

# HAIR DON'T LIE

## COMMISSION STORY

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The spirit of adventure was always calling to Shantae regardless of where it took her.

Of course she loved Scuttle Town with all of her heart, but sometimes she yearned to see more of the world without, you know, some sort of threat that yearned to destroy everything that she loved and cared for? Since she was essentially Scuttle Town's guardian at this point though, she didn't usually get to take the distant trips she *wanted* to. Which she always told herself was okay, because what if something did happen while she was far away?

What if she came back to her hometown razed, her friends all gone? The Half-Genie knew that she would never be able to live with herself again if *that* happened. And so she had decided to settle on adventures that were much more localized. Which was acceptable for a time, but eventually? If you kept going back to the same places over and over again, you were *eventually* going to run out of interesting new things to look into.

**"I'm so bored!"** Case in point, that day Shantae had been walking up and down a beach she had been to maybe *hundreds* of times by that point in her life. **"Maybe I should just say ADIOS and go on a trip far away after all?"** At least that was what the young woman *said*, but she knew deep down that she didn't mean it. She was just understandably frustrated by how uneventful things had been lately. Sure, it was nice that there were no problems... but she also had nothing to do!



It wasn't long after the woman had made these comments aloud that she noticed something in the sand a little ways down from where she had been walking. "**Huh? What's that?**" The sunlight was reflecting off of what looked like a dome of glass, and the object itself was half swallowed by the sand. Was it perhaps an item that had washed up with the rising tide, left behind when it had lowered again?

Both naturally curious and excited to see something new on her otherwise mundane adventure, Shantae quickly picked it up and gave it a dust off. It was a glass object with a plastic bottom, and inside? There was a model of a home. It was actually filled with transparent liquid – water? – and some white stuff. Was it meant to represent *snow*?

**"Is this a snow globe? I've heard of them before..."** But she had never seen one with her own eyes, much less held one in her own hands. If she recalled correctly, then she just needed to give it a good shake? And she did just that, with tanned fingertips rapidly moving the globe up and down. When she believed to have sufficiently shaken it enough, she made sure to turn it upright in her palm, watching the snow flutter down. **"Come to think of it, when was the last time that I went somewhere cold?"**

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**"HUH!?"** She didn't need to think about it for long, because after a magical sparkling on the behalf of the snow globe, it suddenly disappeared. And Shantae herself? She was subjected to the biting cold of a snowy mountain. **"Wh-Wh-Where am I!?"** Arms immediately wrapped around her torso to try and keep herself warm, but with the cold wind and the feeling of snow hitting her exposed skin, it was an uphill battle.

How did she get here? That had been magic, right? Had that snow globe been enchanted? So did she have to somehow get home!? But she didn't really have the time to look at long term goals. In the short term? Shantae was in some *real* danger. Half-Genie or not, she wasn't dressed for the cold and she was still susceptible to *freezing to death*.

**"Wait... Is that...?"** Squinting to shield her eyes from the snow, frozen toes guided the woman forward towards a light under a nearby tree. It looked like the kind of light that often guided her towards upgrades for her abilities, namely her hair whip. They had a habit of popping up

whenever she was in danger and had a challenge to overcome, and could this have been one such moment? **“Am I saved!?”**

She eventually reached this light and stood within it. Magic poured out and into her body, momentarily warming her so that the cold of the snow and wind were hardly as troubling as they had been before. But slowly but surely that cold had begun to return. **“Did it not do anything? Usually I get some sort of new ability, right? But uh...?”** When this *typically* happened, she had some sort of sense of what to do. But that sense wasn't present. Was it because she was so cold that she was distracted?

Not quite.

Shantae pursed her lips, though doing so reminded her of just how *cold* it was out. **“This isn't good, I need to find somewhere to *fucking* warm up!”** A pause came immediately as she just replayed the words she had said. **“Wait, what did I just say!?”** It wasn't like the young woman to swear, and *certainly* not as unprompted as that. She'd felt a tinge of *frustration* being expressed while cursing too, and anyone that knew her knew that was *wasn't* that kind of girl! **“Is the cold getting to me? I should try and figure out what that power was!”**

It was her only hope if she didn't wish to freeze to death aside from finding a place to take shelter, and looking down the snowy side of the mountain didn't reveal any lodges or anything of a similar ilk. She was in real danger! But as panicked as she was, she had begun to calm herself. No... The level of calm that came on quickly was far *too* intense to be natural. Shantae wasn't the kind of woman to go from panicked to under control at the drop of a dime, which was what happened.

**“What if I build a shelter out of the snow?”** This calm was carried by her voice more than anything, although her expression *was* much stiller. In terms of that expression, however, there was much more to be concerned about than what emotion it was showing. At least considering the woman who it was attached to, it appeared increasingly *incorrect*? Like in the physical sense.

This was at first highlighted by the shape of the woman's jaw. It appeared much longer now, presenting her face overall with a taller appearance. Her cheekbones were raised in tandem, creating the impression that she was not only *older*, but subtly less Middle Eastern as well. On the former point, raised lips and narrowed eyes certainly gave off the impression of her being an older, perhaps more *serious* woman. In fact she looked more like she was in her late twenties than her late teens.

Her eyes seemed *smaller* on top of their changed shapes, too. Like *dramatically* so, to the point where it almost seemed like she was squinting up until it became evident that it had just been the process of their shapes becoming smaller. In the end though? They were helped by a narrowing of her *head* as well. Proportionally she still looked like a human, but not one from the world Shantae knew and loved!

In fact, the proportions of her head were not the *only* proportions that would effectively change in the end. Her head might have been the most dramatic of them, but by all standards her transformation at the hand of the powerup. Speaking *of* her head though? She was holding it in one hand now, giving it a shake. “**Maybe I was fretting too much? The cold isn’t that bad. But these clothes...**” There was a strange and sudden deepness to her voice.

But what was the problem with her clothes!? A piece of her old personality took issue with that comment deep down! Those were the clothes that she wore every day! Her favorite clothes! But that voice’s sway on the matter was paltry at best, instead leaving a complicated expression upon the woman’s swollen lips.

It was because of those clothes that a change to her complexion became plain though. Initially it might have been simpler to assume that what was happening was a product of the cold having an adverse effect on the dancer’s health, but this *wasn’t* the case. Unless the cold could irreversibly steal the melanin in one’s skin? Which was *exactly* what was happening. Her natural tan was sapped away, leaving nought but a pinkish pale in patches that ultimately spread and became the consistent color of her body – aside from her nipples and clit, which were a much darker pink now.

The reconstructed image of her face made much more sense now, at least? After all, with it and her skin the way it was now, she bore a shocking resemblance to a Caucasian woman. If it could even be *called* a resemblance when that was exactly what she had become. Even the colors of her irises had inherited a more *mundane* blue. This had all come with a cost, though, not that she realized.

But she had completely forgotten about her life as Scuttle Town. New recollections were forming instead, and some that were *much* more tragic at that.

“**Nngh. Something isn’t right about this...**” The older woman groaned in response to her memories – *and* her body. But even if she found herself concerned about something she couldn’t pinpoint, that didn’t exactly grant her the ability to do anything about it. Case in point? While her belly dancing outfit meant that no clothing complications of

note would occur because of it, Shantae's point of view had begun to rise higher. She was growing naturally taller, and so her legs, arms, and even her torso stretched upwards until she was around the height of 5'7". It offput her balance for a mere moment before her brain caught up, but for the next few moments that balance *was* constantly challenged.

By, for example, a swing of her hips that pushed her knees to buckle more inwardly towards one another. It was fairly dramatic in scope and *did* challenge the fit of the gold bands that held her dancer's pants up, but they remained bound to her. On the other hand, they *only* remained bound thanks to a little extra help from the surrounding area. A great amount of bloat saw to it that her cold thighs would swell to nearly *triple* their original girth, and while her pants still remained upon her? Well, the thin red cloth was forced to tear as her pink flesh peeked through a number of newly ripped locations.

In a way this all helped Shantae feel warmer, and this happened with her *ass* too. It felt much warmer despite the cold, but this was only because the magical energy needed to change her body was being spent, creating heat. And plenty of it was spent on a rear that pushed up to *five whole inches* farther behind her, much of it ripping through cloth and prompting a hand to reach back for a confused squeeze.

It took her a moment. "***What am I...?***" Had something been wrong with her ass? No, certainly not. It had always possessed a size that was so... *robust*. Just as her breasts had always been big and perky, or at least they were in the *process* of reaching that milestone. The red bikini cups of her garb jiggled and bounced while hugging her bosom keenly, fit tightening around them and forcing excess weight to peek over the top and bottom of the crimson cloth as these tits grew to D-cups.

***"No, something about this whole thing is off. But what?"*** Her personality was much more mature, her thoughts much more analytical, but the point of the magic was to make sure she *didn't* realize she was becoming a somewhat buxom, Caucasian woman. So she didn't stumble upon an answer even as the cold became less concerning to her. Rather, like a wave crashing against the beach, a bright blonde not only washed through the purple hair atop her head, but likewise saw its length intrinsically lengthen until it stopped at her hips. It was longer, softer, *and* silkier.

The cold was eased, and with it the woman's concerns. Now swathed in a long, tanned jacket with black tights and boots, matching fingerless gloves and a fluffy hat – well, she had nothing to worry about as far as the cold was concerned immediately. All of her worries about her memories vacated as well.

Fingers worked quickly to smooth out the many crinkles in the tanned jacket that now bundled the woman up snugly, the threat of the biting winter cold now little more than an unpleasant memory. Of course the threat still *lingered*, but only if she were to become submerged in water or strip. Two things that the blonde had *no* intention of doing until she was inside somewhere warm.



**“The lodge where I’m meeting with Zato should be just a little ways up the mountain. I just need to bear with it a little while longer.”** Her voice lacked the usual pep that was so relevant to Shantae’s personality, but then again *nothing* about her drew correlation to her past self anyways. She was a different ethnicity, had a different build, a different age, different memories – and an entirely different personality was part of this.

She was calm, collected, and quiet. And the idea of killing someone to accomplish her goals? Well, *Millia Rage* would prefer not to commit to an act like this if she could help it, but at the same time she didn’t have the same reservations as, say, a certain Half-Genie Hero. Such was the mentality of a woman that had once belonged to the Assassin’s Guild.

What hadn’t clicked with Shantae when she had first arrived on the mountain was that she had no longer been in her world. This was a land where things like genies didn’t exist, and instead was a land that had been torn asunder by war on any number of occasions. Millia was a woman that had spent her entire life in these lands, and as she soon demonstrated? Her body was adept in dealing with it.

But at the same time she demonstrated that some things never changed. Because her long, blonde hair? It suddenly distorted into a sharp-looking blade shape that quickly chopped down some snowy brush in front of her. Millia had control over her hair just like Shantae did. Even *more* control, in fact. It could take many shapes – some dangerous, some better geared for utility. For a woman of her talents, climbing the mountain would take little to no time or effort.

It was just too bad that she couldn’t remember that she had once been a girl with this correlation. **“I really wish he would stop insisting we**

**meet at such high places. It's a pain in the ass.**" Rather, she had an important meeting to attend to. Orders from the higher ups to deal with, no doubt.