

# PERSONA 5

## SHADOW SIDE

### CH1: ZEALOUS MESSENGER

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Was it sunny in the human world? Rainy?

The current attendant of the Velvet Room, Lavenza wondered to herself as she sorted through the items that the *trickster* had brought for her. Every so often she would give him a *quest* or two. Some vague ideas of things she'd like to see for herself, since she couldn't really leave the Velvet Room for any meaningful amount of time. In the past he had brought her snacks, toys, and household appliances. But the last they'd met? He had returned with an item that had fulfilled a very bizarre requirement: something *creepy*.

**“This coin certainly fulfills that requirement, but...”** The girl eventually found it among her things. A decrepit coin that was bent at the sides. It could have easily been mistaken for piece of scrap by someone without a discerning eye. Rather, it was a miracle that the trickster had even noticed. Was it just a coincidence? The coin was giving off an eerie *energy*. It felt vaguely familiar. Mementos? No, someplace darker. Lavenza put a cloth to the coin to wipe it off, but... **“Hm?”**

Was it just her imagination, or was the energy *weaker* all of a sudden?

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At the time, Joker wasn't even *thinking* about the creepy coin that he'd found on that Mementos expedition. He hadn't thought much about why he had thought it to be creepy and instead had simply seen it as an



easy way to fulfill Lavenza's unusual request. Rather? He was in his attic room on a Sunday afternoon. He'd had plans with Ryuji, but a sudden storm had literally rained on their parade, and he'd been forced to stay inside. But rather than lounge around? He decided to tidy up.

He'd just finished reorganizing his shelves when he noticed it. The boy didn't *comment* on it, but he felt something odd in the air. There was a strange *pressure* that reminded him of *Mementos* of all things. But he should have been safe from it in Leblanc, much less when he wasn't in the Metaverse at *all*. It didn't seem like his surroundings had distorted at all, either.

But the point wasn't to distort his *surroundings*.

Joker weighed the potential risks and possibilities. From what he knew of the Metaverse, there wasn't any way for it to seep into the living world. **"The Metaverse app...!"** If there was one thing that he could check, it was the app on his phone that usually sent him *into* the Metaverse. It was on his bed just a short walk away. Just a short walk, and yet... **"H-Hey!?"**

There was just one small kink in any plan that involved walking *to* his desk. And it was that he had suddenly been lifted up and *off* the ground. He was just *floating* there about an inch off the ground; not that he needed any *more* proof that there was something very, very abnormal happening in that moment. **"Let me down!"** The boy wasn't usually one to outwardly panic, but he had *no* idea what was happening. Any attempt to touch the ground ended in failure.

And because he was *floating* there? His point of view was already too skewed for him to notice that there was also something wrong with his *body*. Specifically, the boy's *height*. Joker was already fairly tall for his age, standing at a rather tall 5'9" – but his limbs stretched that height *farther*. He grew up to 5'11", a process affected the length of his fingers and toes and even led to his waistline slipping inward slightly in shape beneath the shirt he was wearing.

This shirt was naturally hoisted up two inches so that you could just *barely* make out the base of his bellybutton, and his pants similarly no longer fit the full length of his legs, and his ankles had been exposed. **"What would *the righteous* have me do?"** The *who*? Why had he

just said that? To the boy, his voice sounded a little *deeper* than he remembered as well, but there was a reason for that. It was only really apparent in his face, and not really by that much. But he looked *older*. Like an *adult* around the age of *thirty* rather than a teenager.

“*I...*” He’d already known that something was *weird*, but the reality of it had really begun to set in. His body felt oddly *warm*, but also more *powerful* than he ever had as a human? “*What!?*” The deeper sound to the Phantom Thief’s voice had turned sultrier, *effeminate*, but he wasn’t able to *see* any further change because his vision had become obscured. A *blindfold* had pulled around his gaze, black with a white eye glyph painted on the front. With those eyes concealed, it wasn’t possible to see from the exterior how those eyes rounded in shape until they were clear *Caucasian*. Nor that their colors had lightened to blue.

A hand was raised to *remove* this blindfold, but a voice deep within his soul stopped him. *Do not remove the seal, lest your purity be soiled.* What did that mean? Joker didn’t know, but at the same time he *felt* like he knew somehow. It was foreboding enough to stop his lengthened fingers, now sporting lengthier fingernails too, from grabbing onto the blindfold and pulling it away. His lips turned down into a slight frown just as they seemed to swell up as if he was having some sort of allergic reaction.

But an allergic reaction wouldn’t really explain why red lipstick spread across them, much less why the *shape* of the man’s face slimmed and rounded, presenting him with a face that bore a longer nose, fuzzier *blonde* eyebrows, and an undeniable resemblance to what could only be a beautiful, *Caucasian woman*. To those ends, his Adam’s apple smoothed away upon his neck as well.

Joker stayed his tongue. He felt as if any further speech would be unnecessary for the time being, which was something he had only concluded due to the *corruption* of his mind. Was it truly *corruption*, though? Well, twisted faith could corrode just as well as any darkness at the end of the day. As if to add to an increasingly ‘holy’ visage, the blonde that had already dyed his eyebrows seeped into his hair.

It rapidly colored *all* of his curls, but those curls soon grew out. They would have reached the base of the thief’s back if they were allowed to fall, but they *didn’t*. As if teased by a non-existent wind, they lifted into a perm that jutted out to the right side and remained in place as if held there by the world’s strongest hairspray. But no hairspray had been involved whatsoever!

There was no point in denying what had become obvious. As the seconds ticked on and he transformed further, he looked more and more like a

female. He could have easily been mistaken for a woman from the shoulders up, and moments later? It wouldn't even *be* a mistake. "**Mmn...**" She had told herself not to speak, so a surprised yet sensual moan didn't exactly betray that order. Still, did she not question what had *caused* it? Even though it had been spurned by her cock and balls shrinking and folding into her new *slit*?

Her sex had been changed, which ultimately provoked any changes relative to this sex to work into overdrive. The casual outfit the woman was wearing *already* didn't fit her taller body, and yet the base of her shirt was raised higher and higher due to what was developing upon her *chest*. Considering all that had happened thus far, it could only be the development of a pair of *tits*. Fat accumulated beneath thickening nipples as her chest gave way to a pair of *C-cup* delights. They were perky and full, but she had no desire to fondle them.

That would be *indecent*.

Just as it would have been indecent to grab at her filling pants – or grab at *what* had been filling them, anyways. Her ass fattened quickly, pink flesh peeking out over the waistband of her pants and boxers as they bubbled into a peach shape. What couldn't be accommodated *there* was then fed to her thighs instead. Now hairless, the skin around them pulled taut and shiny as those thighs swelled to match the curvature of slightly wider hips.

This body was beautiful and blemish free, and this became clear seconds later as the clothes she was wearing? They *disappeared* into dust. But she wasn't left naked underneath, no. Belts of black leather were wrapped across and down the center of her tits, meeting a pair of shorts fashioned from the same material down below. A thick, long chain was affixed to her neck and jingled all the way down to the floor, while ribbons of gold now hung from the back of her blindfold.

"**Hah!**" Joker made another weird noise, this time as she arched her body backwards. A sensual pressure had been building beneath her shoulder blades, and it became clear why. As the blonde woman lurched forward again suddenly? A pair of wide, angelic, angel wings exploded from her back. Clearly, all of her thoughts and talk about the divine absolutely *weren't* just for show.

Because she looked like a literal angel.

If she had been any other manner of existence, then some might have found comfort in the presence of the angelic being that now floated in Leblanc's attic with her wings spread wide. While the blonde, Caucasian woman's blue eyes were concealed by a blindfold? She was still able to

perceive her surroundings with perfect clarity. The issue was that the *Zealous Messenger* (or *Angel* if she'd been a Persona) did not understand *why* she was where she was.

**“Is this some manner of divine punishment? A *Shadow* such as I should not be in the physical world.”**

It was dangerous. They weren't able to maintain their forms. But this spoke to how the Messenger had forgotten the Japanese boy she had once been, if she didn't recognize her former abode at all. **“Shall I bestow this place with the light of righteousness?”** By *blowing it up!*? Fortunately for the poor, old building? **“Hm...?”**

The shadow soon disappeared as if stolen by the wind itself. The next thing she knew, she was in a dimly lit, but familiar feeling place. Subway tunnels? On paper, yet. But she had been yeeted all the way back to Mementos. It was probably for the best, for the Zealous Messenger could not have survived on the surface. Now, this angel could lurk in the darkness without worry.

At least so long as no pesky, over-leveled Persona users came through.

