Unraveling the seams

by charzoid

Summary

The worst of the despairs were long ago defeated but that doesn't mean a few aren't still on the lose out there.

When truth and lies are woven to closely to tell them apart you'll need all the help possible to tell which is which. It's up to Kaede, Rantaro, 2 former ultimate's, and YOU the reader to help decide how they'll help each other escape with no blood-shed. Disguised as new Monokubs, Rantaro and Kaede will return in game to help their friends foil the masterminds plan. Rules inside.
Back at it again because I just can't stop myself with thinking up overly ambitious ideas and I've decided to try a "what if" idea I've had for a while now. I didn't buy a word of Tsumugi's spiel. For some fun for those reading and a writing challenge for myself it'll be like a game show-ish story where you the readers help decide their fates. The ultimate imposter and ultimate therapist(who's death was faked) will help the kids escape Tsumugi's trap but you'll get to choose who helps out who.

WARNING: This might get stupider later and I'm bad with balancing between humor and serious moods so giving tips when you find me going between the two poorly would be appreciated. I've already made backstories for everyone and would like your opinion as their revealed in story.
Whether it had only been a few minutes, hours, or days in the time Rantaro Amami the ultimate adventurer had been killed, he honestly couldn't tell at this point. He wasn't heavily religious or knew much about the various types of versions written when it came to describing limbo but he didn't think it would be this sparkly or dark blue.

It could likely all be just his own imagination dreaming it but for the longest time since his death, all he'd been doing was floating forward in a dark blue glowing tunnel. The seemingly endless void would flicker green light occasionally but not much else happened. With nothing better to do he wondered about how the others were fairing back in the game. A sick game that made no sense for any person to be forced into.

"Why did I even want to be in that game again? When and why would I of signed up for it the first time?" he thought to himself.

There was a lot about himself he still didn't really recall and even after getting the "survivor perk" as it was called, he couldn't make a lot of sense of his own actions. People usual entered normal game shows if they wanted something like shallow fame or money. From what little he could recall of himself he wasn't the type going through any major money troubles and he wasn't really an attention seeker either. Neither of those reason for entering that "game" applied to him. On the other hand it might of been possible some majorly desperate part of himself in the past was erased that made him want to enter. Everything just had to many questions with not nearly enough answers.

He was so lost in thought he almost didn't notice the number of green flickering lights streaking by increase in number around him. Thankfully he didn't have epilepsy and being dead meant he wouldn't have to worry about having a stroke from the spaz of lights anyway. The giant light pink and white fan looking thing he was suddenly approaching however was concerning. He felt his body involuntarily increase in speed as it got closer to it. Rantaro closed his eyes and braced for the impact but all that happened was a sudden tingly feeling flowing throughout his body. Gravity once again shifted but this time moving him slower, he could feel his body suddenly lowering at a leisurely slow pace.

When Rantaro's feet touched what felt like sold ground he finally opened his eyes to see what at first he thought was a spirit realm of some sort. Transparent and faceless human shaped figures with blue bodies walked around what looked like a large water fountain. The fountain had a weird large bunny head on it. Sitting on one of the benches in front of the fountain was a girl with mid-length creamy light brown hair and green hoodie. The girl was looking at a laptop for a few seconds but the second she looked up and spotted him she started waving at him.

"Hey, hey you with the green hair, come this way!"she hollered.

Seeing no one else around with green hair besides himself he walked over to the strange girl and cautiously took a seat on the bench beside her.

"Hi there, so um is this really the afterlife, limbo, or something? Also why are we the only non-all blue people here?" Rantaro asked.

She didn't answer right away and just seemed to stare at him for a few seconds before answering.

"Oh, I'd explain everything to you now but first we should wait for the next arrival. It'll be better time saver if I don't have to say everything twice." said the girl.
"How long have I been dead?" the adventurer asked

"Only about 5 hours and your not truly dead but again I'll explain more later." she replied.

"Can you at least tell me your name while we wait for whoever this next arriver is?" he asked.

"I'm Chiaki 2.0 or C2 if you want to go by that." Chiaki 2.0 smiled as she introduced herself.

"No offence but that sounds more like the name of a video game character rather then an actual person." Rantaro commented

"I'm not a video game character but I am based on an actual girl. Like I said I'll explain everything when second arrival comes so don't worry." Despite her saying this it put him at even less ease.

"Based on a real girl? What the heck is that even suppose to mean?" he thought.

Before he could ask this question out loud or any other questions Chiaki stood up and started waving over at someone behind him.

"Well, looks like you didn't have to wait long for your questions to be answered. The second arrival is here now." she beamed

Turning around he saw a face he had only seen hours ago but with how long he was in that weird tunnel it felt like ages.

Kaede Akamatsu was a nice blonde girl, positive, friendly though blunt when she needed to be, and a good person as far as he was concerned but for her to be here even if he didn't get where this place was, he knew at least partly why they were there. It looked like she had been crying a while ago from the faded lines on her face. She moved toward them in an almost trance like state before seeming to suddenly realize he was there until he spoke.

"Did you set up that trap?" He hadn't meant to ask it without thinking but he was confused to think it over properly.

Instead of answering right away she looked at him in surprise for a long second before falling to her knees and looking like she wanted to cry all over again. Rantaro could faintly hear her muttering something over and over until he knelt down to try and comfort her with a hug.

"I'm so sorry, so sorry, so sorry, so sorry, please forgive me, I'm so-" She was starting to shake a bit as she chanted this.

"Kaede, I'm not mad at you. Please try and calm down a little. Your trap failed anyway so it's not your fault I'm dead." He tried to sound as comforting as he could.

"Y-yes it is! I set up that horrible trap even after all my talk about everyone working together and trusting each other. I thought one of us was the mastermind and that I could end the game if they were dead. I'm a big, dumb, fat hypocrite who got you killed because I couldn't control my own paranoia!" the blonde cried.

"Like I just said Kaede, you didn't kill me. I don't recall who but I recall that much. I remember being in the library, watching the door shift, the camera flash, and a ball landing at my feet. It was only after I bent over to pick it up that something or someone smacked me in the back of the head. Did you know of any secret passage ways or places a person could hide in the library?" Rantaro asked

Kaede had started to control her breathing a little more as she listened to him talk then paused to
process his question for few minutes. Being executed even with almost everyone's forgiveness was a lot to take in and to be getting comforted by the very boy she thought she'd slain was even more to take in. Regardless she tried to get her head together enough to remember the layout of the library before she answered. She owed him answers to anything he asked her.

"No, I don't think there was anything like that in the library from when me and Shuichi inspected it. At least not one besides the black and white door behind one of the shelves. I think I originally wanted to stake out inside the library to watch it, but he was worried the mastermind might attack if we were spotted." She tried to recalled.

"Okay then in that case I definitely know it wasn't you cause even though I don't know where it might of been I'm pretty sure someone came up behind me from some hidden door or another. The place was completely empty as far as I recall so that's the only way I can think of. I also believe it when you say you didn't know and that you regret your trap cause no one who'd purposely want some else dead would be acting like you are now." Rantaro explained.

Chiaki 2.0 had been watching the scene between the two teens in silence for a bit but then decided to speak up upon that last comment.

"I wonder why it seems the mastermind chose you specifically to do it." She wondered out loud.

Kaede had almost forgotten the bunny backpacked girl that waved her over until she spoke.

"What do you mean by chose me to do it and who exactly are you?" asked the pianist.

"I'm Chiaki 2.0 and I already know who you are Kaede Akamatsu and Rantaro Amami. You both look mostly like you did in your missing person's reports." Chiaki replied

"Missing person's report?!" both exclaimed.

"Yes, you as well as the others were kidnaped and have been reported missing a for a while now. Don't worry though cause none of you for the time being are dead." She then showed them a newspaper article with their faces on it.

"Alright, you said when Kaede arrived you'd explain everything right? We're both going to need a more thorough explanation then that." He didn't want to sound to demanding but he wanted her to get straight to the point.

Kaede's sadness and confusion was starting to turn into irritation with the confusing things the girl was saying. She stood up and walked closer to her.

"You also didn't answer my question about what the mastermind choosing me meant. None of that along with you saying we aren't dead makes any sense unless your saying this isn't the after life." She hoped the

Chiaki 2.0 paused to contemplate in which order she should answer the pair so as to not confuse them further. She at least had a bit of evidence that would make them believe her.

"I'll try to at least explain what's going on here and now but for more info I'll have to let the one who sent me here explain the rest okay? It's going to be a bit hard to believe. You two have already been through something that on paper is pretty out there though, so try and keep an open mind alright?"

When the teens just nodded in response she began talking while showing them files on her laptop as she did so.
She explained to them about a group called the last remnants of despair who were thought to be all but completely defeated in the aftermath of the biggest, most awful, most tragic event in human history. Although most of them were de-brainwashed there were some that suffered relapses. These people knew they were outnumbered by those on the side of hope.

Because of this, instead of continuing grand large scale attacks they simply stayed docile while causing despair in secret. They did it discreetly enough on and off through the years that normal local authorities didn't know whether to assume what type of person committed their crimes. A special government security task force called the future foundation would cover up these attacks as just those of your run of the mill ex-convict or street gang thugs.

One particular crime that the future foundation had been keeping extra secret was that the despairs had stolen some of the same technology used to de-brainwash. They'd use it to put those on the side of hope who either attended or graduated from hopes peak into random killings games. Their targets would be strapped into a machine and sent to a virtual world called the Neo world program where they'd be mentally manipulated into thinking, acting, and feeling in ways they wouldn't normally to make things entertaining. They'd feature the games on a secret website with a practically untraceable link only fellow remnants knew how to access and would change the location of where they held each game to make tracing harder.

Luckily for their batch, a mole was able to give them the location of the current game happening now and they were able to trace then hack in via sending 2 people to spy inside the place.

At the end of her explanation of things Chiaki waited patiently for them to respond. All of the things she said were likely a lot to digest. With how emotionally shaken up she was when the blonde pianist arrived, it surprised Chiaki that Kaede that was the first to eventually respond.

"Okay, so just trying to sum all this up but your saying a bunch of these remnants have kidnapped use all, currently me and Rantaro are inside this Neo world thing. When the remnants are done with this sick game they'll kill us all in the real world and dump our bodies somewhere. All that and your not an actual person but a program that's been sent here to rescue us somehow. Is all that right?" asked the pianist.

"Well technically we're in a hacked loading terminal so I'm not detected but all of the rest, your pretty much right." Chiaki agreed.

"I'm not gonna lie that sounds like something out of a sci-fi movie but considering everything around us right now I don't think we have much other choice then to believe you." said the green haired boy

"How exactly do you plan on rescuing us all anyway? Also, if two people are already in the place couldn't they of just uploaded a virus or something and force them to stop things?" Kaede questioned

"Trying to force the program to shutdown too quick might cause permanent mental damage to those still in the game. All your real memories have been mixed with fake ones that resemble your real ones so closely that your minds can't tell the difference. Some of your real memories have been change so majorly that you wouldn't even recall the real people in your lives that shaped who you are. Not even if they were standing right in front of you. Now that we know where you are we just need to stall for time."

Chiaki 2.0 then spoke into a small speaker on the side of the laptop.

"Alright, I've made contact with both Rantaro and Akamatsu. They got killed off first and I've explained everything they needed to know about where they are and why."
"Good work C2, I'll take things from here so just turn me around so I can see them." A male's voice was coming through the small screen.

When the screen was presented to them a chubby looking redheaded man with curly hair, almost comically thick rimmed glasses, and lots of freckles appeared on it. From what little they could see of his upper torso he was wearing what looked like a some sort of security uniform and matching hat. He spoke in a low hushed voice so they had to lean a little closer to the screen to hear him properly.

"Hello, I'm the Zetsu Supai the security guard plus tech support assistant and I'll be making sure that nobody notices anything funny while your in there. My cousin here will explain things further while I watch out for possible ease droppers." said the man supposedly named Zetsu

The camera rotated to a young cute mousey looking women with short blue hair and an oversized red scarf around her neck. Instead of speaking she started typing quickly and using a computer voice to speak.

"He's actually the ultimate imposter but he's gotta stay in character while the both of us are undercover. Hello, I'm Miaya Gekkogahara and I use to be the ultimate therapist back when I was in hope's peak. I wasn't able to do much the last time I was asked to help take on the worst of the remnants when they stole technology from the future foundation but I'm making it my personal promise to get you kids out of there. This might sound like the last thing either of you want to do but I'm going to need you to go back into the game." Miaya explained.

"Go back?! Even with everything we know now I don't think any of them would believe us. Plus I really doubt they'd believe anything I'd have to say regardless of if I was manipulated or not." Kaede said.

"Don't worry, I completely understand what you mean or at least about them believing you without evidence part. I've re-watched the events over the last few hours and with the exception of a small few they all still seem to believe in your words. After your execution they made a promise to try fulfill your final words. Even with those small few who have doubt in their hearts they don't hold any ill malice toward you. The young detective seemed especially inspired." Miaya said

"Do they really not hate me? I mean I know they said they didn't but I didn't fully think it was true. Shuichi was really inspire by me in the end?" Kaede pondered internally.

"So what exactly would this evidence be that would convince them what we say is true? Also, wouldn't the guys running this whole thing find it fishy 2 people who they killed off just randomly re-appeared?" asked the boy.

"Your evidence will come in the form of keywords that will reawaken yours and their real selves. Your group are the kinds of hope that despairs hate the most. Either you've already been through something fairly despair inducing in your lives that made you almost immune into being easily tempted into it or you haven't been through anything to bad that you'd be to bland for the viewers. Some of you have been changed in attitude and appearance minimally while some much more majorly. A few of you don't even have the right talents or recall how you got them. That's what the keywords I send you will help each person remember overtime when I can hack and find them." Miaya explained

"That sounds great but again how would we explain just randomly being back?" he asked again.

"Simple, you just won't look like yourselves. We premade some monokub avatars for each of you since we didn't know which of you two might be killed off first. You'll get rings that when activated will hack the main cameras and mini cameras into showing nothing but the frozen looping image of
whoever you have in the room. Once there you can try and convince them to hold one of your palms and then say the word I give you for that specific person. Getting 2 keywords per person at a time will take a while for us but once the people start remembering themselves, you should be able to get them to help you stop those still mind washed into playing along with the game." She said it like it was the most obvious thing.

Rantaro looked at her skeptically. "And your sure this will work?"

"Yes, not only will your classmate start remembering each other and the past hopeful bonds you all shared but with how fickle the despairs are, their viewers will start losing interest if no more blood shed happens. " said the therapist

To go back in the game was something that scared them both but neither could deny a second chance to save their friends was something they couldn't back out of doing. For Rantaro it would be a chance at payback and for Kaede it would be a shot at self-redemption. Even if it was true that the others didn't hate her and she wasn't in total control of herself back then, she wouldn't feel like she honestly earned their forgiveness until she did something for them.

"Hey, there was something in the beginning chiaki didn't clarify and I've been curious about since Rantaro explained his death to me. If I didn't kill Rantaro then who exactly did? Even if it's being controlled by viewer votes or the remnants randomness aren't they bond to their own rules on who gets executed? " She almost forgot to ask what with listening to Chiaki explaining things.

"Yeah, I'm curious about that myself. You guys have been keeping watch on everything so you should know who killed me right?"

"I'm actually glad you asked that! According to Zetsu, the editing department messed with the footage so the audience along with almost none of the staff would be spoiled on how it happened. They want the final trail with the last of the survivors to be where the big twist reveal on your deaths happens. Luckily he heard two guys talking at the end of your trial saying: "It's sure sad the boss had to get their hands dirty but it made for good TV. A game that ends to early would of been boring." She used a voice clip of the imposter saying this for the last part.

"So me and shuichi were right?!!" It was hard to know whether she should feel good or bad about being right at this news.

"And it was the mastermind that took me out before I could open that weird door. I must of been to close a big clue in there for them to go that far." he figured

"Yep, the mastermind is someone among your group so you need to be extra cautious on who you tell anything to. On that note remember to let those awakened know they have to pretend to still be a bit brainwashed so they don't raise suspicions. We'll try to help them on that end with C2." Miaya warned them.

Miyaya started typing rapidly one her computer on and soon not to far away near the 2nd bench two blue circular platforms appeared and they started glowing.

"Go stand on one of the platforms and we'll start reloading you in. I know it's not going to be easy to get everyone to cooperate even when they regain there memories."

Okay everyone! Now that you know what's going to go down this is how the story will progress:
I'm going to assign you to vote for things ranging from the awakened to future killers throughout this story for certain chapters every few chapters. For those who have played or watched let's plays you know how the story plays from chapter 2 and onwards so it's up to you if the original in-game killers remain psycho or someone else does.

I'll assign bonus things later but for now your first votes will be titled: Odd duos: Name 1 guy and 1 girl of the remaining in-game characters you want to see stop the next murder involving the motive videos next chapter. It's optional but if you want to then make your argument on why you think those 2 characters would be interesting in working together. I'll have this story posted on Achieve of Our Own so if I use a pair you don't see asked for in reviews here then that might be why.

No doubt there are going to be a lot of combos to chose from and I'm including Kaede or Rantaro as options as well. How I'll decide is by either the number of times I see either: 1.) The same pair asked for.) 2. The number of times I see a certain persons name) or (3. The person who can make the most interesting of reason for their picks to me. I'll update with my decision before actually writing the chapter.

If you vote for the original in-game victim or killer of that chapter it won't matter since I've made alternate options for each. If you want to awaken BOTH the original in-game killer and victim in that chapter then tell me who you'd like to see attempt murder. I'll judge that as well on how interesting your reason is.

Kudos, follow, sub, and give it everything you've got in the comments if you want this to continue!
A/N Coming soon I promise

Chapter Summary

Just letting you guys and gals know neither I or this story is dead.

Like this the summary just said this just letting others know I am extremely sorry for how long this took. I don't even have an excuse except low drive and being easily distracted. I would likely be the first to die in an actual killing game because of this. I've got other fics I'm working on too plus extra likely unneeded ones that will likely keep popping up in my head until I attempt them.

I am back on the horse so to speak though so I should be able to finally update this with everyone's votes before the end of this month.
Hello everyone! I'm one of those people with a bad habit of only thinking of things in retrospect so here are some things I should let you guys know about this story's flow as well as the combined voting results so far.

1. I'll let you guys know ahead of time in an Author's note on what I've picked before I start writing.

2. Not every chapter will have them but the chapters where I make voting either for killer-wannabes or characters to awaken I'll give it 5 days to get a good number of different opinions and combinations to compare to one another from both my accounts. Originally I would of waited longer but I know this fic will get lost in the sea of other fics here so I need to be reasonable.

3. Sorry to say as a content creator I'm a procrastinator at the best of times, forgetful at medium, and flighty at worst but that doesn't mean I'd just drop something I've started without letting those waiting know at least.

4. As I type this it is currently 7:22PM. I'm on CENTRAL time. It's been 2 days since I posted this fic so on Friday somewhere near this same time I'll edit this with the winning choice.

5. This is just me repeating myself from the first chapter notes but remember I've got this story posted on fanfiction.net as well as AO3 so if I choose something you don't see asked for in the comments I post this on then it might of come from the other place.

VOTING RESULTS:

Combined votes so far in the order they were received:

Maki & Kokichi
Ryoma & Maki
Angie & Kokichi
Kaede & Shuich twice
Ryoma & Angie
Most asked for girls: Kaede 2, Maki 2, Angie 2.

Most asked guys: Ryoma 2, Shuichi 2, Kokichi 2.

Strongest pairing arguments made: 1st Ryoma and Angie, 2nd Kaede and Shuichi

**P.S:** I'll give a shout out to the people who votes won and for those that made good arguments I'll give a story of yours a mention if you've got one. /

----------------------------------------------

WINNERS ARE: Angie and Ryoma! Thanks go to fanfic creator Mugipyon check out his fics here: [Here](#)
Ryoma Hoshi liked to think of himself as a realistic guy who didn't buy into things like supernatural phenomenon.

Getting sent to prison wasn't done by some mystic powers that be, but simply the consequences of things. The consequences of being young, overly emotional, and hot tempered enough to fall for the allure of a lady named revenge when he was younger. The question hovered around him on exactly what and who's actions lead to being stuck in a killing game with a bunch of strangers. Who if any of them provoked the attention of some psycho and this being the consequence for it?

He wasn't the resident SHSL detective nor did he plan to make a title change in the future but these were still things he couldn't help mulling over. The future was a funny thing to think about for someone who still felt they'd already thrown their own away. Kaede's last words from their last talk still popped up in the back of his mind off and on. She said he spent to much time sulking about his past and what couldn't be changed rather then the things in the future he could look forward too with others if he let them in. That at least being what he assumed she meant by their last talk.

He knew she might not of been entirely wrong and he regretted more then a little that his last parting words were for her to leave him alone.

Kaede had seemed determined to make him look forward instead of back on life in the short time he'd known her. He couldn't stop the killing game, nor did he completely feel like giving tennis another try. Still he supposed he could at least not distance himself as much as he had in the beginning. If nothing else it would be his own way of honoring their last conversation. It was possibly a foolish thing to try in a killing game of all things but as the old cliché yet classic saying went, nothing ventured nothing gained.
Out of all the types of teens in Japan to be stuck with in a game like this, at least these few were okay-ish.

Some a bit too nosey about his tennis history which he'd rather they just quit reminding him of. Despite only being here a few days it seemed everyone had formed some small group or another in the cafeteria. The only exceptions being himself, korekiyo, and Maki since the trio enjoyed just eating breakfast at lunch in solitary tables without having to talk much. He still had a ways to go before anything happened in even this small a group.

He could feel more then a bit of tension in the air after yesterday which only made sense all things considered. In any civil society if you commit a crime then a punishment should be dealt. Though that didn't make watching the poor young pianist meet her demise any less brutal. Her wish for them to escape as friends with no more killings was touching and in a perfect world it could possibly become true. Ryoma of course knew they didn't live in a perfect world and this cruel game they'd been thrown in only emphasized that.

When Gonta came charging into the room yelling about some odd letters in the grass Ryoma assumed it was likely just a prank by Monokuma. If not then someone like Kokichi or possibly Angie with how eccentric both were. Both of them however seemed just as confused as everyone else by the letters though.

"What's with you guys? Are you guys still talking about that graffiti?" asked Kaito

Kaito who had previously left to get Shuichi had returned with the navy blue haired detective behind him. This morning he was missing his usual head gear they'd been used to seeing. It was a bit odd how just adding or removing a piece of clothing could change a person's perspective of another in small ways. Ryoma thought he didn't look all that more confident then he did when they first met but he could tell it was a subtle sign he was making the attempt. Out of everyone, him and Kaede seem pretty close from the get go with one another despite things.

After some chatter about food, shuichi being hatless, and what to do about the possible meaning in the graffiti, Kokichi decided to rile paranoia within everyone. That at least is what Ryoma thought he was going for when he told Gonta he'd die if he kept being so gullible. On one hand he didn't entirely disagree that being to gullible whether in or out a killing game like this could be dangerous. On the other hand the last thing anyone wanted to think about was death this soon after losing 2 classmates. Before anyone could scold him about his comment Monokuma and his remaining cubs appeared in a poof of smoke. Flanking them were 2 cubs they didn't recognize.

"Ugh, you bred more of those little fuckers to annoy the hell out of us that quick!?!" Miu said with a grimace.

"Their designs are a fairly different from the others. Why have your cubs replaced with new cubs rather then just get their spares made?"Korekiyo asked.

"Hey! All my precious cubs are one of a kind cuties who can't be replicated! That and I'd never bother doing or making the same thing twice. Besides these cubs are special cousins I invited over since I didn't want my remaining ones to get lonely. Introduce yourselves kiddos, pupupup." Monokuma really was

Compared to the cubs the "cousins" as he called them were as big as monokuma. On the left of monokuma was a bear with light green one with fuzzy and curly fur on the green side of it while the other half was regular un-puffy white like the others cubs. Its arms looked like they could extend and it had almost finger-like rubber nabbers where it's paws should be. Instead of feet it had had 4 small treadwheels that looked like they could roll on all terrain. It was like some odd monokuma fused with
a monster truck toy. It even had 2 antennae on the top of it's head which again made it look like a weird racing toy.

On the right of Monokuma was less fuzzy but still oddly designed monokuma clone like the other one. It was half light purple with a more felt rubber like material on one side. Diagonal black squiggled lines were imbedded within the purple. The other half of it was regular white. Unlike the other bear it's feet were normal but it's arms were the same as it's cousin. The odder part of it was it looked like it had those little spinners that hover droids have on it's back which implied it could possibly fly.

The green one made the first move by rolling in front of it's companion and trying to bend it's head forward as if trying to politely bow, despite not really having a much of a neck to do so. 

"Hello there dudes and dudettes, I'm Monocroft or call me crafts if that's to hard to remember. I like racing and collecting things that aren't mine so if your stuff goes missing later it was likely me." said the fuzzy green cub.

"Wow, a robot who's a fellow thief! I bet you'd make a way better team student robot for us then dull old Kibo." Kokichi chuckled excitedly.

"Why would you want to be friends with a thief? It would be more logical to hangout with a robot that won't get you arrested whether your a supreme leader or not." Kibo said.

"If you were good enough at it then you'd never have to worry about something like that. Just goes to show you're not a good enough robot for my organization." Kokichi continued to tease.

"I could be if I-... NO I mean I wouldn't even want to be in it anyway!" Despite his protest Kibo looked upset.

"Hey, why does your voice sound sorta familiar?" asked Shuichi

"I don't know what you mean. I've been in a few robot movies though so maybe you recognize it from them."

Ryoma wasn't really sure what Shuichi meant by that remark. It sounded like someone talking through their teeth with a mocking Californian accent to it but nothing that familiar.

"Hey ya bastard, your suppose to save question for after everyone's introduced themselves not before. Ain't yuz got any manners!? Introduce yourself already big cuz." Monosuke yelled.

"Oh yeah, sorry I had a blonde moment there and forgot to say anything after him. I'm Monobreve and I hope I'll make sure he puts back anything he takes in as much of one piece as I can or I'm gonna tell our Mom. I like holding hands and gossip." said the purple cub.

Like Monocroft she attempted to bow but unlike him she seemed be moving back and not look directly at anyone's face completely. If he didn't know any better he'd say she was nervous. Each cub had some kind of theme so it was probably just that.

**Later that day**

After the cousins had introduced themselves, the monokubs presented the teens with random items they claimed were keys to unlock different labs and areas hidden on campus grounds. Kaito was the first to volunteer Shuichi as the lead in finding out where the items belonged. With the help of the others it wasn't long before the labs of Ryoma, Kirum, Maki, Gonta, Miu, and Himiko were discovered. They also found a pool and weird love hotel thing.
Ryoma wasn't all that interested in the last two things and decided to go to his room when suddenly something landed almost directly on top of him near the pool side.

"Huh? A broken tennis racket? Why would something like this just randomly fall from the sky?" he wondered.

Before he could think further on it, another ruined racket fell from the sky but this time he saw where it was coming from.

"My lab? Why is someone throwing things out my lab window?" He questioned this until he saw the familiar fuzzy green head of Monocroft poke out the window and look at him.

"Oops! I hope I didn't hit anyone down there!" It yelled pretty unnecessarily since Ryoma was directly below the window. He was pretty sure it was staring dead at him to.

"What are you doing up there?" Ryoma asked it.

"Oh this? Well, I heard orange and pink were your favorite colors so I'm gonna paint poke-dots here those in those colors. I'm having a hard time opening these cans by bashing them with these racket shaped openers though. Soon as I'm done don't worry, I'm gonna do your close next!" It said this like it was the most logical reasoning in the world.

The short tennis playing teen couldn't face palm harder if he tried.

"First off those are my least favorite colors and don't go together in the slightest. Second, why would you use a racket to open anything? Thirdly, don't touch my stuff!" Normally he wasn't the shouting type. He really didn't want to be shouting this early in the morning but this bear seemed extra annoying compared to the rest. It did that weird half head tilt thing at him before responding in confusion.

"Whatcha say dude?! I can't really hear you from up here, I think paint got in my ears but if you want me to just skip to your tennis clothes in here I will!" It shouted back at him before retreating back into the room before he could reply.

Imprisonment, paranoia, a killing game, new robots, weird messages in grass, and now having some dumb robot bear trying to dye his clothes the ugliest two colors possible. As mentioned before he didn't believe in the supernatural things but he was starting to feel like he had to have done something even worse then he did in this life to have all this happening. He could at least control the latter of these issues since the school rules only said attacking Monokuma was prohibited.

By the time he made his way up to his lab he was prepared to see the worst pain job in the history of paint jobs desecrating the tennis court but to his surprise the room actually looked cleaner. Monocroft was rolling into the shower room just as he stepped in the lab and closed the door. It looked like he was carrying a bucket and dragging a bowel of some kind.

"Is he dying my stuff in there? That's an odd place to do it but these bears are odd altogether." he thought to himself.

Not wasting time thinking about it he swiftly followed the little green robot inside the showers and shut the door so it couldn't run off.

"Okay, you've had your stupid childish fun, now give me my clothes or I'll-!" He cut his own self off when he realized the bowl was just filled with some odd green potato chips and the bucket had toilet paper in it. His clothing and ugly paint of any kind were no where to be seen.

"Sorry I had to lie but I knew you wouldn't do this if I just walked up to you and asked you to go somewhere alone with me." It said with it's back still turned to him.
"Go somewhere alone with you? Did you trick me up here just to see some weird skit of yours or something?" He was really not in the mood.

When the green bear turned around there was something about it demeanor that seemed to change. The little lighting bolt eye on it's colored side started to light up in a yellow hue and was flickering softly. It put the items down and rolled closer to him. Ryoma felt an odd uncertainty as he watched it slowly approach. He didn't feel in danger and knew the cubs weren't meant to cause a real threat unless you broke the rules but he still felt something unsettling about to happen.

This time when it spoke it's voice wasn't the overly cheery and loud tone it had before. In fact it's accent was dropped almost altogether and it spoke in a hushed tone of voice. It was as if it didn't trust that even as secluded as they were in this room that someone wasn't listening in.

"I actually have something very important to tell you and I know everything I'm about to say and show you isn't going to seem like anything but a lie. You've been through so much in your life already and I want you and the others to escape to live happily. Unlike Monophone or Monodam I'm not just saying that to be ironic in poor tastes either. In no way do I expect you to believe me completely or automatically but be open minded with what I show you then decide for yourself. Okay?" For the first time since meeting it, Monocroft sounded serious.

He was taken aback by the sudden seriousness in it's voice. It's voice that sounded extremely familiar now but he couldn't place why. Still unsure what was happening he simply nodded. He hoped he wasn't about be given some kind of motive by monokuma or something.

Monocroft's eye and antennae both started to glow from yellow to pink in rabid flickers and suddenly the entire room transformed. Everything in the room was now green with black outlines on them as if they were drawn there rather then actually existing. He felt that odd unsettling sensation again before looking at Monocroft confused in hopes it would explain the weirdness. Only it simply added to the weirdness by shooting projecting a blue beam of light from it circular eye and forming a small hologram of someone who he instantly recognized.

Rantaro Amami or at least the upper torso of Rantaro was looking up at him no bigger then his arm.

"Nice to see you again Ryoma. I'm sure this looks as weird to you as it feels for me believe it or not" Said the mini Rantaro.

"This is messed up even by Monokuma's standards." He was muttering more to himself then Rantaro.

"This has nothing to do with Monokuma but I can get why you'd think that. Well it's not entirely about him. I'm not here to mess with you or give you any kind of motive to play the killing game if that's what you think this is though. I'm here for the opposite of that."Rantaro stated.

"Wait, wait, first explain why the weird change in the room. I'll be honest this is really unsettling in many ways." he said.

"All they explained to me was that these monokub avatars could do a lot of stuff to mess with camera servers both in game outside to a degree. I didn't know it would do this when I got someone alone though.". Rantaro tried explaining the best he could.

He could tell by the questioning look on Ryoma's face that he had many questions about that statement but was waiting patiently for the explanation.

"Like I said before I don't expect you to believe all I have to tell you but I need you to be open mined
okay? Hold all and any question for when I'm done."

Taking a silent nod as his cue Rantaro went into quickly summing up what happened to him after he died and met up with Kaede. Ryoma had a look of unsureness throughout the explanation but still listened patiently and silently until he was finished.

"Okay so just to rephrase all that in a nutshell. All of us know one another but everyone was kidnapped and brainwashed for some weird gameshow. No one dead is actually dead yet but will be at the end of this. You and some hackers are trying to stop all this by restoring our memories by making us remember ourselves with passwords. Then me and those who remember ourselves need to just stop one another from killing each other till help gets here right?" Asked the tennis pro.

"That was quicker then I phrased it but yeah pretty much." Rantaro nodded.

"This is a lot to take in but you telling me all this doesn't feel like something to motivate killing so I can somewhat believe your not lying about working for Monokuma. How do you know if the people who sent you back here won't get caught at some point though or if we'll be able to confront each case of an attack before a death happens? I've been to prison with people convicted for spur of the moment unplanned murders. Things not even they themselves assumed they'd commit that day. Prison riots tended to happen the same way. " Ryoma worried.

"Someone could be eating peacefully with someone one minute and have a fork in their neck the next before you could blink. If these people can manipulate our mindsets and emotions with the flick of a switch then the same might apply here."

Rantaro crossed his arms while contemplating his words and sighed before speaking again.

"Well to answer your first question, they've been able to get as far as hacking into plus infiltrating the base with some pretty advance tech. Them and those coming are former ultimate students from hope's peak like us so I've just got a good feeling of hope they'll be able to hold fort till the time for the second one, it won't just be you and one other person but me and Kaede will be able to help you too. Unlike you guys we've got access to some of the cameras here. All together that's four sets of eyes, ears, multiple sensors on campus, and more once the others get their memories back. Just keep your guards up and eyes open the best you can."

Rantaro then motioned to the robot with his see-through hand and thumb.

"These are more then just disguises that mess with cameras and speakers. They loaded them with a whole bunch of stuff. We haven't really figured out all the accessories but if we need to stall for time till you or someone else comes to stop a killing from happening we can. I'm sure you guys have figured it out already but Monokuma and the cubs have little tunnels to pop up anywhere within a second. If something is happening we can be there to assist the injured or those near death from dying even if the room is locked."

He couldn't deny that didn't sound like a bad plan but he still wanted a bit of proof this wasn't all just something to get his hopes up to high. The entire plan sounded good on paper but still felt like there could be some problems. Before he could voice his concerns the robot's right antennae started to flicker and Rantaro's hologram went back inside the Monocub avatar.

"I think Monokuma or one of the monokubs is coming. They must think it's weird we've been in here eating chips like this for this long."

"Eating chips?"
"Yeah, like I said this messes with the cameras so I've been making it look like we've been playing rock, paper, scissors and eating chips. Take some when you leave to make it convincing along with the paper to carry it with. I know you probably still have your doubts. Just know whatever your memories show you from here on when I tell you the next words are the truth. I want you and everyone set free with the truth. Grab my paw before you leave."

With that the room returned to normal and as instructed he took a few chips then wrapped them securely in the clean toilet paper. Right as they were about to part ways through the door he grabbed the robotic paw of Monocraft. The small green robot leaned next to him and spoke softly.

"**Remember Yvonne hitto**" The second he said this an almost electric warm shock flowed through Ryoma's body. Time seemed to slow as rushed images of names, scents, locations, and faces all flashed before his eyes. He suddenly felt dizzy and a bit dazed.

"Looks like you win this round you jerk, but I wasn't really trying to win anyway." Monoscroft said with his voice back to it's former self. Ryoma still felt a bit disoriented but could see not to far from them was Monodam in his lab's doorway.


"Oh, I just wanted to play a few rounds of rock, paper, scissors, with him and we bet chips while doing it. He won so he gets to eat them all or share with his friends." Monocraft explained.

"**HMMMM,SHARING-SNACKS-IS-GOOD-WITH-FRIENDS.**" He said with an approving beeping noise.

"Um, I'm actually not feeling to good right now. I might of over ate but I'll share them later after a quick nap." Ryoma added a quick fake yawn for affect.

"**AFFIRMATIVE,A-FRIEND-THAT-IS-SICK-IS-NO-FUN-TO-GET-ALONG-WITH. DO-YOU-REQUIRE-ASSISTANCE-TO-YOUR-ROOM?**" Monodam asked worriedly.

"No, I've woken up with worse head aches at night in prison so I can make it. Thanks for the offer. Before I go though, I want to know if you guys will let me or the rest of us know when you plan something to motivate us to get along in the future. You know just maybe some group stuff since you guys are so determined to get us be more active with one another. I'd like to be prepared in case I have to do something crazy. Then I'll really believe you mean what you say." Ryoma made his way to the exit as he spoke but stopped to look back at the cubs.

Monocroft got the not so subtle hint of what he actually meant and nodded, while Monodam just gave him a positive ringing noise before speaking.


After waving goodbye to the two green robots he made his way to his room while trying not to wobble to much. The second he got there he collapsed on his bed and fell unconscious.

**Ryoma's dreams**

2:45 PM- Sendai Airport
"Last flight to Grenoble, France leaving in 20 minutes. I repeat, last flight for Grenoble France leaves in 20 minutes. Any and all passengers planning to leave for Grenoble please check in all luggage, tickets, and credits before boarding. Have a nice day."

For the second time in his life Ryoma’s found himself waking up in an unknown location but this time not in a weird abandoned classroom. Crowds of actual people of all shapes and sizes were walking around. He knew he had just fallen asleep but usually the few times he dreamed over the years it was about days before his crime or not so nice dreams involving it. Why was he at an airport? He never really recalled being on a plane of any kind. His first instinct was to ask someone where exactly he was but just when he was approaching the receptionist desk he heard a voice that sent a bittersweet chill up his spine with it's familiarity.

"Hurry up Akio we don't want to miss the plane!" A man with brown hair like his own and only a little taller then himself screamed.

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can Yosuke, even if we did miss the plane the Olympics aren't going anywhere. Calm down." A women with darker brown hair then the man and just as tall replied.

"I don't want to miss getting a good window seat though. Besides sides just cause they aren't going anywhere doesn't mean our rooms might not be taken up."Yosuke argued.

"That's why your were suppose to reserve a to reserve a room ahead of time." Akio didn't even hide her accusing glare.

"Uh, can you just not start with that again?"

As the small couple Ryoma would have to be blind to not recognize as his own parents were bickering, he noticed his own younger self coming up behind them. He then remembered one of the more non-criminal but still horrible decisions of his past.

"What in the name of all that is unholy was I thinking with that color?" He wondered this out loud to himself as he stared at the awful lime dark green dye job he let his teammates give him. They might of dared him to dye it randomly for a match but he had only himself to blame for the color choice.

"Well everyone makes bad choices at some point or another. I'd say you could of choose worse." A female voice beside him spoke.

"Hmm, true I could of gone with neon pink and orange polka dots." Only after responding did he realized that someone he'd never seen before had just asked him a question while in what he assumed was his dreams. He looked up to see a young girl with a pink bunny backpack standing beside him.

"Hello, I'm sure Rantaro already told you who I am but my name is Chiaki. Do you remember any of this Ryoma?" Chiaki asked.

Then former tennis pro had to rub his head in thought for a moment on that question. A part of him felt like he should remember since he did go many places during his brief career. Watching the Olympics with his parents was what inspired him to want to try tennis when he was 10. This was before he'd ever even heard of the special Olympics made for people of his height or with other physical conditions.

"I just heard them say we were going to the Olympics but I don't recall going to it or not entirely I think. I can tell by looking at myself there that I'm at least 14 and I do kind of remember a big event happening at that age but I don't recall." Ryoma replied.

"Don't worry, as things go on you'll remember stuff slowly about your past." She gave him a
As she said this there was someone passing by his family that caught his eye for a moment. A tall muscular girl with short brown-ish pink hair walked by and her outfit oddly reminded him of Kokichi's. It had the straps, checkered scarf, and crown looking symbol on the shoulder. Only difference being that the outfit was red. Before he had enough time to contemplate why that bothered him, both the girl and everything around them warped into fast forward. Ryoma only got to blink a few times before he was standing in what looked like stadium.

**Grenoble, France- 4:40 pm.**

"Well back to the action folks! If your just tuning in then you just missed Ryoma Hoshi, the little guy with big speed win his very first gold for Japan! Unfortunately he sprained his ankle a little so he'll be out for a bit. His coach will be having his teammate Ji-hun fill in for tomorrow's match if he isn't better by then. " A male announcer voice screamed.

True to the announcer's words he saw himself on the side benches with his teammates. Coach Nekomaru Nidai was giving him some sort of pep talk as the younger Ryoma tended to his ankle with ice. It felt like eternity since he seen his big old but lively coach and he couldn't help but smile at the scene fondly.

"That man was real rock for us you know? Our looks, backgrounds, or sizes didn't matter. He made sure we didn't let going to Hope's peak and having the title of "ultimate" go to our heads. Some of use definitely had more baggage then others and unlike most coaches he sincerely wanted to help you with it. Even when it took up his time or almost made him run late he'd help regardless of what it cost him. Not many people like that in this world anymore." There was an unmistakable nostalgic joy in his voice as he spoke.

Chiaki noted that despite how positive he sounded as he said all that there was a look of guilt on his face.

"You know the reason you went to prison might not even be for as bad a reason as you think Ryoma. Even if it was for what your mind currently believes, do you think Nidai would feel ashamed of you?" she asked.

"Am I really that easy to read?" He asked while turning to speak to her.

"Yeah I know he would of understood. For that matter he'd probably tell me something similar to Kaede about not letting what can't be changed hold me back. Both of them are right but still. Even if I didn't commit murder and somehow all of us escaped I don't know what would be my next step. Other then possibly my cats I'd just feel if there's anything or anyone waiting for me out there." Ryoma admitted.

"Well you can create those people and things yourself here ya know? One way to improve momentum is to continually have greater goals right?" She asked.

"Was that Micheal Korda? I mean I do get what you mean. I'll try to keep that spirt in mind if I can."

"That's all I can hope for."

Before more could be said, the announcer from before spoke once more. Apparently while they spoke things had sped up a again and now instead of a tennis field the scene before them was a sandy volleyball field. The crowd cheered loudly as a bunch of girls of various small to medium
heights made their way to the field. Each girl was dressed in an aquamarine blue-ish green uniform with their numbers in white on their backs and fronts. The French flag was on each of their sleeves.

"Alright everyone, let's give these lovely young ladies playing for the 2nd time on our own beautiful French terra firma. The Setters in the rye! Leading them at number 42 is new upcoming star Yvonne hitto!"

Ryoma wasn't sure if he was more shocked to have forgotten what his former girlfriend looked like or to see among the approaching opposition to her team was the girl from the airport. The uniform now even more unsettling.

Okay, I just want to start off by saying I AM SO SORRY AGAIN for how long it's been since I updated this fic.

Originally I was going to stop this at where Ryoma falls asleep but felt not enough had happened yet. Hopefully you guys like this so far and this dream sequence will only go on a little longer next chapter but not for too long.
Chapter Summary

Ryoma sees his gf once again while Rantaro and Kaede put a plan in motion.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hello to my lovely readers. I really am happy at the feedback I got last round. I think the reason it takes me so long to do things sometimes just comes from anxiousness. Regardless I appreciate the your views, opinions, and votes. I will likely have a poll up at the end of the next set of events so sit tight.

Back in Ryoma's dream

The scenario unfolding before Ryoma suddenly gave him an odd sense of deja-vu. He wasn't sure if he should be happy, upset, more confused by it.

He was of course happy to see Yvonne's lightly tanned face again. Her lightly dark Dijon yellow hair was done in 2 medium length criss-cross dutch braids and tied into low ponytail. Her eyes were a lighter honey yellow. Said eyes were staring down her opposition without fear or at least doing a good job of hiding any.

The opposition in question could only loosely count as "kids" even taking away their sizes they looked like young adults in the face. If you looked closely enough it even looked like a few had tattoos peaking out their clothing. They were poorly hidden under arm, wrist, and leg bands. One in the back had their player ID tied to something that looked suspiciously like a driver's license. The age limit was 13 to 16 at max for these games. The only visible handy caps the other girls had were prosthetics for their arms, legs, hands, and elbows. Much like everything else Ryoma questioned their genuineness. More then a few people in the audience looked concerned and even the judges didn't seem to sure on the legitimacy of this but they allowed it regardless.

"Aaaaand here's this years newest young qualifiers, Dice Queens! Leading these young ladies is Kim Leem from South Korea. Just 15 herself and already making a big name from a small town someplace hard to find listed within Korea." The narrator announced.

"Yeah, if she's 15 then I'm 6'10 and the twin of Bruno mars. I'm pretty sure a team can't qualify if their area of origin can't be listed to be official to," Ryoma thought to himself.

This entire thing felt rigged clear as day but for some reason no one seemed to object as the referee blew his whistle signaling the beginning of the match. Difference in size or handy caps meant very little in the end compared to skills as the Yvonne's team fought fiercely. Each hit and spike echoed across the field with a noise like firecrackers as the ball blazed back and forth. Other then the obvious reasons, something felt extra off about the Yvonne's opponents.

All the girls had slightly bulky looking gloves that looked more like a mix between normal volleyball
gloves and a goalie's glove in soccer. He never really played it but he wasn't sure if they were legal wear for volleyball. During a break a referee came up to a judge and whispered something before the next round started.

"Hold on here folks! The judges have announced the Dice queens might be disqualified on counts of cheating!" The announcer said.

Gaspst and looks of various levels of surprise echoed from the crowd. The Dice queen's leader was a had a lot less subdued reaction to the announcement.

"What the fuck!?" Kim yelled angrily. "There's no proof of my teams cheating. Figures these cowardly dwarf bitches can't win anything without making up lies!" She screamed this while looking pointedly at Yvonne. Yvonne looked ready to say something nasty right back, until younger Ryoma's own voice entered the field.

"They didn't tell on you but I did. Doesn't matter if I play this game or not. Needing special gloves to win cause your own hit power is weak makes you the cowards." He stated.

Kim looked ready to explode.

"This has nothing to even do with you tennis ball headed freak. What proof would you even have that we enhanced our hands huh? Show me the proof little boy!" Kim sneered.

"Gladly, one of your teammates dropped this glove when she left the bathroom the same time I was heading in. Catch if you can old lady." Ryoma proceeded to bounce the glove off his racket on to the concrete sidewalk where it sprang a good 10 feet into the air. It unnaturally bounced high against the sands. A normal glove might of bounced lowly and once if at all. This one hopped 6 times with great distance before landing near Yvonne's feet. She examined the glove over before turning the glove inside out to reveal metal springs that seemed battery powered.

"These gloves are pretty heavy for people who supposedly have bad elbows. Not that your gameplay up to this point hasn't made that an obvious lie." Yonnie commented.

"I bet if you check those bands on their elbows and legs they've probably got something like this to." Ryoma added.

"No need, cause you know what? We just wanted to make some harmless easy money with this shit. Who'd want money or gold from a freak show like this anyways? This won't be the last you hear of us!" Kim declared rudely before her and her team were booed off the field.

Having won even if was by unfortunate means, Ryoma tried to talk to Yvonne afterwards. As almost borderline cocky he could be with his athletic talent he didn't have to much confidence in talking to cute girls. No one had to tell him what he looked like wasn't going to be gracing the covers of a sexiest athlete of the week magazine any time soon. Still he didn't think he looked anything too hideous other then still a little sweaty from his last match. He hoped his hands weren't shaking to much as he carried a few slices of street pizza her way when she was alone on the benches.

"Hey, I never got to say congrats for the win today even if it wasn't the best way to win." He internally patted himself on the back for not stuttering.

"Merci beaucoup mon ami, um Ryoma Hoshi right? There's always tomorrows match so I'm not to upset. The games have only just begun after all. Oh, and thanks again for helping my team out today." Yvonne said with a smile.

"No problem, I hate cheaters and especially cheaters in big events like these." he said.
Then she smiled a bit wider upon noticing his slices.

"Are you going to eat both of those or did you bring one as a way to congratulate me?" she asked.

"Oh yeah I thought it would be a nice way to get to know each other if you want to be like friends or..." His mind trailed off for something clever to say but thankfully she saved him the trouble and embarrassment.

"Most boys traditionally ask a girl out with flowers but pizza has always trumped flowers in my book. Wanna sit in the cafeteria and eat them?" Yvonne said with a giggle.

Ryoma could feel a blush forming on his cheeks when she laughed. In slight shock from being read so openly and not wanting to ruin this miracle of a girl saying yes to his advances he just nodded in response.

Chiaki looked at the scene with a smile and laugh of her own while the older Ryoma looked at it with a bittersweet feeling in his gut.

"It might sound super corny to say this but pizza really did taste better with her around. I can practically taste it again. Wish we could share those slices again someday. Is remembering tastes and feelings like this part of my memories coming back into place?" he asked.

"Yes, you couldn't feel this if it never happened after all. Even before your younger self said it, did you already have an idea of what the other team was doing?" Chiaki inquired.

"...Weirdly enough yeah, I mean the gloves did looked weird. With everything else that was off, I guess I would only thought of the gloves if I had seen them before. Still what does all this have to do with the killing game and why I'm trapped in it?" It didn't really add up much to him.

"Well, in the beginning of this you didn't even remember that you met her here and only now remember shaving her game and sharing pizza. I can only guess but I think a part of putting you into despair was to make you forget things about your girlfriend." Chiaki knew it was only a guess but felt she was on the right track.

"Why would they have to do that? Regardless of our happy times wouldn't the fact that she's dead because of me be despair inducing enough?" He pondered.

"Exactly, the fact though that kind of makes me wonder..."

Chiaki then paused and played with her sleeves in thought for a few seconds before continuing her question.

"Before you came here would you have been able to describe her to anyone? Her name, appearance or where she was from?"

It was now Ryoma's turn to pause and think as he chewed one of his candy cigarettes. What did he remember or think he remembered about her? He tried to back track to any previous discussions with anyone about her. It was at this he recalled a brief talk with Shuichi.

"I recall talking to Shuichi at some point about her. I didn't describe her but did say I met her in America when I was...studying abroad? That's what I remember saying but now it really doesn't make sense for me to have said that. My parents were no where near rich enough to have me studying abroad. Plus I don't think I've ever seen much of America outside stuff on TV or radio." He admitted
"Okay, this might be just another guess but if your memories of what she looked like or came from are wrong then what's to say that her even being dead because of you is right? The only way to make it less despairing then her not being dead because of you I think would be..."

She paused to think of her next wording carefully but he seemed to have caught on to her line of thinking.

"Only thing less despair inducing then her not being dead because of me would be if...if she wasn't dead at all right? If she wasn't dead along with my cats, friends, and other people in my family I'd have no reason to feel despair. I'd have a solid reason to survive and get back to something. Right?" A bit of hope in his voice could be heard.

Even though the only thing they were doing was exchanging guesses it felt like a good possibility. Rantaro did say a lot of them had lived mostly happy lives and if all his past hang ups never happened that would be the least unhappy thing possible.

Chiaki nodded her head in agreement. "Yeah, that just might be it I think."

Before they could speak further on the matter the scene around them started to morph once more but this time in a noticeable static gray surrounding them. The people and things around them started to slowly fade color. It didn't do this the other times so something had to be happening.

"I think someone's trying to wake you up so it's time for me to leave. Before I go though, either Rantaro or Kaede will have left a blue scarf for you and one other person. I don't know which but I know it's a girl. Remember to not act too different and be as cautious as you can. These are your friends but you might have to fight them at some point. I believe in all of you to come out safe though. Good luck Ryoma."

With one last look back she disappeared and Ryoma woke up to the annoying buzzing from his front door.

**Meanwhile with the cubs.**

"Ha ha ha ha ha, and then he tells me that he's so baller that if a the biggest Rockstar there is came to his concerts, he'd retire the next day! Cool right?" Monosuke chuckled at his story which both the cousins were only half listening to. Monosuke wanted to tell them some stories since none of the movies were that good in the AV room. If he noticed there non-interest then he wasn't showing it.

"Yeah, really cool story dude. As much as I'd like to hear another story about your friend I kind of had a question if ya don't mind?" The green bear with wheels looked around as he spoke.

"Shoot away cuz." said Monosuke.
"Well, since me and Monobreve came in so late for the fun I was curious if I could watch the most fun thing I missed so far with the class trial. That's why I wanted to come into the AV room. Bet it be major time despairing for them to accidentally pop in a tape of that and whined up watching it all over. So is there a tape?" He asked.

"You and pops think alike cuz, he's got it right here." Monosuke said this as he presented a disk label **Class trial 1#** on it.

"The first disk of many which will probably sell really well on the black market when the games through and we've got a full pack." The yellow bear grinned proudly.

"*More like the only one that you'll ever make now that I'm here you annoying, sadistic, mustard colored asshole*." Monocroft thought this internally.

"Oh right on my dude! While I'm watching this I might need some snacks. Can you go and see if there are any lying around in the kitchen or anyone's got something good on them?" Monocroft asked.

Monocraft waited until Monosuke was out of ear shot and out of sight before turned to his companion.

"Okay, now that he's gone I'm gonna watch this to try and analyze what our classmates are like on trials. You gave me a rough idea of what they were like but I want to see for myself so I can see who might be able to help mental wise more or less in a situation. While I'm watching this do you think you could look around the library and see if you can find that secret entrance I mentioned before?" Monocroft whispered.

Despite the monitors mostly keep track on what the remaining students were up to, neither wanted to chance any ease dropping.

"Sure thing, I might even get to see what's behind that weird door while I'm at it. The cubs should have as much access to everything as the mastermind does." she replied.

"That's true and be careful."

"I will no need to worry." With that said she flew off.

With Kaede out the room he watched the class trial. It was edited funny in a way with colorful pink and yellow texts floating around people's heads. A text box with blue words was in front of kaede when she was silently thinking as if highlighting her thoughts. Despite the seriousness of the trial there was upbeat techno pop music playing in the background. It really did feel like he was watching some surreal reality game show instead of a normal court trial. Little boxes even appeared on screen that said: "Vote now for what you think she'll say next!". 

"This really is like a interactive TV show for these people. If I had a controller it would practically be a video game. I kind of feel bad for being kind of impressed by the amount of editing put in." He thought to himself.

As he watched the trial he analyzed his classmates behavior while also adding together what Kaede said about their behavior before the class trial. Some like Korekiyo, kirumi, kokichi, Kibo,and Kirumi were very focused on the bigger details of things. They didn't put personal emotions Kaede had said that only Kibo, Ryoma, and Kokichi were the only ones without alibis that could be confirmed or denied. Unlike kibo, kokichi purposely didn't provided any info as to what he was up to. Throughout the trial the supreme leader seemed to be playing around and teasing his peers.
Even if he didn't have a memory keyword he'd exclude Ryoma along with Kokichi since both were to short to have hit him. His own memory was still foggy in places but he had a strong feeling whoever hit him was at least near his height. That took out them plus Angie, himiko, Tenko, and possibly maki but he wasn't sure.

Another thing Rantaro noted about Kokichi was despite his seemingly childish taunting there seemed to be some strategy to the behavior. Kokichi himself even confirmed in a few parts that he was trying to lure out the killer. It made him think of how interrogators on goofy TV crime dramas would exaggeratedly bully or try to intimidate the suspect or suspects until they baited something out of them. TV style theatrics to a degree might work in real court but could also have the opposite effect. Regardless it was a sign that he was either a possible tricky future ally or enemy to keep tabs on later. Maybe even a bit of both.

On the opposite hand with Kaito, Ryoma, Angie, and Miu, they took the smaller things into account with more emotion that they didn't want ignored. Some even had theories on things only Rantaro and Kaede now recently learned to be true. It showed good intuition and determination for the most part. Gonta in the AV room was pretty suspicious but he doubted it was him that hit him. Naivety and kindness might be easy to fake but not body size for the most part couldn't. Whoever hit him had to have angled their body precisely behind him so they wouldn't be in the camera shot. Gonta's bulk would stick out clear as day in a photo background. Also not to mention he his feet had a pretty strong smell.

"Although they could have had time to Photoshop themselves out if they did get caught in the photo. The cubs do work for them after all." He thought to himself.

It was still to early to make any calls for or against anyone so he kept focused on the a few skills he noted from some of them.

Miu's handiness with gadgets whether she was the mastermind or not could be pretty useful later. Rantaro didn't know much about advance tech but to make a drone along with modified cameras in such short time was impressive.

The rest of his classmates seemed neutral as they simply agreed with whatever the majority started to sway with the exception of Shuichi. You could practically hear the moment the clogs of him mind connected Kaede to be the alleged murder long before his classmates. Kaede told him about the detective's insecurities about his talent and it's merit. Unless it was an act he should really give himself more credit.

No one seemed to behave anything out of the ordinary from when Rantaro first met them or before the trial started. Even still, regardless of who the mastermind was there might be a way to make them ruin their own game if everyone played their cards right. He was only half way finished with the trial when Kaede returned. He paused the video before questioning her.

"Any luck?" Rantaro asked,

"Not anything on the mastermind sadly but I was able to get info on the next motive from Monophone. Their still editing around what script to follow with who but it's apparently a "fan classic" as she put it. It's called the motive videos of despair that apparently are a favorite to all the monocubs as well. It's suppose to give everyone more fake memories. It also gives people a motive to kill but only for some sooner then others. Kaede explained.

"Did she say who might have the motive to kill the soonest?" Rantaro questioned.

"No, they want to make it a surprise for themselves and the mastermind as well so even they don't
know. It would be "too boring" for their boss if they already knew who was going to make the first move and how. That's how she explained it anyway." Kaede said with a shrug.

"Huh, that does make sense on it's own messed up level."

"Yeah and I actually tried thinking of a way to sabotage it but I couldn't think of much. I wish we could just shove them in a bag with the flashback lights collectively and have the excials crush them. If that didn't raise a giant red flag on what on use trying to change how he wants the game to that would be perfect."

"Right uh, what are flashback lights?" This was the first time he'd heard of those.

"Oh right! I forgot to mention there's also these things that look like weird flashlights they've hidden around the schools. Monophone mentioned the fun of them as well since I got her excited on the subject of motives." Kaede then told him where the first one was placed already.

"She doesn't even try to stay in character with her fellow cubs?"

"Apparently she only does when humans are watching. Anyway, the lights work the same as the videos with a more powerful influence on your mental state and mood." She found that as random as anything else in this place.

"So those are the main things that'll make people killing crazy?" He asked.

"Yep. Although I couldn't think of anything to do with the pads I have thought about one thing we could do with the pads but it might be risky." There was a bit of worry in her voice but he trusted her.

"With the limited amount to things we can do while here we've got to make whatever move we can. Tell me." He could finish the video another time.

~later with monokuma~

"Hmmm, so you really think that instead of showing them the light together in a group, doing them individually would make things more interesting? That's your game?" Monokuma questioned.

"Totally! It would be so much more chaotic if their memories contrasted cause it would make them suspicious on who's being honest."

"I agree with Monocroft! Suspicion will bring mistrust and confusion which will eventually lead to murder. Oh we were thinking you could hold polls for the audience at home to choose who they want to be the blackened and the victim plus why. It'll give the audience the thrill feeling like they have some control and with how big the audience is it will still be a surprise when it happens. This IS suppose to be a mystery game plus game show isn't it uncle?" asked Monobrieve

"Pupupu, very right my niece. I honestly didn't think you guys would be much more then stand ins for Monokid but I'm glad I was wrong. Glad I thought of this! Pupupupupu!" Monokuma chuckled.

With the plan in motion the game would once again be afoot.
Chapter End Notes

Oh my Auta, this took far longer then it should but I'm glad to be done with this chapter. We aren't too far away from the first fight scene but that won't be for another chapter. On that specific note after I'm done with that chapter either before or after it, I'm planning to make a battle chart of each character's battle roles such as support, offense, defense, tanks, fighting styles, etc. That's honestly been a curiosity of mine since before this story came to mind. Hope fans of team rpgs will like that. So sit tight, remember to PROTECT YOUR HEALERS and have a good day.
Island in the sun

Chapter Summary

Ryoma meets his teammates and unknowingly tics off the mastermind all in one go.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Glad to know other people are still into this fic as much as I am. I've got other things I'm contemplating about doing in the future so look out for those

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Out of all people to greet him at the door, Ryoma didn't expect to see the ultimate cosplayer standing there. She wasn't unsocial but seemed to just like being to herself for the most part and mainly talk about cosplay or anime. Not like he could really mock other people's social skills.

Chiaki didn't tell him where on his partner's body they'd wear the scarf but a quick once over from where he was standing told him it wasn't her.

"Oh Ryoma, you must of been a lot more tired then you looked this morning. I almost thought you entered the deep sleep trope like Yuki from vampire princess with how long I've been pressing the door bell." She laughed awkwardly at her own reference. Since he didn't really read much manga he didn't get it but gave her a tired smile regardless.

"Yeah, I didn't really get much sleep last night. I was in the middle of a pretty good dream for once too. What's happened?"

"Ah, I'm sorry about that but apparently "Atua" is summoning everyone to the gym for something important he wants to ask. Angie didn't want to tell anyone the details but she promised some type of reward for to anyone who answered correctly. That and some type of bonus if everyone was there to hear his question. Some are planning to just ignore her but others really want to know the bonus."Tsumugi explained.

"And I guess your one of them?"

"I guess I'm just plain transparent huh? With nothing much to really do around here I thought it might at least be something interesting. Maybe it's something that would be plain fun to read like the entire manga series of detective conan?" The blue haired girl said a bit eagerly.

"That sounds like something that would be more fun to just you Tsumugi but your right it would be at least something to do. I'm not gonna be able to get back to sleep now and I kind of made a promise separate from you guys with Kaede." He said.

"Huh? You made a separate promise at some point?"

"Yeah, I promised I'd try and interact more if I wanted to stop living in the past. At least seeing what
this fuss is about with everyone might count as a baby step." He didn't see any point in hiding this. It was something he felt he should keep reminding himself anyway.

For a few seconds the cosplayer didn't say anything but smiles and adjust her glasses. In the middle of doing this he couldn't really see her face. He might of been imagining it but some odd expression seemed to pass over her but it was to quick to tell before she lowered her hand.

She muttered something into her palm but he couldn't hear what before lowering her hand addressing him.

"Well, we better hurry to the gym or be plain left behind in seeing the bonus." Tsumugi said now cheerily.

"Why does she talk like that? Bringing up what you are repeatedly must get plain old at some point... ......damnit now I'm doing it. Also what was that look she just did?" He thought to himself while brushing off the odd expression from earlier as possibly just in his head. Chiaki said to be cautious though so he would try to be.

Ryoma sighed to himself before following Tsumugi to the gym where to his surprise, almost everyone was there save for Kokichi, Kiibo, Kirumi, and Angie herself. He honestly thought more then a few people wouldn't show up. Since it looked they'd be waiting for at least Angie to arrive, Ryoma took the time to look at the girls in the room who might be wearing a blue scarf. Some he was secretly relieved weren't.

"Hmm, looks like Tenko and Miu are a no and I can't say I'm too disappointed. They don't seem like bad people. Still having to deal with either constant dirty shower jokes or threats to be flipped for attempting something "a filthy degenerate male" would do isn't what I want to deal with from the get go. I wonder if someone lazy like Himiko is more athletic then she knows and her memories will reveal her to be an ultimate gymnast or triathlon runner? Till then it looks like she's not my partner either."

His internal musing of the current females in the room was interrupted with the arrival of with the remaining classmates. Kirumi was pushing a cart with painting supplies and canvases.

"Sorry to keep you all waiting, I was assisting Angie with her surprise." Kirumi explained. She then started setting up the canvases.

Angie was standing on the gym stage and waving her hands to the small audience to get their attention.

"Thank you to all who came for Atua's dive message! I had a vision last night from Atua that says one way to help ease everyone's stress in these troubled times is through art classes. Atua wants you all to draw your favorite meals on top of a creative background. Comfort food like in my case delicious island pizza with pineapples. Mmmm! At the end of class you will receive a prize." Angie explained.

The artistic islander's announcement with mixed mocking from Miu and Kokichi both of whom stayed anyway. Himiko of course commented that painting sounded like a pain just sat on the side to watch. Other then them everyone else just shrugged but complied.

He only got the outline of a circle and some crudely done mushrooms on the canvas before trying to get a better look of Kirumi. He couldn't quite see the front of her. Thanks to the way she was standing with her own board it was hard to see. There height difference wasn't exactly helping things either. Before he could move his board closer to get a better view of Kirumi, the ultimate artist
suddenly appeared beside him.

She wrapped an arm around his shoulder as if half hugging him before glancing at the board then back at him. Angie gave thumbs up and made a motion with her hand that caught his attention as she tugged at her skirt as if to readjust it. Only now that he was closer did he notice the little bow on her light blue polyester skirt had a large darker blue cloth similar to his own done in an overlapping bow.

So it was her then? He hadn't honestly expected it but a lot of unexpected things had been happening in under the last 24 hours. Angie shouldn't be that surprising in that sense.

"Ryoma! Atua can see your dedication is strong from just the little you've done and he wants your opinion on some of his own inspirations. Will you give him some of your creative input?" Angie asked with a wink.

It had only been a few minutes since they started painting so seeing the judge of this whole thing walking off raised some eyebrows. Kaito was the first to voice his dislike of this.

"Oi, Angie what gives? I thought you were going to look at all our stuff at the end of this class thing and give a prize. You can't just walk off with someone yet. You didn't even look at anyone else!"

Kokichi had been side eyeing the pair since Angie had walked over and decided to also chime in with Kaito.

"For once the space idiot said something I can agree with. Your the one who forced us into this only to just leave hardly 3 mins in? Waaaah! Atua is playing favorites!" Kokichi fake cried.

All while he was speaking, the supreme leader had been walking over behind them to get a better look at the drawing Ryoma made. When he saw it his tears instantly disappeared. A look of unimpressed boredom was on his face as he looked at the piece. Swiftly he snatched it to look closer.

"What's so special about a circle with a few bug looking blobs on it? Did you eat bugs or something as a kid?" The only response he received was getting the paper snatched back by Ryoma with an annoyed huff. His drawing skills weren't the best but it was clear as day what it was.

"Actually I think that's suppose to be a mushroom pi-" Shuichi began to speak only to be cut off by Gonta.

"Ryoma eat bugs?! No, bugs are friends not fo-!" Gonta began to protest only to be interrupted as well.

"That's not the issue here Tarzan. Like the supreme anorexic raccoon face and purple space idiot asked, what gives?" Miu demanded.

"Stop calling me an idiot!"

Angie raised her hand in a motion to as if to calm them down so she could speak.

"Don't worry everyone, Atua doesn't play favorites plus the contest isn't over just yet. He simply wants Ryoma's opinion on some projects and then we will return. It's because of our link to pizza that he's asking for Ryoma specifically which isn't favoritism in the slightest bit. Bye-onara everyone!"

Before anyone could protest how that actually was favoritism, she grabbed Ryoma's hand and fled out the gym with him.
Ryoma was thankful that despite not playing tennis for a long time, his muscle memory knew when to kick in to keep up. With how surprisingly fast she could move he was positive his much shorter arm would of been pulled out it's socket if he were any slower. In almost no time at all they were back near the dorm rooms and inside Angie's own room. Unsurprisingly she had already completely painted up the walls yellow with little rose around the cabinet. What caught his eye most was what looked like a wide and pretty large sketch pad in the back wall. It was the size of medium sized flat screen TV. It had an all black cover that said "Angie's diary" in pink italics.

Almost like deja vu from when he walked in the room with Rantaro in disguise, he felt the aura around Angie change. Her wide smile was now a blank line. The constant brightness she seemed to radiate with her eyes was also gone. He could see faded red sunken lines he hadn't seen before under them now.

Had she been crying?

"Angie are you okay?" He couldn't put his hand on her shoulder so opted to rub her arm in comfort. It was obviously a dumb question in the moment of things. Learning that his girlfriend could possibly be alive was simultaneously relieving as it was horrifying. Many questions of her location physical state, his parents, and possibly other people he had been made to forget made him anxious. What kinds of precious things had she remembered in her life and was she feeling? He hadn't honestly spoken to her beyond in passing in the halls or briefly refusing her Atua when she brought him up. This was kind of awkward in that regard.

She sent him a tired smile and showed him her hands.

Like her eyes they also had some faded swelling of red from splinters that she seemed to try to disguise with a bit of red paint on her palms. It honestly looked painful but she assured him that she had ice pads she planned on using.

"If we were being recorded at the real hope's peak I think I broke my personal record on that." Angie said while looking at the pad.

She just nodded over for him to walk over to the large pad. When Angie spoke again it made him jump a bit with how much older, slightly upset, and authoritative it sounded. It was as if another person was speaking to him entirely. The artist got straight to the point.

"Monobreve already messed with the cameras a few seconds ago so nothing should look odd about us in the room together. I need you to sum up as quick as you can, the best you can what your about to see in under 15 minutes. Hurry." Angie said.

Shaking off the shock from Angie's mature sounding voice he did as he was told and flipped the cover. It was multiple scenes lined against one another like a comic only very detailed like a graphic novel. She had even labeled the scenes by numbers.

First scene was a beautiful long haired blonde women with silky white skin and a lovely although tattered long green dress. She had a crown on her head and a gold scepter that queen's usually held but it was on the ground at her feet. She was crying red tears down the back of a man with short black hair with a long whip of white in it. He was in a tux, a crown, a long faded purple colored scarf, and eyes with two different colors. To sooth the distressed women his bandaged wrapped hand was rubbing her back in comfort. His scarred face looked solemn as he held his crying queen. Behind them was a black and white castle that had blood coming out the windows along with the windows of the city they were standing in. The sea that surrounded the faded looking city was dirty grey blue.
The kingdom itself seemed pretty lifeless with only a few people and faded colors on the few there. None of them were smiling. Just like the queen they too cried red tears.

Second scene showed a 2 figures he could only assume to be Angie's parents. They were holding a wrapped up sleeping Angie who looked maybe 7 yrs old with how little she was. They stood on a of a medium sized boat with smiling figures of people leaning on side people had had scratches, wrapped arms, and some seemed to be happy crying with one another as they sailed the grey sea. Unlike the rest of the sea in front of it, the boat's trail was a healthy looking shade of sapphire blue.

Third scene showed them all arriving at shore where the queen and king greeted them. The Queen had kneeled down to the little Angie who gave her a single yellow paintbrush with a flower on the tip. The Queen was smiling as she accepted the gift and the prince did to as the father handed him a vase with a heart on it.

Fourth and final scene was the same vase filled with soil now and the flower sitting in the center of the kingdom's city. It glowed with white and golden light that seemed to beam throughout now colorful kingdom. The queen and king's clothing were no longer faded looking, the castle was vibrant shades of copper. The ocean around the kingdom as well as the sky were vibrant blues again. Everything looked alive, brighter and more healthy with more people in the streets. Many of whom were smiling now. Angie's family stood under a welcome sign wearing some sort of sashes that the queen had placed on them as they bowed before her and the king.

Flipping past that was just a blank page that said To be continued...

Once she saw Angie disappear into her dorm room with Ryoma it was time for Kaede to try and not look to suspicious as she guarded the room. She didn't know if they'd be able to figure out what Angie's memories meant before the cameras went back to normal. Regardless if they did or not she didn't want to risk any suspicious ease droppers.

There was almost a funny irony in the fact that she pretending to clean around the stairs and railings to hide her true intentions. Was it sadder then funny or funnier then sad at this point? Now was not the time for self deprecation but it was a hard to ignore the comparison of things in the moment. Humming a bit of a few relaxing melodies by Peder B. Helland calmed her down some. It was only 6 mins later that the sound of approaching footsteps alerted her someone was coming.

"Maybe their just passing through to go to the cafeteria or their own rooms?" Kaede thought hopefully.

The doors leading to dorms opened to reveal who was likely number 1 on the list of people she wanted to more or less procrastinate with speaking to.

"S-Shuichi, because of course it is..." She sighed internally.

The detective simply stared at room door for a moment before his golden-ish grey eyes landed on her near the stairs leading up to it. If she was lucky he'd just keep walking since she put up one of those wet floor signs near the door. If curiosity got the better of him and he actually went to inspect then she'd have to stop him by talking. That wasn't likely to hap-

"Um, sorry to interrupt your cleaning but did Angie and Ryoma come through here? Are they in Angie's room?" He asked.

Despite not telling anyone where they went he had narrowed it down to Angie's room pretty quick. A part of Kaede felt equal parts annoyed, anxious, and oddly impressed all at once. She decided that
being annoyed was the most appropriate thing to stick with in the moment since now she had to buy time. The few perks of having a metal face that couldn't express much other then slight twitches meant she could be as anxious or annoyed as she pleased internally.

"What makes you think they're in Angie's room? I haven't seen them and I've been here for a while." She lied
"Oh then I'm sorry to bother you I just though tha-

"Hey Shuichi, you can't just walk out on a contest like that bro. Its unmanly to quit something before you finish like that!" Kaito's voice suddenly chimed in.

"I think he was just trying give his eyes a break from your hideous drawing skills Kaito but tell yourself whatever you want. Nihiihihi." Kokichi's voice wasn't to far behind.

With both boys fully in view now it looked like they were covered various shades of different paint colors. From Shuichi's confused expression at their appearance that must not of been the case when he left them. When asked they admitted to getting in a bit of a mini paint fight before coming to look for Shuichi. Kaito thought he had given up on the contest and Kokichi claimed Angie might be using him as a holy sacrifice. To see which was which, both decided to track the sleuth down.

"I wasn't really quitting I just got curious what was taking Ryoma and Angie so long since they've been gone for a while." Shuichi explained.

While this exchange was happening Kaede took notice of Kaito's casual friendly manner of speaking to Shuichi with the whole bro nickname. Last she left him he had trouble looking people in the eyes. She felt a little happy that not only was he doing that with two people now but he made a friend in someone as well. What felt less good was when she looked in Kokichi's direction. Kokichi's body was turned away from both boys so neither could see his expression except Kaede. It was brief but she caught the mix of suspicion in his eyes and the forming of a soundless snarl on his lips in her direction.

He didn't seem to like that she was there clearly ease dropping. Maybe he just didn't like the concept of the monokubs existence as a whole? It probably could go either way but she didn't blame him for being put off a bit by her presents. The look only seemed to be there for a flicker of a few seconds but she caught it regardless before he his face went back to normal. The shorter purple haired boy then grinned before pointing at her and shouting louder then he needed to.

"Hey why are you doing mom's job! Your not even doing it right if your suppose to clean the dorms. That bucket is way to small for my hotel suite sized room anyway."

Kokichi then walked closer and pointed at the wet floor sign she prompted up in front of Angie's room.

"How come Angie's room is the only one you've cleaned near? You look like you could speed clean with those wings of yours to get more then this done." Kokichi stated.

Before she could think up a reply, she as well as the rest of them heard the door knob jitter as it opened.

Both the sought after painter and tennis pro of the hour appeared with pretty neutral looks on their faces in the doorway. Angie smiled at everyone with a wave before turning her eyes to Ryoma.

"Nyahaha, Atua was right to ask for your opinions Ryoma. He gives you his blessings." She said this before skipping out of her room the with Ryoma walking slightly less as swiftly behind her.
"C'mon now everyone let's all go back to contest unless you want to make Atua feel unloved."

"Sorry about the wait she had a lot of mini pieces with backstories she wanted to explain to me so it took a bit." Ryoma addressed the small crowd.

Kaito and Shuichi just shrugged in acceptance but Kaede couldn't really tell if Kokichi was convinced by the smile he had. It didn't really meet his eyes but rather then address the lie he decided to comment on something else.

"Well as nice as all that is I'm just glad we aren't having another class trail like I thought we would. It being this soon would be boring."

Kaito didn't seem to appreciate the implications.

"What the hell are you trying to say?" Kaito said.

"What else do you think? She mentioned before how her god loves blood donations and has a whole membership thing outside here. Who's to say she doesn't want to get pack to her home cult or whatever asap? Plus next to himiko he's the smallest person angie could probably take on if alone."

He stated.

"C'mon man Angie right next to Himiko is probably the least dangerous person here. There's no way she'd murder and no one is even thinking about murder anyway after what just happened." The astronaut argued back.

"And you know this how? You don't know anything about anyone here anymore then you know Monokuma's origin story." Kokichi paused while looking between Kaito and the rest in the hall with a dead pan face. He then smirked with a finger to his lip before speaking.

"Unless I guess your the mastermind then maybe you would..."

"Cut that mastermind crap out and there's no way I'm the mastermind even if one existed. Angie may talk nutty sometimes but I believe she'd never hurt someone. Err, no offense meant Angie. " Kaito said.

"None taken Kaito, I appreciate your trust. Neither me or Atua take what Kokichi thinks as completely wrong either though." Angie said.

"You don't?" Both purple haired boys and detective asked simultaneously.

Ryoma decided to clarify what she meant instead of staying silent.

"While I was listening to her talk she about her pieces she told me a bit about herself. How her island loves watching those tv dramas where foreigners playing games on a disserted islands. Her Atua thinks that it might be a good idea just like those to form an alliance with different people for safety. More people stick in a group means someone will have a higher risk at getting caught if their alliance member notices them being shady."

Ryoma paused to see if they were believing. Kokichi claimed in the class trial he could pick up the lies of others easy but since he wasn't interrupting he just continued. He wasn't totally lying either so that hopefully help his case.

"Neither of us want to believe another killing could happen again. The reality is though we still got a ways to go before we get rescued. Either from Monokuma getting bored of us not killing and telling us to leave or our loved ones finding us in time. I said in the beginning this place beats prison but just
like a prison it might bring out paranoia and craziness in people. I never liked thinking about my future and I'm still not entirely sure if I can make one for myself. Regardless if an alliance will help me live a bit longer then I'll take it."

Various looks of surprise were on the small audience. Ryoma wasn't normally that talkative or open in his thoughts. It was probably the first positive sounding things that came out of him so far. Shuichi was the first to respond on that note.

"Wow Ryoma, I thought you had given up on the future from our last talk. Not saying it's bad at all but where did this determination come from?" Shuichi asked.

"Oh, me and Kaede had a few talks before the trial went down and I made an extra promise with her. I promised her I'd try to stop living in the past and start taking baby steps to try for my future. Thought this might be a good one." he explained.

"I don't like the idea of not trusting each other but if it's got your fire burning again and you feel safer that way I'm in to! That's awesome Ryoma, you just about sound like the legend I remember hearing about in middle school with that attitude. Just let me know if you guys need anything." kaito said with a thumbs up.

In contrast to Kaito's enthusiasm, Shuichi had subconsciously pulled his hair into his eyes. It was the same motion he did when he had his hat on when nervous. He muttered about being unsure he'd be useful to a group so he'd have to think about it before walking off. When he was out of sight Kokichi decided to speak his mind too.

"Hmm, I can see where your coming from but I oppose. A group to me just means a close nit circle who can betray each other easier. Good luck with it though, you can tell me how it's panning out next trial if your none of you are the victims." Ignoring Kaito's glaring, he followed out the same way Shuichi went with his hands behind his head.

"Don't worry guys I had a plan to lift Shuichi's spirits tonight and you guys just encouraged me to do it all the more!" Kaito said to the remaining people.

"Oooh you did? That sounds wonderful and I don't even know what it is yet! What is it huh?" Angie asked happily.

"Me and him are going to do a bit of training alone in the courtyard but you guys are allowed to come join if you want."

"Sure" Both said.

They then walked back with the astronaut trainee to the gym together to judge the rest of art pieces.

Unknown to them the next motive was being brewed that would the first test in this game of wills and physical endurance. Ryoma showing even a slightly stronger will then before didn't sit well with the puppet master in this game.

Chapter End Notes

Hello again from another eternal drought that is my updates. I'm glad to see people still keeping taps on this story better then I am. Sorry if Kaede so far seems a bit on the OOC
emo side in contrast to her usual confident self. Let me know what you think in the comments

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!