

# DESPAIR REVIVAL

## COMMISSION STORY

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While there had once been *hope*, there now only existed *despair*.

Humanity had definitely had a good run, you could say, but was that really the truth? If humanity had been that great, then would it have met this seemingly undefeatable end at the hands of despair's forces? There were those that had stood against it. There was a timeline where the students that had stood against its mastermind in Hope's Peak Academy had come out victorious at the cost of their numbers dwindling, and another where the students trapped in the digital Jabberwock Island had managed to overcome their AI captor.

But *this* timeline wasn't exactly that. That AI Junko Enoshima had sent her data out into the nexus at the very last moment, and it had somehow been adopted by the AI Junko of another timeline altogether – much earlier than the original, before the Hope's Peak killing game had even begun. She made sure to bring *all* of them into *her* Jabberwock Island, effectively allowing the despair to spread outside unhindered, and for the real Junko Enoshima to continue living.

**“Ugh... It happened again...”** But this was all context that the students trapped inside of the hijacked Neo World Program were missing. They'd appeared there with no explanation, no Monokuma, and no direction. Making matters worse, they suffered memories that hadn't happened to them yet. Makoto Naegi had just woken from one such 'memory', but something was different this time. The memories hadn't been from his own perspective, nor were they particularly dark. It had been all about... *eating donuts?* **“Whose memory was that?”**



And why had *he* remembered it? Everyone had been trapped on the island for a few days now and he had gotten to know everyone a little better. Some of them were more familiar, like Sayaka and Kirigiri – but there had also been Aoi Asahina. She was the Ultimate Swimming Pro and, contrary to a talent that required perfect physical condition, he remembered seeing her eating donuts more than a few times.

**“There’s no way that was Asahina-san’s memory, was it?”** Either way, he’d awoken in a cold sweat on the bed of the room he had assigned, and it was the dead of night. He wouldn’t be falling asleep again anytime soon, so he just began to pace around his room. Should he go for a walk along the beach? That was certainly an option, but he had a lot on his mind. Three days had passed and none of them knew why they were on the island. But the more memory flashes he saw, the more he felt certain that something was *very* wrong back home.

The funny thing was that the AI Junko hadn’t even intended for them to *see* those memories. They were lingering data from the AI Junko from the failed timeline where hope had won. But she had decided she could use it to her advantage by redirecting where that data went... in an effort to completely silence the voices of her island’s guests.

*Was there a pool? Maybe I could go for a late-night swim! The ocean would be fine too!*

**“Um...”** Those weren’t words that had been spoken by Aoi, and things probably would have made a lot more sense to him if they *had* been. Instead, Naegi was left to grapple with a reality where he’d heard those words in the back of his own mind, as if they were being suggested to him in Aoi’s voice. **“What... was that?”** And the worst thing about it was that there was a small part of him that almost *wanted* to go for that swim. **“...Maybe I should just go back to sleep...”**

That would have been the soundest strategy if what was going on was just a matter of being a sleep deprivation side effect, but that wasn’t *quite* the case. After all, no amount of sleep – or lack thereof – could plausibly affect the color of one’s *eyes* like they did for him. His yellowy greens had adjusted to darker blues within a matter of seconds, almost as if someone had adjusted them in a photo editing program. That was a

surprisingly apt analogy because he was in a digital space, even though none of the trapped teens were aware of it.

Continuing *along* with that trend, it seemed that the boy's eyes weren't the *only* part of his body to see their colors suddenly change. He'd been something of a brunette before, but that brown *had* been very light. 'Had been' being a key aspect of that phrase, as it now darkened to a *very* chocolatey brown – almost like the layer of chocolate on a donut! This was applied to *all* of the hair on his body, but any unnecessary body hair was shaved away *because it would just make him slower in the water*.

**“...Again?”** Naegi shook his head to try and push away yet another suggestion to go swimming, evidently oblivious to a reality where his relatively light skin tone was darkening in slight. It developed a subtler tan that was honestly just enough to say he was tanned without being *overly* so. It was a natural skin color too; the actual melanin levels of his skin had been increased to darken it. **“Something really weird is going... on...? H-Huh!?”**

It didn't take many words for the boy to *hear* it. His voice sounded *much* higher, bearing a familiar ring that played into his prior wonderings. **“Why do I sound so much like... myself!?”** Was that what he had *wanted* to say? Unlikely, but he didn't correct himself. His mind was slipping, and even though he now sounded like a *girl*? His perception soon adjusted so that sounding that way was completely natural to him. **“Or, um...!?”** He sounded *much* more energetic as well.

If only it had *just* been a matter of how he 'sounded', though. Whatever was happening, it was clearly that it was taking a great toll on Naegi mentally. He was having difficulty noticing things that probably *should* have been obvious, like his dark brown hair tickling his shoulders and falling a few inches past them. This hairstyle was *flatter*, and lengthier bangs were swept to the sides. All while the blue eyes below them grew wider, more expressive, and gained long lashes that fluttered delicately.

That said, what was happening to his eyes was part of a broader shift in his facial palette – seemingly designed to make his face *match* the sound of his voice in terms of perceived sex. An Adam's apple below his chin smoothed away in tandem with the shapes of his lips swelling into a more luscious pout, whereas his nose shrank upon a rounding facial design. There was no denying that he looked like a girl, nor could you deny that he looked like *the* girl whose thoughts kept leaking into his— **“Mmm!?”** –*her* head.

And thus, Naegi began a proper transition into the opposite sex. It hardly counted *as* a moan, but such was the noise she'd made as what

had hung between her legs no longer hung there it all. It practically melted away, smoothing into nothing but a slit that was pushed open at her pelvis's base. Its appearance wrought a surge of weight that focused on her thighs and butt, with her ass bloating into a perky peach shape that filled out the backs of her pants and her thighs not only filling with fat to tighten her pant legs, but also a musculature that strengthened them for swimming.

**“Am I a girl...?”** It felt like such a silly thing *to* ask, namely because as far as the girl now recalled, that had *always* been the case. **“Um... Why would I even question that?”** After all, she had a girl's butt, a girl's thighs, and even... Well, based on the movement underneath her hoodie, she was about to have a girl's *tits* to boot. Flesh *ballooned* where none had been before, compromising the aerodynamics that her body might have had in the water *without* the *D-cup* breasts that swelled to perky perfection above a waist that had slimmed *dramatically* aside from the toned abs that had formed in their place.

That said, the big sweater Naegi was wearing practically hid all of this *initially*. **“Huh!? Wait...”** The weight of her clothes had lifted, briefly leaving the girl to wonder if she was *naked*? But memories to the contrary came rushing back when she looked down to find herself wrapped only in a tight, dark blue school swimsuit with her name on the front. Well, if she had a swimsuit on then there was only one thing she could have been planning on doing, right!?

**“Okay! If I'm gonna go for a swim, then I need to get my stretches in first!”** While she'd definitely noticed at *first*, Aoi Asahina didn't seem to be bothered at *all* by her transformation now. Then again, it was difficult to be bothered by something you couldn't remember in the first place! Stimulated by the strange memory of Aoi's that she had experienced as Naegi, the system under the AI Junko's influence had 'corrected' her by converting the rest of her memories, her body, and even her belongings into Aoi's.



But there was a twist. There *had* to be a twist, else the AI wouldn't have gone to the trouble. **“It was nice of that AI lady to let us stay here! It sucks that the rest of the world was destroyed, but we'll be**

**safe her!”** Or so she remarked to herself as she stretched, her ample bosom bouncing as she did so. The AI had thrown some *directives* into the mixing, altering the memories of anyone transformed so that they accepted this Jabberwock as their new home and would have no suspicions about their future there.

And Naegi certainly wasn't the *only* victim that night.

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Hajime Hinata found himself stirring that night for reasons similar to Naegi's. As one of the people trapped on Jabberwock Island, his circumstances were very similar in general. He vaguely recognized some of the people who had been brought there with him, but it seemed that his familiarity was pointed at different people than the ones Naegi had, and he had also had memory flashes of incidents that had not happened yet. Byakuya Togami was murdered? That was one of the memories he had experienced.

But what had stirred him awake was *different*. It was the memory of what he could only assume was an *execution*, one with flashing lights, and one where *he* had been the one being executed. **“That was... intense. But...”** He awoke in a cold sweat, certain of one thing. *He* had been the one killed in that dream, but it hadn't *been* him. His hands had been too pale, the weight of his body too *off*. But thinking about what he *had* seen, he couldn't draw any substantial guesses.

There *was* a girl that was very pale among the students on the island, but...

*Should I gamble on that being who it was?*

**“Huh? Gamble? I don't really have to take it *that* far.”** Hinata wasn't really a gambler, and honestly he was pretty certain that if he *tried* he would just end up losing everything anyways. He shook his head, so far oblivious to the fact that anything could have been wrong even *though* there *were* signs that had begun to emerge – he just understandably and simply hadn't known to look for them based on what had happened so far.

In a fashion that was both similar *and* different to what Naegi had experienced in his own room, the color of Hinata's own hairdo had begun to shift. It darkened, not to a darker brown but instead to a deep, pitch black that permeated throughout his eyebrows and pubes to boot. Where this process different from Naegi's, however, was that *his* body's colors had all changed at once. Not only did that not happen for Hinata, but his hairstyle changed as soon as his hair color changed. It didn't really *grow* all that much. His spikes flattened along with his sharply designed ahoge, matting into black bob with the side bangs framing his face past his chin.

Overall, it was *just* discreet enough of a change that he hadn't really paid it any mind. But not *all* of the early adjustments were like that. "...**Huh?**" He'd been standing to try and shake off the jitters from the unusual dream that he'd just had, which made it all the more obvious that his eye level was... slipping? Naegi and Aoi had been the exact same height, but clearly that wasn't the case for whoever Hinata was becoming. Because he'd been sleeping in his uniform, his pants became baggier and his short-sleeved top had its sleeves reach down to his elbows... all because he had shrunk from 5'8" down to 5'5".

"**Did I just get smaller?**" He definitely *had*, and it hadn't just been his vertical height. Not only had his shoulders narrowed, but his waistline had dipped in with even *more* significance. "**What sort of gamble could I lose to... Huh?**" His *second* 'Huh' of the night came in response to whatever nonsense he'd just said. "**Why do I keep talking about the greatest thing known to mankind?**" Did he *really* think that? He certainly hadn't a moment ago, but now?

As his gambling affection and impulses grew more intense, he questioned the changes to his body less and less... not that he'd been given much of an opportunity to question them in the first place. His light green eyes were soon possessed by a piercing red between eyelids that narrowed to take sharper shapes. It was part of a broader set of changes to his facial features that left his looking all the more feminine, such as puffier lips (that were still smaller than Aoi's), a smaller nose, or a shorter yet rounder facial design.

He was very pretty, but was the fact that he looked so *pale* due to makeup? Mascara had clearly painted his eyes, but... *No*. Because it wasn't *just* his face that had become near-ghostly white. His entire body had been dyed to such an extent, aside from his fingernails which had been painted black as they'd inched longer into a proper manicure. "**Hm...**" Even his voice sounded like a young woman's.

Which was undeniably because *she* was a young woman. She didn't react as strongly to the sensation of her male genitalia being reshaped

into a woman's counterpart, largely because her overall personality was *numbing* somewhat. Expressing herself too freely would be something of a faux pas according to the gambler's mindset she was developing, and as her personality shifted she became colder and disinterested in ways that played well with her transformation if the goal was to have her not make too much noise.

Realistically, she wasn't missing much when it came to her new sex anyways. Her curves *were* amplified, with her now shaved, porcelain thighs bloating into thicker forms and her ass perking up into a nice little bubble. But as was the case with a bosom that barely amounted to a pair of B-cups as it jiggled to life, this figure was *hardly* as striking as Asahina's was. It was a relatively *average* figure upon a young woman of *average* height. If anything, it was the beauty of her poker face that communicated her beauty and excellence.

No reaction was even given as, in an instant, she was refitted in more appropriate attire. Much more complicated than the swimmer's outfit, it consisted of a black and white gothic lolita-style outfit, one with a white blouse underneath a cropped, black jacket with lace sleeves. The skirt was layered between black and white, leaving her pale thighs exposed between them and her knee-high stockings, which were neatly tucked into red heels. Red likewise appeared on the tie that dangled beneath white ribbon across her torso, while her hair... Well, aside from a white lace headband, two clip-on hair drills now swung from her head's side, adding a weight that she might have considered odd if not for the fact that her mind had succumbed. She didn't even bat an eyelash at golden earrings piercing her ears!

*Celestia Ludenberg* paced quietly around a room that she recognized as her own. How could it *not* be? Her spare dresses and hair attachments were hung in the corners, and her gambling supplies were stashed on the desk. All befitting of a woman that was considered to be the *Ultimate Gambler*. **“It's so late. Hm... Were there any casinos among the amenities this island offers? If I'm going to be here for the rest of my days, I should make certain that one is built if not. I should speak with the AI about this.”**



As it turned out, she was *also* now familiar with the Junko AI despite not having any familiarity with her before. The memories forced into her new body had been adjusted like Aoi's so that she recognized the island as her new home, and the Junko AI as her 'savior' of sorts. You could say that she now viewed the island as humanity's last bastion. As a *Last Defense... Island*, if you would. That said, she had to be as comfortable as she possibly could! And as a gambler? She needed things *to* gamble on.

Seeing as she was already dressed and, as far as she knew, there were no potential dangers on the island even late at night, Celestia eventually left the small hut that served as her room and began to walk around the island's more developed areas. **"Hm... It seems to me that I'm not even the only one up at this hour."** Someone had set up a campfire on the beach and was clearly swimming nearby. All things considered, it was likely Aoi Asahina. **"Well, if she wants to get gobbled up by a shark then that's her own business."**

The AI had made no guarantees that they would be safe in the *water*, after all.

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**"Upupupupu! So, this *does* work!"** The AI Junko Enoshima cackled to herself within a digital void that no one on the island could see. She could effectively manipulate the forms and memories of everyone on the island with a little tweaking. Which meant things were about to get really, *really* fun for her!

**"UPUPUPUPUPU!"**