happy birthday

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by danganronpa

Summary

Sidefall's gotten sick plenty of times.

It isn't the first time Zyn's come home to a sickly Sidefall— there was a point where it had been nearly *every other day* Sidefall had fallen ill somehow, and it had scared her half to death back then and it still scares her now despite its increasing infrequency.

It is Sidefall's thirteenth birthday in four hours and he's crouched over the toilet, spitting up bile and…

"Sidefall!" Zyn really tries not to raise her voice often, so Sidefall freezes where they are, hands shaking, jittery.

"…hi, Zyn." The words are hardly audible, it makes her heart twist. "I'm fine." He says before she can speak again. "I'm… good, yeah." They get to their feet unsteadily, wobbling. It's kind of like watching a newborn kitten.

"I don't think… any part of *this*, er, is good." Zyn corrects with a franticness to her. "Can— did you eat something bad?"

"…No." Sidefall mutters. "I didn't do anything."

This is all well and good, until Zyn processes the sentence. She frowns, tilting her head at her younger brother. "I didn't ask if you did anything." She tries to make her voice softer, tries to soften up the edge of worry. "I asked if you maybe ate something bad?"

"Oh." Sidefall blinks, in-between a daze. "I didn't eat anything. I'm… fine." They repeat, even though she is very aware that he knows neither of them believe that. "I'm fine." Insisting.

"…You're green, Sidefall." Zyn huffs.

"I'll be fine." Sidefall offers, shaky hands wiping bile from their mouth. "It doesn't hurt." They wash their hands, taking Zyn's silence as a chance to escape the situation.

"I'm going to bed now." They mutter, trying not to let their voice break. "'Night."

Zyn watches them leave.

Fuck.

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