

PERSONA 5

SHADOW SIDE

CH5: BEGUILING GIRL

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Yusuke Kitagawa was probably the only other member of the Phantom Thieves that didn't mind the dramatic weather situation that was wreaking havoc on Tokyo that Sunday afternoon. He had already completed his weekend homework early that morning, freeing himself up to do what he wanted after a lunch. He was definitely one of the more diligent students in the group, second to only Makoto and probably tied with Haru.

Even *without* the storm, the teenager had planned on spending the day inside. There wasn't an active Palace for the Phantom Thieves to worry about, and they weren't planning on visiting Mementos regardless. It had been the perfect afternoon to work on his newest *project*. What that project was, however, he hadn't decided.

The boy was an artist, you see. His teacher had been a talented man, but he had squandered those talents while walking down a path of deceit. Yusuke had sworn to *never* walk down that same path, but for now? He wasn't foolish. If he wished to even be half the artists that his master had been, then he still had a lot of learning to do. Only then could he surpass him and show him the *correct* way to live as an artist.

“Yes. This will do quite nicely.” Once he was ready, the young man had moved into his studio to set up a blank canvas and the paints necessary to create a new work. He wasn't put off by the sound of the rain pounding the window, and in fact found it quite inspirational. **“Perhaps I'll go with a drearier palette for a change.”**



Something more befitting of this storm?” He could paint the stormy afternoon itself, or perhaps something he had seen in Mementos? It wouldn’t have been the first time he’d taken *some* inspiration from that place, but it was a little risky. The mortal mind couldn’t easily comprehend some of the things that he had seen as a Phantom Thief, after all.

Why did Mementos even come to mind, though? Just as he was to take a seat in the stool before his easel, this thought gave him pause. Pause because he finally managed to draw a line between what he was thinking and what he was *feeling*. “**Hm?**” Wasn’t the feeling in the air similar to Mementos? It was curious that he was feeling it within his studio? Should he be concerned?

At first, he planned on just observing.

If the Metaverse had somehow slipped into the real world, then surely his Metaverse app would activate and he would gain his mask and costume, right? If he was in any danger, then he would be able to summon his Persona. Plus, he was home alone, so he wasn’t worried about anyone else getting caught in the crossfire. He *did* grab his phone, however.

“I should contact one of the— Hm!?” Contacting the other Phantom Thieves *was* a good idea, but he suddenly found holding his smartphone in one hand to be *cumbersome*. **“What’s happening...?”** As he looked down at the object in his hand, it looked *larger* than he remembered. The phone was almost as large as his hand itself? He squinted, unsure if what he was seeing was even *real*. But it became hard to deny when the phone became so large that he couldn’t help but *drop* it. **“Ah!?”**

But the phone’s fall to the ground wasn’t as far as Yusuke had expected, and that realization aligned with another discovery – one that probably should have been obvious to him sooner than later. His clothes were *too big*. His hands were sliding into his sleeves, his pants were bunching up, and he was slipping around in his shoes. It wasn’t that the phone had grown larger, but instead... **“I’m becoming smaller!?”**

He must have already slipped below 4’7”, which was already a substantial loss. But from there? The phenomenon *sped up*. **“Wait! I said *wait!*”** No amount of crying out in shock could stop what was already happening to the boy, however. He was *swallowed* by his clothing almost entirely by the time his voice had cracked, concealing

from the world what was happening within that pile of cloth. Within which? He was only *slightly* over *one foot* tall.

Yusuke's muffled voice could be heard as the pile seemingly moved about as he clearly tried to find the neck hole through which he could escape. Just because he was *hidden*, however, that did not change that his body continued to transform. In fact, it just clouded his ability to *tell* while his mind began to succumb to this warped reality.

Despite becoming so short? His build hadn't become that of a child, and his face not only retained its existing maturity, but it matured *further*. It was just... it didn't mature in a particularly *masculine* way. Unless his destiny had been to have a pair of swollen, pouty lips, a tiny nose, and a narrow jawline? Forget just looking older and more *effeminate*, though. There was something else about it all that became clearer as his eyes paled to a light shade of brown and changed in shape. His eyelids rounded in the corners, stealing away any trace of Asian heritage.

So that he appeared *European* instead.

“Let me out!” It had initially seemed like his voice had become higher because he had shrunk, and they might have been true at first. But now? There was a clear maiden-like sound to its ring. Like the voice of a young woman around *twenty* or so, which was how his face appeared beneath a head of hair that was changing beneath the shadows of the clothing pile all the same. The roots of his medium length head of blue hair lit up with a more vibrant reddish-brown, and as that eventually spread through to the tips? His hair was swept to the right, bangs and all.

Though, this made it easier to see that his ears had grown. Longer, wider, and pointier on the sides of his head; they felt more like the ears of an elf or, considering his small size, a *fairy*? That was close to the truth. Male fairies did exist according to mythos, but they often had associations with femininity that led people to picture a winged maiden whenever fairies were first brought up. While Yusuke should have been the former? Considering what had happened to *her* peers, it was inevitably going to be the latter. **“Mmn!?”**

A cute squeak of surprise sounded from within the pile as the young woman experienced her sex changing. Her tiny cock had become a tiny slit between her legs, but while she had been shocked by the sensation? She didn't question her sex at all. She just wanted *out* from her clothing-based prison! Mind you, that change of sex *did* immediately prompt the rest of her body to follow suit. Her figure became slightly smaller, shaving off a few inches of height in the sense that her limbs and torso had become compressed, while in the process? Her hands and feet

became daintier, her shoulders crunched in, her waistline narrowed, and her hips flared out.

This could only have been in preparation for what was to *swell*, ultimately making her sex an undeniable fact rather than leaving it to questionable androgyny. A good example of this was the padding of her thighs. Once thin and lanky, the skin pulled tight around burgeoning thigh flesh that curved naturally into the gait of her hips. It wasn't *abundant*, but it gave her legs that feminine definition that was passed onto a bubble-shaped butt that wiggled from side to side as she *continued* to try and find a way out from a shirt that had once fitted her body perfectly.

“Eep!?” As she struggled? At times her chest would rub against the shirt. It had been a ticklish feeling in the beginning, but once her butt had swelled to perfection? It began to feel a little *sensual*. Unbeknownst to her, her nipples had become significantly puffier as the skin beneath them was stretched due to fat deposits that now formed her new *breasts*. They didn't grow especially large. Only *A-cups* at best, but you really couldn't deny their perkiness at all.

Yusuke might not have gained a lot when it came to womanly curves, but— **“Oh!?”** She did gain a lot on the way of... additional appendages? The woman gasped as a pressure blossomed down the sides of her back, as four *insect*-like wings unfolded from nothingness and began to buzz. They resembled a dragonfly's, and why they were clearly new to her form? **“Why was I not flying to escape? Hehe! It would be way easier!”**

And she hadn't been wrong. Propelled by her wings, she had enough strength to lift the shirt into the air. She was so fast that she could escape out the bottom before it hit ground, and when she did? She was wearing a blue leotard with matching gloves and boots. Her thighs were *completely* bare, as were the sides of her ass and her shoulders.

By the time the shirt hit the ground, however? It disappeared along with *everything* she had been wearing beforehand.

Considering she was much, much smaller now, the painting easel in the room now towered above the *Beguiling Girl* even as she fluttered about. **“Aww! Nothing was drawn on the canvas! What a shame!”** While she was a mere Shadow, she still had the boundless and playful curiosity of the Persona that bore the same appearance, *Pixie*. Her dragonfly wings beat rapidly as she flew around



the room once, twice, and three times; all looking for something to *amuse* her.

But she ended up returning to the paint brush. **“Well! If there’s nothing on it, what if I paint something!? Hehehe!”** There was just one small problem with that plan. Well, it was technically a *big* problem. The paintbrush was almost the same size as her! The small woman would have to use her full body’s weight to even lift it up! Unfortunately for her, though, she didn’t get a chance. **“W-Wait! NOOOOO! I want to PAIIINT!”**

The moment her fingers so much as touched the brush, she was flung down into Mementos. A much drearier place than an energetic girl like her deserved!