bakushin gets cucked out of sleeping in HER OWN BED

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/967.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandom:	Uma Musume - All Media Types
Relationship:	Sakura Bakushin O&Hishi Amazon (Uma Musume)
Characters:	Sakura Bakushin O (Uma Musume), Hishi Amazon (Uma Musume)
Additional Tags:	Snippet, Mentioned Heat/Mating Cycles, (not in detail and neither of the leads), Semi-Crack
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 999 Chapters: 1/1

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by tangential

Hishi Amazon was in the midst of her final lap around the dormitory before retiring for the night herself, just to catch any stragglers that lingered. She loves these girls to death, but Goddesses, some of them were so resistant to follow the simplest rules. She swears she could tell them they're no longer allowed to chug boiling hot oil before setting themselves on fire, and some of them would complain as if it was her weekend plans.

She turned the corner, noticing a brunette sitting on one of the benches. She approached quickly, "Hey! It's past curfew, get in your room!"
The girl didn't seem to notice she said anything or was even there. "Did you hear me!?" She identified her as Sakura Bakushin O when she got a little closer, slightly slumped over with her eyes closed.
Was... she sleeping? The oddity lingered in the air, causing her to hesitate. Bakushin was always consistent on either being in her room by curfew or rushing to beat the clock while returning to campus; she never lingered in this third space after hours. She never really lingered *anywhere*, actually.
She poked the girl gently, just enough to wake her. The girl jolted, revving to action instantaneously like she wasn't asleep hardly even a heartbeat prior. "Hello Miss Hishi Amazon! Did you need something?"
It startled her how quickly Bakushin woke up and spoke coherently, but she folded her arms and put on an authoritative face. "Yeah, it's past curfew. I need you to go to your room." She swears she saw her ears droop a little, her brow furrowing.

"Well..." Bakushin looked off to the side, expression unreadable. "If I may be frank, there is a stallion and mare in heat currently in my room." She said with a grimace. "I will take whatever reprimand and punishment necessary on my honor as class representative for such blatant disregard of the rules, but I will not be getting into the middle of that." She laughed a little, but there was no humor behind it, just dry tiredness laced with niceties. Seems even the explosive energy of Bakushin needed to recharge now and again.

Hishi Amazon paused to process, before sighing and pinching the bridge of her nose. That was a *very* fair reason to skip curfew, but she still had to go *somewhere.* "Hm. Fine, but you can't stay out here." She thought for a moment. "You can stay with me for the night if you've got nowhere else, I've got a spare mattress."
Bakushin perked up noticeably, "Are you sure? That's incredibly kind of you Miss Hishi Amazon." She waved a flippant hand. "Yeah, it's no problem. And don't worry about getting punished or anything, I wouldn't want to go in there either." She elbowed her side, getting a smile from the other girl.
"Just this once though. Don't make breaking the rules a habit." Her teasing energy dissipated, replaced with something firm.
"I wouldn't dream of it! I'm doing this very reluctantly. I know it's a scorn on my class representative-ly record." Hishi Amazon chose to keep her tongue quiet on Bakushin's not exactly shining record. She definitely had one of the better ones, just fine for a class representative, but it was hardly perfect...

She began to lead her down the hall to her own room, a pang of sympathy and worry shooting through her when she saw Bakushin wince when she stood, hands flying to catch

her arm when she stumbled, practically hauling the girl back into a stable posture. “Hey, are you hurt?” Bakushin shook her head, “Legs are... just a little weak. It’s fine.” Her expression softened, “Well, don’t be afraid to lean on me if it gets too much, m’kay?”
They continue their way down the hall, Hishi Amazon on her right since Bakushin was clearly avoiding putting much weight on her left leg, and both girls pass a yawn amongst each other. Who even was Bakushin’s roommate? She couldn’t recall for the life of her, she’ll have to check when she gets back to her room. This could *not* become a regular thing. Not that she'd mind the company, but for Bakushin’s sake. It was one thing to want some alone time, but it seems like she didn’t warn Bakushin at all. If she had to guess, the poor girl probably walked in on them. It was likely rather impromptu since heat was involved, but the principle of it still held regardless.
She unlocked the door, leading her to the spare mattress. She used to have a roommate, years ago when she first came to Tracen, but she left quickly and the spot never got filled. She mostly used it for storage or whenever someone needed a place to sleep for a night or two. This... wasn't the first time something like this happened.

“Here it is. A blanket and extra pillows are under the bed, you know where anything else is. Want a pair of jammies, or just gonna sleep in your uniform?” She wordlessly thanked whomever was listening that she and Bakushin were about the same size, if not a little smaller. Bakushin seemed unusually tired, wordlessly staring at Hishiama for a moment before jolting slightly as if she just realized she was being asked a question. “That’d be appreciated. Thank you again.”
She turned tail to the dresser, tossing out a loose tee and some sweats. “Yeah, it’s no problem. Let me know when you’re done changing and I can turn around.” She heard frighteningly but predictably quick shuffling and after not even 30 seconds, a small “Okay, you’re good.”

After assuring again Bakushin had anything she would need and was settled in, as well as changing into sleepwear herself, she quietly opened a cabinet. She flipped through the papers about Miho dorm’s residents, checking who Bakushin’s roommate was. She made a mental and physical note to have to talk to her about this in the morning.

...Symboli Rudolf!?!

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