

PERSONA 5

SHADOW SIDE

CH2: WOMAN WHO BRINGS RUIN

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ugh. Today sucks so freaking much.”

Like Joker and Ryuji, Ann Takamaki also had made plans for that Sunday afternoon. Shiho had recently been discharged from the hospital and was still in the process of getting back into her daily life now that she didn't have Kamoshida to worry about. In service of that, Ann had played an afternoon for them. They were going to grab lunch, hit up the mall, and then go see a movie.

But then that storm system had plunged Tokyo into some of the worst rain they had seen in a decade outside of typhoon season. It was so bad that the trains had been shut down, meaning there wasn't much hope that they would be able to get together after all. **“On the bright side, its supposed to be bad tomorrow too. Maybe they'll cancel class...?”** The definitely couldn't leave the school open if no one could *get* there, at least.

The blonde, half-Japanese girl had just gotten off the phone with Shiho to cancel those plans and decided to collapse on her bed with a thud after she had finished. **“Now what am I going to do with my afternoon?”** Her fingers rapidly typed at the group chat she shared with the other Phantom Thieves to make sure all of her friends were safe, and that seemed to be the case for everyone that *replied*.

But oddly? Joker didn't follow up. Maybe he was helping with Leblanc? He normally replied immediately in the group chat despite being such a



quiet guy overall. It was most likely nothing, though. No one in the chat was *required* to reply right away, and honestly there was any number of reasons he might have been too occupied. He could have been on the can for all she knew! ...Then again, that had never stopped *her* from replying to messages on her phone.

“Guess I’ll just lay in bed and watch TV until I can think of something better to do?” The teen sat up and felt around for her remote. She usually left it on her bed, but she struggled to find it at that time. **“Oh... Why’d I leave it there!?”** As it turned out, she ended up seeing it *beside* the television on her dresser. She had no choice other than to get up again, so she did just that.

But when she stood? She felt *it*. There was a feeling in the air that gave her *goosebumps*. It felt sort of like what she felt when she was in the *Metaverse*? And yet, that couldn’t be the case. She was in her own bedroom! She even checked her phone to make sure the Metaverse hadn’t opened, and it *hadn’t*. **“What’s... causing this then?”** Ann *knew* it wasn’t her mind playing tricks on her. The feeling had only grown *stronger*, after all.

“I bet a nice man would calm me— E-EH!? Just what the hell am I saying!?” It was a good thing she had been home alone at that time, because the shriek she’d made when she’d made that comment about a *man* of all things might have had the capacity to rupture someone’s eardrums! Ann may have been a teenaged girl, but her mental power was hardly ever spent yearning over boys – and she would never call anyone in her current dating age range a *man*. They were *boys*.

The girl’s left eye twitched with annoyance. Was she just *overly tired* or something!? It felt easy to just handwave the concern away, especially when she couldn’t even think of a *direr* situation. But there were signs that it really *was* much *direr*. That something very *wrong* was happening – both to her mind *and* her body. For example, it was a little hard to tell since she was relaxing in her usual outfit minus her school blazer, but her skin was... *off*.

Discolored, more specifically. It began with a darkening of skin in a snake-shaped pattern up the side of her right thigh. Not only did this snake, thin by design, slither about six inches up before it stopped expanding into a dark brown shade, but a lighter dot appeared on either

side. This wasn't *exactly* the discoloration that was clearly *off* about that skin, mind you, because moments after the snake tattoo was inked in place? *Every* inch of the skin of her body otherwise *darkened*. Not to the same dark brown as the tattoo, but to a paler shade that even browned the girl's nipples.

“Why am I talking about a *delectable* man? D-Delectable!? The only things I find delectable are *children*! ...Wh-What the hell am I even *saying*!?” Ann didn't eat children! She wasn't a cannibal! But it likely would have been easier to sink her teeth *into* a child now that the canine teeth in her mouth lengthened into short yet intimidating *fangs*. A change that came about as the blues of her eyes dulled to an ashen color, and her eyelids not only widened so that she had a more *Western* shape but also began to shine with the application of what was clearly makeup.

Whatever this makeup was, it was spread across the girl's lips just as they inflated into fuller shapes. It was a lipstick that was lighter than her darkened skin and added an accent of maturity to a face that, well, was just looking more *mature* in general. Her lips and eyes aside, her brows had thinned, and her nose was a little longer. It was the overall *shape* of her face that made her seem older in general though. It had become much more angular, with lifted cheekbones. It would be hard to mistake her for a teenager when she looked much more like a woman in her *mid-twenties*.

Ann licked at her lips subconsciously, demonstrating for just a moment that her tongue was a little *longer* and *darker* than it used to be. **“Eating children? A man would be better right now, though... Strange. It doesn't feel so *wrong* to think this way now!”** Was it *really* strange, though? It hadn't occurred to her that a corruption had slowly been slipping into her mind, stripping her of her moral conscience and implanting inhuman desires within her very instincts. The stronger they became, the less she cared. About what? About much of *anything*.

Even what was happening to her body, evidently, because she barely batted an eyelash even as her body began to... *swell*. It wasn't particularly dramatic, however, so maybe she just *legitimately* hadn't noticed? Even though that explanation wasn't as likely. For example, she probably *should* have heard the zipper of her hoodie slowly slip downward as the size of her average bust grew. They didn't grow a *lot*. Just from C-cups to the small side of *E-cups*, but that alone was enough to cause a little malfunction.

In a similar vein? Her red tights had begun to stretch around her thighs. Thighs that were fed additional weight, stretching her darkened skin

(while preserving the shape of her snake tattoo) beneath pulled nylon. They only gained about two inches at most, and there was a similar story in her rear end. Her hips had parted two inches to accommodate the extra few pounds that bubbled her cheeks, but she wasn't due for very much clothing malfunction.

“In fact, I feel *much* better all of a sudden! So much *freer*~!” Ann reached her arms up to stretch, which naturally lifted up the base of her hoodie and undershirt. But *while* she stretched? The gap that remained grew greater and greater, and her tights felt tighter and tighter around her knees until the fabric began to fray in the center. Because the woman's body? It grew *three inches*, bringing her overall height up to 5'8”.

She hardly exhibited a care in the world. She licked her lips once more and showed off her fangs, just as her darkened ears peeked out from behind hair that had done the same. All of the blonde drained away and the style straightened until she had a black hairstyle that reached just past her shoulders courtesy of some length loss, with her bangs parted to the sides, now with a pair of demonic, pointed ears clearly sticking out from behind the fringes.

If Joker had become something akin to an *angel*, then Ann had become the polar *opposite*. If the fangs and ears weren't already evidence enough of this, the slithering of a brown, spade-tipped tail from just above her skirt certainly made that clearer. As did the sudden eruption of *mass* that blew out from beneath her shoulder blades. A pair of dark brown *bat wings* fanned out, and she began to float in place with an **“*Mmn...*!”**

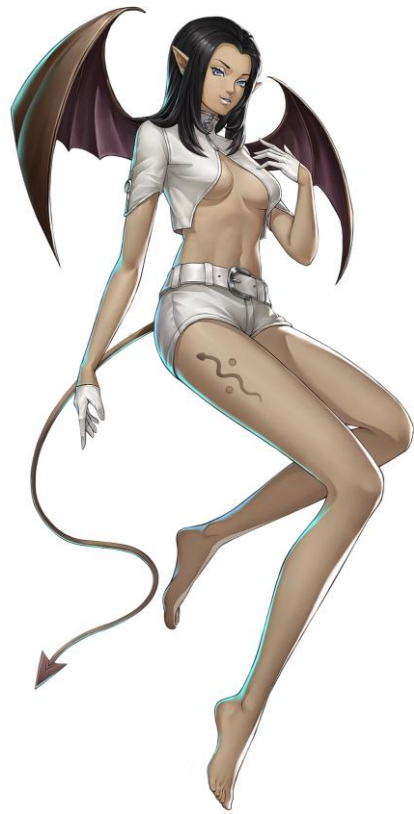
The woman certainly wasn't *dressed* for her new role, but that was adjusted with the same quickness. What she was wearing turned into dust, revealing a brand new outfit beneath. A pair of short, white shorts with a thick white belt above it, an open, cropped, short-sleeved jacket that left her belly and breasts almost entirely bare, and a pair of white gloves were all that composed it.

The fact that so much skin was exposed was *the point*.

“Hmm~? What to spend my afternoon doing? Well, I can think of a few thing~!” Even if she hadn't been turned into a *Shadow*, the demon woman that was now floating within Ann's bedroom would have ultimately turned her attention to some more *mischievous* activities. That was because the *Woman Who Brings Ruin* was based on the Persona, *Lilim*. A demoness that seduced men and preyed upon children. If she was given free reign in the real world, then she would surely bring misery to those around her.

But fortunately for everyone else, she wasn't allowed that opportunity. **"W-Wait! Just what do you think you're doing!? Don't take me away!"** The beautiful Shadow was quick to zero in on the fact that her presence felt *lighter*. She was being pulled away from this realm, likely because Shadows did not exist on that plane of existence. She continued to cry out, desperate to remain in this place where both men and children alike were plentiful.

But her cries fell on deaf ears. The bright light of the bedroom disappeared, and the next thing the Shadow knew she was floating within a dark corner of Mementos all by her lonesome. **"Damn it!"** How was she going to get her shits and giggles now!? How often did humans even come *down* there!? She was going to starve! ...Not that she actually *needed* to eat.



"Ugh. Today sucks so freaking much."