

Danganronpa, Femdom Games of Despair

Part I

The dead speak.

Somehow Junko Enoshima had returned all of the previous contenders of the most popular games back to life. Soon they would wake within the school, for her ultimate game of despair. But this time she had so many twists and turns planned, that she could barely hold back the rush.

She grinned as she leaned back into her leather sofa sure of her victory, peering at the monitors in front of her. The excitement upon her face was undeniable. Finally, she would take revenge on the people who had thwarted her before. She would look into their eyes as they faded away, knowing that she had the last laugh. Seeing the hope in their eyes turn into ultimate despair was so thrilling and it has been such a long time since she felt it.

Junko shivered in childish glee and crossed her legs. Finally taking notice of the wretch kneeling beside her sofa, leashed and naked. Just as she had him for the past couple of days. His tongue was sticking out and he was panting like a dog, with drool dripping upon the floor.

"Lick it up, dog." She said, her cordial persona taking over. The fake British accent echoing inside of the control room. He did as he was ordered with his stupid smile expanding over his face, clearly enjoying the degradation. The pet loved the taste of spit by now, he was used to drooling and licking it all up. Even his mistress would sometimes spit on the floor just for him to lick it off.

Quickly, he finished and looked up at his mistress again, feasting his eyes upon her beauty. Her hourglass figure was coated in black, knee high, laced up boots with see through, shiny pantyhose. A red pleated skirt adorned her waist, ending mid thigh, while her buxom chest had a dark cardigan barely covering it up.

Junko's lovely blue eyes were painted with contempt as she looked at the architect of her new school. To complete her look, she had twin bear hairclips shaped like Monokuma. Though somehow a small crown had appeared upon her head when the royal persona took over.

"You truly have become nothing but a pathetic mutt." She sneered down at him.

The architect was a man that had fought to return the world to its previous state, building shelters all over the world. He was a bright light of hope to many. One that was now snuffed out. Well,

almost snuffed out. She had kidnapped him and played a little game, just as she did with everyone else. He, of course, lost.

Now a broken shell of a man that did only as she bid and nothing more. He was fun as well, as long as his hope lasted. But once gone from his eyes he had become a bore and now Junko only wanted to find a way to dispose of him. In such a way that twisted that knife of despair even further.

He whined at her insult and lowered his forehead upon the floor in submission. Of course, he dared not speak, not when she hadn't allowed him to. Junko shifted in her seat and placed the sole of her boot upon the back of his head and crossed her legs again. Pleased with the position, she smirked.

The architect let out a soft moan of pleasure, just as Junko's persona turned again. This time she donned her "intellectual" side as a pair of glasses almost popped into existence upon her lovely face.

"It is simple, architect. You are useless to me now. Though the games we had played were fun, you are just a broken shell of a man now." She said in her sultry yet serious tone. "But I am willing to give you one final chance, one final game. If you win, I'll keep you as a pet throughout the upcoming games. But if you lose... well you know what happens then. You may speak."

She did not remove the boot from his head but andthrough whimpering words, he began speaking. Of course, he did not see the sly grin that was upon her lips. Junko of course had no plans of playing the game fairly. She had beaten him before and he was a simple loser now. He only got to be played with.

"T-t-t-thank you... mistress... I would love to play this game... I... I do not wish to be discarded." He said, his voice meek and submissive. Just like Junko liked it. She rested her pretty head on her palm as they continued talking.

"Alright." She said and adjusted her glasses. "Then I shall explain the game."

Junko uncrossed her legs and stood up. She started circling her slave, the heels of her tight leather boots echoing around the room. He, of course, loved the sound of them. He felt so submissive and weak whenever he heard the click of her heels, especially when she was this close to him.

"You may look upon me as well, dog." Junko said. The architect lifted his head, barely, from the cold ground and his muscles went numb again. Her calculated stare holding him in place just as any other bondage would and the casual dominance she exerted from a simple walk made his mind lax.

But before his eyes met hers, Junko had another shift in personalities. Her "rockstar" persona came bursting in and, after another circle around the dog, she walked up to him, kicked him over upon his back and stomping down on his exposed, rock hard, cock. He howled in pain but that pain quickly turned into something much sweeter beneath her heel.

"Listen up scum!!!" She yelled as his lip turned into a dopey smile of ecstasy. "I'm tired of seeing your stupid face. You better hope to win this and give it your all! If not, I'll just stomp you to death, ya hear?!"

"Yes! Yes mistress Junko!" He yelped through the pain and the pleasure. "I do not wish to lose, I want to continue serving you! Please!"

The rockstar Junko grinned and removed the boot from his cock. He sighed in both relief and disappointment. No matter what torment she put him through, it always ended with him feeling sexual pleasure unlike anything that he had ever felt before. Even though it was dipped in masochism.

"Alright then!" She yelled again and moved to his neck, before stomping down hard on it. "I'll do a simple headscissor on you, dog! And if you do not cum, if you do not spurt your filthy jizz all over me, I'll let you live! But if not, I'll just continue squeezing you until you are dead and even more worthless than you are now!"

His face contorted in both fear and bliss. It was clear that both ideas appealed to him, it was just a matter of which side would win. One that gave his life to this beautiful, sadistic Ultimate Fashionista, strangled between her perfectly sculptured legs, or continue serving her and keep on living.

"Are you ready, dog?!" She yelled again and by the time he said, "Yes mistress." her personality shifted again.

"Well then I think... we should start, shouldn't we..." Junko said shyly. Unsure of herself, she lay on the floor, lifting herself upon her elbow. Slowly, she adjusted his face to be right between her nylon clad thighs... before clasping them tightly together around his neck. Though shy, Junko loved the feeling of such a helpless slave between her legs.

The pressure was slight, at first, just enough to send his blood rushing and boiling. But the danger her lethal legs possessed became clear soon enough. Even though her demure expression would not have had said so, there was a sadistic shine in Junko's eyes that made even his broken mind feel afraid.

"How long.... uhhh... do I have to... hold out?" He rasped as the softness of the nylon material made his muscle relax and mind go haywire with pleasure.

"Umm... is... is three minutes alright?" Junko's persona asked.

"Yes, mistress... ughhhh... whatever you say..." He could not help but love just how good her legs felt around his neck. Sure, he was running out of breath, but the silky material almost made him forget about the fact. That is exactly why it didn't feel that bad at all that his cock was twitching into the air, followed by slow yet steady buckles of his hips.

"Do... do you like this so much? You will die, you know... but maybe you should... pig." Junko said as a crimson color spread across her cheeks. Meanwhile the fight within him raged on. He wanted to live he truly did, and serve this mesmerizingly beautiful girl but how could he resist her? The more her legs tightened around his neck the more his cock wanted to be touched and played with.

But it was only three minutes... surely the rest of his life with her was better than dying now.

"I will... make it mistress..." Before he even finished his rasp of rebellion, if it could be called even that, her personality shifted again. The crown of her royal persona, back upon her head.

"I doubt you will, peasant. My strong legs will make that cock of your burst in no time." She said haughtily. Junko squeezed her legs further stopping his airflow and making his cock twitch even more. "People that give themselves over to despair should not be alive."

She added.

"But I have not given in... UGHHHHHH!" He yelped as she squeezed again. "I will make it... and serve you mistress..."

The royal Junko chuckled at his protests.

"We'll see, peasant. You have a minute and a half left." She said and squeezed, his hips buckling again into the air. Even that empty thrusting felt so good that he had to fight with all of his might just not to cum. But even the constant edging that he had to force himself to do, was taking its toll. "What's wrong? Can't hold it in?"

She said with a teasing tone before flicking his cock with her polished, red nails. It sent a bolt of pleasure through his cock and to the rest of his body as drool started dripping down the side of his chin.

"See, you shall lose to me. One way or another." The royal Junko began, before her persona changed again to the rocker. "Then I can play with some new toys, you are useless maggot!"

Her words hurt and not only because they were degrading. That part, he liked.

It was the fact that she was ready to discard him so easily. To replace him with people living in the school that he drew and built. That would not be his fate! He would endure. He would prove to mistress Junko just how strong he was and not just a toy to be used and thrown out.

The architect's cock twitched again, begging to be touched by his mistress, but he was resolute. He would last those last few seconds and survive her game. He knew he could make it. Maybe she would let him cum afterwards?

"Fifteen seconds dog!" Junko said as a huge sadistic grin crossed her pretty lips. "Who knows you might survive!"

He would! His waist buckled and his stare was locked with Junko's, but he did not cum. Not even for those sadistic eyes of hers.

But then, he felt a shiver run down his spine.

That wild sadism of rocker Junko faded into mist as a cold, calculated, sultry shine replaced it. In a blink of an eye she had her glasses on and a sly smile upon her face.

"I guess you win..." She said, evilly yet the scissor hold did not waiver nor loosen.

"I... I did... mistress... so I can spend the rest of my life with you." She gasped, his will on the edge of breaking.

"Oh, that you will." She sneered and squeezed his neck with those nylon clad thighs. "But it won't be for long."

This time he could not say a word, nor make a sound. Junko had completely closed off his airways and he was helpless in her headscissor. Even his body could not take any more of her punishment, his hips heaved as his hope was suffocated.

"There it is. The loss of hope. Did you really think I would keep you? I said it before didn't I? You are boring now, I have broken you. There is nothing left for me to take. The only fun I had left, was sending you into the pits of despair, before I snuffed your life out." She scoffed and adjusted her glasses. "Now, expire. And don't you dare orgasm."

Her cruel words were enough for him to obey, but the despair he felt, thinking that he actually had a shot, that she might have cared for him... broke his mind beyond repair. He just lay there, the remnants of his psyche barely able to enjoy the silk of her pantyhose upon his neck.

With a cruel smile crossing Junko's lips, she looked down upon him as he buckled one last time. Denied and dominated. The light of life went out from his eyes as he was ended between her thighs.

"That was more than you deserved." Junko scoffed as she got up. "I'll have Monokuma take care of your body later."

She stepped over the used up architect and sat herself in the sofa, crossing her legs. The mastermind looked at the monitors as she saw her newest victims waking up. She shivered in

delight, all kinds of sadistic tortures coming to her mind, especially for the winners of previous games.

"How I will enjoy taking the hope out of those eyes." She said to herself with a sinister smile.

"And my grin will be the last thing any of you see."