

PERSONA 5

SHADOW SIDE

CH6: SCANDALOUS QUEEN

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Well, I guess I don’t need to worry about watering the plants today...”

Haru Okumura was trying to look on the bright side. Sure, there was a dangerous storm raging on outside, one so strong that the local government had warned everyone to stay inside, but... There were *some* benefits to it! Watering her plants was one of them, even though she actually *liked* to do it. In fact, maybe it wasn’t all *that* good of a silver lining? If the winds became too strong then they might ruin her crops!

But then what about school? Wasn’t it a good thing that they might get to miss class the next day? In a way, but it wasn’t as if she’d put off her homework like Ryuji, Ann, and possibly even Joker. She’d done it the night before, meaning she had the choice to do whatever she wanted for the rest of the day, and likely the next day as well. **“I suppose Futaba-chan got off lucky too!”**

Makoto had essentially *coerced* the youngest member of the Phantom Thieves into agreeing to plans to go to the mall with them. Something about paying her subscription fees for a new game she wanted to play if she went along with it? Hopefully Makoto hadn’t already sent her that money, else she was probably going to need to ask for a refund! Haru couldn’t help but laugh to herself at that thought, but in all likelihood, Futaba would have to ‘pay up’ by going to the mall with them the *next* Sunday.



With no real desires regarding how to spend her day, Haru ultimately ended up visiting the kitchen in the relatively pricey home she lived in. It was already the middle of the afternoon, but she had missed out on lunch because she'd taken a light nap when it had first started to rain. **"Now, what should I make for a late lunch?"** Onigiri was an option, or she could cook up some ramen?

The sound of the wind blowing rain against her kitchen window reminded the girl of just how poor the weather had become. **"I wonder if I should slip out and check the garden after I eat just in case?"** She'd had the funds to prepare it for bad weather conditions of course, but she couldn't help but worry after all of the time and effort she had put into them. **"Maybe if I— Eh!?"**

While she was a member of the Phantom Thieves that had joined later, Haru had at least spent enough time in Mementos to be able to tell what being inside of it *felt* like. And what it felt like was nearly identical to the feeling she was getting all of a sudden. It was as if a little bit of Mementos had leaked into her kitchen... And unfortunately for her, considering what had happened to the others...?

"Eh?" The girl made the same sound a *second* time, this time curving her back to try and see over her shoulder in the process. The moment she'd acknowledged the strange energy; a pressure mounted in the center of her back. It felt almost like something was trying to... push through her skin? **"What's— EEK!?"** And she didn't need to demonstrate very much patience to learn just *what* that pressure had been building into.

Almost like four very thin blades, an equal number of wings cut *through* her sweater and the top that she wore underneath it. They were as thin and as sharp as glass, with the two on top roughly three times larger than the two on the bottom. They flapped idly behind the teenager as she stared at them in disbelief. **"How... Did I just grow wings?"** How was she even supposed to process what she was experiencing? Being in Mementos always gave her the Phantom Thieves costume that she wore.

It had never given her *wings*!

What the girl hadn't realized was that she hadn't *just* grown wings, though. At that very moment? Her ears had also begun to peek out from behind the veil of her hair. Something that should have been impossible considering how thick and curly it was. Even so, two *pointed* tips peeked out a little farther back on her head than they would have if those ears

were the same size as a normal human's. In fact, paired with her wings? They almost made her look like a *fairy*.

The fact that those ears were just as long as they were now pointed became clearer once the strands of her hair began to lighten. One by one they were illuminated by a golden blonde, and each dyed strand was ironed out *and* lengthened so that it grew out straight behind her. Before long, this was happening to so many hairs so quickly that it looked like it was happening simultaneously – as long, golden blonde hair fell as low as her butt, with bangs lifted and parted in the center.

“I don’t understand... *Why a fairy queen would be concerned with her wings?*” Had that been the issue? And why had her voice taken such a deep and commanding tone all of a sudden? As she spoke that line, her facial features were altered in several notable ways. Visible creases appeared in her eyelids as their shaped narrowed overall but parted a little in the corners. These changed shapes made it much easier to see how *green* had begun to paint her irises, though the shapes of them didn’t make her look very Japanese.

European Caucasian, on the other hand...

This became clearer as the seconds ticked by. As her face’s shape lengthened and her jawline ultimately turned narrow. Her lips both lifted and thickened, helping contribute to the impression that she was a pretty, white girl, but one that was *older*. Likely around *thirty*? And while the rest of her body didn’t quite show it, well... That was just a momentary inconsistency. **“*Hm?*”**

She immediately noticed when the adjustments meant to address this little problem began to surface. The fit of her uniform *beyond* her wings became tighter and tighter, beginning with her top being yanked right out of her skirt courtesy of her spine elongated. She was becoming *taller*. Inch after inch, her height crept up until she stood at about 5’8”. This had completely untucked her top, but she made no effort to fix that problem.

The disorderly nature of her clothing only *worsened* anyways, so it wouldn’t have made much of a difference even if she’d bothered. This was made clear enough by the front of her sweater beginning to *balloon*. The woman gasped at first, because the tightness of her sweater around a pair of breasts that were growing within a confined space was far too oppressive and led to the weight pressing down into her ribs and lungs.

Fortunately, she was given some relief once her breasts grew so large that the zipper at the hoodie’s bottom was pulled almost all the way up, allowing the *F-cup* girls to spill out – while popping some buttons off of

the blouse underneath and snapping her bra in the back in the meantime. **“Oh my! It seems my girls want to come out and play!”** Was she not at all concerned about *why* the creamy view of her cleavage had bounced into view? Apparently *not*.

It wasn't like her lower body fared any better, either. The star-patterned tights she usually wore had already been tugged off her rump from her height increase, but that perhaps worked to her benefit, because her average sized bum ballooned into a perfect heart shape behind her, whereas her thighs bloated to the point that the cloth of her tights that remained dug into them. She'd become rather *buxom*, with her figure shaped far more like an *hourglass* than not. Her disheveled attire did it no favors.

Fortunately, it wasn't long at all before it became a long and flowing green dress with a gold pattern etched into her skirt. It was tight enough around her torso that you could make out the indentation of her bellybutton, while the cut of her neckline showed off most of her cleavage. Otherwise? There was a pink flower in her hair, and an anklet around her left ankle.

Had she been summoned as a Persona, *Titania* would have been a kind and noble fairy queen. But because she was the *Scandalous Queen*, a *Shadow*, this nature had been twisted. She was a commanding *sadist* of a ruler, but without anyone to command? She was just *bored*. **“Hmph. A human's kitchen? It would be of benefit to me if someone were here to cook.”** It wasn't as if Shadows were able to eat human food. In fact, all of her expectations were based on delusion.

The Scandalous Queen fluttered inches off the floor with her arms crossed. **“This seems to be a home shared by many, so all I would need to do is await the return of another inhabitant, no?”** And then, perhaps, she could turn them into a shadowy, fairy underling. While this was a bold and perhaps impossible intention, though? It hinged on her remaining *in* the human world.



And yet? “*Ugh.*” The ‘taste’ of Mementos in the air became stronger. She was on borrowed time. The queen didn’t have a moment to protest before she was spirited away from the human realm, pulled into the underground railway dungeon where, at the very least, she would find more Shadows to command. That was all well in good, and yet she was annoyed.

“I was so close to trying human cuisine!”