

Danganronpa, Femdom Games of Despair Part III

Having a dozen people trying to solve a crime was nigh impossible in the previous games. But now, with over forty people making the dots meet, it was absolute chaos. Most were shouting their conclusions while the others simply argued, out of fright and bewilderment. It was a scene that the mastermind adored seeing through the cameras.

Hiro's body was found not long after the morning meeting where Monokuma had announced what kind of a game they were in for this time. And, while this time their memories were intact, it was very difficult to actually remember the culprits of the previous games.

Now, as the first trial neared, the others were becoming frantic. Though they did not remember the culprit, they were well aware of what happened if they lost the case. Some of them even remembered being the ones being killed.

It was a bone chilling experience, especially because they only remembered the fear they felt as their lives were snuffed out... and then... nothing. The next thing they knew was that they were in the school yet again. Some even thought it was a hellish limbo they were trapped in to die repeatedly until the end of time.

Fear is all that they knew. Fear and despair.

Or rather, all of them but the culprits that were planted in the mix of the old students. Them... and Hajime Hinata.

All the while they argued and blamed one another he stood on the side, taking everything in and giving knowing glances to the body of the murdered Hiro. The timing of the murder happened in a too peculiar of a time to be simple coincidence.

Hiro was murdered during the morning meeting for a reason.

A strange girl walked up to him as he pondered the facts that were in front of him, both discovered and undiscovered.

"You have noticed it too..." She said in a voice that was barely a whisper. Even in such a circumstance as this one he noticed just how beautiful she was.

"Yes..." He added sheepishly.

"Wait for me here at the murder scene, after they are all gone." She added before walking away. Hinata gave her another glance, admiring her shapely figure, before shaking his head.

A few hours later he was back at the murder scene. Most of the others were gone, trying to get some rest before the trial had started. It was soul crushing, knowing that they discovered nowhere near enough for the murder to be solved.

Meanwhile, Hinata sneaked back into Hiro's room to meet up with the mysterious girl. She was already there, intently staring at the body.

"You came. Good." The girl said. Hinata nodded and introduced himself.

"My name is Hajime Hinata, I am a survivor of one of the games..." He concluded.

"And I as well. My name is Kyoko Kirigiri." She said flatly. "What have you concluded about the murder?"

Hinata eyed her. He never met the girl but she seemed trustworthy for some reason. There was an air of confidence and hope around her that he found himself drawn to. The fact that she was as beautiful as she was only enhanced her allure.

Kyoko wore a dark, violet school uniform with knee high boots of the same color. Even her hair and eyes had the same shade of violet.

Kyoko cleared her throat as she found me staring at her. I blushed and cleared mine as well, before I started speaking.

"The timing is just too perfect." He began, deciding to trust her. "Not only because we were all in the gym, but because it clearly shows that the murderer knew what was happening. There is no way that they heard the announcement and then planned all of this. The killer had it laid out before we were even here. Not only that but they must have had assurances that no one would walk in, so there is at least one person helping them."

He finished finally.

"Interesting." She said as she rubbed her chin with her gloved hand, pondering my words. "So you are saying that the murderer and the accomplice planned all of this before and that they knew we would be trapped in here yet again?"

He nodded.

"Good." She added before a smile formed upon her lip. "*She* was right about you."

"She-" The wind was taken out of his words as a ferocious kick landed in his abdomen. Hinata fell upon his knees from the blow and looked up at Kyoko.

"Y-you...?" He rasped. "I should have known."

"Yes you should have. We were aware that a few of you could cause a problem and that each of you should be eliminated as soon as possible. All but one. We want him to squirm and struggle and hope to solve everything that we have done. Before we take it all away and drown him in despair."

The hopeful aura that was around Kyoko had completely gone. Instead there was this oppressive feeling of submission and despair that Hinata could do nothing about.

“You said you were a survivor of one of the games...” He breathed through the pain. “Let me help you, we can beat them...”

Kyoko laughed and planted her boot upon his head, smashing it into the ground.

“Oh, but I don’t want to be helped. Accepting despair and forcing it upon others feels so much better.”

“But-“ Again a kick forced him to stay silent. This time though, it landed upon his chin. Hinata fell to the ground, blood running down his mouth and lip.

“Now, why don’t you sit still as I end your miserable life.” She had not broken his will completely by her plans and motions but in the state that he was in, there was little he could do.

He tried standing up, before another flurry of kicks hit his ribs and chest. Hinata grabbed her boot and tried to pull her down to the floor, yet Kyoko had an answer to that as well.

With a hop, she gave Hinata’s head a forceful, merciless roundhouse kick that sent him sprawling upon the ground of Hiro’s bathroom.

“Poetic, isn’t it. Right where the first murder happened is where the first hero of hope will be killed as well.” She smiled evilly. Again, somehow, he tried getting up, but this time Kyoko just shoved his arms away and he fell helplessly again.

“Uh-uh!” She teased and placed her boot upon his neck. “You are not getting out of this one.”

He tried pushing her boot away with his palm but he was much too weak now. Hinata could not even make her leg budge. She dropped down with a smirk and wrapped her legs around his torso and arms, trapping them at his sides in an iron grip. With Hinata helpless, she began squeezing him and he felt the air rush out of his body immediately.

He opened his mouth to scream but she placed her gloved hand upon his mouth.

“Awww, what’s wrong? You feeling weak? Do you feel despair creeping in? Don’t worry, your death will bring me pleasure and will serve our plans. Doesn’t that bring you pleasure as well?” She asked and tightened her legs around him.

Hinata could not answer, not only from the lack of air but from the pain as well. He struggled with all his might, but it was no use. There was simply no strength left in him to break from her leg lock. Much to his shame, it actually felt arousing to be so close to her. To feel her chest against his and her strong legs around his torso. Even the helplessness started turning him on as her leather gloves massaged his lips and tongue.

His thoughts became scrambled as well as she syphoned his strength and mental state with every tightening of her legs. Each passing second Hinata grew weaker and weaker until he felt like was about to die. At that exact moment, Kyoko eased up her hold and he fell into her arms, weak and beaten.

“Well, that was a lot easier than I thought it would be.” Kyoko gloated as she tightened her legs again before letting up, giving him air just as quickly. Hinata could only yelp in pain. “Who would have thought huh? Surviving everything that you did, only to die at my hands. Don’t feel so bad though, you never stood a chance anyway.”

With one final rasping push, he tried to break free, but the only thing Kyoko had to do, to bring him into place, was tighten her legs again.

“What do you think you are doing?” She asked sadistically and laughed. “You are pathetic boy, there is nowhere to run.”

Hinata groggily looked up at her and she returned a victorious, proud smile.

“You should just accept that feeling of despair that is coursing through you. It is the only thing you will feel before I kill you. Despair... and submission.”

Consciousness was a privilege by now and she held him on the edge constantly. He tried moving his arms, but he could not. Hinata was too weak to do anything as he finally relaxed into her tight grip in surrender.

“Awww.” She purred. “Are you done already? And here I thought you still had some fight in you. Have you accepted your death?”

She asked as she kissed his cheek and his ear, sending shivers of pleasure down his spine, before canceling them out with another tight grip of her legs.

“Not like you had any choice in the matter.” Kyoko giggled and continued to squeeze his body, depriving him of breath and strength. “No one is going to stop up, last of all you. I will keep squeezing you until there is nothing left to squeeze. Until the pain snaps your mind. By then, you will love being weak and hopeless for me.”

Kyoko lifted his chin with her gloved index finger and he looked up in her eyes. There was nothing there but amusement and evil. With every breath she took the pain became fiercer and with every breath he gave it became harder and harder to think.

By now his thoughts were a complete mess of pain and sporadic pleasure. Slowly turning into a jabbering mess, Hinata could do naught but simply accept his fate. Her python like strength had him tightly bound with no hopes of escape.

But, escape wasn’t even in his thoughts anymore.

Finally, she let him fall limply to the floor and got up above him. With her hands at her hips she looked at him victoriously before forcefully placing her boot upon his cock.

“How about I suffocate the little pride you have left as well, before I kill you.” She gloated with a grin on her face. “Let’s see if you have anything to offer.”

She flicked her boot and his zipper came loose, exposing his rigid cock.

“Not bad.”

“Please...” He whimpered.

“Please what Hinata?” She asked teasingly as she gently placed her boot upon his cock.

“Spare... me...” He whimpered.

She pressed down on his cock and pain and pleasure mixed in a mind crumbling bolt.

“No... stop...” Protested Hinata but he made no movement. He was done.

“Don’t worry pet, you will die soon enough. Just enjoy the pain I am allowing you to feel, sprinkled with pleasure.”

He wasn’t even trying to resist anymore. Hinata just lay there in a stupor, a whirlwind of pain and bliss.

“You are done.” She said with an evil smirk on her face. “Cum to the pain. Explode your brains out and wave your flag of surrender. Succumb to me, it will be so much easier on you.”

And with that she started pressing down on his cock as the pain made dust of what was left of his mind. Precum worked its way out of his sensitive throbbing member and upon her boot.

“Get ready to lick that off slave.” She giggled. He tried holding himself back but it was too late. Hinata shot a huge lot all over her boot before panting like a dog.

“Baaad boy.” She said in mock anger but to his mind, her words felt foggy and distant. He was broken. With a laugh, she walked over to his face and placed the tip of her boot next to his lip.

“Lick.”

He obeyed without another word, relishing the taste of the leather of her boot. Even the precum he had licked off felt tasty to his shattered mind.

“This was too easy. I barely tortured you and here you are, a broken mess of a man.” She giggled. Hinata had an empty, distant look in his eye, barely aware of what was happening. “But I’m bored now.”

Kyoko added with a glint of sadism in her eye before placing the heel of her boot upon his neck. Hinata’s body began having convulsions the moment his air was cut off, but to his broken mind the whole ordeal was a mystery. His cock was already fully erect again but the pain she forced upon him was never ending, clouding everything else.

“Drown in despair you dog.” She said as his eyes went to the back of his head.

“Ahem!” The voice of Monokuma sounded across the speakers. “The first class trial is about to begin. Please head over to the elevator. Bye, bye!”

Kyoko laughed menacingly as she heard it whilst looking down upon the eyes of her victim. The light was slowly being drowned out beneath her heel and she felt the rush of taking a life yet again.

Finally, Hinata stopped convulsing and Kyoko removed her boot from his neck and placed it upon his lip instead.

“Bye, bye little slave. Soon the others will be joining you as well.” With a final maniacal laugh she turned and left Hinata’s corpse right next to heroes. Full of victorious confidence she went to the elevator where the first trial was about to begin and where their plan will start swinging in full motion.

The click of her heels was the last echo in the room, before she closed the door.