“Rog, you okay?”

Roger turned around, his face flushed. “Bri, can you help? The zipper on this stupid skirt is stuck. And the sheer tights won’t come off.”

“Calm down. You’re fine.”

“Brian, help!” Brian ran over to him and tried to find the zipper on the skirt.

“Stop moving.”

“If I stop moving, I’m gonna wet myself.”

“Roger, calm down. You’re not going to—“

“Bri! I think it’s coming out!”

“Oh, god! Okay!” He tried again to find it, still with no luck. And suddenly, he was shoved away. He fell back against the wall. “What was that for?”

But when he looked up again, Roger was no longer pulling on the skirt. Instead, he was frantically wiping his face as wet streaks ran down his legs. And a puddle began formed on the ground around him.

“Oh my god,” he said as he turned around to face Brian, who was completely shocked. “I’m sorry I pushed you.” He looked back down, trying so hard to fight the oncoming tears.
“Er, no. It’s fine. Do you want to, erm, go clean up or…?” Roger nodded miserably. “Of course you do. Let’s go find somebody, alright? We can get this all cleaned up. Like it never even happened.”

“Thanks, Bri,” he relied, his voice cracking horribly. “I can’t believe I’m about to cry over this.”

“It’s fine. Really.” Roger smiled, ignoring his tears.
Chapter Summary

The four members of Queen are tied to a circular couch, facing each other, and things don't go well at all.

Chapter Notes

I don't know why I wrote this. I was bored and kind of just let my fingers type :/ It was originally going to be a Beatles one for somebody I know, but I was like..... but Queen.....
It's a bit longer than the other chapters.

“I just can’t believe somebody would do this,” Roger said, clearly frustrated. Freddie sighed once again.

“You know we’re Queen, right? This is just part of the life, Rog. It’s part of the life.” He glanced down at the circular couch they were all sitting on, his hands bound behind him. They each faced each other, but were so close, they could feel the people next to them breathing.

“So, we’re just stuck here.”

“For god’s sake, Freddie answered that question five minutes ago.”

“It wasn’t a question, Brian! I was merely stating the fact.”

“That we had already established!”

“Can you guys please stop arguing?” They all looked at Deacy, who was in between Freddie and Roger, across from Brian. “It’s really annoying.” They stopped because nobody wanted to upset him.

“Sorry,” Fred apologised. After a few minutes, they started hearing somebody’s stomach growl.

“I’m hungry,” Roger said.

“You’ll be fine. At least you’re not tired.”

“Freddie, you can sleep if you want. I can’t get food if I want because there is no food.”

“Stop whining, you two. You don’t hear Deacy complaining about anything.”

“Actually…” Then the three of them started arguing. “Guys,” the bassist pleaded. “We don’t know how much longer we’ll be here, and I can’t take anymore of this arguing. Please stop.” They were quiet again.
“What’s the matter, anyway?” Brian asked.

“Huh?”

“You said something before we all started yelling again,” Roger replied.

“Oh, I, er, I have to--”

“He’s got to take a leak,” Freddie said. Deacy flushed. “And don’t act all surprised, either. You’ve been sitting there squirming for the past half hour.”

“Well--”

“Okay, great. Freddie gets to sleep. Deacy gets to wet himself. And what do I get? Nothing. And I’m still hungry.”

“You should’ve eaten breakfast.”

“I did eat breakfast.”

“Guys, stop it! I’m not going to wet myself, and it’s clear that Fred’s not going to willingly fall asleep, either. So calm down.”

“Deacy, I’d rather have to sit in your piss than have you squirm around like that any longer.”

“It’s not your choice, Freddie. I’m fine having him squirm around.”

“You’re just saying that because you’re sitting next to him. Deacy, if you have to go, then you go. Don’t let Roger tell you not to.” Roger spun his head around to look at Brian and glared at him.

“Why would you say that?” Brian shrugged.

“I’d let you go if you had to.”

“No, you wouldn’t.”

“Yes, I would.”

“Okay, well I have to go, too.”

Deacy closed his eyes. “Please stop fighting. I don’t like it when you fight.”

“Deacy,” Freddie whispered, getting the bassist’s attention. “I don’t want you to be in pain.”

“I’m not in pain.” Roger heard this and looked at Freddie.

“Fred, what are you saying to him?”

“Nothing.”

Roger’s face scrunched up, and he looked evilly at Brian. “What are you doing? You look constipated.”

“You’re not far off.” Then, Roger let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding. Brian was confused for a little while longer before he saw the growing stain on the drummer’s pants. He tried to scoot away, but couldn’t move.
“Ew! Roger, stop! Stop it!” Roger grinned as he fell heavily back into the couch. Freddie’s jaw dropped, but Deacy was trying to look away from it, not wanting the same to happen to him. “What’s wrong with you?”

“Bodily function,” he said lazily. “You said if I had to go, I should go.”

“I was talking to Deacy!”

“What’s the difference?”

“Deacy actually had to go!”

“Aha!”

“What?”

“Guys, stop it! I didn’t mean to cause such a fuss. I’m sorry.” Freddie looked a Deacy’s flushed face.

“You have to go, Deacs. Just go. I won’t mind.” Deacy huffed.

“Stop it, Fred. I can hold it.”

“Not if—”

“Do you want me to wet myself? Would that make you feel better?” Freddie was silent, wondering of the answer himself. “Okay, then. Thank you for your words.”

“I’m just saying.”

“I’ll be fine, Freddie!” In Deacy’s fit of sudden anger, he had almost lost control of himself. He squirmed again. They were all quiet for a while as Deacy continued twisting into every position he could. None of them were comfortable.

Eventually, he started going in his pants.

“Oh, no,” he cried, trying to stop it. Roger sighed, shuffling a bit. And then Deacy let go. Urine flooded out of him, quickly soaking into the dirty couch beneath them. “Sorry,” he mumbled. Nobody seemed to hear him.

Freddie then did it as well, his pee not as quick as the other’s but still rather quick. “What are you doing?” Deacy groaned.

“I was curious what it felt like.” And then he felt himself start to perk up. “Dammit,” he mumbled under his breath. Brian sighed deeply as Deacy started to cry a bit.

“Deacy, it’s fine. You couldn’t have helped it. But as for Roger and Freddie, you two are sick.”

Roger looked offended. “I was trying to prove a point!” His face reddened as he realised he actually had just wet himself.

“What point?” Freddie said from across the strange couch. “Your argument was empty.”

“So was yours!”

“Rog is right, Fred. What the hell was that even for?” Deacy said, trying to take any blame possible off of himself.
“I was curious.”

“And now you’re turned on,” Brian noted, glancing from Freddie’s eyes down to his couch.

Roger followed. “And you’re peeing yourself again.”

Freddie blushed a bit too much. “That’s, er, that’s not…” The rest of them started groaning.

“Freddie, we didn’t need to know that.”

“What? So now you’re kink shaming me, Brian? That’s not very nice.”

“No. I’m not. I don’t care if you’re gay. I don’t care if you’re into whatever it is you’re into. I’d just prefer if you didn’t do it next to me.”

“Please stop. Just because we’re all covered in each others’ piss now doesn’t mean we have to argue about it.”

“That sounds bad with or without context.”

“Roger, stop,” the three of them all said at once.

“Brian?” Freddie said. Brian looked over at him. “You, er, you have to pee, too, don’t you?” Roger grinned at him.

“Go to sleep, Fred.”

"Do you?" Deacy asked.

"Shut up."
Chapter Summary

After Brian says bad things about Roger's song 'I'm In Love With My Car', Roger locks him in a cupboard. Poor choices were made on both ends of this.

"Roger, come on. I only said one thing. I'm sorry."

"You said it was a shitty song. And I was locked in a cupboard for it, so now you will be, too."

"Rog, please let me out."

"Give me a good reason." Brian sighed.

"I have to use the loo and I'm really sorry about what I said."

"The second one’s not true. The first one isn’t a good reason."

"I’m gonna pee myself in a minute, Rog. I can’t take it anymore."

"Not a good reason, either. And it hasn’t even been that long."

"It’s been like four hours. And I didn’t go anytime before you shoved me in here."

"Hold it."

"I’ve been holding it! I can’t anymore! Let me out!" Roger scowled and pushed his chair further up against the small cabinet Brian was squished into. "Roger, I’m not kidding. Please."

That’s when Deacy walked in the room. "What are you doing in here, Roger?"

"Oh my god! Deacy, is that you? Help! Roger won’t let me out, and I’m about to piss myself!"

Deacy heard the voice and walked over to the cabinet, shoving Roger and his chair out of the way, only to find it was locked.

"Where’s the key?" Roger swiped the key off the counter and ran out of the room with it. Deacy followed.

"Hurry!" Brian shouted at him. The two chased each other for a while before Deacy tackled Roger and wrestled the keys from him. He ran to the cupboard and started unlocking it.

"Deacy could you go a bit faster, please?"

"I’m trying, Bri. I’m trying. Oh god. Roger’s coming back." Then the cabinet swung open and Brian ran to the loo. But as soon as he got there, Roger caught up to him and pulled him back.

"Go back! It’s not fair!"

"Roger, let go! I’m about to—‘‘ And then it happened. He quickly pushed Roger away and closed the door behind him, but there was no denying the dark stains down his jeans and the puddle on the
floor. Roger stared at it.

“Oh, god. I’m sorry, Brian,” he tried.

“Go away!” Roger didn’t argue and hesitantly walked away. Deacy ran into him.

“Why would you do that Roger? Where is he?”

“Er, well…” Deacy knew that since he wasn’t arguing his point, something bad must have happened.

“Oh, no. Did he…?”

“I didn’t mean for him to—“

“Roger!” Deacy ran to the loo, stopping when he saw the puddle. He sidestepped it and knocked on the door.

“W-what do you want?” he heard in between sobs.

“Bri, it’s me. I’m sorry about what Roger did. Do you want some help cleaning up?”

“No. I’m fine.”

“I can at least get you some clothes.” No answer. That meant yes. “Alright. I’ll be right back.” Then Roger came down the hall with a towel and clothes. “Hey, can you unlock the door a sec? I’ve got your clothes,” Deacy said to get Brian to open the door. He did, but closed it a bit when he saw Roger. Until he realised Roger was holding the clothes.

“I got you some.” He smiled.

“Thanks,” Brian said shyly as he took them.

“Hey, I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean for you to— for this to happen. Sorry.”

Brian shrugged. “It’s fine. I shouldn’t have said those things I did.” They both smiled and Deacy felt very out of place. Then he closed the door back.

“Sorry for running away with the keys, too.”

“It’s all good.”
Deacy's zipper gets stuck right before a road trip.

Deacy knew he shouldn’t have had all those sodas earlier as he rushed to the loo, already undoing his button.

“Make it quick, Deacs. We’re leaving in three.”

“Will do,” he replied to Brian. But when he got to the toilet, his zipper wouldn’t budge. He groaned as he pulled at it, but still to no avail. After a few minutes, he heard a knock on the door.

“You alright in there?” It was Roger. John quickly flushed the toilet to save himself the embarrassment and started washing his hands.

“Coming now.” Roger smiled brightly when John came out, and the two made their way to the car.

“Alright, we’re pulling away,” Freddie said from the front. “Any objections?”

In a perfect world, John would have had the nerve to say, ‘can I go to the toilet again? My zipper got stuck.’ But in this perfect world, his zipper would have never got stuck in the first place.

Throughout much of the ride, he ignored his problem, but it came to a point where he just couldn’t.

“B-Brian?” he whispered. The curly haired man sitting next to him glanced over to him, and the issue was clear.

“Fred, can you pull off at the next exit?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Deacy needs a toilet.” Roger turned in his seat to see before wincing in sympathy. “Bad.”

“Oh, Deacy, you look like you’re in pain.” John nodded. “Hurry up, Fred.” Freddie sped up a bit.

“Is everything going alright back there?”

“How long till the next exit?” Brian asked, completely ignoring Freddie’s question.

“A few miles. Not too long.” John shivered, and Brian sighed as he placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” John shrugged. “Didn’t you go before we left, anyway?” John shook his head.

“M-my zipper g-got s-stuck.” Brian frowned.

“Is it still stuck?” A nod. “Is it alright if I try to get it down before we get to the petrol station?” Another nod. Brian leaned down and started pulling at it, only to find a piece of fabric stuck in it.
“Did you get it?”

“No. You have to pull it from the inside, I think. But I don’t really know how to--” He stopped talking when Roger climbed over the front seat to sit next to them.

“This happens to me all the time. Want me to do it?” John nodded. “I’m gonna have to reach into your pants. Is that alright?” At this point, he didn’t care what happened, he had to go to the loo. He nodded yet again.

Roger undid the button and stuck his hand down into it, pulling on the fabric. Everytime he did, his hand hit John’s bladder, and he winced and twitched. He tried not to move around too much with Roger that close to him.

“Get it yet?” Brian asked. Roger shook his head, trying to get his long hair out of his face.

“This zipper’s a bitch.” He yanked at the fabric again, this time his hand slipping and jabbing John right in the bladder. “Fuck!” Brian looked up at Roger, only to see that he had pulled his hand away and was scooting away. He then saw that John was peeing. A lot. He, too, practically pressed himself against the side of the car.

Deacy broke down crying, his face in his palms. “I’m sorry, Roger. I didn’t mean to--”

“It’s alright. Do you want…?” John shook his head and continued emptying himself onto the seat.

“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. Oh, god. Oh, god. I’m peeing myself. Oh, god.”

“Calm down,” Brian said. “It’s alright.” Freddie took the exit off ramp and glanced back, even though he knew exactly what was happening.

“I’m going to this station up here,” he said. “Do we have any clothes?” They all shook their heads.

When they got to the station, Brian walked John into the bathroom so he could try to clean himself off. Then he went back out to the car to see that Freddie had taken off his pants, and Roger, apparently, his underwear.

“You can give those to him,” he said, a smile on his face.

“Thanks, you guys. Either of you want to take off your shoes?” Roger started. “Okay, I’ll be back in a second with some paper towels. I’ll let him get dressed.”

Brian went back in to give John the clothes their friends had offered and told him he’d be back with shoes.

Everything went smoothly after that, and none of them ever talked about it again. And yes, after a few minutes of focus, he was able to get his zipper down. Poor John.
Roger closed his eyes, despite them being necessary to see the show he was watching. His bladder had been so full for so long, and he didn’t think he could take it anymore. He stood up and--

“Hey, Rog, I’m gonna have a shower. Make sure Brian and Freddie get in okay when they’re here.” Dammit.

“Okay.” And then John went into the only toilet they had and started the water. Roger walked all around the house, squirming, trying to hold it all in. He was contemplating knocking on the bathroom door to see if Deacy would let him in to go. But that would be awkward.

So he went to the kitchen to find a cup, only once again, deciding not to. It’d be gross, and everyone would know what it was. He couldn’t go in the sink. He couldn’t go anywhere because Brian and Freddie were bound to be there any second.

So he continued squirming until he stopped. And it trickled down his leg. He tried to stop it, but it was too late now. A puddle had begun forming beneath him just as the door opened.

“Hey, Roger. Where’s--?” Brian’s words stopped when he saw his friend. Roger then let go all the way and looked up shamefully and on the brink of tears at Brian. He didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t deny it. There was no way he could.

“What are you doing, darling? Go to the loo,” Freddie said, just as confused as Brian.

“I’m sorry.”

“What happened?”

“D-Deacy’s having a shower,” he said. “I c-couldn’t hold it.” And then he started sobbing.

“Deacy did this?” Freddie said, utterly shocked. Roger shook his head just as the bathroom door opened and John came out. He looked confused.

“What happened out here? I wasn’t in there for long, was I?” And then he saw Roger. “Oh, my god. Rog, I’m sorry. I would’ve let you go if you’d asked.”

Brian looked at John. “You didn’t know he had to go?” Deacy shook his head.
“No. Should I have?” Roger then ran into the loo and closed the door quickly behind him. “I’m sorry. I really didn’t know he had to.”

“It’s fine, darling. But I’m going to grab a towel and clean up the floor.”

Despite all the help they gave him of cleaning up, Roger still locked himself in his room for the rest of the day. Deacy knocked on the door.

“Roger, I’m really sorry. I should have asked you if you wanted to use the loo before I went in there. It’s my fault. I completely blame myself. I’m sorry.” With no response, he walked away. But Roger was still glad his friends were so nice about it.
Dean sat in the bunker, trying to take in everything that had just happened. He knew he wasn’t ready for this. Nobody was. And poor Cas had fallen human. Speaking of Cas, he was getting on Dean’s nerves.

With a strange feeling inside him, he couldn’t stop moving around, twisting this way and that. Sam didn’t seem to mind, but Dean looked up.

“Could you stop moving, Cas?” The man stopped, despite the feeling, not wanting Dean to angry with him.

“Sorry,” he mumbled. And within the next second, his pants were being soaked through. He stared with horror, thinking he’d hurt himself in some way. “Dean… w-why am I wet?”

Sam and Dean looked at him, both of them cracking a smile.

“You peed yourself.” Sam chuckled.

“Cas, you’re not really supposed to do that.” And then they both started laughing. “Dean, you’re boyfriend just pissed himself.”

Dean was laughing too hard to answer or contradict the fact that Sam had just called Cas his boyfriend. “We-we’ve gotta potty train him.”

“I’m not doing it! He’s your angel!”

Castiel stood there, understanding that what he did wasn’t something he should have and felt his chest start to squeeze. He wanted to leave, but the puddle he was standing in was enough of a mess. So he was stuck listening to them talk about him.

“Sam, clean it up!”

“You’re the one who told him to stop moving! I’m not doing it!”

“You should’ve noticed he had to pee!”

“You should’ve, too!”

Cas could feel his eyes get incredibly uncomfortable as it felt that someone was pushing on them. He closed them and a few tears fell. He scrunched his face up, trying to deal with the pain, but it kept coming.

Then, Sam looked over at him. “Oh, shit. Cas, are you okay?” Cas looked up to him and sniffled loudly. Dean, too, looked to Castiel, seeing the ugly cry he was in the middle of.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t realise what…” He trailed off to continue crying.
“Oh, it’s fine, Cas. It’s okay.” Dean went over to hug him, completely ignoring the puddle and wet pants. Sam did as well.

“Cas, it happens, alright?”

“Let’s get you cleaned up,” Dean said gently, guiding Cas to the bathroom.

“I’m sorry, Dean. I didn’t mean to do something so shameful.” Dean grinned a bit at Castiel’s choice of words, but tried to keep him feeling okay.

“It’s alright, man. You didn’t know. You peed yourself. It’s cool.”

“It’s cool?”

“Uh, no. Just… I mean that it’s okay it happened. It happens to everybody.”

“Oh. Okay.” He pauses a moment. “When did it happen to you?”

“Cas, don’t worry about it, alright? Just, uh, if you feel that again, just let me know. If you have any feelings, let me know.”

“I do have one.”

“Oh? What is it?” Cas leaned closer to Dean and kissed him. Dean blushed before pulling away.

“Take a shower, Cas. We’ll be outside.”

***

When he did one back out, Sam and Dean surprised with more hugs than he could count.

“Thank you for being so understanding of my wrong doing.”

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Cas.”

“But what I did wasn’t right, either.”

“It was an accident, Cas. Calm down.”

They didn’t let go of him for a while, but he really didn’t mind.
Car Ride - Queen

Chapter Summary

Car ride. Brian has to pee. I dunno. I'm lazy.

Chapter Notes

I am currently working on a bunch of chapters. Sorry I haven't been posting as much. Also I'm just really bad at titles. Sorry

“Guys, come on. Please.”

“We’re trying, darling. You’re going to have to calm down.”

“I can’t calm down, Freddie. I’ve been asking for hours, and Roger still hasn’t stopped.”

“It’s only been, like, half an hour, Brian,” Deacy said from the seat next to him. Brian’s head whipped to the right.

“Really? I don’t care how long it’s been, I’ll go on you if he doesn’t stop soon.” Deacy looked back to the front of the car.

“Please just stop, Rog.”

“I’m trying to find a place. We’re kind of in the middle of nowhere.”

Brian groaned.

“You alright?”

“No, Fred. I’m not alright. I’m seriously about to just stand up and go on the floor.”

“Please don’t. They were just cleaned.”

“Shut up, Roger.”

“Would you fit?” The three of them stopped arguing to look over at Deacy.

“Huh?”

“You said you were gonna stand up.”

He groaned again. “Oh, my god. Just pull over. I don’t even care at this point. Please, Roger.”

“I can’t even pull over, Bri. I’m sorry. There’s nothing I can do. The next exit is in a few miles, though.”
“Okay.” Roger turned around to see Brian, legs tightly crossed. He chuckled. “It’s not funny. It’s your car.”

“Sorry.”

“Roger!” Freddie shouted, and Roger turned back around to see that the car in front of him had stopped. He slammed on his breaks, and his car stopped as fast as it could. They were all jolted forward, and Brian drew in a sharp breath.

“Roger!” he screamed. “Why would you do that?”

“Oh, god. I’m sorry, Bri. The car in front of us just stopped. And then he turned around to see that Brian still had his hands shoved in between his legs. “You okay?”

“....No.” Roger turned back to the road.

“We’re almost to the exit.”

No response. Deacy looked over at Brian, and Brian sat back and moved his hands. Deacy could clearly see what had happened.

“Roger?” he said.

“Yeah?”

“Er, Brian…” He didn’t need to finish his sentence.

“Oh, god. I’m so sorry. I didn’t do it on purpose, Brian. Oh, my god. I’ll wash your clothes for you, and I’ll, I don’t know. Whatever you want me to do.”

“It’s fine. Can we just not stop at the exit, please? I don’t wanna talk about it.”

“Yeah.”

Brian was quiet, mostly trying his hardest not to burst into tears. Deacy watched him from the side and noticed his red eyes. When one tear slipped out, he quickly wiped it and sniffed as quietly as he could. Freddie turned.

“It’s all fine, darling.”

“Yeah. I’m just embarrassed.”

“No need to be embarrassed in front of us, Bri. We’ve known each other for long enough,” Deacy said.

Brian shrugged. Then he couldn’t take it and started crying more.

“I’m really sorry, Bri. I should have been watching the road. I wouldn’t have stopped so fast, and—“

“Roger, it’s done. Leave it alone. I just want to get somewhere I can have a shower and go curl up and die.”

They all chuckled a bit. “It’s really fine. And we won’t tell anybody.”

“I know. Thanks.”
Chapter Summary

Freddie is nervous about moving in with Roger, Brian, and John, and on the first night, he wets the bed.

'I'm so excited!' Roger squealed as they all walked into their new flat. ‘I can’t believe we finally get to share a place together!’

“I know!” exclaimed Deacy. But Freddie only smiled a bit and nodded. He, too, was excited, but incredibly nervous.

Brian came up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. He quickly spun around. “You alright, Fred? You don’t look too good.”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Brian smiled and sat his stuff down on the ground.

“Are the rooms set up yet?”

“No. We don’t have beds,” said Roger as he peered into his own.

“Where are we supposed to sleep?” Brian looked at the television room and the empty space in it.

“We should all sleep on the floor over there,” he suggested.

“Fine. But nobody hears about this, you got me?” Roger glared, but the rest of them smiled.

“Yeah, okay.” Then Deacy elbowed Freddie's side and grinned. Freddie grinned back.

***

That night, they had all helped set up a giant makeshift bed. With one big blanket on the floor, they all got their pillows and separate blankets to cover up with.

“Want to watch a movie?” Brian asked. They all agreed to it and got out soda and popcorn. After the movie was over, everyone but Freddie has fallen asleep. And he was in the middle of Brian and Deacy.

When he felt a strange feeling in his bladder, he knew he’d have to get up and go, but he didn’t want to bother them all. So instead, he tried to make himself fall asleep.
The next morning, Deacy was the first to wake up. Freddie was to his left and Roger to his right. The first thing he felt was a cold wet spot on the blanket under them. He frowned as he sat up to see what happened, only to find a big wet spot around Freddie. He laid back down and tried to shake Roger awake.

The blond grunted. “What do you want?”

“Rog, please get up. It’s Freddie. He, er, well…” Roger opened his eyes.

“What? What did he do?”

“I think he wet himself,” the other man whispered softly under his breath. Roger only stared at him until they both heard Brian groan and wake up.

“What…? Oh.” Roger sat up to see Brian tapping Freddie. “Freddie? Fred, get up.” Roger, too, started to wake him. Deacy only sat uncomfortably.

The singer eventually came to terms with the world and noticed immediately what had happened while he was asleep. He tried to act cool, not knowing the others knew what was wrong.

“Good morning,” he tried. But Deacy went straight to the point.

“Freddie, I think you wet the bed.” Freddie blushed so hard he looked down to hide his face.

“S-sorry,” he managed as he pushed back the tears forming in his eyes. “I should’ve gone before bed, but you were all next to me, and I just didn’t want to get up and bother you, but now I’ve bothered you more than I would have, and I feel so bad about it and--”

“Freddie, it’s fine. Calm down.” Freddie then couldn’t stop the tears running down his cheeks.

“Brian’s right, Fred. It’s alright.” Freddie started sobbing into his hands, so Deacy leaned over and hugged him.

“Come on, Freddie, why don’t you get up? We can clean this and pretend it never happened.” Freddie reluctantly stood, but was still very grateful his friends stood with him and started pulling up the blankets so he didn’t have to.

Eventually, everything was cleaned up, and Freddie thanked the other three for being so kind about it.

“It’s fine, Freddie. It happens.”

“We love you. We always will.”
Roger and Brian are kidnapped and tied together on a chair. And Roger has to er yeah...

“We’re never gonna be found,” Roger whined as he squirmed a bit. His body had started shaking, and Brian, sitting beneath him, could feel it.

“Roger, we’re going to be fine. Just calm down.”

“I am calm.”

Brian sighed and shuffled a bit. He tried to move his hands, but no matter what he did, the ropes binding him still hurt.

“Roger, you’re shaking.”

“Of course I’m shaking. I’m sitting on your lap, inches away from your face, and all four of my limbs are tied to your chair.”

“First of all, it’s not my chair. In this situation that the guy put us into--”

“Pervert.”

“It’s out chair,” Brian continued. “And second, I don’t mind. I mean, my breath doesn’t smell that bad, does it?”

“No, it’s just awkward.” Roger then jerked again, causing Brian to wince.

“That’s not going to work. We can’t get out of this.” Roger huffed and tried to twist on top of Brian.

“Hold it,” he whispered under his breath. “Just hold it.” And then he groaned in frustration.

“Roger, do you, er, do you have to--?”

“Yes. Leave me alone.” He continued muttering to himself and shaking.

“Rog, you’re hurting yourself.” He looked down at Roger’s knees, which were continuously jabbing him in the sides. “And me.”

“I’m so sorry,” he said, tears slipping down his face.
“Just go if you have to.”

“I can hold it. Don’t worry.”

“What do you mean don’t worry? I’m gonna worry that you’re obviously uncomfortable. Roger, go.”

“I can wait.”

“I don’t want you to hurt yourself. You’re crying.” Roger sniffled.

“I’m not going to take a leak on you,” the blond insisted. “Just leave me alone.”

“No. I’ll go, too, if that makes you feel better about it.” Roger looked away, clearly frustrated. “Roger?” And then Brian felt a warmth on his stomach. He looked down to see a yellow stream pushing itself out of Roger’s sweatpants and landing near his belly button. He looked away as fast as he could, feeling his stomach start to churn. “I’m gonna be sick,” he muttered under his breath.

“I’m so sorry. I really couldn’t hold it.”

“It’s fine, Roger. You had to go. It’s fine.” But Brian still had his eyes shut tight as he tried not to smell the foul stench of the urine.

“But it’s getting all over you,” he cried. Brian didn’t think about the yellow rivulets running down his legs to a growing puddle beneath him.

“It’s fine,” he choked out. But he soon felt something start to rise into his throat, and when he tried to breathe to get it to go away, it came out, splattering all over Roger and his lap. “Shit.”

“Oh, God. This is all my fault. I should have just gone earlier. None of this would have happened.”

“No, stop it. It’s not your fault. It’s nobody’s fault but the guy who tied us up, okay? And I’m so sorry, too. I just have a really weak stomach.”

Roger didn’t say anything, only continued emptying himself on top of Brian as the urge came back. “Let’s just never talk about this ever again.”

“ Somebody’s gonna find us, Rog. And we’re both gonna be covered in vomit and piss.” He laughed a bit.

“Yeah. Would you believe that?” They both smiled a bit, the mood already lightening a bit.
Birthday - Queen

Chapter Summary

On his birthday, John takes candy from a stranger, and his action has some consequences, but Rog Bri And Fred help him through it.

Chapter Notes

This is kinda longer than the others

John raced down the street, feeling as if his bladder were about to explode. This day was turning out to be the worst birthday ever. A man who had overheard Roger talking about his birthday on the underground had offered him candy, and then Roger took off.

Despite everything he’d heard about not taking candy from strangers since he was a kid, he’d eaten it anyway. And now he was walking back home about to piss into his high waisted jeans.

When he was finally to his house and started unlocking the door, he swore he could feel the urine sloshing around inside of him, trickling its way into his boxers.

“Dammit, come on.” The lock clicked and he slipped in, closing the door fast. But when he turned around, a bunch of people stood fast and shouted something that in his state of worry, he couldn’t understand. What he did understand, though, was that there was now piss shooting out of him so quickly, he couldn’t stop it.

And he was standing in front of a big crowd of people. He saw Brian next to the couch, and he was now making his way closer, but he wanted to go back out the door.

His pants were hot. And wet. And he knew exactly what had happened, and he stood there dumbfounded, waiting for it to not be true. But it was.

Brian approached much faster than John thought he would and led him back to his room. He closed the door back before giving John a look of sympathy.

“Sorry, John. I didn’t know you, er… when you’re scared.” John didn’t bother correcting him, only looked down in horror and back up. “Oh, don’t cry. It’s fine.” He didn’t know he was crying and tried to wipe away all the tears from his face.

“Sorry.”

“It’s fine. It wasn’t your fault.” And then the door opened again, and Freddie stepped in.

“Hey, you alright, darling?” John nodded miserably. “It’s okay… what happened can probably be blamed on us. Er, Roger’s cleaning up the floor really quick.”

“I can clean the floor.”
“Nonsense, dear. There’s no reason for you to. Do you want to go ahead and get in the shower?” John nodded, so Freddie brought him to the bathroom.

“You can take off your clothes and I’ll throw them in the wash,” Brian said. John did so, not minding if Brian or Freddie saw him. There was a knock on the door.

“Guys, it’s Roger. Everything alright in there?”

“Yeah. We’re fine.”

“Does he need clothes? I can get some.”

“That’d be great, Roger. Thanks, darling.” Roger went off to get the clothes he promised, and by the time he was back John was already in the shower and Brian and Freddie were leaving the bathroom. He walked into set the clothes on the counter.

“Now I feel bad,” he said as he left again, locking it behind him. “It was my idea.”

“It’s nobody’s fault, Rog. Let’s just not mention it, okay?” They all agreed.

***

The next morning, John awoke around 1 in the morning to find that he’d wet the bed. He cleaned it up and tried to go back to sleep, but he couldn’t. So he stayed up. He also didn’t mention it to the other three, not wanting them to worry about him. But then he had to go again while they were practising. He excused himself and came back shortly after.

For the next hour, they were all arguing over what they wanted and didn’t want to play. None of them wanted to have the argument, but they all had to be there.

John felt his bladder make itself known again very quickly. He was quickly on the verge of wetting himself yet again. He stood and started to leave.

“Where are you going, John? You can’t just leave now. You have to help me prove to these two nimrods that not all of our songs have to be so upbeat.”

“It’s not our fault that you write depressing songs, Brian. You’re in a rock band. Act like it.”

“Come on, Roger. At least I’m not writing about my car. And besides, Freddie said himself that Queen isn’t just one genre.”

As they continued to argue, John sat down. He was too embarrassed to mention he had to go so bad, especially since he’d gone not too long ago.

After a few more minutes, though, he couldn’t take it. He stood to leave, but suddenly, his bladder gave way. His urine splattered to the floor, grabbing the other threes’ attention.

“John?” he heard, but he wasn’t sure who had said it. He didn’t hear anything after that. Only his heart beating as he fell to the ground and curled up in his puddle. His breathing became irrationally heavy.

“Oh, shit. John, are you okay?” No answer. They all ran over to him and helped him up to sit on the
As Freddie started heating up bath water, he asked John a bit about the candy from the man. “John, dear, did you eat anything from a stranger the other day?” John shrugged. “It was just one piece. Not much.” Freddie sighed. “John, even one piece can be dangerous. You’re lucky it was only this, something we can clean up and pretend like it never happened. Something could have gone terribly wrong.”
John let a few tears fall. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine, but next time, be more careful.” John sniffled and cried harder, trying not to let Freddie see him. But he did happen to see it. And hear it. He hugged him tightly. “Darling, I’m so sorry. I really didn’t mean to upset you. I just want you to be safe. Okay?”

John nodded.

“I’m not mad, dear.”

“I know.” Then Freddie pulled away.

“I’ll leave you now.”

“Okay.”

***

“Is it okay if I stay here tonight, dear? I don’t want you to get hurt or anything.”

“I suppose it’s alright. You want to sleep in the guestroom?” Freddie nodded.

“Oh, thank you, John.”

Freddie got himself situated, and the two fell asleep.

Around three, Freddie heard a noise outside his room. He got up and walked down the hall until he bumped into John, who was heading back to his room, his hair wet.

“Oh, sorry. Did I wake you?” Freddie quickly shook his head.

“No. Is everything alright?”

“I’m fine.”

“You going back to bed?”

“Maybe.”

Freddie bit his lip. “John, darling, you need some sleep. Don’t worry about anything else, okay? Just sleep.”

“Freddie, I—“ Freddie held a hand up to shush him.

“You just need some sleep. Do you want me to clean the sheets or have you already done those?”

“I haven’t, but you—“

“Darling, it’s fine. I don’t mind.”

“Okay. Is it okay if I go sleep in the guest room, then?”

“It’s your house.”
John left to go back to sleep in the guest room as Freddie threw one thing of sheets in the washer which already had his pyjamas in it. He put a towel on the bed and started soaking up the urine and used some chemicals from the kitchen to clean it up some more.

Eventually, he fell back asleep on the couch.

***

The next time Freddie woke up, he wasn’t the only one on the couch. John was too. And he was crying, but trying to focus on the telly on in front of him. Freddie sat up, and he immediately stopped and quickly rubbed his eyes.

“You okay, darling? Did you sleep alright?” John nodded.

“I’m fine, Freddie. Sorry I woke you last night. I didn’t mean to.”

“It’s fine, dear. But why are you crying?” John shrugged. “Come on. There’s got to be a reason.”

“I don’t want to be a burden. And these past few days, that’s all I’ve been. I ate candy from some guy I didn’t know. I’ve pissed myself four times already. I made you all clean up. It’s like I’m just a child, Freddie.”

“Hey, don’t cry about it. You made a mistake. It’s not your fault. You’ll learn from it. And you didn’t make us do anything, sweetheart. We helped you because we care about you.”

“Thanks.” Freddie smiles and hugged John, who hugged back.

“If you ever need any help, be sure to tell us, alright?” John nodded. “And I’m not sure exactly what was in the candy, but today, you go to the toilet if you have to, yeah?” Another nod. “Good. Ready to start the day?” Yet another nod.
Chapter Summary

Freddie wants his friend John to meet his other friends, Brian and Roger and sets up a dinner with them. But then goes on a date oof.

Chapter Notes

(pretend they had iphones or samsungs or whatever)
Also feel free to request :)
I'm so bad at titles. Very creative can't you tell??

“Freddie, I’m really not sure. Why can’t you be there?” Freddie gave him a pained look.

“Darling, I have a date. I’m sure you’ll be fine.”

John nodded. “Yeah. I guess I’m just really shy around people I don’t know, Fred. What if something goes wrong?”

“Just tell them.”

“I mean, what if they don’t like me?”

“Why wouldn’t they? What’s not to like about you?” John shrugged. “Well, you’re going to be fine. They’ll love you.” John smiled, but he was still incredibly nervous about going to dinner with them.

***

Freddie smiled at John as he stopped in the driveway of a house. “They’ve cooked vegetarian lasagna, darling. I’m sure you’ll love it. And I hope you love them, too.”

“I’m sure I will, Fred. Thanks for the ride.”

“No problem. I’ll be here to pick you up around 8:30 or 9.” John closed the door of the car and went up to knock on the door. It was opened by a man with very curly hair. It must have been Brian.

“Hey. You must be John.” John nodded. “Nice to meet you. I’m Brian.” He stuck his hand out, and John shook back. He already felt very awkward.

“N-nice to meet you, too.”

“Please. Come in.” John did. He followed Brian to the dining room, where he introduced himself to
Roger and took a seat.

They made conversation for a while, but John was soon realising that he had to use the toilet. He was much too shy to interrupt the conversation and leave the table so rudely, though, so he kept quiet.

An hour later though, he knew he wouldn’t be able to hold it much longer, but they were talking about music, and he’d feel really bad if he left then. He'd feel bad if he left at all. But then again, he’d feel even worse if he pissed on their cushioned chair and all over their carpet after they so kindly made him dinner.

It was this fear that got him to stand, allowing a small amount to come out and seep right through his underwear.

“W-where’s your loo?” he said, voice shaky. Roger quickly pointed, hearing the panic.

“Down the hall to the right,” Brian said kindly, specifying Roger’s finger pointing. John scampered off, hurrying before anymore came out and trying not to grab himself or bend over. When he finally found it, he got in as fast as he could and slammed the door shut.

But he immediately started going. It was too blissful to stop, so he only continued. Only after a few minutes did it dawn on him that he had just pissed himself in a stranger’s bathroom. But he was supposed to be friends with this stranger, so he couldn’t just sneak out.

He started crying, almost sobbing as he thought about what he could possibly do. He couldn’t just tell them. He was awkward enough asking where the toilet was, and he couldn’t imagine telling them that he had peed himself. He pulled out his phone and texted Freddie.

7:15 ‘Freddie I have a problem’
7:21 ‘Freddie please answer’

It wasn’t for another horrible hour or so that Freddie responded.

8:10 ‘Darling whats the matter’
8:10 ‘Freddie thank god’
8:11 ‘You have me worried dear whats going on’
8:12 ‘Well the dinner was so delicious and then I had to go to the toilet so I asked and I went but then I peed myself and I dont know what to do Freddie please help’
8:12 ‘oh darling youve been in the loo for an hour? Just go tell them. They’ll understand. They’re not horrible people ya know’
8:13 ‘I cant just tell them Fred. It took everything I had to work up the courage to ask where the loo was’
8:13 ‘Im about to leave now I’ll be there in half in hour, honey. Dont worry’
8:13 ‘Freddie my legs feel really itchy’
8:14 ‘Do you want me to tell them?’
8:14 ‘Er yeah please. But I dont wanna be a burden Fred’
8:15 ‘Youre not a burden darling. Its going to be fine’

Brian and Roger sat at the empty table, waiting patiently for John. They’d already cleaned everything up.

“He’s been in there a while, Bri. Should I go check on him?” Brian thought about it a bit and then nodded. Something must have been wrong if he was in there for so long.

“Yeah. Probably.” Roger stood and left the room, heading down the hall. Then Brian’s phone
dinged. He pulled it out of his pocket and opened it up.

8:15 ‘Hey Brian. Sorry if I’m interrupting something but poor John darling texted me that hes been in the loo for an hour.’
8:15 ‘Yes. He has. Why?’
8:16 ‘He wet himself darling. And hes much to shy to come out and tell you and Roger’
8:16 ‘Oh’
8:16 ‘I think hed feel better if you and Roger went to him. He just cant tell you so he asked me to tell you instead so he didnt have to’
8:17 ‘Oh yeah. I’ll go check on him. Thanks for telling me’
8:17 ‘No problem’
8:18 ‘I told them. Brian said he would come check on you, okay’
8:18 ‘Thank you so much Freddie. Oh god this is so awkward’
8:18 ‘Hey its fine. Dont worry’

There was a knock on the door, and John burst into tears. Many fell down his eyes as he sobbed while attempting to catch more air.

“John, are you alright in there?”

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to. I can clean everything up. I swear.”

“What happened?” John didn’t respond, he only unlocked the door, knowing he couldn’t hide forever. Roger heard the small click and opened the door. There was John, standing completely still on the bathroom rug. His pants were wet with something that was obviously pee. Roger’s face turned into one of sympathy.

“I’m sorry, Roger. I’ll clean it.” Roger was speechless. “I’m really sorry. I never meant to--”

“Er, John, you--” He was saved from finishing the sentence when Brian came in holding a towel and a set of clothes.

“Oh, John. It’s okay. Freddie told me what happened.” Roger turned to see his friend, still shocked.

“Sorry, Brian,” John mumbled.

“Nothing to me sorry for. It happens.” He set everything down on the counter next to the sink. “Why don’t you get in the shower and get dressed into these.”

“I don’t want to wear your clothes, Bri--”

Brian stepped closer and put his hands on John’s shoulders, causing the younger man to stop talking. “John, it’s fine. We’ll step out so you can get out of your clothes and hand them out the door, alright?”

John nodded, despite the fact that he was so confused as to why Brian was being so nice to him. Roger and Brian stepped out, and he did exactly as Brian had said.

***
When he got out of the shower, Freddie was already there, chatting with Brian and Roger. They were laughing, and John only assumed it was because of him. He felt ridiculous in Brian’s button down and pants as he walked over to sit next to Freddie.

“Hey, how are you doing, darling?” John shrugged. He really didn’t want to walk much.

“You probably want to get home,” Brian said. He was completely correct. “Well, we can return your clothes tomorrow if you like. They’re in the wash.”

“Er, th- thank you.” Brian smiled.

“No problem. I do hope this hasn’t changed your mind about us, though. We’d love to see you again some time.”

John nodded. “You were very nice tonight. Thanks for being so understanding and not getting mad or anything.”

“You didn’t do it on purpose, John. It’s fine.” John looked to Roger. He definitely wanted to see them again.

Then Freddie stood and John along with him. “Thank you for having him over. I’ll try to find a day I’m free and we can all go see a movie or something.” They all agreed.

“It’s a date,” Roger joked.

“See you then.” And then Freddie led John out to the car.
They go to the movies after the previous chapter. I mean, it doesn't have to go with the previous chapter, though.
They go to the movies, and Freddie has to pee during the movie. Somebody can't hold ittt!!!

“Guess who’s going to the movies tonight?” Freddie sang as he pranced around the flat. John watched from the kitchen as he fixed them both a quick dinner before they left. “We are, we are, we’re going to the movies.”

“Freddie, your sandwich is done.” Freddie perked up and skipped up to the bar.

“Thank you, darling. What would I do without you?” John chuckled.

“Probably starve to death, always forgetting to eat.” Freddie grinned.

“Yes. And we couldn’t have that, now, could we? The cats would be so lonely without me.” Freddie took a big bite out of his sandwich as he picked up the peanut butter and jelly and put it away for John.

“They’d have me. I mean, I don’t put on quite the concerts you do at night, though.” John heard a chuckle. “Better finish up your sandwich if you want to make the movie.”

“What about you?”

“I’m not driving, and you get distracted by everything, including that sandwich in your hands now.”

“Challenge accepted.” Freddie grabbed the keys, spinning them around his finger and heading out the door. “Lock it, dear,” he called to John, who locked it with his own key.

***

By the time they got to the movie theatre, their sandwiches were already gone. They met Brian and Roger in the lobby and found their seats.

“You excited?” Roger asked Freddie, who was sitting next to him.

“Of course! I can’t wait to see what the message they got was!”

“Oh my god! Neither can I! That trailer was intense!”

“Yeah!” And then the movie started. Freddie felt his bladder suddenly call out to him, but he ignored it. He couldn’t leave now! The movie had just started.
About 2 hours into it, though, Freddie was squirming in his seat, but the rest of them were so fixated on the movie that they didn’t seem to notice.

“The message is almost done downloading!” said a character of the movie.

“5, 4, 3, oh, no!” There were many crashes, but Freddie couldn’t focus. He was too busy trying not to piss himself.

“It stopped!”

“He’s right behind you! Look out!” Freddie stood to finally go to the bathroom, but then…

“It’s downloading again!” He sat back down.

“Oh, no!” The computer that had been downloading it broke into a million pieces. Freddie stood again.

“I have your message for you! You don’t need the computer!” He sat back down. “You!”

“Hurry up,” Freddie mumbled. He brought his feet up to his chair and sat on them.

“You are…”

“I am what? I am what?”

“Be patient, stupid little brat,” Freddie said.

“Be patient!” Freddie felt it start to come out. He knew if they didn’t found out the message within the minute, things weren’t going to be too great for him. “The message is that…”

“What? Tell me!”

Freddie groaned as more came out. He could already feel a wet spot on his pants.

“Relax, dear child! If you don’t relax, you won’t hear it.”

“Don’t tell me to relax, dammit,” Freddie said. “Just say the goddamn message. Ugh!”

“Sorry.”

“It’s fine. But it seems as if there are enemies approaching from all around. I better tell you later.”

“No!” Freddie cried. But he wasted no time standing and running off, passing Roger in the process.

Roger followed him, worried. When he saw him stop in the hallway, he knew something was wrong. He slowly approached him.

“Freddie, you okay? You left pretty fast in there.”

“I’m fine,” he whined. But then Roger saw his wet pants. And not as if he’d spilled something on them.
“Oh, Fred. It’s fine. Do you want to finish the movie?” Freddie shook his head. “Alright. Stay here, okay? I’m going to tell Brian we’re going to leave, alright?” Freddie nodded.

A few minutes later, Roger returned.

“Do you have your car keys?” He nodded once again. “Okay. I’ll drive, and don’t worry about John. Brian’s going to bring him back after the movie.”

“This is so embarrassing.”

“It’s fine. I’m not going to tell anybody. Brian thinks you’re just not feeling too well.”

“Thanks.”

***

After Freddie was out of the shower, Roger already had his clothes washing. Freddie cried in pure shame, so Roger hugged the life out of him.

“Freddie, it wasn’t your fault. It’s fine.”

“But I wet myself, Rog. At the movies.” Roger led him to the couch.

“We’ve all done pretty embarrassing things, Freddie.”

“What have you done?” Roer laughed.

“I’m not saying. That’s embarrassing.” This made Freddie laugh, which was it’s soul purpose. “Well, Brian and John will be here soon. Remember, you felt sick, okay?” Freddie nodded.

“I feel better now.”

“You sure do.”
Chapter Summary

Freddie wakes up at Roger and John's after a party, and he's wet himself on the couch.

Chapter Notes

This is kind of short.

Freddie wasn’t sure he remembered what exactly had happened last night. There might have been a girl or a guy. He wasn’t sure if he knew everybody/ He didn’t know how much alcohol he’d had. It had to have been too much, though. The only things he did know were that he was definitely alone on Roger and John’s couch. And he had definitely pissed himself sometime in the night.

When he discovered the latter, he had no clue what to do. So he did the only logical option. He got up and left as fast as he could.

When John woke up just a few minutes later, he immediately took notice of the wet couch. He sighed and got up to get Roger. When he got to Roger’s room after sidestepping many sleeping people he didn’t know, he saw that Brian was asleep next to him.

“Roger,” he said, shaking the blond awake. “Roger.”

Roger sat up slowly. “Yeah? What is it?”

“I think somebody spilled something on the couch.” Roger got up, Brian along with him, and the three made their way to the television room. Roger and Brian’s noses scrunched up.

“I think that’s piss, Deacy,” Roger said. “Can you go get some spray?” John went to the toilet to fetch the spray and a towel.

After a few minutes, though, Roger pulled the cushion off the couch, starting to strip off the fabric.

“What are you doing, Rog?”

“I’m just gonna throw this in the wash.” He set the cushion itself back down, and John took over cleaning it.

“God, if whoever this was could have just come told somebody,” Roger groaned.

“Yeah,” Brian agreed.

***
The next day at practice, Freddie showed up late, as he usually did. But this time, it looked as if he’d been crying. Nobody said anything about it, and they went through the day without any trouble.

Until Freddie stopped them from leaving.

“It’s been killing me, darlings,” he started.

“What’s the matter, Fred?” He looked down. He didn’t have to admit this. He’d be fine if he didn’t.

“Freddie, why are you crying?” Dammit.

“The other night at the party, I guess I got a little bit too drunk. I’m sorry.”

“We were all drunk as hell. It’s fine.”

“No, I mean, I- I’m sorry about the couch. I can pay for a replacement if you want.” They were all very confused for a second. But then it clicked.

“Oh,” Roger started. “That was you?” Freddie nodded shamefully, more tears spilling over. “Oh, it’s fine. You don’t have to pay for the couch, Fred.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Freddie looked to Brian.

“I just couldn’t. I’m so sorry. I was so worried, and I thought you’d be mad, so I left.”

“Freddie, we’re not mad at you. It was an accident.” Freddie smiled. “Thanks for telling us.”

“Thanks for not getting mad or making me pay for the couch.” They all laughed.

“Just tell us if it happens again, alright? I promise we won’t be mad.” Freddie nodded.
Chapter Summary

Chekov has to pee while they're being shot at. :(

Chapter Notes

Sorry. This is very short. And not incredibly good.

Chekov shuddered as the ship chasing them fired another shot. It wasn’t only because they were being chased and shot at, but his bladder was quite full. Sulu could tell.

“Captain?” he said. “What now?” Kirk gave them a few orders and then called into sick bay.

“Bones, what’s your situation?”

“We’ve got quite a few in here, Jim. Can’t talk.” They continued evading all of the shots until finally the ship stopped. They turned and left.

“That doesn’t just happen,” Sulu said, obviously confused.

“Captain, look!” Spock shouted. Right in their path was a strange, big object. The ship jerked to the side to avoid it and finally, Chekov was able to stand and get to the bathroom. He did, and he was shaking bad and moving around. Just then, though, Kirk stood up as well.

“I’m glad you’re okay, Mr. Chekov!” he cried, running over to him.

“Wait! Captain! I have to--” But Jim already had his hands on the younger boy’s arms.

“You did great!” Just then, Jim pulled him into a hug. Chekov gave up. He relaxed and let all of the urine he’d been holding in out, and he fell against the captain.

“Jim, may I suggest you let Ensign Chekov go?” Jim stepped away from him, feeling the warmth. Chekov’s face was bright red, and he quickly escaped into the turbolift, trying to close it fast, but Sulu managed to get in before the door was sealed.

“You okay, Pavel?” Chekov burst into tears, shaking his head. “I’m sorry this happened. It’s okay.” Sulu pulled him into a hug, not quite as tight as Kirk’s had been.

“I’m sorry, Hikaru.”

“Nothing to be sorry for. It’s fine. I’m sure Kirk feels very bad about what happened, too. Okay?” Chekov nodded. “Everything’s fine.”
Revenge I - Queen

Chapter Summary

Freddie has to pee, but Roger has locked him out of the bathroom due to an argument.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I was gone for so long. Things have been very busy lately. I have a lot of things I've written, though, so I'll be typing them all up and having them on here this weekend at the latest.

“Roger, please open the door. I can’t wait any longer,” Freddie whined. Roger grinned as he sat atop the toilet.

“You’re a arsehole, Freddie! Why the hell would I open it for you?” Freddie whined again. He had both of his hands gripping himself through his pants as he crossed his right leg over his left.

“Because I have to pee, and this is the only bathroom!”

“That’s not a very good reason, is it?”

“Roger!”

Another thirty minutes or so went by before either of them spoke again.

“Roger, Brian and John are here.”

“That’s fantastic. Maybe they can hold your prick for you.”

“Roger?” It was Brian. “Why does Freddie look like he’s about to wet himself?”

“Because he is about to wet himself.”

“Yeah. I got that. I mean why is he not in the toilet?”

“Because he told me that my songs were garbage and all I do is hit things to make noise.”

Brian looked disapprovingly at Freddie, but he still spoke to Roger.

“Well, we all know that’s not true, Rog. Why don’t you come on out?”

“No!”

John sighed. “Alright. Fred, why’d you say those things?”

Freddie strained for words. “Impulse,” he managed with a groan.
“Impulse?”

“Roger told me that I was overrated.”

“Roger, why would you say that?”

“Well it’s true, isn’t it?”

“No! It’s not true!”

Brian swore under his breath as Freddie started hopping. “Roger, please just open the door. We can talk about this later.”

“No. Not until he apologises.”

“I’m not apologising,” Freddie spat back, “unless you apologise first.”

“Roger, if you don’t open this door, I swear I will get back at you.”

Roger laughed. “You’ve never been so threatening before, John. Oh, no. I’m scared.”

“Just open the damn door, Rog! He’s gonna pee himself!”

“Good! He deserves it!”

“Roger, if you do this now, my revenge won’t be in the privacy of anybody’s home like we are now.” Brian glances over at John.

“Revenge?”

“Yes.”

“Can you please just get him to open the door?” Freddie said frantically. “It’s coming out!”

“Jesus, Rog! Open the door!”

“No!”

Freddie groaned. “I can’t hold it anymore! Please!”

“Roger, this is your last chance!” Roger still refused to open the door, and a single silent tear escaped Freddie.

“Freddie, it’s fine,” Brian assured, knowing he was probably a little bit worried about what was going on.

“Brian, I —” And then he stopped as he looked down at his pants. John and Brian followed his gaze to find a dark stain quickly spread downwards from Freddie’s crotch. He looked up mortified as it started to drip audibly onto the floor. “Shit. I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it, Fred.” But he still buried his face in his hands and began to sob. Roger cracked the door open and immediately felt horrible.

“Oh, God. Freddie, I didn’t mean it.” John put a hand on Freddie’s arm. He could feel it shaking. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know —”

“Roger, just leave. You knew perfectly well he had to go, and you still didn’t open the door.”
“I feel horrible.”

“Don’t start.” The two led Freddie into the bathroom as Roger got out of the way, watching from a few feet away. “Freddie, why don’t you strip out of these clothes? I’ll go get some more and you can hop in the shower.”

They both left the bathroom and sidestepped the soggy spot on the carpet floor, glaring at Roger.

“Hey, I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean for him to —”

“I warned you, Roger. And I will get back at you. Watch your back.” The colour drained from the blond’s face as he watched the two go off to Freddie’s room.

They had everything cleaned up after not too long, and Roger really did feel horrible. But he knew he deserved to feel horrible.
Nightmare - Queen

Chapter Summary

Basically John is staying with Brian and Roger for a bit, and Roger lets him sleep with him when he can't sleep.

“You guys are the best. Thank you so much for letting me stay here.” Deacy’s house was being fumigated, and he was very worried he wouldn’t find a place to stay. And he didn’t want to be in a hotel.

Anything you need, Deacy,” Roger said as he threw a blanket at the couch. John caught it and laid it over his legs. He was also very worried about the nightmares he’d been having recently. They were causing him to wet the bed, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

“I promise I’ll be out as soon as possible.”

“No rush, John. Take as long as you need.” Brian turned off the light. “Sweet dreams.”


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Roger stared at his ceiling, trying his hardest to fall asleep, but nothing he said to himself worked. Suddenly, he heard somebody screaming. It was Deacy. He immediately got up and ran out of his room to check on him.

“You okay?”

“I… I had a nightmare,” he replied, almost embarrassed about it.

“Do you want to go back to sleep?”

Deacy shook his head immediately. “I don’t think I can.” He looked up and could see Roger with the saddest look on his face. “It’s fine.”

“Do you want to come sleep in my room? I think you should probably get some more sleep.”

“You sure? I don’t want to be a burden.”

“I insist.”

“Roger, I can’t. I’m just going to make some breakfast. I’ll be fine.”

“It’s one in the morning. Come sleep.”

“Rog—“
“No. I refuse to let you be alone if you’re having nightmares and can’t sleep. Come on.”

Deacy sighed, but followed anyway. As he laid down next to Roger, he thought about what he’d gotten himself into. He knew he was going to wet the bed, and he couldn’t do that while laying right next to Roger.

“Roger,” he started. He might as well tell him before his body could betray him. “I really don’t think I should be laying here.”

“You’re not being a burden. Don’t worry.”

“It’s not that. I… I’ve been having these nightmares.”

“As long as you’re sleeping, it’s fine. I’m here with you if you wake up.”

“No. They cause me to…” he looked away from Roger, his face turning so red that Roger could tell even in the darkness of the room.

“What’s the matter?”

“They cause me to use the bathroom at night.”

“All right. So you have to get up and go to the toilet? So what? It’s fine. You know it’s down the hall to the left.”

“No. I mean, like, while I’m …. sleeping.”

Rogers expression changed. He opened his mouth to talk, but closed it back again.

“Sorry. I’m just gonna go…” Deacy started getting off the bed, but Roger grabbed his arm.

“Hey, it’s fine. I want you to sleep, okay? If you, er, you know… if it ends up happening, that’s fine. It’s nothing that can’t be fixed. But I don’t want you up all night.”

Roger was starting to sound like an overprotective mother, and Deacy wanted to just get up and leave, but after that, he couldn’t. He laid back down and pulled the covers over himself.

“I’m really sorry ahead of time, Roger.”

“It’s fine. Go to sleep.”

As he did, Roger managed to drift off as well, and he was very grateful for that.

***

Deacy did have a nightmare. He woke up, his breathing heavy as he tried to calm himself down. Roger was up in a second.

“You okay?” Deacy could feel the urine beneath him, and even though he’d told Roger it would happen, he was still very embarrassed about it.

“I think I…” He didn’t have to finish his sentence before Roger pulled him into a hug. And he
started crying into the blond’s shoulder.

“It’s fine. Are you okay?” Deacy nodded weakly. “Okay, good. Now we don’t want to wake Brian, alright? Go ahead and go to the toilet and take off your clothes. But be quiet.”

Deacy didn’t say a thing and did exactly as he was told. Roger took care of the bedding and changed himself. He decided to wait until morning to shower and let the bassist shower instead.

After that, they both slept more, and Deacy didn’t have another nightmare.
In another country, Roger and John can't read the signs, and John has to go to the bathroom really bad.

“It’s not funny, Roger. I really have to go!”

“Sorry. I’m trying to find the toilet, but I can’t read these characters.” Roger continued looking down the hall, not wanting to go too fast and lose his friend.

“Hurry up!”

“You're going to be fine, Deacs. Calm down.”

“Just hurry up!”

“I am!”

When a person then passed by, he saw the state John was in.

“Where’s your loo?” Roger asked kindly. The man didn’t know what he was saying, but he got enough from Deacy. He pointed down the hall and said something. “Thank you.” Decay started scurrying off, following the way the man pointed, so Roger followed, as well.

“Find it, Roger. I can’t wait much longer.”

“We’ll find it, Deacy. It’s alright.” Deacy groaned and doubled over. “God, I’m trying. They have so many signs hanging from the ceiling, and none of them have people on them!”

“Roger, I… I think I’m just gonna go.” his face reddened at his words.

“No. We’ll find it, I swear. Just hold on a little longer, okay?”

“I’m going.”

“Give me two minutes. I’ll find it. Just two minutes.”

“Too late.”

“Oh, God.” The bassist stood up, revealing his darkening pants and teary eyes.

“I’m so sorry, Roger. I c-couldn’t…” He sniffled. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine. It was an accident.” John started crying. “It’s alright. Let’s get back to the hotel.” John nodded.

“I really couldn’t h-hold it.” Roger took JOhn’s hand in his own, only to find it was shaking. He pulled the younger man into a hug.
“Hey, it happens. Could’ve happened to me.” John shrugged. “Really. Don’t worry.” They both pulled away from the hug. “Sorry I couldn’t find you a toilet.”

“Not your fault. Thanks for trying and not laughing at me.”

“I would never laugh at you for something like this. It’s fine.”
Chapter Summary

John proposes the idea of locks on the belts of what they wear on stage to get back at Roger.

Chapter Notes

This has some very evil John. Sorry about that :/ But I promise in the next chapter, he'll be super sweet. It's okay.

“Are you sure about this?” Freddie glanced down at the lock on his belt. After John had proposed it, both Brian and Freddie had their doubts.

“Yes. I’m sure.”

“What if we have to go?” Freddie asked shakily. He still was a little upset about his earlier accident.

“Do you have to go now?”

“No.”

“No.”

“Then you should be fine. I slipped some stuff in Roger’s drink, so — “

It was then that Roger walked up to them, clearly uncomfortable. He was squirming quite noticeably.

“Hey, can you undo this lock really quick? I’ll be right back.”

“You already found a girl? Jesus, Roger. Slow down.”

“No!” Roger pushed Brian lightly. “I have to use the toilet, and John’s stupid locks are making that impossible.”

“We’re about to go on stage, Rog. You think you can wait?” John looked at him innocently.

“No.” Brian’s heart fell with that word. He knew what was happening was wrong. Using the toilet wasn’t a privilege. It was a need.

“And now…. Queen!”

“Looks like you’re going to have to.” Roger grunted as he followed his friends onto the stage. He quickly made his way behind the drums.

“Do you really think we should be doing this?” Brian whispered in John’s ear.
“Yes. He deserves it. You saw what he did to Fred.”

“Yes, but—“

“Brian, it’s fine.”

“You know what? Fine. But I am not a part of this, okay?”

“What do you mean?”

“Give me the key, John.”

“No!”

“Stop bickering, you two.” Freddie turned to look at them. “We’re on stage.”

“Fred, he won’t give me the key,” Brian whined. And then he decided to change his game. “I have to go! It’s not fair!”

Freddie gave John a look. “Give him the key, darling.”

John groaned, but gave it to him anyway. Brian immediately told Roger to follow him. Roger obliged, and John squinted in fury.

“He’s just letting Roger go!” Freddie rolled his eyes.

“It’s fine. We shouldn’t have taken away his toilet privileges, anyway,” Freddie said sarcastically.

“But, Freddie, he—“

“Yeah, I know. But I guess I deserved it, anyway.” John sighed, and Freddie stepped up to the microphone. “Hello, my darlings! How are you all?”

The crowd cheered.

“Brian and Roger will be back any second now.”

***

“Brian! Hurry!” Roger whined.

“Stop moving! I’m trying to unlock it!” Roger tried his best to stand still, but it was hard.

“Can you unlock it a little faster maybe?” Brian huffed.

“I’m going to throw you against the wall if you don’t quit moving.”

“Please don’t. Oh, God, Bri. Hurry. Holy fuck. My bladder is about to explode.”

“I’m not surprised. What did John put in your drink, anyway?”

“What? He put something in my drink? Wanker.” Brian smiled a bit as he finally got the key lined up, but when he tried to push it in, it wouldn’t budge. Roger squirmed. He was quickly approaching
the point where his pants went from dry to completely soaked.

“Oh, no. He gave me the wrong key.”

“There’s a wrong key? He probably did it on purpose.”

“Really? Why do you think that?” Brian said sarcastically before standing up and throwing the key on the ground. He laughed.

“Bri, I can't take it. You seriously have to unlock these. Don’t you know how to pick a lock?”

“No.”

“Well, you should.”

“I’m sorry, Roger. I can go get the other key.”

“Yes. And hurry, please.” Brian ran out of the toilet, leaving Roger there, grabbing himself and doubled over.

***

Brian ran up to John, anger evident on his face. “Give me the right key, John. This isn’t fair.” John grinned.

“Mmmm… no. I don’t think I will.”

“This isn’t funny. Give it to me, or Roger’s gonna pee himself.” John shrugged and turned away from Brian, but Brian shoved him so hard he fell over. His bass hit the ground, and the sound was very loud through his amp. Freddie turned around to see John on the floor and Brian looking very angry.

“What the hell, Brian? Why’d you do that?”

“Give me the key!” Freddie ran over to them, helping John up.

“What’s happening here?”

“He gave me the wrong key, and Roger has to use the toilet.”

“He deserves it, Brian! Why can’t you just let it be?” Brian face became so angry, Freddie wasn’t sure if it was real or not. He marched off of the stage, making his way back to the bathroom. Roger wasn’t where he was before, but there was a puddle on the floor, and one of the stalls was closed.

“Roger? You still in here?”

“...Yeah. I…” There was a loud sniffle. “Just go away, please. I’m not playing.”

“Roger, we need you. I’m sorry John did that. He shouldn’t have, and I just want to help you, okay?” Roger didn’t answer. “Rog, please come out. We’ll get you cleaned up, you can play, and
then afterwards, you can go hide away forever if you want, but please come out.”

Roger opened up the door and immediately pressed himself into Brian, hugging him. “I’m sorry,” he said.

“It’s fine. Don’t worry.” He knew that what John did was wrong, but he hid his anger away to make sure Roger was alright. “You up for performing?” The blond nodded.

“Always.” And then they both smiled.
Recording - Queen

Chapter Summary

Freddie has to pee while they're recording, but he doesn't bring it up because he doesn't want to waste time.

“I’m going to get water,” Roger announced as he stood up from his drums. Freddie, too started walking off, hoping to use the time to go to the toilet. He’d had to go for a while now. But Brian turned to Roger, clearly annoyed.

“No. Sit down.” Freddie stopped and turned to see Roger giving the nastiest glance he’d ever seen to Brian.

“Excuse me?”

“I said to sit down.”

“But I’m thirsty!” Roger continued walking, but the guitarist grabbed his arm.

“Somebody get Roger water.”

“Brian, what the hell? What’s the matter with you?” Brian huffed, pulling Roger back to his drums.

“We’re wasting time.”

“I would have been back by now.”

“Just play, okay? Actually, Freddie said he wanted to record the background vocals to Somebody to Love. Let’s do that.” Freddie wanted to go to the bathroom then, but Brian was in a very bad mood, and he definitely didn’t want it to worsen.

Eventually, Roger, Brian, and Freddie were around the microphone, ready, and Deacy was in the other room watching. But Freddie felt as if so much liquid had been put in his bladder. It was worse than before, and he knew he should just tell them if he didn’t want to end up in a very unfortunate puddle of his own making.

But he didn’t. He continued singing and squirming, unaware that the bassist watching through the window was very aware of what was wrong. Freddie stopped singing when he became genuinely concerned he would pee himself if he didn’t focus everything he had on keeping his bladder closed.

Deacy pressed the button. “Freddie, do you need to take a break?” Freddie shook his head when he heard Brian sigh.

“I’m fine, darling.” Deacy was hesitant to let it go, but Freddie said he was fine. They continued recording, and Freddie cold feel his control slipping. Eventually, he stepped away and bent down to grab himself through his pants. The bassist went as fast as he could into the room.

“We’re taking a break,” he demanded, running to Freddie. “Is everything alright?” he whispered so that the others wouldn’t hear him.
“I-I can’t move.”

“Do you want to try?” Freddie shook his head and looked to the bassist, tears in his eyes. “Oh, it’s alright.” Freddie hugged him, and he could feel his poor bladder giving up. He cried more, but Deacy didn’t let go.

“I’m so sorry,” he sobbed. “I’m s-so, so sorry.”

“It’s alright, Freddie. It’s fine.” The singer pulled away and looked at Brian and Roger, who were very confused. They stared at Freddie’s pants, wondering if they should walk away or not.

Deacy’s face morphed into one of sympathy as he started pulling Freddie out of the room.

“Freddie, it’s alright. What happened?”

“I didn’t want to waste time and make Brian mad.” He took a shaky breath. “But now I’ve wasted more time.”

“He wouldn’t have minded if you had to go to the toilet, Fred.” Freddie shook his head.

“He’s mad at me now. I don’t want him to be. Please tell him I’m sorry.”

“He’s not mad. Calm down. Let’s just get you cleaned up, okay?” Freddie followed him to the bathroom, and after Deacy found him another pair of pants and he cleaned up his legs with paper towels, Freddie went home. Deacy went to explain what had happened to Brian and Roger only to find that they had cleaned up the floor already.

“Is he alright?” Roger asked, concern in his voice.

“He’s fine. He said he didn’t want to waste time, so he tried to ignore it.”

“Oh, my god. This is my fault.” Brian hid his face in his hands. “God, I’m so sorry. Can I talk to him or did he already leave?”

“He left. But he wanted you to know he was very sorry.”

“He doesn’t have to be sorry.” The guitarist sighs.

“I think it was just a misunderstanding.”

“Yes. Well, he’s feeling pretty horrible about it, so just don’t bring it up.” They all agreed.
Chapter Summary

Brian is surprised when he's awoken at three in the morning by Roger asking how to use the washer.

The first time there was a knock on the door, Brian glanced at the clock. 3:15? Why would anybody be up that early? He groaned.

“What do you want?” he mumbled loud enough for whoever it was to hear him. But then he heard a sob. That definitely wasn’t normal.

“Brian? You awake?” It was Roger. What the hell did he want at three in the morning?

“Jesus, Rog, yeah. Yeah, I’m awake.” He got up from his bed and started making his way to the door.

“How do you run the washer?” Brian pulled the door open to find Roger’s flushed face, barely visible in the dim light.

“Why did you wake me up in the middle of the night to ask me how to run the washer?”

The blond shrugged. “I figured you’d be awake. I’m sorry.” Then he started crying harder.

“Oh, Rog, it’s fine. But I’m curious about why you want to run the washer. And why your hair is wet.” Brian ran a hand through Roger’s wet, blond hair.

“Nevermind. I-it can wait till m-morning.” Roger started to turn, but Brian grabbed his arm.

“Hold on a second. It’s obviously important. What’s the matter?”

“Noting. I’m going back to sleep. Sorry for waking you.” Brian let go of Roger, and he went back to his room.

Brian sighed, knowing he should go see what was in the washer. He made his way to the laundry room, cringing at the smell. He checked the open washer and saw Roger’s pyjamas and sheets and some blankets. He pulled out the pants and felt a wetness, quickly holding them out to look at them. There was a stain across the crotch that could mean only one thing. Roger had wet the bed.

Brian sighed threw them back in the washer, starting it. He went to the closet in the hall and grabbed some sheets before heading to Roger’s room.

“Roger?”

“I said i-it could wait till t-the morning.” Brian flicked on the light to find Roger laying on the floor with just his pillow. He sat up. “Brian, I said —” He stopped talking when he saw that Brian was walking over to his bed, placing a hand on it and feeling around.

“It’s not stained, and it doesn’t feel wet,” he said, turning towards Roger as if he were expecting an
answer.

“There were a lot of blankets.” He blushed madly because that sentence was him admitting to Brian that he had, in fact, wet the bed.

“Okay. I’ll go ahead and put some sheets on. But why did you… what happened?”

“God, Brian. I have no clue. I haven’t wet the bed since I was five.” Then, Roger started tearing up again. Brian stopped what he was doing to look over at Roger on the floor.

“It’s fine. Just a fluke. You don’t have to explain it.”

“It’s embarrassing. I’m sorry I woke you.”

“S’fine. Did you already have a shower?” Roger nodded. “Alright. Come on to bed.” Roger saw he had finished putting on the sheets.

“I should know how to do the laundry and put my own sheets on the bed.”

“It’s cool. I started the washer. Do you want to show you how later?”

“No, I… yeah. Thanks, Bri.” Roger climbed into his bed. “Thanks for getting up. But can you not tell anyone else about this?”

“Of course, Rog. Get back to sleep, and if you need me again, come get be, okay?” Roger nodded, and Brian went back to his room for the night.
Roger bounced from foot to foot, trying not to jostle his bladder too much. He didn’t want to knock on the bathroom door, because even if he was about to pee himself, he didn’t want to rush the person in there. Whoever it was.

But he could feel his piss burning to come out and he made sure nobody was looking before he bent down to grab himself through the pants. He groaned rather loudly as he felt a small bit leak out.

“Fuck,” he swore under his breath. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” He tried to cut off the stream, but it dribbled down his leg. “Holy shit!” He finally took a chance to knock on the door, but before he did so, it swung open, revealing John.

“Roger? Are you okay?” Roger ignored him, not even bothering to close the door as he stood in front of the toilet. He undid his button and… oh no. Not now. Why now? His zipper had gotten itself stuck.

“Holy shit. No!” More piss trickled down his pants, and John’s eyes widened in realisation.

“Oh, god. Do you need help?” Roger nodded his head quickly.

“It’s stuck. Why does it have to be stuck now? Shit.” John closed the door to the bathroom and walked over to Roger.

“What do you need? Do you want me to do the zipper? Or…?” Roger just nodded, so John bent down and tried to undo it as Roger co to yes holding himself through his jeans. “Wow. It really is stuck.”

“Damn it. I know that. Can you get it unstuck?” John tried again only to be shoved into the sink counter behind him. The corner jabbed into his back and he fell to the ground in pain. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, Deacy. I didn’t mean to. I… oh no. Are you okay?” John didn’t get up from the floor, but he soon felt a warm liquid beneath him. He looked at the white rug he was sitting on to see that it had turned an ugly shade of yellow, and the liquid resting on top of it was slowly soaking in.

And then he looked up to see Roger with his face in his hands, sobbing. He tried to stand up, but his back wouldn’t let him. He put a hand to it, and it was bleeding.

“Holy shit. I’m so sorry. First I push you into the counter, and now you’re sitting in a pile of my piss. I’m really… fuck, I’m sorry.”

“Rog, it’s fine,” the bassist replied, panic in his voice. He pulled his shirt off, throwing it to the floor before using the counter to pull himself up. He turned so that Roger could see his back. “Does it look okay?” Roger broke down sobbing again.

“You’re bleeding. Oh, that looks awful. I’m sorry.”
“I already said it was fine. Just… we need somebody to get Brian for us. It’s his house. Maybe he
knows where you could get some new clothes and me… er, some bandage or something.” John
looked down at his pants. They were wet all around his butt, so he couldn’t go. And besides, his shirt
was all bloody, too.

“I’ll go get him.”

“Roger, you don’t have to.” And then John winced in pain.

“I’ll be right back. I swear.”

Roger ignored all the strange glances he got from people he knew and others he didn’t. He was on a
mission to find Brian. It was his house, and he was running the party. When he did find him, Brian
looked right to his pants.

“Roger, oh my god! What happened?”

“Where’s your first aid kit?” was Roger’s first question. Brian’s eyebrows went up.

“Rog, let’s find you some clothes or something. You can shower upstairs—“

“No. Brian, Deacy was in there with me, and I accidentally pushed him against the counter, and his
back is bleeding really bad.”

“Oh. Er, okay.” Brian abandoned the conversation he was in to run to the kitchen and grab his first
aid kit, making his way to the bathroom. He opened the door, which had been left unlocked.

“Roger? Brian?” John was sitting on the toilet seat.

“Are you okay? You’re not bleeding too much, are you?” John looked down at the white rug. Other
than the yellow stain, Brian could see spots of red, too. “Oh, god. Okay. It’s fine. You’re fine.”

Brian treated John’s wound before helping both Roger and John upstairs. He picked up the rug and
washed both of their clothes after finding them new ones.

“I’m sorry, Bri.” Roger was quick to apologise. “All of it was my fault. If I had just gone a few
minutes before…”

“Roger, it’s fine. That rug needed to be cleaned anyway.” That made Roger laugh.

“And I’m sorry to you, too, Deacy. I didn’t mean to hurt you. I just started going, and I guess I didn’t
want you to see.”

“It’s a perfectly natural response. And you didn’t do it on purpose. It’s alright.”

“Thanks for being so awesome.” That made them all laugh.
Deacy can’t get off his pants in time and has to tell his friends what’s happened.

Nobody expected it when Deacy suddenly ran as fast as he could off of the set. They all watched as he disappeared to the way the bathrooms were. They wanted to make sure he was alright, but at the same time, they didn’t want to bother him.

Deacy ran as fast as he thought possible to the toilet without losing his control. As soon as he was in the small room, he tried to undo his pants, but he couldn’t figure out how they were supposed to be undone. Instead, he tried pulling on them, but the waistband only pressed further into his aching bladder.

He stopped immediately, fearing he wouldn’t be able to hold it if he continued. And then he fidgeted and squirmed as another wave of desperation hit hard. The tight jeans squeezing his stomach and legs were so tight that the slightest of movement hurt him more. He tried once again to pull them off, but they didn’t budge.

So he opened the bathroom door and started making his way back to his friends. As embarrassing as it was to tell them that he couldn’t get them off, it’d be worse if he actually pissed in them. But as he took a step away from the bathroom, a long spurt of urine came out of him. He immediately stopped moving and doubled over, knowing these pants would be the end of him.

He tried once again to just undo them, but it didn’t work, and little by little, more and more pee leaked out of him and into the tight pants. He could see them getting shiny, and the wetness spread further and further away from his crotch. Eventually, he could feel it in his shoes, and he cringed.

“Oh, no,” he whispered as he let go completely, and the small streams trickling down his legs became rivers. After what seemed like forever, he was done, and the puddle on the floor was so big nobody would want to come within three feet of him.

He hesitantly started walking back towards his friends, not sure he wanted them to see him like this. But he had to tell somebody, and they were probably the easiest people to tell.

As he rounded the corner, he felt tears in his eyes, afraid of what they were going to think of him. And then Roger was the first to see him.

“Deacs? You alright?” he said, confusion in his voice. Deacy broke down in tears, but kept his hands at his sides, feeling too anxious to move them. That made Brian and Freddie turn around, as well.

“Oh, you— what…?” Brian stuttered out, but Freddie stood and made his way over to him. His face was bright red.

“Oh, darling. What happened?”

Deacy continued to cry as Freddie brought him into a hug. “I’m sorry. I couldn’t figure out how to get the p-pants off. I was gonna ask you how to—- b-but I…. I’m sorry.”

“Oh, no, no. Don’t be sorry, honey. It’s quite alright.” Deacy didn’t argue. “Really, dear.”
bassist only cried into Freddie’s shoulder for what seemed like forever as soft hands moved up and down his back.

“Do you want to change, John?” Brian questioned from where he was. Deacy nodded into Freddie.

“Alright, darling. Let’s get you into something clean.” Deacy pulled away from the singer and wiped his tears, even though more were falling down. Freddie got him some new clothes to change into and they decided to call it a day.

But as they were all in the car, Roger and Deacy were in the back, and Deacy suddenly felt like he was going to cry. He couldn’t hold it back and broke down in tears. The blond, worried, quickly pulled him into a hug.

“You don’t have to hug me.” The bassist was surprised to say the least. Roger hugs were rare. And Roger not making fun of you was even rarer.

“It’s fine. I want to hug you.” Deacy smiled.

“Thanks.”
Roger locks himself in a cupboard for his song.

“Roger, please come out.”

Roger huffed from inside the cupboard. “I’m not coming out. This song means a lot to me, and you three obviously can’t see that.”

“Rog, we know what it means to you, but it just doesn’t feel like it’s right for the album,” Brian tried to explain. Roger wasn’t having it.

“Well I’m not moving out until it’s on the b side.”

Brian sighed deeply as Deacy spoke. “Roger, just come out now and we can talk about it.”

“No!”

A few hours later, Roger was still in the cupboard.

“Dammit, Roger! We’re way behind schedule, and we can’t record without the drums.”

“What a shame.”

“Roger, you’ve been in that tiny cupboard for five hours! Aren’t you hungry or thirsty? Don’t you need the toilet?”

“Yes!” he snapped at Freddie. “Yes, I’m hungry. Yes, I’m thirsty. Yes, I could really use a toilet break. But this song means more to me than that. I’d rather starve than not have my music taken seriously.”

“We do take your music very seriously, Roger,” Brian said. “We just think this particular song would be better on a different album sometime in the future.”

Roger got so angry that he could feel tears in his eyes. He blinked, and a few fell down. He felt horrible, and it didn’t help that his stomach had started to growl at him and that his bladder was giving off just the slightest signal that it would need to be emptied soon. He huffed. He want going to let his primal urges stand between him and success.

Three hours later, though, his bladder had become very full. He squirmed and whimpered as he grabbed himself. His friends knew exactly what was wrong.

“Roger, darling, it’s been eight hours. Perhaps you can come on out and use the loo, and we can talk about this like mature adults. What do you say?”

“If I do that, then you win, and you won’t put my song in the album.”

“We can talk about it, Rog. But please come out. You’re hurting yourself.”
“I’m not hurting myself, Brian.”

“You sound like you’re about to wet yourself,” Deacy said. “And that’s hurting you.”

“Maybe I just will!”

“You’ll what, dear?”

“I think I’ll just go right here, right now since you seem to be so worried about it.”

“Roger, you’ll give yourself a rash. Please don’t.”

“You didn’t seem to be so worried about it when you kept insulting my song.”

“We weren’t insulting it! We were just saying it wasn’t strong enough.”

“Oh. My bad,” he replied sarcastically.

“Roger, just come out of the cupboard. You can go back in if you want or if your not satisfied or whatever. Just please come on out so you can take care of your, er, needs.”

“What I need, Brian, is for you to leave me alone and mind your own damn business!” His words hung in the silence for a few minutes before they could all hear a soft hiss and the pattern of liquid drip out of the cupboard door. And then there was a sniffle.

“Rog?”

“Shut up! Leave me alone!” He crossed his arms angrily, even though he knew none of them could see him.

“Darling, you should—“

“I said to shut up! Just go away! I don’t want to talk, and I don’t want to come out! I’ve made my intent clear, and I won’t stop until I get there!”

Freddie gave the other two pained look. “Okay,” he said almost inaudibly. “Okay, your song can be the b side.” The words shocked them all. Especially Roger.

“Really?”

“Yes. You have my word. Now please come out so we can get you cleaned up.”

Roger hesitantly opened the door, revealing his soaked pants and flushed face to everybody in the room.

“I really didn’t mean to. I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine, darling.” They could all tell he’d been crying, so it was best not to be rude now. “Go get in the shower.” Roger quickly scampered off, and the rest of them just looked at each other.

“What the hell just happened?”

“Roger just locked himself in a cupboard for so long that he pissed himself,” John replied. “And you just let his car song be a single.”

“What was I supposed to do? Let him sit in a puddle of his own piss for god knows how long?”
“Freddie’s right, John.”

“I think we have a bigger problem now than we did before.”

“We’ll deal with it,” Brian said.

“But dibs on not cleaning up the cupboard.”

“Nose gose!” Freddie and John both quickly let their hands fly up to their noses and looked to Brian.

“What’s this? You think by touching your noses, you can get out of cleaning it? No way. You’re helping.”

They both groaned, but followed Brian to go get towels.
Brian’s Bed - Queen

Chapter Summary

John wets the bed and has to sleep with Brian because he’s too embarrassed to tell anybody that his bed is dirty.

Chapter Notes

Holy shit. I just drove across the states twice and my internal clock is so screwed up. I’m so tired and it’s only like 8 o’clock right now and I think I’m in .. South Dakota? I dunno. I was in Minnesota like an hour ago so... I’m honestly just waiting for somebody to pop up on Monday and say ‘April fools! You didn’t go anywhere last week! You stayed at home and did nothing like you should have weeeehoo’ I’m tired goodnight.

John Deacon hadn’t wet the bed in years. So when he woke up in his bed on the tour bus and his clothes and bedding were wet, he wasn’t sure what to think. The stain was definitely centred at his crotch, and the mere sight of it made him want to cry.

He quickly got up before his friends and changed, hiding his clothes under his mattress. He pulled his big blanket over the stain on the bed and went to sit down at the table even though it was still four in the morning.

About an hour later, Brian was awake.

“Hey, John. You’re not usually up this early. Everything alright?”

The bassist nodded quickly. “Yeah. I’m fine. I, er, had a nightmare and couldn’t go back to sleep,” he lied. Brian placed a hand on his shoulder.

“That’s too bad. How long have you been awake?”

“Just a few minutes. Not long. Really.” Brian nodded and started to eat his breakfast. John didn’t want to eat. His stomach wasn’t feeling too good, and he was much too nervous.

He wished he could just tell Brian about what happened, but he was too embarrassed. And because of that, he’d have to deal with it himself.

***

As the day went on, John was careful not to sit on his bed and managed to subtly keep people away from it. But night time came, and he didn’t know what to do. Until Brian snuck up behind him at the table.
“Hey. You gonna be okay tonight? With your nightmares?” John wanted to say he would be fine, but if he could find a way for Brian to let him sleep with him, that would be ideal for his predicament.

“I, er, I don’t know. Could I maybe…. sleep with you tonight?” Brian smiled sweetly.

“Oh, of course. Would that help you fall asleep?” He nodded.

“Y-yes. Thank you. But please tell me if you.. want me to leave or anything.”

“It’s perfectly fine. I don’t mind.”

After they were both changed, Brian let the bassist crawl into the bed first.

“Goodnight, Bri. Thanks for letting me sleep here.”

“Whatever you need. Goodnight.”

***

When John woke up again, Brian wasn’t there anymore. And thank god for that because he’d peed himself again. He panicked and jumped out of the bed.


“I’m fine. I, er..” He turned around to face Freddie, who then caught a glimpse of his pants.

“Wha—“

“I peed myself in Brian’s bed,” he admitted shamefully, burying his face in his hands in embarrassment.

“You what?”

“You pissed in Brian’s bed? What’d you do that for?” Roger had heard.

“I didn’t do it on purpose. What am I supposed to do?”

“He’s in the front on the phone,” Freddie said. “Why don’t you go change. Roger and I will take care of the sheets.”

“Thank you.” John snuck off to change out of his soiled pyjamas, trusting Roger and Freddie to get everything cleaned up.

***

Brian started walking back as Freddie and Roger had almost started pulling the sheets off.

“What are you doing?” he asked. Roger and Freddie jumped back. “What the hell?”
“We were just going to wake John up, but it seems he already is.”

“Oh. Well, I’m gonna lay down, so you can leave now.”

“Uh, wait!” Roger shouted. “Why don’t you go lay down at the table?”

Brian rolled his eyes. “That’s a good offer, darling. I wouldn’t pass it up.”

“What’s the matter with you two? Why can’t I get in my bed?”

Neither of them knew what to say, so Brian started to climb into his bed.

“Oh, wait, Brian! I wouldn’t do that if I was you!”

“Oh, darling, please come out of the bed.” Brian continued on his way in and pulled the blanket away and plopped down. After a few seconds of Freddie and Roger watching anxiously, Brian started to feel something. He got back out of the bed.

“What? What happened to my bed?” He looked at his pants and shirt, which were now wet, too. “Why is it wet?”

Freddie and Roger exchanged glances just as John came back in with his clean clothes. He saw Brian’s clothes and the awkward faces on Freddie and Roger.

“Why is my bed wet?” the guitarist repeated. John immediately looked down, feeling tears coming on.

“Darling, Roger and I spilled—“

“Don’t, Freddie. Brian, it was me.” Brian looked to him. “I-I had an accident. I really didn’t mean to, and I didn’t know it would happen again. I’m sorry.”

“Again?”

“It happened y-yesterday, too.” John started to cry and quickly looked down at the ground again. But then he felt arms wrap around him.

“Do you think it’s because of your nightmares?” John shrugged. “It doesn’t matter. It’s alright.”

“We’re getting to a hotel tonight. We can do the laundry there.”

“Don’t worry about a thing, darling. And do tell us if it happens again, okay?” John nodded.

“Okay, Freddie.”

“I’m going to change now,” Brian said, pulling away from the hug.

“I’m really sorry about your clothes.” Brian turned to him with playful anger.

“No. Take it back. It was me who didn’t listen to Roger and Freddie.” John smiled. “Take it back,” he demanded a bit more stubbornly but still playfully. John started giggling.

“Fine. I take it back.”

“Thank you.”
Stop Sign - Queen

Chapter Summary

Brian has to stop the car quickly when somebody runs a stop sign, and Roger’s bladder can’t quite handle it.

“Shotgun!” Roger called as they walked to the van.

“No! You had it last time!” Freddie ran a fast as he could to get past Roger and to the front seat first.

“That’s not fair! Brian!” Brian rolled his eyes as he opened the driver door.

“Stop whining. Roger had it last time. Freddie before that. Deacy, you want it?”

“No,” he said shyly.

“Yes! It’s all mine!” The singer climbed into the passenger seat next to Brian and slammed the door shut. Roger and John got in the backseat.

***

After they had left the restaurant, they got back in the van, and Roger was stuck in the back again. They had all decided they wanted dessert.

“We should get ice cream,” John suggested.

“It’s on the other side of town.”

“It’s worth it, though. Their ice cream is the best.”

“Fine.”

And they started driving off. It was quiet for a while before they were almost there, and Brian stopped at a stop sign.

“I hope you guys really wanted this ice cream. My petrol is close to empty.” Freddie snickered. As he started to drive, though, another car was coming from the other side. Brian slammed on his brake just as the car flew past the front of theirs, throwing them all forward in their seats.

“What was that?” John asked.

“The car didn’t stop at all. They had a stop sign, too.”

Roger didn’t care what had happened. He felt something in between his legs and looked down to see a dreaded wet spot forming.
It didn’t feel real for a minute until he felt hot liquid in between his ass cheeks. And then he started to panic. What would his friends think of him for this? They would probably think he’d done it on purpose.

He froze where he was, leaning over a bit to tap John on the shoulder. John turned.

“Yeah?” Roger looked down at his legs, fear in his eyes.

“I…” John’s eyes widened.

“Oh.” They both stayed quiet about it until they stopped in the car park of the ice cream place. Three of them got out, and when Roger didn’t, Brian opened the door for him.


“I…”

“God, Roger. You could’ve said you needed to stop. I would’ve stopped for you.”

“I didn’t know—“

“Well, let’s go home,” Freddie said. “We don’t want you to be uncomfortable for any longer than you have to.” Roger didn’t want to be the reason they went home so early, but he didn’t want to stay like this any more. Freddie was right.

“I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

“Roger, we know. But you could’ve at least told somebody if it was bad enough to piss yourself.”

“When you stopped, I— well, it just happened. I’m so sorry.”

Freddie and Brian looked at each other. “Darling, it’s alright. You don’t have to explain.”

Roger looked down at his hands, and John put his hands on Roger’s.

“You’re fine. It’s fine.” Roger smiled but still cried as they made their way back.
Sad - Queen

Chapter Summary

Freddie is very upset and has to pee on the way home with Brian.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Freddie, what’s the matter? You haven’t talked at all the entire ride.” Freddie shrugged. He didn’t feel like talking. All he wanted to do was cry. He’d had an awful day, and he wanted it to be over. “Freddie, can you talk? I’m driving.”

He didn’t know what to say, so he said the first thing that came to his mind. “I have to pee.” It was true. It was very true. It just wasn’t the whole truth. Brian’s face softened.

“We’ll be there soon. You can wait, right?” That sentence made Freddie want to cry more. He wasn’t a baby, and he could control his bladder. “It’s about half an hour.”

“I’ll be fine.” Freddie’s voice cracked, making Brian skeptical of his answer.

“Okay. Tell me if you need to stop before. I can find a petrol--”

“I said I’m fine, Bri.” And then Freddie crossed his legs and looked out the window. Brian thought about stopping at a place for Freddie to go, but he didn’t want to make Freddie feel any worse than he obviously was.

For the next thirty minutes, Freddie took to squirming, shifting his weight back and forth, and grabbing himself through his pants to help ease the pain. But his brain kept going other places. He kept thinking about what he had been diagnosed with. AIDS. What was he going to tell his friends? What would happen to them when he was gone? How long would that be? He had so many questions and so little time. As his thoughts got to him, he felt the urge to cry grown stronger and stronger. He couldn’t take it anymore and let a few tears fall.

“Freddie?” he turned, forgetting about his tears. Brian stayed quiet about them. “We’re almost home. You still doing okay?”

Freddie only nodded, his throat feeling much too tight to talk.

When Brian pulled into the driveway, Freddie wasted no time running into the small house. But as soon as he got around the corner, his poor bladder just couldn’t take it. He didn’t fight it and let all of his pent up urine rush out of him. It ran down his jeans and pooled in his shoes and on the floor.

Only after the relief was gone did he realise what had just happened. He let more tears fall.

“Freddie?” He buried his face in his hands and cried harder. “Freddie, is everything okay?” Brian rounded the corner and saw. “Oh, Fred. It’s alright.”

Freddie turned around to see Brian, who was coming closer to him. He couldn’t say a word.
“Don’t cry. It’s okay. We can clean it up.” but it would never be okay. He was going to die, and that couldn’t be cleaned up. But he still nodded. “Let’s get you to the toilet.” The singer obliged, trying to stop crying, but he didn’t. Brian didn’t mind as he helped undress his friend and get him in the shower, and Freddie didn’t seem to mind, either.

When Freddie was done, he saw that Brian had brought him a towel and clothes to change into. He did, and in the hallway, he saw that Brian had cleaned up his mess, too. He sat on the couch.

“You shoes are in the sink.” Freddie only nodded, but he started crying again. “Fred, please don’t worry about what happened tonight. I won’t tell anybody.” Freddie stood with intentions of going to the kitchen, but instead, he only stood there, shaking. Brian stood, as well, and took the singer’s hands in his own.

“I… Brian, I-”

“Hey, calm down. It’s alright.”

Freddie shook his head. “Brian, I’ve got it.” He sobbed. The guitarist started rubbing circles on his wrists.

“You’ve got what, Freddie?”

“AIDS.” The circles stopped. One word. One word that meant so much. One word that brought along the end of a life. And Brian knew it. He hugged Freddie, not letting go.

“I’m so sorry, Fred.” They both cried for a while but said nothing. Freddie was glad. He knew he had the best friends, and he knew they would miss him.

He cried harder.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to request :)

Chapter Summary

Freddie has to pee throughout Live Aid, and just can't hold it.

Freddie glances once more at the bathroom. He knew he should just excuse himself. It wouldn’t take too long. But he couldn’t now. He was too embarrassed to go earlier and now it was too late.

“Now, her majesty!” Shit. This wasn’t good at all. “Queen!” Freddie jumped a bit, trying to move, but it only made his bladder angrier. He and his band mates ran onto the stage.

The entire time he was on the stage, he knew he couldn’t wait the whole twenty minutes and then get to a toilet on time, but there was nothing stopping him from trying.

So there he was, singing and walking back and forth across the stage, trying his best not to piss himself.

He counted the minutes down in his head as song after song went by. His band mates didn’t seem to notice his problem, but he wished they had.

As he neared the end and they all stood at the front of the stage, he tried his best not to let go. He wished he could, but not in front of all of those people. So as they started leaving the stage, Freddie leaned in close to Roger.

“Rog, I’ve got to piss quite badly.”

The drummer was very confused. “Then go to the toilet, Fred.” Freddie shook his head though, tears forming in his eyes.

“I can’t wait that long.” Roger’s brows went straight up.

“Oh. Er…” As soon as they were off the stage, Roger took Freddie’s hand and started running off. “Come on. You’re alright.”

“I can’t run without— oh no. Roger?”

The singer tried to stop moving but Roger kept pulling him along. “No, no. You’ll be fine. You can wait a few more seconds.” He wasn’t sure if Freddie could wait, but he would be absolutely mortified if he wet himself, and Roger couldn’t deal with that.

“Roger, I-I’m wet. I think I…. ” Freddie sobbed.

“It’s alright. Come on. You’ll make it. I know you will.” But when they got to the toilet, Freddie’s bladder, of it wasn’t already empty, emptied itself completely. In his pants.

“Rog..”

Roger took one quick glance down at the older man’s pants and a pang of sympathy ran through him. He knew not to laugh or say anything that might upset him further. He could only imagine how
embarrassed he would be.

“Yeah. It’s okay, Freddie. Just, er, do you wanna go back to the trailer or wait in the stalls while I find something for you to wear?”

“The… trailer.”

“Alright. It’s okay, yeah? Can you tell me it’s okay?”

Freddie nodded. “It’s okay.”

“Good.” Roger walked with Freddie back to their trailer, shooing off a lot of people with cameras. Eventually, they passed Brian and John, who seemed a bit confused.

“What’s going on?” Brian asked when they kept walking, not even slowing down. He saw Freddie crying. Roger looked at the guitarist with sympathy still all over his face.

“Freddie pissed himself,” he whispered. Brian looked down at the singer’s pants, his mouth agape. John did as well, but he immediately walked over to Freddie, putting a hand around his torso.

“It’s okay, Freddie. Don’t cry.” As they got back to the trailer, Roger immediately got him some clothes to change into.

“We’ll get these washed. Don’t worry,” Brian said. “At least we were planning to change before later tonight.” Freddie nodded.

“I’m sorry I didn’t go before. I really should have.”

“It’s fine. It happened.”

“But we won’t judge you, Freddie, okay?” He nodded again. “It could have happened to anybody.”
Chapter Summary

John refuses to stop when Brian has to pee because Brian made fun of his disco songs.

Chapter Notes

Requested by LunardeStark221B

“Where are we eating tonight?”

John shrugged. “I haven’t been thinking about it much. Mostly about this new song I had an idea for.” Brian smirked.

“Is it disco?” He chuckled and looked at John, who looked a bit mad.

“What do you have against my disco songs? I don’t understand.”

“I have nothing against your disco songs. It’s just... why do you write disco songs? I mean, we’re a rock band.”

“I don’t think I wanna eat dinner anymore tonight.”

“Oh, come on. Don’t do this. I take it back. Please.”

“I’ll just take you home.” Brian scowled, but when John got like this, there was no fighting it.

***

Brian had started to feel a heaviness in his bladder. He knew it was a while until they were back and decided to ask John to stop. He couldn’t wait until they got home.

“John, can we stop somewhere? I have to use the bathroom.”

John ignored him completely.

“Please. I don’t think I can wait till home.” Once, again, the bassist ignored him. “Seriously? You’re ignoring me now? I said I take it back. I’m sorry I hurt your feelings.”

Nothing.
A few hours later, they were almost back, but Brian was about to pee. He had his legs crossed over each other and was gripping himself quite tightly.

“John, this really isn’t funny. In a second, I might pee myself.” He saw John smile, and quickly looked out the window. His bladder was way too full, but he couldn’t just pee himself, that would be way too embarrassing.

He sat in the seat next to John and squirmed until he couldn’t any longer.

“Okay. I’m sorry about what I said about your songs. Really. I mean, they’re really good.” No response. “If you don’t stop ignoring me, John, I’m just going to pee, okay?” Once again, no response. The silence was filled with the soft hiss of Brian’s bladder finally emptying. It felt so good, all of it. The relief, the warmth, wetness. But then reality hit him, and before he knew it, John was pulling off the road.

“Shit, Brian. Is shouldn’t have— ugh, just get out and go.” He didn’t get out at all. There was no need. Even though he wasn’t done yet, he’d already made enough of a mess. He started crying. “Oh, my god. Bri… I didn’t know you… I’m sorry.”

Brian looked down at his lap, mostly just trying to keep his red eyes off of the bassist. “Please just bring me home.”

John obliged, already feeling horrible. He apologised the entire way there.

***

The knock scared Roger as he was sitting on the couch watching tv. He knew Brian was supposed to be home today, but he had said he was going out to eat with John first, and it wasn’t even dinner time yet.

He hesitantly stood and walked over to the door, looking through the peephole to see a crying Brian. He opened it quickly, his face sympathetic.


Roger opened the door and saw that John was still parked in the driveway. He walked to the car, stopping outside the drivers door, arms folded on his chest. John rolled down the window.

“What did you do to him? Why is he crying?”

John completely disregarded the question. “His suitcase is in the back if you want to get that for him. I don’t think he wants to see me.”

“Hold up. Why? Did you say something to him or something?” John shook his head and pointed his thumb towards the trunk, popping it.

“Just get his bag, Rog. And please tell him I’m really sorry. And he doesn’t have to worry about the
“car, I have it under control, okay?”

“Did he hit something? I’m so confused.”

“Just tell him.”

“Okay.” Roger grabbed the bag, closing the trunk back.

“Thank you.” And then John pulled out, and Roger went back inside.

He saw that Brian was in the bathroom, so he knocked on the door.

“How long you gonna be, Bri? Is everything alright?” Brian sniffled.

“I’m fine.”

“Alright, well, John told me to tell you he was sorry.”

“You can tell him he’s not really sorry. If he were sorry, he wouldn’t have done it in the first place.”

“Alright, then. He also said not to worry about the car, too. He has it all under control.” That’s when Brian started crying harder. “Brian, please tell me what’s going on.”

“I need a shower,” he said. “Could you get me some clothes?”

“I have your bag.” Brian opened the door a crack to pull his bag back in, but Roger pushed it open all the way, seeing Brian’s pants. “Bri? Did you…?”

Brian quickly shut the door back, and Roger went back to sit on the couch, not wanting to bother his friend.

***

Brian was back a few minutes later, having bathed and changed.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have opened the door. I should have respected your privacy, and I didn’t.”

Brian shrugged. “I should have just told you.”

“I understand why you didn’t. I mean, it’s pretty embarrassing. What happened, anyway? You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want.”

“It was all John’s fault. He refused to stop when I needed to. All because I said one thing about his disco songs,” Roger chuckled. “And he was so set on making sure we didn’t stop at all, but then when it happened, he kept apologising.”

“Well, that was awful of him, dear. But don’t let it ruin your friendship, right?” Brian nodded.

“He was just mad. I mean, I get like that, too.”

“Well, don’t you worry, darling.” Freddie grinned. “We’ll get back at him.”
Brian wakes up on Easter to find he wet the bed.

Happy Easter to those who celebrate it, and to those who don’t, happy April 21. Here’s a short little thingy thing.

“Brian!!”

“Bri!! Wake up!!”

Brian’s eyes opened a bit to see three of his friends sitting around the bed, clearly annoyed.

“What do you want?”

Roger groaned. “Bri, it’s Easter. Deacy got us something, and we’re not allowed to have it until you’re up, too.” Brian chuckled at how much Roger sounded like a child.

He sat up, a smile on his face, but the smile quickly disappeared when he felt it. Shit.

“Come on. Get up.”

“I-I will. Just give me a m-minute, please?” They all agreed and then sat and waited. Brian groaned in embarrassment. “Can you leave the room?” His voice was very shaky.

But still, they left the room. Except for Deacy.

“Brian, what’s going on? You’re acting weird.”

“Nothing. You can leave, too.”

“I’m not leaving until I know what’s wrong with you.” Brian sighed. There was a small chance he could get away with hiding this from all of them, but it would be a hell of a lot easier if he just told John.

“I, er, I think I peed myself.” He never thought he’d be saying something like that out loud. John’s eyebrows went straight up.

“You what? Like, wet the bed?” Brian nodded miserably.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t want Roger and Freddie to have to wait so long. They’re not too patient.”

“Hey, no, it’s alright. Let’s get it cleaned up and then you can open them.” Brian nodded and got up, trying to keep his eyes off of his own pants. When he did look, though, he started crying.

“God, I can’t believe I… ugh. I’m really sorry. Please don’t tell them.”

“Oh, yeah. Of course not. It’s really not a big deal, though.” John left the room, and Brian went to the bathroom and took a quick shower.
When he came back out, Roger and Freddie looked pissed.

“Really?” the blond said, clearly much more annoyed than this morning. “You just had to have a shower this morning? We’ve been waiting forever.”

“Why couldn’t you have at least let us open our things from Deacy before you showered?” Brian felt like crying. He wanted to run back into his room and hide away forever.

“I’m sorry.” The two words were too much for him, and he broke down in tears. Deacy was next to him in a second, wrapping both of his arms around him.

“Don’t cry, Bri. It’s alright. It wasn’t your fault.” Roger and Freddie looked at each other, confused.

“What?”

“I wet the bed,” the guitarist replied, sniffing. “That’s why I had a shower. I’m sorry.”

“Oh, Brian. I’m sorry. I didn’t know.” Brian continued crying into John’s shoulder as Roger and Freddie apologised.

“It’s okay. We… we can open whatever Deacy had for us now.”

They did. It was chocolate.

“Oh. My. God. Deacs! I love it!” Freddie hugged his giant chocolate bunny, his eyes closed.

“Thanks, Deacy. Probably the better part of the day.”

“Did you get one for yourself?” Roger asked. Deacy shook his head, causing the blond to then gasp. “Well, you’re sharing with me then.”

“Thanks, Rog.”

And they all ate chocolate all day. The end.
Earth Day - Queen

Chapter Summary

Deacy and Roger get stuck together in the top of a fake chimney, and Roger has to pee.

Chapter Notes

It's still Earth Day where I live, so this is still on Earth Day. I feel accomplished but it's really late and now I'm tired. Happy Earth Day!! Yay :)

“What are you doing, Rog?” Brian laughed as he walked into the room, where Roger was setting up something with a fireplace.

“It’s Earth Day, Brian. We’re making a video for it.” Brian rolled his eyes.

“Okay, then. What’s this whole thing with a fireplace?” Roger sighed.

“Because people shouldn’t use fireplaces because it’s bad for the environment.” Brian nodded.

“Alright, then, Roger. Whatever you say.”

***

At the end of the day, they had finished filming the video, but Roger was stuck in the chimney. He giggled when he realised he couldn’t get out, but Brian wasn’t sure why he found it so funny.

Roger wiggled around and called Deacy over to him. He did come over.

“Yes, Roger?”

“Do you wanna join me?” Deacy laughed.

“You’re joking, right? I’m not getting in there. I mean, you’re already stuck.” Roger wiggled out of the chimney.

“I’m not actually stuck. I’m just really bored, so we could both get in there and then try to get out.” Deacy rolled his eyes.

“Alright. Fine.” Deacy jumped up onto the chimney with Roger, and the two of them fit into it, facing each other. “Remind me again why we decided to do this.”

“I thought it would be fun.” They both started laughing and tried to get out, but couldn’t. Brian showed up in the room.
“Hey, er, Fred and I are gonna head home. You two good?”

“Yes, Brian. We’re fine. Goodnight.”

“Night, Roger. Night, Deacy.” They didn’t reply back, so Brian just left.

***

After another hour, they stopped trying. They knew they were stuck until somebody realised they hadn’t returned. And Roger had to pee.

Deacy tried to move again, causing Roger to draw in a breath.

“God, please don’t move anymore. I have to pee.”

“Oh, sorry.” Deacy shyly settles himself back down.

“I can’t believe we’re just stuck here. Why the hell did we decide to do this?”

“We? You’re the one who wanted me to join you.”


“Yeah.” The younger man moved a bit, but Roger hissing stopped him. “You okay?”

“I think it was better before. Just don’t move anymore.”

“Okay.”

It was silent for a while more before Roger groaned. “Deacy, what if I can’t wait until they get here?”

“I-I don’t mind, Roger. I mean, if you have to go, you should.” The blond sighed.

“Shit.”

***

After a few more hours, nobody had shown up. It had been silent the entire time, and after another ten minutes, Roger decided he couldn’t wait any longer. He released all of his pent up urine into his pants, which seemed to shock the bassist.

John’s face reddened as the warm liquid was shot down his legs as well. And then Roger started crying.

“Holy shit. This has been the worst day ever. I ruined our Earth Day video, and now I’ve pissed myself.”

“Roger, it’s fine. And Earth Day isn’t over yet,” he said hopefully. But just at that moment, the clock
in the other room decided to ring it’s bell. Roger counted.


“Well, er, it’s not Earth Day anymore.” Roger started crying more.

“God, I peed myself.”

“Hey, everybody pees themselves at some point, right? One time, I peed myself in the car with
Brian.” Roger smiled.

“Really?” John nodded.

“Yeah. It was probably one of the most embarrassing moments of my life. And he was so bloody
nice about it, too. He even cleaned it up for me because I was too humiliated to come back outside.”

“That’s a very Brian thing to do.”

“It is. Also, just so you know, I’m also gonna help you clean this up, okay?”

“Well, you really have no choice, do you? I mean, I peed on you, too.” They both laughed at that.
“But thanks for being so nice about it, too.”

“No problem, Rog.”
Chapter Summary

On a two lane highway with nowhere to stop, John has to pee.

John squirmed in the seat next to Brian and groaned. They were on an old two lane highway, and he knew there was nowhere to stop until they got off.

“You alright?” John squirmed again when Brian looked at him.

“I have to use the loo.

“We probably won’t be able to stop for an hour or two. You gonna be okay?”

“Yeah, I think,” he said uncertainly. “But if you could pull over wherever, that’d be great.”

“I’ll keep an eye out for a place. If it gets to be too much, just tell me.” John nodded and tried to think of anything other than how full his bladder was right now.

After an hour, he really couldn’t hold it. And Brian still hadn’t found a place to stop and let his friend relieve himself.

“Bri, I-- mmm… I can’t wait another minute. Do you see a place anywhere close?” Brian frowned.

“I’m sorry, John. There might be a bottle in the back.”

John shook his head, putting his face in his hands. “I already checked. My God, Brian. I’m gonna wet myself pretty soon.”

“It’s alright, John. I’ll try to find a place to stop.”

“You better hurry. I don’t wanna get this on your seat.”

“Don’t worry about the seat. It’ll clean up fine.” John squeezed himself, groaning more.

“I have to go so bad!”

“Just go. I don’t see a place to stop ahead. And I don’t want you to get sick or something.”

John pulled his feet up on the seat, burying his face in his knees. “I’m really sorry. I just can’t hold it.”

“It’s fine. It happens.” John sighed and closed his eyes, allowing his piss to flow freely from him, pooling on the seat below him.

“Shit. That feels good.” Brian ignored the bassist’s pleased moans and continued driving. “Bri, I’ll clean it up. Don’t worry.”
“I’ll help.” John as his bladder finished emptying.

“Thanks, Brian. Freddie or Roger would’ve just laughed at me.” He felt hot tears rolling down his face. “When we get to the hotel, they’re gonna see me.”

“Oh, no. We’ll stop and let you change. Whenever we get off this road.”

“Thank you so much. Oh, my God. I can’t believe that just happened.”

“Don’t worry about it. We’ll clean it up, and nobody else will ever know.” John smiled.

“Thanks.”
The four of them sat and watched TV, but none of them were interested in the slightest. Roger was playing with his fingers, experimentally hitting them on his thighs in different rhythms. Brian was picking at the nail polish on his nails. Freddie had been reminded by this that he wanted to reapply his own polish.

“Freddie, can you do that in the other room? It smells god awful.”

“Darling, I have to look beautiful.”

“Deacy’s right. Go look beautiful in the kitchen.”

“Brian, that was rude.” Freddie stood with his polish and began walking out of the room when he shrieked loudly and jumped up in the air. Brian saw it too. A mouse running across the floor.

Freddie’s black polish was thrown at Roger, hitting him in the chest and spilling onto his shirt.

“Dammit, Fred! Really?” Freddie placed a hand over his chest.

Freddie went into the kitchen and came back with a towel, a sponge, and paper towels. Roger helped him start cleaning his shirt.

And that’s when Brian realised something. His pants were soaked, and that could only mean one thing. HE stood up and ran out of the room. They all watched.

“Brian?” He didn’t stop, only continued to walk quickly. Deacy was the first to look at where Brian was sitting, and sure enough, there was a wet spot on the couch cushion. He gasped quietly, casually covering it with a blanket before following Brian upstairs.

“Bri?” The bathroom door was closed. “You okay in there? I, er, I saw the couch.”

Inside the door, Brian put his head in his hands. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

“Do you need any help?”

“No. Please just leave.” Deacy frowned.

“I know this is kind of difficult for you, but I really wanna help you clean up.”

“Okay.” The door opened. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright. Why don’t you get yourself cleaned up, and I’ll take care of the couch.”

Brian cleaned himself up, and Deacy went downstairs. He got Freddie and Roger in the kitchen long enough to clean the couch. Brian came back downstairs not long after that.
“Thanks for, er, what you did. You really didn’t have to.”

“I only did it because I care about you, Bri.”

“You’re the best.” Deacy smiled.

“I know.”
Chapter Summary

Freddie pees himself on somebody's couch and wakes up Roger.

Chapter Notes

This is not connected to the previous couch chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Roger woke up to Freddie sitting over him, shaking his shoulders.

“Roger. Roger. Rog.” The drummer opened his eyes, clearly annoyed. His head was pounding. God, he must have been hungover.

“What do you want?”

“Roger, you have to get up. We have to leave.” Roger sat up when he heard that.

“What? Why? Is everything okay?” Freddie shook his head, tears in his eyes, and that’s when Roger sat up all the way. “Freddie, what happened?”

“I… I p-pissed myself on the couch, and s-somebody found me, and they--”

Freddie was interrupted by a loud shouting. “Oi!! The paki pissed on your couch!!” Roger directed his attention from the noise to Freddie to see he was crying very hard now.

“Oh, Fred. Don’t cry. Come on, let’s get you out of here.” Roger stood off of the couch just as three other guys came in from the other room, all laughing.

“Hey, you friend peed himself,” one of them said. “F*ggot.” Freddie’s heart jumped out of his chest when Roger punched the man.

“Leave him alone!” When the man hit Roger back, he took Freddie’s hand and pulled him out of the flat, making sure none of the people followed them outside.

Freddie covered his face with his hands. “Oh, my god! Roger!” He was sobbing now, so Roger pulled him into a hug. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean for you to--”

“Freddie, stop being sorry. You didn’t do anything.” He wanted to argue, say that he’d fucked up and gotten Roger hurt, but the way Roger had him in his arms and pulled Freddie away made him feel so safe, and he didn’t really blame himself.

“Thanks for…”

“No problem, Freddie. They were arse holes anyway. Let’s get back home now.”
“Agreed.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow. I'm confusing. Request in the comments :)}
Turbulence- Queen

Chapter Summary

Brian is a bit shaken up by the turbulence in a flight.

Chapter Notes

Wow haven’t posted in a while ;/ here ya go

“I’m sorry about the turbulence,” said the voice over the speaker. “It should be smooth until we land now.”

“Thank God. My stomach drops every time the plane jolts.” Roger chuckled.

“I didn’t know you were afraid of flying, Bri.”

“I didn’t, either,” Brian replied. “I’m just glad that’s over.” Roger nodded.

Just as soon as they had stopped talking, the plane dropped enough to scare them all. Brian felt his bladder give way. Piss started shooting out of him, and he desperately undid his seatbelt.

“Freddie, get up. Move. Now.” The singer was the only thing standing in his way. Freddie, clearly confused, grabbed his magazine and put his table up as he practically jumped into the aisle.

“Sir, the seatbelt sign is on.”

“Freddie!” John was very confused why Freddie stood so quickly. “Sit back down!”

Brian realised he couldn’t stop what was happening. He hid his face in his hands, and that’s when Roger felt it. He gasped only loud enough for himself to hear, and he desperately undid his seatbelt.

“F-Freddie, sit back down.” Freddie did sit, but looked over at Roger, who, in the heat of the moment, had to remind himself not to make a big deal of this.

“What’s going on?” Roger ignored him and lightly pulled a hand away from Brian’s face.

“Bri, are you okay?” The guitarist looked up, tears welling up in his eyes.

“N-no, I-I just p--”

“I know, Brian. It’s fine.”

“What’s going on?” the singer repeated. And then a flight attendant appeared.

“Is everything okay?” Brian buried his face in his hands as Roger smiled up at her.
“Everything’s fine.” She left. “Brian, calm down, please. There’s nothing to cry about.”

“Roger Meddows Taylor, what the hell is going on?” Roger flipped Brian’s tray table back up, and Freddie saw his soaked pants. “Oh.”

“My God,” John said from across the aisle. “Brian, what happened?”

“It doesn’t matter what happened,” Roger countered. “Brian, don’t worry about it. Okay?” The guitarist nodded, and Roger took a deep breath. “You brought all of your clothes in a carry on, right?” Another nod. “Alright. We’re almost there. You can change in the airport.”

“If you had to go that bad, Bri, why didn’t you just go?” Brian only shook his head.

“He doesn’t want to talk about it, Fred. Leave him alone.” Brian curled into Roger when the blonde encompassed him in a hug.

“Roger, I’m so embarrassed. I’m sorry about your pants.”

“Hey, don’t worry about a thing, Brimi. It’s all taken care of. And I promise I’m not mad about my pants.” He looked down to see that the puddle had spread to his own chair, but his sympathy for Brian overruled any thoughts of disgust he had.

They all pretended to not smell it as they exited the plane and got to the closest washroom. Roger told one of the flight attendants about Brian’s misfortune, also including that he was very sorry, but she seemed to be nice about it.

Roger snuggled up against Brian the entire next flight, and it really helped him forget about it, which he needed to do. And none of them mentioned it when they were finally home.
“B-Brian? What’s that noise? Should I be worried?” Roger squirmed around, trying not to listen to the constant beeping.

“It’s fine, Roger. I’m handling it."

“You only have a few minutes, Bri..” Deacy said worriedly. Roger’s eyes widened.

“Brian, is it gonna blow up? Get out of here, here, Brian. You’re going to die.”

“No, Roger! I’m not going to leave you here!” Roger closed his eyes, feeling his bladder filling up very fast. It was about to spill over when he heard Brian huff. “Freddie, are you making any progress at all? What’s the password?”

“I don’t know, Brian! Can’t you just cut some of the wires?”

“No!” Nobody spoke for a few seconds. “Look, we have a couple minutes left. We don’t need to stress, yeah?”

“Brian, how much time is left?” Roger asked, feeling a leak or urine come out into his pants. When he got no response, he took a shaky breath. “Brian, please just tell me.”

“A minute and a half,” he said quietly. Roger started moving around more, Brian’s top half still directly underneath him.

“Get out of here, guys! Please! Don’t do this for me. It’s not worth it!! Please!” Urine started running down his pants and he was panicking on a new level.

“It’s too late now to leave. We might as well try.” And then Deacy noticed what was happening with Roger’s pants. “Rog..”

“Shut up. We’re about to die. Give me a break.” He couldn’t hide the embarrassment in his voice. Brian, too, soon felt it. It dripped down onto his chest and neck.

“Roger? Are you…?”

“Yes. I’m sorry.”

Brian’s eyes widened and his face grew red. “No, it’s fine. I just--” There was a sudden explosion, shaking the pole Roger was chained to. Freddie covered his mouth as he noticed that the explosion came from where Brian’s face was, and Brian didn’t seem to be moving away from the smoke.
“Oh, no. Brian’s dead. Now we’re all definitely going to blow up.” Deacy started to cry and Roger did, as well.

“Oh, no. Is it my fault? I’m so sorry.”

“No, it wasn’t you.”

They all were very quiet for a quite a while before they started to get confused. “Why aren’t we dead yet?”

They heard a cough and Brian rolled out. “Roger, thank you.”

The blonde looked very confused for a minute. “What do you mean? I didn’t do anything but piss myself like a fucking kid, Brian. You’re the one who disabled it.”

“No!” Brian stood up, and Roger noticed how wet his shirt was and cringed. “Roger, your piss shorted it out or something! You stopped it!” Roger blushed madly.

“....Oh.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow hi I have a few requests I'm still working on but I'd be glad to accept any you want :D I have a few mcu chapters coming soon if I can finish them I hope ;D Also question: has anybody reading this NOT SEEN ENDGAME? Because I don't want to spoil it at all for anyone. That would be so sad D: TELL ME IF YOU HAVENT but i will have a warning if there's spoilers in a chapter
“Truth or dare?” Roger asked Brian. Brian grinned.

“I’m feeling risky. Truth.”

“Are you a top or a bottom?” Brian scowled.

“Shut up, Rog. Top.”

They continued their game for awhile before Brian turned to Freddie, a grin on his face. Freddie stood up, starting to leave the table.

“I’ll be right back, dears. I have to use the loo.” Roger grabbed Freddie’s arm and pulled him back down into the booth as he got up himself. He then sat down, trapping the singer against the wall of the booth.

“Nice try, Freddie. It’s your turn to answer. We all have to. Top or bottom?” Freddie looked down at the table.

“I really do need to wee, you guys. Please. I’ll be right back. I swear.” Brian shook his head.

“Answer, Freddie.”

A long silence hung in the air before Freddie answered. “Both at some point. Can I--”

“Both? Bollocks!! One answer, Fred!!” Freddie sighed.

“Roger, I really have to go. Please just let me out?”

The drummer squinted his eyes as the three of them watched Freddie, all waiting for an answer.

“I’m not going to answer. Let me leave.” They didn’t. “Please?” They ignored him and continued the game. He refused to answer their questions, blocking them out completely as he wondered how much longer they’d be here. He’d tried a few more times to get past the drummer, but Roger wasn’t having it.

He focused most of his attention to his over full bladder for the next hour or so while the other three of them bickered whether or not they were each telling the truth. Eventually, it got to the point where if he didn’t get up and go to the toilets he was going to completely and utterly piss all over himself. He sighed, scooting into Roger, trying to push him off the bench.

“Get out, I’m going to the loo.”

“Freddie, you can’t just get out of the game that easy.”

“I’m not trying to get out of the game, Brian. I promise that I’ll be right back.” He felt his bladder
contract and threaten to empty, and he doubled over, groaning.

“You can’t trick us, Freddie. You’ve only had one drink. You can’t possibly have to go to the bathroom,” Roger said. Freddie sobbed as he felt his bladder suddenly release. He pushed himself away from Roger.

“Oh, no. I’m sorry.” He cried into his hands until Deacy asked if he was okay. “No, I’m not fucking okay. I just fucking pissed myself because you lot wouldn’t let me go to the bloody toilets!” That got a few eyes to look over to them, and Roger looked at Freddie’s pants.

“Freddie, that’s disgusting! Why would you--?” He was cut off when Brian splashed his drink all over him.

“Brian!” Deacy shouted, and Brian stood up from his seat, pulling Roger out of the booth. Deacy went to get Freddie, and practically pulled him to the bathroom, where he saw how much Freddie had been crying.

“I’m so sorry, Freddie. I didn’t realise… I mean, we were being jerks. It’s not your fault, really.” Brian and Roger then appeared.

“Hey, Fred. We feel awful,” Roger said, and Freddie noticed that Roger was covered in the water Brian was never going to drink.

“Yeah, we’re very sorry.” Freddie ignored them all as he began to leave. “Wait, Fred. We’re going to come with you. We really are sorry.”

They all ended up catching a cab, and Freddie didn’t say a single word the rest of the night.
Medication - Queen

Chapter Summary

Roger has to take a medication that makes him wet himself a lot poor Rog, and he's afraid Freddie will make fun of him so he stays at Brian's place instead.

Chapter Notes

Wow. Hi. I'm still here. This one's kind of long enjoy :)

When Brian heard Roger's soft sobs from down the hall, even if it was almost 2 in the morning, he was out of his bed in less than a second. He hurried down the hall on his way to the guest room only to run into him as he stepped out into the hall. Roger gasped.

“You alright?” Roger shook his head. “Did you… did you wet the bed?” Another shake of the head, which shocked Brian, but he felt a bit of relief go through him. That meant no washing the sheets. Roger had been having some issues holding his bladder for too long because of the medicine he’d been taking for a recent illness. But it was the only way he’d get better.

“Br-Brimi..” he sobbed, so Brian pulled him closer and into a hug, but he pushed him away. “Bri, I couldn’t wait.” Brian took a breath before glancing down at Roger’s pants.

“Oh, Roger, you said you didn’t…” The drummer cried harder. “It’s totally fine if you did, Rog. I really don’t mind.” Roger had started to breathe a little more heavy.

“I had to go when I woke up, but when I stood, I couldn’t h-hold it anymore. I’m s-sorry.”

“No, it fine. It’s really fine. Why don’t you go to the bathroom and clean up. I’ll clean the floor, okay?”

“Okay. Thank you, Brian.” Brian smiled softly as Roger started walking out, leaving a trail of footprints for a few steps. He sighed and went to go get some spray to get it out of the carpet.

***

The rest of the nights were pretty much the same. Roger would either wake up with wet sheets or accidentally wet himself on the way to the bathroom. And plenty of daytime incidents occurred, as well. Some of them, Roger was able to keep from the guitarist, but most of them, Brian found out. Especially when it happened on the couch.

When he showed Roger how to take the fabric off the cushion, he did find that two days later, one of
the cushions had no cover and that Roger blushed madly while sitting in the room with Brian.

“Roger,” he started, making the drummer look up at him, worry evident on his features. “This has been happening a lot.” He gestured to the naked cushion.

“Brian, you know that I’m sorry. I really can’t h--”

“And this isn’t about that. I don’t mind helping you clean up. Roger, it happens, and I know it’s not your fault. But I was thinking.. maybe you should consider wearing some kind of--”

“I’m not wearing a fucking nappy, Bri!! I’m a grown man, not a child, and I don’t need it.”

“Roger, I’m not saying you’re a child. But with this medication, you--”

“No.” The blonde said sternly before getting up and leaving for the guest room. Brian sighed.

***

The next day, he woke to find Roger packing up his clothes. “What are you doing, Rog?”

“I’m going back home. I don’t care what Freddie says or if he makes fun of me or whatever.”

Brian sighed, helping him pack up. “Did everything go okay last night?”

“The sheets are in the washer,” Roger said, face turning red. “Sorry.”

“S’fine. Want me to drive you home?” He nodded. “Alright.”

***

Brian walked up to Freddie and Roger’s flat with him, carrying his bag. They’d stopped on the way because Roger had forgotten to use the bathroom and was afraid he might wet himself.

When they got there, Freddie opened the door, and Roger took his stuff to his room immediately, avoiding all eye contact.

“Hello, dar-- oh. Is he alright? WHy was he staying at your place for so long?”

“Freddie, can I talk to you a second? I don’t want Roger to hear.” Freddie nodded and stepped outside, closing the door, leaving just the two of them. “You know that Roger got very ill last week, right?” The singer nodded.

“Has he gotten any worse? Does he need to go to a doctor?”

“No, he’s actually gotten better. All of the symptoms have been taken away while his body fights off the infection. But he’s taking this medication that speeds things up inside him, and it’s… well, the doctor said it would make him incontinent while he was on it, and of course he said that wouldn’t happen and gave a little speech about how he could control his own bladder.”
Freddie’s face softened. “He’s never been too smart about himself.” Brian laughed a bit.

“Well, he wet himself on the way here, and freaked out. And he kept saying he didn’t want you to see and that you’d make fun of him. So I took him to my place and he wanted to stay. That’s when I came over to get his things.”

“Is he still on the medication?” Brian nodded.

“I told him he should consider some sort of nappy until he was off it, but he got mad, and now he wants to come back here. Don’t mention them, and please don’t make fun of him. He really can’t help it.”

“Alright. Thanks for telling me.”

Brian smiled. “Oh, and he can clean up after himself fine, but don’t hesitate to help him. Don’t push him to tell you anything. He’s pretty sensitive about that.”

“Alright.”

“I’m gonna head home. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to call. I’ll pick up.”

Brian and Freddie said their goodbyes, and Brian went back home.

***

Later that night, Brian was awoken by his phone ringing from the hall. He got up and went to answer it.

“Hello?”

“Bri?”

“Roger? What’s the matter?” He was out of it, but now he was a little more awake, fearing the worst.

“Bri, I was watching the telly because I didn’t want to go to sleep and have to deal with wet sheets, but I-I accidentally peed on the couch.”

“It’s alright. Just clean it up.”

“But the cushions aren’t the same as yours. They’re sewed together.” Roger sounded incredibly panicked, and Brian took a deep breath.


“I can’t. He’ll only laugh at me. Can you come over and help?”

“Rog, I can’t come over now. You’ll have to talk to Freddie. Is he asleep?”

“No. He’s writing a song.”

“Okay. Then go tell him what happened. He’ll understand that it wasn’t your fault.”
“No, he won’t. He doesn’t know, Bri. He’s gonna be upset and make fun of me and ask me why I didn’t just go and call me gross and then say I did it on purpose and—”

“Rog, he knows,” Brian said, stopping the younger man’s babbling. “I told him because I didn’t want you getting hurt. I knew something would happen, and I didn’t want him to laugh or do any of those things, okay? So he’ll understand that it’s not your fault if you go tell him. I don’t want you stressing about this.”

Roger sniffled. “Thank you.”

“No problem, Rog. Have you cleaned yourself up?”

Roger nodded sheepishly, but then realised he was on the phone. “Yes,” he mumbled.

“Then go get Freddie.”

“Okay.”

Roger hung up and walked over to the room where Freddie kept his piano. He walked in, head down at his hands, which were crossed in front of his legs. Freddie looked over at him.

“Is everything okay, darling? It’s awfully early to be up, is it not?” When Roger didn’t smile, Freddie knew something was wrong. “Rog—”

“Freddie, I’m sorry.” The poor drummer burst into tears the minute he tried to talk, and Freddie stood up to hug him.

“No, no, dear. Whatever’s happened, it’s fine. You’re fine.”

“It’s the couch. I p-peed myself on the couch, and I d-don’t know how to clean it.” Freddie hugged him tighter.

“That’s alright, dear. Let’s get this situated, yeah?” Roger nodded as he followed Freddie out to the couch. “Alright, I’ll show you what spray we can use, okay?” The drummer watched as he pulled a yellow spray bottle of some sort out of the cabinet along with a rag. “Just spray this on here and dab at the cushion with the towel, yeah? That way it won’t stain or smell.”

Freddie only smiled as Roger watched him. “Should I go start the washer? My clothes are in there.”

“Yes. Oh, and Roger?”

“Mhm?”

“Brian told me about your medication and that you…”

“Okay.”

“I’m always here when you need me, darling, yeah?” Roger nodded once again.

“Thank you so much, Freddie.”

“You’re very welcome, dear.”

Chapter End Notes
oof so I went to see Queen and Adam Lambert in Tacoma so I've literally been sobbing ever since and I had to spend a lot of time with my girlfriend or else I would get too sad so I wrote this tonight and it's 230 am and im in the kitchen blasting music. Also I've been working more on some of my other things and I'll update them all pretty soon I hope :D hope you enjoyed roger being tortured (still sorry Rog)

BRIAN PLAYed '39 anD I died iNsiDExE
Okay so this has two short stories because I'm working on some more and I didn't feel like finishing them oof. One is Brian and the other is Freddie and they both wet themselves in hallways I guess. But guess who's there for them?

Chapter Notes

okay somebody died in april and i haven't been doing great these last few months but i'm feeling a lot better now because i have awesome friends weehoo so I'll hopefully be a little more active now. Sorry about that weird hiatus thing.

I know these are short but bear with me because i have a lot of requests that i'm super excited to fill and i'll be very active very soon. I'm so close to getting back on track lets go !!

The second Brian felt something at all in his bladder, he stood up off the couch and started making his way to the bathroom. But as he got further down the hall, he noticed something was… off.

He looked down and saw that his pants were getting increasing darker and warmer and wetter. Oh, no. Brian covered his eyes with his hands, hoping that if he didn’t see it, it would go away. But it didn’t, and he stayed like that until he heard the front door open.

“Honey, I’m home!” called a voice, laughing a bit.

“Roger?” Briand said timidly, his voice wavering.

“Brian? Is that you? You okay?” Brian turned around, face whiter than ever. When Roger saw him, he put his bag down on the counter and walked over to him. “W-what happened?” He had started guiding the guitarist to the bathroom.

“I d-didn’t mean to. I’m s-sorry.” Roger shook his head.

“No, Bri, it’s totally fine. Really.”

Brian had started to undress and Roger closed his eyes, not wanting to intrude. “Roger, you have to believe that I was on my way to the toilet. I just got to the hall, and then I.. peed myself.”

“Brian, I don’t mind. Whatever happened, it’s fine. I’ll go clean it up, okay?”

“No, don’t. I can do it. It’s fine.” Roger opened the door.

“I won’t let you, Brian. Focus on getting yourself cleaned up.”

“Okay.”
“Open the door open the door open the door open the door open th--” The door swung open to reveal a dancing Freddie on Freddie and Roger’s front porch.

“What the hell?”

“.I can’t move, Roger.”

“Why couldn’t you open the door? You made me pause my movie so that I could come and open the fucking door for you?” Before Freddie answered, he pushed past the blonde and stumbled in, grabbing his crotch incredibly tightly. “Freddie? Are you okay?”

The singer shook his head. “Pee is going down my leg.” Roger looked, and sure enough, a trail of piss was making its way down his left leg and pooling on the floor.

“Freddie, go to the toilet!! Don’t just stand there!” Roger tried to push him to the toilet, but it didn’t help. He was finished before he even got there. “Dammit, Fred. What the hell did you do that for?” Freddie looked up at him, tears already running down his face. “Oh, I’m sorry. Don’t cry.”

“You’re mad at me.”

“I’m not mad. What happened?”

“T-traffic.”

“Oh.” Roger helped Freddie strip completely in the middle of the hallway, neither of them worrying about decency. “Look, there’s no reason to cry. It wasn’t your fault.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine.”
Bottles - Queen

Chapter Summary

In traffic, Freddie has to pee, and it doesn't look like they're going to moving forward any time soon.

Chapter Notes

okay i'm finally back now. This one's a bit longer than the other chapters. I hope you like it :)

“Fucking drive, you mother--”

“Roger,” Brian warned from the backseat. “Yelling at innocent people isn’t going to change anything.” Roger turned around, anger evident on his face.

“I know that, Brian.” He spat out the name, and the guitarist had to wipe his face off. “But it’s gonna make me feel better.”

“Well, we’re all stuck in here with you, and I don’t know about Freddie and John, but I don’t want to have to listen to you yelling for hours.”

“Hours?” came Freddie’s weak voice from beside Brian. He turned, and Brian swore he could almost see tears in his eyes. “Can’t we just get off of the main road.”

John pointed out of the front windshield at the cars that weren’t moving at all. “Unlikely, Fred. We’ll be there before you know it, though. Don’t worry.”

Freddie sighed to himself and started to stare out the window again. He knew he’d be incredibly bored the entire time they were here. If only he had brought his journal, he’d at least have something to do.

“You alright?” Brian looked over at Freddie, who seemed really restless. The singer looked at him, face still worried or sad or whatever it was. Brian couldn’t tell.

“I’m fine. I mean, I don’t really want to be in here for hours.”

“Me, neither. Want to keep each other company? I mean, I’m pretty bored.” Freddie nodded.

“Alright, what do you want to do, then?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Okay, how about traffic bingo? Whoever finds the most red cars wins.”

“Okay.” They both looked out the window, but because all of the cars were stopped, they only saw one red car. “Well, that works. Tie?”
Brian chuckled. “Yeah, tie. Want to just talk?”

“Sure.”

As the two of them talked, John was still trying to calm Roger down in the front seat.

“I know they’re not moving. That’s because they can’t, Roger.” Roger huffed, but then he tilted his head to the side. “What?”

“That guy in his car over there. What’s he doing?” Deaky looked where Roger was pointing, and both of his eyebrows raised.

“I think he’s jerking off.”

“Oh, my God. Why? His window is down!!”

“That’s disgusting.” Deaky then pointed to another car, this one had a woman in it. “What do you think she’s thinking about?”

“Well, she’s looking in the mirror at herself.”

“What a weirdo. She’s admiring all of her beauty.” Deaky laughed at his own words, but when he looked over at Roger, the blonde was fluffing his hair while staring in the rear view mirror. Deaky shook his head, disappointed.

“What?”

In the backseat, Freddie was listening to Brian talk about how one day, he wanted to finish his studies in astrophysics. And as much as he really wanted to listen, he just couldn’t.

“Freddie? Are you listening?”

“What? I-I… yeah.”

“You’re not. What’s the matter? You seem off.”

“I just have to pee is all.”

Brian straightened up in his seat. “Oh.”

“Yeah.” An incredibly awkward silence followed, but Brian honestly wasn’t too surprised. Freddie was a man with a relatively small bladder, and he constantly needed to stop and go.

“Why don’t we find a bottle or something?” Brian suggested, much to Freddie’s embarrassment. “It’ll be a while.”

“Yeah.” He wasn’t opposed to the idea. It wasn’t as if not all of them had at some point pissed in a bottle in front of the others. In those cases, it was usually the most dire situations. Like when Brian claimed he was going to wee himself if they didn’t stop and let him go, but the car they were in was surrounded by fans. Or when Roger couldn’t find the toilet in a building they had been in, and Deaky had incidentally just finished his bottle of pepsi. Or when they were stuck on a ski lift, and Deaky would have pissed himself if it weren’t for the fact that Brian was telling him it’d freeze and emptied his water bottle instead.

But all of those times had been because they hadn’t gone in forever, and it made Freddie feel so embarrassed that he had to go every two or three hours.
“Roger, do you have any bottles in here?” Brian asked. Roger started to check the side of his door, and he told John to do the same, but neither of them found anything.

“I don’t think so. Why?” Brian and Freddie also checked their doors.

“Freddie needs to wee. Can you stop somewhere?”

“Well, we’ve been stopped on the road for two hours. Does that count?” It was meant as a joke, but Roger only got an evil glare from Brian. “Not anytime soon. How long can he wait?”

“A-a few minutes,” Freddie said, playing with his hands.

“Oh. Sorry, Fred. I can’t get anywhere that fast.”

“Oh, okay.” Freddie’s voice was so small and weak that it made the other three feel so bad for him.

“You just wait as long as you can, alright? I’ll find you a place. And if you.. you know, it’s totally fine. No harm done.”

Freddie blushed madly at the mention of it, but he thanked the drummer still. He remembered when Roger had once wet himself. It was when Brian had snuck up behind him and scared the living Jesus out of him while he was writing a song. He didn’t know what had happened until Brian ran into the living room, yelling ‘Roger pissed himself!’ and laughing like crazy. Roger had to cross through the living room to get to the bathroom and change, and Freddie remembered he was the colour of a tomato.

But it had become a funny story over the years, one they told at parties and to family and friends.

Freddie, too, had pissed himself in front of the others before. But none of them were ever mentioned again by his friends as a funny story. They were more things they forced themselves to forget over the years.

“Freddie, we could always get out and try to walk somewhere.” Freddie looked over at the guitarist. “A lot of people are doing it. They’ve stopped all traffic, it’s not like they can get us in trouble for it.”

“I really would, but what if they recognise us, dear? I can’t take any chances.”

“We can get Terry. He’s in the car behind us.”

“No. If I.. if something happens, I don’t want the press to have pictures of me. It’s bad enough as it is.”

Brian was going to try to continue persuading Freddie, not wanting the poor man to be forced into peeing himself, to get out and go find a place to go. But he knew that Freddie had a really good point.

“Well, maybe you should just go, Freddie,” John said from the front seat. “It’s better than you hurting from having to go, right?” Freddie nodded.

“I suppose. I just hope you won’t be mad at me.”

“We won’t be mad, Fred. It’s not your fault.”

Freddie focused his attention out of the window, trying to make sure he really had to go bad enough to piss himself, and what he found when he uncrossed his legs was that he really did. He had to go now. He gasped and grabbed himself quickly. The other three didn’t say a thing while it happened,
when his bladder finally just let go.

Freddie watched in complete horror as his jeans slowly darkened and a puddle began to form on the seat below him.

“Fuck. Sorry.” It ran down his legs onto the floor, and it also puddled in his shoes. He winced at how gross it felt, but still he felt so relieved. He continued to piss full force all into his pants, feeling as his bladder got lighter and lighter.

It took a few minutes, but when he was finally done, he started apologising non-stop to Roger for ruining his seat.

“You didn’t ruin it, Freddie. It can be cleaned. Do you feel better?” Freddie nodded but realised Roger couldn’t see him.

“Yeah, I do. I really hope we can stop soon, though. I feel really gross.”

“I could imagine,” Brian said. “No more apologies, though. You didn’t do it on purpose.”

“Fine. No more apologies.”

Freddie would have been lying if he said he wasn’t embarrassed about it. But he was glad his friends were always so kind to him.
When Freddie woke up, he was in Roger’s house. How had that happened? He took a deep breath and sat up in his bed. But he felt something very wet, and it made his heart beat faster and faster.

This hasn’t happened in at least a month, and now it did? When he was at Roger’s house. He groaned as more and more tears started to gather in his eyes. He had to clean this up.

He got out of the bed quickly, seeing just how much piss there really was on the bed. A lot. There was a lot. What was he going to do? God dammit.

He started by stripping his apparently borrowed pyjamas and the sheets and threw them onto the floor. Now only wearing his underwear, he was lost. That’s when he heard the door open to the room.

“Freddie, you’re up— oh. Did you…?” It was John, who was literally the kindest and would be so understanding about this, and he felt his chest tighten. He was so embarrassed. It had only happened in front of his friends a few times. Never in front of John, but he’d told him it might.

He turned around and nodded miserably.

“That’s alright. Er.. I’ll go find Roger.” Before Freddie could tell him not to tell the drummer, the younger man was out of the room. He covered his face in shame.

John hurried down the hall and to the kitchen, where he found Roger sitting and talking to his wife and Ronnie.

“Roger? Can I see you for a minute?” Roger looked up at him.

“Yeah, what’s up?” He stood and led the bassist to the hallway where the others couldn’t hear.

“It’s Freddie.”

“Oh, is he awake?” the drummer asked excitedly.

“Yes, he.. well, he’s peed himself. I guess while he was sleeping. I just found him trying to clean up the bed.”

“Oh. Erm.. let’s go find him, yeah?” The two of them started down the hall to the guest room, but stumbled upon Brian and Freddie first.

“Freddie, just go hop in the shower. I’ll take care of them.”

“No, Brian, I’ve got them.”
“Freddie,” Roger said softly. When the singer turned around, he saw the tears rolling down his cheek. “Go clean yourself up. We can clean everything and get you something to change into. It’s not a problem.”

Freddie flushed. “This is so embarrassing.”

“It might be, but we know it’s not your fault. We won’t make fun of you. Promise.”

“Thanks.” Freddie set the sheets and pyjamas on the floor and left for the bathroom to shower.

Chapter End Notes

yeah i know. I suck at endings. Feel free to request:}

)
“Captain, do you have a plan on how exactly we’re supposed to get out of this?” Jim looked at Spock and then back down at the floor.

“Mr. Spock, I wouldn’t be asking that question. Because you already know the answer.”

“Is that a no?”

“Yes, it’s a no.” Spock’s expression didn’t change but Jim sighed. They were both tied up to their own pole, facing each other. It’d only been a few hours, but their landing party was scheduled to come and find them, and hopefully, they’d be there any second.

And Jim was really hoping they would, because he had to pee. Quite bad actually. Spock could tell, too. He just hadn’t said anything.

“Spock, I gotta piss.”

“I know, Jim.” Jim blushed and tried to move around a bit, but the ropes made that impossible. “May I suggest that you empty your bladder?”

“What? No. I’m not gonna wet myself.”

“When not emptied at the right time, you can get very sick, Captain.” Jim glared at Spock.

“Look, Spock, I already told you I’m not gonna-- oh!” Jim doubled over, and Spock only watched as a small dark patch formed on the front of his black Starfleet pants.

“Jim,” he said knowingly, and Jim had both of his legs crossed.

“Spock, don’t even start with me, okay? You don’t understand how embarrassing it is to piss yourself, so don’t give me the numbers. Just leave me alone.”

Spock didn’t say another thing as more and more liquid soaked into the man’s pants. Eventually, he let go. Urine splattered to the floor fast, and they both soon heard a door open. Jim didn’t look up to see them when Spock did, so it was a bit of a surprise when Bones was suddenly in front of him.

“Jim! Is everything okay? Are you hurt? Spock, is he hurt?” Jim had his head hanging down. He could feel that he no longer had to pee so bad, which was a good thing, but he also suddenly felt really embarrassed.

“Not that I know of, doctor.” That’s when Bones noticed what had just happened. He chuckled.

“Jim, did you..?” When the captain looked up, face red, Bones smiled. “Yeah, you did, didn’t you?”
“Shut up. We were here for a long time.”

“Alright, then. Let’s get you cleaned up, yeah?” Jim let a tear fall down his face. “Don’t cry, Jim, it’s fine. At least now you probably haven’t hurt yourself. But I will have to check and make sure.”

“Fine.”

Chapter End Notes

this was really short and weird :/
The Bus - Queen

Chapter Summary

Deacy wets himself while Freddie takes him home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Freddie,” Deacy whined as he leaned against the singer.

“Darling, please do be quiet. We’re on a bus, and you don’t want to disturb these kind people.”

The bassist grunted and squirmed.

“Why are you moving around so much?” Deacy shrugged and tried to stop moving. His hand flew to his crotch. “Oh. You could’ve just said. We’ll be there soon.”

“Freddie, how much longer? I have to go now.”

“Just twenty minutes, dear.”

“That’s too long!” Freddie rested his hand on Deacy’s leg in an attempt to calm him down. It wasn’t working. “I have to go now!”

“Try to be quiet, darling.”

“I don’t think I can wait,” he whisper yelled. Freddie grimaced, knowing this couldn’t end well.

“You’ll be alright. Just wait as long as you can.”

Deacy kept to himself for the next ten minutes or so before Freddie felt him tap his shoulder.

“Yes, darling?”

“Freddie, I think I… I just p-peed my pants.” Freddie glanced down, and his pants were, indeed, wet. And they were still glistening.

“Holy shit. You really couldn’t wait.” hte bassist covered his face, trying to hold back a sob.

“I’m so sorry.” Freddie rubbed his back.

“You’re alright. Don’t worry about it.”

“D-don’t tell Brian and Roger.” He started crying loudly, but Freddie was worried more about his friend than being embarrassed.

“I won’t tell anybody. Don’t worry.”

“Thank you, Freddie.”
Freddie watched and made sure to get them off at the right stop. He led the younger man off the bus and wrapped an arm around him as they walked home.

“You’re such a great person.” Deacy looked up at Freddie with hopeful eyes. “Will you be my friend?”

“Oh, of course, darling. I’ll always be your friend.”

***

The next morning wasn’t much better. Deacy awoke to a horrible headache, and his legs were wet. One hand under the covers told him what he needed to know. Shit.

He knew he should wake up Freddie, but he really didn’t want Freddie to know. As if the night before wasn’t bad enough.

He slowly crawled out of the bed and stripped out of his soaked pants, leaving himself in his underwear.

But as he started making his way around Freddie’s house in search of a place he could wash Freddie’s pyjamas, he found out that Freddie was very much awake. And making toast in the kitchen. So when he showed up wearing Freddie’s soaked through tidy whities, Freddie wasn’t quite sure what to think.

“Darling…” The one word caused the bassist to simply burst into tears, which of course brought Freddie to his side. “Calm down, dear. You’re quite alright. What’s happened?”

“I didn’t mean to.”

“You didn’t mean to what darling?”

Deacy looked at the floor. “I wet the bed. And your pyjamas.”

“Oh, that’s alright. Things happen.”

“But your sheets are all wet, and your clothes, and--”

“Hey, I couldn’t care less about those, alright? Are you okay?” Deacy nodded. “Good. Now, let’s get you cleaned up, yeah?”

“Okay.” Freddie led him to the bathroom, where he kept his washing machine, and Deacy threw the clothes in. Deacy was still crying, but when Freddie pulled him into a hug, despite him wearing next to nothing, he felt a lot better.

“Thank you, Freddie. You’ve been really good to me.” Freddie only smiled.

“Well, darling, you’ve done nothing wrong.” Deacy hugged Freddie, and once again, he said:

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes
Wow who's actually still reading these chapters. I feel like such a weird person and I've scared people off lol
“Davy Jones basically...”

Chapter Notes

Don't worry. I have more Queen stuff coming. Maybe some Peter Parker too.... ;)

-- Also The Monkees are cool. If you've never seen the show, you should --

“Mike?” Davy said so timidly, squirming around in his seat.

“Do you need me to stop?” Mike started frantically looking for a place to stop.

“N-no. But I was just wondering if I could go first in the bathroom.”

“Oh, of course. We'll be there in a minute. But please tell me if you need to stop.”

“I’m fine. I can wait till home.”

“If you say so.”

They made it back in a minute, just as Mike had promised. Davy ran as fast as he could to the bathroom, already undoing his belt and pulling his tucked-in shirt out. But when he got to the zipper, he ran into a problem. It was stuck.

He groaned, hopping in place. He continued pulling at the zipper, wishing he could just pull his pants down, but they were too tight to get over his hips.

He took a deep breath. “Alright. This is fine, Mike?” When he got no answer, he tried again. A little louder. “Mike!”

Mike came into the room, his face worried. “Davy, is everything alright?”

“It’s m-my zipper. It's s-stuck. And I can’t get it down.”

“Oh! Oh, okay. Want me to help?” Davy nodded. “Alright, I'll help.” Mike got down on his knees, and Davy turned towards him. The older man got to work trying to get the piece of metal down.

“Can you hurry it along, Mike? I really can’t wait much longer.”

“It’s alright, Davy I'll get it down. Actually, why don’t I go get Micky? He knows this neat trick. He helped me with my jacket one time.”

“Yes. Just hurry!”
Mike jumped up and ran out of the bathroom just as Davy felt his control start to slip. He tried his best to hold on just a minute longer, really not wanting to wet himself in front of his friends. The situation he was in was humiliating enough.

But as he felt a small wet patch begin to form on his pants, he panicked. A few tears escaped when he realised that he would have to go within just a few seconds. And if his zipper wasn’t down…

He suddenly let out a sob as his bladder released. A loud splatter followed, and more tears ran down his face. He realised that he couldn’t stop what was now pouring into his pants, trying again to get them down. No luck.

Davy finally accepted his fate, letting go and feeling as his pants got wetter and heavier. He cried harder, hands at his sides.

“Oh.”

He turned to see Micky and Mike both standing at the door, watching as he created his puddle.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered almost inaudibly. “I didn’t mean to.”

“Oh, Davy, it’s fine.” Mike stepped into the room with him, getting as close as he could without stepping in the puddle. Davy cried even harder, noticing as Mike stepped around it.

“Oh, God! Can’t you just leave me alone? Go away!” Davy covered his face, but Micky came up to his side, pulling him into a hug.

“Hey, Davy, you don’t have to cry.”

Davy sobbed as he looked up to see Micky’s face. When he looked down, he saw that Micky was standing in his pee wearing just his socks.

“Micky! Move! I’m so sorry!” Another loud sob wracked his body as Micky let go of him.

“Davy, I don’t mind. You don’t have to be sorry. What you did wasn’t your fault, and nobody is upset with you.”

But Davy still continued to mutter out apologies as Mike left the bathroom and Micky started to unbutton his shirt for him. Mike came back in with a towel and closed the lid for Davy to sit down.

He started to wipe up the floor, and Davy watched, almost sick to his stomach. He really hated that Mike was cleaning up for him. But Mike didn’t seem too bothered, his face not even scrunched up in disgust.

After it was wiped up, Micky helped Davy to a standing position, taking off his socks and shoes and getting down to his knees, attempting to undo the zipper. When Davy pushed his hand away, Micky stood up and took Davy’s wet hands in his own.

“Davy, look at me.” That’s when Davy did look up. “Davy, I want to help you clean up, alright, babe? And even if you think it’s disgusting, I don’t. Now if you truly don’t want my help, I won’t help. But I want to be sure it’s because you don’t want it, not because I don’t want to.”

Davy sniffled. “That was confusing, Micky.” Micky chuckled.

“I know. I’m gonna take your pants off now. Is that okay?”

“Just groovy,” Davy laughed.
“Indeed.”

Micky took the dirty clothes from the bathroom as Davy got in the shower and threw them in with the towel. Mike and Peter were sitting at the table when he saw them.

“How’s Davy?” Mike asked.

“Oh, he’s alright. He’s calmed down a bit.”

“That’s good.”

“Does he have something to change into yet?” Peter joined in on the conversation.

“No. I was going to get him some.”

“Well I can if you want.”

“Oh, Peter. You’re so nice. I’m sure he’ll really appreciate that.”

Peter smiled and crept away. He made it to the bathroom just in time for Davy to open the door, towel around his waist.

“Davy!” Davy nearly dropped the towel, and Peter covered his eyes. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“It’s alright. I just wasn’t really expecting there to be somebody.”

“Can I look yet?”

“Er… yeah. Did you bring me clothes? Thank you so much, Peter. You didn’t have to do that.”

“Yeah, no problem.” Davy sheepishly took the clothes, blushing. “How are you feeling?”

“Very embarrassed. I mean, I can’t imagine what you fellas must think of me. You’re being so nice, but I know you must be disgusted. I’m disgusted with myself.” As Davy continued to rant, Peter led him to the room.

“We’re not disgusted with you. And we’re not upset. What happened wasn’t your fault, Davy. We know that.”

Davy only smiled. “Well, thank you for being so nice about it.”

“It’s no problem. Get dressed and you can meet us downstairs for dinner when you’re ready. Or if you want. Or…”

Davy chuckled. “Yeah, Peter, I’ll come down.”

Peter gave a polite smile before turning around and heading back downstairs.
Babysitting - Sherlock

Chapter Summary

Sherlock is babysitting Rosie at 221B, and while playing hide and seek, he has to go pee.

Chapter Notes

Requested by sherlock_and_tea back in like February. Sorry it took so long. I'm finally catching up on all my prompts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Rosie, this isn’t funny. Please undo this.” Rosie giggled as she ran into the kitchen, coming back in with a knife. “Thank you,” Sherlock breathed, but he had to admit he was a bit scared as Rosie cut the ropes around his wrists.

“You’re welcome, Sherlock. Would you like to play with me?”

“Last time you asked that, you tied me to a chair. Why would I want to play with you?”

“Because if you don’t, I’ll tell dad, and he won’t be happy with you.” Rosie giggled as Sherlock just stared at her.

“You really are the smartest little girl, aren’t you? What do you want to play?”

“Hide and seek!” she squealed. Sherlock sighed.

“Alright. So long as I get to hide first.” Rosie nodded and covered her eyes, starting to count. Sherlock hurried to hide under the bed, but as soon as he got underneath, he realised he had to pee.

“One, zero, ready or not, here I come!” Sherlock hoped she would find him fast, but that didn’t seem to be the case.

She was looking for at least an hour, which was expected. She was only four. But Sherlock was really starting to panic. He couldn’t get up now and ruin the game for her. She’d be devastated. But he couldn’t stay under the bed for too much longer, either, or he would piss himself.

Just as he started to think of what he was going to do, though, his bladder started to press at him. He knew he was pushing himself too far, but he really didn’t want to get on Rosie’s bad side. He knew with all the bladder issues he had, he wasn’t going to last much longer.

“Got you!” A little girl peeked her head under the bed, but the loud noise was just enough. Sherlock felt the piss start to pour out of him at full force, no matter how much strength he used to hold it back in just a few more seconds. “That’s a bad hiding spot, Sherlock.”

He didn’t respond, and Rosie got up and left the room when the front door opened. Shit. John was
home. Sherlock stayed put, not wanting John to even know he was under here.

His luck was just not great today as John walked into the room.

“Sherlock? What are you doing under the bed? Rosie said you were here.”

“Er… well, we were playing hide and seek.”

“And you stayed under the bed?” Sherlock could feel his face heating up. He didn’t want to talk about this. He wanted John to leave and to be able to take care of it himself.

“John, could you leave?”

“What?”

“Could you leave?”

“Why would I…” John stopped talking when he noticed something. “Did you spill something down there?”

“…No.”

John leaned down to see what was on the floor. He smelt it immediately. “Oh, Sherlock, did you--”

“No, shut up. Just leave.” John felt a pang in his heart. He knew Sherlock was embarrassed, which wasn’t something he felt very often. He left to get a towel and returned right after.

“It’s alright, Sherlock. go shower.”

“No, John, it’s not alright. I should have just… I should have just gone, and I didn’t. And I don’t know how to clean the floor under the bed. And--”

“Sherlock, don’t worry about the floor, seriously. Just go shower.”

“No, I don’t want you to clean the floor. You don’t have to.”

“Never said I have to. Come on, into the shower you get.” As Sherlock did leave from under the bed, John averted his eyes, not wanting Sherlock to be more embarrassed than he already was. As soon as the younger man was gone, John quickly took care of the floor, and when Sherlock was back, everything was cleaned up.

“I’m going to wash my clothes. I’m still incredibly sorry about this, John. I know it was stupid, and--”

“No, Sherlock, don’t say it was stupid, it wasn’t. It’s not your fault, okay? Just forget it ever happened, please?”


“Don’t mention it, Sherlock.”
You can still request :)

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