

HOW FAR I'LL GO

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The captain of the Grandcypher, Djeeta, didn't really mind picking up work in Auguste. In fact when it came to the many islands she'd visited over the course of her journey, some of her fondest memories were on that island. Summer cadavers, music festivals, and some general, all-important rest and relaxation: her time visiting this seaside land was full of such wonderful memories.

It certainly helped that most of the work she received there wasn't overly dangerous. Perhaps the monsters might have been intimidating back in the day when she had been much weaker, but there days? Any giant fish that attacked her was basically a walk in the park! In fact she had been so enthusiastic to be visiting Auguste again that day that Djeeta had picked up a whole slew of jobs from Sierokarte. As many, at least, as she thought she could reasonably accomplish in one full day.

Whether it was helping a fisherman move his supplies or take a boat out to catch a rare fish, the collection of quests that the captain had chosen to engage in were incredibly varied. There had even been a simple exploration quest, and that was the one she was on at that very moment. A new set of caverns had been discovered on a small isle out a ways from the island's epicenter, and an experience adventurer had been required to make sure they were safe.

“And on that note, so far so good I'd say!” After re-reading the quest paper in question, she left this little remark and stuffed it back into the satchel hanging from her hips. She'd already charted out most of the caves on her spelunking adventure and could safely say she hadn't bumped into any monsters! On the other hand, she hadn't really encountered much of *anything*? You would think that a set of new caves



would hold some juicy secrets, but at first that really didn't seem to be the case. *At first.*

An unusual sound suddenly hit Djeeta's ears. Not unusual because the sound itself was odd, but it wasn't something she'd expected to hear so deep into these caves. The sound of waves crashing against rocks. The source wasn't very difficult to ascertain and all she had to do was follow it. What she found there though was quite surprising.

“They said this place was newly discovered, right? So why are there so many boats...?” Djeeta wasn't sure, because she'd stumbled into a cavern that sported an open

mouth to the ocean. Piled onto the rocks were a number of archaic looking rafts. Could they be remnants of a civilization long past? Come to think of it, she supposed she didn't really know much about Auguste's history.

And the reason she thought this place might be of some historical significance? There were a number of crude, but seemingly meaningful drawings etched into the walls of this cave. Drawings of many boats traveling from one island to another. **“I wonder... Did people used to migrate across Auguste? I suppose the water stretched pretty far. It isn't... Huh?”**

For a second the young woman thought that her eyes might have been playing tricks on her, but given another moment? No, she was fairly sure that it wasn't. The markings on the wall were glowing a very bright emerald green. The aura in the cave felt increasingly off around the same time, bringing a tingle to the girl's skin. **“Something is wrong here...”**

Even more wrong than she initially assumed, in fact. Her body was tingling, and the air was strange – those were irrefutable and *obvious* signs. What *wasn't* obvious to her because of that was the view out of the cave's open mouth because it was simply a view of the ocean. But the waves upon that ocean? They were rolling *backwards*.

“I need to escape, but...” *Did she?* It was strange. Almost like she felt compelled to remain despite feeling as if she were in mortal peril. And

the longer she lingered? The stronger that feeling of comfort this place brought her grew. But not without a great deal of sacrifice on Djeeta's part.

Said sacrifice was already underway beyond her notice. The tingling of the air against her skin masked any slight feelings to the point that some changes were not obvious to her, such as the feeling of her hair tickling playfully against her neck. Blonde locks usually dangled just above this neck's nape, but they had wriggled longer so that they reached her shoulders, and continued to slide past them.

It wasn't length alone, however. Almost as if the phenomenon was stripping her of the benefits of any modern soaps and shampoos, the ends of her hair frayed and frizzled, a natural perm seeing hairs sway as their overall volume amplified to the point that her hair appeared rather bushy on the whole. Once it fell to the length that it was just above her rear, something else became clear: the tips of this frazzled mane had darkened. Not to a richer blonde. Not to brown. But to a raven black that within moments flew up and into her roots. It even pulled her bangs back in the end, leaving her forehead bare.

"This place is... familiar?" But it wasn't, though? There wasn't really any other way for her to explain the sudden feeling of *déjà vu* she had, however. It was as if she had been here countless times for *some reason*. Like each and every one of the boats in this cove held some sort of significance to her. **"But I've never seen this place in my life!"** Djeeta could reaffirm this with words of course, but words meant little in the face of what was wreaking havoc on her body and psyche alike.

And when it came to her body there was certainly *much* more happening than a mere hair change – though hair was actually still changing. Not the hair on *top* of her head, but it was easy to see that hair nearby had fallen under the same influence. Her bare forehead meant that it was easy to see Djeeta's eyebrows now darkening just like the hair on her head had. Not only that, but each brow grew bushier and bushier until they almost looked like a pair of caterpillars crawling across her face.

As an aside, the hair between her legs grew much bushier and darker as well. It just wouldn't be visible at any point.

Darkness continued to spread, although not in any ominous manner at the very least. Still, the captain's amber eyes deepened in color until they were a chestnut brown that was significantly richer than the off-brown her eyes reflected typically. In the process these eyes likewise grew ever wider, and her eyelashes became fuzzier just as her brows above had become.

Before long, the girl was overcome with a sensation that she could only assume was separate from the tingling all across her skin. After all... **“Aa... Aa... Aa... ACHOO!?”** It had been the beginning of a sneeze that finally erupted from a wriggling nose – and that nose had been the cause of her sneeze in the first place! Djeeta’s nostrils had pulled apart significantly, several inches in fact, and the tip had pushed forward an inch or two as well. In the process, the bridge’s arc flattened a great deal and the nose as a whole appeared to swell until it was a *very* noticeable trait upon her face.

Although at the same time? Was she truly a ‘woman’ in the traditional sense? Of course she was still female, and that fact wasn’t at all being questioned. It was something that was posed more in regard to the woman’s age. Or perhaps it was more appropriate to say, ‘*the girl’s age*’? Both her enlarged nose and bigger, more expressive eyes soon found themselves in good company when it came to roundness, as her cheeks had done the very same. In fact the height of her skull had seemingly crunched downward, giving her head a much circular and shorter look on the whole. Rather than being close to her twenties, she appeared more like she’d been knocked down to her mid-teens.

“No, I... I *definitely* recognize this place. It doesn’t really make sense, but...!?” While ignorance had become beautiful bliss for her as her body had changed, a sudden shift in the sound of her voice absolutely did *not* go unnoticed. In alarm she brought a hand to rub her neck, and yet as she rubbed? The fingers that were gently sliding across it had begun to differ in *size* of all things.

Each and every finger and thumb, in tandem with each other, thickened upon both hands in a manner that almost gave off the impression that Djeeta was having some sort of allergic reaction. They swelled several sizes over just a matter of moments, and of course her palms had little choice but to cooperate to accommodate them.

What this was, was an early glimpse into a widespread phenomenon that wracked the girl from head to tippy toe. It was almost as if she was being repainted in another character visual design entirely, one painted by a much broader brush than she was usually. After all, while she didn’t exactly become all that much more muscular in the end, her body *was* generally widening in every sense of the word.

Her arms and legs swelled all around, forcing the sleeves of her dress to tighten around thicker shoulders and promoting her thigh high boots to squeeze broadened thighs tenderly. Several tears formed in her dress around her waistline, clearly because despite the fact that she still had the pinched in waistline of a young woman in comparison to everything

else, that waistline and her tummy alike were just simply denser than they'd been before.

Strangely enough, not ever part of her body followed this trend. When it came to her feminine curves – her breasts, her hips, her thighs, and her ass – none of them appeared to swell like the rest of her body had. In fact, with everything else growing denser, her curves instead looked smaller in comparison. Going farther, portions of them actually reduced so that they were smaller still, like the width of her hips and the curves of her rump. Perhaps it made sense if she actually *had* become younger, but really?

Djeeta was pretty far gone.

“Why are my boots so tight!? This tingly is just really weird...”

She had lifted one foot to try and pull her boot down. It was clenching both her thighs and her feet very tightly, and while the cause was obvious to any onlookers, to the captain of the Grandcypher herself? It was like she could see *what* was wrong, but her mind just accepted it as *normal* regardless. Still, she managed to yank both boots off through the strength of her will alone, exposing feet that looked similar to her hands in the sense that they were much more prominently swollen than they had been before.

In terms of racial features, Djeeta didn't much resemble the Caucasian-equivalent lass that she had been mere minutes prior. And, in fact, her memories did not wholly reflect a background where she was white. *Growing up on an island, surrounded by her people. A friendly people that were noticeably darker in skin tone.*

Until finally, to put the cherry on top of her newly forged identity, spots of darkened skin began to prop themselves up against her white. Patches of a very dark brown that was entirely natural, born from incredibly high levels of melanin that benefitted a lifestyle that was typically spent outside and under the sun. The patches were big, but with time they also multiplied and mended together until her entire body was kissed with this color – making her new features look far less unusual.

While what was exposed was dark, there were areas where the color varied slightly. Her palms and the bottoms of dirtied feet were a little lighter for one. And her nipples? They had darkened to a much deeper brown than even her soft, *Motonui* skin. But of course, at the age of sixteen and with the responsibilities she now weathered on her shoulders, it wasn't like she'd be showing her chest to anyone. Ever, probably. Not, at least, until she had grown another handful of years older. She had important things to do, after all. Like...!

Wait, no, this was wrong! Or was it right? She quite honestly really couldn't tell anymore.

Djeeta – no, that wasn't her name now – *Moana* needed a moment to catch her breath after such a sudden and intensive transformation. Her body was no longer that of a young, white woman from a backwater island in the Skydom. Instead she was younger and bore a much darker natural skin tone. One that appeared right at home here on Auguste what with how diverse the natives were.

“I'm... Huh. This is a pretty odd situation, isn't it? I'm from... the future? But I'm not! I have memories of this time and place too.” She wasn't *wrong* though. She'd been sent back hundreds of years in time during her transformation to the point that the rafts in this cave looked freshly built. As much as she tried to take hold of the memories of the future though, she just couldn't remember anything solid. She knew she hailed from the future and that her name and body had been different then.

But short of knowing *of* it, Moana couldn't picture *any* of it.

That was kind of a super big, super huge problem! **“But is it really a problem though? I guess I'm technically a woman of this era now too...”** Feeling rather optimistic, and rather at home, she tore at her pink dress with thicker fingers so that it was no longer so tight around her body. That meant tearing away the middle of the dress completely so that her midriff was exposed while tightening her skirt around narrowed hips with a firm tug.

“I have responsibilities here too, right? I'm the chief of my tribe, and it's about high time we look for a new island to live on!” At the very least she had an infectious amount of pep for a girl that had just been flung back in time and thrown into a completely new life – thanks to the dutiful nature of her new personality, of course. **“Come to think of it though, I kind of remember where that big island is? Maybe I can guide the rest of my people there?”**



Little did Moana know at the time that history was rewritten from that moment on to describe her very own tribe discovering Auguste when that absolutely *hadn't* been the case beforehand. What effects would that have on the future though? Well, she wouldn't exactly live long enough to see that, now would she?