

Danganronpa, Femdom Games of Despair V

The trial had left all of the male students horrified. Chilled to the bone. Not only had they looked upon a person being killed so cruelly, but they had also looked upon their friends, female friends, laugh at the fact that something like that had happened. And to twist the knife even further they saw Byakuya, probably the most intelligent among them, be played like a fiddle.

All returned to their rooms feeling helpless as despair sat in. All but Nekomura Nidai. Though his memories were fuzzy he clearly remembered one person, with the same fiery personality as his. One who shared not only his eagerness for training and becoming better, but his love for inspiring it in others.

As the crowd dispersed he waited for the halls to be empty. Then, he snuck out of his room and carefully, not to frighten the boys or alert the girls he made his way to the person that he was looking at through the whole trial. She was the only one not laughing. That was the sole reason why he wasn't giving into despair.

Silently, he knocked on her door before he saw it open and she stood in the doorway.

“Akane!” He yelled silently.

“You truly cannot form a single sentence without yelling. Even if it is, somehow, silent.” She said in a cheery tone and embraced him. Of course, he returned the hug and the two stood there for a few short moments, before she hurried him in. But not before she checked to see if there was someone in the hall. She could see no one.

Finally closing the door behind her she held him by the hand to a sofa and they both sat down.

“Why is this happening Akane!!!” He yelled before she shushed him. “Why is this happening Akane!”

Again, he yelled silently.

“I do not know Nekomura.” She said as her eyes glistened with tears. “They said that all of the girls are in on it, but I do not think that is true. I know I'm not! And I saw a few others as well who were terrified at the scene from before.”

“I did not see them! I was only looking at you!” He added, while yelling silently.

“Then you know it is true. But how? How do we escape? What is this terrible game?!” He asked as she trembled. “Do you believe in this Byakuya person? He did just lose a trial I do not want to see you dying because he was inept.”

“I have only known him for a short while but I do trust him.” He said confidently. “Though his reasons for helping are strange, I know that if anyone can help us it is him! You always saw the strength in others when others could not, surely you see it too.”

She nodded.

“I did, but with your life possibly in the balance as well I did not want to rely solely on my opinion.” Akane bit her lip nervously. “Who else do you think could help you?”

Nekomura pondered for a moment.

“They have killed Hinata... he looked like a very intelligent boy. Besides him... Makoto maybe? He is also a very sharp boy and could help Byakuya a lot in the future. Why? Do you think we could aid them in some way?”

“Yes! If there was a team to be formed, who else would you think would be a crucial member as well?” She asked eagerly, a smile forming upon her lip.

“Shuichi and Rantaro! Those two definitely.” He cleared his throat. “Those two plus Byakuya would be a very formidable threat to the girls.”

“And...” She began huskily. “Would you say that I am a threat?”

Akane leaned in, her bosom mere inches from his face. Only then did he notice just how revealing her outfit was.

“No! I would never think you would betray us, or me. You are good.” He said with a shade of red upon his cheeks.

“Do you know what I always loved about you Nekomura?”

“No.” He said shyly. “What?”

“That you could never lie. It simply is not within you to do so. That is why me and the other girls knew we could play you like a fiddle and you would tell us all we needed to know. Now some of us can focus on the four boys you mentioned while the others can take out the other potential threats one by one.”

His mouth gaped in surprise. Could she, his best friend and so much more, Akane, do this to him? The answer came swiftly and painfully.

She grabbed him by the collar and with a back roll, sent him flying. He fell upon a table, breaking it with his fall. Before he could even move she was already upon him. Her arms had him in a head lock while her strong, lithe legs, wrapped around his waist. She squeezed, both his neck and his stomach, draining him of air in a few quick instants.

His arms flailing, Akane laughed before whispering tenderly into his ear.

“It’s futile. But do resist me if you wish. Only makes the sport of killing you next that much more entertaining.” At those words his fighting increased in intensity but it was to little of use.

“Do you truly think you can escape me? Nekomura we have used you for our ends and now do not need you anymore. The only thing left to do is, to, well... kill you.”

A chill ran down his spine as the mere idea of her wanting to kill him sank in. This was not a game, this was not another fight of two rivals as before. No. She meant to kill him and, if he didn't do something and do it quickly, she would succeed in her evil plan.

No, not just hers. Theirs. These girls were not playing around and for the life of him he could not understand why did he only figure that out now. Or, maybe he did. It was because he trusted her and that, more than anything, would be his doom.

Her legs squeezed further, tightly holding him in her grip, ever so slowly leaving no air in his lungs. He tried pushing against her soft, milky legs, but not only did the touch left him feeling even more dazed, he also could not move them an inch. It was as if he were trapped in an iron trap with no way out.

“Come on Nekomura, is this truly all you've got? Here I thought I would be experimenting with a few other choke holds before I killed you.” She sneered as he gritted his teeth in frustration. This time he heaved with all of his might, pulling against her legs and pushing against her arms. Yet now, he was able to break free of her deadly hold. It came as a surprise even to her, as she scrambled to get up before he was upon her. Akane knew that he was fighting for his life now and, if he got a hold on her, this could all go south just as quickly.

But she kept her cool, fully confident in her abilities and, as he went in for a forceful punch which would surely have knocked her out, with snake like, fluid movement, she wrapped her thighs around his neck and grabbed his arm with her hands.

“Aw. So close!” She giggled. “Could it be you like this? Maybe you just wanted to feel my thighs on your face.”

With another taunting giggle she grinned, from ear to ear and tightened her hold upon his neck and face. Despite himself, he had to admit that her legs did feel rather smooth and silky upon his cheeks. So much so that even some of the pain was lessened by just how nice she felt. Yet he found that just as dangerous as now even the fact that she could easily choke him out became a blur.

And so he struggled upon the floor, desperately trying to break free but all of his struggles were slowly squeezed out by her. Of course she laughed at his pathetic attempts at fighting her, enjoying the sight of her former friend at her mercy.

“Why... why?!” He wheezed through the fighting.

“Why? Why what?” She mocked confusion.

“Why do this... we were friends...”

“Because this is much more fun Nekomura. This way I don't have to hold myself back with weaklings such as you but gain more strength as I plunge others into despair. It's actually quite fun. I should have joined Junko and the others a long time ago.” Akane said casually.

“Junko? She... she is behind this?” He said as his temper rose.

“Uuuups!” She laughed as she gave him a short squeeze. Just enough to show him that there was no escape. “I almost let it all slip. Well, if your fate wasn’t sealed before, now it surely us. I cannot let you escape knowing who our leader was. But no worries, the information *you* gave *me* will be of use to us. Why not take comfort in that, knowing that you served our higher purpose.”

It came as a surprise to him that he felt her lessen her hold but it came as much of a surprise to him when she, with speed that he had never seen before, stood up and planted her foot upon his belly. With several forceful stomps he was out of air again.

Standing above him, with her foot firmly upon his stomach, she continued stomping his air out just as he was about to take it in. So, she kept him in a vortex of suffocation and creeping pleasure that he started feeling from every touch that she bestowed upon him.

“Weakling.” She scoffed as she stepped down again. By now he was completely blue in face, desperate to find any kind of air. But Akane had no mercy, the bluer he got the more she enjoyed the fun she was having. She would have cackled aloud, trampling in that confidence of his into the ground where he belonged. Alas, she could not risk being discovered. Even though they were out in the open now, their plan hinged on the murders being done in complete secrecy.

Finally done with this game and with a final kick, she sent him sprawling on the floor. Although she had finished with his stomach, Akane did not let him rest. With a girlish jump, she planted herself upon his chest as a silent scream escaped his lip.

With the same swiftness as before, she planted her foot directly upon his throat. This time there was zero air that he could breathe in. Through his half closed eyes the only thing that was left to him was to stare up at her curvy body, knowing that the game was now truly over.

“Nekomura-- Nekomura... this truly did end up being much easier than I thought. Playing the scared little girl at the trial, knowing that you were looking at me and then beating you so thoroughly in physical combat. Face it, I have dominated you completely and utterly.”

Her sneer was the final nail in his coffin. He had no strength to even lift his arms up, let alone do anything about his position. Through the helplessness and the pain of such a casual defeat, the final thoughts he had was just how beautiful she looked, despite being his killer.

Akane on the other hand, savored the last few seconds of his life. The feeling of him, a strong person as he was, beneath her feet all the while accepting his defeat at her hands. It was exhilarating.

“I am glad though, that I picked you. Knowing this is very personal to you makes it so much more fun.” With a wink, she shifted her weight upon the foot that held his throat. She felt the last struggles that he had quiet down beneath her feet as he finally lay there, unmoving.

Still, she stood there for a good minute longer. Not to make sure that he was dead, she knew that. No, it was just to humiliate him further. She loved standing upon her victims as they perished. It showed them, one final time where they stood in life, and death, compared to her.

Nonetheless even this game had to come to an end.

She hopped off of his corpse and clicked a button upon her watch. While she waited she sat herself upon the sofa and rested her legs upon Nekomura's chest, locking them at the ankles. A few minutes later she heard the lock click and a girl entered the room.

"Junko, enjoyed the show?" She asked the girl who came in. The new guest only grinned in satisfaction as she saw the newest corpse in the game they were playing. With model like movement she walked over to it before planting her boot upon his face.

"Scum." She sneered joyfully down at him before lifting her gaze upon Akane. Between her words a crown popped upon her head and her whole demeanor changed, along with her accent. "They will all end up like this. Used up and drowning in despair as we take everything from them."

The two girls laughed, knowing that another victory was at hand. Casually, Junko stepped over Nekomura and sat herself next to Akane. She crossed her legs, enjoying the beauty with which she radiated.

"Now..." she began. "About those names he mentioned."