

WARNING: This is a work in progress, and as such: has not been proof-read, and is not indicative of the final product. Character ages, personalities, story beats, and other parts are slightly altered to fit the story, while still retaining most personality traits. This story contains minor spoilers for Persona 4 Golden, but does not reveal the killer.

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 muddled 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 Naoto 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. Looking down like a maddened Ogre, Naoto 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.

...

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...

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, Naoto 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...

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 a 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, Naoto 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...

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 Naoto's 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, Naoto 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 Naoto 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 Naoto's mouth as she looked up at 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...” Cooped Naoto, 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 allowed! “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 upwards, 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!”