

PERSONA 5

SHADOW SIDE

FINAL CH: TWILIGHT PROSTITUTE

BY CHALDEACHANGE



At this point in time? Kasumi Yoshizawa wasn't officially a Phantom Thief.

But she *was* aware of their existence. She had awoken her own Persona and had met the leader of the Phantom Thieves on several occasions. She naturally had the Metaverse app on her phone, too. Joker had already cautioned her to be careful when she used it, especially because she wasn't officially affiliated with them yet. Kasumi couldn't have fathomed how many members they had, or who they might be.

Well, that wasn't *completely* true. While she had no plans of outing him, she was pretty sure that the leader of the Phantom Thieves was one of her senpais from school. A fancy costume and a half-mask didn't really hide his identity well, and if not for carrying out his work in a place where regular people couldn't see, he would have been seen through immediately.

From there? She could make a conjecture about who else might have been involved. There were people that she saw him with quite frequently at Shujin, outside of clubs and his part time jobs. Still, she wasn't going to assuming any of those people were for certain. Kasumi had no proof, and she had also decided not to stick her nose in their business without a good reason to do so.

None of that really mattered on that Sunday anyways. **“If I were to go into Mementos right now, would it be raining there too? But I**

guess I'd have to leave my home to do that, and it's raining pretty hard." The wind was howling outside of her bedroom window *and* her power had already gone out. Her phone still had service at least, so she was just laying on her bed and scrolling while waiting for that service to *hopefully* return.



There wasn't much going on over social media. Her classmates were complaining about the weather of course, and some were exchanging notes about homework answers. **"I suppose I *could* take a nap? I do have to find some time to practice too... Not that I'll have much luck unless the power comes back on."** Plus, she'd finished her homework, though it was much too dark to write even if she *had* anything to do.

Because Kasumi was a Persona user, she too would be subjected to the consequences of Lavenza's folly. Unlike the others, however? She hadn't spent very much time in the Metaverse, much less Mementos. She wasn't quite as adjusted to how it *felt* to be able to notice that the air had changed right away. She'd need to notice through other means, not that she'd remember by the end regardless.

"I feel... *dirty*...?" That... wasn't how the girl had intended on phrasing it. Not just the word, but the inflection she used when she had said it made her sound more like an actress in a porno talking about how *bad* she was. She'd intended on just saying that she felt 'gross', which certainly would have been a much more *normal* thing to say. But it didn't really seem to strike her that there were aspects about her appearance that were becoming... *abnormal*.

You could see it more above Kasumi's neck at first. Practically every feature upon the teenager's head was changing in one way or another, and her *ears* probably suffered the strangest and most *telling* change, at least considering her unusual choice of wording prior. Her rounded ears weren't *as* round, the tips gradually lengthening *and* sharpening in their shapes as they pushed backwards. It didn't take long at all for them to extend about *four* inches, looking more like the ears of an elf...?

No, a *demon*.

A pair of fangs peeked out from between a pair of lips that soon thickened until they hid those menacing shapes once more. Her lips reddened and pulled farther from her forehead; the girl's face was lengthening, which in turn narrowed and slimmed the overall shape of

her face. The bridge of her nose lengthened to cover more ground, and her eyes... Well, as their reds paled to a steely blue, her monolid eyes developed a doubled design as they widened, making it so she looked more *European*. But that wasn't all.

When you pieced it all together, she looked like a white woman that was *probably at least thirty years old*.

“Hmm...” Had something been ‘off’? Kasumi was having a hard time identifying just what that might have been. The red of her hair was paling to a dirty blonde in the interim, with her bangs hoisted up and lengthened over her left eye as if a whole bottle of hairspray had been used to keep its shape. It similarly curled up just past her shoulders in the back, the overall length shortening as such.

The woman felt compelled to stretch. It was a side effect of her muscles stiffening as they *stretched*, forced to cover more ground thanks to her limbs and torso elongating. She was growing taller, lengthened fingers and toes and all. She didn't gain a *significant* amount of height, but jumping up from 5'4" to 5'7" still lifted the white tank top she had been wearing from the comfortable shorts that had rested on her hips. **“Mmn~!”** Feeling better after her stretch, she let out a sensual *moan*.

It was a moan that felt more and more in character for the *monster* she was becoming. Kasumi's waistline had slimmed as she'd grown, and it felt even *slimmer* courtesy of her hips flaring out to make her comfortable shorts a little *less* so. They were now digging into her sides, and things didn't at all improve in that regard. Not as her thighs began to *thicken*, their flesh fattening to the point that tears formed in the sides of the shorts so that thicker flesh could poke through. Her ass certainly didn't hesitate to follow along, with her cheeks peeking over the waistband of shorts that now gave the impression of a balloon that had been filled to capacity.

Her top suffered malfunction of its own, although it naturally wasn't caused by her lower half. It was her B-cup breasts. They were small yet perky – a size that the woman normally would have deemed acceptable. But as they *doubled* in size, swelling to *D-cups* that pulled up the base of her shirt to show off her belly in kind. They made her feel *confident* now, and as a warmth gathered in her loins and swollen nipples turned erect? She couldn't help but give her lips an enticing lick.

“Any moment now...” Kasumi was anticipating *something*. She didn't seem to know *what*. She just knew that it would be *soon*. And she was correct about that, though simultaneously lucky that she was wearing a tank top with thin straps. The upper part of her back was basically bare, so you could see that two lumps were forming underneath her shoulder

blades. Pressure built and built until it seemed like these two spots might *burst*. And they *did*. Two black growths *exploded* out from these spots, fanning out into a pair of long, bat-like wings with hooked tips and dark red insides. The wingspan of these wings was probably twice her height, but they folded in once they had finished growing.

The monster leaned back in a way that, under normal circumstances, would lead to her falling flat on her ass. But this didn't happen. Instead? She just *floated* there as if she was leaning against the back of a couch. One *final* appendage slipped out once she got comfortable: a tail from her tailbone that was essentially an eight foot long *rope* with a spade at the end. It flicked back and forth while the woman's old outfit disappeared, only to be replaced by a leather leotard, leather boots, and leather gloves.

While technically a low ranking Shadow, the *Twilight Prostitute* felt *terrific* now that she'd had an opportunity to adjust to her new body. "**Mmn...**" She leaned back while floating there, running a gloved hand down her breasts, belly, and eventually stopping her fingers just above her covered pussy lips as her huge wings wrapped around her like a cradle. The sensual nature of her actions wasn't at all surprising, not when she was basically a *succubus* of all things.



She possessed a sharp intelligence, at least as far as a Shadow was concerned. "**I'm in the human world, am I? Heehee~!**" But unfortunately? She was easily distracted. A hunger pulsed from her stomach – no, her *womb*. A desire for energy sapped from the body of a human male was the only thing that could satiate that craving. The Twilight Prostitute *could* drain a woman, but that wouldn't have been anywhere near as filling. She would've had to drain a *few* to get the same results.

"The hunt is— No! No! No!" Yet, in the end, such a low ranking Shadow couldn't hope to resist the pull of Mementos that inevitably

tugged her into its shadows. Erasing the final Persona user that was directly affiliated with the Phantom Thieves at this stage. Like the others, she had been cursed to stalk the tunnels of Mementos until a human was foolish enough to wander inside. And then? She had to hope she would be lucky enough to prey on them first.

And thus? The Phantom Thieves had been erased from history, completely altering the course of the history that would unfold from that moment onward. Igor and Lavenza desperately searched for the Fool that was bound to their Velvet Room prison to no avail, and before long? They were forced to give up hope. But for the Shadows that the Persona users had been turned *into*? Things would eventually work out when Yaldaboath rose as foretold.

Allowing those Shadows to walk the Earth and prey upon whichever humans they desired.