

# PERSONA 5

## SHADOW SIDE

### CH3: TROUBLESOME MAID

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**“This sucks! I’m bored as hell!”**

As one of many victims of the storm system that was crashing through Tokyo that Sunday, Ryuji’s face was practically pressed against the glass of his bedroom window with hopes that maybe the weather might have improved! Maybe it would clear enough for him to head out and go see Joker after all! **“What am I gonna do if I stay in? Homework?”** That would surely have been a *good* idea considering the state of his grades, but the boy really was the type to put off everything he didn’t want to do until the last possible moment.

Which meant that he would be sneaking a peak at Ann’s completed the homework on Monday morning! ...Assuming that the worst of the weather had past and the trains were running again. He was *not* going to walk there. No one would under such dangerous conditions! Besides, the school would probably just end up closed.

**“Wait, if school is closed tomorrow then does that mean I’m off the hook for my homework?”** He might have been being a little *too* optimistic with that line of thinking. The more likely scenario would be that not only would his homework *still* be expected by his teacher, but his teacher would be even *angrier* that he hadn’t managed to complete it even *with* the additional time.

Once the boy felt defeated enough, he finally got up from his window and shoved his hands in the pockets of the casual pants he was wearing.

**“Well, I guess it isn’t like I have *nothing* to do.”** He had a television in his room, a video game console, and even his laptop was strewn haphazardly on a stand on his bed. **“I guess I could just play Wyvern Quest XI some more...”** He still had to beat it. And he would have done so already if not for ‘boring ass school’, as he’d probably put it.



He was pretending not to think about a different task he could engage with. *Cleaning his room.* Clothes were thrown everywhere, and garbage from snacks and the like covered his desk. Ryuji’s parents had been on his ass about cleaning up, but that wasn’t really his style. He probably wouldn’t get around to doing it until he was threatened with some kind of punishment.

With one hand in his pocket, he walked over to the small stand that his television and console were resting on so that he could grab his controller. That had been the *plan* at least, but he ended up stopping short. **“Huh? The Metaverse?”** He felt the same thing that Joker and Ann had, though he also caught onto what that feeling *was* faster than them. He wasn’t the brightest, but his instincts were among the best.

No strength of instinct could *save* him from succumbing to what had happened to his two friends, though. There were already signs that he had come under the effects of that curse, but they weren’t necessarily *obvious* unless you were looking for them – which Ryuji hadn’t been given any reason to do so... *yet*. What *was* happening would have been strikingly obvious to anyone *outside* of the boy himself though.

Because? Well, it was almost like he had eaten a piece of mint flavored candy from Willy Wonka’s Chocolate factory that he had expressly been told *not* to eat. Because not only Ryuji’s skin, but even his *hair* was developing an unusual pigmentation. *Green*. A paler shade washed over all of his body’s skin, while a darker shade dyed his blonde hair. To say that the boy didn’t notice at all would have been a lie, though.

**“Huh?”** Because even if he *wasn’t* looking down at his body, there were still a piece of your face you could see no matter what: his *nose*. **“There’s something wrong here, right...?”** Well, he *kind of* noticed. He had a vague sense that something was awry, but the more he stared at that nose? The less sure he was that something was off about it. Even *though* his light green nostrils were actively slimming and the tip pulled closer to his face *as* he focused on them.

Mind you, what was happening to his nose was just a smaller part of what was happening to the boy's face as a whole. The tip of his nose actually lowered a touch too, pushed by a lengthened nose above a pair of darker green lips that swelled into a pout that was both pointedly *feminine* and somehow more *mature* compared to how they had appeared before. These two descriptors applied to his face overall. Raised cheekbones, thinner cheeks, a narrower jaw...

But where it was clearest what was happening to Ryuji was in his *eyes*. "**Hm?**" Was he feeling *tired*? It was understandable that he might come to that conclusion, seeing as his eyelids were slowly growing heavy, gradually closing. You might have misunderstood it as a side effect of the weight of lengthened *eyelids* growing, or perhaps an effect of those eyes rounding to seem far more *Caucasian* in shape despite how green they were. They were pointedly feminine.

His face, ultimately, looked more like the face of a Caucasian adult, and a *woman* at that.

While his face had been changing, though, the mess of dark green hair atop his head had changed in kind. The short, messy strands ended up lengthening gratuitously, spilling well past his shoulders and down his back until it reached the backs of his knees... at first. The tips of these hairs were ultimately hoisted a little higher up, but not because their wavy lengths had ended up shortening in any way. Ryuji's *body* was growing, applying three extra inches to his height that pulled that hair up to the backs of his thighs instead.

"**I...**" The man(?) spoke with a soft, maidenly voice that now carried a subtle Scottish accent, though he himself didn't appear to find it strange. In fact, *she* was now already too far gone to catch onto whatever was happening to her. Aside from her body experiencing a subtle shudder, after all, it escaped her notice that her dick and balls had gone the way of the dinosaurs – obliterated so that a woman's slit could open between her green thighs instead. "**I... cannot turn a blind eye to how disorganized this room is any longer.**"

It was definitely *bizarre* that what she was concerned about was the cleanliness of her room. *Was* it her room? Somehow she even felt unsure about *where* she was, even though Ryuji had spent most of her life there. Nonetheless, it served as an ample distraction as the rest of her body finally succumbed to the power that seemed intent on transforming her into one of Mementos' Shadows.

Growing a little taller had already caused some problems with her outfit. The legs of her pants were resting too high, while the base of her tee had

lifted to show off her tummy. But things only got *worse* in general, beginning with the base of that top lifting higher and higher to expose more and more. It didn't really have a choice, however. If you looked a little further up on her torso, it was clear that her once flat chest was *swelling*, weight jiggling up and down as a pair of green *breasts* were developed under her top. They grew into a pretty substantial pair of *DDs*, with dark green areola almost as large as her eyes.

And they weren't *alone*. The clothing malfunction down south was a little more intense, because as her tits had grown? Her hips had swung several inches wider in a way that forced the waistband of her pants to dig into them. But this was a necessary discomfort, if only because that expanded gait provided the perfect weight for the surrounding area to *swell* themselves. Her ass, for example, *overflowed* the back of her pants so that green, heart-shaped cheeks peaked over the waistband, while any excess bled into thighs that became taut and plush – pushing the fit of her pant legs to the limit in the meantime.

“**Hm...**” Not that you could see much of her body in the end. A strong gust of wind ripped through the bedroom, completely tearing away the clothes she was wearing despite not disturbing *anything* else. But this wind also summoned a new outfit altogether. An elegant, red dress that rested at the bottom of her green shoulders and showed a fair amount of her cleavage. A headscarf pulled her bangs back, and she wore a pair of bloomers under the dress. But otherwise? She didn't really *need* to wear all that much.

Even though the bedroom window wasn't open, a light wind blew throughout the room to ruffle the crimson folds of the woman's dress along with her long, dark green hair. The wind lifted the clothes on the floor and blew them into the hamper, while also doing the same with any garbage and Ryuji's garbage bin. Such were the whims of the *Troublesome Maid*, also known as *Silky* if summoned as a Persona.

She may have been a low leveled Shadow, but she could freely control the wind itself. Her eyes were closed, but the woman could see and feel through the breeze that she controlled without even lifting a finger, floating there



quietly. Her nature was that of a *house fairy* responsible for cleaning. And she couldn't tolerate the state that Ryuji's room had been in.

**“I suppose that should be fine. Someone else will have to wash the laundry and change the garbage later.”** These were tasks that the Troublesome Maid herself could not oblige, because she could already tell that her essence was fading. She did not belong in this world, but instead in the Metaverse with the other Shadows. And it was a fate that she didn't have any complaints about.

After all, there would surely be things to clean in Mementos.