

PERSONA 5

SHADOW SIDE

CH4: SLITHERING SNAKEWOMAN

BY CHALDEACHANGE



While the other Phantom Thieves might have taken an issue with the poor weather conditions, there was one that absolutely did *not*.

“What a beautiful day to play some games~!” She was completely off key and didn’t have the foggiest idea as to *where* she was going with that melody, but Futaba Sakura spun around in her computer chair with the biggest smile on her face as the pouring rain pattered against her window. For a recovering shut-in like herself? There was nothing better than an excuse *not* to go outside. Makoto and Haru had been talking about dragging her to the mall to try and get her some exposure, but those plans had been completely washed away!

And so? The girl had dimmed the lights of her room and was nonchalantly sipping from a bottle of soda as her computer whirled to life. So, what if it was already three in the afternoon? She’d only *just* gotten up for the day! **“Plus, if the weather *stays* bad then everything will be closed tomorrow too!”** Not that Futaba was actively going to school just yet. That part of her recovery program was still a work in progress.

But it meant she’d be able to message the other Phantom Thieves and *not* have to wait until their school periods ended to get replies. Well, Ann and Ryuji had a bad habit of texting her back during class anyways. Was she having a little *too* much fun now that she had friends? It at least beat spending all of her time in perpetual loneliness! But having a day like today where she could have a *little* time to herself was nice too.

Her plan? *Gaming!* There was a new MMORPG out that she had been itching to try, but she just hadn't had the time to create her character. She was definitely the type to spend *hours* meticulously crafting her own playable counterpart, not finalizing the design until she was 100% satisfied with every single aspect of it. Of course, if she was going to spend all day doing that?

She kind of needed to have electricity.

BANG...



“NOOOOOOOO!” Futaba’s cry as the power to the Sakura residence suddenly went down after a nearby lightning strike had hit might as well have been louder than the lightning strike itself. Had it hit a power line? If that was the case, then how long would the power be out considering how bad the storm was – and was supposed to *continue* to be!? **“I’m gonna die!”** She might have been being a *little* too dramatic there.

Making matters worse? She could feel goosebumps spreading across her skin. The power *had* just gone out, but it wasn’t really cold or anything. No, they had been provoked by something *else*. There was an eerie feeling in the air that she would have liked to say that she couldn’t place. But that just wasn’t true. It reminded her of whenever they stayed in the Metaverse.

“That’s... weird. Maybe the storm’s doing something?” Her phone wasn’t lit up, and upon checking? The Metaverse app wasn’t open, either. Was it just in her room? The girl didn’t really know *what* was happening, but she instinctually understood that she needed to try and get to ‘safety’. She stood with the intention of leaving her room. Maybe there was a safe spot in her house? But it was *already* too late for her... as her now *pointed* ears were sticking out from behind her hair.

One step. Two steps. That was all she managed to accomplish before the girl’s legs began to feel *weird*. **“Eh!?”** Was it right to say they felt weak? No, it was more like they had suddenly gone all *rubbery*. She cried out as she felt down onto her knees, fortunately not falling any farther forward – though that in itself was kind of... suspicious? It was almost like her knees themselves had gripped onto the—

RIIIIIIIIIIP!

“YEEP!?” The girl made a *very* strange cry as she not only heard, but *felt* her shorts suddenly split down the center. It was only natural that her attention would shoot right down to check out *why* they had ripped. And honestly? She was having a little bit of difficulty trying to comprehend just *what* she was looking at. If you’d ever heard the saying ‘pussy facing the world’ it was like that... but literal? The slit that should have been *between* her legs now pointed forward.

While her thighs had *mended together*. That was why her shorts had torn – her skin had grown right through them, and this phenomenon *continued* down her legs. **“What’s happening to me!?”** Futaba’s transformation was a little bit different from the others. They had all been taken out of it, but perhaps because her earliest changes were so *surreal*, she managed to hold onto her own mental clarity for a little while longer.

The remaining length of her legs was being pulled together, fusing into a singular appendage and momentarily affecting her balance while she rested on her knees. This singular ‘leg’ eventually widened, becoming thicker, and the sight of red and orange began to spread around it. Her skin was rising into a pattern of large, disc-sized scales of these colors around the sides and the back, while the front? That skin *also* rose, but to a tan color with muscle lines.

They could have *plausibly* been the scales of a lizard, but it seemed far more certain that they were the scales of a *snake* considering the fate that had befallen her legs. Her kneecaps eventually dissolved and her posture slouched while her tights tore and peeled off themselves, but the muscles on the front of her elongated snake half managed to keep her upright, like a cobra intimidating its prey. **“S-Snake?”** If anything? At least scales folded over her pussy, hiding it unless she ever felt the need to retract them.

“Why am I a...?” But the mental stimulation afforded to her by the initial eventually waned, and a cloud settled over her mind. It became hard to think, much less react even as her feet merged into the tip of her new tail, which stretched out farther and farther behind her with crimson circles and lines etching into her scales. It must have been *ten feet* long in the end, or it would have been if she was laying on her stomach.

One side effect of her tail’s growth, or more specifically its *thickening*, was that it bloated the shape of her ass. Her cheeks had become coated with scales and her ass crack had been sealed as part of them, but you could still make out the indentation from where that crack had once been – and it became gradually more defined because the swell of her

rump deepened in tandem with her hips pushing wide to accommodate that mass. “**What was I... Mm?**”

The girl was definitely still out of it, but the sound of her own voice seemed to stir *some* confusion the next she spoke. Her voice had grown deeper, sultrier, and pointedly more *mature*. Little did she realize that these were all traits that were being applied to her *face* in that moment too, as her lips swelled and reddened, her face’s length grew longer, her nose sharpened... Wait, she wasn’t *just* looking *older*.

Futaba’s perceived nationality was being adjusted in real time. Any traces of her Japanese genetics were sapped away, including around eyes that darkened to gray. Her eyelashes may have grown a little longer, but it was more a matter of what *covered* them. Her eyelids lost their hooded shapes, while their corners parted oh so slightly. She looked more and more like a *white woman* with each passing second.

Even her hair changed, but that didn’t necessarily play into any racial changes beyond its quality becoming a little grainier. Still, the ginger dye that she wore within her naturally dark locks faded quickly while the underlying layer became darker still. Its length stretched, spilling all the way down to her tail behind her while her bangs were lifted and swept over her tight eyes. The hair that framed the sides of her face naturally hung over her chest, and if she hadn’t still been wearing a shirt? It probably would have concealed her small nipples. At least that would have been the case if they had *stayed* small.

“**Sss...**” The woman, who now looked to be around *thirty*, didn’t notice how her tongue was slipping out from between her lips intermittently. Each time it did? It was thinner and flatter, and a fork indentation was clearly developing in the front. It was a subtle change though, especially when compared to the other changes that were happening at that time. Such as? Her torso stretched taller for one, lifting up her shirt as her arms lengthened and her shoulders broadened a bit.

But that was still *minor* compared to what was happening *upon* that torso. Futaba’s A-cup tits had suddenly become... perkier than normal. Not just slightly, either. The skin that surrounded them stretched, her nipples puffed up, and the combined motion absorbed practically all of the free space within her top until the sleeves tore and the base lifted until her entire tummy was bare. Ultimately? A pair of perky *E-cup* tits hung from her chest, but the woman herself seemed annoyed at the fact that they were *covered*.

Her developed scowl disappeared just as quickly as her remaining clothes did, though. While the others for the most part had been bestowed with new outfits altogether, Futaba experienced the opposite.

Her shirt, her glasses, and even the torn bits that had all peeled off of her – they just *disappeared*, leaving only her hair to hide her nipples. At the very least, she received some golden bracelets? But she *preferred* to be naked now. A few accessories are the most she *would* wear.

“The fact that it’s dark doesn’t bother little old me. In fact, I prefer it.” The eyes of the *Slithering Snakewoman*, or *Lamia* if she’d been summoned as a Persona, were particularly suited to help her navigate the darkness. Even if they hadn’t been designed that way? The forked tongue that occasionally escaped from between her lips helped her ‘taste’ the air, another method that snakes utilized to navigate.

But this beautiful woman was certainly no *mere* snake. Her human half was that of a peerless Grecian beauty, with her hair being the *only* thing hiding her large, perky nipples from the eyes of others. Even so, whenever she moved? Those tits jiggled visible, even bouncing if she leaned forward and corrected her posture as she did while examining Futaba’s room. Within that space, nothing seemed to be *familiar* to her.



But a sharp special pull made it so that it didn’t matter. The Shadow soon found herself slithering alongside a set of metro tracks in the dark. **“Well, this darkness suits me just as well. A shame it makes it difficult for others to gaze upon my beauty, though!”** That wasn’t really a *big* concern, but what else could you expect from a Shadow in the end?