**Promises and Threats**

**by** BritishRaptor

**Summary**

Junko hates Naegi with a passion. She hates his optimism, his ability to pull people from whatever despair they're in; she hates the fact he gives everyone a chance. In fact, she hates him so much, it's almost despairful. Perhaps a date is in order?

Or: Junko asks (threatens) Naegi into going on a date. It goes about as well as expected.

**Notes**

After my last fic, Hope and Despair, like Oil and Water, got such a fantastic response, I realized that there is a severe lack of Junko orientated comedy on this site. Yeah she's an insane, unstable, despairing psychopath, but when has that stopped anyone before (*cough*, Komaeda, *cough*)

See the end of the work for more notes

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>General Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Dangan Ronpa - All Media Types, Dangan Ronpa 3: The End of 希望ヶ峰学園</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Enoshima Junko/Naegi Makoto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Naegi Makoto, Enoshima Junko, class 78 (mentioned), Naegi Komaru, Hagakure Yasuhiro, Maizono Sayaka, Kuwata Leon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>First Dates, Pre-Relationship, Getting Together, Prequel, okay so this is a prequel to my other story, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Non-Despair (Dangan Ronpa) Alternate Universe - Hope's Peak Academy (Dangan Ronpa), ok so Junko wants a foil, And Naegi wants Junko to be a normal person but is super curious, and she kinda traumatises him because she take him on a date, And anyway its a trainwreck, just take it, We're gonna try and start a Healthy relationship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Series:</td>
<td>Part 1 of A Train Wreck Relationship</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2018-01-27 Completed: 2018-02-20 Chapters: 2/2 Words: 6166</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
That was the conversation had between one Makoto Naegi, Ultimate Lucky student and Junko Enoshima, Ultimate Model, early one Friday morning. What had been loud and pleasant chatter in classroom 1-A had quickly died down to shocked whispers as the short boy stared blankly in confusion.

“Junko! Don’t tease the poor boy like that,” Sayaka lectured, cutting through the awkward tension.

“Indeed,” added Celeste. “It would be a rather cruel joke to play, especially on someone as naïve as Makoto.” She giggled, covered her mouth with her hands, her posture deceptively relaxed, only her eyes laser-focused on the model.

Junko could be cruel. The class had quickly come to learn that, after being together for the better part of the year. She hadn’t caused any permanent injury or irreparable damage, as far as they could tell, but she’d come close. She’d come close many times. And Makoto, with his carefree attitude and heart of gold pissed her off more than anything. Honestly, they were more surprised at exactly how predictable her next target had been, rather than whatever plan she’d decided to cook up next.

“I’m, uh, going to have to turn you down Junko,” stammered the unfortunate victim. “You’re beautiful and um, really interesting, but I don’t think we’d really work well together.” The boy pieced his words together carefully, looking every bit as if he stood on the edge of a precipice. Dull green eyes flickered up and down nervously, never retaining eye contact for more than a second or two.

“Aww, come on Maki-boy! Just for a couple of days? Please?” Her voice dripped like honey and Makoto shrunk, cheeks colouring. Abruptly, she changed her posture, leaning in close and a new, harder smile wove its way onto her face.

“Hey, hey, make sure you’re taking me seriously. This isn’t a joke or anything like that. I’m being honest here. I want you to go out with me. You should think about your answer very carefully.” The last line was directed almost like a threat.
“Hey wait, for real?” Leon exclaimed. “I mean, we all know Junko’s a bitch, but she’s seriously hot. You sure you’re going to pass this up dude?” He quirked an eyebrow at the helpless looking lucky student, his mouth quickly twisting into a mischievous grin. “If you don’t want her, I’ll be more than happy to take a shot.” Junko made a face, while Leon snickered to himself. Upon received one no-less-than-murderous glance from one Sayaka Maizono however, and it soon devolved into quiet coughing.

“Uh, well…” Makoto broke into a cold sweat. Honestly, he was pretty much willing to give anyone a go at proving themselves to be a good person, and Junko was no exception. Really, this was a great opportunity to know her better. But dating? With Junko? He wasn’t going to lie, for some reason she scared him absolutely shitless. Was he broken? He felt perfectly safe around Mukuro, the Ultimate Solider for goodness sake, why was it Junko that scared him so bad? This was a bad idea, he should trust his gut, just say no, Makoto, just say no-

“Time’s up!” Junko announced gleefully.

“Huh?” Makoto responded intelligently.

“You took too long to answer! Therefore, you owe me a date tomorrow night! Antonio’s, 7pm sharp, no need to pick me up, I’ll meet you there.” She laughed, twirling one of her massive pigtails between her fingers.

“Junko I don’t…” Makoto started.

“By the way,” she interrupted. “How’s the paint job going? Your dad is painting the outside of your house himself, right? Tell him I said hi, and that he should be careful. Ladders can be terribly rickety after all~” she sang.

Was…w-was she, was she threatening him? Probably not? Makoto didn’t like that there was a question mark next to that statement. But really, the chance that it was a threat…models didn’t go around threatening people! But this was Junko. And that sharp glimmer in her eyes certainly gave him pause. He didn’t have a choice anymore he supposed. Though out of everything that could have happened being forced on a date with a supermodel really wasn’t the worst thing. Right?

The Next Day
Makoto stood awkwardly, twisting and posing in front of the full length mirror present in his room before letting out a heavy sigh. He attempted to flatten the strand of hair that never sat flat for the twentieth time in an hour before letting it bounce back, defeat crossing his face. He took a step forward and rested his forehead on the cold surface, hoping that it would shock him back to reality. One where he wasn’t going on a date with a possibly murderous supermodel.

“Oh, what’s this now? Is my little brother going on a date?” His sister’s voice threaded its way into the room, laden with a dozen knowing looks.

“I am not that small!” Makoto huffed, spinning to face the doorway, where she leaned casually against the white woodwork, a smirk fixed firmly upon her face. “And as your older brother, I would like a little more respect.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, short stuff. Sooo, who’s the lucky gal?” she sauntered into the room, and gave him a friendly nudge.

“A psychopath.” Makoto muttered grumpily.

“What?” Komaru froze, confused.

“Nothing,” Makoto sighed. “Just a classmate.”

“O-Okay. So, who’s the lucky classmate?” she recovered, the question accompanied by a smirk only ever seen in the presence of the most terrible puns.

“Nobody speci- Wait, did you just?!” He turned to her, exasperated. “You’re not helping!”

Komaru tried desperately to hold in a smile and failed, chuckles rolling from her tongue as she covered her mouth in mock apology. After Makoto stared pointedly for a minute, she coughed into her hand, and straightened. “Now, little brother-“

“I am not-“

“-There’s no such thing as nobody in your class. Now spill, it’ll be all over the blogs by morning
anyway, so you know.” She smiled sweetly. “Might as well tell me now.”

“They’ll what?” Makoto exclaimed in horror, his cheeks quickly reddening.

“Ah…” Komaru realised her mistake and backtracked. “I mean, they’re not all that famous. I mean, who follows an author’s daily life, or a detective’s or even a gambler’s! As long as it’s not anyone really in the public spotlight.”

“I’m screwed.” Makoto realised. Was this Junko’s real plan? Was she going to corner him and embarrass him in front of dozens of journalists and bloggers? Some lucky student he was, in fact he wouldn’t put it past himself to do all the work. All he needed was his usual luck and he’d end up tripping and falling on a random stranger’s table. He groaned aloud as Komaru looked on, concerned.

“Um, are you okay, Makoto? You don’t look very excited. They can’t be that bad, surely?”

It was then that in his self-pity, Makoto happened to glance at the wristwatch he had fetched from the back of his closet and paled even farther.

“I’m going to be late!” he gasped. “I’m meeting Junko in ten minutes!” He snagged a forest green jacket (barely worn) and shrugged it over his white polo shirt and made a grab for his phone.

“Hang on, Junko? Juno Enoshima? The supermodel?! Makoto how on earth-”

“See you later Komaru!” He yelled as he dashed past. After a moment of hesitation, he turned back. “Pray for me,” he added.

Komaru was left standing with one hand held up in a gesture of confused farewell.

Junko stood in front of the restaurant, foot tapping impatiently. A small smirk graced her lips as she spotted a small head of messy brown hair darting among the crowd on the street. The chances that this date would actually provide anything of interest was low, she knew. Makoto was the culmination of average. He liked popular shows, popular food, popular activities; talked about what everyone talked about and dressed in rather normal clothes. Honestly, when she first met him,
she doubted he even had a personality of his own. And that impression remained in place until about halfway through the year.

“Makoto~!” she called, putting on her best cutesy voice. A dozen people turned towards her voice, some losing interest immediately, but most remaining in place, entranced by her beauty. Some part of her preened, but the majority sighed. So predictable. So boring.

“So sorry I’m late!” He blurted, staggering the last couple of steps, breathing heavily.


“Seriously?” I wiped my face of my previous personality and shot him my blankest stare, enjoying him worry and frown in fear. I examined my perfectly manicured nails, my eyes catching on a recently applied piece in the shape of a four leaf clover. Everything is relevant, always, after all. “Oh well!” I chirped suddenly, taking a step forward and gently tapping him on the nose. “Don’t miss the bus next time, silly. Really though, I can’t believe you ran the whole way here. What’s that, like seven blocks. No wonder you were late.” I giggled in what I felt was the most mocking way possible. It worked, as the small lucky student’s ears turned bright red and he fidgeted in embarrassment.

“Anyway, it’s not like they’re going to cancel our reservation. It’s not often they get to host a model of my calibre after all.” I add absent-mindedly.

“U-Um…” stammered Makoto. “I, uh, I’m sorry.”

“Oh?” I smirked. “What for?”

“I didn’t bring you anything. I probably should have brought you some flowers or something. And then I was late; so sorry is all I want to say.”

“Oh please,” I wave dismissively, pulling out a pair of glasses and flick them open. “Really, child. What kind of idiot brings flowers to a date he was threatened into attending?”

“I, what?” his eyes widened as his mind struggled to assess the situation. “So wait, that really was-?”
“Too slow!” I rolled my eyes. “Come on, I’m bored!” I reached out and grabbed his hand. It was smooth and cool, his fingers slender for his gender. Pulling him forward and skipping towards the restaurant entrance, I risk a quick glance back. Expecting confusion, anger, or something similar, I find something incredible. A look of contemplation, or perhaps determination settled across the formal timid boy’s features. That’s not right, that’s not the reaction he’s supposed to have, the analytics scream. I grin in delight and readjust my opinion yet again.

Makoto stumbles through his front door, dishevelled and dazed at ten o’clock at night. He winces at the slam the door makes as the wind sucks it closed behind him and begins to shrug off his jacket, now smelling like fish and dropping it in the laundry as he saunters past. Walking past his sister’s Komaru’s room on the way to his own he find himself stopped by a tug on his arm and turns to find concerned, almost golden eyes staring at him.

“That bad?” she whispers.

“…” Makoto just stares at her, his stare speaking of a thousand horrors; slowly, she lets go, watching him shamble lifelessly into his room, door closing quietly behind him.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Class 78 hears about the Date and Makoto does some reflection

Chapter Notes

I'm so glad I had so many kind comments, so thank you everyone! I tried to keep this short, because the last time I let myself go, a 1500 word fanfic turned into 29,000 words...

This chapter has a bit of character study and internal monologues, sorry. Also, I have no beta reader and it is nearly midnight. I can't remember how to write Hiro. Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Makoto! Oi, Makoto, dude, hey – Holey jeez dude, are you okay?” Leon called out, jogging along the hallway, chains clinking with every stride. “You look like you got hit by a truck. And then your cat died. Or something,” he noted, taking in the lucky student’s appearance.

Dark bags lined the underside of his normally bright green eyes, now a dull shade of their former glory. His blazer was crumpled, his hair messed (Leon was sure the lucky student had three pieces of hair stuck up, it was so messy) and he was missing his second jacket.

“Hmm? Oh, hey, Leon.” Makoto yawned. “Yeah, I didn’t get a lot of sleep last night. And then I slept through my alarms, and barely caught the bus. But then someone started throwing up, so they had to let everyone off, and I had to take another one, which got into a minor crash when some old lady decided to jaywalk without waiting for the light. The only reason I’m here on time is ‘cause I decided to just take a taxi here.”

“Dude really? Man, your luck is weird as. A late night, huh?” Leon slung his arm around the shorter boy, a mischievous smirk dancing on his lips. “The date with the supermodel went good then? She’s a bit scary for me, but I can’t believe you got her attention.” Leon felt the boy stiffen up underneath his grip, before he relaxed and began to shake. A choking sound escaped their lips, and Leon realized Makoto was laughing. Or maybe crying? Both?

“The date?” he said. “It was…it was…” His eyebrows scrunched in contemplation, his lips a hard line, something Leon only ever saw when Makoto was taking a really nasty test.
“…It was interesting.” He tried.

“Interesting?” Leon raised an eyebrow.

“It was a complete disaster.” Makoto admitted reluctantly.

“Dude, really? That sucks. How bad are we talking?” Leon asked, concerned. Instead of responding, much to Leon’s horror, Makoto began to chuckle hysterically. He heard hints of words beneath the madness; snatches such as ‘eels’ and ‘power outage’ and ‘crab fuelled explosion’. Leon figured he probably heard the last one wrong.

“All right, all right. I figured she was a little crazy, but I didn’t think it’d go that bad. Probably,” he added. “She sure is a strange one.”

Makoto nodded slowly, his eyes remaining lost in thought, his mouth pursed in contemplation.

Pulling out his phone with his other hand, Leon clicked it on and visibly flinched at the time. “Shit! We’re gonna be late!” he yelped. This snapped Makoto of his daze, spurring him into action, as the two Ultimates sprinted down the hallway towards their classroom.

After barely making it into the room before their teacher, a grey haired, sour faced old man who surprisingly did not hold any Ultimate title, Makoto remained in his seat and tried his absolute best not to fall asleep during his class on Introductory Calculus; a task that would have been difficult to begin with, judging by the unconscious form of Mondo in the far back row.

After an eternity, the bell rang, and he wiped away the drool that had inevitably gathered in the corner of his mouth and raised his arms for a full stretch.

“Makoto!” A light, musical voice rang across the classroom, and he jumped in response. Within seconds, Sayaka stood the left of his desk, bright smile and eager eyes aimed full force at his face.

She opened her mouth to say something, probably upbeat and cutesy, but stopped, smile fading, as she studied his face. “You look terrible.” She told him.

“Thanks,” he answered dryly. Normally he wouldn’t talk to Sayaka so bluntly or even so calmly, but he was so exhausted, her entire pop group could perform in the middle of the classroom, right
that instant, and Makoto wasn’t sure whether he’d even be able to formulate an enthusiastic response.

“You’re welcome,” she giggled. “Big night?” she asked. For a moment, the lucky student thought he detected a…darker…undercurrent in her tone but waved it aside.

“Yeah. It was…big. It, ah, didn’t go the way I expected, and we got held back by the police, so didn’t get home until late. And then I had a big morning, too, I guess,” he answered half-heartedly. After some vague chit chat, she finally took the hint and drifted off to talk to Celeste on the other side of the room. He liked talking to Sayaka, really. But right now, he was more focused on the fact that he was very much aware that Junko hadn’t turned up for class that morning. It was…frustrating, might be the word for it. Junko had a magnetic quality, one that drew people in whenever she went; some might describe her like fire, but that wasn’t quite right; fire felt dangerous; it was hot while it was bright, even as it lit the sky. Makoto felt that while Junko could act like fire if she wanted, she was more akin to acid; harmless and pretty until you find your fingers gone because you made the mistake of touching when you should’ve run away.

He hadn’t been lying when he’d talked to Leon earlier that day; the date could be called both interesting and disastrous on a level he wasn’t aware could occur. On one hand, he learnt many things he never knew he didn’t know. For example, what happens when you interrupt a marriage proposal by slipping a live eel down someone’s shirt (he hadn’t even seen her take it out of the tank), how to make six different servers cry without getting kicked out a restaurant, how many weapons one could conceal in a fashionable dress, and finally, how insane and supposedly ‘despair-obsessed’ Junko is. It was that last concept that relentlessly tugged at his psych, his mind struggling the comprehend how such an obsession would work. Oh, he could understand being a sadist, a masochist, or even having some weird embarrassment kink. But Despair… he felt like the concept that Junko had referred to was something deeper, something that you would capitalise if you wrote it down. The feeling where there is no hope left to a person; where believing that moving forward, no matter what you did, would never yield a better future. Such a feeling; it was the stuff of mental illness, of suicides and insanity; and yet she openly enjoyed such a feeling, watching it bloom and flourish, and even happily encouraged it within herself. He never thought he could learn so much about a person in just six hours, but Junko had been happy to gush and give all the information he could ever want (or handle).

At some point during the date (just after he’d accidentally set fire to the tablecloth, to which Junko laughed manically and called him a hoot) he’d been brave enough to drag the real reason for the date out of her. The answer, unsurprisingly, lead back to Despair; or more specifically, its antithesis, Hope (he felt it had a capitalisation too. Also, he was uncomfortably reminded of Nagito-senpai). According to Junko, he was the most hopeful person she’d ever met; it almost made her sick just to be in the same room as him, she’d cheerily informed him. Which was apparently all the explanation that was needed, because she dropped the topic immediately in favour of the pasta she’d ordered. His best guess was that he, in some way, brought her despair, by being hopeful, which was so oxymoronic and roundabout it brought him a headache. But besides the point, he couldn’t help wonder how she’d become so twisted. He didn’t think her sister was the same; but taking a closer look, he could definitely see her sister’s influence; the awe, the looks of
utter devotion and automatous way she obeyed her sister’s every whim. But it wasn’t the same. And that also begs the question; what was it really that she saw in him? She’d said he was hopeful; did she think he took the same joy in spreading this hope as she did in despair? He definitely had the most friends in class, he allowed; and it felt like he was constantly volunteering and helping out, but he didn’t realise he’d had such a, well, powerful image.

He let out an audible sigh, making Hiro to glance at him in concern. Deciding to shrug off the headache-inducing thoughts, and last night in general, he reached into his backpack to pull out the lunch he had packed that morning. With how the day had been going, he was genuinely surprised when he found it exactly where he put it and pulled it out with relief.

He’d only begun to dig in, spearing little octopush shaped weenies with his chopsticks before a commotion in the hallway caught his attention. Sounds of crying and a familiar bossy voice sent a shiver down his spine and he quickly increased the speed of his eating. Normally he’d go to help, but by the sounds of it, there were people helping already, and he wanted to make sure he had something to eat before dealing what could very well be the aftershocks to the disaster last night.

Sure enough, within minutes Junko Enoshima swept into the classroom, her presence akin to a hurricane. Junko got bored of things ridiculously easy, Makoto reminded himself. If he acted normally, she’d probably blow him off completely. It was a rare day when she showed interest in anything for more than 24 hours. It was then to his utter shock when her eyes landed on him and positively lit up.

“Makoto!” she squealed, moving with shocking speed in a pair of stilettos (she was really pushing the dress code) before latching her arms around his neck. Heat flushed throughout his body, and he froze, unsure, as a blush crept up his neck. At this point, not only was Makoto in a state of shock, but most of the class was too. They’d seen how tired the lucky student was and assumed the date had gone terribly. Junko apparently did not share the same sentiment.

“How bonkers was last night?” she gushed. “It was sooo much fun. We need to do it again!” she exclaimed, grabbing his hands in a vicelike grip.

Makoto gaped. “What?” he stammered, trying not to focus on how close the model was.

“Aww, didn’t you have as much fun? I don’t see how, it was fantastic!” she giggled, her eyes dancing in delight.

“Y-You almost set fire to the waiter!” he spluttered, finally looking her in the eyes.
“But I didn’t.” she reminded him sulkily.

“Because I stopped you! And how did you even get that eel out the tank?! And you almost took out the power for a block! And the crabs—”

“Alright, alright!” she complained. “Apparently we have different definitions of fun. You’re such a partypooper.”

“Those poor crabs,” Makoto whispered.

“Enough about the crabs! Besides,” she grinned. “You almost burned down the restaurant yourself. And nearly killed the neighbouring couple—”

“Those were accidents!” he protested.

“I never knew someone could flick a piece of shrimp so far on accident!” she smirked. Makoto just grimaced and sunk into his seat in embarrassment. This was bad, his whole face felt like it was on fire and Junko still hadn’t let go of his hands… The class watched on in silence, imaginations running wild, ranging from confused to downright horrified.

“Anyway, I’ll give you til 4 o’clock this afternoon,” she told him, releasing his hands. Makoto all but snatched them back, curling them and ignoring the way they seemed to tingle.

“Huh? What for?” he asked.

“Yesterday, I asked you out. We’ve had a date, so I’ll expect your final answer by then!” she declared, adjusting a pair of glasses perched on the bridge of her nose (ones that that had materialised out of thin air, apparently). With that, she spun and made for the exit, heels clacking loudly in the silence.

“Junko, it’s only lunch! There’s still half the school day left!” Taka bellowed after the retreating model. “You should really take studies more seriously!” A bored sigh from more than one student followed his words.
“Whatever,” she waved lazily, disappearing from sight.

The rest of the day passed as a blur for Makoto; one filled with unabsorbed lectures and concerned voices. This was not the way he thought his high school love life would go, he thought dazedly. Oh, he’d been asked out before in middle school; but he’d guessed it was a dare before the girl even opened her mouth, her question all but punctuated by giggles. Honestly, the gaggle of maliciously giggling girls and the dirt clumped on the roots of the flower she held were obvious enough that he could read the signs. He’d politely declined, of course, flattered and apologised the problem away; he didn’t need more enemies at school. And now Junko was asking him, and he couldn’t decide whether it was a joke or not. The question had come out of nowhere, she had made the date a disaster and her personality had been twice as chaotic as it had ever been. But the fact that she maintained interest despite her reputation and even dropped hints spoke more of her seriousness.

Really, the answer to the question should not have been as hard to find as it was. He should decline, he thought, taking notes absently. It was only on second glance that he realised he had written the first paragraph three times already, and rushed to erase the extra, then instead hastily scratching it out and speed writing the rest seconds before the slide flickered.

The problem was he actually really liked Junko Enoshima. She embodied everything he wasn’t; he was average, always walking the path most taken, liking popular things, doing normal activities, being, well, normal. Junko, while he most certainly didn’t agree (or understand) with her motivations, was different in so many ways. She didn’t just walk down the path least taken, she burnt down hedges and made new ones whenever it got too dull; she constantly tried new things, on a conquest for the new and different. The fact that she was, well, the Ultimate Model was, at the very least, the figurative cherry on top. And then, of course, was Junko’s talk of Despair.

To say he wasn’t curious would be a lie; to say he wasn’t concerned would be a bigger one. No matter the context, that word was never kind, and for some reason Junko claimed he could combat it, it kind of made him feel, well special. Which he decided, was probably a very bad feeling and a trap. He just didn’t understand her motivations he decided. He checked the clock: half an hour til the end of class, and an hour and a half til Junko’s deadline.

He wasn’t learning anything in this class, he sighed internally. Turning to a later page, he scratched out a rough list.

Positives:

- Beautiful
- Fun
- A mystery
- Find out more about ‘Hope and Despair’ (satisfy curiosity)
Negatives:

- Unstable
- Could be a joke??

Makoto stared at his list, and realised he really was an idiot; who the hell would date anyone where the negatives included ‘Unstable’ and the nagging worry that their significant other would push someone off a bridge for fun. He laid his face on the page and deigned to just listen to the teacher drone on for the last ten minutes; normally they’d pull him up, but even they’d noticed the bags under his eyes. He’d had to deny the request of being taken to the nurse at east twice this period alone.

The bell finally rang and he felt rather than saw, a presence at his desk. He lifted his head to find Sayaka once again hovered nearby. Plastering what he hoped was a encouraging smile on his face, he greeted her with as much cheer as he could muster. She seemed to scan his face for a moment, before relaxing into an easy smile.

“You seem to be looking a bit better,” she stated, nodding in satisfaction.

“Ah, thanks,” he responded awkwardly. Leaning forward, she caught sight of the hastily written list, and quick as a flash, Makoto found himself leaning on nothing but plain desk again.

“Hmm,” she hummed. At last she looked up from the very short list. “You’re taking this very seriously. Or at least seriously for you,” she giggled. “So,” she asked, kneeling and crossing her arms on his desk. “What’s your answer going to be? If you don’t mind telling me, of course,” she added.


“Hey, don’t tell me even Makoto can be tempted by the allure of a model’s beauty,” she teased.

“No, I mean, kinda, but that’s not really the point, I just…I don’t know. I don’t know her very well, and I’m worried that she’s out of my league. She’s a little scary,” he laughed.

“That makes sense, I guess,” Sayaka responded slowly. “I think that should just trust yourself; you
are the Ultimate Lucky student, after all. You’ll have to trust your instincts sometimes. Just, take care of yourself,” she told him. “If you do decide to accept, and it goes nasty, remember, everyone in class has your back!”


“Good to hear it!” she giggled. “I want the deets tomorrow, ‘kay?” she called cheekily, walking out the door, laughing as Makoto blustered.

Makoto let out another sigh (today would forever be a new record), only to be interrupted by the sudden weight of an arm slung over his shoulder.

“Yo, Naegi-chi!” Hiro greeted loudly, leaning in far too close for Makoto’s comfort.

Does Hiro actually take showers? He thought in dismay. What he said aloud however, amounted to: “Hey, Hiro. And why do you keep calling me that?”

“Just ‘cause dude! Just accept it! Besides nicknames mean we’re tight bros, right?”

“R-Right,” he mumbled.

“Anyway, speaking of tight bros, I saw what went down earlier today. Had a rough night, and not the good type either.”

Makoto wanted to run, far, far away.

“So, I thought I’d help you out a little. A free fortune, yeah? Normally I’d charge at least a thousand bucks a pop, but I figure you’re the exception.” He laughed heartily.

“A-Are you sure?” Makoto said desperately. “I don’t want you to go through the trouble…”

“No way, man! And you found that crystal ball for last week, so it’s all cool, right?”
"I think that was Kyouko…"

"Well, I mean, yeah, but she wouldn’t’ve bothered without you askin’! Okay, so!"

The next moment, Makoto found a crystal ball situated on his desk, one the size of a small dodgeball. How does he even carry that around? He thought, awed.

"Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm….." The shorter boy looked up to find Hiro staring intently into the glass sphere, eyes focused razor sharp. Over the course of a minute, his gaze focused more and more until the lucky student was sure the clairvoyant’s eyes were going to pop out of his head. Suddenly, the man leaned back, rubbing the back of his head and a look of annoyance sliding across his face.

"Aw, man, that’s really strange," he complained.

"Strange?" Makoto curiosity was piqued. "What’s strange?"

"It’s like, I can’t get any specific events or whatever. It’s all murky."

"You didn’t see anything?” he replied, surprised.

"Well, I mean, I saw something, but I didn’t see anything. Get what I mean?"

"No, not really…”

"Look dude, I can’t say that anything will happen for certain. I can’t even see what you’re gonna have for dinner, it’s weird as hell. Maybe it’s cause you’re the Lucky student, and so Fate is constantly going whack around you, but I can’t tell you whether going out with Junko is good or bad."

"I see," he sighed.

"But what I can tell you!” Hiro suddenly declared is what I saw or well, sensed. You’re standing in front of a major-crossroads, Naegi-chi. I dunno where they lead, but I’m guessing since I saw it in
my vision, you’re gonna make an important decision. And, if I know my stuff, which I do, because I am 100% real, that probably means one of those roads are gonna change your life in a crazy way, ya get me?”

“Ah, sure, Hiro. Thanks a lot.” Makoto stammered his thanks. That was…weird, he thought. Are Hiro’s predictions usually so vague? Isn’t he normally predicting things like aliens, or something crazy. Does that mean maybe it was…? He shook himself out of the thought. Hope’s Peak said Hiro was real, but it’d be stupid to take relationship advice based on a prediction from a fortune teller, even one with supposed 30% accuracy.

Finally exiting his seat, the lucky student escaped to the hallway, dodging people left and right, particularly the boys, whose eyes often missed him completely. Walking out the front door, he smiled in relief. The air was warm and a light breeze ruffled his hair as it went. The weather was perfect, especially after being stuck inside cramped classrooms all day.

The moment was ruined as yet another arm found its way around his shoulders. He supressed a sigh; who was it now?! He turned…and found himself face to face with Junko Enoshima.

“J-J-Junko?” he stammered. It was her arm, her arm was around his neck, and those were her lips next to his face that meant that pressure on his shoulder was… He gulped just a little, trying not to meet the ice blue eyes that demanded his gaze.

“Did you miss me?” she asked, tone light, yet undecipherable.

“U-Um…” he answered, intelligently.

“You didn’t, did you…” she slumped, voice monotone. Her other hand came up and began to play with her hair. “I scared you off, didn’t I? Or maybe I’m just boring. How pathetic…” she moaned sadly, and were those…tears?

Not stopping to think about the validity of the tears, Makoto reacted on instinct. “You’re not boring, Junko! You, uh, could never be boring I don’t think. You can maybe be a, um, a little… intense? Sometimes, but never boring!”

Junko just stared at him for one long moment, her eyes and expression blank and unreadable. It was almost disturbing, he noted, before she burst into laughter. “Oh, oh my god! You were so fucking cute! Oh my god, I wish I had my camera!” Within the next second, Makoto found himself pulled into a hug and pushed out again before his brain could process everything.
“A-Anyway, Junko, why are you here?” he tried, trying to calm his heart rate.

“Well, why wouldn’t I be here? Can’t I spend some time with you?” she cooed, bringing her hands to her face in what he supposed would be a ‘cute’ pose (but was actually kind of creepy).

“Well f-first the deadline isn’t til 4, so…” he began.

“And what, I can’t spend time with you til then?” she demanded.

“I don’t think that’s how it supposed to work is all,” he tried to explain.

“Says who?” she asked, sounding bored. She had turned to examining her blood red nails.

“E-Everyone? I guess? I don’t know. Anyway, didn’t you say last night that every moment with me is like incredible torture? Why the hell would you want to spend more time with me, of all people?”

“Oh silly Makoto! A girl’s gotta have secrets!” she taunted.

“I see? I guess?” he tried, confused.

“Actually, no, fuck that, that’s boring, it’s cause Despair and yada yada, anyways, let’s go!”

“Wait, what, go where?” he yelped, his arm suddenly yanked forward as Junko unwound herself and pulled him down the stairs.

“To find the appropriate place!” she said hotly. “Duh. God, you’re so slow, sometimes.”

Makoto sighed.
Thirty minutes later, the two found themselves under a very large and very old tree, which Junko had deigned “Romantic as fuck!” and as such had stopped there.

“So, Makoto, ready with your answer?” she said suddenly, twirling to face him. “Come on, I don’t have all day!”

Makoto looked into her eyes and stopped and stared. And then he looked, really looked, and thought about it. The fact that he hadn’t come to a conclusion yet was rude, and embarrassing, but Junko was Junko, and he felt the need to always step carefully, until he actually understood her and knew what buttons to avoid.

She was beautiful; golden hair and ice blue eyes and pale, unblemished skin. She was dangerous; unpredictable and often cruel or vindictive. She was exciting; like the fruit of the tree of good and evil, like Pandora’s box, like the area of an uncharted map or the call of the sea. She promised adventure and danger and could very well ruin his life. Did he want that? Technically, he could break up with her, but he felt this decision meant something. Why? Hiro’s words chose then to echo. One path would change his life forever, huh? All his life, he’d been average. And maybe, that’s alright. And maybe, it’s just what crazy needed to balance itself. Ying and yang, light and dark. Hope and Despair, as Junko would say.

Makoto took a deep breath, meeting those ice blue eyes, and smiled; a smile fuelled by excitement and curiosity and the feeling that he was doing something dangerous.

And then he opened the box.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this was so late, I kinda went to Japan and then I forgot the inspiration behind this and was 'how the hell can i get makoto to actually date junko because ive made her traumatise him whoops. Also, I HATE unhealthy relationships, so while this is probably one of the hardest pairings for a healthy relationship to occur, I tried to give it one with potential; not all relationships start out healthy, or typical, or while two people are in love. Humans are humans after all. But yeah, I won't torture the egg, it's kay. Leave any comments, and please, please leave prompts or ideas.

Pop over to my writing blog @BritishRaptor to ask me questions or request drabbles or whatever

End Notes
Submit scenarios and I might write a short or something.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!