

(THIS STORY IS AN 18+ PATREON EXCLUSIVE STORY, IS NSFW, CONTAINS FEMDOM, BREAST EXPANSION, ASS EXPANSION, EXTREME HEIGHT GROWTH, EXTREME MUSCLE GROWTH, ENSLAVEMENT, OMNIPOTENCE, AND MORE! IF THIS AIN'T YOUR CUP OF TEA THEN DON'T READ. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW KINK, DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YA TRY IT.

THIS STORY CONTAINS MINOR SPOILERS FOR PERSONA4 AND PERSONA 4 GOLDEN, BUT DOES NOT REVEAL THE KILLER. CHARACTER AGES, MORALS, STORY BEATS, AND OTHER PARTS ARE SLIGHTLY ALTERED TO FIT THE STORY, WITH AN ATTEMPT TO KEEP THE PERSONALITIES AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE WITHIN REASON.

ALL CHARACTERS IN MY STORIES ARE 18 OR OLDER. ALL CHARACTERS AND LOCATIONS BELONG TO ATLUST, AND I CLAIM NONE AS MY OWN.)

The brilliant light of the summer moon twinkled with the stars like brilliant diamonds against the deep azure sky over the humble town of Inaba. It was an uneventful time for the majority of the populace, as the recent idol – Rise Kujikawa, had been found after going missing for several days. Something that the town wrote off as part of her break, but one lone Detective Prince found the whole thing a bit suspicious.

Naoto Shirogane – an Ace Detective who is the fifth in her family's lineage of crime solvers – has had several hunches regarding a cast that happened near the beginning of the year: a murder. Such crimes may be more commonplace in larger cities, but Inaba? The whole thing made people terrified to even leave their homes for months. Finally, normalcy has begun to take root once more, though a culprit was never captured.

It was unsurprising that most people would want to sweep this potential attempt on the Idol's life - as well as other strange cases - under the proverbial rug.

Though, Naoto was far from most people. The Detective had only been an adult for a few months, but has found nothing, save troublesome head-butting with her Police coworkers. It was bad enough that she was being disrespected for her younger, smaller self, but if they found out her gender, a living hell would be created for her.

'...It was not just the murder, and the Idol, however; there have been strings of strange disappearances linked to popular individuals within the town, all of which that have recently found their way onto television.

Rather than being discovered like the first murder, these individuals are found to be simply “reappearing” in society, for lack of a better term. All claiming an excuse of some kind, such as sickness, or were away on business, when that seemed to be far from the case.

On top of all this, the victims appear to know each other through a through-line that I cannot see. Each of which socialize like normal citizens, not showing signs of trauma; either mental or physical. The clashing personalities of these individuals have led me to believe that there must be a deeper story here.

As such, I would like to request permission to look deeper into the case, as it would grant clarity on these muddied matters.'

“Whew...okay, that should be enough.” Sighed the blue-haired woman, as she placed her tired face in

her hands. Taking a peek at the clock with her silver eyes, the time read '1:30 AM'.

“I have yet to even change out of my uniform. Though, I should bring this to the Police station as soon as possible. The longer I delay, the longer it will take for the proper paperwork to pass through.” Acknowledging to herself, Naoto shakily arose from her desk, printing out her request form and stumbling out of her room.

Exhaustion was creeping in an hour ago, this was lethargy at this point. However, she had a case to solve, and the sooner, the better. At the very least, the crickets chirping into the still air made the trip to the station feel less tiresome than it truly was. Regardless of the beauty, it still did not quell the frustration Naoto had for her own stamina.

“I mostly filed paperwork, but I can barely keep my eyes open...” Muttered the woman to herself.

A few close calls with nearly collapsing, but, eventually, Naoto arrived at her destination. As the sliding glass doors opened, the Detective approached the desk. There sat a man, rather young – probably not too much older than the woman herself. It appeared he was having a rough night as well, judging from the bags under his brown eyes.

She wanted to make this painless for the both of them, and thus, Naoto was quick to get to the point as she slid the papers over to him. “I'm here to see the Captain. I have a request form I require his approval for.”

Sighing, the officer looked over the papers lackadaisically. Scrunching his forehead, and placing his face into his hands, the man groaned. “Shirogane-san, the Captain has had it rough these past few days. Being transferred from the city to here – well, let's just say he's not a beacon of sunshine. Best save this request for tomorrow morning, when he's probably in a better mood.” The man warned, handing the papers back to the Ace Detective.

“I appreciate the concern, but this matter cannot wait. It is of utmost importance for me, and the people of Inaba. I've made it a simple read, so it should be a 'get in – get out' type of meeting.” Naoto retorted, only for the officer to let out a sigh of defeat.

“You know the way. Door's unlocked, but don't say I didn't warn you.” The officer responded, leaning back in his chair with a yawn.

Naoto nodded; heading down the florescent lit hallway, specifically, towards the steel door at the end. It was always a bit strange to the woman that they had called so many city officers to Inaba without considering where to man them. A prime example being the Captain's office, which had been quickly renovated from a storage area.

Knocking on the door, a gruff voice would respond from the other side. “It's open!”

Opening the door, the stench of tobacco made itself known instantly – hitting Shirogane like a truck. The room itself was dark, with ash-stained carpeting, with files upon files stacked all around in messy stacks regarding the murder case. However, to her surprise, the Detective saw the Captain's desk rather clear: it seemed even here they were ready to move on from the deaths just as quickly as the populace.

Fighting the urge to pinch her nose, Naoto approached the gentlemen behind the desk. A bit on the

huskier side, with a button up white shirt, and large, thick forearms. He was balding, with a thick mustache that was stained from hours of coffee drinking. His dark eyes rose up to Naoto; an expression of frustration upon his face.

“Detective Shirogane, why am I not surprised?” Groaned the Captain, leaning back in his chair. Delicately, he pulled out another cigar from his drawer – lighting it, and letting out a thick plume of smoke. “So, to what do I owe the pleasure?”

Wafting the smoke away from her face, Naoto placed the papers down. “Here you are, sir.”

Grasping the pages with his thick, ashed fingers, the man skimmed over the words lackadaisically. “What the hell is this?”

“A request to continue investigating the murder cases of Saki Konishi, and-”

“Denied.” Replied the Captain, crumbling the papers up before tossing them onto the floor.

With a look of pure shock, Naoto leaned forward. “S-Sir? You didn't even read over the third page, where I-”

“I said, denied, Shirogane.” Yet another long drag of his cigar, this time, blowing it directly into the Detective's face; causing her to cough, and allow him to speak without interruption.

“The people in this shithole are finally starting to become normal again. No more living in fear. S' far as I'm concerned, that means justice has been served. You continuing the investigation will just muddy the waters.”

Finally catching her breath, Naoto's shocked expression had quickly shifted into a furrowing of her brow. “Y-You can't be serious, sir! So we're just going to sit idly by while a killer walks free?!”

“He won't kill again, Shirogane – not after all the buzz he stirred up. He'll settle down, else he'll slip up on his next kill, and we get him there. Easy.”

“His next kill?! You mean you're plan is to hope that-”

“Enough!!” A powerful slam on the desk caused the Detective to shrink back slightly. Standing himself up, the Captain's husky six-two frame dwarfed Naoto's five-five. As he looked down like a maddened Ogre, the woman steeled herself as best she could.

The reddened face of the Captain gave away his true feelings, yet he tried to speak as amicably as possible. “Shirogane, perhaps you need some time off. I think this case has become an obsession for you, like you've got something to prove.”

Scoffing, Naoto parted her soft lips, only to be talked over once again.

“Look, the case is closing. You may be considered an adult, but you're still young. Maybe look for a girlfriend or something? I mean, I'm sure there are some women out there that are into the smaller guys.”

Despite her intellect, Naoto couldn't tell if he was being genuine or not. What's worse, she could feel her already heated blood begin to boil over. She always hated that term 'small', and 'young'. Something that made her feel so insignificant.

“I can't help but feel like bringing my stature into this means that either consciously or subconsciously, you feel I'm to be taken less seriously because I'm a bit below average height.”

Raising his head to the ceiling, the Captain sighed. “Give me strength-okay, Shirogane, we're not playing psychiatrist today, okay? You may not have realized it, but you need to act your age, and understand that being an adult is a shit life. You want to not be treated this way? Keep your mouth shut, and your head down while the case closes. End of discussion.”

“But, I-”

“I said: End. Of. Discussion.” Sitting back down in a finale, the Captain turned his chair towards the Detective.

“...” Looking to her papers off the ground, Naoto held back her tears as she turned around, making her way out the door.

“You alright, Detective Shirogane? I heard some screaming.” The stationed desk Officer asked, watching the woman stomp by.

“No one takes me seriously...”

“Wh-what was that?” The Officer asked, placing his hand to his ear.

“N-Nothing! The Captain and I just had a bit of a heated disagreement. I will be taking my leave now.” Not wanting to garner anymore pity than she might have, Naoto was quick to walk out the front door; making her way to the Shirogane manor.

There she stayed, on her bed hunched over, sobbing softly.

“I just can't do anything right...! I'm always so useless...!” The woman muttered in between violent sniffles.

It wasn't her first time crying do to poor treatment from her coworkers. With her small stature, and being comparatively young to most other Officers, Naoto was truly the black sheep of the whole station.

Gathering herself, the Detective raised her head solemnly towards her window – more specifically - the night sky, where flashing stars shimmered like gems against a curtain of dark cerulean. “At least space is kind enough to shine down on me...” Just then, a streak of light danced across the sky – a shooting star.

“So lovely...they say if you wish upon a shooting star, it will come true. Such superstitions are for children, normally, but...” Feeling the tears flowing down her cheeks, Naoto swallowed what was left of her shattered ego. “I wish to be taken seriously. I want to have everyone respect me. I want to never be denied in such a callous way again! I want-”

A sudden tug in Naoto's chest nearly had her spill out words she would never think to utter. Power. She wanted authority and power; something she never had. Yet, she forced the phrase back. "I want...I just want to be taken seriously..." The Detective solemnly concluded; lowering her head once more.

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Then, a sudden ringing shook the woman's exhausted self. "Grn! My...head...!" Hunching even further forward, Naoto gripped her scalp tightly. "My body...must be at its limit!..." Laying down, the Detective prepared herself to fall to unconsciousness at any moment.

Yet, suddenly, another intense ringing, followed by a voice – her own voice. "*Come to me...*" Accompanied by the flickering of Naoto's own large, personal television.

"What in the world?..." In a meek attempt to rise to her feet, the Detective's legs quivered with lethargy. Eventually she was able to steady herself enough to move towards the flashing screen.

Reaching out to touch the surface, Naoto's wrist was quickly met with a hand, which surfaced from the screen itself! Then, the limb tugged tightly at her; pulling her inside. "H-HELP! AHH-" Then, there was silence...

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The jolt in perspective made the Detective's head spin. The feeling of falling, but not actually moving was beyond foreign to the woman. Shifting hues of blinding white and deep black hurt her eyes as she tumbled and twirled around in the air.

Finally, the visage of something came into view. Something that was not just streaks of colorless light – but instead, a patch of grassy ground. Faster and faster it came, as Naoto's guttural scream echoed throughout the sky. Coming into contact with the chunk of terra, the woman expected it all to end then and there. For it all to go black.

"GAGH!" Instead, Naoto felt the stinging pain of her shoulder meeting the dirt; wincing, the Detective tumbled like something out of a cartoon. Rolling and rocking, the woman finally came to a halt, face down. She was alive – a bit bruised – but alive nonetheless.

"Rgh..." The woman was trained to adapt to life-threatening situations. As such, she adjusted herself; getting to her knees, and surveying the area – all while nursing her shoulder with her palm.

The sky itself hung with a ring of soft reds and blacks – an ominous sight, which was juxtaposed by the beautiful visage of grassy hills. Atop one such hills, appeared to be a structure of some kind: a bunker.

"Where am I?..." The blue-haired woman muttered to herself. "Surely this isn't Inaba. The last thing I remember was being called by my television. Then...a hand?"

Once more checking her surroundings, the Detective found herself all alone. Whatever had grabbed her, and drug her to this place, was now completely gone.

“This place makes me uneasy. At the very least, there's a shelter over there. However, I'd rather it be abandoned than have anyone there. I have a feeling that anyone living here would not be someone I'd like to encounter alone...”

Calming her racing heart, the woman carefully made her way to atop the adjacent hill. As she approached, the structure came into a more clear view: several security cameras were attached to the concrete building. A fence surrounding said building appeared to have the only entrance wide open, which would lead to a large metal door.

Audibly gulping, Naoto advanced towards the entrance. One of the cameras quickly moved over to her, something that made her even more anxious. Yet, as it locked onto her, no defense systems or otherwise seemed to appear. In fact, the audible hissing of moving pistons could be heard – quickly accompanied by the metal door sliding open, revealing a descending staircase with an ominous green glow.

“Hello? Surely there is someone watching behind that camera. C-Care to fill me in as to where I am?” Damn, she stuttered for a moment. Guess she was more afraid than she thought if she was stumbling over her professional front.

Surprisingly, a response could be heard from the camera. The voice in question sounded synthetic – makes sense that someone with a bunker would not wish to use their real voice. *“Well, well, if it isn't the pint-sized Detective Prince.”*

“...” Sneering, Naoto adjusted her hat. Stay calm. She had to stay calm. It was obviously trying to rile her up. “Am I speaking to the infamous Inaba killer?”

*“Oh, how quaint!”* The voice mocked. *“The little Detective is still trying to catch the killer! Haven't you moved on, like everyone else? It would be in your best interest to do so. 'Maybe look for a girlfriend or something? I mean, I'm sure there are some women out there that are into the smaller guys.’”*

Naoto's cool stare would break for a moment. How did this person know what the Captain said to her? The fury in herself was continuing to rise. No, stay calm. “I would have more free time to myself if this case was solved. Now, your implication is that you are not the killer, so then who are you?”

*“Ah, yes, keep that cool head of yours. Remember, don't throw a tantrum Detective Shirogane. Must be hard to be taken seriously when you're so puny, right? So small. So fragile. So weak.”*

“Enough!” Naoto barked, clenching her teeth. “If you have nothing more to say about the case, then I shall find a way out of here on my own!” Turning around to leave, the voice beckoned.

*“What if I said I could change all that?”*

Naoto stopped.

“...Change what?”

*“Everything, Ms. Shirogane. No longer a pint-sized Detective, but a grand King. Someone who could never be looked down on again! I understand the strength you desire, Shirogane – and I can't make it happen. Simply come down the stairs, and I can fill you in completely...”* Soon after speaking, the

microphone was turned off.

Naoto's eyes searched the area for the third time. "Even if I refused, I doubt I could find my way out..." The woman muttered to herself – affirming a lie. Now, in her head, she had no choice but to continue, thanks to plausible deniability.

And so she moved down the stairs...

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The soft green under-glow illuminated the strange room that the stairs led the Detective to. Decorated with beakers, tankards of fluids, pipes, monitors, and more lab equipment, the room looked similar to something more akin to a parody of what a true lab looked like.

After having her eyes acclimate to the cluttered environment, Naoto's hues looked to the center of the room, where she could the back of someone. They stood roughly her height, with deep blue hair, and a lab coat adorned.

Carefully drawing her weapon, Naoto stepped forward. "So you are the one that called me. Tell me everything you know about this place. No sudden movements, or I'll use force, if necessary."

Turning around, the white-robed individual couldn't help but snicker. "*Oh, I'm sure you would. In fact, I doubt you would be more willing to shoot anyone else on sight. Isn't that right?...*" Turning around, the suspect in question revealed her face, causing Naoto's heart to drop. "*...Self-Loathing Prince, Shirogane?*"

It was like a distorted mirror – an apparition that shared the same face as her, save for the irises, which held a corrupted yellow hue. The Detective hesitated to squeeze the trigger; more out of shock than actual restraint. "You...you share my face. Just what exactly is the game that you are playing here?" The shaken Detective inquired.

*"I must say, it is rather quaint for you to refer to this as a 'game'. Perhaps-despite your age-you still cannot shake your childlike wonder. Fitting for someone who is still treated as small and naive, wouldn't you agree?"* The figure asked, taking as step forward.

In response, Naoto's finger squeezed ever slightly tighter on the trigger of her weapon. Her training was kicking in; she couldn't stay in shock – she needed to regain control of the situation. "I'll be asking the questions, and you will answer." She affirmed.

The mimic Shirogane only sneered. "*Remembering your training, are you? The OODA loop? You should know it by heart, correct?*" Mockingly, the woman placed her large sleeve against her chin, tilting her head towards the Detective. "*Observe, Orient, Decide, Act. Yet, it appears that you are still stuck on the first part. A bit unbecoming for a Professional such as yourself.*"

Naoto could sense her cheeks flush red in embarrassment. "You must forgive me. It's not every day I witness someone who appears as a doppelganger." She would say through gritted teeth.

*"A copy? Ah, no my Dear. I am, in fact, you. Your shadow. The part of you which you do not wish to admit exists. There is nothing about yourself that I do not know."*

Naoto's arms were trembling by this point, struggling to keep her weapon steady. Despite being relatively light, having to hold up her revolver for an extended period still took a toll on her. "My shadow? You'll have to forgive me if I find that difficult to believe."

With her yellow eyes looking to the gun, another malicious smile formed on the Shadow's face. "*Ah, three minutes and thirty-seven seconds. That is the longest you can keep yourself in that position, despite you attempted strength training to improve it, yes? We are almost at that time. In fact, I doubt you could hit me, lest I was point-blank. 'Damn these frail arms of mine'. That's what you're thinking, isn't it?*"

Loathed to admit it, this copy was right. Naoto recalled holding weights straight out in order to try to gain more muscle in the past, but nothing seemed to take. There was that anger again-the similar one she tried to repress with the Captain.

*"I even tried to intake extra protein. Drink excess milk with eggs. Dieting, cutting, carbo-loading, pills!...I even considered something as unsavory as steroids! Though, my pride wouldn't let me divulge that deep. At that point, I'd be a criminal! I wouldn't be able to look at myself the same way again!"*

*Ha! It seems God really does have a corrupted sense of humor to put you in the position you are now-"*

"Stop it!" Instinctively, Naoto's finger pulled back on the trigger. The smell of metal and gunpowder filled the air as the bullet was released. The recoil had Naoto's arms launch upwards, before dropping back down in a relaxed state. Normally, she could handle her weapon with more control, but with her arms being so tired, she was only able to release the one round.

A round which was off by several inches to the right; hitting against the metal wall with a sharp 'TWANG'.

*"You were keeping count in your head, hmm? One second away before your arms were going to give out. Sad, isn't it?"*

Panting, the woman looked up with pure vitriol. Shakily, she attempted to raise her gun once more. "Hrn! Grh!"

*"It's no use. We both know that."* Shifting her face, the Shadow appeared to drop her condescending personality, instead, softening her expression. "*I don't want to be small anymore. I don't want to be weak!"* Tears filled the eyes of the Copy as it stepped forward. "*I want to be big and strong! I never want to be looked down on again! I want to make them all pay for ever doubting me!"*

Mirroring her own gimmick, Naoto's eyes were becoming noticeably glassy. Her heart was burning with sadness. She was tired. She was angry. She felt as if she was just a husk at this point. "Please...stop..."

With a gentle placed on the Detective's shoulder, the Shadow's frown slowly morphed into a gentle smile. "*It's okay, Naoto. We don't have to hurt anymore. I have something that can make all your wishes come true."*

With a raised eyebrow, Naoto wiped a tear from her eye. "W-What are you talking about?"



Reaching into her lab coat pocket, the copy retrieved a thin syringe which was filled with a vibrant blue fluid within. *“This. There are many things you do not know of this world, but, all you need to be aware of is that I am here to help. This is a serum of desires. Inject it into yourself, and bask in newfound ascension.”*

Delicately, Naoto's fingers wrapped around the item, looking down on it.

*“Now, you will know when the time comes to use-”*

Interrupting the Shadow, Naoto quickly placed the needle into her neck, giving a powerful push down onto the plunger. “Gr!”

The Shadow was shocked, but only for a moment, before it let out a jovial snicker. *“I should have known. Well then, be on your way, 'Goddess' Shirogane.”*

“W-Wait, when will it work? H-Hey!” A sudden haziness flooded Naoto's senses. She hadn't thought this through, in the moment her emotions took over her! Was she dying? Then, darkness...

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The sound of birds chirping and wind chimes echoing was accentuated by the early morning sunlight which shined through the bedroom window, right into Naoto's face. “Mn...” Restlessly, the woman sat herself up, rubbing her eyes. “Wait...” Flipping over the blanket, a frown formed upon her face. She was in her pajamas. “I knew it, just a dream. I must have been so tired that I don't remember coming home...” A gentle sigh escaped the dejected Detective. “I suppose I should shower, and ready myself for the day. Though, since the Captain declined my request; I'll have to be relegated to more civil duties. Perhaps I can look into those purse-snatchers...”

Considering what to do and when, Naoto readied herself for the day before heading out to the all too peaceful morning streets of Inaba. Though, perhaps she was a bit too preoccupied, as the lone revolver the woman carried lay in its holster on her nightstand, right as she closed the door behind her.

Sighing, the woman surveyed the area. Nothing appeared out of order – until a distant cry could be heard. “Help! Someone!” Making haste, Naoto dashed down the road, only to see a man on the ground, with three other larger individuals attempting to grab his backpack.

“Inaba Police, put your hands up!” The Detective looked to the gentlemen, each one at least four-to-five inches taller than herself. The three delinquents looked to the Detective with a mix of fear and anger. The tallest one of them, no doubt the leader, was bald, with sunglasses, and an open leather jacket, revealing his hyper-muscular abdominals and pectorals. He was big, maybe double Naoto's own weight in muscles alone.

“Well, well, aren't we lucky boys?! It's the Detective Prince!” The man mocked, stepping down on the hurt citizen. “Get out of here, small fry – else you'll be going home in a cast.”

Naoto's gray eyes looked towards the hurt man, who looked up to her. She could see him mouthing words: “Go get help...”

That...shouldn't have made the Detective as angry as it did. Surely he realized she could handle the situation, right? She didn't need help! “I said put your hands up!” Reaching for her revolver, Naoto's hand was met with her palm gripping empty space. “H-Huh?”

Taking advantage of the confusion, the man quickly ran towards the small Prince; slamming into her with his shoulder, and sending her barreling along the ground. “GAH!” The wind was knocked out of her. Shakily, she attempted to rise to her feet, only to be met with a kick to her ribs. Another groan of pain as she recoiled in agony.

“What's wrong? Forgot your gun? Shame for YOU!” Another blow, then another, and another! Naoto could feel the stinging sensation of each hit. “SMALL. PIECE. OF. TRASH!” Another blow. Yet again. Yet again.

Blood moved down the woman's mouth as she looked up towards the man. It was all flashing back to her. Yesterday, the day before, all of it. All the memories of everyone looking down at her. The nights upon nights of her crying, trying to improve. Trying to be better. Trying to be the good person everyone wanted her to be.

The bruised woman felt that hope to do good begin to crack further and further with each kick. The yelling. The disrespect. It all was too much for her to handle!

Then, a feeling flooding within her. A buildup of foreign energy that was pressurizing more and more with each recollection of insults and mocking that she recalled. It was tight, something that felt like it needed to be released! A river with which the only thing gating it back was her own will power!

Finally, a realization hit her. That final kick breaking her ribs, and her morals in the same singular blow! Something that unleashed the deep evil within Naoto Shirogane...

“...I'm done trying to do good...” She whispered; looking at her mangled reflection in the blood puddle beneath her.

“Learn your lesson yet, asshole?!” The man declared, reeling back for another kick. This time, he was going for the knock-out, directly for her face.

With all his strength, the man lunged forward, bringing in his leg. “Now stay out of my BUSINESS!”

A stunned silence as the momentum was stopped instantly. The source? The soft hands of the Detective, which was currently gripping his calve.

“Heheh...mmm...I believe you have made...a mistake...” Cooed the woman, letting that torrent of energy overtake her. “All of you, have made a mistake...”

The man looked down at the scrunched Detective, who's lips pursed into a smile. Naoto could feel something flooding her systems; something that made her feel phenomenal! The pain of her bruising was vanishing, and her mind was becoming more and more clear.

“Huh? Let go of me you masochist!” The man responded, attempting to pull his leg away, only to feel the grip tighten. “H-Hey! B-Boys, help me out! He's gripping the shit out of me!”

The two goons sprinted over, attempting to pull their boss away, only for a sultry chuckle to come from Naoto – her eyes looking up to them. The gray in her hues appeared to sparkle, as if diamond dust was placed within them. “No...no, you are not going anywhere.”

Under her suit, Naoto's forearms were becoming more vascular. Lumps forming like toned hills up to her biceps, which were now pressing tightly at the sleeves; outlining her hyper-toned arm. The feeling was near orgasmic for the blue-haired woman. The fear that she could smell, the control she had. Her mind was fractured-but in return-Naoto had something more important: power.

Another chuckle, this one more unhinged. No longer hunching, Naoto rose; pulling the man's leg up with her. He couldn't resist, something that was obviously new to the man, as he attempted to keep balance on his one leg.

“B-BOYS! GET HIM!”

“Y-Yes boss!” The men quickly began to reel their fists back, punching against Naoto's stomach. The woman lurched forward. It hurt, but not as bad as before. Something that made her maddened smile even more psychotic.

“Assaulting an officer is a punishable sentence. Consider me the judge, jury, and executioner.” Yes, yes! It felt amazing! More fear, more power! Naoto's stomach churned with tightness. Each series of punches producing thicker and thicker abdominal muscles underneath. Her once soft stomach was slowly being morphed by each punch – becoming empowered. Becoming better! Girthy, chiseled chunks of ab were forming into a four-pack. The punches quickly becoming little more than taps to her.

A sudden influx of information carved its way into Naoto's brain. Memories...names...locations. What was happening? “O-Ohhh~” The muscular woman shuddered, feeling her thoughts swirling faster than her already high IQ should allow! “I see...” Naoto remarked, looking towards the leader. “Tatsuha Shizone: a college drop out who stole money for his sick mother originally. Then, when you had a taste of the criminal life, you couldn't get enough.”

Tatsuha's face was in complete anguish and distress. “Y-You really are a Detective. S-So what?”

“Nothing. I just want to know who I'll need to send to this road, in order to see your last moments smeared into the pavement.” Threatened the woman. Bigger. Stronger! The woman's legs quivered. “Yes...yes, you'll be nothing but a smudge, Mr. Shizone!~” With her expanding pale thighs, Naoto's lower limbs pulsated. Expansive curves and shifting growths were accompanied by groans of pleasure, as the woman's height rose inch by inch in front of each of the gang. “Mmm, and don't-ahn! You two move, either.”

The sound of tearing cloth could be heard, as Naoto's pants would split along her engorged calves-thirteen inch mounds of pure muscle, which flexed into tight mounds of power. The woman's body grew upwards even more, her once five-five body now enlarging. Five-seven. Five-ten.

An intense rush of authority instilled the growing woman with even more giddy amusement. Her dominating stature now stopping at six-five! As expected, as she grew, Tatsuha could do little but try to maintain balance, only to fall over.

“Ah, what's wrong, Mr. Shizone? Afraid of a *Pint-Sized* Prince?” She mocked, lifting him upwards by his leg, and forcing her traps to flare, like small bumps next to her neck. “I'm afraid that things have changed. As you can see, I'm much stronger. Only becoming more so.” Accentuating her statement, Naoto flexed her free arm; another pleasant split to be seen, revealing a lump of muscular flesh, that

was as large as a bowling ball! “Mhmhm!~”

“P-Put me down! P-Please! C-Cops don't kill people, right?! I-I'll turn myself in! I swear!” Begged the man, whom looked to his comrades for any assistance; only to see their faces just as distressed as his own.

Naoto postulated for a second. “A valid point, Mr. Tatsuha. Very well, I won't take your life.”

“Th-thank you! Oh thank you! I'll turn myself in as I said! No more crime for-GRAH!” A sudden wave of pain. The echoes of snapping bone. Naoto's grip on the leg of the man clenched with a smug glee upon the Detective's face.

“I never said I would let you go, now did I, Mr. Tatsuha? You are right: Cops do not kill people. Gods, however? Well, they can make whatever rules they see fit.” Releasing the crushed leg, Naoto leered towards the other two men. “You two. Kneel.” The Detective ordered, placing her hands on her widened hips.

“Y-Yes Sir!” The men acknowledged, placing themselves obediently on the ground.

A cheerful giggle left Naoto's lips as she placed her boot atop one of their heads. “Good. Servants should obey without question. As for you...” The woman's eyes looked towards the injured man, who- understandably-seemed more intimidated by the massive Shirogane more than his attackers.

The absolute domination that the woman held was downright euphoric. A blush filled her cheeks, goodness, she was practically panting! She required release...but none of these men would do. Too masculine. “Get up. Your God requires an offering. Bring me a man, but not just any man: I want them to be someone that drips with femininity. Soft, thin. *Easy to break.*” Those last words had the Detective drooling, accidentally adding more pressure than anticipated onto the man, Naoto's boot forced his head into the ground, knocking him out.

Chuckling, Naoto casually changed her glance to the only remaining, healthy goon. “Now, you, go get the Inaba Police force and bring them here. Tell the Captain, specifically, that Detective Shirogane wishes to speak to him.”

The man nodded, sprinting as fast as he could down the road, while the injured civilian followed suit. “Mr. Tatsuha, I can tell you this in private, as I see you are fighting off shock. I can feel myself getting ready to grow again. Yes, the extra fifty pounds of muscle are quite nice.” Once again showing off, Naoto would flex her pectorals; her bound breasts snapping the restraints, as her fleshy masses were let out. Undulating, her tits appeared to have only grown with her chest muscle, making her wondrous assets appear to be in the range of E cups.

Beneath them, that four pack was pulsating with rippling mass which begged to become stronger. “I need to test my might on something more substantial, Mr. Tatsuha, and I want a witness.” Gazing down, the thug was drooling in agony, his mind barely there. “No losing consciousness yet, Mr. Tatsuha. Not until you see me *enhance.*”

Gripping the man by the collar, the Dominating Detective propped the man onto a nearby bench. “We are rather fortunate to live in Japan, are you aware of that, Mr. Tatsuha? Vending machines are quite common. Almost one on every street. Did you know the average weight of a vending machine is

roughly 600lbs? I didn't. At least, not until I thought more about it.” Pointing her slender finger towards a vending machine to the side of the road, Naoto continued. “Now, however, it seems that all I need to do is focus on something, and it allows me great insight into them. I can tell you its manufacturer, exact weight, what parts will need to be replaced, and when. Quite impressive, isn't it?”

“G-Gah...” The man responded, blankly.

“It appears that all I need is for my body to find some sort of resistance, and it will adapt accordingly. To some, that might seem paltry, to me, however; I understand the potential that such an ability carries.” Looking down to her hand, Naoto would clench her fist, biting her lip while she watched the blocks of strength along her forearms enlarge ever so slightly. “Mnh...~ Yes. No then, I believe the time for chatting has ended, wouldn't you agree, Mr. Tatsuha? After all, if I'm going to get my own personal pleasure toy, I should at least give him something to gawk at.”

Approaching the large vending machine, Naoto wrapped her fingers around the item, mentally preparing herself. Digging her fingers in as best she could, the six-five woman would grunt as she attempted to pull up the large object. “Hrng!”

Making themselves known, veins snaked up the Goddess' arms. “Make. Me. BIGGER!” The woman demanded, feeling that sensual rush flood her body once more. “Oh-OHH!~” Quivering, she could feel the intense heat burn up her muscles in the most pleasurable of ways. With the sound of thread tearing, Naoto's deltoids exploded in a cascade of destroyed fabric. Rounded blocks of rock-like skin bulged out from under her. The woman's back transitioned from relatively in-shape, to heaps of spherical collecting and fighting for space. “Y-YES! NRGH!~”

With expansive, chunky sloths of fat and muscle, Naoto's ass was ballooning at an alarming rate. Her bubble but now rising with each strained push towards basket-ball sized cheeks. Underneath which were her legs, that were now filling out with cables of steel-like muscle. The rounded, sculpted sight of her wide thighs, down to her explosive calves, which were at least thirty-inches!

“More...MORE!” Enjoying her dizzying high, Naoto's body lengthened even further upwards. Once eye-level with the vending machine, the woman found her view spurning higher and higher. “Mnnn!~ I can feel it getting lighter!~ Six-hundred pounds, lifted by ME!~” Greedily, the tall Detective pushed even harder; her biceps depressing out in violent pulsations. The thirty-inch masses now expanding with vitality into sixty-inch monsters! “So...BIG!~”

Feeling the machine lift off the ground, the blue-haired woman groaned in glee. “It's becoming easier and easier with each passing second!~” In a moment of pure bliss, the woman reared herself back, lifting the whole of the machine above her! Another spurt had her rise even more, having her stand at a triumphant twelve-feet tall! “HA!~ O-Oh my goodness, it's like a dream come true!~ I really am a GOD!” Tightening her grip, a sound of shattering glass and screeching metal echoed out, as the entire machine collapsed in on Naoto's sandwiching pressure. The sodas inside rained down atop her skin, wetting her beautiful abdominals, which had now punched outwards to a strong six-pack!

Taking a moment to revel in her accomplishment, the Detective casually discarded the scrap of now useless metal to the side. Giving a tasteful grope of her breasts, Naoto's fingers slid against her wet nipples with a soft shudder. “Mmmn!~ Ah...I can't...control my urges much longer. Where is that offering?!”

At that moment, Naoto's ears would perk up to the sound of several footsteps closing in. "Ah, yes, I almost forgot about that." Glancing up the road, thirty officers could be seen, hand guns drawn, with the Captain in front.

"S-Shirogane?!" The Captain confusingly exclaimed, gazing up at the Detective's immense frame. "That can't be you, can it?"

Licking her lips, the woman laughed. "Oh, I'm afraid it is, Captain. Seems this *small* Detective has found a way to become increasingly strong! Now, you are rather lucky that I am a merciful God, so I shall make this simple: bow to me. I will be everyone on the planet's first, only, and final thought." Driving the point home, the blue-haired woman flexed her powerful arm, having the strong limb grow itself even further. "I am already beyond stopping, Captain, and I understand you are a reasonable man. By the second I am growing stronger, smarter, and better in every way. If it helps: I don't mind if you call me God or Goddess. Either one carries a fitting tone to someone such as myself."

Before the Captain could respond, the Civilian returned. "S-Sorry, God! It took some convincing, but I think I found someone that fit your request!"

Pulling the sleeve of the Femboy, the Civilian revealed a soft-looking individual. Long, sensual eyelashes over her silver eyes, with accompanying long, silver hair. Her face was slightly rounded, and overall build was on the lanky side.

Smiling, Naoto turned her back towards the Officers, giving them a show of her intensely muscular back, and insanely large ass. "You've done well, Servant. You are excused. As for you..." Looming over the man, Naoto looked down; the shadow of her breasts cast over the man. "Have you ever had sex under fire?"

The femboy twiddled his fingers slightly, much to the joy of the Detective. He was flustered, and she was in charge – as it should be. "I-Well...n-no?"

"Come here then." In one swift motion, Shirogane swept the boy up in her arm. "You'll survive, but barely. Now then, I have business before pleasure."

Turning back towards the Captain, Naoto casually spoke as she positioned the femboy under her; placing her hand against his pants and ripping them away in a single swipe. To her glee, he was rather hung. At her size, it would do nicely. "Captain, I will give you a choice: surrender to me, or force me to have you do so. The outcome will be the same, but you at least will keep your pride with the former."

"W-Wai-ah!" The femboy muttered as the Detective softly gripped his cock, placing it against her willing pussy lips.

"Mn, I already know your fantasies, no use fighting it.~" The woman assured; pushing herself down onto the Femboy's pelvis. "AHN!~ Mng!~ So filling!~" The Detective moaned in delight.

Shaking off the surprise of Naoto being a woman, let alone the rest of the situation, the Captain tried to keep his composure. "Shirogane, this isn't you! Please, don't make us do this! You're a big enough target to hit, that we can still open fire without worrying about the hostage!" To reinforce he was not bluffing, the man pulled the hammer back on his revolver, readying it.

The sound of the Immense Detective's huge ass slamming down on the femboy could be heard with each rhythmic thrust. “Mn! Do it then!~” The woman ordered through muffled moans and groans.

“Very well. I'm sorry, Detective Shirogane. Men, shoot to kill!” With an eruption of handgun fire, a violent wave of bullets cascaded through the air; sparking against Naoto's skin.

“O-OHHH!~” Naoto curled inwards, the violent fucking only becoming more so as her body shifted and quivered. “B-BIG MISTAKE!~ UMNG!~” With each bullet that hit against Detective Shirogane's limbs, they could visibly see them bounce off. What's more, the skin of the blue-haired Amazon was coming back with even more growth behind it!

Blasts that hit her bouncing breasts were like a rippling wave, which caused her bust to quickly expand out with luscious growth! The sloshing sounds of her bust, with meaty pectorals growing underneath was accentuated by the E cup breasts she had rising larger and larger! “Mmm! YES! As-FNG!~ A I thought! Even bullets cannot harm me! Th-Ahhh!~ The force makes my body adapt to be even *STRONGER!*~”

The shifting of growing muscles of Naoto caused the terrified men to stop firing. Though, it was much too late. To the pleasure of the Detective, she'd find that her body was already altering. Blood pumping to the constantly enhancing muscle groups.

Even more tears and stretched fabric could be seen, reducing Naoto's clothing to little more than scraps against her massive gains! Intense chunks of brawn that were her biceps and triceps expanded with potent strength! The already impressive sight of her arms were now completely jaw-dropping, as they amassed larger with each passing second! “Hahaha! Y-You'll have to excuse my glee! Mng!~ It's rather hard to-gah!~ Keep composure with all this p-PLEASURE!~” Unintentionally flexing, the mass of Naoto's arm accumulated larger than six feet in height, and weighed at least one-hundred-twenty pounds by themselves!

The car-sized arms were joined with the massive legs. The audible sound of sweet, growing stone could be heard. Shredding into rippling hoards of husky masses, Naoto's thighs legs were beyond pillars; instead, becoming downright towers of strength! The poor femboy underneath watched as her upper thighs fought one another for space as they gorged themselves on the power!

Still, she attempted to be as gentle as one could be with his member, riding it vehemently, but with enough soft brutality so as not to kill the poor thing. “HNG!~ YES!~ SO CLOSE!~”

With mass beginning to rival the street itself, Naoto's power-hungry body grew more and more powerful. Her abdominal muscles pulsated, causing another set of hot-sensual, sweaty abs to take place. Then another! A structured, brick-like ten pack, to accompany that absolutely absurd body that the Detective was feeling.

With her wet pussy practically begging to come, Naoto lifted her arms upwards, her body rising higher and higher. Her original twelve-foot stature was unbecoming. She had to revel in her power, to becoming better and better! To always look down at people, and to never be looked down upon herself! “MORE!~ I DESERVE NOTHING LESS!~ NGHH!~” Tremors along the ground could be felt, as a spurt rose Naoto up to twenty-two feet in mere moments! Her head rising above several of the buildings around her!

“GRNG!~ YES, YES, YEEEESSS!” With a dominating scream of pleasure, Naoto finally came. The juices rained down upon the helpless femboy beneath him; his member no longer large enough to satiate her, but it did not matter, his job was done. The intense ecstasy was a reward for the Goddess' passion for power. Her mighty thighs shaking as she continued to spray her beautiful cum along the ground. “HAAAHHHHNNN!~”

After a minute of orgasmic rapture, a stunned silence took over the area, Naoto herself smiling triumphantly as she loomed over the Police force. “Ah...much better. Now then, Captain, as I said before: lower your pathetic arms. My bicep alone is enough to crush any vehicle you may have, and- hypothetically-if you had a larger one, I would simply get stronger to compensate.” Licking her lips in victory, Naoto's next works oozed with smugness. “*You. Have. Lost.*”

Biting his lip, the Captain turned to his men. “Y-...You heard him...her?...” Unsure, he turned to Shirogane, who sighed in a slight annoyance.

“Goddess, God, it does not matter. My strength ascends such trivial things as gender norms, Captain. Now then, if you do not mind, my will is to be enforced upon the entirety of the world itself. This was but a humble start, but I need to become MUCH larger. I would recommend backing away, and evacuating the city. Allow them to see for themselves the new world order that-Naoto Shirogane, Goddess of Infinity-will bring!”

“Y-Yes, Goddess...y-you heard em, men!” Quickly, the men dispersed, taking the unconscious Mr. Tatsuha, and the femboy along with them.

“Such good servants. Now then, to continue what I deserve!~”

Veins looped around her overly-massive arms as her hands gripped the rooftops of the humble surrounding buildings. “MORE RESISTANCE MEANS MORE POWER!~” Pushing against the structures, the woman's fingers buried into them; dust kicking upwards as she flexed outwards. Her shoulders surged upwards with that familiar feeling of loving growth!

“Hahaha...AHAHAHA!~” There it was, that glorious sensation! Naoto watched as the structure's rooftops were being separated from the mortar itself. The, no doubt, thousands of pounds were becoming simple to push away, as her body quickly adjusted.

The width of her body expanded, her upper torso gaining more girth violently! Tens of feet were being added, as her lower half rose herself higher and higher! Soon, chunks of debris fell to the streets below, as Naoto found her widening hips shattering through windows and brickwork!

Then, a realization had hit the woman. “MMM!~ AHHH, I SEE!~ IT SEEMS THAT NOW MY BODY IS CONSTANTLY BEING PUSHED AGAINST THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WHICH IS-F-FUUUCK...~ WH-WHICH IS FORCING ME TO GET STRONGER IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM!  
~”

It was an unending cycle for the poor little street. Becoming so large that her body needed to destroy the area in order to make more room for her mass! Said mass would then collide again with another object, repeating the cycle! Her obliques were becoming larger than a person's own torso, with sculpted ridges and hills that rose higher and deeper than one's own hand!



The mass Naoto was obtaining was staggering, tons and tons of pounds of muscle lined her ever-shifting figure. One moment, she was up to fifty-five feet, until her swinging FF cup breasts swung and hit an tower, only to make her swell again with a monstrous moan!

Her car-sized calves knocked over mail-boxes, vehicles, and electric poles as they fed upon the towering power of Shirogane! She couldn't stop it even if she wanted to, like a snake eating its own tail, Naoto's growth was limited to what was around her!

And what was around her, was a town.

“B-BETTER HURRY WITH THAT EVAC-NGHH!~ EVAC ORDER, SERVANTS!~ YOUR GODDESS IS GETTING *HUGE!*”

With her hips now aligned with the tallest buildings in Inaba, Naoto's grand hips annihilated further and further out from the center of Inaba. A grand shadow was cast over the lower half of the city, as the woman reared back in another mass orgasm. “L-LOOK OUT, SERVANTS!~ HAHAAHAAAA!~” Another deluge of feminine cum drenched the city below as rain, with the woman's power growing at an exponential rate!

A mass destruction was forming, with Shirogane as the center point. A collage of destructive power, as if a meteor had struck the very heart of the town! Yet, bigger she grew. Two-hundred feet, three-hundred!

Looking towards the crowd, and news anchors which had gathered around the outskirts of Inaba, Naoto stretched her arms upwards, giving a show of her absurd breasts, and expansive ass. She was loving all the attention she was receiving! The devotion, the fear! She needed to truly affirm herself as the most powerful being in the Universe! She had to get the world to not even attempt to stop her rule!

“YES, I CAN FEEL IT! MY UNENDING STRENGTH CALLING TO ME!~” Flexing her bicep, a wave of dust was kicked upwards in a ring around the woman. The brawny growths fighting against Naoto's own broad shoulders for space, which only made the two even larger! “YOUR BUILDINGS ARE BECOMING TOO WEAK FOR ME, IT SEEMS. THEN, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SOMEONE AS GRAND AS ME LARGER!~”

It was the perfect plan. She needed something that could withstand her might in order to make herself more powerful. What better objects were there than her own muscles?

Naoto, with a malicious grin, moved into a crab flex. Her muscles all contorting and stretching as they touched one another. It was then, as if a sonic boom had occurred; the clouds separating, the wind blowing several of the distant crowd over. The ground shifted and split underneath the woman, as she clenched her teeth.

“G-GNN...G...GAHHHHH!~” Trembling, the Goddess found her body surging with a struggle of dominating muscles! A sudden expansion that required those beneath to become scarce, as Naoto's body rose higher and wider with each passing second! “SO...MUCH...POWEEEEEEER!~” Roared the woman, completely overtaken by just how well her theory played out. For each second that passed, Naoto's exponential power was becoming more and more overwhelming! Her strength doubling every moment that it hit against another group of muscles!

“OOOOHHH!~ C-CAN'T STOP!~ F-NG!~” She couldn't believe just how much energy was coursing

through her! Every time she thought she hit an upper limit, it was immediately shattered, and then some! The unbridled energy was an infinite loop of strength!

Yet, still she grew, keeping that wicked grin on her face! Bigger! SHE HAD TO BE BIGGER! “MORE I SAID! LOOK UPON ME, EARTH! I AM YOUR NEW RULER NOW!~”

Starting with her calves, which exploded into a titanic series of mountain-sized hunks that moved up to her continental-sized calves were burning red hot, as the beyond-atomically hard muscles continued to fight for dominance! Continuing above the clouds, Naoto's ten-pack stretched beyond the sky itself, up and up! Her back were land masses that could rival no other in terms of density, with arms that could easily wrap themselves around the planet if she so chose!

Naoto's breasts hung in low-orbit, casting a blanket of darkness above the planet's upper-half, with her rear taking on light-years of space. “I...SAID...MOREEEEE!~”

Lifting her massive leg off the ground, Naoto felt the pull of space lift her from the planet; sweeping her hand over it. A sudden wave cleared the skies all around; forcing everyone to watch her grow. With another shifting spurt, the Goddess' back collided with the moon, shattering it instantly with a wave of a heat and debris!

Yet, still, larger Shirogane grew. “MMM! I WOULD HIGHLY RECOMMEND TO BEGIN THE WORSHIP NOW, ELSE YOU MIGHT END UP LIKE THE MOON!~” Ordered the Detective Goddess.

Then, she could hear it. Millions of voices.

“Shirogane!” “Goddess! Please don't kill us!” “G-Grow, please!” “Bigger, get bigger!” “We love you, and only you, Goddess Shirogane!”

Purring, Naoto leered forward, carefully pushing the planet close to her system-sized bust. “GOOD SERVANTS. NOW THEN, WATCH AS THE UNIVERSE BOWS TO ME!~”

In a fit of growth, the Goddess' form expanded against the heat of the sun, against the rings of Saturn, against the ice of Pluto, and yet, it was nothing but pebbles to her. Naoto could feel the astronomical power of the universe shifting to her fingertips. This is what she wanted! WHAT SHE DESERVED!

TO BE GODDESS OF ALL OF IT!

Creating life, destroying it, such powers were becoming simple parlor-tricks to the woman, as she grew more and more powerful!

System after system, whether it be through Naoto's ass, breasts, or her muscles, all was becoming little more than specs to her, as she continued to grow and grow.

“YES!~ YEEEEES!~ I AM THE HIGHEST! THE ALMIGHTY! TO NEVER BE LOOKED DOWN UPON AGAIN!!!~”

Finally, time itself was warping around her fingertips. All of eternity was hers to choose! And what she chose? “MAKE ME INFINITELY MORE POWERFUL!~”

**“G-GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!~”**

The shifting of multiverses caused domains to open and close. Singularities warped and mirrored. Naoto's body was beyond cosmological, she was eternal in everything beyond everything. Her power wasn't absolute, it simply was. The grand, absurd strength that could be comprehended was just a droplet to what she was truly capable of.

Yet, that did not fill the Detective with satisfaction. It could never. She was hungry. So long as something beyond something existed, Naoto was to conquer it. To dominate it.

**“NOW, TO BECOME EVEN GREATER.”**