What am I doing with my life? Anyway this is a Matsuda piss fic, enjoy

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by Anonymous

Matsuda arrived at the new headquarters holding a box. Bags dangled from his arms. He put the stuff down near the door.

"I'm back with the new shredder. Since we ruled out 300 suspects, I thought we could have a little party!"

"Matsuda."

"I got some beers, a few sodas for Light, and the store had these on clearance!"

Matsuda pulled out a party horn and inhaled.

"MATSUDA!"

Aizawa grabbed the party horn. Matsuda froze.

"Stop messing around!"

Matsuda deflated. He puffed himself up with a sheepish grin and scratched the back of his head.

"sorry. I'll get back to work now."

Matsuda went back to work. Once he finished filling out a small stack of reports, he decided to see if there was anything relevant on TV. Just for 5 minutes.

5 minutes turned into 25. He really should give those reports to the chief. He got up and pulled them from under his coffee cup.

The coffee spilled on one of the pages. He dabbed at it with a tissue as he speedwalked to Mr. Yagami's office.

"Here's the reports! I kinda spilled some coffee on one, but I think it's still readable."

"Matsuda! You should be more careful, you could have lost all this information."

"Sorry sir."

"It's alright. Just get back to work."

"Right! I'm on it!"

About an hour and a half later, Matsuda told himself that he would go to the bathroom right after he finished recording all the information he could find about the 3 slightly suspicious people he was asked to look into. He shifted as he looked for the job of the last person.

Mr. Yagami spoke up.

"We have a possible lead, unless it turns out to be some elaborate prank call. We should investigate sooner than later. As Light is busy, we'll go without him. Let's get in the car."

Matsuda hesitated. He needed to pee, but he didn't want to make everyone wait when they were already annoyed with him. He followed everyone into the car.

Mr. Yagami filled everyone in as he drove. There was a report that someone knew someone who was acting like Kira. They were going to meet the woman who made this report in a mostly empty office building, as the police force was no longer involved in the investigation. The details started to blur together. Matsuda resisted the urge to squirm in his seat. He really should have gone before they left.

Should he ask for them to stop? That would inconvenience everyone a lot more than if he went before they got in the car. How close were they to the building?

"Um, are we getting close?"

"We'll be there in ten minutes. Why?" Mr. Yagami answered.

"Oh, no reason."

Ten minutes wasn't so bad! Matsuda shifted ever so slightly. He realized Aizawa was looking at him knowingly. And rolling his eyes.

8 more minutes. 6 more minutes. 5 more minutes. 4 more minutes. 3 more minutes. 2 more minutes. 1 more minute. Assuming the ten minutes wasn't rounded down.

It took an additional 2 minutes to reach the office building, and then 3 more to find a parking spot. At some point, he started actually squirming.

Finally, they pulled into a parking spot. Matsuda got out gingerly. Standing up made it worse. He started walking behind Mr. Yagami.

A leak threatened to come out. He needed to hurry.

"I'll be back in a bit! I really gotta pee!"

Matsuda ignored the sighs and annoyed noises behind him and ran inside. Luckily there was nobody in sight. He located the bathrooms to the right and burst through the door.

He rushed to the first urinal, dancing as he tried to get his zipper down. He had to stop to squeeze himself. He managed to unzip, spread his legs, aimed…

Nothing came out at first. He probably just needed to relax more. He breathed in and out.

A trickle worked its way out, which quickly became a torrent. Matsuda sighed and threw his head back. He started to feel wobbly as he continued to pee, but he felt *so much better*. He got every last drop out and shook off.

Matsuda washed his hands and went back to the group, feeling like he was floating. Everyone looked less grumpy, or maybe the whole world just seemed better when he wasn't bursting.

"I feel so much better now! I felt like I would explode!"

"Matsuda! quiet down let us focus."

It seemed Mr. Yagami was still a bit annoyed.

"Sorry, I just really needed that. I don't think-"

"MATSUDA!"

And Aizawa was himself.

"Right. Sorry about that."

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