

# PERSONA 5

## SHADOW SIDE

### CH7: MYSTERIOUS GIRL

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“I can’t even make it out to the gym in this storm. Ugh.”**

While Makoto Nijima was known for her patience as the student council president of Shujin Academy, that didn’t mean that she was *always* patient. She was the sort of girl that *loved* to plan ahead and loved to make sure that those plans were strictly followed on her day to day. If, for example, the others agreed to meet to go into a Palace at a certain time, then she would get annoyed if anyone was late.

She was irritated that afternoon for a *similar* reason, although she couldn’t really blame anyone *directly* for it. Makoto had planned on taking Haru and Futaba out to the mall despite the weather warning that were made earlier in the week. Futaba was beginning her road to ‘recovery’ and taking her out to the mall would have been a good first step. But her reasoning hadn’t *all* been that selfless.

In part, there was a new jacket out that she had wanted to look at. A limited time item that would only be around for a few weeks, and while supplies lasted at that. She was much too busy with school, clubs, and Mementos during the week – Sundays were her best opportunity to get down there and look. So, Makoto was sour about that. And she was sour about the rain canceling basically *any* possible activities she could do outside of her place.

**“Futaba-chan better come out with me *next* Sunday. I already gave her the money for that game...”** She’d already texted her to try

to see if she had already spent it, but she had yet to get a reply. In all likelihood, the girl was either already playing or had already played so much that she was sleeping *way* too late into the day. That was not a good first step on her road to recovery!



Her homework? Done. Lunch? Consumed. She wouldn't need to eat again for a few more hours. "**I guess there *could* be something on television?**" Sunday programming tended to be hit or miss. She wasn't big on anime, and there were a lot of *shopping* shows for some reason. Who would even buy stuff through a shady venue like that? Nonetheless, she had nothing better to do. So, she brought her laptop into the living room and set it up on coffee table in front of the TV.

At least no one was home.

And yet, just as she finished doing that? She noticed what all of the others had. A very strange *feeling* in the air. Goosebumps developed across her skin and her breath became short. "**What? Mementos?**" Just like Ryuji, she had immediately figured out *what* she felt. She just didn't know *why* she was feeling it. Never before had she felt it in the real world before. So, in all likelihood, she felt like that was *probably* a bad sign. And she was right about that.

Makoto's reddish brown eyes quickly looked upwards at her squarely cut bangs. Their tips were just *barely* within her line of sight, so the fact that they were *changing color* hadn't been outside of her notice. She watched their typical dark browns illuminate to a very bright blonde – and this color permeate throughout *all* of the hair on her body in its entirety. "**H-Huh? My hair?**" As had been the case with the others, the initial alterations were caught by the victim. The issue was that they always became more and more ignorant to them as their predicaments worsened.

However, Makoto was going to be something of an exception.

Her blonde eyebrows thinned, and the bush between her legs? It wasn't necessary shaved away as much as it '*ungrew*', as if her follicles had never opened to allow that hair to escape in the first place. Contrastingly? The hair on top of her head *grew*, with her nose-length bob growing out into it reached past her shoulder blades with all of its glittering strands of bright blonde. "**How is this...?**" Part of her wanted to ignore the changes to her hair, and yet her acknowledgement lingered even if she became quieter about it.

As it turned out, there had been foreshadowing in the loss of her pubic hair. Because that wasn't the only signifier of her maturity unraveling. The perkiness of Makoto's bosom was fading, with her B-cup bosom flattening gradually within her shirt in a way that was actually a little difficult for her to notice, namely because they could only really sink as low as *A-cups*, a single size smaller than they had been before – not to mention she wasn't wearing a bra. This loss was shared in her ass as well, but again, it could only flatten so much when she wasn't especially buxom from the outset.

**“Kya!?”** The teen herself had been startled by what she thought was the floor dropping out from under her, but she'd become even *more* surprised by how *childish* her voice sounded as she cried out. It took her a moment to understand that her feet were still firmly rooted on the floor. And yet? Her eye level continued to plummet rapidly. It wasn't until she noticed how the trackpants and t-shirt she'd been wearing were becoming increasingly *disheveled*.

She hesitated to even state it aloud, but found herself with little choice when her pants slipped off her hips. Thankfully, her shirt was now big enough that it concealed her pelvis. **“I'm... *shrinking*.”** By this point, she'd practically *stopped* doing so because it had been going on for so long. She'd dropped down to 4'5", a more childish height that suited how undefined her figure had become, with even her hips having slimmed in.

Makoto had heard her reaction. She was left pondering it aloud. **“Wait. This should be concerning. I don't *feel* or *sound* concerned.”** Despite her voice being much higher, her tone was very measured. She sounded like a child in pitch, but her tone was more mature. Of course, she hadn't been capable of noticing that, *as* she had shrunk? Her face had become increasingly youthful. She looked more like she was eleven or *twelve* than a teenager.

And while the only resemblance to the teenager she'd been before had been in her face? By the time her height had stopped regressing, those traits were slowly ironed out. Her nose thinned, narrowed lips changed their curvature, her cheeks rounded, and her eyes? Well, they underwent the most significant changes. Her eyelids went from hooded to double, parting in the corners so that her gaze was more befitting of a pretty, blonde, *Caucasian* girl. One whose irises shone gold.

All it took was a flash to put the girl into an outfit more befitting of her new status. A purple, Western style dress with puffy sleeves, a ribbon tied around her waist, black loafers, and another white bow tied into her hair.

Appearing as one of the ultimate Personas of the Death Arcana, it was only natural that *Alice* would make a formidable Shadow as the *Mysterious Girl*. But as things were? The girl didn't feel much like doing anything that a normal Shadow *would*. Perhaps it was because of her power level, but unlike the others... **"Hmm... So, whatever power that is, it has twisted me into a Shadow, is that it?"** The Mysterious Girl was seemingly *completely* aware of what had just happened to her.



There were caveats, however. She couldn't remember her old name, and memories of her previous life were blurry at best. The dimly lit room she was in was familiar, but she didn't have any overtly vivid memories of the things she had done inside. **"So, then what do I do now? Should I seek a way to return to normal? Hehehe..."** But just because the girl could remember it didn't mean that she held any desire to return to that old life. She may have appeared in the form of a young girl now, but she had the sort of power any human would have *yearned* to possess.

And so? She didn't even bat an eye as her existence slowly faded from the human world and she found herself in the tunnels of Mementos. Such a dreary environment suited the girl. **"I wonder if I could hunt some lesser Shadows to get a feel for this new power of mine?"** As she understood it, what had happened to *her* meant that the Phantom Thieves would no longer pose a threat to Mementos.

But that didn't mean other Persona users wouldn't one day show up.  
She would have to be ready for that day.