

# DANGANRONPA: SOCIAL EXPERIMENT CH1

## CHAPTER 1: DANCE, DANCE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“This can’t be...? Another game?”**

Makoto Naegi sounded rather dejected, and for good reason. It didn’t feel like it had been all that long ago since he had escaped the tragedy at Hope’s Peak, and now along with some other students he had suddenly found himself in yet *another* game. It wasn’t his old high school that he was trapped in this time though, but instead what seemed to be a beachside resort. They had yet to see their captor nor anything akin to a Monokuma, but the disembodied voice that had given them the explanation had been clear about what kind of game this was.

**“And what does a ‘transformation game’ entail, exactly?”** That was the term that had been used at the orientation. If he took it at face value, then that meant their forms could be changed somehow? But was that even possible? Even considering the Ultimate programs and the scientific leaps of society, that felt impossible. **“The last one unchanged is the winner...”** Did that mean that there was no actual death involved? If anything, that was reassuring.

But for now they needed more information. He was fortunate that Kyoko Kirigiri was in the game along with him, but he’d also spotted a face that shouldn’t have been present. Because she had *died*. How had Junko Enoshima ended up here? Was she the mastermind again? It felt too obvious, really, but he had a million questions and was undoubtedly cautious about her presence.



Between himself and Kirigiri, the pair had set out to investigate the resort to start. They needed to understand the battleground they had set foot upon, and if it was like Hope's Peak then they would be given something of a chance to adjust before anything happened. Not that he knew how someone could be 'transformed' anyways. It surely wasn't as simple of a process as committing a murder would be, and the other participants appeared to be as confused by the rules at the time as he had been.

That said, all coming from different Killing Games, the group had *all* misunderstood the most fundamental thing about this game. They assumed that they were competing with one another, when that actually wasn't true at all. The mastermind was the one setting up traps and choosing victims. It wasn't a competition, it was a game to see who could persist for the longest period of time.

*And it certainly wouldn't be Naegi.*

**"Hm. A dance hall of all things?"** Maybe it wasn't all that strange to find in a resort, but there was a dancing area off to the side of the gym included in the building. Big, open, and with plenty of mirrors, he wondered if it had something to do with the big stage in the dining area? Maybe performers practiced here before putting on shows for the audience under normal circumstances?

It appeared to be empty, but he moved towards the back of the room just in case there were any clues hidden. Yet, he didn't realize that the sliding door had locked behind him, or that a transparent gas had begun to fill the space. He had walked into one of the masterminds traps, it seemed.

Little by little he inhaled the gas, and the more he consumed, the more apparent it became in Naegi's physical appearance was being affected – yet he wasn't really paying it any mind. Not that the earlier signs *could* be easily noted without him making a conscious effort to seek them out.

For one? The colors of his eyes began to seem rather *off*. Starting with his right eye, the dull green that it typically sported brightened to a silver, almost blue color before it moved into the second eye. Yet it wasn't their color alone that was tampered with, for those eyes narrowed in shape and the lashes that decorated them fluttered longer

like the wings of a butterfly. They appeared downright *feminine* as a result.

**“Hmm... I suppose there’s nothing strange about this room after all.”** By this point in time, Naegi had already moved into the back of the dancing hall, having examined the lower trim of the wall while ignoring the mirrors for the most part. If his time at Hope’s Peak had taught him anything, it was that secret passages tended to pop up in the most unlikely of places. But that didn’t appear to be the case when it came to this dancing hall.

It was only when he turned to head back, catching his reflection in one of the many mirrors, that he paused with surprise on his face. **“Huh!? What’s up with my *face!*?”** A crack in his voice accompanied his surprise, for not only had he taken notice of his eyes, but his facial structure overall was not what he remembered it being. He almost looked *older*, but not in the sense that he was an older man. He looked like an older *woman*, what with cheeks raised, eyes softened, and lips incredibly plump.

The boy examined the color of his eyes, which soon flickered up to his hair once it began to cascade down past his shoulders. It was *growing*. **“My hair!?”** Hands grabbed brunette locks that continued to fall, their colors changing beneath his fingertips to a dark blue that was almost reminiscent of the ocean’s waves. Not only was the length longer, but the hair itself was straighter and silky smooth, with his infamous ahoge now just as flat as the rest of it. But just as quickly as he identified it as a problem, while his brows thinned and took the same color? **“I suppose it’s to *be* expected.”**

Another crack in Makoto’s voice brought acceptance.

This must have been what the mastermind had meant by a ‘*transformation game*’, but even then? It didn’t really explain Naegi’s sudden calm over the fact that he was quite plainly becoming a woman. Even now, his fingers were growing long and slender, earning lengthened nails painted the same blue as his hair. It was like something deep down had been wired to just *accept* it, and he was obviously incapable of seeing that.

Instead? **“*It feels kind of... Mmn... Niice.*”** With a voice that now delivered the feminine sensuality that his face suggested, he found himself leaning into the unheard of phenomenon that was remolding his very flesh and soul. The zipper of his hoodie had begun to slowly creep downward as a direct result of the change that had provoked this coo in the first place – and he observed in the mirror that his chest was

ballooning forward with a weight that had no business being on any man's chest.

Down and down the zipper crept until Makoto pulled it down the rest of the way himself with slenderer fingers. Thick, sensual, jiggly flesh ultimately bounced free as a result, with nipples that had grown as big as his eyes standing fully erect for the tweaking; and tweak them he did. Shrunken teeth dug into his thicker lower lip while blush tickled his cheeks. "*Mmm...*"

F-cup tits aside, there was little denying that he was now destined to take the form of a woman. With his sweater open fully, it could be seen that the sides of his tummy were pinching inward to suggest that he was developing an hourglass figure – and that was ultimately confirmed once his hips dislodged and popped wider, popping the front button off his pants in tandem.

One hand was left to play with and jiggle his voluptuous breasts, but a second hand crept down to help jimmy his pants down to his knees before sliding into his boxers. Gripping his own dick, he could feel it dwindling beneath his touch. More, more, more, until finally? Manicured fingernails slid into a woman's slit, and *her* pleasure increased to the point that she had to push up against one of the mirrors to stop herself from falling.

It was a pleasure that the woman had never felt before, and it was distracting enough that she didn't notice, or at least didn't *care* about the fact that her boxers were getting tighter and tighter thanks to a combination of her thighs bloating to a provocative girth that pulled skin taut. Of course, this loss of room was also helped by the rising of her cheeks, for pressed against the mirror her ass slowly pushed her pelvis forward, making it even easier for her to masturbate with her wrist rubbing up against a bush of blue pubic hair cut into a heart shape.

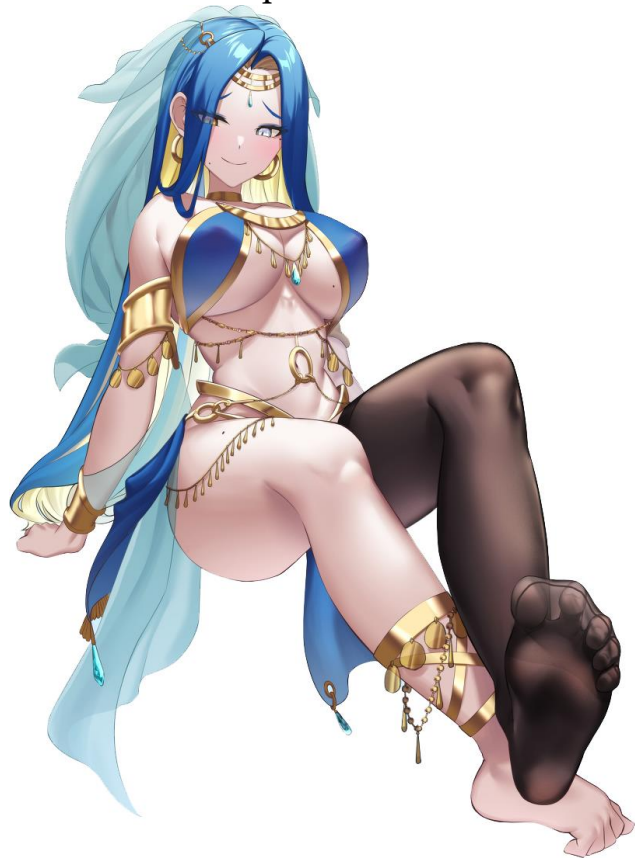
"*Oooooh~!*" Before long the tips of her toes had curled from the pleasure, the woman herself on the verge of cumming. Her toes were not only more flexible, but her feet overall appeared to have a gentler arch. The scent of many creams wafted from them, indicating that they were treated to keep them soft (*because otherwise they would become ugly and calloused from the profession that was planted in her mind*).

Before long she finally climaxed, and her ample ass fell against the wooden floor with a bounce. Makoto was panting wildly, but had withdrawn a messy hand after wiping it against her soiled boxers. Not that it really mattered all that much, for her outfit was promptly replaced with a dancer's garb of little blue cloth and golden jewelry that left *much* of her sexy body exposed. Evidently she had developed

numerous moles, like on her cheek, breast, and thigh. But that just added to how sexy she was, really.

**“My, oh my. I heard the audience today was supposed to be full of kids and wondered what they were doing asking me to perform, but I suppose it all makes sense now.”** Memories a mix of new and old, the erotically dressed dancer finally found the energy to stand once more and swayed her ample hips and gave a smooch towards one of the mirrors that lined the dance floor walls. The lewdly designed woman understood her place. She was a victim that had been transformed into the form she had now, and yet as a loser of the game she had also had her reservations and desire to question it erased.

Just as she had been given a new personality to match her body, one that enjoyed dancing, flaunting her body, and fucking whoever wanted to, she also had been brainwashed into embracing this new self. There was no desire whatsoever to return to who she had once been, or even bring it up. She would simply live as the dance, *Mikoto*. Her last name? Did a performer really need one?



The entire process had actually been rather arousing, evidently, and she couldn't stop herself from touching herself once again. **“Mm. I suppose it wouldn't hurt to do it here. If someone sees me, who cares? No one saw me the first time.”** It wasn't like she was shy about her body, so why care about masturbating?

And so she dropped down onto her jiggling ass and readied her fingers.