

# DANGANRONPA: SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

## FINAL CHAPTER: NUN OF IT

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*It went without saying that Junko Enoshima didn't like this one bit.*

The lingering resentment from her defeat and consequent death aside, who the hell thought it would be funny to imprison *her* in a game that didn't seem all that different from the one *she* had invented!? Well, at least on paper. It didn't sound like there was any *murder* involved with this game, but what the hell was that 'transformation' bit about? Nothing in the world she was familiar with was even capable of committing such an act!

But Junko was also missing some fundamental information. Such as the fact that this was *not* the physical world, and that she was just a bunch of data gathered from the annals of history. They *all* were. But that didn't mean that the fates they would suffer were any less real. No, the mastermind of this incident fully intended on trapping them in this digital resort for the rest of their lives.

Unlike the others, who seemed to be complacent in simply playing along for the time being though? Junko was already conspiring. “**Upupu! I'm going to hijack this game for myself, and then I'll show the one who trapped me here true despair!**” It was a sound enough idea. You know, if you were into that kind of thing. But intentions aside, she didn't exactly have a plan yet. Was the mastermind one of the others who'd been brought here? There were certainly familiar faces from her time at Hope's Peak among them, including her nemesis Makoto Naegi, but could one of them be the culprit?





Nope! It was a figure that had not yet shown themselves to the group, and in fact had no intention of doing so. Rather, they observed all of the victims keenly from their control room buried deep beneath the resort. And they had very much taken notice of Junko's intentions. *They weren't a fan.* And so they eventually deemed that the killing game mastermind should be counted out of the game before she brought any harm to anyone at the resort.

So the next Junko knew? She was standing in a church.

**“Huh!? What the hell!? How'd I get here!?”**

She stomped a heeled foot against the ground, her perky bosom bouncing from the impact as she glared around the room with silver eyes. She'd been in a food court just moments before, and the next she knew she was in this musty smelling room full of stained glass and wooden

pews! **“The last place I should be is in a fucking church, upupu!”**

Maybe that was true, but from the perspective of the mastermind, Junko Enoshima was presently right where she *belonged*. She certainly wasn't the type of woman that should walk into pretty much any church, but this also *wasn't* just any church. And by the time she left? She would never want to leave for the most part.

**“The hell's going on with my clothes?”** Unlike the transformations of the others, where what they were wearing had ultimately been something of an afterthought, that wasn't exactly the case when it came to Junko's ensemble. She wore her custom uniform because it suited her style and showed off the sexiest aspects of her good figure, but before her very eyes the cloth almost looked to be *melting* and *wriggling*, spreading across her skin and mending together.

Was this some sort of new technology? Glaring at cloth that she witnessed harden back into tangible materials once again, she couldn't fathom a device existing that could do *this* to an outfit. Not even as her hair fell down behind her, the woman's Monokuma hairpins having joined the rest of her clothing in this unusual situation.

When all was said and done, her outfit was, well... **“I'm not some fucking nun! Get this crap off of me!”** It was undeniably an outfit



similar to what you might find a nun wearing, although it absolutely wasn't an outfit you might find a nun wearing at the exact same time. For a *number* of head-scratching design choices circulating around the cuts of the cloth. For one, the white that covered her chest only covered the outsides. The inner section of the cloth was cut out so that you could see her cleavage and inner boobs, and even then? Her breasts didn't quite seem large enough to properly fill this space.

She wasn't wearing a bra, but it was clear enough that she also wasn't wearing panties since the skirt was little more than a thin layer of black cloth that fell past her groin in the front and over her ass crack in the back. Otherwise, she had tight white thigh highs, black heels, and a nun's habit over her wavy hair. It looked more like fetish gear than anything, which actually made it all a *little* more bearable from Junko's perspective.

***“Maybe this outfit isn't so... What am I saying? Of course it's bad! I only want to wear things I want to wear!”*** For but a brief moment, she had almost gotten caught up in the idea that she was into wearing clothes like this before steering herself back on course, but over time she would find her willingness to resist it dwindling more and more. Because beyond her notice, changes had begun in a facet other than her clothing. That is to say that her *body* had begun to change as well.

It was initially more noticeable in her face, because with time it had begun to appear less and less Japanese by design. Her eyes grew bigger, wider, and even inherited a different color all the while. A gaze that was once a steely blue instead inherited a very reddish brown that practically glowed under the light that filtered in through the stained glass windows. With a narrowed face and fuller lips, she absolutely gave off the vibe that she was now of European or American descent, and the shift in her mind to force her to think in English practically confirmed as much.

Change had swept through her hair as well, although it was a little more subtle at least compared to her face. Her mane almost looked like it was being brushed out in real time, with the fluffy curls that made it all look so full gradually straightening and taking on a lustrous sheen that hadn't been there before. The natural blonde that Junko's hair already possessed grew brighter and brighter, becoming almost gold as it *lengthened* as far down as her thighs. Similar change might have affected her pubes if not for the fact that they had been shaved away.

There had been too many incidents with people pulling on a full bush in the past.



This thought made the otherwise shameless Junko blush slightly. In fact, her thoughts had been set wholly off course by the implications of this sudden memory, and before long she couldn't get the idea of sucking cock or grinding pussies out of her head. "**Why do I want to fuck so bad...?**" Not that she hadn't fucked *plenty* in the past, but this felt different. And why was her voice so soft and reserved? Her will to resist whatever was going on was oh so quickly drying up.

Her body, on the other hand, was doing the exact opposite of 'drying up'. It was bloating, but only in the areas that would give her body a thicker, fuller, and lewder appeal. Looking at her thighs, for example, it was easy to see how they were engorging, swelling plumper while the white cloth of her thigh highs gripped them even tighter and forced the flesh to bubble up around them. With her hips utterly bare thanks to her lewdly cut nun outfit, you could readily see those hips pulling wider as a result of her thighs' growth.

But also due to the growth of her rear end. Her cheeks engorged with the very same vigor as her thighs, cheeks bloating into full cushions that would jiggle vicariously with each and every step that she took. The back flap of her nun's ensemble ultimately ended up wedged within these peach-shaped cheeks, forcing her to quietly pull it out without even questioning how it had gotten stuck in the first place.

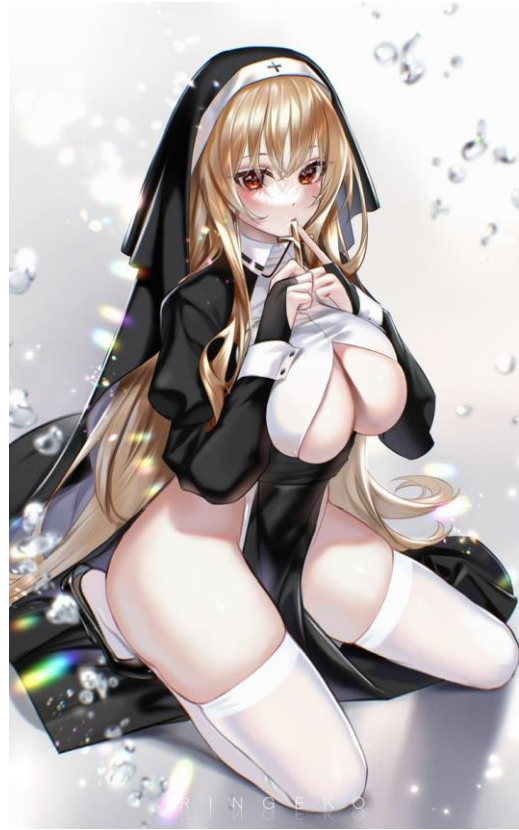
And that was a pretty telling realization. That Junko wasn't making much noise at all. For how erratic and bombastic of a personality she *normally* had, she hadn't bothered to make a peep now that her transformation was mostly done. That was because her personality was being overwritten as someone quieter. It felt almost like a fog had washed over her mind now that she had become someone else. And that someone else was someone who was undeniably *obsessed* with fucking, for even when she pulled the cloth out, she wedged a finger in her ass just to feel a moment of pleasure.

"**Oh...**" She briefly couldn't keep her hands off her breasts, either. They just felt so sensitive, and she was growing so needy. It didn't help, of course, that they had rapidly been becoming *fuller*. The gap in the middle of her dress that showed her breasts was quickly filled in, for each tit grew meatier with the passing of time. Before long, both of her breasts were readily pushing up against the cloth that hid her engorged nipples. Each J-cup breast was on full display, and she could now remember why her outfit was designed that way.

*So she could easily give tit-jobs without stripping.*



**“Mm? What was I doing?”** As the haze lifted from her mind, *Sister Jessica* felt as if she had just woken from a long nap. She knew herself as a sister of the church, yet this church also wasn't quite the kind of church you would typically expect. That was likely apparent enough by sparing a single glance to her nun getup. No nun of proper faith would ever wear something so lewd, which showed off her inner breasts, her thighs, nor her hips. It was almost like she was begging to have her body stared at.



Which honestly wasn't all that far from the truth. She belonged to a sect of a fictional religion that replaced prayer with sex. If you wanted to confess a sin, you did so through fucking one of the sect's sisters. And in this case, Jessica was one of those sisters. A nun whose exclusive role was to be fucked senseless, to be basically used as a sex toy for the sake of her fellow believers. And Jessica herself? She saw nothing wrong with this.

She *enjoyed* it, even. Which may have explained her passive personality. To accept everyone's sins, she needed to be willing to accept whatever they asked of her. Even now, she was thinking about when the next visitor would walk through those church doors from the resort, and she would then escort them to her room in the back. In fact, the thought made her pussy twinge a little bit. **“I can't wait to use my body for service again today as well...”**

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**“What was she saying? UPUPUPU!? Or something like that...”** Meanwhile, in her control room beneath the resort, one woman with cat ears and a pair of cat tails was laughing at the camera footage. That was that! All of these annoying characters had been transformed according to her whims! Of course, Hisa the nekomata had no real reason for staging this whole event. She had just been bored, and figured the cast of these games would be super fun to fuck with.

And she had been absolutely right!

**“Oh, the gym goth is about to go to the church! Ahahaha!”**