

# Danganronpa Femdom Games of Despair IV

“What the hell?” Byakuya asked as Monokuma finished his monologue. “That doesn’t make any sense why would a trial function like that?”

“Why?!?!” Monokuma said, exaggerating the surprise in his voice. “Because the Master Mind wants it to be so of course!!! But most of all, because it’s fun!”

Byakuya clenched his fist as the bear sat upon the throne above the courtroom. It was a royal looking room, filled with rich tapestries of gold and crimson, yet the smell was that of a damp cellar. No question about it, this was just another stage.

He adjusted his glasses as he surveyed the other members of the trial. Both the male... and the female. They all looked so innocent. The girls. Yet not one, but two of them were a killer. And the rules Monokuma had just announced? Every single one of the girls didn’t appear shaken by them. As if they all knew.

“So? Have you boys announced your representative?” Asked Celestia with her usual jubilant voice.

“It will obviously be me.” Byakuya said coolly as he took his first step towards the podium.

“It’s stupid to just pick yourself blondie! What if I wanted to represent the boys?” Asked a short boy with a stupid looking hat upon his head. Byakuya couldn’t remember his name exactly but it might have been Fuyuhiko, or something like that.

Byakuya though, didn’t even spare him a glance. He knew he was the best choice and so did the others. Celestia, with a cold smile, nodded to the other girls before stepping upon the podium in front of him.

“I will be your opponent today.” She announced with cool confidence.

“It’s rather stupid that you the girls get to change representative while we only get one.” He scoffed. “Even an idiot would learn something from watching me defend us. Thus, you can use it in future trials!”

“Oh? Byakuya?! Could it be that you are afraid?” Celestia mocked with a slight tilt of her head.

“Of course not.” Byakuya grinned confidently. “But what I said still stands. If you are trying to make this fair as the previous games were, then it is just stupid to do it this way.”

“What makes you think that we want to make this fair?” Celestia said with a cold chuckle. “You are not here to win. You are here to die.”

Her words even took Byakuya by surprise. They didn't remember much of the previous games but the idea that they could win and survive was always there, up in the air. Sure, it was represented in the most sadistic way possible, but it was still possible. But now?

It was the girls vs the boys. The boys would always be the victims while the girls would always play the murderer. The representative, Byakuya in this case, would try and solve the crime every time. Were he to fail, another boy would be killed by the representative of the female team. BUT unlike the male team, they always go to change their representative. But what peaked Byakuya's interest the most, was the fact that if he proved who the murderer was at least once, all of the girls would be killed and the boys would be set free.

Byakuya scratched his chin as Celestia smiled at him. It was that usual smile of hers, the smile of an Ultimate Gambler. She knew how to lie and manipulate people. But most of all, she was ambitious. Byakuya remembered that she wanted a castle filled with male servants to do her bidding. She was ready to go all out, he knew.

"And what if we just kill all of you?" He said with a sly grin of his own. "We are stronger."

"Tut~." She announced with a disappointed shake of her head. "Byakuya I thought you were smarter than that. The machine guns would simply mow you all down."

Celestia said, so casually, that Byakuya shivered. They had this planned for a very, very long time. It would not be easy defeating them. But then again, that is what made Byakuya so dangerous himself. He excelled in such situations.

Yet even he was shaken by the fact that some of his former friends were among them. He wondered how the others felt, the weaker willed ones. Like Makoto.

"Fine." He said with a confident shine in his eyes. "I'll win."

"Good. I like your bravery. It will be so much fun to take it away from you as you watch your friends die. One by one." Celestia said, her expression not changing. Byakuya could in the corner of his eye, see Makoto clenching his fists, trying to hold back tears.

"Please..." Byakuya said with a scoff of disdain. "They are not my friends. I am here to win and live. And to make you all submit to me before you all die."

"Good." Celestia said again. "Be confident Byakuya. It will make breaking you so much sweeter."

She glanced at the loud mouthed boy who played gangster and spoke to him.

"You. What is your name?"

"Fuyuhiko Kuzuryu!" He yelled. "What do you want toots?"

Celestia's shivering smile only deepened.

"I want you to be my toy today."

Fuyuhiko squinted his eyes before he spoke again.

“Why would I be your toy?”

“Why? But because I want you to. By doing so, not only will you please me but you will also show everyone how brave you are. You wanted to represent the boys? Well, now you can. And if Byakuya wins, it will not be his glory alone.”

The short boy gulped, clearly taken by the Lolita.

“A-alright.”

Fuyuhiko said uncertainly and walked upon the podium as well.

“Now, Byakuya. Let us begin. You will present your evidence and I will shoot them down. You have as long as Fuyuhiko here can last.” She chuckled, this time sadism shining in her eyes.

“When he dies, the trial is over.”

“Dies? I never agreed to-“

“Be silent. Dog.” She said coldly and the mobster fell silent.

“Let us begin. This will be fun.”

Celestia said as a dreadful atmosphere fell upon the courtroom. Byakuya adjusted his glasses, took a deep breath, and began speaking.

“We know that the first murder happened in Hiro’s room-“

“How do we know this? Why, I see nothing that confirms it.” Celestia said with an evil chuckle as she approached Fuyuhiko. Byakuya looked at her, kind of confused as he remembered the trials working differently in the previous games. “Now I will teach you what happens when you begin speaking without explaining why something is so certain.”

She turned and looked Fuyuhiko straight in the eye, holding his gaze in such a captivating way that even Byakuya gulped. It was as if she was binding him to her will, one layer of bondage at a time. Only, this bondage was purely mental.

“Kneel.” She said coolly.

“B-but-“ He cut himself off from any protest as she didn’t flinch nor change her stare when he began speaking. He gulped as well before kneeling down.

“Good boy.” She said, not changing her cool yet amused expression. “Now lay down.”

Sweat poured down his cheeks as he lay at Celestia’s feet, looking up at her, almost in awe. His behavior now completely changed, he lay silently not daring to move. It was as if a layer of complete silence fell upon the trial.

Without saying another word, Celestia planted her red heel upon his chest, before she lifted her other leg and then stood completely upon him. The sharp heels dug into his flesh as he squirmed a little beneath her. But other than that he did not let a single sound escape his lips.

“Now, would you like to continue?” Celestia asked Byakuya. He cared not for what happened the kid but the whole situation made him nervous. The complete, casual dominance this girl so easily demonstrated had an effect on all of the boys. Not just Fuyuhiko. It seemed only him and Makoto were not oddly aroused by the situation.

“There were no traces of him being carried inside.” He began, trying not to stare at Fuyuhiko who had tears streaming down his face. “It was his room as well. Why would he be killed anywhere else?”

“And what about the second murder?” Celestia asked, ignoring the question. “Was Hinata killed inside as well? It wasn’t his room after all.”

“No, but Hinata wanted to remain alone with the body, he said so several times. It’s only logical that the murderer waited for all of us to leave and then kill him. Before he gathered any evidence.” Byakuya explained simply.

“Murderer?” Celestia smiled faintly.

“Yes.” Byakuya said.

Celestia dug her heel deep inside of Fuyuhiko’s chest as the boy whimpered. Then, she turned on her heel stomped over to his waist, before planting her heel upon his cock. Much to the horror of all of the boys, the mafia member moaned in what was clearly pleasure.

“Wrong.” She said, casually twisting the heel.

Wrong? How could it be wrong? How could someone kill him and not be a murderer? Byakuya continued to stare at the situation, mouth slightly agape. Fuyuhiko, while moaning in pleasure, was clearly in pain. The sharp heels of his tormentor ravaged his body. After she was satisfied with the trampling of his cock, she turned and stomped over his chest again. Finally stopping by placing her heels next to his neck. Tightly, with her ankles, she locked his airflow. It was an enticing pose that she struck above him, full of dominance and victory.

Instinctively, he wanted for her ankles, trying to fight her off and get some air.

“Remove your filthy hands from my stockings.” She ordered, barely raising her tone. “You are to lay still and accept any punishment that I want you to.”

Fuyuhiko’s arms fell placidly next to his sides as he stared up at Celestia. For a moment, even Byakuya couldn’t stop looking at her. She truly was beautiful in her Lolita costume. The tight dark dress complimented her stockings of the same color. While her sharp, shiny red heels matched her glistening red lipstick.

“What does that mean? You are clearly cheating, how can someone kill someone else and not be a murderer?” Byakuya said as he began to sweat. Celestia, lifted her gaze from the quivering

Fuyuhiko and peered straight into Byakuya. That same captivating look that held her prey upon the floor was back, but now she started binding Byakuya with it.

“It is for you to discover, not for me to tell you. But hurry, I don’t think he can last much longer.” Byakuya’s mind raced as she spoke. The boy at her feet was clearly running out of air, but Celestia didn’t seem to notice him anymore. She held Byakuya’s gaze while Fuyuhiko turned blue beneath her feet. Tighter she locked her ankles, with her hands upon her hips, and waited for Byakuya to answer. The silky stockings felt tingly upon his neck but through the pain he wasn’t sure exactly what he was feeling.

“Do you even know what the murder weapon is?” Celestia mocked a question as she twisted Fuyuhiko’s neck a little. With a jerk, his body fell still. For a moment Byakuya thought he was dead, but even from afar he could see his eyes darting in panic.

“Oh, don’t worry, I only paralyzed him.” She chuckled. “He is becoming boring though, you might want to hurry up.”

This time Celestia laughed haughtily before she swung her drill pigtailed with her hand. Byakuya bit his lip in annoyance before he spoke again. In the meantime, Fuyuhiko’s eyes focused on her, as he tried to plead with them.

“They were choked before they had their necks broken. But with found no item at the scene that would be a murder weapon. There were also no finger marks upon their necks so it wasn’t done by hand either.” Byakuya explained as Celestia released Fuyuhiko’s neck. But before he could even say a single word, she placed the tip of her sharp heel directly upon his windpipe.

“But what was the weapon Byakuya? Tick-tock. His air is running out.” Fuyuhiko could do nothing but stare up at her, paralyzed as he was. Tears streaming down his face he desperately wished to beg for his life but both her mental bondage and the physical paralysis made his voice mute. Somewhere deep down he accepted that he was simply beneath the gothic Lolita, just a piece of dirt she trampled upon.

The sharpness of her heel only accented the fact. Actually, from where he was laying she was absolutely perfect. The shiny red heel was inches away from his face and he could not help but admire the way her dark stockings tightly wrapped around her lithe legs. And the dress made her so regal and confident that at some point Fuyuhiko stopped resisting, even mentally and just accepted the pain of being beneath such a godly figure.

“Why don’t you take a look at my legs. It might help you with the next trial.” Celestia teased with a brattish giggle. With a sharp turn of her heel, Byakuya could hear the neck of Fuyuhiko snap and his eyes lay empty.

Finally, Celestia looked down upon her victim, giving him a final parting look and a satisfied smile before removing her heel from his neck. Byakuya though, had his eyes glued to her red heels, stuck between admiration and horror. In that one moment he understood. It cost Fuyuhiko his life, but he finally understood.

As he stared at her alluring, stocking clad legs, twist Fuyuhiko's neck, he followed that stocking all the way up to her thigh. The creamy, lithe thigh was truly a sight to behold and worship, but his ego didn't allow him to accept that.

What it did help him with was, discover what the murder weapon was.

"They had their necks snapped by someone's thighs..." He murmured but Celestia heard him.

"And the killer?" She asked as she cleaned the bottom of her heel upon Fuyuhiko's face. Then, she placed it upon his chest and walked over him.

"There... there were two of them... all of you are working against us so... so you had it all planned out." Byakuya said with an empty stare. He didn't even notice Celestia walk up to him and lift his chin with the iron claw upon her finger.

How stupid had he been?

This was unlike him. Could her taunting and flirting actually have an effect on him?

"Good boy." She said casually before walking off into the group of girls who left the court room. They giggled as the elevator took them above.

Byakuya found himself shaking as, for the very first time in his life, he felt utterly and truly helpless.