

The Despaired

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The Despaired

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Summary

After the world is taken over by despair by Enoshima Junko and her pets, the world was changed forever. People would drop in the street, their eyes in swirls. They had caught the despair disease.

The disease's leading symptom was, of course, despair. However it's second was the gaining of swirls in your eyes.

It all started when Enoshima attacked her old high school with artificial earthquakes. In the disaster of Hope's Peak, only a handful survived—that handful only consisting of students. The rest were declared missing, and known as the lost ones among the survivors.

No first responders had done a full investigation and sweep of the fallen school, as they were busy trying to survive and dealing with other accidents. No one one had ever looked for the lost ones.

That all changes when one of the survivors decides to search for the lost ones, accompanied by another.

Now, with some of the lost ones found, the group is trying to escape a world of danger and despair. However, most of all, they are trying to escape Enoshima.

But Enoshima doesn't want to kill them, not until she gets what she wants.

At least not until she gets the Ultimate Hope.

But is he really the Ultimate Hope?

The Lost Ones

Chapter One: The Lost Ones.

Mondo Oowada stood in front of his dilapidated school with a backpack full of his necessities on his back. He wished he would have driven there instead of walking, but his motorcycle was lost when his house was wrecked with his brother inside.

He analyzed the crack window and the half-gone wall. The bricks were messy, bits missing from them. He blinked as he remembered the memories that had taken place inside that building.

“You’re here too?” A small voice asked.

Mondo looked down to his left. “Yeah.” He sighed, thinking about his current poor life quality.

Chihiro Fujisaki was a short boy. He was insanely short compared to the very tall and strong Mondo. He had fluffy brown hair matched with hazel-brown eyes. He usually wore some kind of over shirt paired with a skirt and petticoat. Along with knee-high, black socks and brown Mary-Jane shoes.

However today, and ever since the world changed forever, he wore a big T-Shirt—one another classmate let him borrow that he failed to return—shorts, those same knee-high socks, yet rolled down to eliminate the length. These socks were under white sneakers.

“I’m glad you’re okay.” Chihiro tried to give him a genuine smile, but it was all forced.

“I’m surprised I am.” Mondo replied honestly. He shoved his hands in his pockets and continued to analyze the broken down building.

There was silence until Mondo dared to speak again. “I wanna go inside.”

“What? In school? It could be dangerous. You don’t know what’s in there.” Chihiro warned.

“Well, if I die then I die. I’m going in there. Wanna follow? Mondo replied. He was always an adventurous, care-free teenager, and even though he was now traumatized, he still showed those bits of his old personality.

Chihiro sighed. “Okay, but we’re not going too far.” He asserted.

The pair entered the run-down building.

No one had bothered to lock the door after the evacuation, even though it was the best school in the city, Tokyo—maybe even the continent of Japan.

Mondo opened the door, going in first to seem braver than he was.

After the school had fallen, multiple of its past students—from all grades— had gone missing. Mondo played their names in his head repeatedly.

Byakuya Togami.

Leon Kuwata.

Kiyotaka Ishimaru.

Aoi Asahina.

Sayaka Maizono

Makoto Naegi.

Kaede Akamatsu.

Shuichi Saihara.

Rantaro Amami.

Hajime Hinata.

Fuyuhiko Kuzuryuu

Peko Pekoyama.

Mondo walked around the first floor, constantly making sure Chihiro was behind him—he always was.

After ringing out whatever interesting stuff the first floor held—or they thought they did—Mondo started to go towards the stairs.

“Mondo! It’ll be too dangerous to go to the upper floor. The boards could collapse and we’d get hurt.” Chihiro warned again.

“All you do is worry, Chi. There’s no need. Not when you have a big, strong man to protect you.” Mondo laughed as he jokingly started to half-flex.

This made Chihiro laugh. “But if ya wanna stay here so bad, we can look around for another few minutes.”

They did as Mondo last stated.

Mondo decided to examine a bunch of floorboards that had collapsed. He shifted some of the boards around. When he was wiggling around one, he felt it brush against something heavy. It was hard to move with the little strength he was putting in,

Mondo lifted some of the floorboards and set them aside. When he reached the core, his heart stopped. He couldn’t believe what he saw.

When Chihiro noticed his odd behavior, he rushed over. “Mondo?” When he too saw the core, his body shook.

There was a tall girl with two loose silver braids that started with ribbons. She was in a long sleeve, dark-colored school uniform. A sword case was slung over her back. That same back faced upwards, her front turned away and faced the floor.

Her position was weird. It was bulky, as if there was something underneath her. As if she were trying to protect something from the floorboards. Chihiro noticed that.

Fighting the urge to vomit at the sight of a dead corpse, Chihiro said something. “I think there’s something under her.”

Mondo stood up straighter. “Should we move it—her?”

Chihiro climbed on to his arm a bit. “I guess. I don’t know.” His brain felt scrambled on what to do.

“So do you wanna..? Or should I..?” Mondo proposed the ideas without saying it. Chihiro could feel his body shaking.

“Well, you’re the big, strong man. You do it.” Chihiro suggested—more like stated. He stepped back from Mondo. “It’s all yours.”

Mondo chuckled a little, feeling bad about it since they were in a five-foot radius of a dead body.

Mondo took a deep breath, his chest rising and falling. He held her shoulders and shifted her over. She easily fell to her side, now landed on her back.

The two were shocked at the sight of another body. Yet this one didn’t seem dead. His skin wasn’t colorless, his chest was moving. Still, his eyes were closed.

The boy was short with blond hair. His eyes were gold and he had a light complexion under his freckles. They didn’t notice how undead he looked. So they decided to leave the bodies.

Mondo still headed to the stairs.

“Really? You wanna go further when we just saw that?” Chihiro freaked out.

“Yeah. If they’re people here, some might be alive.” Mondo replied.

Chihiro sighed. “Mondo, they’re dead.”

“You don’t know that. Now are you coming with me or not?” Mondo asked, his tone a bit rough.

Chihiro sighed, only deliberating for a second. “Okay.”

They were half-way up the stairs when they were stopped by a scream.

They turned back to the messed up pile of floor boards to see the boy crying while kneeling next to the dead body.

Chihiro sped-walk towards them. “Hello?” He sounded desperate, yet like he was trying to remain calm.

The boy, Fuyuhiko Kuzuryu, turned to face him. “Chihiro? Hey. You’re an upperclassman, right?” Fuyuhiko seemed dazed and grief-stricken.

“Yeah. Look, how about you come with us.” Chihiro proposed.

“Us?” Fuyuhiko questioned, only noticed Chihiro.

Chihiro realized and pointed over to Mondo on the stairs. “Me and Mondo Oowada.”

Fuyuhiko noticed him standing on the stairs. “Oh, ok.” He was breathing heavily with tears staining his cheeks.

“Come on, let’s go.” Chihiro offered again, moving to the side to give him room to step.

“I...” Fuyuhiko started. “I can’t leave her.” Tears started to form again, this time harder.

“Fuyuhiko, she’s gone. I’m sorry. She’d want you to move on.” Chihiro smiled, making use of his kind face.

Fuyuhiko nodded, agreeing. He slowly stood up and straightened himself. “You’re right. She would want that.” He rubbed his eyes and stepped away from the pile of wood, leaving his old life behind.

The short boys caught up to Mondo, and they picked up where they left off.

Now they had a purpose to explore the floors rather than just nostalgia.

The three boys explored the second floor, making sure to search everywhere, now with a purpose. Chihiro shook as he slowly pushed up a fallen shelf. He saw the very smooched body of a long-blue haired girl in her school uniform with a pink bow on her chest. Her skin was almost white. Her body was lifeless. She was dead.

Chihiro stepped back and dropped the shelf back on her body. The fact that she made no noise hammered in the fact that she was long dead.

Mondo rushed towards the loud thump. “Chi? You good?” You could hear the worry in his voice, his volume was raised. Fuyuhiko silently followed with panic on his face.

Chihiro was shaking, trying to get words out. It was hard after a second traumatic experience in the span of ten minutes. “Sayaka...” Was all he could mutter.

They knew exactly what he meant when they saw bits of long blue hair peeking out from under the shelf.

Fuyuhiko placed a hand on Chihiro's shoulder. "I don't know what to say, but you scared the shit out of me." He joked a little, but he did almost pee in his pants.

Mondo shifted the bag on his back a little before continuing searching without saying a thing. Chihiro and Fuyuhiko soon did too. The two short boys searched together, flipping every floorboard and wreck insight.

Fuyuhiko spotted a pile of those foam-like, hole-y ceiling tiles. He and Chihiro went towards it, with Fuyuhiko removing the pieces. They knew what they were going to find, and weren't surprised when all the tiles were removed.

There lay a rich teenager with blonde hair and blue eyes. He wore a suit with a green cross tie instead of your traditional tie. His dress shoes were scratched up, along with his face. His hair was frizzled but his skin wasn't too light of a complexion.

Fuyuhiko didn't seem fazed. His voice didn't even shake when he called, "Mondo!"

Mondo went over to the mess, his heart stopping when he saw the person laying on the floor. His face shifted to disappointment and grief.

Fuyuhiko knelt down, pressing two fingers to the teenager's neck. "There's a pulse." He stood back up, removing his hand.

"How do we wake him up?" Chihiro questioned.

"I don't know. Fuyuhiko just woke up." Mondo replied. Then his eyes widened a little and he got an idea.

He slid the backpack off of his shoulder and unzipped it. He took one of the room-temperature water bottles and twisted the cap off.

"What are you doing?" Chihiro questioned. His arms were shaky and cold.

"M'gonna dump water on his face." Mondo replied, doing as he stated,

The body squeezed his eyes at the contact, lifting his upper-body. He grunted as he used his hands to balance himself.

"Fuck!" He cursed. He moved his hands to wipe his face.

Mondo drank water contents the bottle had left, a bit of water dripping down the sides of his face as he tilted to head to make a landslide of water slip into his mouth. He closed the empty water bottle and chucked it to somewhere to the side.

"Sorry. Had to wake ya up." Mondo explained with a half-hearted apology.

Byakuya Togami scowled at the delinquent and pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. The corner was dirtied, but he used the clean part to wipe his face. His face was still a bit moistened.

He used one of his arms to stand himself up. “How about ya screw off.” Byakuya mocked his slur.

“Don’t talk like that. Or I’ll gladly shove you under a few pounds again.” Fuyuhiko snapped, referencing Byakuya’s embarrassing position just a few minutes ago.

The 6’1 teenager scoffed. “Sure you will. Now shut that piglet mouth of yours.”

Fuyuhiko quickly got heated. His ears turned red and his brows furrowed. His eyes twitched and his hands shook as he tried to contain himself. “You bi—!”

“Stop.” Chihiro ordered. “All this shit you guys are doing isn’t getting us anywhere. So get your shit together and move on.”

With that, Fuyuhiko’s face faded into its regular complexion, and his hands steadied. Byakuya crossed his arms, embarrassed that such a person had to tell him off like that.

“Let’s just get out of here.” Byakuya said. Mondo grew increasingly mad, but evened out his temper before he spoke after thinking of what Chihiro said.

“Dude, we haven’t searched the whole place yet.” Mondo argued.

“And? No one wants to be here.” Byakuya argued back.

“It’s not that hard to wander around. You’re free to go, ‘cause no one wants you here!” Mondo shouted. His body grew tense and his head started getting hot.

“Mondo! Why would you say that?” Chihiro yelled. His voice was booming. He was pissed. “Of course we want him here. Now move past your stupid ass anger and stop yelling!” Chihiro roared.

Mondo bit his tongue, mumbling, “fine, but I’m not leaving.”

Mondo made his way towards the stairs, followed by the two short boys and—surprisingly—Byakuya too. They all made their way to the third floor to track down the remaining lost ones.

You Crushed Me.

Chapter Summary

The group continues to search for the lost ones and another possible leader emerges. Many show their worth as they search, and the continue to search until an almost fatal accident occurs. They leave the school when they are met with the Ultimate Despair herself and her goons. In a matter of minutes, the group have to figure out how to get away.

Chapter Notes

I love writing this story, but there is some gore, injury, and blood in this chapter.

The small group had looked around the third floor, not finding a thing. They collectively decided to head to the fourth floor. They were at the bottom of the stairs when they heard footsteps from the floor above. It sounded like it was heading down the stairs.

They looked up, following the noise. “Fuck.” Mondo cursed under his breath.

The stumble of legs went down the stairs. It was two pairs of legs. One wore khaki pants and jean-colored sneakers. The other wore dress shoes and vertically lined mainly blue-ish pants. The group soon had a view of their full body as the two boys stood in front of them at the top of the stairs.

One had green hair paired with green eyes. His shirt was blue with darker-blue horizontal lines on it. As well as a ship steering wheel in that same dark-blue. He had a ton of bracelets and a couple necklaces on. Rantaro Amami.

The other had a vertically striped shirt that matched his pants. It was a button that reached just a bit under his chin, fabric coated around his neck. He had white buttons on his shirt and wore a hat on his head, almost covering his blue hair and yellow grey—ish eyes. His hat had white—grey lines on the side. Shuichi Saihara.

“Heya, guys.” Rantaro greeted them. “This is awkward, no?”

“Uh, hi.” Mondo replied. “Did you see anyone else up there?”

Shuichi ducked his head down, shy.

“Not on this one. The ones above, I don’t know.” Rantaro replied, playing with the stacked bracelets on his wrist.

“Then let’s go to the fifth floor.” Mondo led the group up.

The school had seven floors in total. A bit of an odd number, but that was just how it was.

They met Rantaro and Shuichi and went on from there. The creaking of the old stairs rang through the old building. Their headmaster had planned a few renovations, but those could not be made now that the school was no longer being run.

They passed the fourth floor and headed to the next one. Shuichi was a bit behind them, physically and metaphorically separating himself from the group. Rantaro glanced behind him, noticing the separated introverted teenager. He put his hand out, letting Shuichi take it. He pulled him closer to the group, and led him with them, still locking hands.

Rantaro and Shuichi immediately split from the group to search together. Mondo split the rest of them up in pairs. Chihiro and Byakuya, as he was the only one to tolerate Byakuya within Mondo, Fuyuhiko, and Chihiro. That left the two hotheads together, which wasn’t such a bad match. They both had experience leading big groups. Fuyuhiko was the heir to a yakuza clan, and was named the Ultimate Yakuza,, while Mondo ran his gang, The Crazy Diamonds, being tilted as the Ultimate Biker Gang Leader.

Rantaro had a love to explore, as the Ultimate Adventurer, that was as expected. Shuichi also had an interest in searching, as the Ultimate Detective.

Rantaro was kneeling while examining fallen floorboards and ceiling tiles when Shuichi abruptly coughed.

“You okay, Shu?” Rantaro asked, standing up.

“Yeah,” Shuichi croaked. “But my throat is dry.” You could hear the drought in his voice.

Rantaro’s face softened into a smile. He glanced at Mondo’s bag. “Mondo!” Rantaro walked over to him, as he was in close proximity. “Do you have some water?”

“Yeah, but you gotta use it sparingly ‘til I get some more.” Mondo replied as he took off his bag and handed him a plastic bottle.

Rantaro nodded. “Thanks.” He said before walking back to where he was previously searching.

“Thanks.” Shuichi quietly smiled when Rantaro handed him the water.

“It’s no problem, I know how you are with human interaction.” Rantaro joked as he knelt back down to examine the cracks where the floorboards ended.

Shuichi jokingly pouted before opening the water bottle and chugging the contents.

“Hey, Shu go slowly you’ll choke. And you heard the man. Gotta drink it sparingly,” Rantaro reminded Shuichi as he ran his fingertips over the sharp cracks.

Rantaro took the bottom of his shirt and wiped his the sweat off his forehead. The abandoned school was insanely hot.

The two moved to a different wreck after Rantaro lost interest in the last. This one, however, was special. It held the reason Mondo had wanted to search for the lost ones in the first place. It held the lost one he wanted to retrieve---the one he loved.

Rantaro wiggled one of the boards back and forth to loosen the pile. He pulled the board out, handing it to Shuichi, who took it. Rantaro’s face shifted to shock as he saw a black haired and red eyed teenager. He checked the pulse before calling others. He felt the beats in the teenager’s neck.

“Guys!” He called out. “Found someone!” He pulled his hand away and watched as the others rushed closer.

“Who?” Chihiro asked, with some excitement in his voice. He was happy to have found some of the lost ones. They would’ve died in the wreck otherwise.

“He has black hair and a white uniform on. Really thick eyebrows---like *really* thick,” Rantaro described the teenager as the group were still rushing there.

Mondo’s pace quickened. “Taka?!” Mondo shouted, reaching the wreck. He pulled boards away and quickly placed them to the side. He shouted that name again.

Eventually, the full body of Kiyotaka Ishimaru was exposed. To top off his school uniform, he had knee-high, lace-up, black boots. There was a red cuff around the upper part of his arm. There was dried blood at the side of his head as well as scratches on his face.

Mondo grabbed Kiyotaka and lightly shook him. He brought his hand to the unconscious teenager and gave him a light slap before adding another light slap.

“Fuck. How do we wake him?” Fuyuhiko asked the obvious question.

Rantaro moved towards Mondo and Kiyotaka. He took the bottom of his shirt again and wiped his forehead, getting an idea. He knelt down beside Mondo. “Scooch over, Mondo.”

Mondo obliged, letting Rantaro replace his spot. Rantaro used his ringed hand to grab the bottom of his shirt again. He brought the fabric to Kiyotaka’s nose, letting him take in the ammonia smell.

After a few seconds, Kiyotaka jumped a little, opening his eyes, exposing a deep red. Mondo rushed to him, Rantaro moving over to fit the big guy.

“Taka!” It was as all the teary-eyed could say was that nickname. The strong delinquent had tears of joy running down his face.

Kiyotaka was dazed, but managed to recognize his bro. “Hey, Mondo. Your outside voice is not permitted inside.” He dazed out.

“Oh, Taka.” Mondo’s voice was softer now. It was quieter as Kiyotaka wished for. “I missed you.”

He helped Kiyotaka up and he was introduced to everyone. They kept searching and Mondo welcomed Kiyotaka into his and Fuyuhiko’s group.

Shuichi kept following Rantaro’s path, while Chihiro and Byakuya worked silently together.

“You don’t think this is dangerous?” Kiyotaka asked Mondo, walking next to him and Fuyuhiko.

“There’s risks to everything. You just gotta live a little.” He smirked before finding a pile to break apart.

Byakuya and Chihiro worked collectively to pull apart a pile of wrecked ceiling tiles.

“Hey, I’m sorry about what Mondo said earlier.” Chihiro mentioned.

“Well, he wasn’t wrong. There’s no need to apologize,” Byakuya replied, busying himself with pulling apart the pile.

“Byakuya, we really don’t think that.” Chihiro stated. He stopped giving attention to the pile and focused it all on Byakuya.

“He was just speaking his mind. There’s nothing wrong with that,” Byakuya justified, still busying himself with the pile.

Chihiro sighed, “I’m not getting anywhere with you, huh?”

Byakuya never replied to that. He only spoke when he pulled back a tile. “Uh, Fujisaki, I…” Byakuya paused, collecting himself. “I believe I’ve found another.” Byakuya noticed red-ish hair. “Actually, multiple.” He added, nothing blond hair that had an unnatural blotch of red in it.

“I’ll tell the others.” Chihiro replied. He walked towards the middle of the floor. “Guys! Found someone, maybe two!” He projected his voice loudly.

The rest rushed over and saw Byakuya pulling away more tiles. He revealed the red-haired one. Byakuya thought of how to disturb their unwelcome beauty-sleep.

The teenager had orange-red hair and blue-grey eyes. He had black pants with a white shirt and jacket. His shirt had a red decoration on it and he was covered in piercings. The belt that wrapped around his waist was studded. Leon Kuwata.

“Maybe we should use the water again?” Chihiro proposed.

“No, he might choke.” Rantaro disagreed. “Move the body first. Place him on his back.” Byakuya did as he was told. “Okay, is he breathing?”

Byakuya brought his ear closer to Leon’s mouth and chest area. “A little, it seems wheezy, like it's being disturbed.” He reported.

Shuichi whispered something to Rantaro and he whispered back. They had a quick conversation before Rantaro went to Leon. Byakuya moved over for him.

Rantaro opened Leon’s mouth. He saw his tongue curled back, touching the roof of his mouth and blocking his throat. Rantaro wiped his hands on his pants before letting his digits touch Leon’s tongue and pull it into normal position, so that it wasn’t blocking his airway. He cringed as he did so. Randy shrugged it off and checked Leon's breathing. It was definitely better. Rantaro wiped that hand on his pants and brought both hands to Leon’s chest. The heel of his palm contacted the top of Leon's sternum. Rantaro pushed his hands up and down, performing CPR. As Rantaro was doing that, the others decided to reveal the other person.

It was a girl with medium-length blonde hair and music note hair clips. She wore a white shirt and orange tie. On top of that was a pink sweater vest. Her purple skirt had music noises wrapping around it. Her white backpack was hung on one shoulder. Her purple eyes were covered by closed eyelids. Kaede Akamatsu. Distracting from her beauty, was a piece of tile stabbed through her chest, leaking blood everywhere—onto her hair, and even on Leon’s white jacket. More tapered from her lips and onto her chest.

Fuyuhiko gagged at the gory sight. Shuichi moved away from Rantaro and closer to Kaede. He kneeled beside her and felt for a pulse. He brought his hand back to his side when there was nothing. He grabbed the brim of his hat and covered his face, hiding his tears. Kaede was one of his closest friends, and he had lost her. He failed to protect her. What would happen to Rantaro if he failed again? Shuichi could only think about the helpful, good teenager who was striving to save a life at this moment. He would fail him.

After a point, Leon raised his head coughing. He used one arm to push himself up, coughing into the hand of his other. He noticed the blood on his jacket and followed it to Kaede’s corpse.

“Shit!” Leon cursed. He yanked his arms out of his jacket sleeves and pulled it off to throw it to the side. He quickly kicked his legs and jumped away from the corpse, sliding back.

Mondo went to him, letting Kiyotaka follow him. “Leon, how are you feeling? Any pain?” Mondo checked.

“Uh, no pain, but I was just lying next to a dead fucking body.” Leon said, still shocked.

“Hey, at least you weren’t under one.” Fuyuhiko barged in.

“Maybe we should, uh, move.” Chihiro proposed. There was no argument.

There were two more floors to explore.

The group made their way up. They added Leon to Chihiro and Byakuya's group. They had split up into those same groups, with the exception of Leon.

"Uh, Chi?" Leon called for the peacekeeper.

"What's up?" Chihiro asked back, giving him full attention.

"Are you wearing my shirt?" Leon asked, gesturing towards the oversized-T Chihiro was wearing.

"Uh," Chihiro fidgeted. "Yeah."

Leon grinned. "Cute." He moved on.

Mondo, Fuyuhiko, and Kiyotaka had gone to the far corner from the stairs, making sure to take in what they saw on the way.

Before reaching the corner, something caught Mondo's eye. "Guys. Stop."

The pair did as they were told. They followed Mondo to a pile that showed the top of brown hair. Mondo peeled back the wreck, showing two people. One was a boy with brown hair, brown eyes, and questionable style. He was also quite short and wore a black blazer over his green hoodie. He wore straight black jeans and red sneakers with white laces. Makoto Naegi.

The other one was a girl who had darker brown hair and a tan complexion. She had blue eyes and wore a red track jacket over a white tank top. She had blue shorts that were white along the edges. She wore a red knee-brace and sneakers over white, mid-calf socks.

The two were in a surprising position. Makoto was on his side, his face towards Aoi—or rather Aoi's chest. Mondo flipped Makoto on his back before calling the others.

"Guys! Two more!" He alerted rather casually. The rest came rushing at the alert—as you'd think.

Rantaro woke them up using the same ammonia smell method as he did with Kiyotaka.

The two woke up in no time—well, it took a minute. The three who had originally found them decided to keep Makoto's and Aoi's original position a secret.

They were giving Makoto and Aoi a run-down of why they were there. They told them what had happened to the school.

Enoshima had commanded her goons to attack the home of hope—Hope's Peak Academy, their school. They used shake bombs—bombs to throw to the ground that would shake the land and buildings in a certain radius. The details about the bombs are unknown, as only the despair twins, Junko Enoshima and Mukuro Ikusaba, knew them.

They attacked the school, and it crumbled down almost immediately. Many students and faculty died, including the Headmaster—Jin Kirigiri—and his daughter—Kyoko Kirigiri. Some had escaped, but many people had gone missing. No one decided to investigate and

search for the missing people because they were busy with the plague Enoshima had introduced—The Despair Disease.

The Despair Disease's leading symptom was the feeling of despair. There were multiple causes for these symptoms, like realization of something foul, of that foul thing in general. People who suffer from the Despair Disease can have fluctuations of soft despair and heavy despair. Despair can be a visual symptom, but the more obvious visual symptom was having swirls in their eyes during times of heavy despair.

Enoshima brought despair to the world, with more than a million cases within a week. Despair had taken the world by storm, and threw it into an apocalyptic reality. No one knew what Enoshima had in store for the future. No one knew what else she was capable of—but they knew it was a lot.

They had just about finished the explanation, when they noticed another pile of wreckage. However it was by a shelf, and that shelf was standing on one half of a hole, the other half was exposed for them to see.

“Do we have to search through that?” Makoto asked, gesturing to the pile of wreckage.

“I don't think it's worth it. Someone could get hurt.” Chihiro reasoned.

“There could be a person in there. Isn't that why you guys are here? To find people?” Aoi pointed out.

“I mean, I don't want anyone to get hurt.” Chihiro tried to explain.

Rantaro physically stepped forward. “I'll do it,” he volunteered.

Shuichi whispered to Rantaro, quietly protesting, “Please, Chihiro is right.”

Rantaro silently dismissed him with his hand and went towards the danger zone. He faced his back to the shelf and began to peel back pieces of wreck. The shelf started to slightly rock back and forth. The tiny rocking turned into huge swings. Rantaro bent his back, looking through the pile, his legs uncovered. The hole gave in, letting the leg of the shelf fall through, causing the shelf to lose balance. It had no room to fall backward, so it fell forward. The shelf fell to Rantaro's free left leg. His calf was stuck under the wood. He screamed as the shelf squished him.

Shuichi ran forward to help him and lifted the shelf just enough so that Rantaro had time to escape the grasp of the wood. Shuichi let the wood fall back down once Rantaro was out of this reach. He went to check Rantaro's calf.

It wasn't mangled, but the bottom part of his pant leg was soaked in blood. Rantaro winched as Shuichi went to lift up the heavy fabric. His hand shakily held up his pant leg to let Shuichi see the damage.

Chihiro turned to Mondo. “I told you we shouldn't have gone here!” He yelled.

“Well the kid's not dead, is he?!” Mondo argued.

“His leg is fucking mangled!” Chihiro argued back.

“It is not!” Mondo yelled. Their argument turned heated.

No one knew what to do.

“J-Just...” Rantaro’s voice was shaking. “Clean the—the blood.”

Shuichi nodded and looked at Mondo. “Uh, your bag?”

Mondo handed him the bag and Shuichi took a bottle. He took off his striped shirt, exposing his white undershirt. He opened the bottle and floured the fluid onto his shirt, soaking it. He used the wet shirt to wipe off the blood, exposing the deep wound on Rantaro’s leg. He wrapped the blood-soaked shirt around Rantaro’s leg and tied it, frowning when the tie came undone. He explained the situation to Rantaro.

“We need something to hold the shirt in place,” Rantaro declared.

Aoi physically popped up. She took the knee brace off his leg. “Maybe we could use my knee-brace! It’s pretty useless to me now.” She proposed.

“That’ll work,” Rantaro said.

Shuichi took the brace and returned to Rantaro’s aid. He wrapped the brace around the shirt.

“Can you move it?” Shuichi quietly asked him.

Rantaro attempted to get up, wincing and going back down due to pain. “It-It just hurts a bit. I’ll be back to do it.”

“Are you sure?” Shuichi asked again.

“Yeah.” Rantaro said breathlessly. He got up, fighting the pain but wincing along the way. “See?” He chuckled, giving him a half-forced smile.

“Taro, you can’t just say you’re okay.” Shuichi quietly protested his smile.

Rantaro’s smile lessened, only a bit creeping in. “Shu, I’m okay.”

Shuichi didn’t want to argue with his only alive-friend. He never really could argue in the first place. He would get too nervous. He couldn’t bring himself to raise his voice at anyone. No matter their gender or anything. With that, Shuichi gave up and helped Rantaro walk to the others.

Chihiro rushed to the two. “Rantaro, does it hurt really bad? Sit down!” He was worried.

Rantaro gave him one of those caring half-forced smiles. “I’m fine, Chihiro. No need to worry.”

He tried to move on from the subject, but people kept worrying. They told him to sit down, take a break. They wanted to see it. They were treating him like a hurt puppy, like he was defenseless, like a baby.

“Seriously, I’m fine,” Rantaro asserted. His voice was more firm and louder.

That had silenced the group. The only sound was the wind from outside. It blew through the crack in the windows. Some windows had completely fallen apart, or off.

The group shuffled down the stairs and reached the bottom. They had neglected the top floor due to someone’s injury. They had neglected one of the lost ones.

They all left the building, feeling some sort of relief as they exited the door.

Rantaro had limped the whole way down, constantly leaning on Shuichi for support, but once standing outside the school, he regained his strength and stood on his own. However, his new found balance was almost shook down by a rumble of a vehicle coming closer.

The vehicle had huge, monstrous wheels to match its body. The vehicle was a bit smaller than a single-family house and made the planet rumble with every roll its wheels took.

“What the fuck is that?!” Fuyuhiko asked the obvious question. His volume was raised and full of panic and confusion.

“How are we supposed to know??” Mondo asked back, his volume louder.

The group collectively moved back. There was a screen on the vehicle that lit up. A video of Enoshima glitched on the screen. There was a green aura from the screen.

“Hey, fellow ultimates!” Enoshima taunted them. The video on the screen seemed to be live.

The group didn’t reply. “Now, we’ll be peaceful, if you hand him over.”

Mondo metaphorically stepped up. “What do you mean, ‘him’?”

Enoshima laughed before answering him. “The Ultimate Hope, obviously!”

Makoto swallowed. He was the Ultimate Hope. That was why he was enrolled in Hope’s Peak Academy.

“You’re an idiot if you think we’re gonna give him up!” Mondo yelled back, the only one having the guts to speak to her.

“Actually, you’re the idiot. If you don’t give him to me, I’ll kill you. Or rather, they’ll kill you.” Enoshima’s goons left the vehicle from both sides, swarming the area.

“Fuck, no!” Mondo refused. “Follow me, guys!” Mondo ordered before bolting to an area.

The group blindly followed him, not knowing his plan. The goons and the vehicle followed.

They had entered an employee-only zone. It was a gated area with lines of buses. The entrance wasn't big enough for the vehicle to enter and exit, only buses.

Mondo headed to one of the least damaged ones and latched his hands onto the door, right where they met. He pulled the doors apart, prying the door open. He moved to the side to let everyone in. His hand assisted the back of Rantaro as he stepped on. Mondo then entered as well. The group was standing in the walkway or in the space for seats, no one had sat down except for Rantaro, who couldn't bear to stand.

Mondo remembered when he had stolen the bus from the driver in his freshman year. The driver had screamed for him to stop when the bus started rolling. He had gotten it handed to him by the headmaster, but was never expelled.

Mondo remembered how he started the car. Turn the key, press the button, all while pressed down on the brake. He did as he remembered and started the bus.

"I see your delinquent ways have paid off in a way." Kiyotaka noted as he gripped onto a seat.

"Not the time, Taka," Mondo replied as he kept his attention on what he was doing.

He drove towards the exit. The vehicle was just about to turn the corner to get them in view. However the goons were a lot faster and were crowding the gate opening.

Mondo didn't even hesitate. He just did it. "Mondo, stop!" Kiyotaka attempted to get him to stop the bus, but he had just sped up in response.

The bus jumped up a bit as the bodies it ran over screamed. He sped up and turned to the right, avoiding the monstrous vehicle.

The vehicle followed them through highways that rode alongside mountains. More people had sat down due to the fast speeds Mondo was going at. They were in view of the vehicle until Mondo pulled over into a groove in the mountain.

The vehicle zoomed past and Mondo sat back in his seat, finally taking a breath. However there was no time for a break, because now, they were on the run—and they would be for a long time.

We'll Run Forever

Chapter Summary

Mondo takes them to a secured place where they can stay. However supplies are running low. Mondo is tasked with getting supplies but wants to take someone with him. It eventually boils down to him bring Byakuya and they “talk” to say the least.

They come back home to find blood, danger, and injury. What the fuck happened?

The road was bumpy, but the group dealt with it. They drove the way they came to avoid Enoshima and what Leon called her “sims”.

“What did she mean, she ‘wanted me’?” Makoto asked, breaking the silence.

“How am I supposed to know?” Mondo asked, not taking his eyes off the road.

There was silence again.

“Here’s a question you’ll know: where are we even going?” Fuyuhiko asked.

“Somewhere.” Mondo replied, only half-listening.

“Dude, the hell is that answer?” Fuyuhiko raised his voice.

Mondo couldn’t give a full answer, as he was distracted by memories.

It was Saturday afternoon. The day prior was the chaotic end of his high school. It had ended in crashes, screams, and death. He had been lucky enough to escape that mess, but he didn’t expect another.

“Wait outside, I’ll be right there.” Daiya told him. He was taking Mondo out for a snack since Mondo’s mood was obviously down.

Mondo obliged, but as soon as he closed the door to stop bugs from entering the house, he felt odd. He was tense, and felt eyes on him—millions of eyes.

They were all around him, watching him step down from the porch and onto the cracked driveway. Just a couple of cracks ran through the driveway. He missed each one with his steps. He turned towards the house and saw Daiya in his room, grabbing his keys for the car they would take. His purple eyes paired with black hair. He had a kind face despite his “angry-eyebrows”, and Mondo felt comfort within his slight presence. Daiya went out of the view of the window as he exited his room. Mondo inferred he was on the stairs by now, walking down safely to reach his younger brother. Mondo was right, but not for long.

Mondo felt the ground slightly shake. He was no stranger to earthquakes, as he liked in Tokyo, Japan. However, this one felt different. It wasn't an earthquake—at least not a natural one.

Another shake came, this one stronger and he worried for Daiya. He shouldn't be off the stairs, but he has to be.

Another shake came and the house shook. He heard thuds from inside the walls. More waves of vibration came and shook the house. Soon, the house couldn't take all the shaking. It collapsed. He never saw his brother leave. He was in the house. He was in the house when it crumbled. Mondo felt his heart drop, eyes widen, and mouth agape.

He rushed towards the crumbled house, swinging open a partially useless door. "Daiya!" He called.

He repeated his name over and over until he saw shiny, golden car keys connected to a black base.

Mondo stopped breathing. He felt himself drop to his knees and got lightheaded. He had lost Daiya.

Mondo focused all of his attention onto the road. He had lost Daiya. He wasn't going to lose them too.

He knew where he was going. Before its demise, his gang had thrown tons of parties. To fit everyone, they had to have a specific place—a quite big, specific place.

They had a high-middle class house to throw parties in. He decided to take them there, as it was the only place he could.

The house was just as he remembered it. The driveway was a little scratched up. He could feel those cracks as he drove over them as he did with Enoshima's goons. He opened the door.

"Y'all can go." He let the others go first.

Rantaro pulled himself up by gripping the seats. He leaned on Shuichi for support, who had accompanied him the whole time.

They seemed to have a stronger bond. Maybe they were stuck together when they had been lost. Maybe it was because they were in classes together. Maybe it was because they only knew each other out of the group. Mondo didn't know.

Once they had shuffled out of the door, Mondo shouted to them. "I'm gonna park it on the back!"

He did as he said and then jogged back to the front. The group approached the door. When Aoi raised a valid question.

"Sooo, how do we get in?" She asked.

Mondo nodded and took the keys from inside an unlit lamp. He shook them to show them off. They were golden and shiny.

He inserted them into the keyhole and turned them to the right as he pressed on the door. He took the keys out and shoved them in his oversized pocket. He twisted the knob and opened the door with no problem.

He let everyone go in first, accompanying Rantaro's back when he went even though he was leaning onto Shuichi.

Mondo closed the door behind himself. He saw everyone exploring, but he didn't need to. Everything was just as he left it. Some blinds were hanging off their hinges. Some lights were nearing their final days. There was a bit more dust than usual, but what did he expect?

He heard boots approach him. He tilted his head to see the red-eyed Kiyotaka. "Hey, 'Taka."

"Mondo, if you wouldn't mind me asking, why did you choose here? Is this house yours?" Kiyotaka was asking very obvious questions that needed answers.

"In a way, yeah. It was for my gang stuff. I thought it would fit all of us. Seems like it did." He didn't elaborate on the 'stuff'. What would the Ultimate Moral Compass say if he told him that he snorted cocaine, smoked blunts, and drank underage in the very room they were standing in. Hell, he gave some guys lap dances for a good \$20. The last thing ended when Daiya found out.

"That's cool." Kiyotaka answered dryly. He looked around, still standing in one place.

Mondo didn't realize the downside of going there. Memories of his gang flood to him, overwhelming him. The memories of Daiya especially hurt. He remembered when they first got it. They needed a good place for Daiya's retirement party, and for Mondo to take on the gang. So they all chipped in and bought this house. After the whole new leader thing, they continued to hold parties there, and Daiya would even attend some.

Mondo smiled at the fond memories. Kiyotaka took notice of this.

"Mondo? What made you so happy?" He joked.

Mondo looked up at Kiyotaka and his smile vanished as he analyzed his features. He had black hair, just like Daiya. He had those same 'angry eyebrows'. Mondo could feel himself on the verge of tears. He couldn't be weak in front of his friend.

Mondo turned away and tried to quickly wipe his eyes.

"Did I say something wrong?" Kiyotaka looked worried.

Mondo looked back at him and gave him a smile. "No, god no." His voice was breathy. He couldn't help but smile when looking at Kiyotaka. He remembered how much he missed him when he was lost. Kiyotaka's kind face and acts were inspiring. He was beautiful. He couldn't stop smiling. He needed to let it out. He needed to say it.

He didn't. He didn't say it. He held it down in his stomach, and Kiyotaka smiled. He never heard what Mondo needed to say. Those three words could've made or broke their relationship. Mondo couldn't risk it.

Kiyotaka smiled at him. Aoi rushed into the room. "Sorry to interrupt your bromance, but I'm starving!" She was practically animated.

"Oh, yeah. We should have food in the fridge, but I don't know about the quality." Mondo laughed. Aoi nodded and ran off. Mondo's comment became serious when he yelled, "Make sure to check it!"

Aoi yelled back, "Okay!" As she ran off.

Only minutes later, when Kiyotaka had excused himself for sleep, Mondo approached the kitchen to see Aoi, Makoto, and Leon sitting in the kitchen. Lemon was sighing and looking in the fridge.

Mondo approached him. "Hey, Leon. What's going on?"

"There's nothing to eat!" The ginger complained as he leant on the moving door. His grip let him rock back and forth on the door.

"I could go get something." Mondo offered.

"Please, do!" Leon played it up.

"I can't go alone. It's too dangerous." Mondo pointed out.

"I can come with you!" Makoto offered, light in his eyes.

"No, that's too dangerous. She could be looking for you." Mondo refuted. They all knew who he meant by 'she'.

Makoto sighed and slumped back down in his seat.

"I don't really wanna go anywhere." Leon mentioned.

Mondo nodded. Aoi looked away, signaling that she didn't want to go.

Mondo only wanted to take one person, so both Rantaro and Shuichi weren't an option. They wouldn't want to separate and Mondo didn't want to bring Rantaro around with the state his leg was in. Kiyotaka had previously stated he was going to sleep.

That left Chihiro, Fuyuhiko, and Byakuya.

Mondo walked around the house to find the three. Chihiro and Fuyuhiko were talking, and Mondo didn't feel like interrupting them. That left one person: Byakuya Togami. The one who he had beaten countless times during their school life. They had their arguments, so Mondo obviously didn't want to talk to him. He also didn't want to force anyone to go. He sighed and went to where Byakuya was.

“Byakuya?” He asked. His voice was quiet and he slowly crept forward.

“What.” His question ended as a sentence. He didn’t turn to Mondo. All Mondo could see was Byakuya’s back. His blonde hair covered his neck, and legs were long, much longer than his torso. Most of his 6’1 height were his legs rather than his torso. Right between those areas was his ass. Despite his ‘bro’ attraction to Kiyotaka, he couldn’t deny when others’ bodies piqued his interest. Mondo’s lower area stimulated at the sight.

“I need someone to go to the store with me. We need food.” Mondo explained.

Byakuya finally turned towards him, and for worse or for better, he had also turned his ass away. “Okay. Go get someone.”

“Well,” Mondo started. “I can’t find anyone but,” Mondo pursued before continuing. “You.”

Byakuya grew an amused smile. “So you first check out my ass, then ask me to go get food?” He dug in.

“Wha-?” He didn’t know that Byakuya had noticed. “I-It’s not like that, dude!” He defended himself.

Byakuya just smirked and replied. “Okay, okay. I’ll go with you.”

Mondo huffed. “Just—come on.”

The two tall teenagers made their way to the front door. They headed to the back, where their vehicle was parked.

“Don’t you think taking a school bus is a tad bit suspicious?” Byakuya asked.

“Well, do you want to be in the open for her to just yank us away?” Mondo asked back.

Byakuya knew what he meant by ‘her’. “No, I don’t. I guess we’ll take the filthy school bus.”

They got on and Mondo took the driver’s seat, while Byakuya sat in the seat just behind him. “I still think we look stupid.”

“Oh well, shut up.” Mondo snapped. He carefully made his way out of the driveway.

Once they were on the road, they had much easier conversation, as Mondo could give half of his focus to the conversation, instead of a quarter. Backing a school bus out of your casual driveway is hard.

They parked a bit from the grocery store so that if Enoshima found their bus, she wouldn’t know where they were.

The store was pretty messed up. Shelves were knocked over. Food was on the ground. They avoided the mess and checked out the remotely safe-looking items.

They had gathered a good bit, and piled those goods into a few stolen carts. Mondo opened the back door of the bus and they rolled the carts in, sticking them between seats. They both piled back into the bus and started to drive.

It took Byakuya a few minutes to realize he wasn't recognizing any of the landscape or architecture they were passing. They weren't going the same way they came. They weren't going to that house.

Instead of lines of housing, he saw abandoned shops and dilapidated office buildings.

"Mondo." He didn't want to make his lack of knowledge known, but he was concerned. "Where are you headed?"

"Not to the house. No yet." Mondo replied, restricting Byakuya to certain knowledge.

"I know that, obviously. Where are you headed?" Byakuya asked again.

Mondo took a wide turn as he answered, revealing a hospital. "Rantaro needs help. We can't just let his wound get infected. He's gonna die otherwise."

Mondo thought of how Shuichi would react if Rantaro succumbed to his injuries. He would be broken. He'd think he would have nothing to live for.

"He was the one who decided to go there." Byakuya mentioned.

"Do you know how bitchy you sound?" Mondo raised his voice.

"Am I wrong? Did he not volunteer himself?" Byakuya bitched.

Mondo felt his face heat up. "You asshole, I'll crash this bus into a ditch and kil y—"

Byakuya smirked. "Do it."

"What?" Mondo was stunned. The bus was stopped in the parking lot, so he didn't have to worry about crashing. "Oh, you bitch."

Byakuya smirked. "Well, get on with it. Go get whatever you need."

Mondo adjusted himself in his seat. "You're coming with me."

"Aw, too scared to go alone?" Byakuya grinned like an idiot. He leaned on the back of Mondo's seat.

"Let's go." Mondo stated. He got up from his seat and walked off of the bus. Byakuya followed him.

At one point when they were walking to the front door, Mondo slowed down, letting Byakuya pass him.

Mondo gazed at the delicious view. His rear was held in place by his form pants, but not even that stopped it from doing a bit of bouncing.

Byakuya stopped walking and turned to face Mondo. “Looking again?”

Mondo froze. He grew hot and his face faded red. “No, I was never looking at...that. Come on, let’s just go.” He mumbled the last part.

They entered the hospital, and Mondo realized he didn’t know where the fuck he was going. He looked around the hospital and eventually gathered a cast, some medical ice—hoping it wouldn’t melt, if it did, he would just drink it—a pair of crutches, and some painkillers, as he could see the pain on Rantaro’s face when he walked.

It was a long, silent, and awkward walk back to the bus. Mondo was holding everything, while Byakuya was empty handed.

Mondo had let Byakuya put the stuff wherever. There was this unusual atmosphere in the bus. It felt hot when it wasn’t. Mondo was going to start the bus when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He shivered at the touch, but that same touch felt hot. Mondo leaned into the heat.

That hand trailed near his neck. Mondo tilted his head back and let out a whine when Byakuya’s lips connected with the skin of his neck. His whines were deeper when Byakuya started to kiss and bite.

Byakuya’s hand moved down to right above Mondo’s crotch. Both the teenagers were breathing heavily. Mondo’s whines became moans when Byakuya started to caress his crotch. He wanted to stick it up his rear.

Byakuya gave Mondo’s neck kisses and bites. A smile crept on Mondo’s face. He got out of his seat, taking Byakuya by surprise.

“My apologies, I—” Byakuya was cut off by Mondo’s lips meeting him.

“I fucking hate you.” Mondo declared. He let his hands roam Byakuya’s body. He loved the feeling of their hips grinding together.

Still kissing, the two fell back onto a previously empty seat. They started to get vigorous.

“Likewise, Owada.” Byakuya replied, letting Mondo’s last name roll off his tongue with a snicker. Mondo continued to kiss the bitch boy until they both got restless.

Mondo pulled back, taking in the sight of Byakuya at his mercy. He pulled off his jacket and fiddled with his belt. When he finally got it off, he threw it to the side.

He noticed Byakuya wasn’t participating in them taking their clothes off. “Get to work. I’m not gonna do it for you.” With that, Byakuya removed his jacket, and also started to remove his belt.

Mondo pulled off his pants, revealing his briefs. Byakuya snickered. “Tiger stripes, really? So immature.” He bitched, referencing his tiger print briefs.

“Oh shut up, money man.” Mondo hurriedly took the laughing point off of his body and with the rest of his clothes. Byakuya too pulled his bottoms down.

Now they were ready. Mondo lined his freed boner with Byakuya’s asshole. He pushed in way too fast. With limited supplies, he didn’t have anything to make it hurt less for Byakuya, but for Mondo, this felt amazing.

Byakuya watched Mondo’s pleased face as his insides got wrecked. Everytime Mondo thrust deep in him he could feel his walls trying to grab onto the weapon. Now Byakuya’s own dick was fully erect, and he could barely keep his hands off it.

“I hate you, you filthy bitch.” Mondo said while literally in said filthy bitch.

“The—feeling’s—ah—mutual—!” Byakuya said in between fucks.

Mondo could feel himself getting there. He was right about to bust in Byakuya’s ass. He went crazy.

Byakuya felt himself on the verge. His boner gave in and shot out its treasure, spraying its owner’s stomach. Good thing his shirt was riled up, otherwise it would get on his designer clothes.

Mondo kept going. He continued to shove his monster in and out of Byakuya’s ass, making sure to keep the tip in for easy access. He continued and Byakuya was feeling overstimulated. His dick felt like there were a million sparkles in it, and he could swear his vision was getting blurry. He examined Mondo’s rough but pleased face. Finally, Mondo’s dick also gave in, and sprayed web in Byakuya’s ass, who loved the feeling.

Mondo pulled out and stood back up, rummaging for his clothes. Byakuya did the same. Once they were decently dressed, excluding the fact that Bakuya had put no bottoms on yet, Mondo turned to Byakuya.

“Forget this happened or I’ll shoot you in the head.” He threatened.

“Like I was going to tell someone I got fucked by you. You act like an animal.” Byakuya obliged.

Mondo started the bus and drove off. During the ride back, he check his rear view mirror and saw Byakuya with his legs spread, exposing his private area.

He was taking that same handkerchief he had dried his face with earlier and cleaning out his rear. He had also wiped his stomach to ensure no mess.

“Cleaning yourself?” Mondo teased, glancing between the road and the mirror.

Byakuya’s face dropped. “Yes, you made a mess.” He replied before continuing to clean himself.

“So you’re basically fingering yourself?” Mondo continued to tease.

Byakuya's face grew shocked. "No, It's not like that!" He insisted.

"Sure thing, money man." Mondo replied before focusing all his attention back on the road, and not at the hot sight behind him.

When they had pulled into the back of the driveway, Mondo ordered them both to get the stuff. Before heading inside, Mondo had mouthed to Byakuya, "I hate you."

Byakuya nodded and whispered back. "Likewise."

They pushed the front door open and brought the things inside. They had just closed the door when panic filled Mondo's heart.

Rantaro was lying on the floor, sitting up, but Shuichi was nowhere in sight. Rantaro was crying and shaking. There was blood soaking the carpet around him as well as Shuichi shirt that was once wrapped around his leg. That same shirt Was now unwrapped and on the floor along with Aoi's knee brace.

Rantaro looked at them, shaking. His hand was covered in blood and he had worry in his eyes. His hair was all messed up and you could see the bone peeking from his flesh. He could barely get the words out but he did in a quiet yelp. "Mondo..."

Loss Then Gain Despair

Chapter Summary

Mondo, Byakuya, and Shuichi rush to help Rantaro, bringing him to an abandoned hospital.

“Rantaro?!” Mondo called out, panicked. He rushed over to the hurting teenager. “Oh, shit!”

“Oh, hi,” Rantaro’s breathing was heavy and separating his words. “Mondo.”

“What happened?” Mondo asked, his voice in a shout.

“I just...Shuichi...” Rantaro looked towards the far away bathroom.

“He’s in there? Do you need me to get him?” Mondo offered. HE grabbed the shirt again and tried to rewrap Rantaro’s leg.

“Please.” Rantaro replied, using his bloody hand to keep the shirt in place.

Mondo nodded and hurried to the bathroom. “Shuichi!” He called.

“Uh, yes?” Shuichi replied.

“Dude, get out here! Rantaro’s bleeding badly!” Mondo explained.

He heard Shuichi rush and open the door. “What happened?!” He didn’t even wait for Mondo’s answer before running to Rantaro. “Babe-! Oh my god, fuck!”

Shuichi’s hands were shaking as he tried to grasp reality. Rantaro’s leg was just as shaky.

“Hey...I just...wanted to...get you...”

“I-I can fix it...” Shuichi said, trying not to sob. He went to his leg. “Can I see it?” He asked, trying to steady his hands.

Rantaro nodded his consent and let out a breathy, “Yeah...”

Shuichi moved his partially dry, partially wet shirt. He let out a gaspy sob as he saw part of Rantaro’s bone. Streams of blood flowed from the wound.

“C-Can you fix it?” He asked, letting out a breathy laugh at the end of his question. He relaxed his head, tilting it back.

Shuichi shook his head with tears in his eyes. “I don’t think so...”

Rantaro smiled. “That’s okay, Shu. Just...cover it back up.” He advised.

Shuichi nodded and covered his leg again. “I need to help you. How do I do that?”

Rantaro let out a sigh. “I don’t know.”

Mondo walked towards them. “There’s an abandoned hospital. It has a lot of supplies. I can take you guys there and we can use them.” Mondo offered.

“Mondo, we don’t know how.” Rantaro reasoned. His head was relaxing on Shuichi’s thighs as he shakily held the shirt in place.

“Well, Byakuya over here always bragged about his medical training. So let’s see that in action.” Mondo gestured to Byakuya who had been standing quietly in the corner.

“Oh, ok. Yeah, let’s do that.” A form of hope entered Shuichi’s voice. He turned to Rantaro. “Taro, I’m gonna move you. We have to stand you up. You can lean on me just as before.”

Rantaro just silently nodded before going along with Shuichi.

“You guys go to the bus in the back. I’m gonna tell the rest where we’re going.” Mondo told them.

Just as Mondo said, Byakuya, Shuichi, and Rantaro went to the bus.

“Guys!” Mondo called as he headed up the stairs. They were all in one room, playing Uno. “I’m back.” He said as he stood in the doorway.

Leon’s head whirled to face him. “Did you get food?” He asked.

“Yeah, a shit ton. I’m gonna head out for a while. I’ll be back ASAP.” Mondo replied.

“What? Where are you going?” Chihiro questioned, wondering where his friend was going.

“I don’t wanna worry you—” Mondo started before being cut off by Fuyuhiko.

“Tell us, now!” He yelled.

Mondo wasn’t intimidated, but thought they should know. “Rantaro...fell, or something. So we’re taking him to an abandoned hospital.” He explained.

“The hell is an abandoned hospital gonna do? There’s no one there!” Aoi angrily reasoned.

“Look, we’re just going for the supplies. Plus, Byakuya has some medical training ‘cause his father was a rich asshole. We’ll be back as soon as we can. You can eat the food on the counter and refrigerate some if needed.” He instructed before leaving the room to avoid any protest.

He rushed through the back door to see the bright yellow bus he had stolen. In it were three teenagers, one being severely injured.

Mondo went through the already open door and hopped in the driver's seat. He started the bus and drove as fast as he could. He tried to avoid speed bumps so that Rantaro wouldn't cry out in pain even more. He already was when Mondo made harsh turns, they hit the curb, or when he just accidentally moved his leg. Shuichi was worrying over him the whole time, and for good reason too.

Mondo didn't have time to think about the events that had just occurred. He was too busy trying to park in a parking spot due to instinct. Mondo snapped out of that. He didn't have time for that shit, plus half of Japan's population was dead—including police officers that would give you a ticket for that. Plus, no one cares about laws anymore, not when there's a crazy 19 year-old with big ponytails and nice cleavage trying to kill everyone she sees.

Mondo opened the door. "Come on." He ordered, masking the panic in his voice. The others obliged,

The walk to the front door was even longer than before. With adrenaline slowly down time, Mondo could feel the blood being pumped from his heart. He could hear it.

Maybe they were just slower because Rantaro couldn't run, or because the time had been slowed down in their heads.

Well, no matter how slow, they made it to the door. Mondo let them all in, his chivalry and beliefs peaking into reality. He closed the door behind himself and hurried to reach the others.

"Okay. We need to find what place would help us, and where that is." Mondo explained, appointing himself as the leader of another situation.

Mondo remembered when he had visited this hospital while it was still running. Daiya had been hit by a truck, leaving himself severely injured.

Mondo could remember every detail of it—even to the point of how Daiya's breathing patterns changed in the moment. The ordeal left his right arm practically torn apart. They had rushed him to the hospital and saved his life. Of course he was now physically disabled, but he was able to get a prosthetic arm.

Mondo just so happened to remember what room that was. Daiya and Rantaro's situation was similar, so maybe that room will be helpful.

"Follow me." Mondo ordered.

"Where?" Shuichi's voice was more rough than usual.

"I think there's a room that could be helpful. Now come on." Mondo said again, this time with a rougher tone.

Shuichi looked at Rantaro, who nodded and gave a soft smile. Shuichi looked back at Mondo. "Okay."

Mondo followed his memory to the section his brother was in. He couldn't bear to go to the exact room that Daiya was in. So he went to the one next to it.

They laid Rantaro on the bed. “So, how do we go about this?” Mondo asked, directing his question to Byakuya.

“Well we need to clean the blood first.” Byakuya replied. He put on blue gloves before grabbing medical wipes and alcohol.

When cleaning the blood, he noticed pus still leaving the wound. The area was puffy and red. Around the red was a discolored shade.

“His wound is showing signs of infections.” Byakuya said, still cleaning.

Rantaro held back his cries to the best of his ability. “What?” Mondo asked for confirmation, shocked.

“There’s more pus, and the area around the wound is red and discolored.” Byakuya explained. He finished cleaning and threw out the wipes.

Byakuya hissed as he saw how bad the injury was. “We’d have to cut part of his leg above the injury, make that an opening, then push his bone back in, then rearrange the inner flesh, then stitch back up his wound. It might be more difficult since he had a prior, untreated wound.”

“Well, fix it.” Mondo’s voice was raised due to stress. Fear was building up in him. They had to help Rantaro.

Despite Byakuya cleaning the wound, more blood came out. His wound kept bleeding. You could see the pain on Rantaro’s face. Shuichi covered his eyes with his hat, but Mondo could tell he was crying.

While Byakuya was thinking on what to do, Mondo had time to think. When Shuichi saw Rantaro injured, he called out for him. He didn’t call out ‘Rantaro’, or his nickname ‘Taro’. He called him ‘Babe’. Were they together? There was no doubt, they had a close relationship, but Mondo didn’t expect that close.

Despite Mondo’s mental disappearance, Rantaro kept bleeding. Blood covered his calf. It spilled over onto his shoe. Rantaro felt a pain in the back of his head. That pain kept flashing from the front to the back. His vision was blurring and he was barely aware of the blood flowing down his leg.

He was barely aware of anything. Not of Shuichi calling for his name, not the slight sting of the rubbing alcohol. Not Mondo’s raised voice towards Byakuya.

He closed his eyes to try and soothe his aching head. Soon, he found he couldn’t open his eyes again. He didn’t have the strength to lift his lids open.

Shuichi’s heart stopped. The rising and falling of Rantaro’s chest slowed to a stop. His eyes were closed and his face looked peaceful. Blood still covered his legs, but the flow slowed. Byakuya removed his hands from the injured area and stared at his patient's face.

Shuichi felt a hand on his shoulder as he stared at his dead lover's face. His hands were on the blood stained bed, close to Rantaro's. His hat fell a little, creating a shadow on his face. His heart kept sinking into his stomach. He was alone. The one person who was there for him was gone—dead. His hat covered it, but Shuichi's irises twisted into a long, yellow sliver before curling into a swirl of despair.

Love Does Things

Chapter Summary

With the loss of Rantaro, things go haywire—some even daring to leave the house alone, some daring leave this life behind.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the sucky chapters recently, wish you guys the best <3

It was hard to leave him, especially for Shuichi. They didn't know what to do with the body. What if the others wanted to see it? Mondo didn't want to transport a dead body. In the end, they decided to wrap him in a sheet and put him in one of the farther seats.

The house came into view. Mondo turned into the driveway and kept going until he reached the back.

The atmosphere was low as they walked through the back door, leaving the body in the bus.

The rest of the group were in the kitchen. Some were still snacking, others not. Leon was still snacking. He took a handful full of chips and shoved them in his mouth. He kept his hand there to cover it. Aoi was happy to have donuts—her favorite food—at her side.

The others could sense a low and saddened atmosphere as Byakuya, Shuichi, and Mondo shuffled into the kitchen—without Rantaro.

“Guys? What happened?” Aoi asked, a concerned look on her face as she abandoned the glazed donuts. “Where’s green-guy?”

Shuichi’s hair covered his eyes. Mondo hadn’t seen it since Rantaro died. In fact, no one had. Mondo remembered the panicked look on Rantaro’s face when he made eye contact with Shuichi one last time. It was almost as if he had seen something—something in his eyes. Or maybe it was just the pain.

Whatever it was, there was one truth: No one wanted to tell the news. Mondo unspokenly took it upon himself to be leader, so he was going to take it upon himself to tell everyone the news. “Rantaro,” He stopped to collect himself and his thoughts. “He—uh—isn’t—” They knew what he meant. “Yeah.”

“We must perform the rightful ceremony.” Kiyotaka noted. He was obviously distressed.

“We’ve—uh—got his body in the bus.” Mondo told them. He shuffled a bit before looking at Byakuya, who had a relaxed expression. His face looked mean.

“I don’t wanna see him...” Chihiro said, his voice almost smaller than his frame.

“Well I don’t wanna just leave him.” Mondo pointed out.

No one knew what to do with the body.

“We could bury him.” Fuyuhiko suggested. His face was relaxed, his mouth in a line. He was serious.

“We don’t have a shovel.” Leon pointed out, no longer eating his chips.

“Just get one.” Fuyuhiko said. That seemed pretty easy.

“Okay, but we have to walk to get it. ‘Cause—you know—he’s in there.” Makoto remembered.

“Then we’ll walk. I’m not gonna let the guy get eaten by flies in a bus.” Fuyuhiko pushed forward.

With that, he left—not even taking anyone with him.

Fuyuhiko left the house.

Chihiro and Makoto spent the time worrying about him. He had gone alone. No one really acknowledged it, but the world was quite dangerous. Some people went crazy, there were no laws being pushed, there was no order. The buildings were weakened by the amount of artificial earthquakes that struck the area, so they could fall at any moment. Fuyuhiko wasn’t protected by anything. Not people, shelter, vehicles, nothing.

Mondo had succumbed to hunger. He rummaged through the kitchen, since they had put away the groceries as he asked. He pulled out a bowl from the cabinet and wiped any possible dust off of it. Shuichi had come in and ignored Mondo’s greeting. He walked past the knife block and went back to wherever he had been before. He grabbed the same chips Leon had eaten and poured them into his clean bowl. He was unaware of what was going on upstairs.

It was a quiet, dark room. There were no rooms, and one tiny light that was barely glowing—it must’ve almost been dead. It was the perfect place. Shuichi tightened his grip on the knife. He was standing right under the low-lit light. He lifted his head, that lifted his hat. His swirly, despaired eyes met the dim light. The blade shone eerily as the light bounced off of it, giving it a low yellow glow.

He bent down to line up the knife right below his knee. He pushed the knife into his flesh, his bone stopping the blade from fully amputating his leg. He fell forward. He cursed himself for making a loud noise. Someone could come up here. He turned his body and reached his hand

towards the doorknob. He turned the lock, locking the door. No one should be able to come in, but Mondo's pretty strong, he could break the door down if he thought something was up. He'd have to be careful.

Shuichi pulled the knife back out. It wasn't too sharp, due to the house being abandoned up until earlier that day.

Rantaro was the one person he could trust. He brought the blade to his wrist, the sharper side pressing against his skin. He was the only one who had actually shown interest in him. He pressed the blade into his skin, causing an incision. He remembered how Rantaro acted when they first met.

Shuichi opened the door and shuffled into the bathroom. He walked past the first three stalls and went to the last one—the largest one. He pulled out his phone with no intention to relieve himself. He heard the door open just as he had done moments prior. He heard footsteps go towards the communal sinks. Shuichi shoved his phone back into his pocket before exiting the stall.

He picked the closest sink and examined the teenager who was two sinks away. He had green hair and green eyes. He had many rings and piercings. He was adjusting said piercings in the mirror.

Shuichi turned off the sink and dried his hands. The other teenager looked towards him. "Hey, I like your style." He said, mentioning his gothic attire.

"Thanks." Shuichi replied, flustered as always when he's complimented.

"What's your name?" Rantaro asked.

Shuichi adjusted his hat. "Shuichi Saihara. Yours?"

"I'm Rantaro Amami. I'm assuming you have an ultimate talent. What is it?" Rantaro asked, fiddling with his rings.

"Ultimate Detective." Shuichi answered, watching his rings.

"Well," Rantaro let out a breathy laugh. "I have two."

"Two? That's pretty cool." Shuichi was impressed. He didn't even realize that they were still holding hands.

"Yeah, I'm the Ultimate Adventurer and Survivor." Rantaro told him. He left his rings alone and moved onto playing with his necklaces.

They had been friends for a while, until Rantaro called him over to their school's gardens.

"What's up, Taro? Flowers are beautiful, huh?" Shuichi asked.

Rantaro let out a breathy laugh. "I told you not to call me that, Shu." He took both of Shuichi's hands into his.

“So you can call me ‘Shu’, but I can't call you ‘Taro’?” Shuichi pointed out, letting their hands lock together.

“There’s something else you can call me.” Rantaro told him. Shuichi noted how shaky his hands were, how nervous he looked.

“And what is that?” Shuichi asked, a bit more boldly.

“Your boyfriend?” His voice was smaller than usual, along with being more shaky. He kept the grip on Shuichi’s hands.

“Of course I can call you that. Would ‘babe’ also suffice?” Shuichi asked. “Or hun, or sweetheart, and stuff?”

“Yeah, and I agree. The flowers are beautiful, Almost as beautiful as you.” Rantaro added.

“Okay, ‘Ultimate Hopeless Romantic.’” Shuichi laughed.

Shuichi laughed that same laugh at his old remark. He slid the knife side to side, letting blood flow from him in streams. He pulled the knife away, involuntary moving forward due to pain. His wounded arm shook, the streams of blood becoming shaky. He remembered what happened when Rantaro first found him.

“Babe!” Rantaro called out as he pulled debris off of his lover.

Shuichi woke up from the noise and movement. “Huh? Yeah.” Shuichi replied, dazed. He let his head fall back on debris.

“Oh God, are you okay?!” Rantaro asked, pulling his lover forward and brushing wood dust off of his shoulders.

“Mm,” Shuichi took a minute to think. “Yeah?” He replied, only half dazed now. He lifted his head up and leaned on his elbows.

Rantaro used his hand to accompany his head. He scooped his body closer to Shuichi’s, practically holding him now. “We need to get out of here. It’s dangerous. I don’t know what happened but it’s dangerous now. We need to leave.”

Shuichi nodded, and with that, they headed towards the stairs that led down. Rantaro paused.

“What happened?” Shuichi whispered, getting the hint of his attempt at secrecy. He gripped onto Rantaro’s arm.

“I heard someone.” Rantaro whispered back, moving his hand to touch Shuichi’s—the one that was linked around his arm.

“Maybe other people are alive here, but just hidden—like I was.” Shuichi mentioned.

“Maybe we should look for others?”

“No, you’re the only one I needed. We need to leave. Otherwise we might get hurt.” Rantaro shutdown his idea. “Plus, I’ve already scanned this floor while looking for you.”

Rantaro pulled away from Shuichi and walked in front of him as they both cautiously walked down the stairs.

He froze when he saw a group of teenagers, their grades ranging. He recognized them all as upperclassmen. Mondo Oowada—18. Fuyuhiko Kuzuryuu—17. Chihiro Fujisaki—18. Byakuya Togami—18. Shuichi and Rantaro were just one year younger than Fuyuhiko.

The atmosphere was a mix of tense and awkwardness. He swallowed before speaking to them. “Heya, Guys.” Rantaro greeted them. “This is awkward, no?”

Shuichi had moved to the other wrist, slicing it in the same manner as the prior one. He couldn’t help but let out a cry—that was muffled by his tightly closed mouth.

Weakly, he re-angled the somewhat glowing blade. The tip faced his stomach, and he held the knife with both hands. He took a shaky breath and pulled the knife back, before taking another deep breath. He plunged the knife forward, burying the knife into his stomach. His eyes gave one last despaired swirl before he fell back—eyes still open—eyes still swirling with despair.

It was hot inside the bus—hot enough to bake cookies. Rantaro laid, abandoned, in a lonely brown seat. The covering was a bit uncomfortable, but he could deal with it. The corner was a bit ripped, exposing its white insides. There was a slight buzz, you could call it a hum.

Rantaro could just barely open his eyes, his view stopped by the white sheet on top of him. He couldn’t form any words, but he could tell where he was, due to the opening of the blanket on his left.

He heard a door open, and felt the sheet lift off of him. A girl with poofy strawberry blonde ponytails was revealed. She had two alternating colored bears—one black, one white. She wore a black button up—the buttons being undone at the top. It was paired with a. White tie and short, red, plaid skirt. She wore high, laced up boots. Junko Enoshima? Rantaro couldn’t make sense of her identity.

She had no problem grabbing him and pulling him up out of his seat. She brought him to her monstrous vehicle.

Junko had an eerie smile on her face and she helped a willing, injured, dazed Rantaro inside her vehicle.

In her opinion, the ultimates were stupid if they thought she wouldn’t know where they were. She always knew. She knew everything. She just had to wait, and play this game, until the right time to strike.

New is Found

Chapter Summary

After Junko's rampage, in a despaired state, Shuichi is reminded of the past—the past with Rantaro. The group is split up, with Fuyuhiko leaving to give Rantaro a proper burial, more and more people leave the house. Mondo soon collects himself and goes to return the group to its former. However he comes back missing one person, but having a new.

Chapter Notes

Ah

“Come on, we've got to get to class.” Rantaro nagged, taking Shuichi's hand, and uselessly guiding him to the stairs.

“Fine.” Shuichi finally agreed, but still whined.

They walked up the stairs, reaching the fourth floor. They had a test that Shuichi had forgotten to study for. He was hoping something crazy would happen out of left field so that he wouldn't have to take the test.

A blonde girl ran up to them. She had purple eyes, a pink sweater vest and an orange tie on top of her purple skirt that was decorated with music notes. “Hey, guys! Are you ready for the test?” Kaede Akamatsu asked, her voice awfully cheery for having to take a test in 5 minutes that was 20% of their grade.

“I'm pretty good.” Rantaro replied, still gripping Shuichi's hand, as their relationship was known to their group of friends.

The two glanced at Shuichi, who replied, “No.”

Kaede gave him a pitiful smile. Rantaro gripped his hand tighter.

Shuichi could tell by the look on his face that Rantaro was nervous. It was that expression he made when something bad was going to happen. It could be about his or Shuichi's grade—maybe even both of theirs, maybe even Kaede's. No, it felt like more than that. His ultimate survivor instincts were kicking in.

“Well I still gotta go one more floor up for my math class. See ya, and good luck!” Kaede wished them.

She was now on the fifth floor.

It was free time for the seniors, which consisted of Mondo and friends, as well as others. They were roaming around, most of them deciding to stay on the first floor—Like Mondo, Chihiro, Kyoko Kirigiri, and others. So did Fuyuhiko and Peko Pekoyama, but they stayed towards the back.

Kiyotaka was on the fifth floor with Leon.

Makoto went to the sixth floor with Aoi for snacks from the vending machine.

Hajime Hinata—a talentless boy—had been chosen by the school even though he was talentless. They do that every year. He headed to the top floor to be alone, as no one really went up there. There were multiple rooms, but none were made into official classrooms. There were all sorts of rumors about what the school had in mind for that area. Like if the school was going to bring back their infamous testing from the 1940s, or they were storing dead bodies up there. All dumb stores.

Hajime liked it up there. It was quiet and empty, as no one really dared to go up there except for the occasional custodian who would order Hajime out. But as of then, there were no custodians ordering Hajime out. He could sit there and read in peace.

That was when it happened. When the world—or the school—started to shake. Students and faculty were screaming. There was no helping them as the school crumbled down. The headmaster, Jin Kirigiri, had jumped out of the building before seeing his life—the school—crumble.

Mr. Kirigiri was a good man. He talked to the students, helped clean up messes, and was a busy guy. Still, he had time for his daughter, Kyoko Kirigiri. He had dark purple hair and always wore a suit, even to casual school events. He had dark purple eyes. He couldn’t stand to see his life’s work crumble. So he abandoned that life, and moved onto the next.

Some students were fortunate enough to escape the collapsing building, others not. Mondo and Chihiro were two of the lucky ones. As well as Nagito Komaeda—The Ultimate Lucky Student, Kyoko Kirigiri—The Ultimate Detective, Kokichi Ouma—The Ultimate Supreme Leader, and others.

It was unknown why there were two ultimate detectives. When Shuichi got the letter, he thought it was a scan at first, since there was already an ultimate detective. Most people agreed on the theory that it was because the other ultimate detective would be leaving the school soon.

That wasn’t the worst thing to happen in Mondo’s life. After his house crumbled in front of his eyes, he went to the school to find the lost ones. Once he had left, someone arrived.

She walked—almost strutted—to the wreckage, seemingly proud of her work. She had two poofy, strawberry blonde ponytails, that were decorated with alternating colored bears—one white, one black. She wore a blade button up, the top buttons on done. Over that, she had a white and black tie with a red circle on it that had a line through it. That red matched her red black shirt and the laces on her knee high combat boots.

She approached a pile of wreckage Mondo had just so conveniently missed during his search for his beloved brother. She dug through it, oh so elegantly until she had completely uncovered the disabled teenager.

She used all her might to pick up the muscular guy and somehow dragged him to her vehicle. This would mark the start of her collection.

She entered the school, hiding behind wreckage to avoid Mondo and friends. She almost burst out laughing when she saw what happened to Rantaro's leg. His bravery didn't pay off. Once she saw the group leave the floor, she hurried to the top floor. She knew someone had to be up there.

The top floor was the most wrecked. There wasn't really a ceiling anymore, as it had collapsed. There was a huge pile in the corner. He's in there. She dug through the pile, careful not to break any of her bright red nails that matched her bright red lipstick. She had to be evil in style.

She couldn't keep the smile off her face once she saw him. Hajime Hinata—No ultimate. He wore black pants and a white colored shirt paired with a green tie that had lighter green decorations.

She picked him up, careful to go fast, but still avoid the enemy. She assumed they would be rather slow, since Rantaro was severely injured. She had reached the ground floor without being noticed. She stored him in her vehicle and approached the group once they left the school. Poor Mondo had no idea that he was being chased by a monstrous vehicle that had his unconscious brother inside.

She knew exactly where they were the whole time. They were stupid if they thought she had lost them. She was just being more discreet.

Now with Rantaro, she had three to her collection, and that number would soon grow with Fuyuhiko leaving alone. If only she could've found Jin Kirigiri. That'll be her next stop. Back to the school—where this all started.

Chihiro spent the day waiting by the door. He sat to its right, knees stuck together and bent, laying on the floor. He leaned his upper body on the wall behind him.

“Chihiro, if you don't mind me asking, why are you sitting here? Alone on the floor.” Kiyotaka asked, approaching the programmer. He bent down a little, resting his hands on his knees and looking down at Chihiro.

“He hasn't come back yet. He's been gone all day.” Was all Chihiro answered with. He remained in his position, sitting still.

“You’re concerned about Fuyuhiko. I’m sure he’ll arrive soon, but it’s getting late. We need to eat dinner and sleep. Figuring out sleeping arrangements will be tough.” Kiyotaka replied, trying to reassure Chihiro. He brought out a hand, waiting for the sitting teenager to take it. He remained in his position, sitting still.

“Taka,” Chihiro called him by his nickname. “No one stays out that long for a fucking shovel!” He was almost to the point of sobbing, worrying about his newfound friend.

Kiyotaka sighed, taking his nod back. “I understand you are worried. But—”

“Clearly you don’t. I need to do something.” Chihiro snapped, tears of worry welling in his eyes. He stood up, leaving behind his prior position. He slipped on his Mary Janes, before grabbing the doorknob. He gave it a twist and yanked it open. He quickly walked off, not even bothering to fully close the door behind him.

Chihiro left the house.

Kiyotaka, with his boots already laced up, ran after him—not closing the door or telling the others. “Wait!” He shouted, stretching out his arm as he chased after Chihiro.

Kiyotaka left the house.

A couple of hours had passed.

“Mondo! Wait a second!” Makoto called out to the gang leader.

Mondo paid no attention, searching the house for any sign of his friends’ existence there. Both of their shoes were gone and they had left no mark behind.

“Where did they fucking go?” His anger had quickly rushed to head, causing him to go into a blind panic. He was searching all over the house, trying every door to see if they were in there. He even went into the bathroom without knocking.

Then he reached the uppermost floor of the house. Mondo exhausted all doors of the house until he reached the last room. He was desperate. He tried the knob. The door wouldn’t budge. Out of rage and panic, he hit his body against the door.

“Open you bitch!” He yelled out of pure rage, grabbing the knob tightly so that his knuckles turned white.. His anger genuinely scared Makoto. Mondo could strangle him with one grab at his neck. He could crush his bones if he applied a little pressure. Mondo was insanely strong considering his age—19— and just in general. While Makoto was wimpy and stood at just 5’3. He could even beat Byakuya’s ass with little effort.

Mondo readjusted himself. One wouldn’t do it. He threw himself again. And then he repeated. He kept going until he got what he wanted. He kept going until the door finally gave in and swung open, the lock now busted.

Mondo stumbled as he saw inside. Not because he had winded himself by repeatedly throwing himself at a piece of wood, but because of what he saw. Shuichi Saihara, an Ultimate Detective, was lying lifeless on the wooden floor. His body had been moved by the

door, leaving a cape of smeared blood to trail from where he had once rested, to his current position.

Mondo felt himself gag. He Leaned against the door frame, using his back and right hand to slowly slide down, his exhaustion kicking in now that his episode was suddenly interrupted.

“Mondo?” He slowly approached a scary, but exhausted Mondo. “Are you okay?” Makoto hadn’t had the sight of that room yet.

Mondo suddenly realized his state. His throat was so dry. It was almost life if he coughed, dust would come out. God, he was so sweaty. His forehead felt like a puddle. His inner thighs were drenched, caddying his pants to climb and hug him in uncomfortable ways. He was panting, breathless. Thank god he was sitting down. An ache formed at the front of his head traveled to the back within seconds, winding him even more. That same pain moved to the left of his head. Then everything shifted to the left. He couldn’t stop his body from hitting the wet, wooden floor.

“Mondo?!” Makoto called out, but Mondo couldn’t hear.

He grabbed Mondo by the shoulders, who had gotten up—dazed—just seconds later.

Mondo turned his head and managed a sentence out of his drought-like throat. “Shuichi,” The syllables of the dead teenager’s name merged. “Not—okay. Hurt?” He didn’t fully understand what was going on, as he was still dazed.

Makoto looked over to the room. His eyes widened and his heart dropped as he saw what Mondo was referencing. Shuichi’s leg was mangled and his wrists were pouring out oceans of blood. What really got Makoto, was the fact that the bloody knife that seemingly caused these injuries, was in Shuichi’s own hand.

Makoto swallowed, not knowing what to do. Makoto then noticed something in Shuichi’s eyes. They were formed in circles, and Makoto put the pieces together. His loss, the covering of his eyes, his silence, his possible suicide. It all made sense. Despair.

“We needa,” Mondo paused, taking fast short breaths. “Find Taka an’ Chi.”

“Wait, I—” Makoto paused. “I don’t know what to do.” Makoto realized, kneeling by Mondo’s side.

Mondo kept looking towards Makoto to avoid looking at the horrible truth. He pulled himself up, a weird feeling in the pit of his stomach. He started to walk away, a foul taste in his mouth due to dehydration.

“Where are you going?” Makoto asked. “We can’t just—just leave him here!”

Mondo stopped, his body rewarding that. “Gonna tell everyone else. Hey Shuichi killed himse—!”

“Mondo.” Makoto stopped him. “This is a serious thing.”

“Okay?” Mondo replied, finally turning around to look at Makoto.

“Just—don’t do it like that.” Makoto advised.

“Sure thing.” Mondo answered before starting the journey to his destination.

Byakuya was sitting in the living room, taking interest in a blanket, while Aoi and Leon were playing a board game just in front of him.

Mondo approached Byakuya on the couch. “Uh, What are ya looking at?”

“A blanket. You lack books in this—place. So I am admiring the technique used to create this.” Byakuya made conversation.

“Uh, we can get some books if ya want.” Mondo offered, leaning on the back of the couch.

“Like I’d get inside that bus alone with you again.” Byakuya had dramatically lowered his voice, now only looking at the blanket to avoid eye contact.

“Look, that was a one time thing.” Mondo replied, his voice also lowered.

Byakuya gave him no reply, so he moved on to Aoi and Leon. “Hey guys.” He greeted them.

“Hi!” Aoi replied in a cheery tone. Mondo was about to break that.

Leon gave him no reply, as he was focused on making his turn.

Mondo turned to the stuck up blonde, and raised his voice into a little shout. “Byakuya, can you come over—”

“No.” His reply was swift and stern. His legs were crossed and he was still examining that stupid blanket.

Mondo turned back to Aoi and Leon, not giving Byakuya a fight. “Can you guys go over there?” He asked.

They both gave their consent and they made their way there.

As soon as they arrived, Byakuya started bitching. “Your carpet is filthy.”

“Look, I don’t want to deal with your shit.” Mondo snapped. “Taka and Chihiro are who knows where, and Shuichi is fucking dead!” He raged. His breaths were raggedy as he calmed down from his high. However, he was still raging.

“Huh?” Was all Leon could manage out of genuine confusion. He couldn’t comprehend what Mondo was saying. Maybe it was due to shock, or due to the fact that Mondo’s yelling might’ve not been comprehensible.

“I. Said.” His angry voice shook. “Kiyotaka. And. Chihiro. Are. Fucking. Gone. And Shuichi. Is. Literally. Dead.” He turned to Byakuya. “But all you can think of is a fuckingdf dirty carpet!” He practically roared.

Byakuya shut up.

“What do you mean they’re gone?! Where’s Shuichi?” Aoi worried.

“He’s upstairs, and they just decided to run out the door and disappear.” Mondo bitched, heavily angry.

“If they want to run out to get mobbed by a bunch of men who have a crush on a teenage girl with a big chest then so be it. That’s their problem, not mine.” Byakuya crossed his arm, slanting his stance.

“You bitch!” Mondo cursed. He clenched his face, ready to beat the guy he had just slept with.

Leon gripped onto his arm. “Woah, Woah. Wait right there, big guy.” His voice was a bit shaky, but how could he be so laid back after that news?

Mondo’s arm was shaking and realized just how much power his anger had over him. It could turn him from a lovable big guy to a violent animal.

“You don’t realize how fucking stuck up you are. You’re not ‘special’ anymore. ‘Cause you’re stupid conglomerant went to shit while you were sleeping under a few pounds of ceiling tiles!” Mondo grilled him. The fazed look on Byakuya’s face fueled him. “Yeah, your heir shit is ruined!”

Mondo remembered that his friend was in danger and snapped out of it. He headed towards the door. “Looking for them. Bye.”

His sudden change of attitude was out of the ordinary. Byakuya cleared his throat and recollected himself.

Aoi turned her head to see Makoto walking down the stairs, his head down.

“Makoto! Is it true?!” She asked, worried. She grabbed his arms.

Makoto just nodded, keeping his head down.

“No! I need to see him! Where is he?!” She was almost hysterical. She wouldn’t believe it until she saw it.

Makoto looked upstairs and looked back down. “He’s on the top floor.”

She didn’t give him a reply, just booking it to the stairs, practically flying to the top floor. “Shuichi?!”

She covered her mouth, gagging, when she saw him. She stumbled back, bumping into Makoto, who she didn't know was behind her.

"See the swirls?" He pointed out, voice low and quiet.

She nodded. "Yeah." Her voice was a bit. breathless was the painful gagging she suffered prior.

"He got it. The disease." Makoto explained vaguely.

"I have to go." Aoi told him, feeling another gag wave coming on.

She ran, this time slower, down the stairs, Makoto following her.

She looked at Leon, who had a look on his face that screamed 'is it true?'

She nodded, tears welling in his eyes, not being able to speak through her gags. He was dead.

It took a while but everyone was as calm as they could be. They sat in the chairs by the kitchen counter—all except Byakuya who stood on the other side.

"Mondo went out to find Taka and Chihiro, I don't know where he is." Leon pointed out.

Almost like clockwork, Mondo opened the door, letting not two, but three people in. None of those people were Fuyuhiko.

Mondo sighed, dropping his useful backpack by the counter they were all at. There was a bit of pain on his face, more life grief. Still, there was hope as he referenced the elephant in the room. "There's a lot I've got to tell you."

"Hell yeah there is." Leon's voice wasn't as animated and loud as before, as he looked at the newest member of their group.

Losing Another

Chapter Summary

The group meets their new member, one person in particular taking special interest. Despite multiple deaths in their group, they still find a way to have fun. However, Junko Enoshima still has her shenanigans going, reaching the last phase of her plan. To do this, she relies on her special person in the group. One of her goons on the inside. An insider.

The new one was quiet. He had gone to their school, but wasn't present the day of the attack, despite a perfect attendance prior.

Mondo leaned towards him, bending down a little more because the new one was short, standing at 5'1. "Introduce yourself. Name n' stuff." He whispered. He received a nod.

"Uh, hey. My name's Kokichi Ouma, the Ultimate Supreme Leader!" He got into it as he said his name and talent. There was a moment of silence before Kokichi said another thing. "You should probably introduce yourself too."

"Uh, okay. Leon Kuwata, Ultimate Baseball Star." Leon, on the other hand, was not enthusiastic. He was practically forced into baseball by his dad, and becoming the ultimate baseball star made it even harder to avoid.

"Cool." Kokichi replied, seeming uninterested.

"I'm Aoi Asahina, the Ultimate Swimming Pro!" She chirped, wanting to be warm and friendly.

"Okay." Kokichi's replies were dry and short.

Kokichi turned to the interesting blonde guy expectantly.

The blonde guy almost rolled his eyes at his pathetic attempt of a cutesy-wide eyed person. He crossed his arms. "Byakuya Togami. The Ultimate Affluent Prodigy." He leaned a bit forward as saying his ultimate talent almost as to intimidate Kokichi.

Kokichi didn't even reply this time before turning to the next person trying to speed things up.

"Uh, Makoto Naegi, the Ultimate Hope. Nice to meet you." He greeted Kokichi, seemingly wooed by his attempts.

Kokichi's eyes suddenly lit up as he heard his ultimate talent. "Oooh, that's super cool! You must be like—really hopeful!" Kokichi stated.

"Yeah, that goes with the title I guess." Makoto laughed a bit.

Leon turned to Mondo. "Where is he?" He whispered to him in a rough tone.

Mondo nodded and directed his words to the whole group. "Uh, bad news." He started. "When Chihiro, Taka, and I were searching. We heard a scream."

"What was that?" Chihiro asked what everyone was thinking in a shaky voice.

"Well we have to go see. Someone might be in danger!" Kiyotaka immediately sympathized, fitting his title as the Ultimate Moral Compass.

"Or they got that stupid disease thing. We can't see that shit. Who knows what it'll do to us." Mondo argued.

Kiyotaka looked at him, his red eyes having an unusual flare. "One's health is one of my top priorities! Disease or not, they must be in need of help!"

"He's right, Mondo. They might—probably need help." Chihiro sided with Kiyotaka.

"Fine, but if we get all swirly in the eyes and want to chop heads off it's not my fault." Mondo obliged. The despair disease could make one very violent, which is not out of the ordinary for Mondo.

They had travelled to where they heard the scream, right around the corner. A teenage boy with white hair and mainly white clothing was standing by something, staring at it.

"Excuse me. I don't mean to bother you, but are you okay? We heard you scream." Kiyotaka walked towards the teenager without any hesitation.

The teenager, who was standing worryingly still prior, had turned around to face the group, his eyes scanning them.

"I'm fine. They aren't." He answered, referencing what he was staring at.

The others followed Kiyotaka, using him as a shield. However, their shield froze once he saw what the teenager was referencing. A red coating spread across the floor beneath Fuyuhiko, a long spike emerging from what seemed like the sidewalk that stabbed through his stomach.

Chihiro couldn't help but gag at the sight of Fuyuhiko's dead body. However, Kokichi didn't seem affected.

After somewhat recovering from that sight, Kokichi explained who he was and how he was also a student at Hope's Peak, but wasn't at school when the attack happened.

When Kokichi was offered a spot in their group, he said yes very quickly, maybe a bit too quickly. Despite that suspicion, they had no reason not to trust Kokichi.

Now here he was, standing with a bunch of traumatized teenagers.

It was getting late and they had to get some rest. After going through the hell of sleeping arrangements, the group was set for the night.

Makoto couldn't sleep. He had spent the first two hours of the silent night tossing and turning. He jumped, frantically lifting his head when he heard the door open.

"Makoto?" It was Kokichi. "Are you asleep?"

"No, not even tired." Makoto sat up and motioned Kokichi to come in. "What's up?"

Kokichi came in and sat on the bed with Makoto. "I just can't sleep. You're the only person I thought was nice enough to hang out with me."

"Everyone here is nice, you just need to get to know them. Of course we can hang out." Makoto replied with a bit of a smile on his face.

"Can I turn the lights on?" Kokichi asked.

"Yeah." Makoto gave permission.

Kokichi got up and walked towards a wall. He flipped a switch, bright yellow light flooding the room. He moved his hand to the job that could slide up and down and slid it down, changing that yellow into a dim orange.

He went back and sat on the bed. "So, Ultimate Hope, huh? How'd you get that?" Kokichi asked, he had taken an interest in his talent when they first met.

"Well I was first enrolled as the Ultimate Lucky Student, but when that earthquake hit just outside Tokyo, I set up a shelter for the people whose homes were destroyed. Mr. Kirigiri saw that as 'ultimately hopeful', so he gave me the title of the Ultimate Hope." Makoto explained, leaning his lower back on his pillow.

"That's really cool!" Kokichi replied enthusiastically. "You are like—super helpful."

Makoto's cheeks flushed red. "I guess." He collected himself. "How'd you get your talent as the Ultimate Supreme Leader?"

"Well I run an organization that has over 10,000 members. I think the time that stood out was when I coordinated all of them to protest." Kokichi summarized.

"That's nice." Makoto smiled.

Their night was filled with fun conversation until they both nodded off in Makoto's bed.

Byakuya laid on his side, taking in the slight comfort and warmth from his blanket and pillow. He couldn't rattle Mondo's words from his head.

“You don’t realize how fucking stuck up you are. You’re not ‘special’ anymore. ‘Cause you’re stupid conglomerant went to shit while you were sleeping under a few pounds of ceiling tiles!” Mondo grilled him. The fazed look on Byakuya’s face fueled him. “Yeah, your heir shit is ruined!”

All of Byakuya’s early life, he had trained to fight to be the heir of the Togami Conglomerate. Then he fought for it, and he fought hard. He was the youngest of the contestants—his brother. He made history when he one, as the first time the youngest child had won. The truth is, he only won because his father thought he would tell the world that he molested him if he lost. Yes, Byakuya’s father sexually assaulted Byakuya when he was only nine years old.

He never deserved it, though he had fought despite getting stabbed in the face by one of his then brothers. They were no longer brothers, since they were disowned once they lost.

Now that the world had gone to shit with the whole despair thing, the Togami Conglomerate had also gone to shit, as Mondo pointed out. He was nothing without it. He was nothing. He had gone to shit.

The next morning came too fast for Mondo, who didn’t want to wake up. However, Kiyotaka had dragged him out of the bed that they shared the night before.

They had all met up in the kitchen to sort out breakfast. Most ate cereal, Mondo and others ate a protein bar. However, Byakuya ate nothing. Instead, he sat in the far corner, taking interest in nothing.

Makoto and Kokichi had talked as they ate spoonfuls of cereal. Last night had brought them closer than anyone else. Closer than Mondo and Kiyotaka.

They were all putting away their dishes when they were interrupted by the shaking of the earth around them. Dishes shook in their cabinets and they all came to an agreement on what the cause of the shaking was.

Aoi grasped the counter, trying to keep balance. This one wasn’t as rough as previous ones, almost like the perpetrator didn’t want them badly hurt at the moment. Almost like this was a warning. Mondo understood that.

Panic filled all the students. They had listened to Mondo when he instructed them to get on the bus.

They all piled in, not noticing the missing body of Rantaro Amami.

Mondo knew they had to get out of there. That earthquake had to be caused by Junko Enoshima. There was no denying it.

Byakuya sat silently among the chattering panicked teenagers. Mondo’s driving got shakier when glanced at the rear view mirror, spotting a chunky, monstrous vehicle behind them.

“Okay, she’s behind us.” Mondo announced.

It was pretty obvious what he meant.

Byakuya stood up as memories of his assault flooded his head, paired with Mondo calling out his uselessness. Byakuya felt his head hurt as he felt dizzy. All as his eyes formed swirls. He was nothing now. He poured his whole life into the Togami Conglomerate. Now that it was gone, Byakuya was nothing. All he was, was despair.

Mondo was driving at immense speed, trying to get away from Enoshima. Byakuya was sitting in the chair by the fire exit. He turned the handle, pushing the glass open.

They could hear the wind as they practically flew down the highway.

Byakuya continued to stand in front of the window, letting the wind slap him in the face. He stepped towards the very open window.

Makoto glanced to his left, spotting Byakuya in front of the open window. “Byakuya?” He practically shouted his confusion, but most likely wasn’t heard due to the loud wind.

Byakuya’s fingers traced the sides of the window frame, taking in its edge. He took a deep breath, letting hard blowing wind enter his lungs. Enoshima was going just as fast as them.

Junko Enoshima smiled once she saw the fire escape window flung open. She smiled even wider once she remembered her newest toy.

Junko waited until she assumed they were fast asleep, a large empty sack in her hand. She took out her device, sending a message to her inside goon. “Open the door.”

A few moments later, they did exactly as she said. She smiled at the deceiving teenager before bringing a finger to her lips—shushing them—and entering the house.

The insider closed the door and returned up the stairs and went towards a room, waiting a second before entering, but entering nonetheless. They had some baggage. Personal issues.

She made sure her footsteps kept quiet as she made her way up the stairs, reaching the top floor. She walked to the furthest door that was left open. In their panic, they had forgotten to clean up this mess.

She kicked at Shuichi’s torso, making sure he was truly dead. He gave no signs of living, so she picked him up and stashed him in the now stuffed sack.

She made her way downstairs just as quiet. She grinned, evil behind her dimples as she heard two laughing voices trying to remain somewhat quiet. She hoisted the sack over her shoulder before leaving the house and texted her goon, “done.” She walked away, not being able to stop thinking about the new addition to her collection.

Byakuya brought his head out of the window, staring at the fast moving white dash’s that drove along the highway with them.

He swallowed, suddenly becoming aware of how dry his throat was. His lips parted, letting wind hit his impossibly dry throat, leaving him a bit refreshed in a weird way.

He pulled himself forward with his hands. By this point, the others had noticed his weird behaviour, including Mondo who kept glancing between Byakuya and the road. They all expressed their worry and confusion.

“Byakuya? That’s dangerous. Close the window!” Aoi tried to communicate.

This time, Byakuya definitely did hear them, as he actually turned to face them. However, this worried them.

It clicked in all of their heads once they saw him, swirls in his eyes, panting with a hopeless look on his face. His dry lips were still parted and his eyebrows furrowed up, his eyes somewhat wide, yet his upper lids remained somewhat low.

They knew what he was about to do just moments before he did it. Fire escape windows are big enough to fit a grown man, definitely big enough to fit tall, but skinny Byakuya.

He pulled himself forward, keeping his eyes focused on his classmates as he hit the road.

Mondo was going so fast they never got to see him hit the ground. He landed right in front of the back wheel. With only seconds to move out of the way, he couldn’t. Inevitably being crushed by a big wheel.

Aoi ran to the window, looking for any sign of Byakuya. However, all she saw was the blood stained tire continuing to roll.

Junko Enoshima stopped as she spotted the gut mashed Byakuya on the road, eyes wide. She got out of her vehicle, ordering some of her goons on board to bring a stretcher, smiling when she saw swirls of despair lurking in his eyes. They obliged and pulled Byakuya onto it, bringing him into the vehicle. Bringing him to her collection.

She had no problem cutting the chase short, as she knew, her goon on the inside would tell her everything she needed to know.

The Being Who Didn't Deserve to Be

Chapter Summary

After the shock of Byakuya's gory passing, the group hides off in a house they found after the lengthy chase with Enoshima. However, the insider is not done with their job. They are rattled out and have to go on another cat and mouse chase with Enoshima, this one giving dates to the group more gory than Byakuya's.

It seems all is lost. But one member displays ultimate hope. One member can save it all.

Chapter Notes

Thinking about ending the story next chapter. Is there anything you would want wrapped up?

He didn't recognize himself anymore. Working with Enoshima was taking a toll on him. He had thrown almost all his morals out the window. But he had too. She had his sister. He needed her safe. He tried to justify his actions in his own head.

He would have to tell her their new hiding spot. He went to the bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. He wouldn't call it himself. He was a different person. He was better than this.

But he wasn't. He understood that as he sent her their new spot.

He looked back at the mirror. He wasn't himself. He wasn't Makoto Naegi.

It was silent in their new living room. Mondo sat on the couch, taking interest in a knitted blanket draped over the couch's arm.

Aoi sat on a longer couch next to Chihiro. Kiyotaka was on a smaller couch, almost the same size as Mondo's. His back was straight, as if a stick was holding it in place. Technically there was his spine. Makoto and Kokichi were sitting off to the corner. Leon sat on the floor in front of Aoi and Chihiro's couch.

What was there to say? Byakuya just commit suicide in front of them. Mondo had run him over? Junko probably got a kick out of that?

Mondo let his back rest against the cushion, just wanting to rest. He couldn't get what he had said to Byakuya out of his head.

“You don't realize how fucking stuck up you are. You're not 'special' anymore. 'Cause you're stupid conglomerant went to shit while you were sleeping under a few pounds of ceiling tiles!” Mondo grilled him. The fazed look on Byakuya's face fueled him. “Yeah, your heir shit is ruined!”

Had he driven him to do that? Maybe Byakuya wouldn't have died if he had served out of the way, then his back tire wouldn't have crushed Byakuya. He had killed him. He was a killer, a murderer. He couldn't help but entertain the stream of thoughts and “what ifs”.

Mondo glanced at the rear view mirror, understanding no the dangers of looking behind him while driving. He saw Byakuya, pig his upper body out of the window. He heard the storm of commotion it caused. He could hear the engine of Enoshima.

He knew what Byakuya was thinking about doing. He could tell. He slid the bus to the right, the path Byakuya would land in being out of Enoshima's way.

He winced, holding back the urge to squeeze his eyes shut for just a second. He slid the bus to the left, so the bus would be out of Byakuya's way.

What would've happened next? Would he be captured by Enoshima? Would he die from impact anyway? Would Enoshima give them the chance to get Byakuya back? It didn't matter, as Byakuya was already dead.

Aoi had something to say. “I—uh—noticed something when we were on the bus.” Aoi started in some house they had found along their journey. “I didn't want to say anything then, but where was Rantaro? I thought we left him there.”

Somehow, the atmosphere turned even more sour.

Mondo felt his heart quicken, suddenly panicking. “Wait, you mean he was gone? Did you check the floors and stuff? Maybe he rolled?” Mondo started throwing suggestions up like his life depended on it.

“I checked everywhere. And someone would've seen him if he was there.” Aoi replied. She shifted on the couch, uncomfortable at the thought of Rantaro's body just vanishing.

“It's weird how she found us.” Leon jumped in. No one would ever say her name. “We had hid so well. She still found us. Maybe she saw the bus, went in, and—” Leon had cut himself off to check how the others were receiving his idea. “And just took him.”

“You wouldn't think someone would be that fucked up, but she is that fucked up.” Mondo seemed to agree with him.

Makoto wasn't present. He was stuck in his mind.

Junko and him were standing behind the wrecked school.

"You know what to do, yeah?" She checked.

"Yeah, I do." Makoto replied.

Just like that, he was on his way to fucking up lives. Just to save one.

He had crawled up the floors, checking for the perfect spot. He had found a pile of wreckage and decided to climb in, already aware of Mondo's plan to search.

He covered himself, spooked by the unconscious body of Aoi Asahina. If she was dead, he was lying with a dead body. Hopefully she wasn't.

He went with the plan, hoping Mondo would find him so he wouldn't fail.

It was only hours until Junko attacked their next spot. They felt the shaking and ran to the bus that had to be parked in the front due to lack of space.

They heard her loud engine as Junko's vehicle approached them. By the time they started driving, they only had a two car's length lead.

Mondo's rove as fast as he could, but he couldn't stop thinking about his back tire crushing Byakuya's spine.

He had been trying for so long, he just wanted to give up. But he couldn't. He might want to jump out of a window, but everyone's lives were practically in his hands.

He wasn't fast enough. They were now only a car's length away from each other.

Mondo's ride to go faster, but the bus was a lot slower than Junko's monstrous vehicle. It was like trying to outrun a tornado, nearly impossible.

This wasn't the best vehicle of choice, but the only option.

Mondo saw Junko's vehicle getting closer and closer. Through the commotion he shouted, "Get to the front!"

The teenagers obliged and just after they rushed forward, the front of Junko's vehicle slammed into them from the back.

Makoto stood motionless in the aisle, wondering what would happen next. Would he get his sister? Was her life worth all of theirs? No. Truly, it wasn't. He was selfish. A selfish monster.

He couldn't even call himself that, that would be a disgrace to all monsters. He was a selfish being, just a being. A being who didn't deserve to be.

The bus swerved from the impact, allowing Enoshima to hit the bus' side as well. Leon fell backwards, hitting his head against a window, shattering it. "Shit!" He yelled, panicked.

Blood layered the edges of the glass shards and trickled from Leon's wounds. Multiple pieces of glass stuck into his head, blood dirtying his hair and face.

Aoi bent her knees, lowering herself to his level. "Leon! You okay?" She knew he obviously wasn't, but didn't refrain from asking the stupid question.

Leon didn't have the energy to call out her stupidity. Mondo continued to try and drive away, wanting to save his friends. At least some were his friends. Others, like Makoto Naegi, who had betrayed all of them. Seconds later Junko crashed into their side again. Aoi fell forward into Leon. His upper body fell down and his head scraped the wall as it did. The wall pushed the shards deeper into him, and more blood spattered out.

Mondo continued to try and drive, not making a sound as to focus on getting away. He hit the curb on one of his turns and Junko gave them a little nudge from the back.

Chihiro fell forward, trying to break his fall with his right arm. "Fuck!" He shouted. It didn't work, and instead broke his arm. Blood seeped from around his elbow where the bone stuck out, exposing its white nature. His arm kept getting puffier and puffier, and patches of bruising started to show.

Kiyotaka went to help Chihiro just as Junko gave them another nudge, this time a lot harder. He fell onto Chihiro, bashing their heads together. The impact caused Kiyotaka's head to get thrown to the right, hitting the pole that held up the seat. Unlike the others, Kiyotaka didn't swear or let out any noise. He didn't even move. The impact of hitting his head multiple times so hard and so quickly knocked him unconscious.

Makoto gripped the seat he was standing by.

She gave them another ram, sending Kokichi falling backwards into a window. Glass shattered upon harsh impact and shards strapped him. One piece especially stood out. It stood out of his neck. The wound was more to the left and not the center. Still, blood spattered out of his neck. He moved his hand to the area by instinct. Maybe he was trying to hold the wound closed, maybe he couldn't believe it until he felt it. Whatever it was, he—the one that talked to Makoto, and made him laugh—was probably going to die.

Just then, Makoto saw the impact of what he'd done. He was hurting the ones he cared for. All for one soul. Leon with head trauma, Chihiro with a broken arm and concussion, Kiyotaka with internal bleeding, and Kokichi with blood spattering out his neck. All of it came crashing down on him. His sister wasn't worth all this.

Junko had told him multiple times that he was not the perfect candidate to be helping her, as he was the Ultimate Hope. But now, with swirls dancing in his eyes, he was perfect. Perfect for her.

Mondo didn't look at the gory scene behind him, as he tried to focus on the road. It was hard when you were being crashed into and your friends were bleeding.

Then, in one hit, it was all over. The chase had concluded. She rammed into the back right corner, sending them into flips.

The bus flipped over twice, the only thing keeping Mondo from ramming his head into the ceiling being his seat belt. While for Makoto, he had crammed himself under a seat. The weak bodies of the rest had flopped around. However, some of them were still alive. Kokichi was not as fortunate, his body landing right next to a hidden Makoto, his head tilted towards him with a faded look of fear on his face and blood rushing down his neck, staining his checkered scarf.

Goons flooded all exits and climbed into the vehicle, taking each person. They had specific instructions not to touch Makoto Naegi.

Makoto saw as Mondo tried to fight them, knocking a couple out with a single punch each, but there were too many for him to fight off. Now, with his knuckles bleeding, he was escorted to the vehicle was just running away from.

Makoto got up and willingly went to the vehicle. His friends had lost, but had he? Enoshima had won, and he was supposedly on her side. But he had lost everything. His friends, possibly his sister, his hope. He lost it all.

Swirly in the eyes, he climbed into Enoshima's vehicle, not being able to watch Mondo getting injected with "medicine" so he would cooperate. Even after losing them, he still had it in him. It shouldn't have been Makoto who had gotten the title as the Ultimate Hope. It should have been Mondo

Mondo should've been the Ultimate Hope.

Mondo is the Ultimate Hope.

Blurred Lines of Hope and Despair

Chapter Summary

Junko shows Makoto where she is keeping all his former “friends”. Seeing them kept in cells, treated like animals, ignited something in Makoto. Hope? After seeing one “friend” turned enemy, being submit to massive trauma. Makoto takes things into his own hands, helping hope from the walls of despair. At that moment, The line between Hope and despair, was blurred.

Chapter Notes

Haven’t figured out the exact ending, but it should’ve never next chapter! :O

Mondo woke up with his head aching and everything around him dazing. His throat felt like it had been coated with sand, dehydration creeping up on him. It had been hours since one of Enoshima’s goons had given him water, and that was in a shot glass.

Sweat covered his forehead in a thin, glossy layer as the heated room he was in started to take effect.

Mondo had given up the cliché arm rattling to try and break free up his chains. He was chained up to the wall like a vicious dog, metal wrapping his wrists, ankles, and neck, a thick chain attached to them, bolted to the wall.

He was given one source of light, a dim bulb at the ceiling.

Mondo masked his overall feelings. Still, he wouldn’t make his suffering known to his captors. He would make sure of that.

Makoto walked silently next to Junko, listening to the clicking of her boots. A familiar, yet haunting sound. He had been going in and out of despair, and he wondered if this was how Byakuya felt. Maybe he would feel like shit, but later was too stubborn to succumb. That sounded like Byakuya. Always too stubborn. Always eager to keep up his image. Though his image for them was being a stuck up rich kid. Maybe Byakuya just flowed into it, too deep to try and block it out like Makoto was doing.

Makoto wondered if they were doing anything, the dead ones. Was there anything left for them—after death? Were they spirits still tethered to the world, continuing to be tethered until despair kills all, or is killed? Did they just vanish, everything they worked for in their life being for nothing? He would only see when it was his time.

They had found the “Lost Ones”. But now they were lost all over again.

“What did you want to show me?” He managed out, not bringing his eyes from the floor.

“It’s a surprise.” She grinned, it wasn’t good if she grinned.

She had brought him to the dim hall, bricks lining the walls. He couldn’t manage another question, not even along the lines of “Where are we?”

Junko ignored him, pulling a Kay card from her pocket and scanning it against a scanner next to a metal double door. Makoto had a keycard like that. It was in his back pocket so that, as Junko said, “so he could be a part of the team.” There was a beep and one of the doors nudged forwards. She pulled that door open and they both entered.

All he could do was follow. He was a follower. Not a leader, not the Ultimate Hope. He was nothing.

She brought him to one of the cells, or what she called “cages”.

She pulled a lever next to the cell door, lights brightening within it.

The captured compass lifted his head, shocked and dazed.

Makoto swallowed his gasp as he saw Kiyotaka strung up in a T, his arms directly bolted to the wall by metal. Not only that, but sizable screws stabbed into his biceps, pinning him into the wall too. His legs were the same story

“Aren’t you gonna ask what I’m gonna do with him?” She asked impatiently, his clicks turning into the taping of her boot.

Makoto stayed silent, only shaking his head no.

She sighed. “Ugh, well I’m just gonna starve him. I’ve got better ways for the others.” She smiled.

Makoto dwelled on the word better. By better, she meant worse.

Junko pulled the lever again, turning the lights off. They moved to the next cell. She pulled that cell’s lever. This was held Aoi Asahina. However she was upside down, suspended in mid-air, the only thing connected her to the ceiling being a thick chain. Her legs were spread apart, making room for the saw placed between them.

Junko moved her hand to a classic red button. Makoto just stood silently, shaking as the saw started to turn and lower towards her. Aoi screamed and shook as she was sliced into.

Makoto had no right to be scared. He had put her in this position, and had to face the consequences.

He felt an acidic taste overtake his throat as he swallowed the stuff that threatened to leave his stomach.

Her body—that was now in two halves—couldn't flop to the floor, as it was held up by chains.

Makoto didn't look at her. Instead, he looked at the floor.

Junko laughed. "Can't take it. Oh, you're entertaining, Naegi. Now follow me." She ordered.

She pulled the lever, leaving her halves in darkness.

The next cell held Chihiro, piled with two others. Leon and Kokichi.

"Poor Kuwata and Ouma died before I could get started with them, so I gave Chihiro company." She was twisted. She was fucking crazy. "Oh, I forgot a few."

Forgot a few? A few what?

Makoto's thoughts were stopped by Junko reaching through the cell bars and pressing a button on the inside.

Ceiling tiles shifted, exposing the room above. Bodies of the people Makoto knew fell out. Hajime Hinata, Fuyuhiko Kuzuryu, and Jin Kirigiri hit the floor, lifeless. Just as lifeless as Leon and Kokichi. What really stung was the body of Byakuya Togami, his crushed spine sticking out in multiple places. It had been crushed when Mondo ran him over, the big wheel of the bus being too much for Byakuya.

Makoto couldn't say anything. He couldn't find his ability to speak. He felt a lump in his throat.

"Haven't figured out how I'm gonna kill him yet. Maybe you have an idea." She turned to Makoto expectantly, leaning forward.

Makoto was searching for the ability as he stared at his shoes, not wanting to look at Chihiro. "Uh," She stumbled out, finally reaching what he'd been searching for. "No."

Junko pouted, leaving back. "Mm, fine. We'll have to brainstorm later."

Makoto didn't reply. He didn't say anything, he didn't nod. Nothing.

They moved on to the next cell. When she pulled the lever, confusion overtook Makoto's fear when he saw Rantaro chained up in a T as Kiyotaka's was. His leg seemed to be properly bandaged now.

Makoto didn't expect him to lift his head up, stitches lining his mouth.

Rantaro's chest raised and lowered quickly, as he took fast deep breaths through his nose. The foul scent of his cell filled him.

When he saw Makoto standing next to a proud Junko, he wanted to yell, and tell him to get away from her. To get away from this mess. To live.

But he found he couldn't, his mouth being sewed together like seams on the side of his pants. He tilted his head, it being the only way to display his confusion when Makoto stood silently next to Junko.

"Patched him up. Can't wait to make him feel hell." Junko laughed.

Makoto wasn't laughing. It was as if there was a deep black whole in his stomach that was eating its way up. Rantaro's fate would've been better if he had just been dead when they thought he was. How was he even alive? He was sure they checked for pulse and breathing and didn't find any. Maybe he would've gotten answers if he asked her, but he couldn't start a conversation with her.

The deep hole only turned worse when he saw the confusion mixed with fear on Rantaro's face. He felt swirls in his stomach.

She turned off the lights and moved to the next cell. She pulled the lever, turning the lights on. This prisoner was already awake, and wasn't too shocked when a bright light filled the room.

Mondo sat on the floor, arms raised by the chains connected to his wrist. Though there were chains on his ankles and neck as well.

"We needed extra precautions for him. He...wasn't complying." Junko explained his unasked question.

Mondo stared at them silently. He started directly into Junko's eyes, no fear being shown. Then he moved to Makoto's and his face grew angrier.

Makoto tried to look apologetic, but even since his irises turned into swirls, he had trouble showing such feelings.

Again, wordlessly, Junko reached into the cell, pressing a button on the inside. The ceiling revealed a room above, and dropped a body. This one was chained up as Aoi was.

Junko took a key from her neck, pushing it into the cell lock, giving it a twist, and pushing open the door. She beckoned Makoto to follow, who was clearly uneasy. "C'mon! He may be stupidly strong, but not strong enough to break free."

Makoto, knowing he had no other choice, followed her into the cell.

The much bigger man was not familiar to Makoto, he sure was to Mondo, who's eyes widened and you could see his breathing quicken by the fast moving of his chest.

The man had black hair and wide purple eyes. There was blood covering his neck and shirt. His throat had been slit maybe for a couple days now. The smell was worse than the cells'.

Junko spoke the man's name to Mondo in a low, tormenting voice. "Daiya Owada. Your 'savior', or whatever." She used his words.

He would always describe his brother as his savior. He had supported him his whole life, and was always there for him. Their parents had died, so he was Mondo's legal guardian.

She smiled as Mondo shook, staring at Daiya's body in disbelief. She walked to the corner, pulling a bone saw off a table of many other types of saws—like the hack saw, Japanese saw, camping saw, back saw, etc.—from the darkness.

She walked, almost strutted, to the suspending corpse. She changed her stance, one boot in front of the other. Makoto noticed how one seemed to shine more. It was more polished.

She raised the bone saw—a saw mostly used for butchering, but could also be used for other, sinful ways. Bone saws were designed to cut through meat and bones easily to make it easier before butchers to work. However, in the wrong hands, it could be used for far more sinister ways.

She lined up the saw with the corpse's waist. Mondo looked as if he was forcing his mouth shut. As if he wouldn't give into her tactics. Even if it was his brother. He was already dead.

Makoto could see the pain in Mondo's widened eyes as she moved the saw left and right, blood seeping from the deep cut. The blood seeped in streaks, like little rivers. They would squiggle on the way down, forming a bloody path.

Makoto could see water form in Mondo's eyes as reality sunk in for him. She was a heartless bitch.

The saw was halfway through Daiya. Blood continuously squirted from his gaping wound. Blood covered the saw and Enoshima hands, them being as red as he nails now. She smiled at him, keeping eye contact until she had sawed through Daiya's body, letting his bottom half fall to the ground, causing a thump to echo. Along with his intestines, cut in half soon following.

Mondo jumped as his brother's lower half hit the floor. He couldn't stop the sobs racking his body. He let it go, not caring how good it made her feel.

She took a deep breath, satisfied. "Let's go, Naegi. We have lots to do."

Mondo stared into his eyes. "Yeah, go Naegi. Go suck a fucking dick!" He yelled, fired up.

Junko spun around, showing him her pissed face. She walked, almost stomped towards him, still holding the bone saw. She pressed it against his cheek and dragged it toward her, making an incision. "Watch your mouth, Oowada. You're in thin ice. Few more outbursts and I'll throw you in a heap of guts." Her tone was rough. "Got it?" Apparently not enough.

Mondo kicked her, causing her to fall back, her head landing in the bloodied bottom half of Daiya Oowada. He stomped on her ankle. She yelled out, causing yards to rush to her.

They burst through the cell door, shoving past Makoto. One was holding a gas mask of some sort. It was a mix of a gas mask and a ventilator mask. They pressed it against Mondo's lower face, who was kicking his legs.

Mondo's vision blurred. He took in the last he would see until a few hours later. Guards all around him, shoving him, beating him. He saw Makoto standing at the back, close to the table of saws, watching with a look of regret on his face. Within seconds, he was fast asleep, leaning on the wall for support.

Junko stood up, stepping over Daiya's lower half, dodging the upper part.

"He's too violent. Too angry." She complained before walking away. "Gotta wash my hair!"

Makoto stood, shocked. He looked at an unconscious Mondo. He had just seen his brother get chopped in half, and the person who'd done so had the balls to go up to him. What was he supposed to do? Makoto would've just cried. But Mondo isn't like Makoto. He wasn't in despair. He wasn't a traitor.

Mondo had gone through so much—too much.

Makoto waited for the guards to leave before walking to the table in the corner, covered by loads of saws.

He couldn't use the hack saw. It could cut through metal, but only thin metal—Not thick chains. He couldn't use any that specialized in wood, metal was very different from wood. It wasn't what you'd think he'd choose. But he chose a circular saw. He looked to the corner of the table, spotting all sorts of mufflers. He had been through Mondo's lectures about his saw he used for carpentry enough to know how to put on the muffler.

He walked towards Mondo with the muffled saw in hand. He bent down and grabbed the chain that latched onto his right arm. He held Mondo's strong arm up with his. He held the saw in the other hand and turned it on. He pressed the spinning blade against the thick chain, making sure to do so quickly. He pressed down and through the metal. The chain dropped to the floor, leaving Mondo's right arm, the metal cuff and a bit of excess still wrapped around his wrist.

Makoto repeated this with his other arm, his two legs, and his neck. He also took the keycard from his back pocket. He opened Mondo's hand, placing the card on his palm before closing his hand again.

When he was done, he got up and placed the saw back on the table. He couldn't let despair win. He had to free Hope. If he didn't, it would remain chained by the ankles, wrists, and neck, experiencing all kinds of despair. Any chance of Hope winning would vanish, and despair would claim the victory.

Makoto walked to the cell door. It was already open so all he had to do was close it behind him. Makoto stopped right before closing it, leaving the door slightly ajar. If Hope had it in him, he would take the chance, he would realize. He would win.

The Last Laugh

Chapter Summary

After being captured by Enoshima, Mondo is given the chance to escape and takes it. He decides to help his friends but his challenged with some hard-hitting, possible life-ending decisions.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the slow updates, I just tarted high school :)

Chapter 10: The Last Laugh

Mondo woke up, dazed and confused. He tiredly dragged himself off the floor and against the wall. He snapped into reality once he saw the remnants of the happenings prior. Anguish showered him as he took in the gorey sight. His cell reeked of rotting flesh.

He hadn't known how long he'd been out, or in his cell. Time passed slowly, but he knew it had to be more than a couple of days.

He repositioned himself along the wall, resting his shoulders as he felt his stomach knotting, in turn feeling queasy. He was surprised to not hear the rustle of chains as he moved around his arms. He looked down, curiously, and his eyes widened when he saw he wasn't attached to the chains. Well, the cuffs were still locked tight, but the chains had been sawed through so that he was free. He had also noticed a card in his hand with Makoto's picture on it. It looked to be a key card. He checked his ankles, the same story there. He reached for the chain that connected to his neck, and saw that the pattern continued.

He sat there for a moment, unsure what to do. Was this a trick? Did she just want to toy with him more? Mondo felt the rise of acid in his throat. He leaned over, spilling whatever he had left in his stomach out.

He stood up. He could move around. He moved back against the wall, not taking his eyes off his brother's beat up corpse. He wanted to take the time to cry, maybe even touch him, but he had no time. He had to take his chance. Hope washed out his anguish and reinstalled he and his brother's values in him.

He stared at the cell door. From this angle, he could see it slightly ajar. This was no accident. Someone had wanted to set him free. Mondo ran through who it could be. Maybe Junko was toying with him, but that wasn't smart on her half if that was the case.

He was too stubborn to let the obvious idea of Makoto play on his head. Instead he wasted no time grabbing the circular saw for protection from the corner table. It could definitely do damage.

He kept his back against the wall, now standing next to the exit. He checked down the hall as he was at the very end of it. Empty. Was it night time? Mondo had seen the outside in ages. He kept a tight grip on both the saw and the key card.

He pushed open the cell door. He stood in the doorway, trying to formulate a plan before making his escape. He had a key card to help him. But was it to only help him? What about the others?

Mondo stepped out keeping close to the wall as he checked each cell for his missing friends.

He had searched multiple cells, no familiar faces in sight. No faces in sight. It was when he got the fourth one when he took use of the wall behind him to catch his balance.

Rantaro Amami, in a crucified position, hung in a cell. He was tied to wooden posts, and his knee had banged wrapped around it, however that leg was missing its lower half.

He looked both ways before rushing to his cell, as if he were crossing the street. He saw a black pad with a card reader. He examined the key card that was safely traveling in his palm. He stuck it in and a pop as the cell door nudged open a bit. Mondo didn't even take time to think before opening the cell and rushing in.

He quickly walked to Rantaro, grabbing his shoulder and shaking him.

Rantaro lifted his head up, mumbling words stopped by stitches.

"Rantaro, hey." Mondo greeted him as he went to his wrists to untie them as well as his ankle. "We'll deal with your, uh, mouth thing later, but right now we gotta get the other and get outta here." Mondo couldn't help but smile through teary eyes. "Fuck, I thought you were dead." He didn't give himself time to question how Rantaro was still alive or anything. He needed to get out of here.

Rantaro nodded and let mondo help him from his position. He continued to lean on him as they left his cell and kept searching the hallway, slowing Mondo down considerably. Still, he didn't mention it.

Mondo looked to his left, spotting a chained up Chihiro surrounded by familiar dead bodies, some even being the people he was searching for, Leon and Kokichi.

Rantaro couldn't look in the cell. He took one glance at Byakuya's smashed spine and started to gag. He leaned on Mondo and the cell bars for support and threw up in his mouth, the vomit not being able to escape through the stitches.

“It’s okay, buddy. I know it’s hard, but,” Mondo felt his eyes start to water as he thought of Rantaro’s situation. “But you’re gonna get through it.”

Rantaro continued to gag from the taste of his own vomit, puking even more until he swallowed it.

“Just don’t look.” Mondo advised, knowing the original cause was the sight of dead bodies.

Rantaro obliged and leaned on the cell bars as Mondo checked if any were alive. However, doing so causes him to miss an important person. Rantaro never saw Shuichi’s decaying body.

Mondo had a suspicion Chihiro was alive due to him being chained up. He checked Chihiro's pulse, almost jumping for joy when he found one.

Rantaro took his saw and turned it on, cutting through the metal as someone did for him. He shook Chihiro, attempting to wake him up.

In a weird way, it reminded him of when they first started this mess by searching for the lost ones.

Chihiro groaned as he woke up, as dazed as Mondo was previously.

“Chihiro, hey.” Mondo said, trying to grab his attention while giving him light slaps on the face to fully wake him up.

“Huh, Mondo?” Chihiro looked up at his trusted friend. “How are you..?” Chihiro looked at Rantaro who was facing away. “How is he..?”

“It doesn’t matter right now, we need to get others and leave.” Mondo spoke in a firm voice.

Chihiro nodded, standing up. Mondo kept a tight grip on himself as he sheltered him from the sight of the bodies.

They had reached the other end of the hall, and Mondo checked the last cell, Rantaro still leaning on him for support.

Mondo stepped back, catching Rantaro by surprise leading to him falling. Mondo immediately turned around and bent down to help Rantaro back up.

“Here, lean on the wall. I’m sorry.” Mondo’s voice was shaky, his eyes darting around. Rantaro nodded, only nodded.

Mondo turned back to what caught him off guard in the first place. He felt his throat close up when he examined Kiyotaka pinned to the wall with his arms up to form a T.

“Oh my god.” Chihiro muttered under his breath, taking in the same sight as Mondo once did.

Rantaro didn't look, he just stared at the ground, his hands lingering on the wall, his one full leg bent.

Mondo touched the keycard to the pad and the cell door clicked, signalling that it was no longer locked.

Mondo was silently praying Kiyotaka was ok. It felt like thorny vines were wrapping around his neck, squeezing tighter and tighter, attacking his neck.

It took him longer than with Rantaro to reach kiyotaka. Dried blood ran down his arms and on the wall, leaving from the nail. Mondo had no idea how to deal with his wounds. All of it was overwhelming. Everything was coming at once. It was like he couldn't catch a break.

From the beginning, Mondo had taken a role of leadership. He had proved himself as the strongest member of the group—one that has now disintegrated.

He took time to reflect on what he had really done. Yes he was the designated driver, but his driving wasn't good enough to get away from her. Yes he had provided shelter, a hiding spot. That was found too. The final thing he could do was give his friends a means of escape. But would he fuck that one up too? Could he actually help Kiyotaka after he had been subdued to those severe wounds? They clearly couldn't help Rantaro. There was only one way to find out.

Mondo took a deep breath. The flashing lights were a lot for him. All the purples, the blues, the yellows, all of it. He stood behind his brother who had noticed his hyperventilating.

“Dude, you'll be fine. Have some fun already.” Daiya smiled, playfully smacking his brother's arm.

The playful smack did nothing to ease Mondo's worries.

What if something went wrong? He would smash his head into a million pieces, fall on his face, ribs broken, his face bruised and bloody.

He silently hoped for all the seats to be filled before they got to the front of the line, but his prayers weren't answered.

There were two seats left, just enough for him and his brother to sit right next to each other. Mondo shakily got into a seat.

Daiya turned his head, now facing Mondo. “Hey, nothing's gonna happen, it's just a measly roller coaster. It's okay, don't be scared.”

Don't be scared.

Mondo isn't scared.

He isn't scared that his best friend might bleed out and die in front of him.

He isn't scared, he never was.

Never will be.

Mondo isn't scared.

He walked through the open cell door, taking note not to inhale the cell's foul smell. He continued his fearless stride to where Kiyotaka was. He didn't look at the screws impaling his friend's limbs, pinning him to the wall. He looked at his chest, not being able to look at his face. He wanted—needed—to see Kiyotaka's face.

“No need to be scared, Mondo. Okay, take a deep breath, then exhale. Do that a few times. Breathing exercises help.” Daiya advised.

Mondo, scared shitless, nodded and obliged.

Just a few seconds later, Daiya turned to him again. “Also, close your eyes until you're ready to see how high you are.” He smiled.

The ride began to move and Mondo could feel his body shifting in his chair as he moved up, down, and side to side.

Soon, Mondo opened his eyes, taking in the sight. He held the whole amusement park in his view. The Ferris Wheel glowed with shifted colors. One ride had a humongous disco ball. This place really was a death trap for people with epilepsy and heart conditions.

Daiya's tactics worked, and Mondo sure was glad about that.

Mondo took a deep breath, exhaling slowly. He took another, following the same routine. He closed his eyes, looking down.

With his eyes closed, he looked at where Kiyotaka's face would be. Soon, he opened his eyes, taking in the unconscious face of Kiyotaka. His eyes were closed, his ruby-colored irises covered by a sheet of skin and whatever else was in an eyelid.

Mondo raised his arm, bring a hand to Kiyotaka's cheek. He shook his head from side to side, quickly but for a short amount of time. He lightly tapped his cheek, hoping that would do something. It didn't. Kiyotaka's head stayed leaning on his shoulder. Mondo checked Kiyotaka's pulse, nice and steady.

Mondo grew increasingly livid. He felt his face get hot and he had the uncontrollable urge to hit something, to let out the tension in his arms. His breathing grew rapid. He needed to hit something, to feel his hand push force onto something else. He was pissed. Pissed at Kiyotaka. Pissed that he wasn't waking up.

Mondo took his hand and slapped Kiyotaka across the face. That was enough to leave a red mark on his cheek. It was also enough to bring Kiyotaka back to consciousness.

“Mondo?” Kiyotaka groaned. He hissed, getting hit by a wave of pain.

“Hey, it’s okay. Don’t move.” Mondo hurried to say.

“Wh-Why? What’s going on?” Kiyotaka stumbled out.

“Look, we’re gonna get you outta here. Okay?”

“Okay...” Kiyotaka listened.

“You just need to take deep breaths, and close your eyes. I’ll do everything else.” Mondo advised him.

Kiyotaka listened, but he contracted when Mondo started to move around the screw in his right arm.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” Mondo repeated himself.

Kiyotaka looked at his limbs, seeing a screw in each one of them.

“Mondo, you can’t help me.” He said with a surprisingly straight face.

“What do you mean? That’s what I’m doing.” Mondo assured Kiyotaka.

“You can’t. It’s okay, I understand.” Kiyotaka replied, his body calming.

“I can. That’s what I’m doing right now—helping you.” Mondo tried to persuade both Kiyotaka, and himself.

The truth is, Kiyotaka was right. Mondo had no idea how to treat wounds. He had no medical background. He didn’t even truly understand seasonal allergies.

“Mondo,” Kiyotaka tried to hold back tears, but they could both hear it in his voice. They could hear the shaking. Kiyotaka breathed, “It’s okay.”

“No, she’s gonna come and, and, and—and have her way with you. I can’t let that happen, Taka, we’re friends.” The fear Mondo pushed down into his gut rose back to the surface, now caught in his throat. He could barely breathe. The cell walls were closing in on him. There was no way out.

“Mondo.”

His name stopped his hyperventilating.

Kiyotaka stared at him with calm eyes. “Kill me then.”

“Wha-?” Mondo looked back at Kiyotaka.

“You don’t want her to kill me, you do it then.” Kiyotaka repeated, this time with more detail.

“I-I can’t do that.” Mondo’s voice shook, this time he was the one on the verge of tears. He took a deep breath to try and calm himself down, but to no avail.

“Yes, you can. Mondo, I want you to.” Kiyotaka smiled at him. He was asking to die and he smiled. “Mondo, put me out of my misery. Please.”

Mondo looked at the circular saw in his hand. It had cut through metal chains with ease, a throat would be no different.

“Make it quick.” Kiyotaka swallowed. “Please.”

Mondo looked at Kiyotaka with a tight grip on the saw. He looked back at Chihiro and Rantaro.

Chihiro nodded. “It’s what he wants.” He said. Rantaro nodded in agreement.

Mondo looked back at Kiyotaka, the hand with the saw now shaking. “I love you.” Mondo said, almost in a whisper as his voice was about to crack.

Kiyotaka smiled. “I love you too, Mondo.” He could help but give him a wide smile. “I love you so much. Thank you.”

Mondo didn’t hold back his tears. He let them run away from his eyes. His breathing turned quick and uncontrollable.

When it calmed, Mondo raised the saw to his throat. Kiyotaka closed his eyes, a pleasant smile returning on his face. Mondo turned on the saw and followed through with the ‘make it quick’ request.

He quickly slashed across Kiyotaka’s throat, killing him instantly, the blood splattering on Mondo’s face.

Mondo dropped his arm, his other raised to let his hand cover his mouth and muffle his sobs. His body wracked with everyone and his breathing turned ragged and loud. Chihiro walked into the cell, Rantaro leaning and following behind him, yet taking a different route to lean on the wall for support as he attempted to walk.

Chihiro silently hugged Mondo from behind, wrapping his arms around Mondo’s waist and the strong man cried muffled cries.

Rantaro soon made it to them, grabbing Mondo’s arm to balance his body before giving him a hug from the side.

Junko Enoshima laughed in her chair as she watched the monsters.

Kiyotaka’s slashed throat, his head bobbing to one side. The blood lacing the edge of the saw. Chihiro and Rantaro comforting a killer. Mondo sobbing while his best friend’s blood is splattered on his face.

What a delightful sight. Seeing the remnants of her rival group disintegrating, killing each other. She'll have the last laugh, she always does.

Sacrifice to the Hungry

Chapter Summary

After escaping, Rantaro, Chihiro, and Mondo are put into a situation that tests them. They are forced to make decisions in seconds. One decision is life-ending for some. Through these struggles, comes out desperation.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the slow updates, i am in HS atm
:)
I finally fed you guys here.

The three, unfortunately not four, walked silently to the door at the end of the hallway. There was a door with a pad, signaling it could be unlocked with a keycard.

Mondo was about to swipe the card when Chihiro made a point. "How do we know it's safe?" He asked.

"Well there's no actual way. You guys just stand back and I'll check it out." Wanting to prove he was a good person to both himself and others, Mondo volunteered himself as bait.

He slid the card, Rantaro and Chihiro stood to the side, letting the door cover them. Mondo wasn't at all scared. If he died, at least it wasn't Rantaro or Chihiro.

The guilt of a murderer was eating at him. He stood in the open, turning his head to scan for anyone. No one popped on his radar.

"Chihiro, 'Taro!" He called for them. "It's good." They could still hear him, as the door was held open.

Chihiro and Rantaro soon went through that open door, closing it behind them.

"Where are we supposed to go?" Rantaro asked, now leaning on Mondo, who didn't mind at all.

"Well our objective is to leave, so we should find an exit." Chihiro replied.

"Just, leave?" Mondo asked.

“Um, yeah. What else?” Chihiro asked, puzzled by Mondo’s confusion.

“We should get something to defend ourselves.” Mondo suggested.

“Mondo, Rantaro can’t walk.” Chihiro stated before turning to Rantaro. “Not to be rude.” He added. Rantaro nodded in peace.

“Maybe we could find something to help him.” Mondo suggested, eager in his voice.

“Mondo, you have to give this up.” Chihiro rebutted.

“What do you mean? Give up what?” Mondo showed confusion.

“This whole thing. I know you want to be strong, you want to be a leader, you want to help. You want to do anything for a person, even if you can’t.” Chihiro explained. “But it’s slowing us down.”

“Well Rantaro not being able to fucking walk is slowing us down!” Mondo, almost yelled. Anger was bubbling out of him.

Rantaro looked down, realizing his uselessness.

“You can’t say that!” Chihiro replied.

“Well I just did.” Mondo declared.

There was silence for a minute, until Rantaro spoke. “Let’s just go.”

Both Chihiro and Mondo nodded, and they searched for an exit in awkward silence.

Rantaro, wanting to prove to himself not useless, searched frantically to try to be of service form his group. It was only minutes before he Stumbled across what seemed to be an exit.

“Guys!” He yelled. It was quite weird to speak after not speaking for a while.

Both Chihiro and Mondo quietly made their way as soon as they heard him. They were all cautious when moving, none of them fully trusting no one was here.

To Chihiro, this was way too coincidental. Mondo was conveniently freed, and had a keycard. Plus, there was no one keeping them from escaping. The place seemed abandoned, yet clean. And now, on top of all that, there was an exit, guarded by nobody. Then everything was explained when Enoshima talked over the intercom.

The group immediately got tense, waving their heads from side to side, searching for a speaker.

“Well, go on. I’ll give you a little head start.” She taunted.

They didn’t miss a beat. Mondo opened the door, immediately getting hit by the hot sun. They had no idea what time or day it was.

The group ran out, letting the heavy door shut behind them.

Mondo wrapped his arm around Rantaro's neck, reaching his shoulder further away and instructed Rantaro to do the same. That formed a sort of lock.

The first thing on Mondo's 'running away to-do list'—a list he's had to use way too often—was getting faster transportation.

Junko laughed as she leaned back in her chair. "Naegi, start it up." She was referencing her monstrous vehicle she had chased them with multiple times before.

Makoto obliged. He was just glad she didn't find out who uncuffed him, and didn't have a violent reaction when she did. What she did was play a game. She gave them a chance at freedom.

He didn't want to go with her, but he didn't have a choice. He wanted to leave, to help his former classmates. He couldn't. The deal they had, it changed.

His sister wouldn't be freed. She would remain a prisoner until death, locked in a special, secret room—one Makoto will never see. If he were to defy her, or attempt to leave—practically escape now—she would be brutally murdered, in front of him.

So, he had no choice but to sit next to her and further betray his friends.

The three escapees—more like mice—ran as fast as they could, took turn after turn, trying to make their trail untraceable. Rantaro flinched when he heard the rumble of Enoshima's murder truck. It was the opposite of hearing an ice cream truck.

With fear in their heads, they went faster.

It was one of those neighborhoods that were deemed safe by its residents. So safe, many of them left their cars outside.

That's where they went, per Rantaro's request.

He had lived there before all this. His house was beautiful and well-kept, before his parents plumished into despair after their son—Rantaro—was declared missing.

Going through that neighborhood reminded Rantaro of the past, when he wasn't disabled. When he thought of himself as useful. It all came back in a flash, his old life. The life he longed for. The life he cried about during recent nights.

Then they got to his house. Rantaro needed to be of some use. He didn't want to be dead weight, he never did. Maybe that was his downfall, not wanting to be dead weight. If only he hadn't been so eager to help earlier, then he would've been able to help now. Maybe he can help get transportation.

Rantaro's head flooded with memories as he laid his eyes upon his house. Memories of a better life—a happy life. An able life.

The internalized ableism clashed with him, attacking him from all areas.

“My mom’s keys will be where they usually were.” Rantaro explained, still locked with Mondo.

“Then we should get them.” Chihiro stated the inferred.

“We should all go inside.” Mondo noted. “She might see one of us standing out here.”

As Mondo said, they all went inside.

“Over here.” Rantaro brought Mondo to the counter.

He picked it up. A shiny, bronze key attached to a thin, black rectangular prism with the Toyota symbol on it. A Toyota Yaris, specifically.

“This is it.” Rantaro clarified, holding it in his hand.

“Okay, let’s get moving.” Mondo told him. He turned his head to Chihiro. “Chi, we got it. Let’s go.”

They made their way out to the car and unlocked it. Mondo sat Rantaro in the back, breaking their lock. Chihiro sat next to Rantaro and Mondo sat in the front as their designated driver.

The tank was only a quarter full, but that would be a good start.

“Quarter full, well enough to start. So we might have to leave the car some time.” Mondo filled them in.

Chihiro and Rantaro both acknowledged Mondo’s update and they got moving.

Now that he was just sitting there, Rantaro started to think about how much he missed. There were only three of them left. The memory of the bodies Chihuro was surrounded by flashed in his mind. He hadn’t analyzed their faces but he could recognize their attire.

His mind then trailed to his boyfriend Shuichi and what happened to him. If everyone who wasn’t with them died, and Shuichi wasn’t here, then was he dead?

Rantaro slumped in his seat, leaning his head back. His love was gone.

The sound of a loud engine interrupted his thoughts.

“Fuck!” Mondo muttered, his heart racing. He made the car go faster.

Chihiro turned around, seeing Enoshima behind them. “Can you go any faster?” He asked, panic in his voice.

“Not without losing control.” Mondo replied, focusing on the road as much as he could.

“Take a lot of turns? Go in small spaces?” Chihiro offered.

The idea of using size against her was good. Her truck was massive. If they went into a two way alley they could get away. Now they had somewhere to go, the city.

They had made it to the city. Along the way Chihiro would glance behind them. They finally found a two-way alley. Their plan worked and they were now s trees over.

Mondo went faster here, trying to make the most of this. Enoshima wasn;t even on their street yet and Mondo took another two-way alley.

They were finally making some distance, finally getting away.

Then the inevitable happened.

Their society had fallen apart, there were no imports, exports, nothing. Shops weren't being restocked, and there was no way to get gas.

So when the car's tank ran out, there was no way of getting more.

"Why did we stop?" Chihiro asked, their moment of hope destroyed.

"It's empty." Mondo replied, silence only took over for a second. "We need to keep going."

Mondo and Rantaro were locked again, and Chihiro led them.

They were now significantly slower, so Enoshima was able to catch up. They could hear her engine. Then they heard his voice projecting loudly.

"I've seen your poor, abandoned car. How inconvenient! Don't worry, the fun won't stop. We're just getting started!" She exclaimed.

They then heard the loud yelling of a crowd of people. She had released her goons. They couldn't just hide and be safe.

They headed to an alley, trying to get out of sight. They didn't talk, only hide behind a dumpster.

Rantaro's face was stone, lifeless.

"Taro? You okay?" The obvious answer was no. They were so close to a gruesome death it was hard to realize.

"I'm just tired." Rantaro answered.

His answer was completely reasonable. He had been through so much—too much. They had all been traumatized. He along with all of them had every right to be tired.

They heard Enoshima's truck rumble as it passed by, leaving them undetected.

The mob had passed, leaving them in silence. That silence lingered for a bit, until Mondo, the self appointed leader, grew the guts to say something.

“We can’t stay here forever. They’ll find us.” He explained his perspective.

“I know.” Rantaro replied, leaning his back against the wall. He truly did seem tired—tired of it all.

Wanting it to end—his misery, his burden, his life.

Although Mondo was trying to revive some sort of strength in the group, all he did for Rantaro was prove how useless running was. Not like Rantaro could even run.

He couldn’t get Mondo’s degradation, even if he only said it out of anger.

“Well Rantaro not being able to fucking walk is slowing us down!” Mondo, almost yelled. Anger was bubbling out of him.

Rantaro looked down, realizing his uselessness.

“You can’t say that!” Chihiro replied.

“Well I just did.” Mondo declared.

He wanted to be useful, he wanted to help. He wanted to run. Rantaro kept playing the scenario in his head.

His greed, hunger to help. The pain in his leg when it first got destroyed, the drop in his heart. The sound of their worries. He had just wanted to help. To solve their issue. He was not exactly thanked for his courage, maybe it was stupidity.

He couldn’t move past that thought. His energy was low. He was tired.

They walked along the sidewalk, Rantaro struggling all the way. They turned into the nearest building. He was tired, exhausted.

Mondo looked around the room they were in, searching for something to help them. There were chairs lining the table. Mondo grabbed the closest one and slid it under the handle, pressed it against it.

It wasn’t long until the hundreds of soldiers found them and surrounded the building. They banged on the doors a, windows, everywhere they could reach., One psycho licked the glass with a wicked smile and wide eyes as he looked at the teenagers, some fresh adults, some still minors.

The space was closing in, being filled with human monsters. The talented students had hurried up the stairs, Rantaro being led by Mondo as he was the only one physically capable

of helping him.

Rantaro opened the window, looking down at the road covered by those beings. The drop looked big, but that might've been his perspective.

"Close the window!" Mondo ordered. "You don't know what they'll do. Those assholes will climb the fucking wall."

Rantaro retreated, shutting the glass. "I'm sorry." He continued to lean on the window.

Chihiro backed into a corner. "Where do we go? We're dead." Chihiro asked the rhetorical question.

"We're not just 'dead'. We can get out of this." Mondo attempted to light Chihiro's candle."

"How? We've got nowhere to go. Our best option would be to kill ourselves." Chihiro looked down, giving up.

That gave Rantaro an idea. You could say a lightbulb lit up in his head. You could see his eyes widen, his eyebrows raised, and his mouth slightly agape.

The weather was perfect for his idea, chaotic. "You might not have to. Maybe just me." Rantaro suggested, applying no context for his statement.

Mondo turned to him. "Are you on whatever's making Chi think like this too?" He asked, his voice raising. Mondo could never properly deal with rage.

Rantaro ignored the drug accusation. "What I'm saying is, you guys can make a run for it. You can escape by climbing up onto the roof." Rantaro gestured to the balcony on the side of the building. "Step out here, I'll show you."

"No way I'm going out there. Those bitches are crazy." Mondo declared.

"They're not gonna climb the bricks. Now come on." Rantaro declared just as Mondo did.

Chihiro had no objection, so Mondo felt compelled to go along. It was better than whatever Chihiro was gonna do.

They opened the door and all three stood out on the balcony. Rantaro raised his hand to point to the metal staircase that birthed from the balcony. Even better, it did not attach to the ground, only the balcony. "You guys can climb up to the roof. There's gotta be something there to help you guys escape." Rantaro explained.

"Wait, what do you mean 'You guys'. You're going to." Chihiro asked, the last of Rantaro's plans not clicking for him. Mondo knew exactly what he meant. It sounded selfish but it was better him than all three of them.

"The best plans can't work without a little bait." Rantaro smiled after a chuckle.

“No way we’re agreeing to that. Your life matters just as much as ours!” Chihiro expressed, not willing to go along with the plan.

Mondo stayed quiet.

“Look, this is a way I can actually help you. Instead of slowing you down. If Mondo didn’t have to carry me along, you guys would’ve been in Hawaii by now!” Rantaro explained his thinking. To Chihiro: his flawed thinking.

“No. I’m not doing that.” Chihiro stepped back.

Mondo quickly grew restless. “Let him do what he wants. He wants to help, let him! Doesn’t matter if it’s dying, it’s his choice!” Mondo only half believed what he was saying, but it didn’t stop him from saying it.

Rantaro and Chihiro looked at each other. Chihiro blinked, a bead of water leaving his eye. “If that’s your choice.”

Rantaro moved out of the way, giving them a clear path to the staircase. Mondo climbed up with zero hesitation, staying low to make sure the mob didn’t see him.

Chihiro stood at the start of the stairs. Before climbing up, he turned back to Rantaro. “Thank you.” He blinked out another tear. “I love you.”

Rantaro smiled. “I love you too, now go kick some ass.” He laughed. Chihiro smiled a sad smile.

Rantaro turned to the room when Chihiro left. He only had so much time until they saw his friends. He walked over to that same window he was looking out from. The drop won’t be so bad, maybe what will happen after will be.

He brought his hand to the handle below and twisted it until the window was fully open. He poked his head out and looked at the mob. Their hungry mouths widened at the sight of Rantaro. Their hands reached to the sky, our rather the teenager looking down at them.

Mondo sat at the roof on his knees, Chihiro behind him. They had heard the crowd grow louder. They must’ve seen Rantaro. Neither Mondo or Chihiro knew how he was going to be “bait” as he put it. All they knew was that was going to be the last time they saw him.

Rantaro smiled at the thought of his friends escaping, for a moment forgetting his fate. The mob’s cries grew louder, more desperate. Rantaro stepped onto the window sill with his leg, using his hands to hold himself in the frame.

He smiled, happiness surging through him. His friends could escape. He could finally be helpful. At least now he might be able to see Shuichi again.

It was those thoughts that got him through jumping from the window sill and landing into the crowd. It was those thoughts that got him through being pulled apart. It was those thoughts that got him through his screaming, and the agony of being bitten into. It was those thoughts that got him through the laughs and yells of the crowd.

But Mondo and Chihiro didn't have those thoughts. They just listened. They listened to him being ripped apart. They listened to chunks of him being gobbled down.

Chihiro sat there frozen. He felt as though he was the last line of defense between Rantaro and this fate. Yet he had let it slide past him. He let Rantaro meet this fate. Chihiro looked at the concrete floor. Spots of dark grey blossomed from the light grey as tears fled Chihiro's eyes.

Mondo sat, listening to Rantaro's screams, the chomping of the mob's teeth. Yeah, he felt bad for him. But he was just glad it wasn't him. His whole life he had prioritized the survival of himself. If he had the opportunity to save both himself and others he would. But in this instance he only had one choice.

He wasn't dramatic or shouting out for him. He was just sitting there. He knew it was time to go when Rantaro's screams stopped. The mob kept slurping up his flesh, but Chihiro and Mondo had to get on the move.

Mondo turned back to see Chihiro crying, using his hand to muffle those cries. Mondo wrapped his hand around Chihiro's wrist. "We've gotta go." Mondo told him. He tried to smile at him but felt bad. How could he smile at Chihiro when he just went through that? "Look, he did this for us to get away. Now that's what we're gonna do."

Chihiro nodded silently, knowing if he talked he'd just start crying again.

That's what they did: got away. Or rather they tried to.

They ran, hopping from one roof to another. The allies were narrow, that fact serving them well. They didn't know whether or not the mob had seen them go, or caught on at all. Maybe they were too busy feasting.

Mondo made a silent promise to himself, and he was known for always keeping his promises. He promised himself he would honor Rantaro's sacrifice. That entailed a lot of things. Not giving up, doing the best he can, etc.

No matter what, he would do it. He would make Rantaro's sacrifice worth it.

Off the Hinges You Go

Chapter Summary

Mondo and Chihiro manage to escape Enoshima for a while, but after having a huge argument Enoshima catches up—and her goons are anything but merciful. However, Mondo isn't feeling so merciful either.

Chapter Notes

So sorry for spaced out updates, school has a lot of homework :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The only sound was the fast footsteps of Mondo and Chihiro and the far away yelling of the crowd. All the way, Mondo kept his clutch on the one weapon they had—a bloody circular saw.

It had been minutes since anyone last spoke, as they only focused on their escaping. Even though Mondo was at the peak of his physique, being the second strongest and fastest in their grade, he was still tired after running for his life with no breaks. Still, the adrenaline kept him and Chihiro, going.

They ran like the end of the world was coming. Which to them, it was. They ran with no destination, only a purpose—to survive.

Makoto shifted uncomfortably next to Enoshima. He wanted to bawl his eyes out and curl up into a corner. He didn't want to be on this chase. He didn't want to be alive. Still, he was motivated by the life of his sister. Being locked in a cell was better than enduring whatever torture Enoshima came up with.

For a few minutes, the front deck of her vehicle was filled with her non-stop laughter. It only stopped because Makoto stood up.

“Where do you think you're going?” She asked, a grin on her face that made Makoto want to rip her skin off.

“I need water.” He answered with a short, dull reply.

“Knock yourself out.” Enoshima allowed. “Oh, and be quick, so I don't.” She threatened.

Makoto did as told and went to get water.

He couldn't help but let his mind trail to the mice. He thought of Chihiro and how lifting his smile was. No matter how upset Makoto was, that smile could always cheer him up. Even now, if Chihiro smiled at him, he'd be overjoyed. Even listening to Chihiro ramble about coding was entertaining. Those rants would've never gotten old. He thought of Rantaro and how entertaining he was. The stories of his travels were so intriguing. He would talk about bear attacks and battling an unknown illness on a small island. Those were the stories you'd expect from the Ultimate Adventurer. He then thought about Mondo. He was so uplifting, motivating even. He was a trustworthy guy who always kept his promises. He remembered when Mondo and he made their first "deal."

"Don't tell anyone, okay?" Makoto looked at him with somewhat fear in his eyes.

"I would never. Telling someone else that shit would just be cruel to ya'." Mondo slapped Makoto's back the way Makoto imagined he would to his brother.

"Promise?" Makoto's voice was small, as he did not fully trust Mondo. He would've never told him had it not been for Mondo accidentally reading his diary thinking it was Makoto's notebook for the class he missed that day.

"Yeah. It's a promise between men." He chuckled. "That's what my bro called it." He explained.

"I like that. Promise between men, or whatever." Makoto smiled.

Of course, that's the interaction you'd expect from the Ultimate Gang Leader— or rather Ultimate Hope. That was the title Mondo deserved. That was the title he had. In fact, he wasn't the Ultimate Hope. He was hope itself.

Hope had been so nice to him—to everybody. Yet, he still betrayed him. He betrayed Hope. He had sided with despair.

"Dude, I can't keep running." Chihiro admitted, placing his hands on his knees and staring at the overgrown, green grass. Mondo stared up at the school in front of them, in a scarcely similar position to when they first started this whole thing.

"Well, what else can we do? Sit here and get eaten by those freaks like Rantaro did? He got brave and did what needed to be done. We're not gonna let that go to waste!" Mondo replied, a purpose in his eyes.

"Where are we even gonna go?" Chihiro asked. "We lost everyone, Mondo. It would've been better if we had let them suffocate under whatever rubbish was piled onto them." He was on the verge of tears. "Mondo, everyone is dead."

Mondo straightened his posture. “Chi, it’s unfortunate, yeah. But that doesn’t mean we’ve got to give up.” He stared at their old school, unable to look away at that moment. “We’re strong, right?” We can’t give up. We’ve gotta get out of here. We’ll leave the country or something. We can do it! We won’t end up like them, because we can do it.”

Chihiro looked at him. “Are you saying they couldn’t do it?” He asked, his voice chillingly calm.

“What?” Mondo vocalized his confusion.

“You’re saying they couldn’t do it.” Chihiro now stated it. “It wasn’t their fault, Mondo. You appointed yourself as a leader. You drove everywhere. You brought us to that house.” He took a moment to breathe, his chest heaving. “It’s your fault most of them died! You were driving when we were taken by Enoshima! You were the one that pushed Byakuya over the edge. Yeah, he killed himself because of you—because of what you said to him!” Mondo stayed quiet, letting Chihiro rant. “Yeah, Aoi told me what you said. You don’t realize how much of a monster you are. For fuck’s sake, you even killed Taka! You fucking murdered him!” Chihiro was screaming bloody murder.

Mondo felt rage build up inside of him, realization had hit him. He felt a hard wave of desperation crash into him. Still, he attempted to bite his tongue. He didn’t want to scream at the only person he had left. He knew he’d be fine alone, as he was alone most of his life. Still, he wanted company. He couldn’t tell if the tears burning at his eyes were from sadness, or anger. His grip on the circular saw was so tight that his knuckles grew white.

“I didn’t do that.” He said, his tone flat.

“You did, Mondo. You’ve got a lot of blood on your hands.” Chihiro argued, not screaming anymore.

“I didn’t do shit to Byakuya, and Taka begged for it. I wasn’t gonna force him through shit!” Mondo replied roughly, his anger about to bubble over.

Chihiro looked at him and scoffed. “Mondo, you ran Byakuya over. You crushed him! And Taka—”

“Don’t fucking say his name!” Mondo yelled, his chest heaving. “You can say I killed Byakuya all you want. I don’t give a shit about him, but Taka? What the fuck is wrong with you?” Mondo grew livid, his arms shaking.

“I know you’ve been through a lot. We both have. But you have to own up to the fact that you’re a killer. You murdered people.” Chihiro stated.

“You don’t know half of it.” Mondo’s face was still, his jaw was locked shut. His mouth barely moved when he spoke. His eyes were narrow and he faced Chihiro directly. His arms were shaking uncontrollably, though his body was locked in place. He could barely remember why they were even arguing. All he remembered was how—how—how—how—how insensitive Chihiro was! Mondo felt like his heart was about to explode, like he was about to

burst into flames. His arms and neck heated up. He didn't know where he was. He couldn't see. He felt insane.

“Mondo?”

The hand that held the circular saw shook heavily. His posture shifted downwards and his free hand clutched his head. His eyes darted around his surroundings as he tried to figure out where he was and what he was doing here. He couldn't see the school. There was nothing around him. Chihiro wasn't even there. It couldn't end like this.

“Mondo?!”

Mondo lifted his head, his back straightening. He looked around. Bright, shining white filled his vision. He turned peaceful. He looked down at his hand, and what he was holding. The circular saw—on?

“Mondo, stop! Fucking stop!”

Mondo turned it off, tilting his head in confusion. The white killed his anger. He examined the circular saw, his face shifting into a still, neutral look when he noticed how wet it was. It was dirtier than before, a new coating layered on top of the old, dried one. He brought his hand to the side of the saw, using a finger to touch the wet layer. He turned his hand over, seeing a red liquid coat the tip of his finger.

He looked up at the sky, his vision no longer a sheet of glowing white. His hands were raised over his head, both of them clasped on the circular saw's handle. He slowly lowered his arms to his sides, confusion on his face. Realization hit him when he looked to the floor.

Chihiro lay there, his arm over his chest. He was barely recognizable. Slashes covered his chest and face. Blood was everywhere. On the ground, splattered onto Mondo—everywhere. He was dazed, confused. He didn't know what was going on. He tried to make a timeline of events based on the information in front of him.

He imagined he was mad at Chihiro's rambling. He imagined he turned on the circular saw and raised it back over his head. He imagined Chihiro's fear, his confusion while being attacked by his close friend.

He imagined swinging at Chihiro with the powered saw. He imagined that Chihiro used his arm to shield his face, the limb eventually getting slashed to the point that it was almost cut off. He imagined himself yelling at Chihiro—incomprehensible yells. He imagined Chihiro's blood splattering all over him, drenching him. He imagined Chihiro begging Mondo to stop, pleading even. Still, he definitely didn't stop. At least not until he woke up from despair.

Mondo was drawn out from his thoughts by the sound of loud rumbling and distant yells. He looked behind him, now facing away from the dilapidated school. Cold, night winds blew at his body—his face. The wind blew around his hair that was now cascading to his shoulders as his pompadour finally gave out. He watched Enoshima's vehicle approach with a blank expression and swirls in his eyes.

Makoto sat in the passenger seat, looking down at his lap. He lifted his head upon the realization that they were approaching Hope's Peak.

He didn't vocalize his confusion. Instead, he looked around everywhere except for Enoshima's face.

Then he noticed Hope. However, this time he wasn't luminating with the good feeling, or even feeling it through his veins. There was nothing there. There was no hope. This wasn't Hope. This wasn't Mondo.

What replaced hope was the need to kill, bloodshed, anger, and most surprisingly, despair.

Mondo stared at the upcoming vehicle and her goons surrounding it, yelling and chanting as they approached the lone teenager.

With swirls in his eyes, Mondo let the wet feeling of Chihiro's blood sink into his skin and clothes. Those same clothes clung to his body, the blood it soaked in weighing it down. Despairingly, he stared into the front box of Enoshima's vehicle, where she and her buddy sat. He smiled a despaired smile and let the sun shine on his face, finally ready.

For a moment, the slimmest moment, he turned his head to look behind him at their dilapidated, wreck-of-a school. He let memories from there slip into his mind. Everytime he was late for a class, talked with his friends, vandalized the bathroom, everything came back, and he smiled with teary, swirling eyes.

He looked back at the rumbling, approaching vehicle. He stood still next to Chihiro's body. He let the crowd of despaired hooligans surround the front of him, blocking the vehicle from running him over. He glanced at Makoto who had the guiltiest look on his face. Then, his trip on the saw strengthened.

Mondo had always remained hinged—he needed to be. He didn't want to be hauled away to some mental facility. He wanted to be free. So he pushed his murderous thought deep down into the pit of his stomach. But now, he didn't care. There was no law enforcement, no one to haul him away. He had killed his last friend. Why not carry on? Despair wrapped his head. It seeped into his brain, influencing his mind. He knew despair controlled people. It controlled Byakuya, making him jump out of the bus. It controlled Shuichi, making him kill himself. It controlled people. It fed off their deepest emotions and impulses. But Mondo's deepest emotion was anger, and his deepest impulse was to kill.

Mondo stepped back, analyzing the crowd of hungry idiots. What he assumed was Rantaro's blood ran from their mouths, soaking into the front of their shirts.

He turned on the saw, his second to last line of defense before his fists. He smiled at the sound of the blade spinning at a dangerously fast pace.

He looked at the group, seeing just how many simps she had. He was smart enough to know he couldn't take on this many people at once.

So, instead, he turned around and ran into the school. He turned off the saw to keep hidden. He heard the group chasing after him, but he didn't look back. He just kept running.

He ran all the way up to the fifth floor before hiding under a pile of wreckage. He held the saw in a defense position, only easing when he heard the group of idiotic supporters run past him and to the sixth floor.

Hesitantly, he climbed out of the wreckage, still holding the saw in a defensive position. He swept the floor he was on before heading down using the fire escape instead of the main flight of stairs.

The fire escape was more narrow. There was a door on every floor, giving easy access for anyone to escape. He didn't believe that the designers intended it to be used to escape from something like this.

He couldn't shake the need to kill, as despair held on tight. This wasn't a battle against despair. Instead, he was waiting for the perfect moment to embrace it.

Mondo left through the back entrance, not wanting Enoshima and her prized pet to see him. He promised himself he would come back and kill them. He doesn't break promises.

He had run through the forest surrounding the school to get a good view of the back of the vehicle. Mondo looked at the school, able to see the huge group of puppets from the gaping holes in the school's walls.

The vehicle was just sitting there, parked. It was like she was waiting for her puppets to haul him out of there for her. He approached it, seeing one of the back doors a crack open. A wave of confusion passed over him. The door was just open? It seemed too easy, like a trick. Still, under the control of despair and his need to kill, he went in without a sound.

Makoto looked to the woods. He wanted to escape. He wanted to run. He wanted to be free. He moved his eyes, trying to see Enoshima in his peripheral vision. He saw her, but not her expression. Her hysterical laughter when the horde of people chased Hope into the building was enough to know that she was smiling.

He started into the forest that surrounded the decaying building. There he saw it, in between the trees and their branches. He saw a glimpse of hope lurking, running in the woods. The glistening hope stopped and stared at the vehicle.

Makoto stood up, stopping the shake in his voice. "I'm getting some water." He declared.

"Thirsty, huh?" She reacted, dangling her keys from one extended, long finger.

Makoto didn't respond. Instead, he made his way to the back and gave the door a slight push, leaving it open a crack.

He turned to this water jug that would dispense its contents when one pressed a button. Makoto did so and drank the room temperature liquid before walking back to where he and Enoshima would sit just before her world came crashing down.

Mondo took a slow step into the vehicle, letting his eyes take in his new surroundings. He took in everything. The water dispenser, the array of papers scattered on the desk, everything.

Mondo turned to the papers, curious of their contents. Most of the papers held drawings of torture devices and what the victims would look like before, during, and after the process. He saw one picture in particular. It was a sketch of the house they stayed in and the address scribbled in the corner. It showed the land under the house and that land held circles in it. Those must represent where her bombs were—the ones she used to cause the earthquake. She had known where they were and had waited for the perfect time to strike. He had told her—that fucking snitch. Mondo hated Makoto, and unknowing to the fact that Makoto was the one to help him, he wished him dead.

Mondo picked up another paper and recognized the girl in the drawing as Komaru—the hair was very similar. She was in the corner of a cell, her arms chained up, her legs folded. She was blindfolded and looked confused. The cell reminded Mondo of his and what happened there. It reminded him of his brother. He would've done everything for Daiya—his sibling—his family. He thought for a moment with a new mindset, with a new openness of said mindset. He stared at the pencil sketch for a long time before coming to a conclusion. Makoto would do everything for his family too. Suddenly, everything made sense to Mondo. His mind opened and let the obvious guess—that had always been there but was shoved so far back in his head that he forgot about it—in. He stared at her chained up arms and he realized why. He felt his arms grow lighter and his shoulders lifted. He folded the piece of paper and put it into his pocket. He turned to the door at the far end of the room. The door was metal and had the appearance of a classroom door with a narrow yet quite long window on it.

He gripped his saw tighter and walked towards it. Still at a far distance, he peered into the window and saw two pink ponytails. He peered to the other side and saw a short guy making himself tinier with his posture.

His morals spoke to him. If he killed her, he would be nothing but a killer. But he was already nothing but a killer. Getting revenge would alleviate him from the despair he felt in his heart and head.

With that in mind, he walked towards the door and placed his hand on the door knob. For a moment, he stood there watching the two. Then Makoto turned around and saw him.

Makoto starred in the eyes of hope—the hope he wished would come to save him and pull him out of this despair that dragged him down. Makoto grabbed a remote. It had. A singular button that had a white exclamation on it. Mondo assumed it was some sort of panic button. Makoto shifted in his seat and stared forward as if he hadn't seen the shining hope that he prayed every night would save his life.

Mondo furrowed his brows, confused. It was only for a moment, as despair and anger flushed out his confusion and usurped his head.

He wrapped his fingers around the handle, seconds away from revenge. He watched as Makoto shifted in his seat once more, this time completely facing away from Enoshima. He turned the handle slowly, trying not to make noise. His life would soon be fixed. His despair would be gone and he could live again. The sound of her giggling and happy sighing sent angered shivers down his spine. He couldn't stop shaking. He opened the door to his new life—or rather shoved it open. He lifted his saw into an attacking position and turned it on. With anger blinding him and fury in his expression, he slashed Enoshima's stomach and let a waterfall her warm, red substance flow out the wound. He slashed at her organs, damaging her stomach, lungs, everything. She moved her hand to grab the remote and patted around repeatedly, searching for her panic remote.

He burst out laughing at her desperation, and Makoto realized there was no hope in him. He was not the hope he prayed for. Instead, he was Despair.

He lifted the saw behind his head and slashed at her chest repeatedly. He used one hand to reach into one of her wounds and slathered one side of his face in her blood. Enoshima's eyes widened at his vengeance and the karma taking place. He laughed harder at her shock, his stomach and face eventually hurting. He smiled and slashed at her face and neck, ready to finish her off.

Her mangled corpse lay on the floor of the driver's den. He picked it up with ease, the bottom half falling to the floor, as it was now detached. He tucked her upper half under his arm and grabbed the bottom before throwing both chunks of flesh and bone into the room with the papers.

He sat down in the chair that was once Enoshima's and placed the insanely bloody saw in a glove compartment. Blood was now slathered on his chest and muscular arms. It was all over him.

Mondo watched as the group ran out of the school. They looked around until he spotted him through the windshield. They came running past Chihiro's poor body and to the vehicle, but not with hunger in their minds, or even just murder. They came with respect. They piled into the back of the vehicle and began feasting on their former ruler—making sure to take in every last bite. They understood who was at the top now. They understood who they needed to follow.

Mondo started the vehicle and began backing up. Vengeance didn't fix anything. His friends and family were still dead. He was still swallowed by despair. Nothing had changed. He was still a murderer. He had killed Kiyotaka and Chihiro. No amount of revenge would change that fact. Mondo repeated in his head: He didn't deserve this.

Why did it have to be him along with the rest of Japan to endure this despair? This torture? Losing their family, friends, even lives. Why couldn't it have been any other part of the world? Hell, the whole thing! He smiled with plans bigger than Enoshima's would ever have been.

Makoto looked at Despair. He saw the smirk on his face, the despair in his eyes. He wasn't looking at what he thought was the Ultimate Hope—or even the Ultimate Biker Gang Leader. Instead, he was looking at what he dreaded most: The Ultimate Despair.

Chapter End Notes

Yea this is the last chapter :(thx for reading!

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