

Danganronpa, Femdom Games of Despair

Part II

The contenders awoke within the old school as Monokuma blasted the morning alarm through the speakers. Though the surrounding were familiar to most of them, it was difficult to accept exactly where they were. Confused and blurry eyed, all of them slowly got up and out of bed. Flashes of their previous experiences echoing inside of their minds.

“Gooooood morning everyone. It is now 7 a.m. and nighttime is officially over. Time to rise and shine! Get ready to great another beee-yutiful day!” His, by now familiar voice, screeched across the speakers as the realization of their predicament finally dawned on the contenders. All of them got out of their rooms and all of them went to the gym, knowing full well what to expect. Of course, not all of them knew one another and there were so many that one could hardly keep track of who was who. But one thing was crystal clear.

Most of these people... they were supposed to be dead. Yet... for some reason they could not remember *who* exactly was supposed to be dead. It was like walking through a dream and a memory, while not being able to say which was which.

Finally, when they all hushed down in the gym, the teddy bear jumped out of nowhere to explain the rules. All of them listened, eagerly as fear and trepidation spread like wildfire. All of them... but two.

In the confusion of the morning announcement as well as the panic that followed the realization where they were again, no one noticed the first culprit enter one of the rooms. After all, no one knew exactly how many of them there were, so with only a two of them missing, this was the perfect time for the first murder to happen.

Asahina walked into Yasuhiro's room, figuring that the dumb witted boy would be the easiest victim.

“Hiro, what is going on?” She asked, using her most convincing voice filled with fear.

“Like... I don't know Hina. I just woke up here.” He explained as he turned around, only then seeing just how beautiful she had become. Hina was always pretty, always stealing the looks of the boys, but she was mesmerizing at this point.

She wore a buttoned up, white collared shirt with a yellow tie around her neck and a dark blazer over the shirt. Her shapely legs of a professional swimmer were incased in dark pantyhose and boy shorts.

“Wow... Hina... you look like... totally beautiful. Like, a sun at dawn or like the moon at midnight, or like-“

“Thank you, Hiro.” She said, quickly cutting him off. If she let him talk as she knew Hiro could, she would let this chance slip by. Briskly, with the grace of a cat, she walked over to him and fell into his arms. “Please... hold me...I am so afraid.”

Asahina whimpered.

“Don’t be afraid Hina.” He said earnestly in his overly dramatic, surfer tone of voice. “Like, we survived the first time. We’ll do it again.”

Hiro couldn’t help but feel lightheaded with such a pretty girl in his arms. Her soft chest pressed against his, her nylon clad legs nuzzling against his crotch. It was all a bit too much. That is exactly why he could not have stopped her, even if he wanted to, when she planted a kiss upon his lip.

It was warm, the kiss. As warm as anything he had ever felt. Cozy and safe, that is how he felt and as soon as she parted her lips he found out that he wanted to feel more of her.

“Hina... I... Wow... that was the most awesome kiss I have ever felt.” He began hazily. “It was like the wind on a warm day, like a stream in the desert, like a-“

She leaned in and kissed him again, more passionately this time. All the while they were walking backwards, towards the bathroom. Hina had just the plan on how to eliminate him, without the others ever figuring out it was a murder in the first place.

As they entered, still kissing, Hina turned on the valve of the large tub with a slight motion of her fingers. The warm water started pouring and quickly filled the tub to the brim. Hiro barely noticed it, in rapture of the kiss that she was giving him, most other noises were drowned out.

“Hiro... will you help me?” She whispered into his ear as she broke the kiss again.

“Like... anything for you Hina.” He said dreamily.

“Anything?” She whispered again, more playfully this time.

“A-anything-“ His answer was cut short as Asahina rammed her knee into his crotch. He jerked downwards to grab his hurting parts but only yet another hit awaited, this time connecting with his jaw.

With Hiro now firmly on the floor, Hina casually stepped over him, placing his head in a standing scissor hold. Still dazed from both her hits and the kisses, Hiro had no time to react. By the time his mind kicked into gear, he was already neatly wrapped up by Hina. Her python legs held his throat tightly but he feeling of her legs and the silky material of her nylons made his muscles go numb.

“I could break your neck right now Hiro and end this. But I think Junko will make it a party, the morning announcement. So I have a few more minutes to play with you.” She chirped.

“Junko..? But... isn't she like... the evil-“

Hina grabbed her foot and twisted it over his mouth, shutting him up. Her pantyhose clad calf firmly holding his mouth closed. Hina laughed down at him.

“Yes, she was. But this time she... or, well, we had brilliant idea for a fun little game. Too bad you won't be there to see it.” She could hardly contain her giggles. Hiro was truly and utterly at her mercy. His whole head was swimming from the kisses she had given him, making his train of thought hazy and strangely submissive. On the other hand even his muscles felt lax and numb because of the way her pantyhose covered legs made him feel. Worst of all, he could smell both her perfume and her nylon through his nose as she tightly held his mouth shut.

“What's wrong Hiro, cat got your tongue?” She giggled as she felt his body become weaker and weaker. “Don't give up on me now, we still have time to play.”

With that final taunt, she loosened her legs and let him fall to the floor. His racing, confused mind already yearned for more of her. For her touch, be it violent or tender.

“Please, Hina... we're in this together...” He began before she cut him off. With a light kick she rolled him over on his back and sat upon his face.

“Oh, Hiro, I wish I cared. But I don't. The girl next door that you thought you knew is long gone. Now, I am a member of the Ultimate Despair, and you? You are just *another* victim of mine. It's nothing personal you know? I just knew that your dumb but good natured mentality would make you a perfect first target. And lo and behold, I was right.”

Hina laughed as she made herself comfortable on his face. Hiro's flailing arms tried to take a hold of her thighs but he was so weak by now and the feeling of her pantyhose on his fingers was just too relaxing. He could do nothing but moan into her crotch.

She shifted a little, now sitting directly upon his throat and covering his face completely by her thighs. Hiro could hardly contain his excitement, as with heavy breathing and his cock getting harder and harder, he couldn't even hide it.

“What's wrong? Do you like the torture this much?” Only a muffled grunt was heard from between her thighs as she tightened more. Playfully, she tapped his nose, the only part of his face

that was faintly visible and laughed in amusement. “I should have joined the Ultimate Despair years ago. Taking away hope from stupid boys like you is just so much fun. Think about it. You survived the first game, fought against the calamity outside, only to end up back here again. Only to die beneath me, for my amusement. And only, because you were the most gullible.”

Her words broke Hiro’s heart. He truly cared for Asuhina, looked at her as a true friend. Could she truly do this to him? After everything they have been together? The answer was plain to see.

“Oh...” She purred while his struggles grew fainter and fainter beneath her. “This is just perfect. I knew you were the right choice Hiro.”

He could barely breathe at this point and all the air he was getting was mixed in with her perfume and the taste of her nylons. It was heaven that made his muscles and mind into putty. Her milky legs held him tightly and without mercy, sending shivers of pleasure across his face and through his body. The more she tightened her thighs the more he loved the feeling of helplessness. His head hurt and he barely got any oxygen left, yet the hold she had on him was more than physical.

He was lost. He had lost. And now, he was nothing but prey for his former friend.

Just as he thought he would pass out into blissful oblivion, Hina shifted yet again. This time laying across his body, her playful yet sadistic eyes staring right into his.

“Mercy...” Was all he could say before she buried his face between her breasts. The perfume hit him with full force now, completely breaking down the last of his defenses. His heart raced and every beat was there for her pleasure. Hiro couldn’t even string a coherent thought anymore from the raw pleasure her assaults were giving him. His oxygen deprived brain only thought of one thing. Just how good it felt to be played with by this sadistic villainess.

Yes... she was no longer his friend and he was no longer hers. He was prey now, and she the predator. Funnily enough, Hiro preferred it like that. In a matter of minutes she had rewired his brain into loving what she was doing to him, without compromise.

“Breathe it in Hiro. That is the smell of masochistic surrender. Take it in. Take it all in. After all, you have only a few moments left.” That made his heart skip a beat in fear but it quickly fell in line with the rest of his body. Horny and ready for an orgasm.

To Hina, it looked like a mere jolt of his muscles. Nothing more. She had won and she knew it. “Already running out of breath? What a disappointment you turned out to be. Already giving up. It’s a small wonder you survived the last time.”

She said like a brat when her toy was taken away.

“Oh well.” Hina sighed, disappointed. She lifted from his body and stood over him with her hands upon her hips. The sudden rush of fresh air left him feeling naked. He needed more of her

perfume, of her legs around his neck. He needed more of her. “Get on all fours Hiro, I want you to be completely aware of what is to happen, in a, well... most humiliating pose I can think of.”

Hina laughed.

Hiro, with his hands shaking, got up and stood on all fours in front of her. Barely comprehending what was happening to him but feeling the helplessness and the humiliating rush through his body.

“Now, put your head above the tub.” She said with a playful giggle. He obeyed without a word. Hina walked up to him and put him in another scissor hold... before lowering his head into the tub. The lack of oxygen made his heart skip a beat again but the feeling of her strong, nylon clad thighs upon his neck made him weak again. Compliant.

He loved it.

Hiro understood.

He loved the way he was going to die, Hina had completely broken him down. He had no hope of surviving her. Only despair, knowing that his friend had betrayed him in such a way. But the worse part was the fact that he would not change a thing. Him dying between her legs, serving her plans—it made him horny as hell.

Of course, he would get no orgasm. The thought never even crossed his mind, such was the domination she had bestowed upon his fracturing sanity.

The soft feeling of her legs around his neck was the last thing he felt before all went back. That and her taunting laughter while she gave him one last insult.

“Bye, bye. I never cared for you anyway.” And with that he was dead.

Hina held his neck for a good minute afterwards just to be sure that he was truly gone. There was no room for error now. She placed her fingers upon his throat and checked for a pulse. When she found none, Hina let go of him and his body slumped against the tub. Hina prodded his face with her foot for no other reason than to humiliate him some more.

She lifted his body and threw it inside. Hiro’s corpse floated for a moment before sinking beneath the water.

“Now, everyone is going to think you killed yourself when you found out where you are.” She laughed victoriously. “Bye.”

She casually walked to the gym without giving his body a second look or thought, molding into the crowd without anyone even noticing. Hina could barely contain her glee. The plan was finally in motion and it was already more fun than she could have ever hoped for. It was the

memory of Hiro's lifeless body in the tub that gave her the final hint of a smile, before Monokuma announced that the game had officially begun.

Now, only despair awaited.