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**A little dab'll do ya**

by [DesolationPoint](#)

**Summary**

He should never have allowed this to happen. To say at the very least that is was his fault would be acceptable. Even that "I told you so" was warranted. The fact that he was wrong is what scared them the most.

But he did allow it to happen, and now he was left to clean up the mess.

**Notes**
This isn't really inspired by The Lion's Den, which is a fantastic story by the way. It kind of similar, but not really. Like, the premise is similar, the ultimate despair living together, Naegi being kidnapped by them, things like that.

I came up with this about three or four years ago. It was a paragraph long, my writing sucked, so I decided that no one would want to read this pile of dog shit, so why did I change my mind?

My mom sleeptalks. She was sleeping on the couch while I was watching tv and all of a sudden, she screams at the top of her lungs a dab'll do ya. I stared at her for at least five minutes, trying to process what just happened, then started dying. I was literally on the floor in tears. (This is at 1:00 in the morning btw.) I don't know why but something was telling me to use a dab'll do ya and not let it go to waste, so I started to look through my writing prompts. I found this four-year-old pile of garbage, re-wrote it, made the rest of the plot, and rolled with it.

So...here we are.

(Sorry for misspellings and such. it's early in the morning, I had no sleep, and that happened today. I re-wrote all of this, made the rest of the plot, the prequel, and sequel plans, and semi-edited it within the span of two hours. I'm tired. As a side note, if I didn't upload it now I never would have.)

- Inspired by The Lion’s Den by Arcawolf
The Earth stilled as the monitor slowly faded to black. A wave of unease arose in the room as the clustered warriors looked to each other in disbelief.

She finally did it. ...Junko Enoshima had died.

When that boy, that fucking bastard Makoto Naegi sentenced her to her doom, none of them had believed it. Even when that press smashed her to bits, splattering her gorgeous blood across the room and leaving the block caked with thick, hot-pink blood, they had expected her to get back up.

They had watched that monitor with anticipation, more than they ever had before, but she never got back up. They waited for what felt like hours...but she never got back up! Only then did it dawn on her faithful Remnants of Despair that she was actually dead.

Some, pretty much Mikan Tsumiki, refused to believe it. How could her beloved Junko Enoshima fall to a mere brat? Who was Makoto Naegi? He was just a talentless fool!

She sat front and center to the monitor, her face so close that it was practically touching it, waiting expectantly for her mistress to rise. This had to be a joke, this would be her best one yet! But she never did rise.

Most others were in writhing in agony, but there were a few exceptions.

Nekomaru and Akane had gone into a blind rage. Things were thrown, people were killed, and the final result was a large hole in the wall. Pekoyama, stone-faced as per usual, hadn't cared in the slightest about the image in front of her; her only concern was her young master, who was too stunned to even speak. Izuru Kamakura watched on with mild interest, particularly at the sight of Nagito Komaeda. Somehow he was able to worm his way towards the monitor and remove Mikan who, at the realization that her mistress was indeed dead, had fallen to the floor in grief.

He stared at the monitor, despite it being off, as a small dribble of drool slowly slid down his frail
chin. He, out of all the others, had the most fascination in his gaze. He watched that screen like it was still playing...like it was some sort of thriller that he couldn't divert his eyes from. It was when he abruptly got up, passing the others without so much as a second glance, that made Kamakura feel a slight glimmer of worry.

The probability of Komaeda doing something very, very stupid was high. In this era of despair, Kamakura had been a witness to many things. The fall of humanity was one of them, but many things had spiraled out of control, and in itself, stemmed from Nagito Komaeda.

Luck was something that not even Kamakura understood, even if he himself had the Ultimate luck ability. Komaeda could destroy the Earth if he put his mind to it. His luck affects the people around him whereas Naegi Makoto's luck only affects himself. He couldn't even understand Haruka's constant 'bad' luck. Even so, the luck Naegi Makoto faces is typically bad, while Komaeda sees the light of both sides. Haruka is able to survive horrid situation with the bad luck usually being that she lived. The luck Kamakura faces, though, seemed dull. Things like having feelings can be considered lucky for him, the fact the Izuru Kamakura is even alive is luck in itself; however, nothing seems to actually affect him or the people around him. These were minuscule in the eyes of Kamakura.

Perhaps that is what he wanted, to predict Komaeda, or rather, his luck. There was nothing that Kamakura couldn't predict, not anymore at least. Komaeda was like a drug that he couldn't shake off, such as the Remnants of Despair with despair.

He had seen Junko Enoshima's death coming from a mile away. He had even told her about it, but she didn't believe him. Not that he cared, but without her influence, things would become very boring very swiftly.

In any event, he had to take this opportunity.

"What are you doing?" Komaeda whirled around to face whoever had spoken to him, seeing Kamakura made his eyes light up.

"Did you see it?" If it had been anyone other than Kamakura, maybe Mioda, they would not have been able to hear him.

'It' could have referred to anything, but he probably meant Enoshima's death. The probability of it being that was too low.

"I was here," he stated. It was better to keep things simple with Komaeda; it usually had the best outcome.

"Tell me, did you see it?" Komaeda had walked closer to Kamakura making sure to stand perfectly straight. Their small height difference only just now bothered Kamakura, where had Komaeda found this new confidence?

He didn't bother answering him, though. Why should he?

"It was splendid, no, that's not a good enough word!" Komaeda smiled and leaned closer to the smaller male. "There is no word that can describe it, something so beautiful!" Kamakura made sure to keep a close watch on his eyes.

They never did turn red like the others, probably due to his luck, they stayed that dull shade of green. Whenever the Remnants of Despair went into one of their fits, their eyes twisted and churned until they looked like swirls. Komaeda's didn't though, his eyes would turn dull until they appeared grey, almost white.
"He's wonderful!" Ah. So he was talking about it.

"I saw."

"I knew you would, Kamakura-kun!" His eyes were turning dull, but they seemed to teeter on the edge. "Someone as hopeful, as cunning, as wonderful-"

"Get on with it." His earlier anticipation was waning. He shouldn't have been so simple.

"I have some things I need to do in Towa City." His wide smile faltered and turned flat. "There is something that I want..." he trailed off, keeping his gaze toward the ground. "There's something I need to do. It's... I think I have a plan, Kamakura-kun."

Komaeda's plans always ended in failure or destruction. Not that he was stupid, Komaeda was most definitely the smartest of the despairs. ...But Kamakura couldn’t usually predict him.

"I'll have Haruka-san start for me, to rough him up a bit, then-"

"I'm not cleaning up your mess."

Izuru Kamakura doesn't have friends, he may be closer to Nagito Komaeda than the other students, but they were by no means friends. Even so, he was often left to clean up after Komaeda's schemes.

"You won't have to." That disgusting smile returned to Komaeda's face as he turned away from Kamakura. "I have to watch this hope shine, Kamakura-kun. In fact, I need to brew it. You are the Ultimate Hope, but this… This is different."

Kamakura watched on as Komaeda walked away from them. Regret was something he felt. He didn't know why he felt it, but it was there.

There were so many paths this could take, too many for him to decide the outcome. He would have to trust Komaeda… That made him sick. Trusting Komaeda would get everyone killed, including Kamakura.

With a sigh, Kamakura re-entered the building. Mikan Tsumiki would commit suicide in exactly three minutes. ...Someone had to stop her.
The Funeral- Part I

Chapter Summary

The Remnants of Despair hold a funeral for their Master.

Chapter Notes

(More on the OC will be explained in chapter 4)
Edit- 6/29/2019
1. Changed Ultimate Despair to Remnants of Despair. (I don't know why I made that mistake in the first place...)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

{The Funeral: Part I}

"Alright. ...I guess I'll just fuckin' start it."

Kuzuryu, his fedora locked in his iron grip, walked to the center of the altar. As he turned to the crowd, he couldn't help but glance at the objects behind him. On his right, lay a large wooden coffin, and on his left, sat a medium sized box. Only he and Sonia, if she actually cared to remember, knew what was inside.

"I'm sure you all know why we're here today," he addressed, looking directly into the camera. "You better fucking know why we're here! But," he snarled, "in case you've been living under a goddamn rock, it's because we're paying homage to Enoshima Junko. (Tsumiki Mikan's bloodcurdling scream can be heard in the far distance.) She was The greatest person to ever live." He had to pause and quickly glance at Kamakura before continuing. "She was the true Ultimate Despair, none of us could ever compare to her. She showed us what was truly important in life, despair." For a moment, a split second, he almost got teary eyed.

Seeing Sonia finally enter the room, he straightened his back and placed his fedora in its rightful spot.

"We owe everything to her, but we all know that already. There is no way we can ever truly repay her, but we sure can fucking try!" At this, the thousands of soldiers, adorned with large Monokuma helmets, in the background started howling their approval and support.

With a smirk sent in the direction of the camera, the sole Yakuza beckoned Sonia and Haruka to join him by the podium.

"Thank you for that lovely opening, Fuyuhiko." Sonia, microphone in hand, took the lead. "I'm sure Enoshima-san would enjoy it." She took her position behind the box, then turned to the crown with a smile, making sure to stretch her lips as far as they would possibly go. "Now, this would be no funeral without a body. (Again Tsumiki Mikan's wails can be heard in the far distance.) And-

"But t-there's no body l-left." Mikan could hardly speak at this point. "She was smashed to b-b-b-bits!"
Sonia, ignoring Tsumiki's wails and shrieks, continued the speech. "To get around that...minor issue, we went to the crime scene."

No one could really function properly after Sonia lifted the cover to the box. Most of the feelings were of shock and astonishment, except for Kamakura, whose gaze was filled to the brim with interest.

The item, which was now in Sonia's grasp, was a large glass cup. (I can't think if the word. If you have seen Trueblood, it's like the glass Russel keeps his husband in.) And in the glass, was a thick pink liquid with chunks of flesh, slowly, sinking to the bottom.

"Here she is."

To say the crowd roared was an understatement. No one had actually thought they would have their beloved's corpse, or anything really. I mean, most of them thought they would bury Naegi Makoto alive, and that would have been the best honor of all.

It was a disturbing sight, to say the least. So much so that Haru didn't want to speak anymore.

"Err...I'm proud to be in her presence once again," she started, trying to look anywhere but the glass beside them. She couldn't believe she was actually speaking here. ...She couldn't really believe she was here at all. "Thank you, Sonia, for this honor."

"Of course," the princess replied, eyeing the glass. "I'm sure everyone is taking pleasure in this, no?"

It was almost sinister, the way Sonia had smiled at her. It reminded her of their school days when the world wasn't thrown into despair. Not that she was their classmate, but Haru got that look from Sonia's class often. For a moment, she felt a pang on sorrow at the memories, but she rapidly pushed those thoughts away. Now was not the time to be stupid.

"Who wouldn't be enjoying this? We are in her presence, after all." She put on a smile and gestured for her fellow despairs, or at least the ones who showed up, to look at the coffin. "But I have other matters to discuss."

The crowd went silent as they glared at the unlucky student. What would there be to discuss? This was a funeral, not a business meeting!

"We all feel a great...connection to Jun-Enoshima-san, but I'm sure we could all become much closer-" Just as she was about to continue, the loud shrill of sirens rang throughout the building. You've gotta be kidding me!

"W-what the hell?" Kuzuryu pushed his way to the front of the altar, watching as nearby Monokumas flooded the room. "Is that fucking camera live?!" Without waiting for an answer, he called to Peko who, within an instant, sliced the cameraman in half.

They had planned to record the funeral, with Ryouta's editing of course, and distribute it in a similar manner as the Killing Game. They wanted the world to know that Junko was down but not out.

"Nice job, but now there's blood everywhere." Ryouta's going to have fun editing this one...

"What the hell are you all standing around for?!" Fuyuhiko snarled, his red eyes practically glowing. "The Future Foundation is attacking!"

Now, this was the main problem. Being cut off mid-sentence, did that piss her off? Yes, but she was used to people getting snappy with her. It was, after all, an aftereffect of the Killing Game, but they
had just moved to a new location. After their last battle with Future Foundation, their base was pretty much unusable. The Future Foundation wasn't supposed to find them yet.

"They would find it eventually." Haru flinched at the voice, but she didn't bother leaving.

"I know that," she started, watching as the last few soldiers scurried out of the room, "But I don't want to move again."

It wasn't like she hated Kamakura. She actually was the most comfortable with him out of anyone, but there was basically no having a good conversation with him. He knew what you were going to say and when you would say it. He pretty much knew the future, so what good would it do to talk to him? It didn't matter that she knew him before...

"It was temporary."

"Of course it was." Did he have to bring that up?

She hated the Future Foundation. Plain and simple. The only good those fools could do was get in the Remnant of Despair's way and be annoying. It didn't help that her classmates, what was left of them anyway, were going to join up with them. Now that really pissed her off.

"Are you aware of Komaeda's plan?" What?

"Plan? Are you talking about her..." (She's just now realizing someone took Junko's glass) "Um... Her body? Komaeda asked me to go with him to collect it, but I didn't want to touch her blood. I have it bad enough, you know...?"

"..."

"W-well!" She turned away from his intense gaze. Yeah, so that's not the real reason, but I don't have to tell him that! "It's just... He's been kind to me, and I kind of owe it to him. It's my fault he's...

"Let's go." Kamakura turned with a sigh, making sure to step around the growing pool of blood.  "We have many things to discuss." Huh?

"Where's this coming from? ...Izuru?" But of course, he ignored her. Ugh.

She would have liked to ignore him, but she couldn't do that to him. Izuru was her only friend left, so she couldn't possibly turn him down. But I have things to do! It was supposed to be a simple fucking funeral!

With a sigh, Haru turned to the coffin beside her, ignoring the sound of gunshots in the close distance.

"Sorry, Mukuro. We'll have to continue another day. I don't know if you can see it, but we're kinda getting shot up right now."

Haru began to follow Kamakura, making sure to pick up the camera, then turned back to the coffin. "I'll have Nekomaru come get you later. Bye." With that being said, she followed Kamakura (who actually waited for her.)

This better be fucking good!
This is what this chapter was supposed to be about.

Mahiru had offered to go and get Junko's corpse from the academy, but Komaeda insisted on going. Yes, that means he went all the way to the academy just to scrape Junko's blood and guts off the floor. Without credit too, what a guy. That's what this chapter was going to be, but I went overboard. ...Way overboard.
Strange Feelings

Chapter Summary

Naegi feels some weird vibes.

Chapter Notes

I'm going to say now, but sorry for the cliff hanger. (Most of you will probably know who it is, but my friend suggested that I don't say their name at the end, so you'll have to wait until the next chapter.)
Edit- 6/29/2019
1. Fixed grammar mistakes and extended the chapter.
2. Made things more fluid.

{Chapter 3: Strenge Feelings}

It was hard at first, knowing that Junko had been right. Naegi had to constantly keep everyone's hope's high. There were thousands of Monokuma like robots that roamed around the city and attacked everything and anything living. But the smell of rotting flesh, blood, and fecal matter was just as bad.

...It was horrible.

There were discarded corpses littered throughout the city. Many of them had their organs torn out, some even had battered scars where their eyes once were. Some of them were people they once knew. Naegi remembered coming across one particular corpse (Kyouko almost wouldn't let him see it,) that looked familiar to him, but he couldn't tell who it was.

The person lied against a small brick wall. Dried blood was splattered all around them and their arms were propped up like it was some sort of diorama. Their body was so torn up and scarred that you couldn't even tell what gender they were anymore. Their head was missing clumps of hair leaving the remaining pieces clumped and matted with blood. Naegi truly pitied this person, but he was glad that he wasn't on the receiving end of the Monokuma's.

But he noticed something crumpled in their hand. It was so caked in the blood that Naegi could hardly read it, but Kirigiri-san had no problem reading it.

"It's titled: Starting to lose hope."

The school blew up today and my kids have gone missing.

I've been searching all over this fucking city for my kids. I knew when all these bears started to attack people that I needed to find my kids, but the school wouldn't allow us in. Even with all the damage, they won't let us in!
I've searched for so long, but I'm starting to give up hope.

Why haven't they come for us? Why not for the kids, for my kids? ...It's not fair.

The Future Foundation was supposed to help us, but why couldn't they find my kids?

"Are you related to this person?"

But he didn't know. Naegi couldn't recognize this person to save his life. ...They could have been anybody.

"Regardless," Togami-kun started, "That's not the first we've heard that term. Future Foundation."

Once they had escaped the school, the survivors noticed the words Future Foundation everywhere. In notes, written on the walls, and even old supply crates. None of them knew what it meant, so it must have started after they escaped. Maybe they are going to help people?

"We have to find these people. They might be able to help us!"

They were lucky to be alive.

It had been about a little over a week since they had escaped the academy when Kirigiri-san decided they needed to establish a more permanent camp. Naegi decided to scavenge around for food, or any supplies really. She had told him to wait, but Naegi didn't mind going. He was the Ultimate Lucky student after all!

Naegi had walked around for a while without interruption, which was odd. He hadn't seen a single Monokuma yet. Usually, he would have to hide every now and again, but there weren't any around.

"Kirigiri-san picked a really good spot!" I shouldn't be so loud.

He let out a quiet sigh. If she had been here, she would have instantly scolded him. He could deal with Togami's harsh words now, but Kirigiri-san truly scared him when she was angry.

He sat down on a nearby fallen log beside a pile of rubble. While the area was safe, there wasn't anything useful nearby. Maybe the others are having better luck. "I shouldn't think like that." Naegi leaned back, resting his back on the metal, and looked at the sky.

What was once a peaceful shade of robin blue with dashes of white, forming shapes you could play with endlessly, was now a deep crimson red. The clouds darkened and lost their fluffiness, and they covered the sky like long tufts of thick black smog. He couldn't even make out the sun anymore. What did happened? Was it pollution?

Naegi missed the sky and the warmth of the sun. He missed the people, the grass, and the animals. He wanted it all back, but that wouldn't happen right away. He knew things would eventually get better, but part of him wanted them now.

All of this was due to Junko's influence. Even now, Naegi couldn't understand how two high school girls caused all this. That's not right. He couldn't understand how Junko caused all this. Mukuro had been a pawn too, but she still...

He stood up with a hopeful sigh and turned in the direction of their camp. How could he allow himself to feel like that? He had to keep his head clear and hopes high, if not for himself, for the others. They needed someone like him to keep them safe.
"There has to be something useful around here. There just has to be!"

But that's when he heard it. It was such a strange noise that Naegi couldn't even begin to describe what it was. It clearly wasn't a Monokuma and it didn't sound like a person. "Is anyone there? Hello!" The noise continued for a moment before it soon fell silent. *Is it an animal?*

It was so strange. It was like it was lumbering around or possibly dragging something heavy. The first thing that came to his mind was a bear, but there weren't any bears around here. Even in the world's dire state, Naegi doubted a black bear would make its way into the city.

"Err..." Whatever it was, Naegi didn't have a good feeling about it. He would have to tell the others when he got back. "I'm going now," he called. If it was a person, they might be able to help each other. "Um, I have a camp nearby. We can help you!" Naegi waited for an answer, but no one called out to him. With a sigh, Naegi turned towards camp.

As he was going, though, he noticed something in the dirt. "...This wasn't here before."

There were footprints along the path he took, and they were definitely human. Or at least, they looked human. The right footprint looked fine, but the left was...well, odd. It was a line, like if someone were to drag a stick through the sand, only it was the size of a foot or some sort of pole. *Was that the sound I heard?* Naegi looked at it again, noticing how the line was crooked and broke off every now and again. *It can't be.*

The sound he heard was like a bear lumbering around, or person dragging something, making a small thump every few moments. This line made it look like the person was struggling to carry something heavy, possibly a log or a metal pole. But if that were the case, then Naegi would definitely see someone within eyesight.

"Can anyone hear me?!" he called again, keeping a lookout for anything really. If it was a Monokuma, then Naegi could easily outrun them. These robots weren't like the Monokuma he knew. *Maybe it's one of the others?...But they aren't answering me. Why aren't they?*

Now he was really starting to feel weird. There was some sort of aura in the area making him feel sick, almost as if it were choking him. He hadn't felt like this since... Since...

Naegi immediately turned towards the camp at a rapid pace. He didn't like this feeling and wanted to be near his friends, specifically, Kyouko. He may be known as the Ultimate Lucky Student, but he has a habit of attracting bad luck-

"Naegi." *Huh?* Thinking it was Kirigiri-san, Naegi turned around in relief, but what he saw shook him to his core.

"Ahhhhhh!"

There standing in front of him was someone he thought was long dead.

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