The amnesic despair

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Summary

She woke up without memories of who she was. She's alone in a school, trying to figure out her identity. But maybe it would be better for her if she never found out...

Spoilers for Danganronpa IF and Danganronpa Zero.

Notes

This is a sequel of Danganronpa IF. This story will have spoilers for the Danganronpa series in general (except ndriv3). English isn't my first language so it's possible that I have made mistakes, I apologize in advance.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

“Where am I? Why am I here?”

Those were the two questions she wondered when she woke up. She quickly realised that she was sitting on a chair, but it took her more time to notice the strange helmet she had on her head. In a fit of fear, she jumped from the chair and moved away from it. She was relieved to discover that the helmet was a part of the chair. She had been worried that this suspicious looking helmet might have been fixed on her head.

She than realised that she had a greater concern that the place she was and the reason why she was here. She didn’t remember anything before she woke up on this chair. She had no single memories about herself. She didn’t know her past, her age, her name, she wasn’t even sure about her gender (even if she had the impression she must be a girl). She quickly checked her body and confirmed that she was indeed a female.

She looked around. The room she were seemed to be some kind of laboratory. Unable to identify the majority of the stuffs here, she decided to quit and go investigated the rest of the place.

She quickly realised that she must be in a school. She spotted a bathroom a decided to go. Fortunately, it was the girls’ bathroom. She then went to the mirror to see what she looked like.

She saw the reflection of a young woman who seemed to be a late teen or a young adult. She had long, disheveled, dark red hair and eyes of a similar color. She wasn’t wearing any makeup and her face looked pretty average. Her clothes consisted of a brown jacket and skirt of the same color, with under the jacket a white shirt. This outfit seemed like a school uniform.

“So this is my appearance…” She thought. “I must be a highschool girl.”

Now that she knew what she looked like and guessed her age, she needed to find her name. She searched in her pockets, hoping that she could find an ID card or anything that could identify her. The only thing she found was a key. Since this key was her only belonging and a potential clue to find out who she was, she decided to go investigated the school to find out which door this key was for.

After a lot of failure, the young woman arrived in what seemed to be a dormitory. She tried the key on some of the doors. After three essays, she finally found a door that matched the key. Carefully, she opened the door. She discovered what seemed to be a bedroom.

“It must be…my dorm room.” She concluded.

With hesitation, she went into the room. She spotted a television with a note on it.

“Press start and watch.” She read.

Nervous but also curious, she slowly approached her finger from the television and press the start button.

The television turned on. The screen showed a devastated town. People with mask representing a black and white bear were destroying everything on their way. There were corpses on the ground and cars of fire. It was truly despair-inducing.

Unable to continue watching this, the red haired girl turned off the T.V. She couldn’t believe what
she saw. She couldn’t think that it was real, it must be some kind of movie.

“Even if it was real…it has nothing to do with me.” She thought. “I don’t even remember who I am!”

Still desperate to find out who she was, she continued to investigate the room. She opened the nightstand’s drawer and found a notebook.

“Otonashi Ryoko Memory Notebook…?” She read on the cover.

Curious about this mysterious notebook, the red-haired girl opened it and began to browse it. She read some words or sentence like Hope’s Peak Academy, The Tragedy, Ultimate Despair and Enoshima Junko, but she didn’t read what it was about. Something else was bothering her. It was the handwriting. It looked familiar to her, even though she couldn’t remember anything.

She looked again in the drawer and found a pencil. She then searched a blank page in the notebook and began to write. She wrote “I’m a highschool girl and I have no memory”. She then compared her handwriting with the one in the notebook, which concluded her deduction.

“I’m the one who wrote this notebook.” She deduced. “Which means…my name is Otonashi Ryoko.”
Ryoko didn't see any reason for her to leave the school. She had food, clean water and a place to sleep. More importantly, if what she read in the notebook she had found was true, than she had even more reasons to stay in the school. If it was true that the world had fell into despair, it was safer for her to stay hidden here. She read in the notebook that after the Tragedy, Hope's Peak Academy was converted into a shelter. She found it weird that she was alone and there wasn't any mention in the notebook about for who that shelter was originally created. Even though, she didn't really care. She was safe here, and it was all that matter to her.

It's been a couple of days since she woke up amnesiac. Like every day, Ryoko woke up in her dorm room, took a quick shower, before going to the kitchen to take a breakfast. But when she reached the kitchen, she suddenly heard what she identified as footsteps.

The red haired girl froze. Did she hear well? Maybe it was only her imagination…

The same noise sounded again, but this time closer from her. Ryoko blenched and shivered in fear. It wasn't her imagination, someone was here. The footsteps seemed to come from the cafeteria. The noise suddenly became louder, the intruder must been approaching from the kitchen.

Panicked, Ryoko searched something to protect herself. She took a skillet and went beside the door, ready to strike. She felt a drop of sweat sprang from her forehead. Her hands were shaking from fear and nervousness. When the shadow of a figure appeared from the doorframe, the red haired girl came out of hiding and tried to hit the intruder with the skillet. She hit nothing and her armed hand was suddenly put behind her back. Ryoko tried to struggle, but she only ended slammed violently on the floor. Her hand was still restrained in her back and a significant amount of weight above her was keeping her from moving.

"I don't know who you are and for what reason you're here, but you better calm down if you don't want to get hurt." A feminine voice ordered.

Ryoko felt her heart racing from the fear. She remained quiet, hoping her aggressor would release her if she was docile. After a couple of seconds, her hand was freed and she could move. Slowly, the red haired girl turned back to see who was the intruder.

She was surprised to discover that it was a woman who seemed around her age. She had black short hair and lilac eyes, and freckles on her face. She was wearing a similar uniform as her, but with a military vest and gloves.

The black haired girl had a shocked expression when she saw Ryoko's face.

"You…why did you take back this appearance!? Don't tell me you…" The intruder began to say.

Ryoko took advantage of the other girl's dismay to take back the skillet. She than throw it in the black haired girl's face and stood up, before running away.

She didn't even take the time to look behind her to check if her attack had been successful. She ran in a corridor and searched for a place to hide. She went into a classroom and spotted a locker. She ran to it and opened it, before hiding in it and closed the door. She then crouched on the ground and tried to not make noise.
After a couple of minutes, she heard footsteps in the classroom. The red haired girl had the impression that her heart was about to break out from her chest because it was racing so fast. She had to put her hands on her mouth to stop breathing too loudly.

Suddenly, the footsteps stopped. Ryoko waited some times, but the classroom remained silent. The red haired girl sighed weakly from relief. Her pursuer must have gone elsewhere…

The locker's door abruptly opened and Ryoko blenched.

"Get out!" The black haired girl ordered with severity. She had a slight scratch on her forehead that was barely bleeding.

While shaking, Ryoko stood up. But before she could go out from the locker, the black haired girl suddenly grabbed her by the collar and slammed her against a wall.

"What's the purpose of this!? I know you enough to understand that you must have some kind of plan." The other girl said with a rough voice.

"I…I don't know…what you're talking about." Ryoko managed to say. It was hard for to talk because of the pressure against her throat. "I can't…remember anything. I swear…I've…amnesia. So please, let me go…"

The black haired girl's expression suddenly softened and she recoiled, releasing Ryoko's collar. The red haired girl fell on the ground and began to crawl toward a corner. She than cowered while sobbing. The other girl approached from her, which made he even more panicked.

"S-Stay away from me!" Ryoko cried. "I'm begging you, don't hurt me. I'm sorry for earlier, so please don't kill me…"

"I'm not going…to do anything to you. I just don't understand how you can be here. You…really don't remember anything? You're not pretending?"

"I swear, I'm not lying! I don't remember anything. I woke up here without any memories…"

"Did the name Enoshima Junko ring any bells to you?"

Ryoko felt goosebumps when she heard this name. She remembered what she read about this person in the notebook.

"She's…the one who instigated the Tragedy and made the world fall into despair." The red haired girl answered. "And she's also the one who behind my amnesia."

"How do you know that?" The other girl asked with a worried look.

"Uh, it was written in my notebook. The person I was before must know what Enoshima planned to do to her so she wrote a notebook to tell me what's going on."

At first the black haired girl seemed relieved, but she suddenly showed some signs of nervousness.

"And…you don't have any memories of her? Or did you meet Junko? Or maybe heard her voice?"

"No, all I know about her come only from the notebook. I don't even know what she looks like."

Ryoko answered. "And since I woke up amnesic I saw no one here, so she shouldn't be here."

"Indeed, Junko is…gone. For the moment."
Ryoko noticed that the black haired girl looked uncomfortable when she talked about Enoshima Junko.

"Anyway, it's not safe here. Future Foundation and Ultimate Despair will probably come here soon to search Junko. You should come with me…"

"Huh!? Why should I trust you?" Ryoko replied. "You attacked me!"

"Pardon? Should I remember you that you're the one who attacked me first? Wait, do you…has problem with you memory? Do you forget things regularly?"

"What? No! I do have lost my memory, but I forgot nothing since I woke up amnesiac…why?"

"Oh, nothing, I just want to be sure. To answer your question, I thought you might be an ally of Junko, but I know now that you're not. You're part of the people she toyed with and used, like me."

Ryoko suddenly felt like she had some kind of connection with the other girl. For some reason, she felt…familiar, as if she knew her.

"Were we acquaintances? Do you know…the person I was before losing my memory?"

The black haired girl seemed really uneased with this question.

"I do. We were both students of Hope's Peak Academy, but…we didn't have classes together."

"Then, what's my name?"

"Otonashi Ryoko."

The red haired girl was surprised. It seemed that this person really knew her.

"You seem to be honest, but something is strange with what you said." Ryoko began to say. "I can understand why it would be bad if come across member of Ultimate Despair, but why it would be bad if I meet members from Future Foundation? From what I read in the notebook, they're supposed to be the good guys…"

"Maybe, but it's possible that just like me, they think you're an ally of Junko. And from what I heard about some of their members, some of them can…not disposing to talk with people they suspected to be affiliate with the Ultimate Despair."

"It's…not totally impossible. But, I doubt that I'll be safer outside. The world is in ruin now."

"Don't worry about that. I'll protect you."

When she said that, Ryoko felt immediately confident. For some reason, she had the impression she could trust the black haired girl. The other girl stretched out her hand to help her stood up. Ryoko reached her hand and went back on her feet.

"Thanks…uh…what's your name?" The red haired girl asked.

"It's Ikusaba Mukuro. No need to be formal with me. You can just call me Mukuro."
Since this chapter was only from Ryoko's PoV, let me summarize you what were Mukuro's thoughts: "wtf Junko!? Why do you look like that? Wait, is that really Junko? No, it can't be...wtf is happening with my imouto?"

More seriously, there have something I wonder. If someone who know Junko but never saw her true appearance meet Ryoko, would this person recognize Ryoko as Junko?

I almost used the term "Remnants of Despair" before remembering that this title exist only because of Junko's death in the original series. Oups.
Chapter 3

The knife stabbed into the side of the young man's belly. He coughed blood, before falling on the ground, dead. His corpse was kicked until it became a bloody unrecognizable mess. Ryoko almost vomit in sight of the atrocious state of this poor man’s body and she began to feel tears coming from her eyes.

Suddenly, she heard a feminine laugh. The red haired girl turned back and discovered a beautiful woman. She had long strawberry blond hair, tied in twintails. Her eyes were blue and she was wearing bear-shaped accessories in her hair, one white and one black. Ryoko recognized their design. They were similar to the helmet of those who were causing destruction. The other girl had a bloody knife in her hand.

“You…you’re the one who killed that poor guy!” Ryoko accused.

The blond haired girl smiled innocently at her.

“Huh? No, you’re wrong. You killed him.”

Ryoko wasn’t sure to understand. She lowered her head and discovered with horror that she was covered with blood. Her shirt was stained, her shoes too, and she had the same bloody knife that the other girl in her hand. The red haired girl almost threw up when she realised she was the murderer.

“N-No, that can’t be…Why would I kill someone!” Ryoko protested.

“Ah, sorry, I misspoke. WE killed him.” She said with a wicked smile.

The blond haired girl burst in an evil and crazy laugh, while Ryoko fell on the ground, sobbing.

She woke up with a scream. It took some time for Ryoko to understand that it was a dream. The red haired girl felt something wet on her cheeks. She wiped them and discovered it was tears. She had cried during her sleep.

Why did she dream about something so gruesome? Who was that girl? And this boy? Were they people from her past?

Before she could think more about the signification of her dream, the red haired girl heard someone knocking at the door.

“Ryoko? Are you alright?” Mukuro asked.

After they left Hope’s Peak Academy, Mukuro had led her to her current residence, an apartment in a desolate district. Ryoko had been terribly shocked by the state of the world. Even she knew about the Tragedy, it wasn’t the same thing to know and to see by herself.

“Y-Yes, I’m fine…I just did a nightmare.”

“Can I come in?” The dark haired girl asked.

“Huh, yeah…”

The door opened. Mukuro went in the bedroom, showing a worried expression.
“Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Like I said, it was just a bad dream. And I don’t even remember what it was about…” Ryoko lied.

Since the other girl was sheltered her, Ryoko didn’t want to bother her with her problem and make her worried. Her host looked at her and seemed hardly convinced.

“If you say so…Uh, a friend of mine is here. He was one of my classmates and he’s a member from Future Foundation.”

“What!? But you said that those guys would think I’m an ally of Enoshima Junko…” The red haired girl said with concern.

“Don’t worry, I explained the situation to him. He’s here to help you.”

With some hesitation, Ryoko came out from the bed. She than follow Mukuro to the living room and discovered a boy who seemed to have the same age as them. He was rather short, with spikey brown hair. He was wearing a black suit with a tie of the same color above a white shirt. He gazed Ryoko with an uncertain looked, before showing a kind smile.

“Ah, you must be Otonashi Ryoko-san. My name is Naegi Makoto.” He said while extended his hand.

Ryoko first looked at him with mistrust. But, she felt a good vibe from him, and Mukuro trusted him, so she decided to give him the benefit of the doubt. She shook his hand while smiling shyly.

“Nice to meet you, Naegi-san. Uh, just to be sure, this is the first time we met, right?”

“Yes, this is the first time we met.” He replied. “We both went to Hope’s Peak Academy, but we weren’t classmates. Back then, I was the Ultimate Lucky Student.”

“In my case, I was the Ultimate Soldier.” Mukuro added.

“Huh, Ultimate? Ah, I had read something about that in my notebook.” Ryoko began to say. “It’s the title that the students from Hope’s Peak Academy have. So…I must also had one…what’s my talent?”

“Ah, about that…”

“You were the Ultimate Analyst.” The soldier interrupted.

The red haired girl didn’t remember having use analytics abilities since she woke up amnesiac, and no mention of her talent was in her notebook. But, couldn’t think Mukuro would be lying to her, she couldn’t see the point of doing such a thing. Maybe she lost her talent along with her memory?

“Ryoko, can you go buy me a black coffee at the vending machine please?” Mukuro asked while tending a coin.

“Are you sure, Ikusaba-san?” Naegi said with concern.

“Don’t worry, it’s just at the end of the corridor.” the soldier reply. “And the district is deserted, we should be alone.”

Ryoko looked at them, puzzled. She had the impression that they wanted to talk, just the two of them. The red haired girl didn’t protest, she considered that they must have a reason to want her out of the apartment. She smiled and took the coin.
“I’ll be back soon!”

Ryoko went out the apartment and walk in the corridor, until she reached the vending machine.

“Is it still working? Are the drinks still comestible?” She thought.

Before she could insert the coin inside, the red haired girl heard a noise. It sounds like something that fell on the ground. Even if she was afraid, Ryoko was also intrigued by what caused this noise.

Cautiously, the red haired girl went to the source of the noise and discovered a young woman lying in the floor. Worried about her, she rushed toward her.

“Are you alright” Ryoko asked.

The other girl began to move, before standing up. She had long, choppy, dark purple hair and she was wearing a nurse uniform. She gazed at Ryoko with intensity, before smiling happily.

“Ah, I finally found you! You really look different without your make-up, but you’re still as beautiful.”

“Huh? Wait…do we know each other?” Ryoko asked with uneasiness.

The nurse’s smile suddenly changed, to become more sinister.

“Of course I know you. So you really are amnesiac. It’s so despairful, to be forgotten by my beloved…”

The red haired girl noticed that the other girl’s expression changed when she mention despair. She had now a lustful look.

Ryoko understood that something was odd with this girl. She claimed to know her, called her “beloved”, and seemed to enjoy despair. Also, according to Mukuro, the district was supposed to be desolated. The presence of this woman here wasn’t normal.

“Are you…an Ultimate Despair?” The red haired girl asked nervously.

The nurse began to drool, and her eyes were showing a clear madness. Ryoko began to seriously be terrified.

“Ah, it’s wonderful, to hear you saying this word. Don’t worry, I’ll save you. Since you forgot everything, I’ll make you remember. Let’s start with who I am. I was known as the Ultimate Nurse, and my name is Tsumiki Mikan.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I had to reread the end of Danganronpa IF to be sure to not make incoherences in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ryoko didn’t look behind, she was too busy running for her life. She couldn’t go back to Mukuro’s apartment, since Mikan was in the way. The red haired girl ran with all her strengths, trying to find a way to go back to where the soldier was.

“Mukuro-san! Naegi-san! Anybody, please, save me!” Ryoko yelled.

But it was in vain. She was too far away from the apartment to be heard by them. Suddenly, the Ultimate Analyst heard a noise behind her. Even if she was terrified, she needed to know what it was. While continuing to run, Ryoko turned her head, to discover that the nurse was now prone on the floor. She must have tripped, hence the noise. The red haired took advantage of Mikan’s clumsiness to turn back. She carefully bypassed the nurse and continued to run, trying to go back to Mukuro’s apartment.

After couple of minutes, Ryoko began to panic. She was lost. Since she had been running for her life, the red haired girl didn’t have pay attention to the path she used to run away from the nurse. Ryoko went through a corridor that looked like the one where Mukuro’s lived. She grabbed the handle on the door that seemed to correspond to the soldier’s apartment and went in it.

It wasn’t the good place. It was a storage room for chairs. Before Ryoko could react, she felt a terrible pain on the back of her head. The Ultimate Analyst fell on the floor, dazed, but she was still conscious. She tried to rise up, but she was pushed on the floor again. On her knees, Ryoko slowly turned back toward the door.

Mikan was gazing at her in the doormframe. The nurse was heavily blushing and sweating.

“Having my beloved running away from me, it’s so despair-inducing! It makes my body so warm, I even feel wet...” Mikan said with a lustful look and drool coming from her mouth.

Ryoko felt tears coming from her eyes. She began to crawl while recoiling. She was forced to stop when she was cornered by the wall. The nurse approached from her with a wide and aroused smile.

“S-Stay away from me!” The red haired girl begged. “I don’t know who you are, and I’ve nothing to do with the Ultimate Despair. I don’t know what you’re talking about, so please leave me alone!”

The Ultimate Analyst began to cry. Mikan suddenly stopped to walk and became emotionless. The nurse stared at her with disbelief.

“Is...is that a joke? I know you’re amnesiac, but to act in such a...pitiful way, it’s not you. No... you can’t be her. My beloved would never have said such a thing! Give her back! Give me back my beloved you imposter!”
The nurse suddenly rushed toward her with a furious expression and grabbed her neck. She began to strangle Ryoko.

“Give her back, give her back, give her back, give her...back, GIVE HER BACK!” Mikan kept screaming with anger.

The red haired girl couldn’t breathe. She was almost about to lose consciousness. She didn’t even have the strength to scream or cry anymore.

Suddenly, the nurse released her neck. Ryoko immediately took a deep breath to appease her recent lack of oxygen.

“That’s not good, I shouldn’t have done that. My beloved wouldn’t want you dead. She has a reason to have allowed you to exist. And I think I understand her intentions...”

Mikan smiled in a sinister way and leaned on Ryoko. Delicately, she stroked the red haired girl’s cheek. The nurse looked like a predator who had found a prey and intended to toy with it before eating it.

“Since you’re not the person I thought you were and you know my name, it would be fair if you tell me yours, don’t you think so? Unless you can’t remember it...”

Since she thought that maybe she’ll be spared if she was docile, the Ultimate Analyst answered her question.

“I’m...Otonashi Ryoko.”

“Ah, so you really have your own name. So, Ryoko-chan, I think I figured out what my beloved want. She wants you to join our group, the Ultimate Despair. So I’ll gladly take care to initiate you to the pleasure of despair...”

In a seductive way, Mikan began to gently stroke her thigh. Ryoko trembled with fear from this physical contact and tears rolled on her cheeks.

“Ah, your expression is wonderful Ryoko-chan. Despair looks good on you, it quite suits you. I can’t wait to take my time to break you and make you fall into a greater despair.”

The nurse took out a syringe from her pocket, probably filled with some kind of soporific substance. Even if Mikan was about to inject her an unknown substance, Ryoko was too terrified to move. She was paralysed by fear.

“Let her go, Tsumiki!”

Ryoko recognized the voice. She raised her head and saw Mukuro in the doorframe. Naegi arrived not so long after her. The nurse showed a furious expression and rose up while turning back to face the door.

“You...you traitor!” Mikan uttered with rage and hatred. “You betrayed the Ultimate Despair, and my beloved, your own sister! What an unworthy big sister you are, Ikusaba!”

The red haired girl noticed that the soldier wasn’t indifferent to Mikan’s accusation. During a brief moment, she was sure that she saw regret in Mukuro’s eyes. But quickly, the soldier regained her serious expression with a menacing aura.

“Leave this girl alone, she’s not the person you think she is!” Mukuro said.
“I perfectly know who she is and the business my beloved has with her!” The nurse replied aggressively. “The real question is, what do you want from her? She’s amnesiac, but you know who she used to be…”

“I’m going to protect her!” The soldier claimed without hesitation. “I won’t let her fall into despair, because I’m going to destroy all the despair my sister had spread! This is how I’ll redeem myself…”

“Disgusting…what you’re saying is horrendous! You’re a disgrace Ikusaba, you don’t deserve to share the same blood as my beloved, it infuriates me to know you even shared the same womb! I hate you so much!”

Mukuro took out a gun and aimed at the nurse. But before she could shot her, Naegi suddenly grabbed her wrist.

“Don’t do that, Ikusaba-san! I know she’s an Ultimate Despair, but it’s not her fault. She’s just brainwash!”

With a resigned look, the soldier lowered her weapon. Mikan slowly approached from the door and glanced at her with contempt.

“You can’t save her, because falling into despair is her destiny. You can’t go against this fate. After all, it’s all according to my beloved’s plan, and you should know better than anyone how amazing is your sister to predict things.”

After saying those words, the nurse exited the room and disappeared. Mukuro seemed to consider running after her, but Naegi but his hand on her shoulder and she gave up.

“We can’t stay here, it’s not safe for Otonashi-san. We should bring her where the others are.”

“But if they recognise her…”

“Don’t worry. We’re the only one who has their memory intact, it should be fine.”

Ryoko couldn’t understand what they were talking about. Nothing made sense to her. The reason why Mikan attacked her, Mukuro’s will to protect her, the Ultimate Despair, it was all incomprehensible to her. Incapable to bear this situation, she burst in tears.

“Ryoko…” The soldier whispered while approaching from her.

The red haired girl rose up and rush toward Mukuro. Desperate for some comfort, she hugged the soldier while still crying heavily.

“Mukuro-san…I was so scared! I thought she was going to kill me, or worst…Who was that girl!? Why did she attack me?”

“She’s insane, Tsumiki is one of those who were brainwashed to fall into despair and became an Ultimate Despair. You shouldn’t thought too much about what she said, she’s just nuts. You don’t have to worry, I’m going to protect you, and Naegi-san too.”

“We won’t let you down, Otonashi-san!”

Ryoko suddenly broke the embrace and gaze Mukuro into her eyes.

“No, I don’t think it was all nonsense. I agree she was crazy enough to confound me with someone
else, but I think there’s truth in what she said. Mukuro-san, is that true? Do you really have a sister? Is she... Tsumiki’s beloved?"

The soldier looked away, with an expression of guiltiness on her face.

“I do have a sister, a younger twin sister to be exact.” Mukuro answered. “She’s the one Tsumiki refer as her beloved.”

Ryoko couldn’t feel any fear anymore. Her brain was too busy analysing the information she learned to be able the feel any kind of emotions right now.

“I think I get it now. I know who your sister is, she’s also the person Tsumiki is referring as her beloved. There’s only one person I can think of.” The Ultimate Analyst said.

Mukuro and Naegi looked at each other with concern, like they were afraid of what the red haired girl came up with conclusion.

“It’s the True Ultimate Despair, the responsible for the Tragedy.” Ryoko continued to say. “This person is none other than Enoshima Junko!”

Chapter End Notes

As the Ultimate Analyst, Ryoko is pretty dense. Oh well, it's better for her to ignore the truth about herself.

I won't be able to update regularly, since I'm currently doing a traineeship. But I perfectly know how I want this story to end so I should be able to finish it.
Ryoko was desperately trying to avoid the other woman’s intense gaze. Mukuro and Naegi were there two, the four of them were sitting in the living room of a deserted hostel. Her two protectors brought her here after Tsumiki’s attack, and they met with a lavender haired woman, the one who was currently gazing at Ryoko. The woman had introduced herself as Kirigiri Kyoko, the former Ultimate Detective.

“Are you really amnesiac?” Kirigiri asked.

“Y-Yes! I’ve no memories from before I woke up at Hope’s Peak Academy.” Ryoko answered. “Did you... know me before I become amnesiac?”

“Probably, not that I know for sure. I also have amnesia. Like all my classmates, two years of my memories were erased by Enoshima Junko. Naegi-kun and Ikusaba-san are the only ones who have still their memories intact.” the detective replied.

Again with that name. Ryoko always felt uncomfortable when she heard it.

“Enoshima-san... why did she do all of this? Erasing people’s memories, making the world fall into despair, it doesn’t make any sense! Why someone would do such a thing?!” the analyst uttered.

“My sister... is obsessed with despair. It’s the only emotion she enjoy feeling. Everything else is boring to her. She loves despair so much that she wants everyone else to also feel despair. There’s nothing to understand, she’s just twisted in the head.” Mukuro replied.

“You deserved to know the truth.” Naegi began to say. “Enoshima Junko was our classmate, she was known as the Ultimate Fashionista. She... wanted to force us to participate in a killing game. This is why she erased our memories, to make us forget that we were all classmates and friends. But her plan failed, because I regained my memories.”

“Then what about Mukuro-san? She also has her memories intact, right? How?”

Naegi became silent, like he wasn’t sure if he should continue to talk.

“I was an Ultimate Despair.” the soldier finally replied. “I helped my sister to cause the Tragedy. My memories were never erased to begin with. I was supposed to help her with the killing game, but I ended up betraying her. I understood that my sister was only using me, she even tried to kill me. But it’s not because of this that I betray her. She made me believe that despair was the only thing that matter, but Naegi-kun... made me realised that there were maybe hopes for me, even after all the terrible things I’ve done.”

“You saved my life, and you helped us escaping from the killing game. You redeemed yourself
“I saved you because you were injured while trying to save me. It’s not enough to redeem myself. I need to destroy all the despair that my sister had spread in the world, because I’m also responsible for that.”

Ryoko wasn’t sure what to think. Mukuro had been an Ultimate Despair. She helped Junko causing all sorts of atrocities. But, despite that, she wanted to trust her. She had the feeling that despite what she had done in the past, Mukuro was now a good person. She must have been only misguided by Junko’s manipulations.

“What about this girl, Tsumiki-san? Who is she, why did she call Enoshima-san her ‘beloved’?” Ryoko asked.

“Tsumiki-san was also a student from Hope’s Peak Academy. She and all of her classmates fell into despair because they watched a brainwashing video. It’s not their fault if they became Ultimate Despair. They are victims, and I want to save them.” Naegi answered.

“Unfortunately, the other Future Foundation’s members are ready to kill them, even if they are only brainwashed.” Kirigiri added.

“But why? They are innocents, why they can’t just capture them and un-brainwash them…” Ryoko insisted.

“It’s complicated. The one who did the brainwashed video disappeared. Since there is no guaranty that they can be saved, Future Foundation don’t want to take the risk of letting them alive. But we have a plan. The Neo World Program. It’s a virtual world that can create an avatar based on your past self. We want to capture those who were brainwashed and erased the damage made by the brainwashing video and replace it with new memories. If it works, they won’t be Ultimate Despair anymore.” Naegi explained.

“That sounds like a good plan. Why can’t you explain it to the other Future Foundation’s members?”

“Because…there’s no guaranty that the Neo World Program will work. Like I said, they don’t want to take the risk. So we’re going to do it without them knowing and hope it will work.” Naegi answered.

“Anyway, this is not why we brought you here. It seems that your life is targeted by the Ultimate Despair. We need to hide you to protect you from them, and also from Future Foundation.” Mukuro suddenly said.

“Huh, from Future Foundation too?”

“Yes. You were captive from Junko for a long time, they could think that you are secretly an Ultimate Despair. Like Naegi-kun said earlier, they don’t like taking risks. If they suspect you of being an ally of my sister, some of them could try to attack you, or worse, kill you.”

Ryoko found this situation unfair. Why was her life targeted like that? What have she done to deserve this? It was all Junko’s fault, she hated this woman so much for bringing her into this awful situation. Even if she couldn’t remember what Junko’s looked like, she loathed her with all her soul and heart. From what she knew about her, she was a true monster. She was responsible of so many death, she manipulated her own sister and tried to force her classmates to kill each other. And because of her Ryoko was amnesiac, unable to remember anything, and forced to undergo a
terrible situation that she couldn’t fully understand.

“I wanted to hide you with my classmates, but Kirigiri-san made me realised that most of them are now part of Future Foundation. I trust them, but it would be safer to take the time to explain the situation to them before that you meet them.” Naegi said. “I trust enough Kirigiri-san, this is why I chose to talk with her first. But there’s someone else I spoke about you. And she’s currently living here.”

“She agreed to let you hide here while we’ll try to explain the situation to our other classmates.” Mukuro added.

“I think it’s time that you meet her.” the detective said. “Come.”

Kirigiri rose up and began to walk in the corridor. With hesitation, Ryoko joined her, followed by Mukuro and Naegi. They stopped in front of a door and Kirigiri knocked. The door opened, and a blue haired girl appeared in the doorframe.

“So it’s her? I didn’t imagine her like that!” the blue haired girl exclaimed. She looked at Ryoko with a uncertain gaze, before smiling kindly to her. “Hi Otonashi-san, I’m Maizono Sayaka, the former Ultimate Idol! It’s nice to meet you.”
Hello everyone! Sorry for the late update, let's say that I was busy to deal with my life. But I'm back and ready to finish this story!

It’s been almost a week since Ryoko was living at Sayaka’s apartment. The former Ultimate Idol was a quite friendly person, Ryoko felt at ease with her. But, each time that she tried to ask her questions about the Tragedy or Junko, the idol always looked uncomfortable, and tried to avoid the subject. This kind of situation happened today too.

“I just want to figure out why I’m related to all the mess Enoshima-san had created. I want to understand why she erased my memory, my link with her…” Ryoko said.

“Trust me, I do understand how you’re feeling. I lost two years of my memory because of Enoshima-san, and sometimes I’m afraid that I couldn’t never remember the time I spent with my classmates…But you don’t need to worry. Whatever what Enoshima-san had planned to do to you, we won’t let her hurt you. We’re going to protect you.” Sayaka replied kindly.

“But…it’s not just what she had plan for me that bother me…I lost all my memory. She erased my identity. I don’t know my past, my family, who I was! And I want to know why she did this to me, why my memory was an inconvenience to her…”

The idol put a hand on her shoulder and looked at her with a comforting expression.

“Enoshima-san…all she does is to bring despair to others. This is what she tried to do with you, she wanted to make you fall in despair by stealing you your most precious property, your own identity. You don’t have to get along with her plan. I know it’s painful to know that you lost your memory, but don’t give up on hope. You’re still alive, and you’re able to make new memories. Don’t let Enoshima-san ruin your present time.”

Ryoko wanted to insist, but she finally resigned. She knew it was pointless, she also knew that Sayaka must have a reason to not answer her question, just like Naegi, Kirigiri and Mukuro. Ryoko was convinced that the reason was related to Junko, that somehow, she was related to her, but she didn’t know how and why. And since no one wanted to tell her, she would have to find the answer herself.

“You’re right, there’s no point in tormenting myself about Enoshima-san and my lost memory. It would bring nothing good. Anyway, Future Foundation is working on a way to bring you and your classmates your memory back, right? So I guess that if it works for you, it should also work for me, no? So it’s only a matter of time until I get my memory back, unless it comes back from itself with time. So everything should be fine.” Ryoko said with optimism.

Ryoko noticed that Sayaka seemed for a split-second really uneasy with her statement. With her analytic skills, she understood that she had been right. For a reason she couldn’t know, they didn’t want her to have her memory back, which only made Ryoko more curious and kind of worried too. Whatever the truth was, it wasn’t pretty, but she was ready to face it no matter what it was.
“So…it’s kind of late. I think I’ll go to sleep early, I’m really tired. Good night, see you tomorrow!” Sayaka suddenly said.

“Oh, ok. Well good night!”

Sayaka showed her a friendly yet worried expression before going to her room. Ryoko was now convinced that everyone was hiding something from her, possibly related to Junko, and it was up to her to discover the truth.

* 

Everything was dark. Ryoko couldn’t see anything of her surrounding and she like she was floating in a void. Her feet suddenly reached a solid surface and she was able to walk. Suddenly, despite the darkness, Ryoko distinguished a familiar silhouette in front of her and recognised who it was.

“You…you’re the girl who killed that guy! You…I know who you are…You must be Enoshima Junko!”

The blonde haired girl smiled in an enigmatic way. Suddenly, a screen appeared behind her, showing the image of a young girl being impaled by multiple spears. Ryoko felt sick to see such a horrible thing, to see this poor girl suffered from that fate.

“How horrible…you did this, don’t you? You monster!” Ryoko yelled furiously.

Junko let out a giggled that sounded kind of ironic.

“No, you did this. We did this.” Junko simply replied.

Suddenly, multiple people appeared. 14 to be exact, they were facing the screen. Ryoko thought that she heard them cried, until they suddenly all began to laugh maniacally. They turned back, revealing their despairfully lustful expression, with tears rolling from their glowing red eyes. Ryoko recognised that one of them was Tsumiki Mikan and understood what was happening.

“Those people…they are the Ultimate Despairs, those you brainwashed into despair…and that video…must be the despair video that brainwashed them!”

“Once again, not me…you. We did this.” Junko replied.

Suddenly, Mukuro appeared next to Junko. She was looking at the blonde haired girl with admiration in her eyes, as well as…lust? Out of the blue, Junko punched her in the face and made her fell on the ground, before starting to beat the shit out of her and pummelling her hard.

“Stop!” Ryoko pleaded desperately. “Don’t hurt Mukuro-san!”

“Uh? Why? This useless big sister is only good as a punching-bag for me. And it’s not like she dislikes it ether. Isn’t that right, Muku-nee?”

Weakly, the soldier raised her head and a smile appeared on her bloody face, a smile full of happiness and arousal. She was enjoying every second of the awful treatment Junko was making her undergone.

“Yes…Junko-chan, bring me more despair! I want to experience more despair, so I could understand you more!” Mukuro begged.

“See? She’s a real disgusting masochist pig. Why don’t you try to hit her too? I’m sure you’ll love
“it as much as I do.” Junko offered.

“What? No, never! Mukuro-san is my friend, I like her, I would never hurt her!’ Ryoko protested.

The soldier looked at her with a twisted expression, like she was craving for abuse from Junko, or from her…? Ryoko couldn’t bear to see her like that. Mukuro was supposed to be strong and cool, to be the person who would protect her, not that depraved girl who was lusting over abuse from her little sister.

Ryoko turned back, unable to witness such a thing, but as soon as she turned she was face to face with a white haired boy wearing a green hoodie. His smile looked friendly, but his eyes were expressing insanity.

Suddenly, Ryoko was surrounded by the Ultimates Despair. Some of them were lying on the ground, grabbing her legs, which prevented her from running away. The others jumped on her and began to tear her clothes. They then shoved Ryoko on the ground and proceeded to remove the remaining of her clothes, and the Ultimate Analyst suddenly noticed a black haired boy with red eyes who was gazing at her from afar.

Ryoko suddenly woke up with a jolt. It took her some time to realise that it was only a dream, an awful one. She panted a little to calm herself and tried to think about her nightmare.

It wasn’t just a regular dream, neither those she had before. They were clearly linked to her missing memory. She then realised the painful truth that must be hiding behind the meaning of her nightmares.

“I…the person I was before…was an Ultimate Despair. It’s the only plausible answer I can come up with.” Ryoko thought with fright.

It had to be this. It would explain why Junko kept telling her that they both did those awful things, it must be because they were both part of the Ultimate Despair. That would also explain why everyone didn’t seem to want her to regain her memory or to involve Future Foundation. They were trying to protect her from herself, or rather her past self, and from Future Foundation’s members.

“The notebook…I warned myself about Enoshima-san. So it must mean that like Mukuro-san, I realised how wrong my actions were and rebelled against Enoshima-san!” Ryoko thought to comfort herself.

But despite that, she felt terribly guilty over the fact that she was once an Ultimate Despair. All the pain and deaths she had caused…she kind of hope to never remember, even if she knew that it was immature and irresponsible to think that way.

Suddenly, Ryoko realised by looking at the clock that was almost midday. She overslept. How strange, usually Sayaka wakes her up if she sleeps too much. This is how Ryoko realised that something was wrong.

Immediately, the red haired girl went out of her bed and went to look for Sayaka. There seemed to have no sign of the pop star in the apartment, until Ryoko realised that there was only one room left to search: the bathroom.

Ryoko firstly knocked at the door. No answer. Worried, she cautiously opened the door and went inside the bathroom.

Sayaka was sitting in the shower, leaned against the wall, inert. Her eyes were closed and there was
some pink liquid all of her clothes.

“Sayaka-san!”

Ryoko rushed towards her friend and kneeled near her. She proceeded to check her pulse and was relieved to discover that Sayaka’s heart was still beating and that she was still breathing.

“She’s alive...” she thought with relief.

The red haired girl then noticed a bottle of shampoo on the floor, with pink liquid that was coming from it. Suddenly, the former Ultimate Idol opened her eyes.

“Oto...nashi...san...he’s after you. You have to...run...” Sayaka weakly said.

“What? No, not without you...”

“He’s...not after me. Don’t worry and just...run...”

Ryoko hesitated to leave. But since Sayaka didn’t seem to have any serious injury, the assaulter most likely never intended to hurt her in the first place, more likely to just incapacitate her so she wouldn’t be in the way. So it was most likely safer for Sayaka if Ryoko left the place, since the assaulter was apparently after her.

With some hesitation and regret, the red haired girl left the bathroom and headed towards the exit door of the apartment. But before she could, someone suddenly get in her way.

“You won’t go anywhere.” say a monotonous and calm voice.

There was a long haired boy wearing a black suit in front of her. Ryoko immediately recognised the guy she saw in her dream, the one with black hair and red eyes.

“Who...who are you?” Ryoko asked, worried.

Before the black haired boy could answer, the door suddenly opened and he had to move to avoid being hit by it.

“You...stay away from her!” Mukuro shouted angrily.

Ryoko sighed in relief when she saw the soldier. She was convinced that she would be saved. Mukuro rushed towards the boy, armed with a knife. But before she could do anything, she suddenly ended up on the ground, unconscious. Ryoko barely had the time to see anything. It seemed that the boy was so fast that she couldn’t see him hit Mukuro. She couldn’t believe. How the strong and powerful Mukuro could lose so easily? Wasn’t she supposed to be the Ultimate Soldier, one of the strongest fighter? How did he manage to defeat her so easily?

“It’s almost the same then when we first met.” the boy began to say with a bored expression.

“Ikusaba Mukuro will most likely become a nuisance to me, I should eliminate her to not risk further bother.”

“No!” Ryoko protested. “Don’t hurt Mukuro-san! It’s me you want, right? Then leave her alone and take me!”

“Hum...how surprising. You are the least person I would expect to say such a thing. But unfortunately, you can’t bargain with me. Whether you want it or not, I’ll take you.”

“Why? Why would you kill someone? That’s wrong! Don’t you have any humanity? Don’t tell me
“You’re part of the Ultimate Despair too!”?

The boy remained quiet for few seconds, still gazing at her stoically.

“Interesting. You really are a different person. It’s intriguing to see how the loss of memory can affect our personality. I’m in a similar situation as you. We both lost our memory, our identity, and became totally different people. Very well, I’ll spare Ikusaba Mukuro, but only because it would bother what I’m trying to witness.”

“What…experiment are you talking about?” Ryoko asked.

“I want to witness what is the most unpredictable between hope and despair. You seem to be an interesting candidate to show me what I want to see. This is why I won’t kill her, because I don’t want to cause you despair. It would ruin the result of the experiment.” He said as he put his hand on her neck.

“What…who…who are you?”

Ryoko suddenly felt a pressure on her neck and became dizzy. Before everything became dark and that she untimely fell unconscious, she had the time to hear the boy answering her.

“I was named Kamukura Izuru. I was known as the Ultimate Hope.”

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if you noticed, but there's a similar pattern in each chapter.
It was cold. It was dirty. It was dark. It was frightening. But at least they were together. They were far away from that life full of lie, this boring life with no purpose, no interest, so predictable…

But at least now it was over. They could enjoy themselves in this new life full of surprise and contingency. Sure it wasn’t really pleasant to live in the streets, if was even quite despairful, but if it was what it takes to finally enjoy living, than she was ready to accept it and appreciate it.

She looked at the other girl with her, a short black haired girl with freckles, and felt grateful to have her by her side, especially in their current situation.

“Onee-chan…do you regret it? Do you regret to have followed me in my reckless decision to be homeless? Don’t you miss our home?”

“Our home? can we really call this place our home? My home is by your side. It’s my role as your big sister to stay with you and protect you.” the back haired girl said.

“Even…if we may fall into the path of despair?”

Her older sister smiled kindly to her, before hugging her.

“For you, I’m ready to live any despair. I’ll always be with you, always accept you, and try my best to make you happy. I promise.”

Ryoko suddenly opened her eyes. She wasn’t sure to understand that dream. Did she…have a sister? And why did this girl look so familiar to her?

The red haired suddenly realised that it wasn’t the first time she woke up since Kamukura knocked her out. The first time she had woke up, she found herself in a town full of bloody corpses. Then she had been surrounded by multiple Monokumas and once again put to sleep, to awake here.

“Kamukura-kun…why did he bring me into this town…he really wants to hurt me…to make me despaired…and this girl in my dream, wasn’t it Mu…”

But before she could think about it further, she noticed that she wasn’t alone in the room. It was a boy. Ryoko didn’t remember to have meet him in person, but she had already seen him, but with different clothing.

“You…you are an Ultimate Despair, don’t you?” Ryoko asked.

The boy seemed surprised for a moment, before smiling in a friendly way.

“I wasn’t expecting this question first. Usually it’s ‘who are you, why am I here’, or other cliché questions like that. I see that despite your amnesia, you didn’t become a plain and uninteresting person. Oh, sorry for my rambling, I should introduce myself first. I’m now known as Servant.” the white haired boy said.

“Ok…well, since you’re speaking of that…why am I here? And…Servant? That’s surely not your real name!”

“Haha, well, for now I’m nothing more than a servant, I don’t deserve a proper name. I’m just a trash after all, a disgusting being who fell into despair. A mere ladder to help people to achieve
“I… I’m not sure to understand. You’re an Ultimate Despair, but you want to help people finding hope?”

“Of course! Hope is the most wonderful thing in the world. But not all hope is equal. There’s a way to make hope stronger. Despair is the answer. You need to feel despair and overcomes it in order to reach a superior hope! Hope without despair is weak, you can’t have hope if you never felt despair. It’s just like good, it can’t exist without evil.”

This boy, this “Servant, seemed like a real madman. Ryoko could see insanity in his eyes, just like in her dream. But still, he really did seem to like hope, in his own twisted way. And maybe he was the key to unlock her lost memory.

“You… you knew me before? I mean, the person I used to be. You must, since you know about my amnesia.”

“Oh, I see what you’re trying to do. But it’s not good to cheat. You must find the truth by yourself, it’s the only way for you to overcome your despair and achieve the greatest hope. I’m sure you can give birth to an incredible hope.”

“Uh… yeah… maybe. Well if you don’t want to tell me about my past, at least answer one question. Was I an Ultimate Despair?”

Servant remained quiet for a moment, smiling enigmatically.

“Yes, you were. This is why your hope as the potential to become the greatest of all. But for that, you need to discover the truth yourself. You’ll feel despair when it will happen, so the rest will be up to you. Will you let that despair drag you into a deeper despair, or use it as a ladder to achieve hope? I look forward to see it. And I’m the feeling that I’m not the only one.” the white haired boy said. “Come now, there’s someone who’s dying to meet you.”

Even if Ryoko wanted to have a confirmation about her past, it didn’t make her happy to learn that she had indeed been an Ultimate Despair. But she knew that she needed to discover the truth, no matter how the despair might be painful.

Ryoko wasn’t sure why she was there, with this person. The little girl was gazing at her in a way that put her uncomfortable. She was facing a green haired girl in a wheelchair. After few seconds of silence, the little girl smiled kindly and finally spoke.

“You really look like a total different person now, Onee-chan. It’s impressive. I can’t wait to see how things will go.”


“No, even if I wish we were. Oh, by the way, I’m Monaca. Nice to meet you, amnesiac onee-chan!”

“Well, Monaca… san, why did you bring me here? What you and that guy… Servant, are plotting regarding me?”

“Uh? Servant? This creep has his own agenda, mine is… quite different. The opposite in fact. You
see I…really like Junko onee-chan. Unfortunately, she had disappeared. So Monaca wants to make her wish come true, by tainting the world with the despair she loves so much. But for that, she needs a successor, someone who will continue her work and spread even more despair! For the moment there’s two candidates for this role, and you, you’re one of them.”

“W…What? No, I may have been an Ultimate Despair, but I had changed! There’s no way I’ll continue Enoshima-san’s works, I’ve nothing to do with her anymore!”

Suddenly, Monaca laughed in an amused way.

“Oh, poor you. It’s so ironic. You’ll definitely fell into despair when you’ll learn the truth, there’s no way you would even find hope…which reassure me. I can’t way to meet your despaired self, onee-chan.”

The green haired girl made her wheelchair rolled and approached Ryoko, gazing at her with a twisted expression.

“After all, Monaca had made this game just for you, so you could feel despair, and remember how much you liked it. Monaca want you to enjoy yourself, to savor the despair, and to come back as the person you used to be. So please, don’t disappoint Monaca, onee-chan.”

Suddenly, Ryoko felt a pressure around her wrist. She then realised that some kind of weird bracelet had been put on her by Servant.

“Monaca-chan, I’m sorry to bother, but it’s so unusual for you to see “demons” without the other Warriors of Hope.”

“It’s because she no mere demon. She’s an angel. An angel of darkness ready to taint the world with the darkest despair.” Monaca replied. “And Monaca wants her for herself. She’s mine, I won’t let my onee-chan to anyone, especially to those idiots.”

“No…I’m not…what are you talking about? It doesn’t make any sense! What is this bracelet? What are you going to do to me, what game…?!” Ryoko began to shout.

“Don’t worry, Monaca if sure you will like it. After all, Monaca knows you well. Now it’s time to begin. You need to fall. Because in order for you to become an angel of darkness, you first need to become a fallen angel. Sayonara onee-chan, and good luck!”

Ryoko felt that some kind of bag was put on her bag. Suddenly, the floor under her disappeared. The last thing the red haired girl saw as she fell was Monaca looking at her with a childish smile yet insane eyes.

“Oy, you, wake up!” a feminine voice called.

Ryoko slowly opened her eyes, to discover a beautiful woman with long pink hair.

“Oh, finally. I was afraid that you might be dead. Are you alright?” the pink haired woman asked.

Ryoko slowly got up and noticed that she was previously lying in an opened parachute. She was currently in a backstreet with the other woman. The red haired girl noticed that the latter had the same bracelet as her.
“I see that you are also trapped into this twisted game.” the woman said while pointing Ryoko’s bracelet.

“Game…what…what is this about?”

“Kids took over the city. They are hunting down adults as we were demons, killing us…this is why I’m helping the Resistance, my goal is to find targets of their cruel game and save them.”

“Like…escaping the town?”

“Unfortunately you can’t…the bracelet is a bomb. If you try to leave Towa City, it will explode. So you need to come with me. Oh, by the way, I’m Hagakure Hiroko.”

“Oh, uh, I am…”

“Hagakure-san, did you find the person who fall in parachute…oh, I see that you did.”

Ryoko turned back, to discover two girls around her age. One was a short brown haired girl, and the other one had long messy purple hair and glasses. The latter looked at her with fright.

“H-Her…”

“What is it Fukawa-san? Do you know her?” the brown haired girl asked.

The one known as Fukawa seemed to hesitate for a moment, before answering.

“S-She just looks like a….bitch…I really hate.”

“She knows the past me right?” Ryoko thought.

“Fukawa-san! I’m sorry, she…she’s not really sociable. Don’t worry, we aren’t here to hurt you, we want to help you. We are also trapped into this cruel game by those kids.”

Ryoko felt at ease with this girl, while Fukawa seemed to dislike her. Well if she knew the person she was before, it must be understandable.

“So, what’s your name?” the brown haired girl asked with a friendly smile.

“Otonashi…Ryoko. I was known as the Ultimate Analyst.”

“Oh, so you’re from Hope’s Peak Academy! My big brother went there too. Hey Fukawa-san, are you sure you never saw her?”

“Y-Yes…I’m sure…I don’t know her.”

“She definitely knows me.” Ryoko thought again.

“Anyway, I didn’t even tell you my name! I’m Naegi Komaru, just a normal girl. Nice to meet you, Otonashi-san!”
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Hello there! This is the longest chapter I'd written for this fanfic. I hope you'll like it!
^^

warning: Major spoilers for the game Danganronpa Another Episode: Ultra Despair Girl

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Ryoko had successfully analysed which was the Monokumas next move, she was able to lead Komaru's attack. The brown haired girl used her Hacking Gun and neutralised some of the deadly teddy bears. Meanwhile, Toko turned to Genocider Sho and destroyed those who would most likely attacked Komaru by behind with her scissors. The fight continued for few minutes, with Komaru attacking the Monokumas, Genocider covering her back, both of them being coordonated by Ryoko's directives.

After a while, all the Monokumas were destroyed, and the three girls could safely continue their way inside Towa Hills, the HQ of the Monokuma Kids.

"So we need to find that Monaca brat to stop everything, right?" Genocider said.

"If what Komaeda-kun said is true, yes. She's the mastermind behind all of this." Komaru replied.

Genocider suddenly sneezed and when back to her Toko persona. The three girls continued to walk in the building, searching for a way to go upstairs. They finally found an elevator and went inside, going upstairs.

"Fukawa-san...you...you know me, right? I mean, the person I was before losing my memory." Ryoko suddenly asked.

The former Ultimate Writer looked immediatly uncomfortable with this sudden question.

"Y-Yes, I...knew you."

"And you were in the same class as Komaru-san's older brother, don't you?"

"Uh...yes...why?"

"So you too, you had two years of your memory erased by Enoshima-san?"

"Well...yes, but...I recovered them recently."

"I see. I suppose it's the same for the rest of the class."

"Well, yes...it's been weeks since we recovered our memory, thanks to Future Foundation."

Those words confirmed Ryoko's suspicion. The red haired girl wasn't sure if she was supposed to be pissed or worried about her discovery.
"You know, not so long ago, in fact right before I got in Towa City, Sayaka-san told me she haven't recover her memory yet, that Future Foundation was still working on it." Ryoko told Toko, who looked suddenly confused and then worried. "Why Sayaka-san lied to me? She...no, all of you, you don't want me to recover my memory, don't you? Don't tell me you intended to keep me amnesiac forever!?!"

"Otonashi-san, you...yes. It would be better for everyone including yourself if you remain amnesiac." Toko admitted reluctantly.

"...Why? I...I already know the truth, that I was...an Ultimate Despair."

At first Toko looked panicked, but as soon as Ryoko finished her sentence she sighed with relief. Komaru on the other hand seemed quite flustered.

"Wait, you...you were an Ultimate Despair!?" Naegi's sister exclaimed.

"So you didn't know uh...then, Fukawa-san, why don't you let me get back my memory?"

"You...you already answered this question yourself, because you were an Ultimate Despair. It would be dangerous if you go back to being the person you were before."

"No, you're wrong! The person I was before, just like Mukuro-san, she...she understood that it was wrong and rebelled against Enoshima-san! Which means that...I'm no longer an Ultimate Despair!"

Toko gazed at her with an expression Ryoko wasn't sure to understand. Was the writer looking at her with...pity? Annoyance? Maybe a mix of both.

"You...you couldn't be more wrong. I...I'm sorry to tell you that, but...the person you were before, she...would never have changed. She must have a bad intention when she erased her memory, she was the wor...one of the worst Ultimate Despair."

"No...it can't be true! Otherwise she would have wrote that notebook to warn be about Enoshima-san! And even if it was the truth, I'm not bad, I won't change just because I remember everythng..."

"Trust me, if you learn the truth...you'll fall into a despair from where you could never go back from."

"You can't know! Whatever are those memories you're hiding from me, I can take it, I won't fall into despair!"

"Nobody could take it! Stop insistting, being amnesiac is probably the best thing that could have ever happened to you!"

"How can you say that!? All my identity had been erased, I've the right to know who I am, to have my memory back! I swear, I'm no longer an Ultimate Despair, and I won't become one again!"

"Urgh, how can someone who shared the same body as her can be so naive!? Well, I share mine with a serial killer, so I guess that I can understand that..."

"P-Please, don't fight!" Komaru suddenly pleaded. "It serves no purpose to argue about this now. I don't care about who Ryoko-san was before. I only care about the person she is now and right now, she's a good person, and this is all that matter!"

The red haired girl felt conforfited by Komaru's words. Just like her older brother, she was quite
friendly and optimistic. Toko on the other hand was pessimistic far from being a friendly person.

"Omaru, you...you too you're naive." Toko replied.

The elevator finally reached the last floor. The three girls exited it in silence, before searching for Monaca.

After a series of riddles and tests, they finally found Monaca. The green haired girl was standing in the middle of the room, smiling cheerfully at them. Yes, standing. Because apparently, she was faking to be not able to use her legs the entire time.

"It's over, Monaca. Give up and free all those kids you'd brainwashed!" Komaru said.

"Sorry onee-san, but Monaca can't. The game is not over yet. The successor hadn't been chosen yet."

"The S-Successor...of what?" Toko asked nervously.

"Of Junko onee-chan!" Monaca replied childishly. "There's two candidates for this role. It's you, Komaru onee-san, Ryoko onee-san. One of you will become the new Ultimate Despair."

Komaru approached Monaca with a serious expression.

"Enough with your game. None of us will become the new Ultimate Despair. Now hand over the controller, the thing you're using to control de Monokuma Kids."

"Ah, you're no fun. Very well, there is it." Monaca said, before giving her the controller. "You just have to break it and it will stopped all the Monokuma Kids."

Komaru looked at the controller with hesitation.

"What are you waiting? Just...just destroy that damn thing!" Toko exclaimed.

"But...is it really the right thing to do? How can I know she's telling the truth?"

"Monaca isn't lying! If you break it, it will really stopped the Monokuma Kids."

"Wait...what do you mean by 'stop" exactly?" Ryoko suddenly asked.

"That they won't be causing any harm to adults anymore." Monaca replied coldly.

"That's what we want, right Komaru? So break it now!" Toko insisted.

"But...how they will be stop? By not beig brainwashed anymore?" Komaru asked.

Suddenly, a devilish smile appeared on Monaca's lips.

"They will be stopped because their head will be blown off!" the green haired girl revealed.

This revelation left everyone speechless for a moment. Ryoko couldn't believe that such a young girl could be so twisted.

"How...how can you expect me to do that?! Those kids are innocent, they are only harming adults because of the helmets you made them wear! There's no way I'll kill them all!" Komaru declared.

"Well, it won't only do that. If you break it, it'll also free all of those who are trapped into the
game. It'll disactivate their bracelets...well, not exactly. Breaking the control will make the bracelet of a certain person explode, and this is what well disactive the others." Monaca explained calmly.

"And...whose bracelet will explode if I break it?" Komaru asked with worries.

"Ryoko onee-san's one, of course!"

"What!? Then there even less reason for me to break it. There's no way I would kill Ryoko-san!"

"You think so? Then, let me introduce you someone that might change your mind. Kurokuma, you can come in!"

Suddenly, what seemed to be a Monokuma entered in the room, but it was all black. And it wasn't alone. There was another Monokuma-looking bear with it, but this one was entirely white. Komaru and Toko looked at it with confusion.

"Shirokuma!?" Komaru exclaimed with disbelief.

The two robotic bears remained quiet and headed towards a big screen. They then pulled out two wires and connected themselves to the screen. After few seconds, a familiar figure appeared on it.

"N-No...it's no possible! She's..." Toko began to say.

"Well, well, but isn't one of my old classmate! How are you doing?"

Ryoko recognised her, with her blonde hair tied in two pigtails, her blues eyes and her fashionista look.

"E-Enoshima-san!?"

"Yes, it's me, the great and powerful Enoshima Junko-chan! And you must be...Otonashi Ryoko-san. It's nice to finally be able to talk to you face to face."

"Face to face? Didn't we know each other before I lost my memory...no, before you erased it?"

"Uh, well, I suppose we do. Let say things are more complicated then it seems."

Ryoko was confused. What Junko was saying didn't seem to make senses. Wasn't she the one who erased her memory to begin with? And the red haired girl used to be an Ultimate Despair, right? Then, how could it be possible that her and Junko never talked face to face before? Something was definitly odd, someone must have lied.

"Tell me the truth. No one wants to talk to me about my lost memory, so maybe you can tell me about it. Who am I? Why does everyone...wants to keep me amnesiac?"

"Ah, that question. You know, the search of oneself is the quest of everyone in life. This answer can't be given by someone else, it has to be found by one who is searching for it. I can't give you the answer, you have to find yourself. You're the Ultimate Analyst after all, don't tell me you don't have any idea of who you are?" Junko replied seriously.

The red haired girl tried to think about it, about the clues she had established. Her and Junko were linked but never met before. According to one of her dream, she knew Mukuro since they are kids. Mukuro and Junko were twins sisters. She used to be an Ultimate Despair. There existed a video that can brainwashed people into making them fall into despair. With all those clues, Ryoko managed to make a theory.
"You and I...are related. I'm also related to Mukuro-san. We were all Ultimate Despair. I think I figured out what this is all about. Mukuro-san...is my sister. She's also your sister. So you and Mukuro-san...weren't twins. You were triplets. You and I are sisters! The three of us are triplet! And if we never met, it's because we were seperate at birth! Then you made me watch that despair video to brainwash me!"

Junko remained emotionless for a moment. Ryoko noticed that Toko had made a facepalm and that Monaca seemed discouraged. The red haired girl wondered if she had say something wrong.

"You...you're really dumb, don't you? Even though you're the Ultimate Analyst, it doesn't stop your from being stupid." Junko said with disgust.

"W-What? What did I do wrong? It makes sense, doesn't it?"

"It only makes sense if you're purposefully trying to avoid the truth. Ok, let me give you some clues. First, I'm not the real Junko. I'm an AI, which means the real one is somewhere else. Secondly, Junko and Mukuro are twin sisters, and there's no third sister. Thirdly, you are really Mukuro's sister. In that case, who are you?"

This time, Ryoko understood the riddle immediatly, but she couldn't believe it. It didn't make any sense to her.

"W-What...no, it can't be! I'm Otonashi Ryoko! I can't be...you!~"

Suddenly, everything made sense. This is why no one wanted her to recover her memory, not only because she used to be an Ultimate Despair, but because she was the True Ultimate Despair, none other than Enoshima Junko!

"No, no it can't be! I am...you...I'm Enoshima-san!~"

"This is the truth. The boring and plain girl you are is indeed the magnificent Enoshima Junko! Surprising isn't~?"

Ryoko wanted to responde, but her mind was suddenly swallowed by darkness. She was Enoshima Junko. She was the one who made the world fall into despair, she had caused the Tragedy. Everyone who died because of that, she had their blood on her hands. And despite that, despite the fact that Naegi, Mukuro, Kirigiri and Sayaka knew the truth, they still tried to help her. She didn't deserve their kindness, she was a monster, someone who should just...disappeared.

"This is why Komaru onee-san should break the controler. Because you would not only stop the Monokuma Kids and save those trapped in the killing game, but also eliminated Junko onee-chan."

Ryoko finally came back to reality when she heard Monaca voice. She then turned towards Komaru. The brown haired girl's looked uncertain and glanced at her with confusion, before looking at Monaca.

"No! Even if it's the truth, it wouldn't be right to kill Ryoko-san for something she doesn't remember to have done!" Komaru declaired.

"Ah, you're really an obstinate one don't you...fine, then let's see what the other candidate think about that..."

"W-Wait! Hey you, the Enoshima Junko AI, why...did you...she...erased her own memory? What was the point in all of this?" Toko suddenly asked.
"Isn't obvious? What is my sole purpose? It was for despair of course! You see, I'm too used to despair now, it doesn't...make me despaired as much now. This is why I needed a fresh start, to erase my current despair, to become someone else, someone who wasn't despaired yet, in order to indulge myself with a stronger despair that I never felt before! For such an innocent girl such as Ryoko to discover that she was me all along, isn't the biggest despair? Ah, just look at her. Isn't the despair on her face beautiful? Thanks to that, I, the great Enoshima Junko, shall reborn as an even stronger despair, just to think about it...if I wasn't an AI, I would be so wet right now!"

Ryoko couldn't believe what she heard. All of this...had been orchestrated by Junko, in order to make herself despaired even more. This is the reason of Otonashi Ryoko's existence, to be a mere tool for Junko to acheive greater despair. And the one suffering from this was this poor amnesiac personality. Upon this realisation, Ryoko started to cry.

"I...I'm so sorry, I'm sorry for being Enoshima Junko!" Ryoko said between two sobs.

"Poor Ryoko onee-san. Here, take this. It's a little gift." Monaca said as she gave some object to the red haired girl. "It's a detonator. If you press it, every bracelets except yours will explode."

"I...I don't want it! I already had enough deaths on my conscience, I won't kill more people!"

"Are you sure about that? Because Ryoko onee-san, you're Junko onee-chan. You may be amnesiac, but do you think that all the people you hurt will forgive you simply because you'd lost you memory? Of course not. Your only chance to survive is to kill those who know your secret, beginning by Komaru onee-san. But by doing so, you'll also kill all of those who are trapped in this game, who are also the relatives of your classmates! They would never forgive you if you did so. This situation is hopeless for you, whatever you do, people will hate you, and there's no hope for you. So just accept despair already, this is you fate."

Ryoko's hands began to shake. She glanced at Komaru, who was also looking at her. Both of them had in hand something that could kill the others, as well as a bunch of innocent people. But none of them seemed ready to do anything.

"Still hesitating uh..." Monaca said.

"Monaca-chan, I must admit that I'm impressed. Doing all this game just to choose a successor for me, between the idiot's sister who made my plan failed and my own amnesiac self, how despair-inducing! I first expected that it would be one of those mindless Ultimate Despairs who would find Ryoko first and make her fall into despair, I actually like this unexpected developpement." the Junko AI said.

"It's so good to here this from you, Junko AI onee-chan! So, Komaru onee-san, let me show you something that might help you with your hesitation."

Suddenly, Junko's figure disappeared from the screen. Instead, there was two hanged corpses on the screen, with something written in blood in their clothes.

"Makoto, Komaru." Toko read. "Wait, aren't those your bother and your name...?"

Komaru's gaze suddenly looked empty and her expression was gloomy. Monaca suddenly showed a twisted smile.

"Aw, you don't even say hello to your mom and dad? Poor them, they must be rolling into their graves...well, if they weren't hang up. But you know, they wouldn't have met such an horrible fate if the world hadn't fall into despair. It's all Junko onee-chan's fault. So why don't you get revenge
for them? Destroy the controller. Do it. Then all those kids will die too! How despairful it would be, all those headless children...it will certainly cause a war between Towa City and Future Foundation. And you will be the cause of that, you'll be the new Ultimate Despair."

"Komaru, don't listen to that brat!" Toko shouted.

Still looking dead inside, the brown haired girl suddenly raised the controller above her head, ready to smash it on the ground. Ryoko did nothing to stop her. She felt like she deserved to die anyway. She would have prefer to avoid all those kids to die too, but in her current state, she didn't have the courage to stop her.

Suddenly, Toko rushed towards Komaru and pushed her on the ground, before grabbing the controller.

"Don't do that! You can't kill all of those kids! This isn't you! Don't let that brat get into your mind!"

"Shut up Fukawa-san! They're dead, she killed my parents...I don't care about anything anymore! I just want to end all of this!"

"Ah, that's not good, Fukawa onee-san. You shouldn't intervene in what doesn't concern you."

"Yes it concerns me! Komaru is my friend, I won't let her fall into despair!"

"How bothersome. I'll make myself clear. Either Komaru onee-san or Ryoko onee-san need to make the other explode in the next hour, or else...every bracelets and helmets will explode. The kids and Ryoko onee-san, or every participants in the game, one of those two group need to die, otherwise everyone will. The choice is yours." Monaca explained.

As Toko and Komaru continued to argue over the controller, Ryoko noticed that Monaca was now next to her.

"Ryoko...no, Junko onee-chan. You see, she isn't able to forgive you. No one could. This is why no one wanted to tell you the truth. You being amnesiac is the only thing that keep them from killing you. But now that you know the truth, they won't protect you anymore. Only those two know the truth. If you make Komaru onee-san explode, Fukawa onee-san will most likely be killed by the blow too since they are so closed now. Just press the button, kill them for your safety, to get back to your classmates who lied to you all this time, to spread the despair you loved so much. Do it, Junko onee-chan, and become a stronger Ultimate Despair that you never have been!"

Ryoko didn't know what to do. She almost wanted to break the controller herself just to make sure Junko would never come back, but she didn't want all those kids to die. She already had caused too much deaths. She then realised that there was another solution, a way for her to die and save everyone.

"You...don't call me with that name! My name is Ryoko, not Junko!" she said as she pushed Monaca and walked towards the exit. She then noticed that both Komaru and Toko were staring at her. "Komaru-san, Fukawa-san, I'm sorry. I know that you must hate me, and you have every right to. I deserve it. But please, don't break the controller. Not because I don't want to die, but because I've another solution. Just...trust me. And good bye."

Without waiting for an answer, Ryoko ran away, heading towards the elevator.

Completely exausted, the red haired girl finally arrived at the town limit. The one hour time limit
must be almost over. She had to do this quickly.

Ryoko had understood how to stop this without anyone except her to died. Monaca said that it was her bracelet exploding that would deactivate the others, but she never said that her bracelet needed to explode because of the controller. There was another way for her bracelet to explode: leaving Towa City. This way, the helmets shouldn't explode and the kids would also be safe. Only her, the horrible Junko, would die.

The Ultimate Analyst took a deep breath. The thought of dying was scary, and painful, but she had made her choice. She still hadn't recover her memory, but if she does, then she would become Junko once again and hurt people. She couldn't bear that possibility, she didn't want to cause more despair and pain to others. This is why she was ready to die. At least, her death could help people, which made her feel like it was her only way to redeem herself after all the horror she had caused as Enoshima Junko.

With no more hesitation, Ryoko left the city. She heard her bracelet making some noises, like it was about to explode. She closed her eyes, ready to accept death with open arms.

But nothing happened.

The red haired girl opened her eyes, confused. Then, her bracelet opened and fell on the ground, much to her confusion.

"Trying to escape? You won't go any further, despair!" a masculine voice suddenly said.

Ryoko blenched and turned back, with tears in her eyes. There was a white haired man behind her. The latter looked at her with a look of pure hatred.

"Why...why the bracelet didn't explode?" she asked tearfully.

The man suddenly looked at her with confusion.

"You...you're Enoshima Junko, aren't you? Did you really intend to explode by crossing the town line?"

"I...am. But not anymore. My name is...Otonashi Ryoko...and I wanted to...die, so the others would be safe. But my bracelet...didn't explode."

"So it was true. You really are amnesiac. Not that it changes anything. All the bracelets and helmets had been disactivated by Future Foundation. No one died. Not even you." the white haired man said.

"That can still be fixed though. Munakata, allows me to kill her right now."

It was another man voice. Ryoko turned back, to discover a muscular tall man with dark hair. The look in his eyes was more than hatred. He seemed to loath and despise her with every inch of his body.

"Not now. But she still needs to face charges for her crimes. Neutralise her." Munakata ordered.

"With pleasure."

The man clenched his fists, ready to attack. Instinctively, Ryoko raised her hands in front of her face to protect herself. But at the same time, she felt like she deserved whatever was about to happen to her. But she still wanted to know who they were.
"Who...who are you?" Ryoko asked.

This question seemed to have made him even more furious.

"Really? You don't remember me? Then let me refresh your memory. I'm Sakakura Juzo, the one who will bring you down!" he said, before he punched her on her stomach with strength, making her lose consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Ryoko had finally learned the truth! What will happened to her now that she had been captured by Future Foundation?
There was two kids with her. One was a black haired girl with freckles, and the other a young boy with messy black hair. Despite there cold expression, she could see kindness in their eyes.

"Muku-nee, Matsuda-kun..." she mumbled.

A sad expression appeared on each kids' face.

"Junko..." they both said.

She frowned when she heard that name.

"Junko...? No, that's wrong! My name is...Ryoko!"

Suddenly, multiple spears came from the floor and impaled Mukuro's body, while Matsuda fell on the ground, looking like he had been beaten to death.

"No!" Ryoko shouted desperately with tears in her eyes.

Despite the terrible pain she was feeling at the sight of the two people she loved the most being dead, Ryoko felt something else, it looked like...pleasure?

"Isn't it wonderful? This pure feeling of despair."

When she heard this voice, Ryoko immediatly turned back, full of rage and anger.

"You...you killed them!" the red haired girl accused furiously.

"Me? No, it's not true, and you know it. It's you who did this." Junko replied.

"Shut up! I'm not you, we are nothing alike! First of all, we don't even have the same hair and eyes colors!"

"Remember our talent. Ultimate Gyaru. We're dyed our hair and wear contact lenses. It's a normal thing to do as a gyaru. I just dyed back to it's natural color my hair before erasing my memory and removed my contact lenses. Still not believing me? Then take this a see for yourself."

Junko suddenly handed her a small mirror. With some hesitation, Ryoko took it and looked at herself. She blenched when it wasn't her usual reflexion in it. Instead, it was...Junko's one!

"Hey, what does it mean!? It must be some trick..."

But Junko had disappeared. Worried, Ryoko looked at her hands and discovered that her nails were red. She then looked down and noticed that she was wearing Junko's clothes.

Ryoko woke up with a jolt, still shocked by her dream. The worst part was that even if it was a nightmare, it was still an accurate representation of reality.

"Are you ok?" a feminine voice suddenly asked.
The red haired girl blenched. She then turned her head and saw that there was a woman by her side. The latter had long chestnut hair and looked at her with a kind expression and a friendly smile.

"I...uh...where am I? Who...who are you?"

The other woman didn't reply. Ryoko tried to get up, but she realised with panic that she couldn't. She then noticed that she was currently lying on a bed in a room that almost look like a cell, and that one of her hand was handcuffed to the bed.

"Sorry about the handcuff. The others insisted since, well you know, since the crimes you're charged for," the woman said. "My name is Yukizome Chisa, the former Ultimate Housekeeper, and you're currently in Future Foundation HQ, for your trial."

This confirmation made Ryoko even more panicked. So she had been captured by Future Foundation. Even if they were those fighting against despair, given her real identity, she should view them as her enemy. But after all she had done, she couldn't help but thinking that she deserved anything that they were about to do to her.

"Am I...going to die?" Ryoko asked.

"I don't know yet. Though given who you are, I don't think you have a lot of chance of surviving, sorry. But...are you really Enoshima Junko? the blood test revealed that yes, but still, you really don't have the same vibe as her."

"I...I've amnesia. My current name is Otonashi Ryoko. I'm not...Enoshima-san."

But now, Ryoko had the confirmation that she was indeed Junko. She couldn't not longer deny that fact or hoped that it wasn't true.

"I see. How interesting. Unfortunately, it won't save you. They will still view you as guilty and fear that you might regain your memory. You're situation is hopeless."

"Hopeless...yes, it is. I guess someone like me, who was the True Ultimate Despair, doesn't deserve to have hope after all..."

Tears began to fall from Ryoko's eyes. There was really only despair that awaited her. But at least, if she got executed, Junko will never come back, and it would be what's best for the wolrd. It was the only solace the red haired girl could have.

Suddenly, Ryoko heard a metallic noise. She then realised that Yukizome had removed the handcuffed, before she suddenly headed towards the door.

"What...?" was the only word Ryoko managed to say, too confused to say anything else.

Chisa suddenly turned back, still smiling, as she put her index in front of her mouth. She then opened the door and exited the room, leaving it wide open.

Ryoko remained in the bed for a moment, unable to think straight. Was she...letting her go? Should she escape? Did she deserve to? Of course not, but the red haired girl could helped but listening to her survival instinct. She got out from the bed and exited the room.

As soon as she left the room, Ryoko suddenly heard someone laugh. This voice...reminded her of someone, but it couldn't be her. She immediately looked behind her, and discovered with incomprehension who had laugh.
"No, it can't be...we're supposed to be the same person!" Ryoko shouted.

Junko didn't reply, she was only gazing at her with a smug smirk. She then began to run away. Ryoko couldn't believe it. Was she really...Enoshima Junko? But...we're they supposed to be the same person? Wanted to know the truth, the red haired girl ran after after.

That leaded in into a room that looked empty. But when she went inside, she discovered that Junko was there, looking at her with a mocking expression.

"You...who are you!? You can't be Enoshima Junko, because I am!" Ryoko exclaimed.

Junko suddenly giggled.

"You finally admit it. You are accepting who you really are." Junko taunted.

Ryoko couldn't bear with it anymore. She was beyond furious, she was...infuriate and about to go berserk.

"Shut up! I'm Otonashi Ryoko, I'm nothing like you!"

Junko showed her a smirk full on contempt. Ryoko couldn't support it any longer. She rushed towards the blonde girl and punched her in the face. But as soon as her fist touched her, Junko's body began to crack, like the world was cracking. The gyaru then fell into pieces on the ground and Ryoko felt a terriivle pain in her fist. She looked at the broken pieces and saw Junko in each of them, who was staring at her with her smug expression.

"Stop...just disappear you bitch! Die! Die! DIE!" Ryoko screamed.

The red haired girl went on her knees and began to punch each pieces with rage, ignoring the terrible pain in her hands.

"...Ryoko!? Stop! You're hurting yourself!"

Ryoko suddenly stopped when she heard that voice. She turned her head and discovered Mukuro in the doorframe. Her sister was looking at her with worries and fright. The red haired girl then checked her hands and discovered that they were bloody, and that there was blood on the floor, as well as multiple broken glasses. All she could see in them was her own reflexion. She had punched a mirror.

"Ryoko, you're injured. Let me...let me take care of this..."

Ryoko suddenly rose up and looked at Mukuro. A sudden sick desire had overcome her mind, she was full of lust and craving for...despair.

"Onee-chan ~" Ryoko said sweetly. "I love you. I love you so much that I could kill you!"

Holding firmly a piece of broken mirror, enough to make her hand bleed, Ryoko rushed towards her sister and tried to stab her. Mukuro defended herself and grabbed her armed hand.

"Muku-nee, I love you! I wonder what fantastic despair I'll feel when I'll kill you!"

"Stop! Ryo...no, Junko!"

The red haired girl immediatly froze when she heard that name and went back to her sense.

"No, that's...that's wrong! I'm...I'm Ryoko! Mukuro-san, I'm sorry, I just...lost control for a
moment."

"You...you were really behaving like Junko."

"I...she's trying to take back control of our body! I need to...I need to make sure she'll never come back!"

Suddenly, Ryoko approached the broken piece of mirror from her throat, ready to slice it. Mukuro immediatly reacted and disarmed her. The red haired girl fell on the ground and began to sob.

"I've to! As long as I'm alive, no one is safe. Enoshima-san will eventually come back and hurt others again, hurt you...I can't accept that, I don't want you to be hurt!"

"I won't let that happen! You're my little sister, I'll protect you no matter what!"

"But...! I...I heard her, and saw her...I saw Enoshima-san in the mirror!"

Mukuro frowned when she heard that. Suddenly, other people arrived in the room.

"What's happening! Ikusaba-san and...Otonashi-san!?" Naegi exclaimed. "You're hurt?"

"Naegi-kun, Ryoko, she...she's in a bad condition. She's hallucinating." Mukuro replied.

"It seems that learning the truth about herself makes her crazy." Kirigiri commented. "Anyway, she's bleeding too much, she needs medical care..."

"What are you doing!?"

Munakata had arrived in the room, with Sakakura and an old man.

"How did she escape...and why is she bleeding?" the white haired man asked.

"It appears that she's suffering from some sort of dementia. She can't have her trial for the moment..." Kirigiri began to say.

"Don't fuck with me! Who cares if she's crazy, she always had been. We need to get over this as soon as possible and get her executed..."

"You just want to kill her! Even though she is amnesiac!" Mukuro replied.

"Don't you dare talk to me! You're as guilty as your sister, I don't even understand how you could have been forgiven..." Sakakura said.

"Please, don't argue now! She needs help, she's bleeding too much..." Naegi pleaded.

"Naegi-kun is right, there's no need to argue now. Though, her trial will take place as planned tomorrow." the old man suddenly said.

Everyone went quiet as soon as he had spoke. The latter then approached Ryoko, who was in a state of shock, and stretched his hand.

"Can you stand up?" the old man asked.

Ryoko slowly nod and grabbed his hand, before standing up.

"Sorry to put you into that kind of situation, but you need to understand that under those
circonstances, we have no choice. You'll be judge tomorrow for the crime you had done, even if you clame to suffer from amnesia. Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Tengan Kazuo, the foundator of Future Foundation."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter, Ryoko's trial! How do you think this story will end?
Ryoko had been brought into a courtroom to attend her trial and be judged for the crime she had committed as Enoshima Junko. The guards made her sit on a chair, and handcuffed on of her hand to it. The red haired girl had barely slept, so she was extremely tired, and dizzy. It was hard for her to focus, despite the serious situation she was in. She already knew how it was going to end, she just want to get over with this, even if she was going to be most likely executed.

The Ultimate Analyst looked around her. The people present were some Future Foundation's members. She guessed it by the way they were clothed and the fact that Munakata, Sakakura and Yukizome were with them. There was also a bunch of teenagers that Ryoko didn't know, but since Naegi, Kirigiri, Mukuro and Sayaka was with them, they must be her classmates. She then looked behind her and saw that Tengan was the judge.

"Munakata-san already proposed himself to prove this woman's guiltiness, but is there anyone who want to be her lawyer and defend her?" Tengan asked.

Everyone in the room remained quiet. Ryoko wasn't even surprised. Who would want to defend the person who had doomed the world to despair? If no one propose themselves, then she would have to defend herself, and she already had planned to just plead guilty and get over it quickly, and accept her fate, even if it was death.

Suddenly, someone raised their hand, but from where Ryoko was, she couldn't see who it was.

"Very well. Munakata-san, Naegi-kun, you can come here. The trial will begin." the old man said.

Ryoko as somewhat surprised to see someone taking her defense, but at the same time, it was Naegi's type to act this way. Even if she was grateful to him to defend her, she would have prefer if he didn't. She didn't feel like she deserved his kindness.

"Munakata-san, you can begin with the accusation." Tengan said.

The white haired man approached Ryoko and gazed at her with coldness, before he looked at the audience.

"Everyone, this woman is Enoshima Junko, the one known as the True Ultimate Despair. She's responsible for the Tragedy that sank the world into despair, causing the death of billion of people. She may looks different, but she's still the same person who doomed the world..." Munakata began to say.

"Objection!" Naegi suddenly interrupted.

"Objection accepted. You can go Naegi-kun." Tengan said.

"This girl isn't the Enoshima Junko we knew. Her name is Otonashi Ryoko and she isn't the same as Enoshima. She may have been once Enoshima, but she lost her memory and is a total different person. She's innocent because she doesn't remember her crimes and doesn't have Enoshima's lust for despair."

"The DNA test proves that this woman is indeed Enoshima Junko, but we can't prove that she is
truly amnesiac, she could be pretending. But even if it was true, it doesn't erase the crimes she had committed. Erasing her own memory could have been a way for her to escape justice."

As the two continued to argue over Ryoko's amnesia, Tengan decided to stop that debate and Munakata began to bring people to the witness stand. The first one he called was Mukuro.

"Ikusaba-san, is that woman your sister?" Minakata asked.

"She's...biologically yes, but...she's not the sister I used to know. She isn't Junko anymore." the soldier replied.

"So you're telling me she's really amnesiac? Why would your sister erased her memory?"

"To...to bring more despair upon herself. My sister she's...she was obsessed with despair, she was so used to feel it...so she couldn't feel it as much anymore. This must be why she...erased her memory, to erase her despair...and caused new one to herself...no, to her amnesiac personality. Ryoko. This girl isn't Junko, she's just a victim of my sister's lust for despair, she's the one paying for Junko's crimes. She never asked to exist, and she shouldn't pay for what her old self did, she has no memory of this and she isn't the same as Junko. She's innocent!"

After Mukuro's testimony, Naegi brought Sayaka to the witness stand. The former Ultimate Idol confirmed that after the time she spent with Ryoko, she can guaranty that she is a total different person from Junko. Kirigiri also claimed this. Munakata then brought Sakakura to the witness stand, and he just talked about all the horrible things Junko did and that even amnesiac, they shouldn't forgive her. Yukizome also approved, but because it might be possible for Ryoko to became Junko again, so it was too risky to let her live.

"I want to interrogate the accused herself." Munakata asked.

"Permission granted." Tengan replied.

"Thank you." the white haired man said, before turning towards Ryoko. "Tell us, who are you exactly?"

"I...I'm Otonashi...Ryoko. Until now, I thought that I was...the Ultimate Analyst. I eventually understood that prior to my amnesia, I must had been an Ultimate Despair, but...I never expected to be Enoshima Junko. I'm...I'm truly sorry for what I did!"

"Apologizing isn't the point. Are you really amnesiac? You aren't pretending just to avoid facing your crimes?"

"No! I'm amnesiac! I really don't remember anything apart from what I had been told about Enoshima Junko's actions."

"Very well, since you're claiming to tell the truth, I think no one here would have a problem if we make sure of it in a more provable way. May I ask for the assistance of Kimura Seiko?"

"You have my permission." Tengan agreed.

Suddenly, a woman with gray hair that was hiding one of her eye and wearing mask that was covering her mouth approached from Ryoko. The latter guessed that she must be the Kimura he was talking about. Ryoko then noticed that the woman was holding a syringe filled with some liquid.

"Wait!" Naegi exclaimed as he blocked Kimura's way. "What is this? What do you intend to do?"
"Using a truth serum on her, obviously. It's the only way to be sure she isn't lying. Don't worry, Kimura is a professional, she knows what she do." Munakata replied.

With some hesitation, Naegi finally let Seiko continued her way. The grey haired woman positioned herself in front of Ryoko. She gazed at the one known as the True Ultimate Despair with some worries, before she approached the syringe from her arm. She then took her arm, and strung her with the syringe, while behind careful because of Ryoko's injuries. After she had injected the truth serum, she recoiled a little bit, while still remaining close.

The red haired girl felt suddenly dizzy and strangely calm. After few minutes, the trial continued.

"I need you to answer some of my question." Kimura began. "First, what's your name?"

"Enoshima...Junko...I think."

"Do you suffer from amnesia?"

"Yes...my memory had been removed."

"And you still have recovered it?"

"I...I had some dreams...they were flashbacks of my past...as Enoshima Junko. And recently, I...I see her, hear her, and I even began...to remember by childhood."

"And do you think there's a chance that Enoshima junko came back?" Munakata suddenly asked.

"...without any doubt. Slowly but surely, Enoshima Junko is regaining control over my body, and when she'll succeed, she will be stronger and even more despaired then before."

Munakata suddenly turned towards Tengan.

"As you can see, the one who claimed to be the Ultimate Analyst, who's currently under a truth serum, admitted herself that she'll eventually be Enoshima Junko again." Munakata said.

"Then we just have to erase her memory again, or try to reform her...!" Naegi tried to argue.

"You really think that this is a life for this amnesiac personality? To always lose her memory, to never have an identity? And there's no way someone like Enoshima Junko could be reform." the white haired man retorted.

As Naegi and Munakata began to argue, Tengan suddenly clear his throat.

"I've take my decision. Even thought this amnesiac girl is innocent, unfortunately she shared the same body as Enoshima Junko, and there's a high possibility that she regains her memory and became even more dangerous. We can't risk that. The safety of the majority prevails on the minority. We can't risk to lose anymore lives just to save one. This is why, I declare that Enoshima Junko, currently known as Otonashi Ryoko, will be executed by lethal injection."

Suddenly, all the noises around Ryoko became inaudible. Even her vision was blurry. She couldn't know what was currently happened around her. The only thing she was certain of was that she was going to die soon.

A strong feeling of despair overtake her. She had realized that the only reason she came to exist was to fall into despair, as Junko as always planned for her. She was truly fated to despair after all.

Then, she realized that there was something sitting on her laps. It was a strange black and white
teddy bear with a demonic look.

"Upupu, looks like your trial is finished and you have been voted as the blackened."

"Who...who are you?" Ryoko asked.

"Ah come on you bastard, ya can't have forget 'bout me! I'm Monokuma! Now, get ready, because soon, it'll be your execution. Yup, that's right, it'll be...PUNISHMENT TIME!"

Chapter End Notes

Things don't sound good for Ryoko! How is is going to end for her?

Btw, the story is about to finish soon, be ready!
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Today was the day of Otonashi Ryoko's, more known as Enoshima Junko, execution. Despite her amnesia, she had been judged as a potential threat for the world, since she was showing obvious signs that her memory was slowly coming back. Since her return could cause another Tragedy, it had been decided that her death was the safest solution to the problem. Well, most people thought that way, but not everyone...

Ryoko was sitting in a car, her hands handcuffed and her eyes blindfolded. Some guards had come this morning to take them with her in that car that was heading to the place of her execution. The red haired girl had made no effort to defend herself, she had accepted her fate. She knew that it was only a matter of time before Junko take back the control of her body, and she preferred to die as Ryoko rather then remembering everything and become once again that monster lusting over despair. Dying and bringing the True Ultimate Despair in her death with her was what Ryoko considered as the best thing to do for the world.

She felt that the car had stopped moving. The door next to her opened and someone made her exit the vehicle. They made her walk in what seem to be a building, they even made her went into an elevator. Finally, they reached a room and made her sat on a chair, and some kind of helmet had been put on her head.

"Electric chair uh...so that will be my execution, my...punishment. Upupu...how unoriginal."
Ryoko heard in her mind.

Her blindfold had been removed. It took some times for Ryoko's eyes to get use to the sudden light. She then noticed that there was two people at her side, and not anybody...their presences brought tears into her eyes, both of happiness and sadness.

"Mukuro-san...Naegi-kun..."

Tears roll down her cheeks, thinking that their presence here meant that they were the ones who will executed her. It was despairful, but at the same time, she was relieved that she will die by the hands of people she liked. It felt like a betrayal though, but she couldn't help but feeling happy about this. Both of them remained stoic for few seconds, with some unease in their eyes. Then, Mukuro suddenly removed her handcuff, much to Ryoko's surprise.

"Why... Aren't you going to execute me?" the red haired girl asked.

Both Mukuro and Naegi looked at each other with a confused expression, before gazing at Ryoko with shock.

"What!? Of course not! I would never kill you!" Mukuro exclaimed. "You're my little sister and I'd sworn to protect you."

"And you're my classmate! We know that you aren't the same as before, you're not the one responsible for the Tragedy, you're also a victim. This is why we can't accept your execution. We'll save you." Naegi added.

More tears flowed from Ryoko's eyes. She was happy to hear that, but at the same time, disappointed. She wanted to die, she was afraid to become Junko again and hurt people.
"But...Enoshima Junko...we'll come back and hurt you! I don't want that!" Ryoko protested.

"Don't worry, we have a plan to defeat her once and for all, and without you dying." Naegi replied.
"This is why we brought you here."

"On...an electric chair?"

"It's not an electric chair. It's...the helmet will allow your mind to go inside of a virtual reality." Mukuro explained.

"Like the one we are planning to use on the other Ultimate Despair, the Neo World Program." Naegi added.

"So...you're going to erase my memory and put new one?" Ryoko asked.

"...not exactly. The others are...brainwashed to love despair. In your case...well, Junko's case, she became an Ultimate Despair from her own free will. Even if we remove your memory, there's still a chance that you develop the same lust for despair then her. The safest way to be sure it won't happen is...to destroy the source." Mukuro replied.

"The...source?"

"We...can't tell you. It's Ikusaba-san who thought about it, about a way to erase the True Ultimate Despair without killing you. But...we can't tell you, because you share the same body as Enoshima Junko. We can't let her know the plan."

"I think...that you'll be able to figure out by yourself what you need to do. I trust you." Mukuro added.

Ryoko felt moved by their trust into her and even smiled softly.

"What about those guards?" the red haired girl asked.

"Don't worry, they are allies. They both owe us a favor." Naegi replied.

Two more people suddenly went inside the room.

"The building had been secure. We should be able to keep Future Foundation's away from Otonashi-san." Kirigiri said.

"The entire class is protecting the area!" Sayaka added.

Ryoko wasn't sure how to feel about all her old classmates, those she had tried to force to kill each other, trying to save her. Some part of her was happy, but she also felt terribly guilty to make them all risk their life for her, she felt she was unworthy of their sympathy.

"We need to start now if we want to be able to stop before they arrived." Mukuro began to say.
"Ryoko, some part of your consciousness will be used to create an avatar of yourself in the virtual reality. But don't worry, we have your vitals check. If your life is in danger, we'll wake you up. When you'll be there, I'm sure you'll know what to do..."

"No. If I'm about to die...just let me die. And if Future Foundation arrive and are about to capture me, kill me. If this plan fail, I don't want to risk hurting others. And I prefer...to die by your hands." Ryoko requested.

"If the plan fail...I'll kill you. But I won't let you die in the virtual reality. There's a reason why, but
I can't tell you now. You'll have to figure it out on your own once you'll be there." Mukuro replied.

"Are you ready?" Naegi asked.

Ryoko nodded positively. She had no idea what was going to happen, but it worth the shot. Her friends trust her, so she wanted to at least try. She was nervous about the thing she would have to guess by herself, but she was confident towards her analytical skills. She was also relieve to know that if it failed, they would kill her to insure Junko would never come back. Naegi activated the machine and Ryoko felt her consciousness slowly vanished.

When Ryoko opened her eyes, she discovered that she was now in what seemed to be some kind of courtroom. She was standing in front of a high desk. There was 16 of them, in circle.

"So this is...a virtual reality..."

The red haired girl then noticed that she wasn't alone and her body stiffen when she recognized this person.

"You...where are we?" Ryoko asked.

"Isn't obvious? It's a class trial! Well, we're not a class, so...a dual trial? Yeah, that sounds nice. It's our dual trial to decide which one of us deserve to control our body!" Junko declared.

Ryoko took the time to analyse her current situation. She was an avatar of herself in a virtual reality that resemble a courtroom, facing an avatar of her old self to decide which one of them will be in control of there body. Mukuro told her that she would know what do to, so was she simply supposed to defeat Junko's avatar to get rid of her?

"Upupu..."

When she heard that laugh, the red haired girl turned back, to discover that Monokuma was behind her, sitting on a fancy chair.

"Welcome to the first dual trial! You'll compete with each other to determine who is the one who deserve the most to be in control of your body. The winner will become the main personality, while the loser will disappear. You can begin to argue!" Monokuma declared.

It seemed that Ryoko really have to defeat Junko in order to have full control over their body.

"I'll let you begin. See how generous I am! Hahaha!" Junko exclaimed while laughing.

"Ok then...I deserve this body because I won't hurt others! You will!"

Ryoko discovered with surprise that what she had just said as an argument had appeared in front of her in yellow text.

"You're wrong!" Junko suddenly exclaimed. "You have no proof that you won't ended up hurting others!"

What the blonde girl had just said transform into some kind of bullet that was shot towards Ryoko. The bullet hit the yellow text and destroyed it.

"What...what was that!?" Ryoko reacted with confusion.
"That was a type of truth bullet, this one was refutation bullet. Since you were indeed wrong, it was effective against your statement." Monokuma explained.

"How I was wrong!?" Ryoko protested.

"First, what you said had indeed no proof. Secondly, this is a objective battle. What you said was subjective. This trial is no place for feeling or good and bad, this is a place for logic. You can still try to shoot truth bullet based on your feeling, but if your opponent's statement is stronger, you won't be able to break her words." Monokuma replied. "If you take too much time to shoot a refutation bullet, your opponent's statement will turn into a truth bullet and be shoot at you. You may dodge it, but it will be count as an effective truth bullet and therefore, your opponent's bullet will become stronger."

This virtual reality felt like some kind of video game for Ryoko. It seemed that the only way she could defeat Junko was to debate in a logical way the reason why their body should belong to her.

"Now it's my turn ~," Junko began to say. "I deserve this body because it was mine for 18 years. You only exist for couple of months."

Ryoko tried to think of a way to deny this statement. At first it seemed right, but if she let Junko be right, the statement will turn into a truth bullet and hit her. There must have a way to contest this statement...yes, there was!

"You're wrong!" Ryoko exclaimed. "I'm amnesiac. There's no proof that it wasn't my body at some point during those 18 years. I might have existed for couple of years without remembering it!"

Ryoko's statement turned into a refutation bullet and she aimed at Junko's statement. When it hit the yellow words, it break them.

"I guess it's my turn now. The time spent into this body isn't a reason to deserve it more. It's all about which of our personality is the strongest!" Ryoko declared.

Junko replied nothing to counter this statement. After a certain moment, Ryoko's statement turned into a truth bullet and hit Junko. The bullet seemed to have the same impact that a basketball. Junko uttered a slight cry of pain, before giggling.

"Uh, not bad...but what about that!?" Junko began with a twisted smile. "My personality is the dominant one. We were always obsessed by despair and we will always be. This is our reason to live."

"You're wrong! I'm not obsessed by despair and I'm a part of you. This is the proof that our entire being isn't completely despaired!"

Ryoko's statement turned into a refutation bullet and hit Junko's statement. But, it didn't break the words. It was her bullet that was destroyed.

"Hehe, it seems that you have not enough proof to prove that you aren't despaired." Junko taunted.

"I'm not despaired!" Ryoko protested.

"Perhaps you aren't now, but you have the potential to be. After all, you're a part of me. It's your fate to be an Ultimate Despair."
"Shut up! I'll never become an Ultimate Despair!" Ryoko declared, before realizing her mistakes. "Shit! I let her provoke me and said a statement I shouldn't have said!"

A mischievous grin appeared on Junko's face.

"Haha, you fool! You can become an Ultimate Despair, you said it yourself, that you were afraid to become like me and hurt others!" Junko replied.

Junko's statement turned into a refutation bullet that destroyed Ryoko's statement. The bullet violently broke Ryoko's words, it was so powerful that the statement's pieces flied everywhere, and of of them hit Ryoko right in the face, damaging her left eyes. The red haired girl let out a cry of pain and put her hand on her bloodied face. But despite the pain, she noticed something weird about Junko. The blonde girl's left eye suddenly closed and she showed a pained expression. But when she opened her eye, it was completely uninjured and Junko looked fine.

"Oh, my bad! It's so rude to injure a girl's face. Well, it seems that my bullets became stronger." Junko said. "Now's my turn. We are born despaired, so we can't change. Despair is a part of our true nature!"

"You're wrong! You have no proof that we are born despaired! They may have some event in our past that made us that way, which means that we weren't fated to despair! This body might originally be mine!"

Ryoko's words turned into a bullet and hit violently Junko's statement. The latter was destroyed and one of it pieces hit Junko's arm, making it bleed.

The dual trial continued for a while. Junko had begin to not argue back against Ryoko's statement, she was simply dodging her truth bullets. And when it was her turned to argue, Junko's statements seemed easy to refute.

"Ultimate Despair is our true talent!" Junko claimed.

"You're wrong! Our true talent is Ultimate Analyst!" Ryoko replied.

Once again, Ryoko's refutation bullet destroyed Junko's statement, with so much strength that it threw Junko's away. The blonde girl landed few meters away.

"Yosh! My bullets are as strong as real bullets, maybe even more! And faster too! Next time She let my statement become a truth bullet, it will surely kill her!"

Ryoko then realized that something felt odd. Was it really what she was supposed to do, to kill the Junko avatar? Was it what they meant by destroying the source? If it was the case, then why they didn't tell her? Why kept it a secret from Junko if it was only that? It wasn't like it was a secret that she was there to eliminate her...

Unless it wasn't what she was meant to do.

Mukuro and Naegi trusted her to understand what she was supposed to do, it had to be something more deep than just killing Junko, otherwise they wouldn't have keep it a secret. More she think about it, more Ryoko began to think that she might have make a mistake.

Junko finally went back to her desk, her body covered in bruises due to her fall. It was the sight of her injured body that made Ryoko realized what she did wrong, and what she was meant to do.
"Hope is better then despair!" Ryoko suddenly said.

"What!? Screw that! Despair is better than hope!"

When Ryoko's bullet hit Junko's statement, nothing happened. They both just vanished.

"I see, that's what happened when there's an equality." Ryoko began to say. "What's the matter? I thought you were done with replying to my statement."

"I could simply not let that blasphemous statement pass up." Junko replied. "Anyway, I may accept that our original talent is indeed Ultimate Analyst, but it doesn't change the fact that both of us are still Ultimate Despair too!"

"You're right! We are both Ultimate despair!"

Ryoko's statement was blue instead of yellow and when it turned into a bullet and hit Junko's statement, the later turned blue too and fade away, without hurting Junko.

"What...what was that!?" Junko exclaimed.

"Oh, I didn't think I would see that in a dual trial! It's a consent bullet! When used, it gives more strength to the person one whom you had use it! Not the best type of bullet to use in a dual." Monokuma explained.

"Oy, what are you doing? Did you finally accept that I should be the who control our body?" Junko asked.

"No, but I did agree with you on that statement. I don't deny that I was an Ultimate Despair. I know that you and I are technically the same person. But, I don't want to be an Ultimate Despair anymore. I think we can change, that we aren't born that way. Maybe even us can feel hope."

"What...what did you dare to say? Me, us, feeling...ugh...hope? It's disgusting! Disgusting, disgusting, DISGUSTING! It makes me want to puke!"

Ryoko had noticed that since her eye got injured, Junko had stopped trying to win. It was obvious that she wasn't fighting seriously. It felt like she was only trying to make the fight longer, like she was trying to save some time. But it wasn't only that, the main reason was related to what Ryoko was main to accomplish in order to get ride of the True Ultimate Despair once and for all.

"We are the same person, but I don't want to be you anymore. I am not Junko!" Ryoko declared, as her statement appeared in front of her.

"Foolish! You are me no matter what you want. You are Junko!"

Junko's statement turned into a refutation bullet. Both statement were probably equally true, nothing should happened if they touch each other. Unless...

Ryoko looked at the yellow words in front of her. Even if her statement was true, it felt...incomplete. Like they was a word that was missing to make it either true or false. Like there was a hole in it, a hole that could make the statement weak and easily breakable...from the inside.

Suddenly, Ryoko grabbed the "not" in her statement and forcefully removed it and threw it away, leaving her statement to be: "I am Junko!"

"What...?" Junko mumbled.
The refutation bullet went right in the hole Ryoko created in her statement, and hit her. It felt like a true bullet piercing through her stomach. Ryoko uttered a scream of pain, as she splat some blood, before she fell on the ground, severely injured, with a hole in her belly. She heard Junko scream in pain too.

"Oh, what an unexpected twist!" Monokuma exclaimed. "And I'm not sure if it's allowed, but...meh, you care?"

"What...what have you done you moron!?" Junko exclaimed.

Ryoko was not able to move anymore. It hurt so much, but she knew it was for the best. It was what she was meant to do. She then noticed that Junko was now by her side, gazing at her with frustration and worries.

"I...understood...what you were trying to accomplish." Ryoko began to say weakly. "You weren't trying to win, you...you were trying to buy yourself some time. You didn't want...to kill me. You were excepting...that they would wake me up if it took too much time, right? Because...if you killed me...you would have died too. I got it...because you felt pain when my eye got injured. This is why you...stopped to fight seriously, because you understood...that I was the original one. Hurting me...would have only hurt you too."

"Even so, why did you cause your own demise!? I may feel your pain, it doesn't proof that you dying will also kill me!"

"You're wrong...because when I hurt you, I don't feel your pain. It's because...we only become an Ultimate Despair...because of our analytic mind. It's because...we were looking for unexpected things in our life, but we couldn't. We always knew what was going to happen, there was no excitement in our life...even at our birthday or Christmas, we knew the gifts we would receive. Here, I represent our talent as the Ultimate Analyst, while you represent our talent as the Ultimate Despair. Our despair...depends of our analytic mind. Without it, we wouldn't have become obsess with despair. Simply killing you...wouldn't have solve the problem, since I might have fall into despair for the same reason we did before. This is why...I allow you to hurt me fatally. Because that way...you...we...would have no reason to crave despair anymore, we could even feel...hope."

"Shup up! That's not true! No matter what, I'll always love despair! Despair is the reason why I'm born, I always felt despaired, even without my analytic mind I'll still love despair...and...argh!" Junko shouted as she grabbed her head, like she was overtake by a migraine. "I...I can't see anymore! What...what is going to happen? Are we gonna die? Are we gonna survive? I don't know! Why can't a see anymore?! I'm not able...to analyse..."

Junko seemed terribly panicked for a moment, before she suddenly started to laugh madly.

"Hahaha! I understand now! The injury I inflicted you, it...it damaged our brain! You indeed...are link to our analytic mind. Hurting you...is directly damaging our brain. So this is what they had plan...and you use that statement on purpose, because you knew you could break it yourself. Something was missing in it, it's...our surname. Our true one."

"Yes...you're right. I remember some of our childhood, as well...as our true name."

"I see. Well done. You see, when I erased my memory, I'd a lot of potential scenarios in mind. But now...I've no idea what will happen to us. And it makes me feel...excited. It's the first time I believe...that something else than despair excite me. It's like life became...interesting. Is it...what hope feels like?"
Suddenly, Junko's body begins to disappear.

"What...Ah, I see. Now that our analytic mind is fatally injured, I guess we lost our reason to despair. And without despair...Enoshima Junko has no reason to exist anymore. But you too have no reason to exist anymore. Otonashi Ryoko was simply an amnesiac version of Enoshima Junko, a pure representation of our non-corrupted analytical mind. But now that you damage it...you too will no longer exist."

"I know. I...I accepted my fate, because...it was the only way to...destroy the True Ultimate Despair once and for all...without killing us directly. Our analytical mind...was the source of our despair." Ryoko said.

"I see. Well, I don't know what will happen to our body, I'm not able to analyse anymore. Ah, what a weird conclusion, I'm not sure if I'm satisfied. It was unpredictable, but...it's neither hope or despair. It's just...void. I guess this is my execution, it's...Punishment Time!"

It was with a wide smile that Junko fully vanished, marking the elimination of the True Ultimate Despair. Ryoko coughed some blood and sighed. She wasn't sure what would be her fate. She would most likely disappear too, and she was somewhat afraid, but at the same time relieve. She knew that whatever the outcome, she won't became Enoshima Junko again and caused pain to others.

"It's the end. Is that really what Mukuro-san and Naegi-kun wanted? Ah, whatever. At least Enoshima Junko is defeated. I don't care what will happen to me, as long as I'm no longer a threat. Now that I get rid of the source of my despair, I've accomplish what I was meant to do. Maybe...if I manage to wake up, then I'll be... allow...to finally feel hope for real."

A weak smile appeared on Ryoko's lips as she felt her consciousness fading away.

"Ryoko! Ryoko...you need to wake up, now!" Mukuro said.

The red haired girl slowly opened her eyes. She noticed that all her classmates, and even Komaru, were in the room. She then noticed that the door had been barricaded.

"She seems conscious, but confused." Kirigiri commented. "I don't think she had severe brain damages."

"What a relief! We were so worried, you were at risk of being in a vegetable state! Your avatar was fatally injured, but we managed to wake you up before you died in the virtual reality. How do you feel?" Naegi asked.

The red haired girl had no time to reply that the door was suddenly broke open. Tengan, Munakata and Sakakura went inside the room, before her classmates blocked their way.

"Get out of our way!" Sakakura shouted furiously. "You're already a bunch of traitors, you defended the True Ultimate Despair, so at least redeem yourself by letting us kill her once and for all!"

"Never! She's our classmate! And she isn't the True Ultimate Despair anymore. There's no need to kill her anymore." Naegi protested.

The others concurred with his statement, which infuriated Sakakura.

"You don't understand. As long as she's alive, she's a threat for the world. For the sake of hope, we
must kill her, to eradicate despair!" Munakata declared.

Suddenly, the red haired girl giggled a little.

"Oy, what's so funny, you brat!?" Sakakura asked.

"Your idea of hope is laughable. You can't achieve hope by letting grudges and hatred control your actions, and neither by hurting others. My classmates are the true hopeful ones here. Despite all I've done to them, despite what I've done to the world, they still find the strength to forgive me, to trust me, to like me. This is what true hope is to be, you need to be able to forgive in order to have hope. Hope that require violence isn't hope, it will only lead to cause despair to someone else, if it isn't yourself. That's why, the key of hope, is forgiveness."

It was Tengan's turn to laugh, but not in a mocking way. He laughed in an amused way, to the surprise of his colleges.

"You're saying interesting things, young woman. Maybe I've judge you too soon." the old man said.

Munakata and Sakakura looked like they were about to protest, Tengan stopped them.

"What happened here?" Tengan asked.

"We...we used the virtual reality program...to make Otonashi-san cause damages to her brain, so she would no longer be the Ultimate Analyst." Naegi replied.

"Because the reason that caused Junko to seek for despair...was her analytical mind." Mukuro added.

"I see...then, who is that girl now?" Tengan asked.

"She...she's Otonashi Ryoko, right?" Naegi replied.

The red haired girl nodded negatively, much to everyone's worries.

"No it can't be...Enoshima Junko!?" Naegi exclaimed.

Once again, the red haired girl nodded negatively, which caused confusion to everyone.

"Then, who are you?" Tengan asked.

"I...I'm just a normal girl. I'm not interested in despair, and I'm not an Ultimate. Really, just an ordinary girl. I remember everything though, the time I was Enoshima Junko, and when I was Otonashi Ryoko. But...I'm neither of them. I think...I'm a new person."

"Then...how should we call you?" Naegi asked.

"Um...well, I guess the most appropriate name to call me would be my birth name. In that case, then you can refer to me as Otonashi Junko."

Chapter End Notes

Enoshima Junko is defeated and no longer exist! Same for Otonashi Ryoko. So it was
really their execution after all. RIP both of them.

It's pretty much confirm in Danganronpa 3 that the reason why Junko loves despair so much is because she finds life boring due to her analytical mind. So I guess that if she lost her analyst talent, she would have no reason to seek despair.

Junko being defeated because she lost her reason to despair had always been how I intended to finish this story. Because yes, the story is almost over. Just one chapter left!

The thing about Junko's real name is one of my headcanon I based on a theory I saw about why Junko and Mukuro doesn't have the same given name. That they would have both a fake name and that their true name is Otonashi. Because both of them had a job that could require to use of a fake name, and that it might be the reason why Junko chose Otonashi as the given name for her amnesiac persona. I'm not saying that this headcanon is the truth, but it's what I believe to be true, and it fits for this story.

I tried to make the fight in the virtual world looked like how the DR games work, but it also makes me think of how the fight worked in the Umineko series, with the red and blue truth.

Seeya next time for the final chapter!
Sixteen capsules were around a weird big computer-like machine. Fifteen of them were occupied by a person that appeared to be sleeping in it. The 16th one was empty, and there was a woman near it. Her hair was red and long, tied up with a red and white ribbon in a single ponytail that was hanging in front of her left shoulder. She was gazing at the capsules with regret, as well as determination, the resolve make the right thing.

"Ryo...I mean...Junko?"

The red haired woman turned back, to discover who was the one calling her with such incertitude.

"Indeed, my name is Junko. Not Enoshima Junko, but still Junko, onee-san."

"Onee-san?"

"Well, according to my memory, you're my older sister. Or perhaps you'd prefer that I call you Mukuro-san? Ikusaba-san? Or perhaps by your true given name..."

"No, it's fine, you can call me the way you want." Mukuro replied. "What happened to your eye? Why you left one...is blue...?"

Once again, Junko looked at the empty capsule, while instinctively brushing her face.

"After what happened in the virtual reality, my eye got damaged for real. Not as seriously as in the virtual reality, but my sight is less good with my left eye now. That's why I'd to wear a contact lense to see well." Junko explained.

"Okay, but...why a blue one? Like those you used to wear...as Enoshima Junko."

"Uh, there's not really an answer for that. Just that I felt like it was fitting the person I am now."

Mukuro approached her and stand by her side, looking at her with concern.

"How are you exactly? You're no longer Enoshima Junko, nor Otonashi Ryoko..."

"I already told you. You can call me Otonashi Junko."

"That's not what I asked. That's just your name. If you aren't either of those two, then who are you? You have all you memory, so how can you not be one of them..."

"The Junko you used to know was the product of lust for despair, while Ryoko was the true Ultimate Analyst who hadn't been corrupted by despair yet. Ryoko sacrificed herself by destroying the source of despair, her talent. Without the source, Enoshima Junko can not longer exist, but
without her analytical mind, so does Ryoko. Though, I still have analytical skills higher than the average, but not enough to be a talent. I thought that it was what you had planned when you sent Ryoko inside the virtual reality."

"Not really...yes, I'd plan for her to destroy the source of despair, her talent, but...I didn't expect it to also destroy Ryoko's persona. I thought she would just be...well, still Ryoko but without her talent. I didn't understand that she was the personification of her analytical mind...I thought she would just be cured from despair and be back to the person she used to be when we were kids..."

"Unfortunately, it isn't possible. When we were kids, I had my analytical mind, so damaging it made it impossible for me to be back to who I used to be. I may call myself by my old name, but I'm really a new person. Sorry if I disappointed you..."

"No! Don't apologize, it's not your fault. I'm just glad that my sister is alive and not obsess with despair anymore."

Mukuro gently put her hand on Junko's shoulder and showed her a soft smile. The latter felt somewhat bad. She remembered how the old her used to treat her older sister.

"I'm sorry, for the way my old self treated you. I'm not like her anymore. But despite being bad, she...she truly loved you, in her own twisted way. That's why she tried to kill you, because she knew your death would cause her great despair, just as when she killed Matsuda-kun."

"No need to apologize over her actions, you aren't her. I already knew she loved me, but thanks for confirming it. I loved her too, and I hope...we can have a sisterly relationship, like true sisters."

To hear those words gave some comfort to Junko, she also wished that she could viewed Mukuro as her sister.

"I may be a new person, but there's still some fragments of my two past selves in me. I represent Ryoko's hope. Before she ceased to exist, her last wish...was to be able to feel hope. I'm born from her desire to be freed from despair and to be free to have hope. I'm her hope...and I think that I'm also the hope of the old Junko somehow. I know she hated hope, but I feel like...deep down she was wishing to be normal, she had the desire to feel excitement in her life, but couldn't because of her analytical mind. This is why I believe she secretly wished to be a normal girl. My existence satisfy both their hope. I'm freed from despair, and I'm now a normal girl."

"I see, you...you are the product of my sister's secret desire, a desire that herself may have never realized or accepted."

"Otonashi...san?"

Junko turned back and discovered that Naegi was now in the room with them.

"Yes, Otonashi is my name. You can still call me that way, Naegi-kun."

"Ah, I wasn't sure, sorry. I'm still a little bit confused about this...uh? You eye...why are you still wearing the contact lense? The broadcast was days ago."

Couple of day ago, Junko had made a broadcast while being dressed as her old self. She pretended to still be the True Ultimate Despair to order to her followers to go to a specific place, where they had been almost all captured.

"Ah, this...my eye don't see well anymore, that's why...and somehow I find it fitting to have a blue contact lense." Junko explained. "Anyway, how the de-brainshawing went?"
"It went well, it worked, thanks to Mitarai-kun. Well, thanks to you too. You're the one who convinced him to do it. The poor guy was feeling so guilty about the brainwash video that he didn't even want to work on another video again."

"I didn't do that much. I just...talked to him. Apologized to him. And told him that he needed to forgive himself if he wanted to keep going and have hope again."

"You really are good when it's time to speak about hope, Otonashi-san. You understood the true meaning of hope, even Tengan-san trusts you and forgave you."

"But not Munakata-san nor Sakakura-san. Both of them want me dead, especially since they learned what I did to Yukizome-san." Junko replied.

"Well, what I did to her you mean...I never told them about her because I knew they would never forgive me, so I decided to wait and keep an eye on her." Mukuro added.

"It's true that now Future Foundation is divided in multiple factions, one that forgave you, one that is neutral to you, and one...who still wants to kill you. But don't worry, me and all our classmates are on your side. We'll continue to tell people that you aren't the True Ultimate Despair anymore, and to protect you." Naegi began to say. "And don't feel bad over Yukizome-san. She's at the hospital right now, she's receiving a special treatment to undo the brainwashing. In her case, it happened physically, so she'll have a surgery to fix her brain."

Junko was glad to hear that her old classmates had her back. Naegi glanced at the occupied capsules.

"I'm still wondering, why using the Neo World Program for them? Now that Mitarai-kun had made a de-brainwashing video, we could use it on them..." Naegi began to say.

"Unlike the other Ultimates Despair, those didn't just saw the regular despair video. It was another one made especially for them, to make them...fall into a deepest despair. I'm not sure the new video is enough to repair the damage...and I feel like it's my duty to save them. I want to allow them to have a normal school life, a hopeful one, since because of me...my past self, they couldn't. This is how I'll atone for what the old Junko did to them, but unfortunately...I can't fix the death of Nanami-san."

"Wouldn't it be weird for them, since...you're younger?" Mukuro asked.

"In the Neo World Program, they will have their appearance before they started to attend Hope's Peak Academy, while in my case, I'll look the same as I'm now. So I'll be slightly older than them." Junko replied. "I'd to do this. I may not feel like I'm the old Junko, but I still got her memory. I don't really feel a lot of emotions, but...I do feel like it's my responsibility to fix her mess. She made the world fall into despair, so it's my duty to help the world recover from it. I believe that when one broke something, they must fix it and even make it better to atone. This is why I won't just clean her mess, but make the world a better place. It may sounds bad to use a tragedy to make something better, but I have to. I'll spend my entire life if it's what it takes to spread enough hope to compensate for all the despair my old self caused, and even more."

Suddenly, a soft smile appeared on Naegi's lips.

"Now I see why some people call you that way." He said.

"Uh? How do they call me?"

"They call you...the Ultimate Hope."
Junko remained speechless. She was really not expecting that.

"What? Me, the Ultimate Hope? I can't be! I...I was the Ultimate Despair, I can't...I thought you should be the Ultimate Hope."

"I didn't do anything to deserve that title, but you...you're the one who truly defeat Enoshima Junko. You are trying to spread hope everywhere in the world..."

"Yes, to fix my own mess. And it wasn't me who defeated her, it was Ryoko."

"Naegi-kun is right." Mukuro replied. "You are the one who's currently spreading the most hope. And you said it yourself, you are a different person then the old Junko. You're not trying to fix your mess, but hers. You take responsibility for her crimes, even though they weren't yours. You are truly accomplish great things with your hope, you even help Mitarai-kun. So don't diminish yourself because of what your past self did. You are a different person, born from Ryoko's hope, and even from...the old Junko. You may be the sole hope the Ultimate Despair may even had, it must be meaningful. I also believe that you deserved the title of Ultimate Hope."

Junko suddenly felt a intense feeling of joy, and she could help but bursting into laugh.

"How ironic! The former True Ultimate Despair, becoming the Ultimate Hope! Even the old Junko or Ryoko couldn't have predict that, it's truly an unpredictable outcome!" Junko exclaimed with tears coming from her eyes.

"Are you...crying?" Mukuro asked, worried.

"Uh? I don't think so..." Junko replied as she wiped the tears on her cheek. "Those tears...aren't mine. They must be...remains of my old selves, deep down in me. Those are tears of joy. Both of them must be...happy. This outcome satisfied both of them in a different way."

Junko looked once again at the empty capsule.

"It's time for me to go. Is there anyone else who know we're one Jabberwock Island?" Junko asked.

"Only our allies. The others are still searching where the Ultimates Despair had been brought to. Don't worry, we'll make sure they won't find you." Naegi replied.

"Thanks. I'm counting on you. I'll go there now..."

"Wait!" Mukuro exclaimed. "You...you'll be gone for at least two years. Let me...say you goodbye properly, as your big sister."

After she said those words, Mukuro hugged Junko fondly.

"Don't worry, it's not like we won't talk to each other during those two years. We can still contact each other." Junko said.

"I know, but...it won't be the same. Take care of yourself, and be cautious."

"I'll. Thanks, onee-chan. Say goodbye to the others for me."

Junko laid in the capsule. She showed them a kind smile before closing her eyes, ready to accomplish what she viewed as her duty, as the top closed above her body.

"You...who are you and what are we doing on this island?" Hajime asked with a suspicious glare.
"You arrived later than everyone else, and you are an adult. You aren't a student, don't you?"

The red haired woman was surrounded by fifteen teenagers, on the beach. They all looked at her with confusion. Those students, they are the Ultimates Despair, but they don't remember it. They went back to those they used to be, before they attend Hope's Peak Academy. This virtual reality had for goal to create them new memory to undone the effect of the despair video.

"You're on Jabberwock Island. This is a special program for your class made by Hope's Peak. You'll attend your classes here and make friends, as well as experiencing good memories and hope."

"Did you say hope? I'm all for it then!" Nagito exclaimed.

"It still doesn't explain who you are and what's your goal." Hajime insisted, distrustful.

A soft smile appeared on the woman's lips, as she introduced herself, which caused Nagito to have sparkes of admiration in his eyes.

"I'll be your teacher. My name is Otonashi Junko, and I used to be the Ultimate Analyst until I'd an accident that damage my brain. Now I'm known as the Ultimate Hope. I hope we'll get along, my dear students."

Chapter End Notes

This is the end! Wow, that awkward moment when Junko became the Ultimate Hope. No one see that coming. I kinda teared up because I realized that I'd technically killed Ryoko and it made me sad ^_^ (I'd also teared up while writing the previous chapter for the same reason).

So, what did you think of the ending? Did it satisfy you? Have you notice the recurring pattern in each chapter? Don't hesitate to tell me in a comment!

Thanks everyone to have followed this story, I hope you liked it.

End Notes

It's the return of Otonashi Ryoko, in the IF universe! Why did she came back? What did Junko planned? You'll find out eventually, if I decide to continue this story.

If you liked it and want me to continue, don't hesitate to let a kudos or a comment, it would encourage me.

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