

Shuichi's Secret

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shuichi shoves the remains of his dead girlfriend and maggots up himself.

Notes

Happy Jesus' Birthday, everyone! I found this on my computer from over a year ago.

Shout out to Blowfly Girl, this was inspired by that.

Please don't reupload/repost onto other sites, thank you!

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

Sunday is clement and bright. A breath of fresh air after the most horrific experience of his life—one he wouldn't dare even think about, let alone repeat—its comforting warmth engulfing his form like a warm embrace. His vision turns red as the sunlight filters through his eyelids; taking a deep inhale with a sharp exhale as he notices something new.

A scent eerily similar to the fetor of death. Shuichi knew it well; being an investigator, he'd pinpointed a few corpses in his time. Though he'd solved a single case—he'd never admit to knowing it like the back of his hand. He didn't want to, not after the trauma of the initial occurrence. The sight of his parents' corpses made his stomach churn, the first time he'd ever witnessed death. Turning his attention to the source, he notices a dumpster.

Was that always there? He wasn't sure—though, he was cooped up in his room for the past few days, so he'd never noticed. Or forgotten, his mind occupied with more important subjects. Investigating it, his nasals and throat burn as he approaches closer, even being able to sense the sweetness of the odour at his length. Placing a tentative hand onto the lid, he sighs—holding his breath with a sharp gasp—and throws it open.

He should have known what to expect.

His stomach drops—*no*, it *plummets*. Tears begin welling in his eyes like he'd been punched in the face. He gags, choking out whatever air he has left in his system as he dry heaves. One word—one name—fills his head as he looks to the blurry pool of grass scattering his view; *Kaede*.

He hoped it wasn't what he thought it was. He prayed it wasn't what he thought it was. But...

He doesn't scream. It's too horrific for a reaction—he freezes in place, shuddering.

Kaede—his friend, who he saw executed days prior—is lifeless. Covered in trash, it appears that some sort of hot oil was tossed in—her flesh peeling at spots. He wasn't the first to find her—maggots covering her stiff corpse, the thick liquid oozing from her bloated body was eaten and swarmed by the larvae. He jumped back—scraping his hands against the harsh, burning pavement as he hits his tailbone against the hardness at an angle.

Did the others know about this? They'd know, right? It's hard to miss—and besides, they were talking about there being a lack of insects. Well, here's some, right? He shakes, hiding his face between his knees as he hugs his legs with his bloodied, bruised hands. The rims of his eyes moisten, tears threatening to fall—he has no one left to tell him it'll be okay; that he'll be okay. His throat burns and he feels as if he cannot breathe. Sniffing, he gets an idea.

He stands up, wiping his nose with a sleeve. Approaching the bin once again, he fixates on her rotting fluids—from her stomach, no less—covered in maggots like rice in a curry. He feels a thickness rising in his throat, but she's still beautiful, he notes. Kaede could never disgust him, no matter what form she's in. Even if it's unsanitary—he wants to be with her. He hadn't showered since her death, what more harm could this cause?

Using his upper strength to push himself onto the rim of the bin, he pulls his hips over the barrier and falls in—raindrops of juice splashing across his face like a duck in a puddle. He scrambles upwards—slipping over himself in the process—and clutches the lid, slamming it shut with the echo reverberating in the container.

The sound is deafening—desperate sloshes of both himself and the maggots working across her body like waves in the ocean during a swell. Thicker than he imagined, the liquid slowly seeps into his clothing, weighing it down. He lifts his hands, flying to his face to wipe off the juices—though it merely smears them. Flies buzz past his head—he opens his mouth to breathe yet coughs as soon as the viscous air hits the back of his throat. The soft raindrop-like sounds of the maggots falling off of the walls of the garbage and her body feel dreamy in this state, the repulsive petrichor violating his senses.

He feels like he's on a high—of either adrenaline or fear.

He pushes his hands in the warm, brothy liquid, closing his eyes and trying to locate her body in the pitch-black encasement. He finds the outline of her skirt's slimy pleats, feeling up to her hip bone. He feels like he might vomit, something rising up that he spits out onto himself, the heat landing right on his clothed thigh. Gasping, he takes in the disgusting air once more and vomits the acidic fluid onto his lap again, coughing thick and wet.

He pulls at his waistband, pulling off the stained pants and his briefs, letting them float in the fluid as it engulfs his lower half like stomach acid eating away at nutrients. Hands finding her ribcage, he pulls up her shirt and vest to feel them flush against him. Her soft, wet skin flutters and flakes off at each light touch of his roughened hands. He imagines the rotting her organs underneath must be doing, the weight of his cock reminding him of how aroused such a disgusting sight could be. It flakes off like smoked salmon as he digs his fingers against each crevice of her ribcage; the hot oil must've splashed there as well.

Still, he leans back—collecting some dead flesh strewn about in the pooled grossness, squishing it between his fingers to pack it together. He spreads his legs, fingers finding their way to his hole. He'd never tried insertion before—solely stroking himself as he imagines the sight of someone taking their way with him—but now, he doesn't even care if he's unprepared or if it hurts.

He prods a finger outside of his entrance, shivering as a bit of the liquid seeps inside. The waxy skin feels almost more like a bandage than flesh, formed into a ball. He relaxes, letting a finger hook in and stretch himself. It's painful—like his hand earlier, stretching the taut muscles of his hole. Taking a deep, humid breath of air, he pushes it in, sucking it deep inside of him with his muscles as soon as it breeches past the ring of nerves.

He wraps a hand around his erection, holding it and rocking his hips desperately. The fluids move like floods in a hurricane, the waves hitting against the interior and splashing over him. He moans, reverberating louder in the small space. The maggots smack against his body, reminding him of their presence—he feels inside of Kaede's panties, scooping out a thick, syrupy mass of maggots and her liquified, cold remains. Humans shouldn't be so cold.

He pushes them inside of him like a lubricant, shoving as many handfuls as he could—switching holes as he can no longer get enough from her pussy. The maggots feel like nothing

inside of him at first, but now, he can feel their soft writhing. Their swarmed movements terrify him, enough to make him regret this entire idea. He hyperventilates—it's all he can hear, the swishes of water and splashing on his face are the white noise of his extreme huffing.

If he and Kaede could never create a family together, perhaps this would be alright for his closure? After all, everybody grieves differently.

This is the way he grieves, right? He was too young to know the proper way as a child.

He spreads his ass open once more, harvesting more flesh into soft chunks to shove deeper inside of him, to give more tissue for his maggots to take and do with as they please. He pulls on one of her flaccid eyes, one fallen deeper into its socket and covered in tache noire, taking it out so gently that the nerves don't tear. Admiring it for a moment, he almost feels sympathetic. Almost. He rips it out, shoving it inside of him as well.

He's dirty. Degenerate. He couldn't live past doing this, Kaede would be disgusted with him. He might as well kill himself with her, knowing that his life feels complete as it is. There's nothing more he'd ever want to achieve, past this. But... Kaede wanted them all to keep going. So, he sighs, raising his head as if the air above would be any better, and decides to leave.

He pulls off her shoe, degloving her leg as he takes off a sock. Balling it up, he pushes it inside of him—trapping all of the maggots inside—and grabs his pants. He wraps his own clothes around his cock, jerking himself off as the fullness of his organs makes him painfully hard that he can't do anything but wish to ejaculate over Kaede's corpse.

The sound of the splashing sticks in his mind.

Shuichi had been lying on his bed, his ass in the air for hours now, grinding and edging himself for what could be forever. His cock hadn't gone down in that time—could that be an issue? He didn't quite feel the sensations over the adrenaline earlier, but now, he felt so desperate to come—yet he wanted it to be the best he'd ever had. His toes curled as he kicked his sheets, pulling them downward.

The maggots didn't have much of a feeling, but he was full—clenching and unclenching himself on the sock. He regretted never fingering himself before, the fullness was warmed by his body heat and almost as if he were truly getting fucked. It was slick and dirty, slipping deliciously up his tainted body, reaching his sensitive prostate.

“Mmhm,” he moans into his pillow, about to orgasm. He gasps, biting the pillow as his grinding quickens, then stops. “Mm-m, Kaede, damn it...”

Sucking on his pillow, he groans. Shuichi flips over, spreading his legs and taking a hairbrush from his nightstand. Pulling out his cock, he strokes it a few times, then proceeds to pull off his trousers. Slurping on the handle, he lubricates it with his own saliva, then presses it to the rim of his ass. He threatens to insert it as he touches himself, whimpering Kaede's name under his breath.

“S-So gross,” he moans, the pain of his unprepared ass being filled by such a thick hairbrush making him feel as if he’s tearing in two. “I’m so disgusting, so gross, I’m filled with my own friend’s remains-!”

His head flips to the other side, nuzzling into the pillow as the handle brushes against his prostate. He can’t take it any longer—gripping his cock and humping his own fist, toes curling against his sheets to the point they start pulling down. The saliva pooling in his mouth is thick—yet not nearly as sludgy as the mixture he’s fantasizing of—slinking down his parched throat. He hadn’t eaten yet—not that his body seemed to notice or care.

“Sh-Shit,” a quick, sharp orgasm shakes throughout his body; he gasps and moans, digging his toenails into the mattress painfully as if he’d kicked a solid door. “F-Fuck, Kaede-!”

His mouth is a waterfall of saliva, slicking his wrinkled sheets with his fluid and brushing his face against it like a puppy that pissed across the rug. The swarm travels up his body, filling him more and more. So high—so deep, nearly too deep. He pushes out, the dark brown handle leaving his reddened, abused hole as a few strings seep out of his tightness. Stomach writhing, he almost wonders if that was the maggots.

He pushes a finger inside of him—a few clots of membrane loitering near his exit, the feeling divine and like no other. Licking the bacteria-coated length, he fucks himself open, stretching himself until blood leaks from his hole. His hips move on their own accord, a man possessed and with the need for lust. Visions of Kaede fill his view, yet they’re out of reach.

“Mm-h!” He moans, huffing and puffing so deeply his chest might burst. Love was never an interest to him—not until now. It hurt so much; burning, tearing his mind and body apart—yet nothing was ever like his before. “I’m so fucked... A-Ah, mentally and physically, I’m so messed up-!”

Plunging the spit-covered, filth-ridden piece of cheap plastic back inside, he hits his prostate, squealing like a pig in a slaughterhouse. He groans, his ass ripping at the speed and lack of relaxation, tightening to a painful degree as his legs kick into the air, trying to steady themselves on anything but his shaking mattress. He’s pathetic, depraved, a disgusting filth-whore that nobody would ever want.

The realisation that the sock is likely gone for good now makes him all the more delirious, imagining what Kaede would think. Would she call him a pervert? A necrophile? A degenerate? Would she want him to kill himself?

Or—he wraps his hand across his slickened cock—would she grab him? Take him, have her way with him? Would she appreciate his devotion to her, his goddess? He moans, clutching himself. If only he and Kaede had gotten together!

If only—another thrust—God, if *only*-!

Releasing his white, almost-blue cock, he shoves his fingers in his mouth, sucking the metallic and rotten taste off of himself. If they’d gotten together and she didn’t accept him, would he kill her himself? This is the best ending; he has full-access to her body, he has her body inside of him, him, *him*! The taste isn’t one he loves, but the texture? The viscous of a

flattened cream soda, he notes, slurping the liquid off of himself. He's infected. His body is infested. Infested with the hanahaki flowers of love, the maggots feed on their supple nectar like honey bees in the spring.

He feels a rise in his throat—swallowing the thickness down, he writhes his hips like a bitch in heat, humping the air out of pure desperation. Moaning, he feels the rush again; another orgasm encroaching, his toes curling and legs spreading shamelessly as his body trembles, another cry ripped from his sore throat and another lightning bolt of pleasure shocking him.

“A-Aa-h!” He gags, the hot fluid releasing from his throat as he vomits on himself, the acidic liquid landing onto his under-developed abs—the ones he was always insecure about, yet still did nothing to tone. Rubbing at his face with a wrist, he starts to feel the effects of forcing so much stomach acid upon it in such a short speck of time.

Before long, his desperate humping lets his warm release sear out, the numbing heat a pleasant touch to his sore cock. He doesn't care anymore, letting both hands fall to his sides. He can deal with this in a few hours.

Awakening to the wet spot seeped across his bed, he groans. Just like that sludge he'd found outside, he thinks, rubbing his palm against his clothed, wet cock. Slipping his hands in, something resists the touch—rolling like a worm as he slides his hands over. Squeezing his eyes shut, he grips his cock, popping the juicy maggot's soft insides against him. Kaede, the name that fills his mind and heart as he imagines her wetness glistening across each centimetre of his length, left to look down on the brown mess of his fingers.

His cock doesn't grow hard this time, abused and unwilling to let Shuichi lie in bed masturbating yet another day. He hums, checking the time. Three-flat; good, he still has some more time to sleep. His eyes flutter shut, images of beautiful women wearing silk cami-dresses to sleep filling his head. How boring it must be to live like that, he notes, much preferring his life of filth and infestation.

Squirming.

They're swarming and squirming like an angry nest of bees, his breath sharpens to a singular gasp. Traveling, perhaps that is what they're at? If so, then it'll pass soon.

...Nothing.

“Fuck,” he utters, clutching his stomach. Still, he forces a laugh. “I'm fine.”

Faking it until he makes it, he assumes.

Another sharp pang. His organs must be contorting, twisting—anything, this has to be fake. His cramps grow more aggressive, more threatening. It's like one of those scary movies, where the parasitic alien inhabits the host or when a surgeon cuts open a person while they're still awake. Pain. Excruciatingly painful. Writhing—they're writhing inside of him. He needs it out.

Fast. He sprints to his bathroom, dropping his pants as he spits into the sink, forcing a toothbrush down his virgin throat and piercing his uvula. He starts hyperventilating on his own over-produced saliva, as if that would be the end of it. Instant regret sinks in his stomach as the bile rises, coating the pristine, white surface with his splattered mess—splashing on his face as it hits. He hits the floor, spreading his legs. He needs it out. He doesn't want it out—he'd keep it inside himself forever if he could—but now, he's choking and vomiting across himself, he needs it out. It needs to leave. He's contaminated and he needs it out. It needs to leave, desperately.

So desperately.

He pushes—shaking and twitching so hard that his leg lifts and kicks an open drawer, yelping at the pain as his leg slams back down. Gripping the sink with a hand, he spits on the other—forcing his ruined hole open, shoving his grimy fingers inside. He needs to pull it out. He needs it out, he reminds himself, pushing out as his fingers enter to the hilt in a borderline-fisting maneuver. His entrance—or exit, so it should be—clamps onto himself, stopping him from pushing any more.

Tears prick his eyes, about to shove a ruler up himself in desperation, but is rewarded by God for the ability to reach it. He scrambles inside for a grip on the slightest touch of the sock that he feels, the maggots already writhing across his fingers and under his nails. He heaves, trying to catch a relieved gasp, but the swell of his throat won't allow that liberty. Lowering his hips, he catches a grip—a pinch of fabric between his nails, pushing and pushing like an adulterous mother birthing her bastard-child, a token of her shame.

Thankful for the coating of his fingers and the squishiness of the maggots, Shuichi rips the sock from his makeshift womb—toppling onto the floor in the fetal position as soon as the wet splat reverberates. A profound emptiness in his body proves how alone he is. A loneliness not even the harshest of depravity could fill, drawing him deeper and deeper into the role of the social-pariah he always knew he was.

The dark, sludgy mass of brown seeps into the cold, well-spaced tile of the flooring, each press on his stomach releasing more and more, unable to stop. It burns. It's a comforting warmth. It's a reminder of how gross he is. He can't explain what he feels, the static in his head scrapping louder as he sits up to watch it pour out like molasses. It excavates him as he straightens his back, like a flood of reversal and renewal of his life. Attention points across the room, searching for the lump of maggots.

The sock—now tinted a deep burgundy—is lively, swells of maggots in piles around God-knows-what in attempts to eat all that they have, their fluids covering them like scaphism. Looking around for however many drops managed to slip off and splatter across the floor, Shuichi picks up the weighted sock. He hadn't remembered it being this heavy—more like a weighted ben wa ball, sure, but not like this, drenched in his fluid.

He cups his hands like a poor man receiving water, slurping up the thick syrup—needing it back inside. Don't spit it out, the mantra in his head echos; getting over the bitter, abrasive flavour, he lets the thickness coat his throat. He almost worries it won't go past the swelling, but the viscosity weighs it down, pulling it down his esophagus. It's acidic, harsh, hostile;

painful each step of the way as he spits across the cloth to suck up each trace, swallowing the maggots hole.

They're still on his uvula, he can feel, but doesn't care. His stomach hurts for a different reason now. For a nicer reason now. Everything is going grey.

End Notes

I have another version with Miu; but if I remember right, I never edited it, so it's not getting posted. God has sparrred you yet again by making me a lazy fucker. Or Allah, since my family is muslim. Goatfucking is my cardio /s.

edit: found out this fic got mentioned on a certain website dedicated to fruit farming, lmfao. literally screenshotted the post and now it's on my phone's home screen. my greatest achievement.

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