

Makoto's Despair Dysmorphia

The darkest depths of Mementos was a place Makoto didn't dare enter without heavy preparation and the rest of the Phantom Thieves backing her up. However, that didn't explain why she was standing in one of the many dead ends of the eerie, concrete corridors with the sound of various strange devices along the walls drifting into her ears. Going over what brought her to this place, she let her fingers brush through her short, brown hair. The motion brought her attention to her recently grown out and glossy pink nails, one of many changes to her body that had been forced upon her by her new master.

Crossing her arms further accentuated the wide hole in her black and white top that showed off her cleavage. Pulling her hands away let them slide across her bare-midriff and graze against her black mini-skirt. Trying once more to tug at the hem to give her some sense of decency made her shiver as she recalled she wasn't wearing any panties. Stomping her high heeled shoes into the ground to try and keep herself calm, she closed her eyes and wondered if it was too late to go back. She got her answer as she felt a black, leather collar get snapped around her neck.

Stumbling away, Makoto turned to see the same set of twin, strawberry blonde pigtails and bear-shaped hair clips she had chased after to bring her to this place. Looking quite sensible in contrast to Makoto's skimpy outfit, the woman flourished her short red skirt, black cardigan, and pair of black and white ties as she looked over Makoto's body. Tapping her black, high-heeled boots against the ground, the Ultimate Despair known as Junko Enoshima scratched at her chin in thought.

Makoto let out a sigh, partially accepting her fate. “Didn’t you say you wanted to use me to spread your despair throughout Shibuya? I don’t see how entering the depths of Mementos to give me a makeover is going to help with that.”

Junko shook her head. “Peasant, you must realize that our situation is not as simple as that. What we are doing is making you presentable enough to be shown off as my servant of despair.”

“But I thought-“

“The fuck you say?” Junko asked, getting right up in Makoto’s face. “Who told you to think you fucking idiot?”

“Sorry, but I’m still unclear as to how you’re going to use me for your plans.”

Junko straightened her posture and calmed herself down. “Although you have the willingness to fulfill our goal of spreading despair, your current appearance and skills leave somethings to be desired.”

Makoto narrowed her eyes as she stared Junko down. “Excuse me?”

“Awww, you’re so cute when you’re pouty,” Junko replied, pinching Makoto’s cheeks.

Makoto backed away, clenching her fingers as she considered her next words.

“Considering the...things we did back on the subway train-“

“So many, many, things,” Junko said, drool running down the side of her mouth as she thought back to that moment.

“-wouldn’t you think I’m more than qualified for seducing others to your cause?”

Junko let out a heaving sigh as her posture slumped. “If only it was that easy. Unfortunately we still have a lot of work to do. What a drag.”

“Then how do you propose we start?”

“Puhuhuhuhuhu,” Junko chuckled. “I can’t BEAR to hide it from you any longer. Alright, I’ll spit it out. That collar I just placed on you is the key to our little game.”

Makoto reached out to slide her fingers along the collar and feel the wires just beneath the surface. “What’s it for?”

Junko puffed out her chest. “Besides signifying you as my loyal servant, it is a special device that allows me to directly harness the power of Mementos to shape you into whatever form I see fit.”

Makoto turned away from Junko to examine the collar. Glancing back over at the wall, she managed to connect the various blinking lights on a particular machine that flickered in tandem with the ones around her neck. Any attempts to figure out how exactly the two were connected or what they would do to her were halted as Junko tilted her head up with a prod of her chin.

“All that remains is to decide on what form would be best suited for our needs,” Junko explained.

“Do you have any ideas?” Makoto asked.

Junko put on a malevolent grin that stretched from ear to ear. “Yeah, I got a few. Just sit there, shut up, and let me fuck your shit up.”

Heeding her mistress’s word, Makoto sat down on a chair and watched as Junko approached the block of steel and buttons attached to the wall. The Ultimate Despair rapidly tapped her fingers against the control panel, her mischievous smile seen behind her bouncing hair. Adjusting the strange device to the desired settings, Junko strode over to a comically large switch on the side. Keeping her vision locked onto her anxious servant, Junko let the anticipation

build for a little longer. It was only once she saw the nervous look in Makoto's eyes did the Ultimate Despair decide to pull the switch.

Makoto leapt out of her chair as a jolt of electricity emitted from her collar. In response she reached for the accessory to take it off, only to stop upon seeing her pink nails turn a shade of black. Holding up her hands to get a better look at the new coloring allowed her to see her arms become laden with fishnet sleeves and a pair of spiked bracelets. Further modifications were made to the rest of her outfit, covering it in various shades of neon pink and blue, alongside vicious looking skulls printed across the fabric. The same colors seeped into her hair in a pattern that could be described as erratic at best. Through a hazy feeling in her mind, Makoto managed to see that she was becoming a perfect fit for a rocking punk club.

Stomping around in her newly acquired leather boots and wincing at the feeling of the fishnet stockings creeping up her legs, Makoto's attention was drawn towards a body length mirror by a snap of Junko's fingers. Looking at her reflection allowed her to take notice of the silver rings pierced through her black painted lips. Looking over her punk girl attire, a creeping series of thoughts took over her mind.

"Fuck yeah, this is perfect," Makoto exclaimed, sticking out her tongue to glance at the barbell piercing through it.

"Told ya," Junko replied, putting her arm around Makoto's shoulder. "This will really show those posers up top what real despair is like."

"Fuck yeah! Let's hit the nearest club and show off what I got. This punk ass bitch wants to give her pussy a ride. Let's show those limp dick losers true despair."

Junko's confident smile faltered as Makoto's words hit her ears. "Hmm, something isn't quite right," she remarked, letting go of Makoto to take another glance at her body.

“The fuck you say?” Makoto asked, holding up a middle finger as she spoke. “I’m the god damn epitome of chaos incarnate. Any shit for brains could see that.”

“While your appearance is intimidating, I do not believe it is what we’re looking for,” Junko explained, making her way back over to the machine. “Perhaps something more conventionally attractive would work better.”

“The hell are you going on about?” Makoto asked, twisting her lips into an irritated sneer “If you think you’re changing me again, you got another thing coming you piss covered mother-“

Makoto’s words were choked out of her by another shock from the collar. Though she attempted to glare at Junko, she was blocked by her hair as it grew well past her shoulders to graze against her hips. Brushing aside her strands before she could notice the sheen of golden blonde taking them over, Makoto stomped her way over to Junko to try and stop her from changing her any further.

Makoto’s fury was once again halted as her raggedy looking top was torn apart by her expanding bosom. Wobbling about with her F-cup breasts, the heavy mammaries were given a semblance of control as a skimpy, pink bikini wrapped itself around them. Though the fabric kept her tits at bay, it left very little to the imagination when it came to hiding her nipples. Dragging a pink painted finger nail across the areolae was more than enough to bring out a playful giggle that seemingly tossed away all of Makoto’s piercings alongside her aggressive demeanor.

More laughter erupted from Makoto’s pink painted lips as she willfully threw away her skirt. The lack of clothing covering her lower half allowed her to enjoy every second of her backside swelling into a bubble butt. Making good use of her recently acquired high heeled, pink shoes, she squatted down on the floor and proceeded to shake her hips. The constant clapping of

her ass cheeks came to a momentary stop as a very thin thong stretched itself across her nether region and sunk into her butt crack. Giving her ass a slap that made her twin pigtails of blonde hair stand on end, Makoto sauntered her way over to the mirror once more to admire herself.

“Like, this is totally awesome,” Makoto commented as she poked her perky breasts. “This look really gives the, like, fuck me as hard as you can vibe. Isn’t that right bestie Junko? Junko?”

Turning around to figure out what Junko was up to led to Makoto leaving her chest free to be groped by the psychotic woman. Burying her face in-between Makoto’s cleavage, Junko proceeded to reach around to grab a handful of her ass. Shivering from the pleasurable moans that left the bimbofied Makoto’s lips, Junko found herself teetering on the very edge of her self-control.

“This is almost perfect,” Junko said, wiping the drool from her face. “If only there was more.”

“Like, what about the MMMMPPPHH machine?” Makoto suggested. “You can totes make me blow up as big as you like. It’s like I’m your personal sex toy. I’m totally down with you making me as sexy as you can.”

“You’re right,” Junko proclaimed, giving Makoto one last slap to her rear before parting from her. “So very, very right. If we’re going down this road, it’s go big or go home.”

Another series of button presses, and a flick of the switch made Makoto’s sultry walk shudder under the effects of a jolt being released from her collar. The skimpy top adorning her torso stood no chance as her sizable breasts rapidly surged in weight. Surpassing the size of a pair of wrecking balls, the enormous boobs continued to engorge until they forced themselves onto the ground. Balancing atop her massive mammaries, Makoto felt her brain begin to lose

most of its intelligence. However, she could still recognize that her body was already working out a way to even her out.

Ever so slowly Makoto's lower half began to pull itself back down. The cause for the shift in weight was made clear as her swelling butt cheeks snapped apart her thong to send it flying through the air. No longer burdened by the barest of coverings, her backside was free to rapidly engorge in an effort to meet the lofty size of her bosom. Perhaps overshooting a bit too far, her buttocks gained enough weight to send her flopping backwards to balance upon them. Pinned to the ground by the massive weight of her curves, Makoto could only sit there and moan as her body went through one more modification.

Makoto's legs were forced apart as her pussy lips became as equally gigantic as her breasts and butt. Not far behind was a girthy and throbbing clitoris that sent waves of pleasure through her body at even the slightest twitch. Wriggling her legs against her expanded pussy, she lost all sense of self in favor of speaking her true desires.

"Fuck me!" Makoto called out to Junko. "Me want fuck! Fuck me hard!"

The various pleas for pleasure were like music to Junko's ears. Making her way around Makoto's overexaggerated proportions, Junko took pride in surveying her work. Stopping for a moment behind her servant's wide rear, she reeled her hand back to give the meaty cheeks a harsh slap. The sound of a loud moan escaping Makoto's lips and the gush of liquid from the gigantic pussy was more than enough to prove that Junko's perverted plaything was as wonderfully twisted as she had hoped.

"This is just what I was looking for," Junko commented as she faceplanted between Makoto's bountiful breasts. "One session with this body and anyone would turn to our side," she

added, reveling in the various moans that emanated from Makoto's lips as the psychotic woman slid her fingers across her engorged vulva.

“Yes! More fuck! Need fuck more people!”

Junko's expression took on a dourer note as the sex crazed mind of Makoto was made evident. “No, no, this is quite unbecoming of my servant,” Junko commented as she pulled herself away from Makoto. “Though you may be suited for carnal desires, I can't imagine anyone of normal sense would want to ravage you in this state.” Making her way back to the machine, Junko punched in a new set of configurations. “As much as I hate to admit it, some may even find you grotesque. Allow your queen to gift you with a more rounded out form.”

As yet another surge of energy pulsed out from Makoto's collar, her lust fueled ravings came to a momentary stop. A lingering sense of desire tried to get her to reach out to rub against her pussy, but her plan was foiled by the thick blubber that layered itself onto her arms. Though she tried to stimulate herself with her legs, they too were soon overcome with a wealth of chub to keep them mostly stationary. It was upon the emergence of an enormous, flabby belly that Makoto realized what her new form was supposed to be.

Makoto's body continued to pack on weight in an effort to match the size of her expanded assets. Though she could feel every pound being added onto her, she was unable to actually see most of herself thanks to her chubby cheeks and her wealth of extra chins. For a moment the thickening of her neck threatened to pop off the collar, but the leather managed to hold on in an effort to appease Junko's desires.

Taking a few steps back, Junko managed to get a clear view of her sizable servant. As Makoto continued to grow far past 1000 pounds in weight, the less she resembled a person and more of an enormous blob of flesh that hosted four, engorged orbs that made up her breasts and

butt cheeks. Left to gaze at the mass of cellulite-speckled flab firmly stuck on the ground, Junko waited until Makoto's form became stable before even attempting to approach her.

Once it was clear that Makoto's weight had peaked, Junko began to ascend the mountain of pudge. Crawling along the soft mound of fat, she kept her eyes peeled for her servant's head. Recognizing the set of blonde pigtails leftover from the earlier transformation, Junko hurried forward to rest herself upon Makoto's breasts and meet her face to face.

"Yes, this will do nicely," Junko commented as she caressed Makoto's pudgy face. "When people see you, they will know how spoiled you are in my care. No doubt there will be countless others that want to join us. A brilliant idea for a queen as regal as myself, don't you think?"

"Food," Makoto blurted out, the glazed over look in her eyes similar to the one she had in her previous form. "I want food!"

Though she was unable to actually move, Makoto still managed to make her humongous form shift back and forth to express her dissatisfaction. Feeling herself losing her grip, Junko quickly descended down her servant's body and made her way over to the machine. Scratching her head in thought, she tried her hardest to think of a way to fix Makoto's appetite issue. This task was made more difficult by the sound of Makoto's flab slapping together as she constantly called out for food. After a few moments of being annoyed by the living blob's constant pleas for nourishment, Junko decided that the easiest solution would probably be to give Makoto exactly what she wanted.

Haphazardly typing in new settings into the machine, Junko flipped the switch to send a jolt through the enormous woman's body. Makoto's blob-like visage began to change as if she was being molded by a pair of gigantic, unseen hands. Her cries for food became muted as her

girth was stretched out into a more conical shape. Her arms and legs sunk into the very depths of her new form, leaving only her finger and toes visible as they occasionally wriggled about. Shaped into a massive roll, her body proceeded to further accentuate itself by spreading a shade of deep red across her skin and rid itself of any hair on her bulbous head.

Junko began to walk around the pudgy tube in an attempt to figure out what exactly Makoto had become. Making her way towards her servant's rear end, her eyes locked onto a bundle of twisted up skin that hung right above Makoto's plump rear. Lifting up her head to get a better look at the growth let the scent of cooked meat drift into Junko's nose. Finally realizing what her latest creation was, Junko sprinted towards the front of Makoto's body.

“What's it like being a living hotdog?” Junko asked.

Makoto took a moment to respond, her glazed over expression only being broken once Junko gave a swift kick into her bloated body.

“Okay...I guess,” Makoto lazily replied, letting out a deep sigh in the process. “What's a hotdog?”

Seeing the thousand yard stare on Makoto's plump face proved that the living piece of meat's words came from true ignorance. While it had shut up Makoto's annoying pleas for food and sex, Junko wasn't satisfied with having a giant, lazy hotdog as a servant. Though it was obvious there was a lot to be desired in the tube of meat's ability to recruit more people to her cause, there was something more self-centered about Junko's need to change her. Something that fed into her child-like desires for a playmate.

“Awww, this just won't do at all,” Junko said, shooting Makoto a pouty look before returning to the machine. “I know just the form to make you the perfect friend for fun and games.”

Makoto's deadpan expression barely flinched as another jolt burst forth from her collar. She finally showed some form of reaction as her once immobile body began to roll. Her thick flesh was replaced with soft, lavender colored fabric. As she continued to turn, she lost some of her mass as her insides were replaced with fluffy stuffing. By the time she came to a stop she was still several size larger than Junko. However, her bus-sized form was more than suitable to fit the rest of her new body.

Makoto's stoic face became interrupted by a series of giggles as a tingling sensation spread through her form. Though she tried to stifle herself with her hands, her attempt was foiled by her fingers flattening into a pair of flat feet with ivory colored nails. Following the lines of stitches down Makoto's spherical, white belly, Junko grinned as she watched the same phenomenon morph her servant's feet. Rather than be distressed by her changes, Makoto merely continued to laugh as she swung about the puff of bright green fur attached to her lanky tail. Managing to get herself up on all fours, Makoto stomped her way over to Junko. Sliding her newly grown trunk across her master's face, Makoto wiggled her wide ears as she smiled as much as her plush, elephant body would allow.

"This is absolutely, positively, superbly, fantastic!" Makoto proclaimed as she wildly swung her tail back and forth in time with the bushy, green hair atop her head. "A wonderfully cuddly body like this is perfect for playing around. Thank you so much!"

"Aww, you're too kind," Junko replied, a slight blush to her cheeks. "So what do you want to play first?"

"Oooh, how about a game of hopscotch?" Makoto suggested. "Or maybe we can make some arts and crafts? Going for a walk through the woods would be fun. Although dancing

would be preferred. I have some really stupendous moves. Want me to show you some, best friend?”

As if dancing to the tune of an imaginary band, Makoto began to rhythmically shake her body. While the gigantic living plush seemed to be having the time of her life, Junko didn't seem to share in her merriment. As eager as her servant was to play, it wasn't exactly the type of activities that went along with following the Ultimate Despair. Keen on keeping Makoto's playfulness while putting her mind on the right track, Junko put on a malicious grin as she once more approached the machine.

“PUHUHUUHU, so you want to play huh?” Junko asked as she typed in some new settings. “Alright, how about a new kind of game?”

“A new game? I like new games!” Makoto shouted, momentarily stopping her frantic dancing. “What's it called?”

Junko looked over her shoulder to show off a toothy grin. “A killing game of course. With an almost un-BEAR-able level of violence and despair.”

Makoto's smile dropped as her entire body began to quiver. “That doesn't sound very fun. I don't want to hurt anyone.”

Keeping her eyes locked on the shaking elephant, Junko placed her hand on the switch. “We'll see how you feel after your makeover.”

Makoto the plush elephant's nervous shivering grew even stronger as another jolt sprung out of her collar. As the energy coursed through her, she began to shrink down. She went past her original size to be stuck at merely two feet tall. Stomping around on her flattened feet, she turned towards her master for an explanation. Once more seeing Junko showing off a wicked grin, something about the expression made Makoto copy the malicious smile. Catching some of

Junko's malice from the mere act of showing off her pointy teeth, Makoto barely flinched as the rest of her body changed to better reflect her new mindset.

Standing up on her hind legs, Makoto thrust out her stomach to show off its pudgy shape and her outie belly button as her body was split down the middle with black and white markings. Moments before she fell backwards, her flat feet were replaced with rounded paws to match the ones on her arms. Her bushy tail was replaced with a small nub that wriggled in rhythm with her sinister laughter. Most of her hair fell out, gifting her with her original hairstyle as the only sign of what she once was. Brushing her locks to the side freed up the circle shaped ears atop her head. Pushing her hair up, she stared at Junko with her two eyes: one a small black circle, the other a jagged line of red.

“PUHUUUUHU,” Makoto laughed, barely able to contain her merriment. “I'd say this is a beee-yutiful day for causing some despair. I can BEAR-ly imagine how much trouble we can cause together.”

Though Junko was impressed with her ability to turn her servant into a replica of Monokuma, something felt off. Making her way around the monochrome bear, she tried to figure out what exactly was missing. Rather than waste time trying to figure things out, she bluntly asked: “Where's your fuck hole?”

Makoto put her hands on her hips. “Excuse me? Is that anyway to talk to the headmaster of Hope's Peak Academy?”

“I do apologize for the abrupt question,” Junko said, straightening her posture, “however, I fail to see how this form can help our overall mission of despair when you are unable to provide certain services.”

“Is that really all that matters to you?” Makoto asked.

Junko puffed up her chest. “Why of course. There’s no point in taking over the world if a queen doesn’t have her usual ways of keeping herself entertained.”

“Who said you were the queen?” Makoto asked, pushing into Junko’s legs to make her stumble back. “The way I see it, the only person who’s fit to rule the world is me, Makotokuma!”

With a huff and a pout, Junko stomped back towards the self-proclaimed Makotokuma. “This is really not cute. You’re supposed to be my precious little servant, not the other way around.”

“Well, sorry,” Makotokuma said with a shrug. “The best laid plans are meant to be destroyed in the face of despair. You should know that better than anyone.”

Junko let out a sigh as she twisted her hair. “Yeah, but that doesn’t make this suck any less. As much as I would like to let you take over the hard work, it doesn’t really sit right with me.”

“And I should care, because...?”

“Because you’re my fucking minion!” Junko shouted, making Makotokuma reel back in fear. “And I’m sure as hell not going to put up with this bullshit.”

Rushing her way over to the machine one last time, Junko began to furiously type in a random assortment of settings. Flipping the switch over and over again, she watched as Makoto’s body morphed between dozens of different forms. Various shapes, sizes, and mindsets were given mere moments to be shown off before she was changed against by another jolt of her collar. Scales, fur, metal, and rubber all had turns of making up of the consistency of her skin. New appendages were given and taken away at a moment’s notice. Extra breasts, heads, and genitalia ran the gambit of different purposes in Junko’s pursuit of finding the perfect form. The

only constant amongst these different shapes was that Makoto kept her bewildered gaze locked on her master the entire time.

Through this bombardment of forcefully transforming her servant over and over again, Junko finally managed to get a hold of her own emotions. Taking a deep breath, she meticulously put in one last setting on the machine's controls. Satisfied with her latest configurations, she once more grasped the switch and pulled it down.

One last jolt from the collar stopped Makoto's whirlwind of transformations. Collapsing to the floor, Makoto's mind raced to make sense of what she was. Standing up on her own two feet, she cautiously approached the mirror. Closing her eyes for a moment to prepare herself for whatever horrific form awaited her, she cautiously opened them once more to see that she was back in her old body with the same, skimpy black and white outfit she had started with.

"Yes, this is perfect!" Junko exclaimed as she latched onto Makoto for a tight hug. "Just what I need for our plan to succeed."

"But this is just my old body," Makoto commented.

"That's not entirely true," Junko replied.

Leaving one arm clinging to Makoto's shoulder, Junko let her hand reach out to squeeze Makoto's breasts. Makoto chewed on her lip to try to prevent a moan, but that fell apart as Junko's fingers sunk into her shirt to prod her nipples. Through this session of intimate groping, Makoto realized that there was a little more skin for her mistress to play with.

"I've given your chest a bit of a bump in size," Junko commented, letting her fingers linger for a moment before she pulled away.

Keeping herself close to Makoto's body, Junko eventually made her way towards her servant's lower half. Getting down on her knees, the psychotic woman showed no hesitation as

she sunk her face in-between Makoto's butt cheeks. Hearing cries of euphoria emanate from Makoto as she proceeded to squeeze and poke at her backside, Junko eventually pulled away and got back to her feet. As a final test, Junko reeled back her hand to give Makoto's ass a harsh slap. The resulting moan was more than satisfactory.

"Looks like your thicker ass is working as well," Junko commented, sliding her palm against where she had impacted the bubble butt.

Chewing on her lips as she stifled the surge of pleasure still running through her veins, Makoto just stood there as Junko flipped up her skirt. Before Makoto could inquire further, Junko reached out to slide her fingers across her servant's womanhood. Unable to stop herself from moaning, Makoto just stood there as her master admired her own handiwork.

"I've also taken the liberty of making certain areas more sensitive," Junko said, reveling in the look of ecstasy upon Makoto's face as she continued to stimulate her.

"B-but why?" Makoto asked.

"Sometimes the simpler solutions are the best ones," Junko explained. Pulling her hand free from between Makoto's legs, she wiped her fingers clean on her skirt before snapping her fingers. "Now come along. We may have the perfect figure for you, but that's the easy part. There is still a lot of planning to be done to ensure my efforts aren't wasted."

Taking a deep breath and feeling her enlarged tits strain her top, Makoto followed after Junko. Each step made the modifications to her hips and rear painfully obvious. However, any discomfort she felt from her expanded curves was undone by the lingering desires that came from her still dripping womanhood. In the hopes of pleasing the urges of her modified form, Makoto continued following Junko to be an accomplice to the Ultimate Despair's nefarious plans.