

Team Danganronpa HQ... Shuichi Saihara could hardly believe he was standing right outside of it. Turns out that the creators of his favorite franchise ever were looking for somebody to fill an assistant chairperson position, and they were even looking for one of their most dedicated fans to do so!

Nobody could compare to Shuichi in that regard. He was sure of that. Sure, maybe he won't be able to make many big changes himself. He'll just be an assistant to the real person in charge.

But with some hard-work and a little luck, he might be able to help bring Danganronpa to shining new heights! The excitement in him couldn't be contained, resulting in a sickly grin with his eyes glued to the skyscraper.

The nerves had him shivering a little, but he had to be strong. He's got this! Shuichi was sure to dress up in his finest for today, too.

An elegant black suit jacket with gray pinstripes, a clean white shirt and a dark blue tie underneath showed that he meant business. There was one thing about his outfit he was regretful over: he couldn't locate a pencil skirt in his size. The blasted thing didn't even cover up his ass all the way! The blue heels in the same shade as his tie were very pretty, though.

... It's normal to wear fancy clothes like this to an interview, right? So why are people walking by and looking at him all weird and flustered!? *Sigh*. He knew he should've tried to find a different skirt.

Well! He wasn't going to be deterred! His heels carried him towards the entrance, inside and into an elevator. Once more, Shuichi instantly picked up on the strange behavior of those close to him. It was a little crowded, so he was pressed against a few people.

But *what* was with that weird *shlicking* and *fapping* sound from right behind him!? They'd reach his destination in time, and he happily strutted off and into the hallway to head to the boss lady's office. To think he was going to get to meet Junko Enoshima herself...!

Again, he told himself he was going to easily land this position. He walked past several others who he assumed to have been there for an interview as well. Shuichi just *knew* that every person he walked past stood completely still and watched him from behind because they were oh so jealous of him! Even they could sense that they had already lost!

Before he knew it he was right in front of that door. He double-checked the plaque that read 'JUNKO ENOSHIMA' on it so he knew for sure he was in the right place.

Oh, the nerves were taking hold of him again. His palms were sweaty as he reached out, hand forming into a fist to gently rap his knuckles against the door.

"Ah, M-Ms. Enoshima? It's, erm, S-Shuichi Saihara! For the interview!"

Dammit, he was already stuttering! Come on, Shuichi! You'll never make it if you keep letting your anxiety grip you by your butt!

He was noticing a lot of weird noises today. There was some kind of low *CLAPCLAPCLAP* coming from somewhere, but a glance around didn't reveal much.

What Shuichi didn't know was that the source of this was his own anxious shuddering causing his cheeks to bounce together.

What *wasn't* his was a low squelching he swore he heard for a second.

"Hmm? Oh, come on in! I do hope you're not just another disappointment, otherwise I'm going to toss you right out of the fucking window so you can turn into a red splatter on the pavement."

Oh, Junko! She's as delightfully brutal as ever! It made Shuichi's heart throb, getting to meet one of his idols like that! He only hopes he can be as great as she is one day!

"C-Coming! And you won't be disappointed, Ms. Enoshima, I promise!" The boy swung that door open so he may waltz his way in.

Exaggerated hip-swags, cloth-tearing assclaps, loud heelclacking... Junko was smitten the moment she walked in. Her lips curved upwards into a smile as she knew she had a *winner* on her hands. Were he any thicker, he may have just gotten stuck in that door frame. That kind of thing was a litmus test for deciding who would become the assistant chairperson.

Why would *that* be the case, you may ask? Who knows...!?

"Oh, please. Junko is com~plete~ly fine, dear." Junko smiled, eyeing Shuichi up and down like the walk of fuckable meat he was. She'd seen many cute boys in her time, but never any as plump as *him*. He even came dressed like a girl! You really can't make this shit up! Does he *know* the reality behind this!?

She gestured for the chair in front of her desk. Shuichi sat and nearly caused it to break apart. Junko's left eye twitched. And her cock.

"So, you are my three o'clock which would make you... Shuichi Saihara then, I presume? Tell me a little about yourself. Qualifications, why you wanna work for the company, how long you've been a fan, you get the gist."

Junko smiled and leaned forward a little, hands clasped together as she pretended to listen to whatever inane ballgargling bullshit this boy was saying. Blah blah, fan since day one, blah blah, he's a superfan, blah blah... blah...

CREAK... CRREKK... CHRRWWKK...

It was far more interesting to listen intently to the screaming of the chair he sat on while he animatedly explained each and every point. She was watching his lips move, but more to admire and think of how much prettier they would look when coiled around a cock.

It might actually be a good idea to stop him here and just say he has the job before he breaks that chair. It was a fucking *expensive* one, dammit. ❄️

"Alright!" Junko grinned, slamming her flat hands down on the desk. "You're hired, Sweetcheeks- I mean, whatever the fuck your name was!"

"Ah, Shuichi, ma'am. But... r-really!? I've got the job!?"

"Really!"

"R-R-Really!?"

"Really!"

"Re-"

"Say 'really' again and I'm stabbing you in your neck!"

"My bad! Eheheh. This is so exciting..! I-It's like a dream come true, I feel like I'll have a heart attack! When can I start!?"

Junko looked away from him to tap on a few buttons on her phone. "Hmm... how does... right now sound for you? That okay?"

“You’re– you’re sure? That’d be g-great, I’m ready to learn the ropes for Team Danganronpa!”

“Lovely, Sweetcheeks!”

“Shui–”

“**Sweetcheeks!** I’m sure you’ll fit the *assistant’s chair person* position like a glove. I already gave her a call to bring her ass into my office, so you’ll be meeting your new superior momentarily.”

“Eh?” Shuichi blinked, head tilting in confusion. “Assistant’s... chair person? Don’t you mean ‘assistant chairperson’, Junko?”

“Oh, babe, that’s where you’re wrong.”

Shuichi was shocked to the core when Junko grabbed onto her wheeled desk and rolled it off to the side, revealing what was really happening behind the scenes. Junko wasn’t even sitting on a real chair, actually. *Technically* not.

A girl was knelt below her, holding up the cross-legged woman by her cheekheft and covered in a puddle of her own cuntslime. Some random pretty blonde in a sleeveless pink sweater and a dress shirt, but that was all she had on her body.

Junko’s fat girlcock was stuck inside her throat. He couldn’t see a single inch of her dick, but the large bulge in the girl’s throat made it clear what was happening. Her arms were crossed under her fat tits and her lips were curled into a villainous smile, chuckling at Shuichi’s flustered look.

She was currently in the middle of pushing a sloppy round of ballbatter right down the random girl’s throat. She gulped, gurgled and *guzzled* all the creamy sexbroth like a good slut ought to.

Was... was *that* going to be *him*?

He was equally terrified and aroused, whimpering with a cute hard-on in his skirt and shaky legs.

Seeing as he couldn’t bring himself to say something, Junko spoke up again.

“You see, my dear secretary Tsumugi Shirogane – I do believe you know of her – has been desiring a nice whore like I have here. But she is looking for something a little more *plush*, which is where you come in! She’s got this sort of fetish for parasocial

relationships, so she wanted us to find a double caked-up for her to sink her teeth into. Basically, you will be under her desk and upside down, laid on your upper back and head while forcing the weight of your bottom half up into the air for her to sink her bare cock into and use as a chair. Please do not let yourself collapse under her. There'll be cushions so you don't feel too much strain or pain. And errm... we can stick some tablet under the desk for you to stare up at that plays some cockslut affirmations or whatever it is fat-assed bitches like *you* listen to."

... T-This... this was a *lot* to take in! And he had no idea how to feel about it whatsoever!

"Ms. Junko, I-I--"

The door slammed open, and in ran a bottomless blue-haired secretary with a hardened dick that appeared more fearsome than Junko's, and *that* was saying something.

"Oh, Tsumugi!" Junko smiled at her. "I see that you couldn't contain your excitement! Your own chair person is right here. This is Shuichi Saihara. He's, uh... I dunno, some kind of superfan. I was too busy thinking about how hot he was to listen to a single word he said, to be honest."

"Oh! Ooohhh...!?" Tsumugi held her hands close to her heart, drooling like a dog at the sight of the boy. She circled around him and stopped in front, her cock a few inches from poking at his mouth.

Shuichi murmured, lips wiggling as he focused on the pillar of meat in front. Holy *fuck* it was so veiny. Musky. **Thick**. A-And it was throbbing right in FRONT OF HIM!

SPLURT!

... And shot a single droplet of pre to splatter against his cheek!

"Mm... nnh... Wehh... a-ahh..." He made a bunch of whines while the women discussed a future that he had absolutely no say in.

"I'm surprised you managed to find me a boy so cute and fuckable, Junko! This is great! He's all I could have asked for, and even MORE! I'm gonna keep him forever and doll him up in slutty cosplays while I sink my cock into his boyhole, too~!" Tsumugi giggled maniacally.

"E-EH!?" Shuichi screamed in shock. "W-W-Wait, WAIT! I... this isn't what I signed up for! I thought I would get to do something important, not become a person's chair!"

The looks Tsumugi and Junko gave him could kill.

“Oh, Shuichi.” Junko licked her lips, took a knife out of her tits (how did it not cut her) and smooched along the blade. “If you don’t go along with it, we might have to give you an even *worse* punishment than a window drop, puhuhuuuu~!”

Tsumugi was next, grabbing his shoulders and bringing her cock up to conceal his sight. “I thought you knew everything about Team Danganronpa! And you should know we aren’t ones to disappoint.” Her hands moved for his neck, starting to squeeze the fingers *deep* into it...

“Are you both s-serious?” He asked, face pale with pure fear.

“Nah.” Junko replied instantly, tossing the knife to the side. “We’d be morons if we killed someone with an ass as fat as yours. But we *will* spitroast you until you pass out if you don’t go along with this. The pay will be great! Just don’t be a bitch– well, be *her* bitch but not *a* bitch. You get it.”

Shuichi gulped. “D-Do I really not have a choice?”

“Nope!” Tsumugi *and* Junko answered at once, flashing him a bright smile.

Shuichi sighed, falling back into his seat. M-Maybe he might just move up in this company after all with enough work put in! Haha. Heh... h-hah...

He was really doing this. He was in the same position Junko had suggested, right under Tsumugi’s desk. His upper back and head rested on a few admittedly comfortable cushions on the floor, the rest of his body sort of curving in on itself as his rear and legs were shoved up into the air.

Shuichi’s immense haunchfat was more than good enough to serve as a cushion, but it wasn’t something he had expected to go through yet.

His feet shoved against the walls of the desk on either side of his head. The hands were a part of him he didn’t know what to do with, but he assumed they were free to fiddle around with the tablet that *indeed* above his head and fastened against the ‘roof’ of the three walls he was surrounded by.

Gulping, Shuichi reached upwards to mess about with the device. He basically just gets to sit here and watch or play or do stuff! While... getting his insides torn up. At least he works for Team Danganronpa now, right?

His new superior Tsumugi was above him expending several bottles of oil to get his hole lubed up. He assumed this to be some kind of excuse, since it's been over ten minutes and she's *still* content deftly massaging across his boybutt. A pinch to some squishier spots there, a light *slap* just to see him jiggle more there...

He missed his panties. And his skirt. Now he had to be nude from the lower half and get used like a stress toy! Saying that it didn't feel good would be a complete lie, however. His penis was clearly stimulated, even leaking as Tsumugi rubbed across his skin. That wasn't even getting into the way his hole instinctively flexed and squeezed with little prods and taps from the lady above.

"Gosh, I still can't believe Junko actually found a boy exactly how I wanted him!" Tsumugi giggled, the smile clear in her voice.

"A-And how did you want him, err... Ms. Shirogane?"

"Chairs aren't supposed to talk, you know! Hmm, unless it's like that *one* anime... but I can let it slide, your bitchy moans are gonna be too good to not hear! As for your question... someone that looks like they could pass for my brother, eeeeek~!"

"... H-Huh!?"

"We're gonna do so much crazy stuff! On Halloween, I can even bring you out to show you around the office while we cosplay as siblings! Or I can even bring you home with me and slamfuck you into the bed until you call me **BIG SIS**~! The possibilities are endless, my Sweetcheeks!"

That was going to be his nickname from now on, wasn't it? Shuichi let himself embrace his fate. If there was nothing he could do, he may as well just take it.

Literally.

Tsumugi started to move into position, either because she couldn't wait any longer or she ran out of bottles of oil. Shuichi thought that the latter may be the case.

Her steely girdick was forced down between her legs, squatting down a little with her legs on either side of him to prod at his hole. It wasn't a matter of sliding in being hard, not with all that lube. She was either attempting to find the right angle or just wanted to tease Shuichi by smacking her cockhelm against his tight hole repeatedly.

“Nnngh... c-can you hurry it up, Ms. Shirogane? You’ve just been teasing my butt for a while now! S-Surely you want to *actually* give your new chair a test?”

“Hmm... you raise a good point, little bro!”

“P-Please just call me *Sweetcheeks* instead!”

“Okay, but I’m still going to ramble about how much I love my new little brother’s incest-baiting asschute in my own head! EEEEEEEK, THIS IS GOING TO BE MY VERY BEST DAY AT THE OFFICE EVER~!”

Having successfully convinced Tsumugi, Shuichi relaxed his hole in preparation for the insertion. It did little to help him, because Tsumugi rammed every single inch and bounced a few times so she may get into a more comfortable position.

PLAP! PLAP! CLAP! WHAP! SHMACK!

“***Nnng HHHHHHHH~!!***” Shuichi screamed out, mouth in an ‘o’ shape at the short bout of rigorous meatstirring. Has he gotten dicked down before? Fucking *duh*, do you remember how he’s built!? But never did he ever get pounded into from an angle like this! It was... new. And exciting.

And it made a few droplets of pre shoot all over his face from the way he was positioned. The boy whined, face moving into a pout. This was going to take a lot of getting used to for sure.

Tsumugi nestled into a comfy enough position and granted Shuichi a resting period he knew had to be brief. He was here for a reason– not just to be a chair, but to get fucked until he faints. Even this time of solace wasn’t truly without pleasure, actually.

She was still throbbing and leaking out inside of him even if not thrusting. Her cock’s intermittent hops were so forceful it felt like another thrust, with each one resulting in a low whimper. He *tried* biting his lips to stay silent, but the pleasure of it was so great he always just opened those lips again to start squeaking like a stupid **BITCH!**

‘T-This is baaaa~ HooUHHhh~ I-if I just accept becoming a chair and a dicksheathe, how am I going to make it up in the company!? I need to find something to distract myself with on this tablet, fast!’

Makoto’s jittery hands threw themselves into action. The shockwaves of Tsumugi’s throbs made all of his body tingle, and it continuously milked pints of pre-cum from

his cock that splattered hard against his face to blind him, but he had to stop such things from getting in the way!

He turned the tablet on. It was a pretty expensive looking thing, they must've gone all out for him. How kind! The device quickly booted up, and went to the home screen. Shuichi thought about what he wanted to do for a quick second before deciding to navigate t-

“OOoHHGUFUCKFUCKFUCK TAKE IT, TAKE THAT SHIT YOU USELESS DICKBAITING BITCH~”

...

The screen immediately cut to a video that Shuichi couldn't tap out of. The power button didn't work. The volume buttons didn't turn anything down. He was stuck watching a video of the same woman above him pounding her dick in and out of a fat pocketpussy in her office, completely naked and heaving her hips back and forth almost like she had the intent to *break* the toy.

Which she did. Her cock broke through the other end of it, stopping and moaning her brains out while unloading what appeared to be days- no, **WEEKS** worth of cum all over the ground. It looked more like an extra creamy *syrup* instead of cum. The Tsumugi in the video stopped thrusting when she realized what happened.

Then, she lamented.

“That’s the fiftieth one this week! And it’s only Wednesday! This is just plain annoying!”

...

...

His asshole was going to never be the same, was it?

The video had gotten him rather excited, his hole naturally clenching around Tsumugi's length. It was going to undoubtedly give her the wrong idea. Or... wasn't it the right one? If Shuichi's body did that instinctively, it had a clear need and hunger for *dick* pumping in and out of it right now.

Expectedly, Tsumugi perked up again after picking up on that subtle detail. It wasn't only his holeclinging, but also the fact that she could hear her own voice and fucksounds from below.

“Ohohoh? I see you’ve finally looked to that tablet for some entertainment, Sweetcheeks! Junko and I hand-picked the best videos of me gooning my brains out for you to squeeze and relax to!”

‘Squeeze and relax to!?’

“I do hope you find the sight of me breaking numerous onaholes in erotic! You know, that’s actually part of why I wanted a chair like this! I needed to have a hole so warm and perfect that no matter how much I pound in, it’ll *never* shatter apart! Just turn into a nutbloated MESS and beg for more from me! Or to stop... which I won’t!”

He swallowed nervously. Tsumugi’s light movements began anew, signaling the imminent doom of Shuichi’s bussy. They were gentle, but had the illusion of being much rougher with her aforementioned throbs.

“Looks like it’s time to give my chair the *breaking in* it deserves! Ah, but please don’t actually break! This is going to be just like *Suzume, I love* that film~! Now let’s start turning you into my fuckfodder, Sweetcheeks!”

Shuichi clamored for something to hold onto. All he could do was hook his arms around his own legs and pray. *Pray* that this poundsession isn’t hard to the point of destroying him.

PLAP... CLAP... PLAP... CLAP...

It started. Tsumugi went at a not-too-bad pace, bouncing off of his rump with her deep plowing. Her nuts nestled into the crack of his ass, packed even fuller than the video Shuichi was now watching. He felt like he was growing crazy- it was like Tsumugi knew enough to make herself go with similar levels of hardness in the video.

Arguably fairly merciful, but because of the way she throbbed and how big she was, it felt like anything but. In fact, her dog-like panting was like some kind of mirror to that in the recording. It was maybe a bit creepy, but also pretty hot.

“Huffhuffhuffhuffhuffhuff~💕💕”

Shuichi heard Junko call her ‘pump-puppy’ before they left together. He understood why now. Tsumugi had the kind of dick that was straight-up unrealistic; a crude and monstrous girlcock drawn by a porn artist would have been what he’d describe it to. Riddled with veins and as thick as a scrawnier person’s arm. A **true** bitchbreaker.

And what did Shuichi have to say about all of this?

‘HoILLLYY FUCKKK T-THIS IS BETTER THAN EVERY D-DICK MY BUTTHOLE TASTED! NNH... WHUH.’

“hfhhuOUGHHGAWDD GOsshHNMMHH! NMMH... MMMPHHHFUCKK~💔💔”

He felt like *he* was one of those poor toys right now. On screen, Tsumugi was humping through another and it was clearly bursting at the seams, reflecting his own hole. Stretching out and whimpering from the abuse it was going through, but with no possible way to leave.

The legs that were stuffed against the wood above him had the entire desk rumbling about, creaking harder for every forced bounce of his legs. Muscle-memory gave him the urge to wrap those legs around his partner, but *that* would break the entire position, and he wasn’t sure he could move anyway.

He tried to focus on the tablet screen. Focus on the screen as he wailed for girlcock, much like that onahole was breaking apart loudly. Focus on the screen as he felt more than a footlong barrel through his behind, poundclapping him even deeper an—

Oh *fuck* she was speeding up now.

Fuck. **PLAPPLAPCLAPCLAPPLAP** ✨ *Fuck*. He had a feeling it wasn’t her best performance yet, *that* might wait a little bit, but Shuichi was receiving the kind of treatment that really doomed the onahole.

He didn’t know whether to laugh or cry when he saw the current one break apart, only for Tsumugi to hold it together between her hands with sheer force of will, not going to stop her thrusts until she got her nut out. For the **third** time.

Shuichi was the kind of boy who could take a pounding for a while, but take a very long time to end up cumming. Tsumugi was on some... other end of the spectrum. She could fuck for *hours* and cum for *hours*. Refractory period? Psh. Low load-count? *Psh*. If she’s the type to goon every day, she must produce ten pints of sperm per minute.

One such pint’s arrival inside his walls was imminent if her **THROBS** were a sign. Deep bouncing within his depths, that suspiciously were timed so her tip would quite literally **PUNCH** against his prostate.

He still had his durability, but— “TSUSUMmugi **PLEAAASSSHHEE~💖💖💖💖**” —he was not immune to emitting cockcrazed slutsounds like that. Nor his dickditch of a hole narrowing down to choke all the girlcum out of Tsumugi. *Nor his own cock getting slimy sweetness all over his face, nor his own mouth opening up wide to catch it all and go **SHLURP-GLURP!***

Hey, he tasted sweet! Tsumugi's cock would agree, that buttcrack was delicious. During another normal round of thrusts, she started cumming *hard*. The only real thing that conveyed how good she felt about it all was the giddy hooting in the aftermath, because her fingers were still tip-tapping away and she even picked up the occasional call to answer it and speak so *calmly* while flooding his hole.

But wait, what was she saying...?

"Oh, Amami? Would you be a dear and tell Junko I'm not going to be able to take anymore calls for the next few hours? Okay, lovely, thank you! By the way, I'll finally stop harassing you over your stupid meaty clapcakes because I found another boy to torment, see you later!"

Oh fuck, he was in for it now.

Tsumugi slammed down that phone. She *never* stopped humping into his hole, but now, all of a sudden...

CLAPCLAPPLAPPLAPPLAPSHMACKSHMACKPLAPPLAPCLAP💕💥

She was *drilling* that hole, launching her hips to the skies and then bucking back down all the way. How she *didn't* repeatedly pull out of him is beyond him. It was always just the very tip of the tip left inside of him, perhaps unable to fully escape because of the unyielding grip of his backside.

Tsumugi stopped and keytapping and acted unrefined as possible with the new freedom she had, her fervor now matching that of those videos, and with that came a steady stream of turned-on blathering.

"MMNFYEAHHOHHH I-I LOVVH YHEWW SWEETCHEEKS~💕 M-MY CUTE NEW BOYTOY THAT'LL NEVER BREAK ON ME!! MMH, N-NO, YOU AREN'T A CHAIR PERSON! THAT'D I-IMPLY YOU'RE A PERSON! A-ALL YOU ARE IS AN OBJECT MADE FOR MY GIRLCOCK TO DESECREATE WITH MY NUTGREAAAASE~"

SSPLURRRTTT~!!!💧💧💧

And she came *again*! Not stopping this time, either! Her knuckles were white, gripping the edges of the desk so firmly she very well may break them. Did she experiment with something like this before? Shuichi noticed those bits were strangely worn-out!

Tsumugi sounded breathless, letting out non-stop obscenities and degrading remarks that had Shuichi's head swirling. She couldn't get enough of his warm snugness, her womanly meatcolumn *swelling* out to retaliate against his every contraction.

"IT'S SO FUCKING SAAAWFFT!! M-MY CHAIR IS SHOO SAWWFFT... MMmHHGHH, I-I DON'T FUCKING **CAAARE** IF HR WRITES ME UP FOR MAKING ALL THOSE GIRLS *SQUIRT* AND ALL THOSE BOYS WANT TO GET *F-FUCKED* AND FORGET TO D-DO THEIR JOBSSSH, **ooguhhHHCUMMINGAGAINCUMMINGGGSHOFUCKINMUCCHH...**"

SPURT... SPURT... SPURT...

Shuichi could hardly speak or breathe. Unless moans constituted as their own language, then his "**OOouHHhh**"s would be a highly repeated phrase! He felt so... so *objectified*. So ashamed, so embarrassed and so **turned on**. An erection pulsing so ferociously was something he never went through in his entire life.

Fingertips clenching even harder into his thighs, he opened his mouth as wide as possible so he may catch the nut that was wrung out of him. The first load of cum he shot out as an **object**.

The clip now playing above the pornstreaming tablet was a video of Tsumugi pounding a sextoy modeled after a twink's lower torso, dick and all. Went without saying that the most important part was those fat *rumpmounds*. She did a little peace sign for the camera and blew a kiss before going back to cratering in that faux-boypussy.

She was happy to be in a real one now.

So was he. Why bother trying to move up the ranks? If you ask him... this... was... much better...

"**POUNDMEPOUNDMEPOUNDME MOAARRR**, I C-CAN.. B-BARELY FEEL MY **AASSSSS**. A-AM I JUST REALLY A PAIR OF **PLAPWORTHY BUTTCHEEKS** T-TO YOU, M-MISS SHIROGOON-NEEE? **NnghnfNFHFHHHH~**💖💖💖💖"

SPANK-SPANK!

Tsumugi delivered a quick back-handing to her chair. Weird she would do it to the thing she's sitting on so spontaneously, but it's *her* property, after all!

"C-CHAIRS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO S-SQUEAK **THIS** MUCH! I KNOW IT CAN BARELY HANDLE MY **FAT STUDBOOTY** AND **TUNNELGAPING MOMMYCOCK** B-BUT THIS IS JUST *ABSURD!* MAYBE IF I JUST K-KEEP *WOBBLING*, IT'LL FIX ITSELF SOMEHOOOW, **EHEHEHEHEEEH~**💖"

The tablet's video feed was cut off. It was on just as fast, now showing the upper half of Tsumugi throwing her hips down below herself, face contorting into beastly expressions that could only be described as inhuman.

Oh, *right*, maybe that's why there are so many fucking cameras everywhere. Maybe Junko was watching, and she set things up right now so Shuichi could look his new boss lady in the eyes while she really makes him her own.

His heart swelled, a sickly smile in his face as he focused on the lady's abhorrently degenerate visage. Her hair was a mess up there. She slobbered so hard on the computer it may get water-damaged and her own asscheeks were clapping loud enough to warrant a noise complaint- now just imagine how horrific it must be with the nutslapping, their moans, his cheekclapping...

Shuichi's head hit a bit harder back against the desk. He was ecstatic. Such amazing working conditions every day, and to be paid as handsomely as he would be? He was in heaven. This was his dream job.

To be a chair abused day in and day out for a beautiful girlstud.

For the first of several times this evening, he came, whimpering before it shot right into his throat and he swallowed it all, not embarrassed one bit to guzzle all of the chunky seed.

His other end was now doing the same with Tsumugi's thick fluids, the woman in the middle of *another* climax deep inside of him. She even stopped this time to relax!

For one second.

“WWWOOugHHH S-SHIT... FMMN.. FHUCK.. MMHH. I-I THINK PEOPLE ARE CROWDING OUTSIDE M-MY OFFICE AGAIN, S-SWEETCHEEKS! HEHEH... OH W-WELL. IF THEY WANNA LISTEN TO ME CONDITIONING YOUR COCKPOCKET HOLE TO BE THE BEST GIRLMILKER, I'M HAPPY TO LET THEM!!!”

CLAP~PLAP~CLAP~PLAP~SHMACK~CLAP~THWAP~ 

Shuichi's vision was rapidly fading. It was hard to stay awake when your cock was cumming so much from being prostate-pounded. Yeah, he was STILL streaming out jizz! Tsumugi, too... he could feel it continuously pour out and even land onto him, giving him more to slurp up.

He laid in a puddle of the gunky goo, the last thing he saw before his eyes shut being a blowing kiss and a lick of the lips from Tsumugi towards the camera. Oh, she *knew* he was watching, wasn't she?

He smiled at it. His eyes shut.

*'B-Being a chair.. Feels shooo guuud. Not having t-to think or do anything is so niiiceee... actually, it's so... s-so. **Despairing**~❤'*

Shuichi's consciousness finally slipped, pushing him into a deep and comfortable sleep as Tsumugi continuously slammed at his ripe dickpillows, not caring that he was passed out or faltering in the slightest.

In a way, he got his dream at least. To make some big changes with Team Danganronpa. Since Tsumugi Shirogane herself has been given a pair of great *stress-relievers*, she might go on to make some incredibly exciting decisions!

That was what he told himself at least, when he found himself dreaming of being pinned down under Tsumugi's weight in bed, arms looped around her shoulders and his legs around her waist.

Even in bed he couldn't escape his true nature as a cockslut.

SPLURRTT...

Nutting was inescapable too.

But he was happy. She was happy. Junko was happy watching the live-feed and forcing another load down her own chair's hole.

A win-win-win situation. Shuichi was an assistant in the end after all, in a sense. He was now Team Danganronpa's finest orgasm **assistant**! ✨