

# Keeping the Tribe Alive (Amazon Woman TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for AI

*After being tossed overboard during a horrible storm from a cruise ship, Kyle awakes to find himself in a hidden coastal village populated by powerful olive-skinned men and women. Initially attracted to these Amazonian goddesses, Kyle is shocked to find many were once men, adrift on the sea much like himself! And now he is also changing . . .*

## Keeping the Tribe Alive

The ship rocks, tipping at a dangerous angle that leaves me scrambling for a handhold. The sky is a blizzard, so thick with rain that I can barely see. The deck is slick with the sea, and my own legs struggle not to give out as the cruise liner is battered again and again by monstrous waves. What the hell was I thinking, going up on deck like this? I wanted to be spontaneous, to be with the in-crowd, and I was the only one drunk and stupid enough to answer the dare to sneak past security and get up onto the deck.

It doesn't seem worth it right now, even as I marvel at the titanic wrath of the ocean.

I've been out here nearly a minute. That's long enough, right? That *has* to be long enough. No way am I sticking out here any longer, otherwise I'll -

A wave struck, and the liner tips. I scrambled, my hand slipping on its hold. With a great scream I slide along the deck, trying to cushion my body. Instead I am caught up in a roaring wave that smashes me against a railing. Something gives. My lungs seem to collapse in my chest. A horrible searing pain overtakes me. I can't see anything. Am I underwater? No, I'm falling. There is a brief splash and then water surrounds me. I reach out to try and find a handhold and get below deck. It's a miracle I survived, and bones are definitely broken. But I can't breathe. There is no up. There is no down.

And only now do I realise that I'm not on the ship anymore.

I begin to sink.

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I wake up heaving salt water and chunks of grainy sand. For a moment I don't even know where I am. Everything is so bright; the rays of the sun burn. Even my own name escapes me for just a few seconds, as if everything was washed away, even memory. But then I cough up some more water, crawling forward just enough to get clear of the tide of the sea, and it's like a mental blockage has come loose, too.

Kyle.

My name is Kyle. I'm twenty years old and . . .

I rasp, coughing again. No water comes this time, just salty drool and a ragged need for freshwater. It's like all my limbs have been totally wrung out. I have as much strength as a cup of wet noodles. My clothes weigh me down, drenched in the spray of the sea. My vision grows dark and I just want to let go. Lie down on the beach and -

No. My name is Kyle. I'm twenty three years old. I remember that much. I was on a cruiseliner, wasn't I? The *Golden Coast*? It was going down through the West Indies and then past Brazil. It was . . . *is* Spring Break. That makes sense, right?

But it doesn't. I can't figure it out. Did I wash up here? Am I dead?

I turn onto my back and a horrid pain siezes up my side. Something is broken. I managed to look through the piercing glare of the sun to view my hands, and they come up bloody. Oh God, I'm dying. I washed up after falling off a cruise liner and now I'm dying. Seems like a . . . cruel . . . joke.

My vision begins to darken.

Yep, definitely dying. I'd be terrified if I wasn't so goddamn tired. I'm wrung out. Exhausted. How long was I swimming? How long was instinct kicking in to get me to this beach? It's not the worst place to die . . . but I'd rather not.

But so. Goddamn. Tired.

I struggle to keep my eyes open, but it's just too hard. My body is giving out, I can feel it. I really thought I'd have more time. I thought that taking a cruise would be the first part of my big life journeys. My way to get out there and see the world. Now, everything is going dark.

There are hushed voices, but it must just be my synapses firing off as they begin to die. They sound like women. But then they're followed by rapid footsteps across the sand behind me. The voices are now yelling.

*"Naghata matea! Mila Ala undifya; ehn fah! Ehn fah!"*

*"Ooht, grelleh artuhp maye. Izel, faharahm matea. Izel!"*

I can't understand it all. It's so hard to breathe, so hard to see. The sun is far too bright, but suddenly its light is eclipsed as one, two, three, and then four figures stand over me. It's difficult to make them out - they're mostly outlines in my failing vision, silhouetted by the blazing sun. But I can certainly tell a few things.

They are all four of them women.

And they are the most beautiful creatures I have ever seen.

*"Matea. Izel, Chaac. Vruhn gret, nahak!"*

It's some other language. The language of the angels, maybe? Or I'm just being delirious. One leans down and cups my face with a soft hand. I can make more of her out

now. She looks like a native islander, brown skinned and beautiful beyond measure, with long curls of black hair and thick, expressive lips.

*"Hapan,"* she says. *"Hapan."*

I can't understand the word, but the meaning is clear: *"It's okay. It's okay."*

I begin to close my eyes. My body is being lifted. I don't know if I'm dying or hallucinating or being rescued, but a tiny inkling of hope has returned to me. And if this is my last dying moment, I can't imagine a better end than being comforted by beautiful native women from my wildest fantasies.

I *had* wanted to meet girls during Spring Break.

*"Hapan,"* the woman repeats, as all four of them lift me. And this time I do let myself think it will be okay. I close my eyes and sink back into darkness.

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Hushed voices. Momentary flickers. Brief dreams. I wake, I am fed warm soup and portions of fish and the clearest water I can possibly imagine. Then I am under again. It is impossible to tell what is real and what is my unconscious imagination, but occasionally I am fed something entirely different. It is like honey, mixed with tropical fruit, and it is the only time when I know for certain that I am awake, before it is poured through a carved pipe into my mouth, as if I must drink every drop to sustain myself.

*"Halip,"* my attendants say as I gulp it down greedily, like a baby eating pureed apple.

"Th-thank you," I reply, my voice still hoarse. "Thank you. My name is K-Kyle. I'm Kyle."

It's all I can manage, but they understand.

*"Kyle,"* one says, before placing a hand upon her chest. *"Izel."*

Izel. She is the one who comforted me when I thought I might die, and she comforts me still. Her skin is a gorgeous dark olive, but her eyes are golden, almost unnaturally so. She wears just a fur top for her breasts and a fern skirt that leaves her midriff bare and her thick thighs on display. Her body is all curves, and once again I am struck by my good fortune.

"So beautiful," I say to her, and she seems to understand that too, giggling a little, before feeding me more of that honeyed fruit drink. It infuses me, heals me. It's like I can feel all my broken parts and exhausted organs knitting themselves back together.

*"Halip,"* she simply says, feeding me more. *"Halip."*

I don't even know where I am. I am in a cabin made from carved wood and twined reeds. Sun shines through, but I see little of the outside world. As days pass, though, I begin to understand more. Literally.

“Kyle *habash tawee* getting better. *Palawanack fartuo* Izel is taking good *naree* of him.”

It shocks me to hear it the first time; the mix of English and whatever native language the women who take care of me are speaking. How have they learned it so fast? Were they speaking it all along? By this time I am able to see more: my eyes no longer strain to stay open, and I can even begin to sit up and take larger portions of food. My bed is simple but comforting, and surprisingly large, as if built for a much larger person than me. And it is, because when Izel next enters, I finally realise something.

She is enormous.

I've never been the tallest guy, but five-foot-eight is hardly bad. Sure, I'd love to be six feet, what guy wouldn't? The important thing is that if - when - I do find a girl, that she is of a nice shorter height where her head can fit into the crook of my neck and shoulder, like in all the movies. Compared to even my wildest dreams, Izel is the most spectacular woman I have ever seen.

She is also easily over six feet in height, perhaps six-foot-three or six-foot-four. And while her curves - particularly that bountiful brown bosom - are all very pronounced, she is also very clearly the fittest looking woman I have ever seen who wasn't a freaky-looking bodybuilder on steroids. Her midriff is well-defined, and her arms as thick as they were feminine, the same to be said of her thighs too. She truly looks like one of the amazon beauties of ancient myth, only she's got, you know, both boobs. Very present boobs.

I say the words before I can even think of stopping myself.

“You're beautiful.”

Only I don't say that. Not exactly. I say the *meaning* of those words, but the words sound more like: “*Chulak atayo.*”

I feel like my heart skips a beat, but she only flashes that glorious pearly grin of hers, teeth perfect, eyes glimmering like stars.

“You are not bad yourself,” she says back to me. “And soon you will be *itay.*”

“You can speak English?” I manage.

She shakes her head. “I don't know that *velum.* But you are speaking *Jalanti.* And that is where you are, outsider. You are in *Jalanta.* The winds of fate have brought you here, it is most *tarost.*”

My mind reels, working faster than my energy levels could possibly permit. “I don't - I don't understand how we are talking.”

She indicates the sweet fruit-like syrup she has been feeding me and the carved pipe through which it flows. “The *mata* blood. It will bond you to our tribe. It was the only way to save you. So it is fated by the Great Ones.”

I blink. God, this woman is so beautiful, and her words so confusing. I can feel my body wanting to sleep again, to dip down out of consciousness and simply peace out for a while, but I have to know more. I have to.

"I just - please, tell me what's going on. I feel, my body feels weird."

"It is the *mata*. The change will restore you and make you one of us. You will come to love it. Trust me, being an *itay* is much better."

I close my eyes. The darkness beckons. I need to sleep.

"What is . . . *itay*?"

She mumbles something, but I can't understand it.

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The dreams start to become more obviously split from reality, and I take this as a sign that I am recovering. The hushed female voices, and the much rarer male ones, are clearly within my tropical recovery hut. The same can be said for the balms applied to me, the food and drink fed to me, the *mata blood*, whatever that is, and the strange feelings it induces in my body. My nipples throb, and muscles twitch sporadically. My scalp itches, but there is also a soothing sensation too, as if my body is being fully replenished, becoming stronger even than my original baseline. My lips are a little puffy, and occasionally I feel a stirring in my loins, though I've got a good feeling it's because I often wake in the comfort of beautiful and scantily clad native women, most of them with gorgeous olive-skin.

Not all of them look like this, however. Melak is a fiery red-head with light olive skin. She looks like a huntress, and from what I could tell from our brief chats that's literally what she is. With her fur-skins she could seriously be a contender for a real-life Red Sonja, but like all the other women, she is tall and powerful and fierce. She had little patience with me. Another woman is Pati, who has rich dark skin like that of an African woman, though her hair is silky straight. She was, to my surprise, entirely naked from the waist up, with pale tribal tattoos along her form. I . . . found it hard to contain my body's reaction to her clear voluptuousness, especially her enormous booty.

The most wonderful though, in my eyes, is my original savior Izel. She is with me the most, even if I can't always converse with her, since my voice cracks and I need to rest it more often than I would suspect. She is also the most curious, chatting with me often, telling me about the tribe. I have begun to piece things together about this place, the one they call *Jalanta*. It is not an island as I suspect, but a remote area of the coast undiscovered by other civilisations, perhaps along Brazil. She seems to believe the Gods known as the 'Great Ones' protect it and keep it safe, but language between us doesn't always last. She says it is because my body is taking in the *mata blood*, and it will reforge my body as well as my spirit,

and cannot always do both at once. I don't know what this means, but I am feeling better each day. Thanks to her and her healing, I've been able to regain my full memory.

I'm Kyle Lands. I'm meant to be on Spring Break, and I rather foolishly decided to take a Spring Break cruise with campus peers I thought were my friends. It took up all of my savings, but the desire to party and meet hot girls and experience adventure was too great, especially since the tropics seemed so alluring. But it turns out that my new 'friends' were more than happy to peer pressure me into danger just for a drunk laugh, in the middle of a goddamn storm to boot. Still, my fault for being dumb and drunk enough to go along with it. I guess I never was the smartest, but once I'm free of this place I'll have a whole new set of lessons instilled into me.

And speaking of, I am told that tomorrow I can finally leave the hut and see Jalanta for real.

"You must have one more sleep, Kyle," she tells me. She pats my hair. "Blond. It will change. Few of our *itay* stay blonde."

"I'm pretty attached to my hair, actually," I say. "But I'm looking forward to getting out and finding a way home."

She gives me a smirk I don't quite understand, and then kisses me on the cheek. She leans over me, kissing me on the other side of my face so that her breasts practically hang low in my vision. It makes my own nipples throb with arousal, weirdly. Perhaps she's just that damn sexy, this strange, wonderful, caring and beautiful native lady.

"You will find home, I promise," she says, and I am able to follow her words, just barely. "I know I did. I do not even miss *vaharam*."

I raise an eyebrow as she leaves me to sleep once more. *Vaharam*? Why do I get the weird sense that that means 'cars' or 'motor vehicles'? And why the hell would they even have a word for that if they are supposedly hidden away?

It is a thought that stays with me as I dream, and it is a similar dream to the ones I have been having these past few days going in and out of sleep as I heal up. It is, appropriately enough for a young man like myself, centred on beautiful women. I see them in their native outfits, all leathers and furs, reeds and ferns, dancing around a fire. They are naked and *alive*, their breasts full, their hips wide, their hair free and glorious. There are only a few men, and the women dance around them, caressing their bodies and slowly coupling with them. A powerful chieftain watches over the proceedings, surrounded by a number of the amazonian women, clearly the object of their lust. Some are clearly pregnant, and something about that stirs a passion in me. A heat. And there I am, walking towards the fire, answering the call to dance. I joint the women, not the men, and as I allow instinct to take over, I feel a change sweep over me. My chest grows heavy, my buttocks large, my hair long and free also. I am a woman. I *am* woman. Femininity personified, and a member of the

tribe. I cry out in a voice of purest ecstasy as my transformation completes itself, and then there is only the gaze of the chieftain, his son, and the men around me.

And I know what I must do next. I step towards the most virile-looking man and -

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I wake, and I *burn* with energy. It is as if I am not only fully restored, but healthier than I've ever been. I can't remember the last time I woke up so ready to be out and about. I look down upon my pale Caucasian body, adorned in the sheets and wraps of the Jalanta tribe. I must have been in the sun at some point, because I am much more tan than I remember being. Clearly the medicine has affected me also, because my nipples are also darker and more prominent, and my body hair is entirely gone.

"Weird," I say. My voice cracks a little. It's like it has gone up half an octave or more, almost girlish in sound. The mata blood, whatever it is, clearly has some residual effects. Hopefully I can get over them.

I get up, standing to my full height, wearing just a wrap around my midsection. Was I out longer than I thought? Certainly, my hair feels longer, though it is not down over my vision just yet. Certainly, the salt air has made it wavier than usual.

"The hut is smaller than I thought," I muse. The ceiling is closer to my head than I anticipated. "Perhaps Izel wasn't that tall."

There is something wrong with the words I am saying, but I can't quite pinpoint it yet. My main focus is on getting outside. The morning sun's rays beckon, and I answer their call, striding forward, one foot in front of the other. My gait is clearly something I need to regain also, as I sway my hips more than I should.

"Putting on weight there," I note, but then I push aside the hanging curtain of reeds, and step out into what can only be called . . . paradise. I am in a large jungle clearing, though numerous verdant fruit trees and natural shades are dotted throughout this valley area. An impressive mountain juts up into the sky in the distance, huge flocks of colourful birds careening over its skyline. Nearer by are numerous huts and lodgings, crafted from natural resources and fashioned with delicate care. It is like stepping into another world, one from hundreds of years ago before modern technology or industrialisation ever arrived upon the scene. There is even a large central lodge where I assume the chief or leader of Jalanta resides. Statues fashioned from wood and stone provide tasteful art, mainly of heroic figures and beautiful women. At the edge of the village, far in the distance, I can see numerous olive-skinned beauties and several suitors splashing about in a natural spring, a waterfall flowing into it from above. I have never seen anything so idyllic.

"This is incredible," I find myself saying. I rub my chest idly, massaging my sore pecs, but I am starstruck by this sight.

"It's truly a different world, isn't it?"

I nearly jump. Izel is suddenly beside me, flashing her glorious grin. She is still impressively tall, but I clearly overestimated her height. Either that, or I underestimated my own.

"Izel," I say. "I've never seen a place like this in my life."

"I'm so glad you are feeling better, Kyle. The mata blood has done you well, and your change is on its way."

I certainly feel changed. I look down and flex my hands, which are definitely more tanned than they were before. I can feel a strength in my arms that wasn't there before.

"Is that how we are able to speak? The stuff you fed me?"

She nods, still grinning, and places her hands on her hips. It is a good look, but doesn't stir me to hardness this time, at least. Perhaps mata blood also dulls my blood flow in *that* region, or something.

"Indeed. It is the way many of us are able to communicate. You are not speaking your old language anymore, Kyle. You are speaking Jalanti."

I pause, taking in her words. "Fruit. Lemon. Uh, refrigerator. How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood? My name is Kyle. I'm from America."

None of it is in English, though I am trying to say it so. Only a few words come across phonetically in my 'old' language; reh-frij-err-rate-or, Ah-meh-ric-ah, and so forth. The rest is . . . Jalanti. It's enough to make me panic a little.

"What's wrong with me? Is it permanent? Shit, why can't I even *think* in English anymore? It's like my whole mind is in your language!"

Izel gives me a sympathetic smile, placing a hand upon my bare back and rubbing it softly. It nearly makes me coo, and I find it hard not to look at her divine breasts so clearly displayed in her top, which today appears to be made from twined ferns and tropical bird feathers. A lot of cleavage is still on display though.

"You were dying, Kyle, it was the only way."

"So I can't speak my language again? Shit, do I have to relearn it? How do I get out of here? I'm fully healed, right?"

She winced. "Not fully healed, at least as you think. Again, I did what the Fates had decided. Look, I must take you before our chief. All will be explained. Come."

I hesitate. I'm basically just wearing a woven rug as a towel.

"Shouldn't I change? Do you have my clothes?"

"They were burned away. You will understand why. You will be fine like this, Kyle. Trust me."

I find that I do, despite my growing worries. I follow Izel through the village. We must not be too distant from the sea, because I can faintly hear the ocean behind me, and there is the smell of salt in the air mingling with the fresh scent of the trees. Numerous villagers look my way as I follow my saviour towards the large lodge, especially the children. I am once struck by the fact that the majority of them seem to be women, and that all the women are tall, strong, and impressively voluptuous. They are the image of health and beauty, power and grace, and their primitive clothing and lifestyle only adds a further purity to them.

“Look at the pale man!” a child cries, running along with her friends beside me.

“Did the Great Ones bring him here?” asks another. “Is he becoming *itay*?”

Again, that word *itay*. I try to ignore the stares I am getting, even the ones that cry out blessings and well wishes to me - some are even thanks, for some reason - and instead turn to ask Izel what that word is.

“It is . . . difficult to explain. It is central to our hidden culture.”

“So you are hidden?”

“Yes, all will be explained at the lodge. Please, enter.”

We arrive at the large central lodge area, and she pulled aside a complex woven curtain, gesturing for me to enter. I do so, trying to ignore the odd sensations in my muscles, the pressure in my chest. My stomach feels like it is rumbling, almost like it is being shifted around as something grows within me. I know it is just nervousness, but it makes me scratch my unexpectedly longer hair again. Has it grown longer already? That’s impossible, surely?

But my attention is redirected by the interior of the lodge. There are various carved statues and totems within, as well as a firepit in its centre that glows with still-burning embers. There is minimal natural light here; the torches provide it instead. Opposite me, waiting on our arrival, sits a powerful chief. He is older, perhaps in his fifties, but his hair is still black and long. He has weight around his middle, but it appears more muscle than fat. Like many of the other men, he had no shirt on, instead wearing a simple set of furskins and reeds as a kind of skirt or kilt. Around his neck are various beads and trinkets that clearly mark him out as a leader. Beside him is another man, much younger, perhaps only in his mid-twenties. He is more lithe and fit, but the presence of similar trinkets and his own facial structure make it obvious who he is; the chief’s son and likely heir. I find my gaze drifting to this young man for some reason, and it horrifies me to realise that I am looking at his tanned, muscled body before I even note the presence of women in the room. Various concubines are present, one of them being the dark-skinned Pati, her large breasts still naked to view. Why was I looking at the hot guy instead of all the hot women? Hell, why am I even thinking of him as hot? My nipples throb a little, and something pulses between my legs just at the thought.

Izel prostrates herself before the chief, and I follow example to try and play nice. He nods, and we both stand.

“Good Chief Balam,” she declares, “and honoured Chief’s son Imlak, I present to you our newest arrival brought to us by the Winds of Fate, gifted by the Great Ones who keep us safe. His name is Kyle Lands, for now.”

For now? What does that mean?

Chief Balam inspects me, nodding a little. Then he indicates to his son.

“My boy, you must introduce our custom. It is time you practised one of our most sacred traditions.”

The attractive young man looks briefly panicked. “Father, you did not tell me! I am not ready, and - what if he resents -”

The chief puts up a hand, silencing him. “You are more than ready, my son. All chiefs of the tribe must help guide the final change to create an *itay*. You will do well, I know it. Guide this young man into his true self, and aid him. It will end well, I know it.”

I have no idea what is going on, but the young man is clearly nervous, brushing his long black hair behind his shoulders. It really is pretty hair. Izel smiles beside me, touching the small of my back. “It will be okay,” she whispers.

“I have no idea what is going on.”

“That is fine, none of us did. But you will, and you will celebrate it.”

She steps back, and I am at least relieved not to be struggling against my desire to inspect her body. But then Imlak stands, proud and tall and handsome, easily six-foot-four in height and looking like a god, and some of the breath goes out of me.

“Welcome to the hidden tribe of Jalanta, Kyle Lands,” he says loudly, as if speaking not just to me but the room containing his father and the various concubines here. “We are an ancient people, and many moons ago were nearly wiped out. Invasion cut us down. Plague felled our numbers. And . . .”

He seems to struggle for a moment to remember the next line. It’s almost a little cute.

“And *storms* destroyed our original homes. Our people were few when we found this sacred coast, and we pleaded with the gods and the fates both to rescue us and recover our numbers, and keep us safe from outside threats. Our worship was heard, and our requests granted. We were led to this place, a paradise on earth, and the Great Ones made it so that no outsiders could ever find us.”

“But-”

He seemed startled by my intrusion, and I immediately realised my faux pas: “Um, sorry. Continue.”

He nervously caught his place again. “But our population was still few, and even the Great Ones cannot create life from nothing. Our women had been stolen by invaders, and

the plague had killed more. Few remained to continue our tribe. We were a dying people. But the Great Ones gave the Jalanta chief knowledge of a powerful ritual, here upon this very spot.”

He indicates to the various totems and complicated drawings that cover the interior of the lodge. They reveal the very history he is talking about, including a large image of a chief summoning lightning from the heavens as women dance around a fire.

“This was the Spell of *Itay*,” he says, and my ears prick up immediately, enough to ignore the weird compression in my shoulders. “Wherever tragedy befalls a sailor or traveller upon the sea near our lands, the Great Ones would usher the Winds of Fate to bring them to our shore. There they would become *Itay*, and help spread our population, becoming part of our tribe. This is the spell the chief cast, and it continues to this day, allowing Jalanta to flourish as our hidden paradise for eternity.”

I gape. Surely this couldn't be true. Surely they couldn't believe this?

“Look, this is all very impressive, but I have to be getting back to my home.”

I turn, but Izel shakes her head at me. “You can't. The mata blood had healed you, but your injuries will return if you do not complete the spell.”

I look back at Balam and Imlak. “I'm sorry, but I don't believe in spells. Does anyone have a phone here? A pho-one?”

There is no recognition in their eyes. Imlak looks to his father, who nods.

“Kyle, you must become an *Itay*, or you will not survive. This is the moment. I - I promise that all *Itay* enjoy their fates. It is a startling change, but one that-”

“I don't even know what an *Itay* is! I'm getting out of here.”

I move to march past Izel, only to suddenly collapse right at the doorway of the lodge. I gasp, clutching my stomach. To my horror, I bring up a hand covered in blood. Has someone stabbed me? It makes no sense . . . oh God, my injuries are returning. It makes no sense, but bruises were literally appearing across my body once more. I gasp, that raggedness returning to my breath.

“What's . . . happening?”

Imlak rushes to my side, as does Izel.

“Son, it is his choice.”

“He's dying father, again!”

“He was told that leaving would return his injuries.”

“He doesn't understand! His injuries were more severe than most.”

He helps prop me up, and strangely I find his masculine presence even more comforting than Izel's, even as I feel her impressive chest against my side.

‘Listen, Kyle,’ Imlak says, voice low and serious. ‘You may not believe in the spell, many who became *Itay* did not. But it *is* real. You are changing. Already your hair has grown.’

‘His skin has darkened also,’ Izel adds. ‘And his chest. His stature grows, and his curves are more obvious.’

The chief looks astonished. Even through the pain, I can see his surprise. ‘Such changes already? And just from the mata blood?’

‘Indeed,’ Izel says. ‘I believe he will be a most beautiful and fertile *Itay*. One worthy, perhaps, of being a first wife to a chief’s son?’

At this, I feel Imlak tense, as if full of nervousness and excitement. I am even more aware of my body now. They are right; I am changing. Something in that blood is making me more like them. Could it all be real? And did they say fertile?

But then another wave of nausea and pain hits me.

‘He tried to leave,’ Chief Balam says. ‘Bring him back to the embers. Imlak, stoke them.’

Imlak leaves my side and I momentarily miss his presence, but he does what his father says. I stumble with Izel’s help back to the fire, and instantly my injuries and pain begin to cease.

‘It is only a temporary reprieve,’ Imlak says. ‘You must accept the change. You must become *Itay*: a woman of our tribe who was once a man.’

I practically splutter at that. A woman of the tribe? But it all makes sense: the longer hair, the loss of my body hair, the softer edges of my body, the wider hips, the bigger rear, even - I gulp - the growing, darkening nipples and pressure in my chest. How could I have not seen it? But then, how could anyone?

‘I can’t - I can’t become a woman! I’m a man! I’ve got my whole life ahead of me! I don’t want to become some girl in a remote paradise. I’ll miss the internet too much!’

The chief sighs, then gestures with a hand. ‘Then go to your death, young one. You have rejected your fate.’

Several figures move to grab me, but Imlak strides forth. ‘Father, no! Please, give him a chance! Kyle Lands, you must do this. You will die if you do not. Trust me. You can trust me.’

And somehow . . . I feel like I can. Izel has a hand on my shoulder, a gesture of comfort, but it is Imlak’s burning gaze that burrows into me. I know he is speaking the truth.

‘I . . . shit. Please, just do it then.’

I can barely believe what I am saying, but what choice do I have? Imlak nods to me, and gives a silent thanks - thanks to me! - and then he begins to stoke the fire. He chants, clearly this is his first time conducting the ritual because it takes him a moment to get into the

rhythm. When he does, however, the smoke that bellows from the now roaring fire belches impossibly large. It passes in a slow-turning hurricane, not leaving our space but shifting to envelope me. I gasp, but I do not try to escape. Part of me yearns to enter it; is this part of the spell, or is it simply me? Either way, the embers glow around me, fire circling around my figure. It is warm without burning, hot without pain, and the smoke does not make me cough but instead enters into me like some sort of spirit.

Oh God, what have I gotten into? Why did I agree to this? Surely there could have been some other - OHHHH!!!

I gasp, squirming, wrenching my shoulders and writhing as the spell overcomes me. It is like all my changes from the mata blood at full speed, and just as I make that thought, the embers and fire begin to congeal and boil and come together like lava, floating in the air and shifting like liquid. My eyes go wide; this *is* Mata's Blood. It stretches forth like the finger of an ancient god - perhaps it is - and brushes my swelling lip.

*"DRINK,"* commands an ethereal voice.

And, God help me, I do so. I open my mouth and allow the essence to pour into my very being, down my throat and into my body. The effect is immediate; I cry out in reluctant ecstasy as the transformation accelerates. I feel it all at once, across the course of just a minute or two at most. My voice rises, becoming high and sweet like a tropical birdsong. My hips crack audibly, shifting much wider, and once more I remember that comment about becoming 'fertile.' My waist also changes, compressing inwards. The pressure is exquisite, only briefly discomforting and then wonderful. My hair descends, and I see now that it has darkened to black, falling in silky straight strands all the way to my lower back. It is surprisingly heavy upon my scalp, but feels *wondrous* in a way I cannot describe. The same is true for my body entire: I moan as my ass inflates, becoming rotund like the other native women here. My face shifts, altering and cracking, my jawline softening, my cheeks filling in, my skin becoming a mid-tone olive that I know will be gorgeous.

"Ohhhhhhh, yessss," I find myself saying, and I blush from the act of saying it. I can't believe how good this feels, how *right*. It shouldn't, it's all wrong, and yet the sensation of my penis and testicles withdrawing back into me only heightens the bliss. I feel my vagina forming - *my* vagina - and I cry out again as a powerful orgasm rips through me. I have dropped my covering, I don't know when, but my nakedness allows me to caress my growing breasts, to cup and feel them. The pressure rises, and so do they, like dough inflating in the oven they expand in my hands, filling them more and more. I can't believe how busty I am becoming. I always wanted to get close to a buxom woman, but my own chest is now the buxom one.

"MMhmm! S-so big! Ohhhhh!!!"

I massage them, exploring the radiating pleasure. It is not enough; I will them to grow even bigger, to become like ripe melons upon my chest, bigger than 'mere' cantaloupes. Clearly, the Fates and the Great Ones have decreed this to be so, because they surge forth, drooping just slightly thanks to their great size and weight, but I am left with a pair of breasts that are mighty, each one feeling the size of my own head. But then again, my own size has grown too; my spine and limbs extended to true Amazonian height. Power flows through me, and I shudder with it.

And then it leaves me. As if gestured aside by the entity or entities that changed me, the mata blood in my system becomes one with it, and the smoke storm and embers disperse.

I am standing naked before a congregation of concubines and a village chief and his son. And even without seeing myself, I can tell from Imlak's dropped jaw and his growing erection beneath his warrior skirt that I am the most beautiful woman he has ever seen.

"F-fuck," I say, my enormous chest heaving up and down with each breath, my large nipples throbbing with the after-echoes bliss. "Is it over?"

Izel grabs my arm, bouncing with celebration. I am now her equal in height, but my bosom is noticeably larger than hers; I can tell when she hugs me, and I experience the foreign sensation of my breasts against hers.

"Welcome to our tribe, sister!" she exclaims. "I knew you were destined for it!"

I am too shocked to say a word, especially as more 'sisters' join me in celebration, placing their arms around me, so the chief speaks instead.

"A good change. Well done, Imlak. You have seen what I could not in this *Itay*. Perhaps . . . she will make a fine bride for you, when she is ready."

Finally, I manage to say something.

"Did you just s-say bride?"

This is all too much to take in while wearing no clothes.

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A week passes, and I still cannot believe it. I have seen my reflection many times, not just in the waters but in the stone glass the tribe keeps for such matters. I am, without trying to brag - and what guy would want to brag about this? - the most luscious woman I have ever laid eyes upon. I am easily six-foot-three or six-foot-four in height, but my body is proportional to said height, without any trace of being scrawny. Far from it, in fact. I'm not good with boob sizes, but these things are clearly beyond the oft-vaunted Double-D's. I knew a girl back in high school who bloomed early and complained about having EE-cups, and those were still much smaller than the pair upon my chest. I have to wear wrappings to contain them; how

does Pati do it? But then I am bigger than her, and my entire body speaks to fertility: my hips are wide and with generous fat, the kind that enhances my figure instead of ruining it. My derriere would give Hollywood beauties and online models a run for their money, and my thighs are . . . positively thick. Thunderous, even. All of this would have been overwhelming enough (I'm still not used to all the endless jiggling in the front, sides, or back), but the fact remains that I am also *beautiful*. My lips are full, my eyes golden like other *Itay*, a marker of my change. Sometimes I look at my reflected self, at my long dark hair, and think that I would have sold my soul to have slept with such a woman.

And now I *am* that woman.

The Jalanta people are being kind with me, the women especially. I had no idea that so many of them are *Itay*. I'd reckon about two-thirds or more, and apparently this speaks to a longer lifespan as well.

"I was from Australia," Izel tells me the day after my change, when I am ready to talk. "A tourist wanting to go through the Amazon jungle. This was in the eighties, nearly forty years ago."

She still looks to be in her mid-twenties, and healthily so.

"It was foolish. I ended up with a disease, and floated down the river helplessly. I am one of the very few who was rescued not from the sea but the river. The spell thankfully extended to that area of water. Like you, I was afraid. But after adjusting to my change, I came to celebrate it, and now I could not imagine *not* being a woman, a wife, or a mother."

"A - a wife? A *mother*?"

She giggles in her relaxed, carefree way. "Of course. I have birthed a number of children. It is how the Jalanta have not just this village, but several outlying ones at our borders as well. I am married to Etar, a hunter for the tribe. He is . . . most vigorous. Trust me, a woman's pleasure is most worth it, as have been my eleven children."

"E-eleven?"

She laughs. "I could be more blessed, but I do not like to be too burdened by a big belly. But you have a more fertile figure than me, and who knows, a chief's son can be quite . . . virile."

I think about her words often, six days on. She must be sixty years old and still living in this paradise. It's crazy to think that might be me one day; old and yet young, and so used to this island living that technology is not something I even care for; that is the case for her and others. Hell, Melak claims to be from the nineteenth century, a sailor from Scotland who somehow kept her red hair. She is a fierce warrior, training for an enemy that the Fates say will never come but she practises for anyway, and even *she* has born children. She is, in fact, wife to Chief Balam.

“Fool child, you will appreciate your gifts in time. Do not squander them. But if you do not wish to stay with the Jalanta, you may still leave. But the gifts of health and long life and fertility will also leave you, and you will be a new woman in a world that does not know you.”

*That* is a revelation. I *can* still escape. But I have not yet. I'll need to form a plan first, gather supplies, and even figure out just what the hell to do with myself. A beautiful woman like I in the outside world could be . . . vulnerable. And, in truth, the Jalanta people are being so kind to me here, introducing me to their customs but not being pushy, allowing me privacy but bringing me delicious foods and inviting me to spend time with them.

It is Pati and Izel that draw me out first.

“Come,” Pati says, hands on her hips. “Enough sulking. You are alive. You may not wish to be a woman, but we must celebrate *life*. We are to show you something.”

In truth, I have been retreating to ‘my’ cabin for far too long, and I have begun to want to explore. The children keep wanting to meet the new woman, though one did make me far too sheepish when she said she wished to have ‘really big breasts’ like me when she grows up. Certainly, others treat me as normal, not a freak, but I still feel like one, especially with my body so on display; I have been given a native skirt and wrap for my breasts to wear, and it is very revealing.

But I am sick of being stuffed away, thinking on my life.

“Okay,” I say. “I will come with you. Wherever we are going.”

“It is a secret!” Izel declares. “But it is not a short walk. You can think of a new name for yourself on the way there.”

Oh great. Another thing to think of. ‘Kyle’ hardly suits a buxom, breedable native woman now, does it?

Wait, did I just think of myself as ‘breedable’? Ugh, that dream with Imlak in it was far too vivid last night. It seems that in becoming a woman, my own taste in partners has flipped. I find it hard not to look at men now, and it’s deeply humiliating. That’s the other thing this walk might distract me from.

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We talk about many things along the jungle path. Pati speaks of weaving and crafting, and I won’t lie, that sort of stuff does interest me. Izel speaks of storytelling and fishing, and I won’t lie again, fishing does sound fun. I’ve never done proper net fishing or spearfishing before. But they also let me lie with my own thoughts, taking in the verdant beauty of the jungle and the colourful birds around me.

It is nothing compared to the sight they take me too, however. The hike is long and goes up, but my new amazonian thighs are up to the task. I arrive with just a light sheen of

sweat upon me. I kind of wish I could cut my long hair, but Izel tells me to wait; it is too beautiful, apparently, to give up on just yet. And I trust her judgement on this, because the sight of the cliff-side lake she and Pati reveal is perhaps the most idyllic sight I have ever witnessed, and the previous one was the valley of the Jalanta itself! It gives a spectacular view of the main village, along with at least two others in the far distance, and the sight of the ocean is equally wondrous.

“Come, don’t be shy,” Pati says, removing her skirt. “We are all women here. Come and bath.”

I don’t think Pati’s idea of shyness is equal to my own, but I join her and Izel in taking off my clothes. My breasts droop further and I sigh, enjoying the freedom from my ‘bra.’ I now get why women enjoy that release, far more than most, in fact.

The water is perfect as I slide in; it is cooling and perfect. A waterfall from even higher up provides a calming ambience, distant enough to be there but not too loud. For once, I feel almost kindred with my new body. My cleavage is visible above the waterline as I find a place to sit near my ‘sisters’, but it is my hair that is best; I wet it, sliding under completely and re-emerging with a grin.

“See!” Pati says. “She can be happy!”

“I knew it,” Izel says, rubbing my back and kissing my shoulder. They are very touchy people, the Jalanta, but I find I do not mind it in this moment. “Every *Itay* can accept herself here.”

And she’s not wrong. I lay back, closing my eyes, and then opening them to take in the beauty of this place.

“It is wondrous, is it not?” Pati asks. “I was changed only a few years ago. I have not looked back. I embraced it from the first.”

“I don’t know that I ever can,” I say, stroking my own body to clean it . . . and to feel it. “In fact, I must tell you the truth. I am thinking of leaving.”

Izel is immediately saddened. “I understand. I nearly did so too. Give it at least a month, sister. Please.”

“I will . . . try.”

“It is long enough to accept the desire for a good man, that’s for sure.”

I roll my eyes and splash her with water, and soon an entire fight starts, each of us laughing and splashing one another. I have no doubt we look like the start of some male fantasy. But it only ends with us relaxing. I close my eyes, and Pati gives a hushed whisper to her ‘sister.’ They both giggle, Izel especially.

“What is it?”

“We must go,” Izel says, getting up. “You stay here. Enjoy the sight by yourself.”

I'd argue, but in truth I want to enjoy some privacy. Get away from my thoughts. They two women withdraw, clearly knowing something I don't, but it gives me room to do something I have occasionally indulged in since my change. I'm not proud of it, but with breasts so sensitive and a clitoris as equally pleasurable, I begin to stroke myself.

"Mhmmm," I moan, feeling the bliss rise. "Yesss. Mhmmm."

I try to hold on to an image of female beauty, but it morphs to maleness instead. A hard cock upon a hard-muscled man. His hands are on my chest, his member sliding against me . . . into me . . .

"Yessss. Mhmm. Imlak . . ."

"You saw me coming?"

I scream. I jump. I nearly reveal my nakedness to the chief's son who has just arrived. I put two and two together. Damn Izel and Damn Pati, they saw him coming from the cliff-side! They wanted him to find me alone. Those connivers!

I try to cover my breasts with my forearms. They are much too big for such an attempt, and I fear I only emphasise them even more in the act. Instead, I slide back into the water.

"Chief Son Imlak, what are you doing here?"

He blushes upon his olive cheeks. Again, I am struck by his handsomeness. "I, well, I come here often. To relax. Please, just call me Imlak. Do you mind if I join you? We Jalanta do not separate sexes in bathing, as *Itay* tell me other cultures do."

I swallow, nervous. I want to say no, but my stupid latent horniness betrays me.

"Please, come on in."

Damn how good looking he is! Damn the magic that makes me think about how good looking he is! I lower myself in the water just to hide my breasts from view further. My nipples are quite hard right now, and *that* is a strange feeling indeed.

He doesn't, as I expect, wait to get into the water to take his clothes off. Just as Izel and Pati had told me, things are far less . . . prudish here. Which means I get a full view of his manhood as he removed his warrior skirt and loincloth, and this time I am left gaping. Let's just say he's big. He's really big.

And suddenly I remember in my damn mata blood-induced dreams how I'd imagined having something that big *inside me*.

"Um," is all I manage. He flashes a warm grin. He's already a little hard at the sight of me and I can't say I blame him. He enters the water, but I am unable to close my eyes. It's like I need to take all of him in.

"Tell me, Kyle, how are you finding our tribe so far?"

I bite my lip. He is wandering closer to me, keeping a respectful distance but still close enough for me to reach out and touch him if I wanted to. Not that I want to.

"I'm . . . it's so much to take in. I'm barely used to my own voice, Imlak, let alone the idea of being a woman. And I'm darker skinned too, like a native woman; even my face shows this. God, I don't know my own language anymore, this one just rolls off the tongue instead. It's . . . it's confronting. And that's not even getting into this new body."

"If you don't mind me saying, it is a good looking body. Many in the village are talking about you. Some are even a little envious, I think, born women and *itay* together."

"And what do you say about this body?" I ask. Why the fuck did I just say that?

He gives a sheepish grin. "I say it is . . . I must be frank. You are the most beautiful and entrancing woman I have ever seen, but I know you must not feel like that, at least not yet."

"I don't think I ever will. Damn, these boobs are just huge, like two great weights and-

I stop, realising I've been cupping them up so that he can see my nipples. His eyes are right upon my wet cleavage. God, I must look like a pinup model; *Native Girl Posing Luscious Body for Camera*. I drop my bountiful chest immediately.

"Hey, eyes up here!"

He chuckles. "Sorry!" Imlak declares. "But you were presenting them!"

I fold my head down. "I don't know how to do any of this. And people expect me to just go along with it? Izel already wants me to meet a nice man."

Instantly his expression becomes serious. "What man? Tell me his name, I beg you."

His earnestness makes me chuckle, and I splash him with water. "Relax, I'm pretty sure she means you."

"Oh, I see."

"But I can't. I'm really a man. I don't know how to be a woman, and I don't want to be here forever, no matter how . . . beautiful it all is. How handsome."

Now it's my turn to blush. I look over the cliff-edge, taking in the sight. Imlak moves in beside me, and he sighs.

"My father is a hard, practical man. I am to be the next chief when he passes. But I have always come up here to enjoy this view. It makes me understand how lucky we are, and how I must learn to lead wisely."

His shoulder is almost touching mine. I hesitate, my breath almost catching.

"You sound like you will be a wise chief. You . . . did well when I changed. I would have died if I'd had my way."

"I didn't want you to die."

"No, you just wanted me to be an attractive woman."

"I wanted to keep the tribe alive. And you are part of the tribe, Kyle, even if you don't feel it. If you choose to leave it, I will lend you a boat or show you the path away. I promise

you that. But I saw something in you that belongs here, so I ask that you consider staying, at least for a little longer.”

He gets out of the water, and I struggle not to look at his cute butt. Damn these stupid new female hormones of mine.

“Besides,” he says, towelling himself and placing his spartan clothing back on, “I will not lie and say I do not enjoy the sight. I think you enjoy it too.”

Wait, is he talking about the view, or . . . ?

His cheeky grin tells me the answer, and I cannot help but groan in amusement.

“Down the mountain with you. I need to think already. God, this is already so crazy.”

He shrugs. “Well, I guess I like crazy. Let’s do this again sometime, Kiza.”

I pause. “Did you just call me Kiza?”

Another shrug. “It is a beautiful name. I thought it suited you. You can choose another if you wish, but just think about it. And watch out for the piranhas!”

I jump out of the water, my big boobs bouncing heavily as I get up on the bank. I’m sure he’s looking at my butt even as he cackles.

“Just kidding!” he says.

My rock misses him as he runs down the mountain path. I should be angry. Instead, I bite my lip and grin. God help me, I like this guy. He’s not so bad on the eyes either.

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Over the next couple of weeks, I continue to find myself in Imlak’s company. Despite Izel and Pati’s jokes (and the former’s constant giggles) it’s *not* because I’m attracted to him. My stupid overly ample body *is* attracted to him, obviously, but that’s *not* why I spend time in his company. It’s because he’s . . . companionable. And rather sweet. And he gives me a lot of information on the people of Jalanta and how they live, their history and culture, and what might be expected of me if I were to stay. If I’m to make a decision on when to leave and how to go about it, this will be pretty important information!

“Well, if you were to stay,” he said, scratching the back of his head, “you could do many things. There are far more women in the tribe than there are men, so most roles are open to them.”

“Such as?” I ask, folding my arms in order to obscure the bosom he is struggling not to look at.

“Well, there is weaving-”

“No way.”

“-and fishing.”

“Okay, I might enjoy that.”

“We have a number of architects and builders for our fortifications.”

“I thought you were free from invaders for good?”

“It doesn’t hurt to practice, just in case. The protection will not last forever, perhaps.

And there are other roles: cooks, spiritual guides, priestesses, hunters, dancers-”

“*Dancers?*” I ask, bewildered.

“Of course! And performers of all kinds, not to mention sailors and-”

“Hard to imagine me dancing.”

He gives this kind of cheeky grin that is hard not to like. “I don’t know, I can imagine you dancing, Kiza.”

I do something quite unlady-like and punch him in the arm. He actually sucks in a breath; I’m still not used to that amazonian strength of mine.

“Okay, no dancing it is! But perhaps . . . you would like to come fishing with me?”

And that’s the irritating thing about Imlak that I’m finding. Beneath his anxieties about being prepared for the role of chief, he’s actually just damn . . . charming. We go fishing, and the feeling of hauling in a great catch is intoxicating. He helps me hold a spear currently, and his body gets *very* close to mine, and I don’t fight it. Even though I make no actual moves, I won’t deny there’s a connection there. Not a romantic one, of course! But he’s like me, in some ways. He’s playful and silly, and it just goes to show that a kid on Spring Break isn’t that far removed in the end from a native guy living in tribal seclusion; both just want to explore, take in life, be silly, and . . .

. . . and have sex.

The dreams are still continuing. Imlak is featured in them far more prominently now, all thanks to that little experience at the cliff-side lake. And because we’ve visited there several times since, and I’ve been a little less self-conscious with my new amazonian body, well, sometimes it’s *him* I can imagine thrusting into my womanhood during those moments of tantalising intimacy. Only in dreams, of course. Only in dreams, where my shame at such a thing no longer exists.

I should stay away from him, spend more time with Izel and Pati. They’ve been showing me how to weave, not that I’m good at it. But then Pati announced that she was pregnant, a joyous occasion for the village. A festival is called for immediately when a tribal oracle predicts it will be twins.

Which brings me to tonight, wrapped in a hug from her, scarcely able to believe I am this woman’s ‘sister’, that I have these hips, this space between my legs that I regularly pleasure in private, but that could be the entrance for an entire new life into the world.

“I’m going to be birthing twins!” she declares. “It is been too long since I was able to bless the village. I am fulfilling my role as an *itay!*”

And that's when it really hits me: this is my role now, within the tribe. I'm here to keep the tribe alive by reproducing. That's why I was turned not just to a native member of the Jalanta, but a *female* one specifically. To become pregnant and give birth, multiple times at that, in order to swell their numbers. I knew this intellectually, of course, but with Pati's announcement and the various festivities and flow of food and drink that follows, and all the dancing (Izel is particularly hypnotic), I am barely able to cope. No wonder I have such bountiful breasts and wide hips! I'm practically an *advertisement* for breeding. The guys here who look at me with lust are probably chatting about how totally fertile I would be. Probably get them twins off the bat or something, ugh!

It is Imlak who approaches me from the sidelines. He was dancing moments ago, and I couldn't help but take in the sight of him, so muscular and tall and joyful, laughing as he switched partners. And here I am, at the edge of the village, staring up at the mountain.

"Is it all too much for you, Kiza?" he asks me. I still don't push against that new name. It seems to . . . suit me, I suppose.

"Perceptive," I reply. "I just feel . . . overwhelmed by it all. Pati used to be a man, and now she's celebrating being pregnant. Pregnant! It's . . . how does she cope?"

"I suppose she just embraced it. It's a beautiful thing, bringing life into the world. No woman in the Jalanta has ever suffered complications, thanks to the blessing of the Great Ones."

"Still, it's a big thing. And it's what you want me to do. Keep the tribe populated."

"You would only have children as you wish it. Some *itay* do not reproduce by their choice. Some take female lovers."

"I think I'm only into guys now," I whine. He grins as I stare him up and down. "Calm down, Imlak. I'm not making any moves."

"I have been."

"I've noticed. At least you're not pushy, and I like the company. But I just see you as a friend."

That does seem to wound him, but he regains himself quickly. "Well, I hope you don't mind your 'friend' occasionally enjoying the sight of you bending over."

I punch him again, but he catches me this time, then pulls me against him. For a moment, I am terrified he is going to force a kiss on me. I needn't worry, because he just grins that charismatic grin.

"C'mon, I'll show you how to dance," he says. "I won't 'make any moves,' I promise. But a Jalanta girl, even one who does not intend to stay Jalanta, should learn how to dance. You can at least take that with you to the wider world."

My chest is so very close to him. I gulp. "I - I don't know the first thing about dancing."

"You can follow my lead. Trust me."

I want to *want* to say no. But I do trust him.

“Fine. But if I start to burst out of this chest wrap, you tell me.”

He laughs. “I imagine it’s a big change for you!”

“Two big changes.”

At that, we both laugh. He takes me by the hand and leads me back to the village centre, where numerous members dance around the torches and totem poles, and the great fire that warms us all. Izel waves to me, gossiping with her friends. Even Melak seems to smirk in my direction, even as she places a hand around the chief’s waist and kisses him on the cheek.

There is a wildness to the dance, but there are indeed steps and motions that all seem to share. It is a thanks to the Great Ones who bless the Jalanta, a joyful tribute to them for allowing another pair of children to be conceived. And despite myself, I begin to participate, first hesitantly and at the sidelines, and then more fully as the chief’s son leads me through the steps. He lifts me around, and I cling to his muscles, almost forgetting what to do next as I drink them in.

“See? Easy!” he declares.

“Maybe for you!” I cry. I don’t tell him that I’m trying not to be embarrassed at all the sheer wobbling my body is producing, which seems to be half the point of this dance. Indeed, men and women are pairing up, Izel with her husband, and it is clear that some partners are leaving to the forest edges to participate in an even closer dance. *That* makes me have to focus my breath. Damn female hormones. It almost makes me pray for my first period to arrive!

“Kiza, just focus on me, okay?” Imlak says. “I’m going to put a hand on your hip, alright? It’s just part of the dance.”

“That’s . . . that’s more than okay. I mean, that’s okay.”

He does so, and I feel his fingers sink a little into my flesh. It is *riveting*, and my breath catches just before we continue to dance, twirling around the fires. I shouldn’t have imbibed some of their fruit-scented drinks that tasted very much alcoholic, because my inhibitions are out of control at this point.

“Don’t focus on them,” he says. “Just me.”

“I’m - I have to leave,” I tell him, even as we dance, even as my hair whips wildly around and my body moves athletically, all perfection, all beauty, all Jalanta. “I can’t stay here. I mean, I loved fishing with you, and this is just lovely, and Izel and Pati are excellent friends, and you’ve been great, and this place really is a paradise on earth, and all that, but . . .”

He blinks, his dance moves faltering for a moment. The music is slowing, and that just adds a further intimacy to affairs.

“That doesn’t sound like you want to leave, Kiza.”

“Exactly! Which is why I have to, before I definitely don’t want to leave, and I end up some pregnant broodmother because I finally give into these feelings and - and - oh to hell with it!”

I do something very stupid: I kiss him. I kiss him *hard*. He seems almost taken by surprise, and our dance stops. Illuminated by the fire we continue to lock lips. He really is a magnificent kisser, and it makes my nipples throb, yearning to be touched from the way he presses himself against me, enfolding even my impressive statuesque form in his arms.

God, this feels so good.

He withdraws after what feels like just a few seconds and a few centuries at the same time.

“That was . . . quite a way to cut a dance short,” he says.

“It was,” I declare, still breathing heavily. I look over to see Izel practically squealing from the sidelines, alongside other women and men, some of whom are cheering on Imlak. Pati is there, grinning madly.

“Finally, the chief’s son takes a wife!” a man bellows out drunkenly, laughing with his friends. “Now hurry up and prove your manhood, Imlak: get her with child!”

I see my panic reflected in Imlak’s eyes, just as I see his anger at the man’s words. He catches my own expression and goes to say something.

“Kiza, ignore h-”

“I’m Kyle!” I yell. “I’m Kyle, and I’m getting out of here!”

I storm out of the festival, moving past Izel and Pati and definitely the disapproving Melak and her chief husband. I grab my things as quickly as I can from my hut and then I head straight for the mountain. That’s the one path out of here I can take. I can thank Imlak for teaching me that.

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I’m crying. I hate that I cry so easily now that I’m a woman, but it’s also deeply cathartic, I can’t lie. Tears fall down my cheeks and onto my chest - just another reminder of how female I am now. I have to stop just to collect myself. I’ve been going up the jungle mountain path for nearly two hours now, and my statuesque body has allowed me to move quickly and fiercely, but even this body has its limits. I want to keep moving; the faster I move the less time I have to think about what I’ve just done; walking away from Imlak, leaving that slice of paradise the Jalanta call home. Saying goodbye to the adventures of this land.

Now I’ll be stuck as this woman for good, only with a regular lifespan and in the middle of God-knows-where in Brazil. I’ll have to get a new ID, figure out how to get back to

America, and just start a new life. It's almost as much to take in as becoming a native woman in the first place.

"I have to keep moving," I say, trying to halt the flow of tears. "I don't want to be a member of the tribe. I don't want to be a man's wife, or a mother to babies or . . ."

Or what? I think. A fisherwoman? A dancer? A performer, a weaver, a hunter, a singer, a forager, a storyteller, an artist, a chef, an explorer, even a partygoer? What's out there for me in the wider world that isn't already here in this land. I don't even miss the internet these days, and the struggles of paying bills, of being part of the system . . . they seem so daunting compared to the simple yet exciting life of this tribe.

God, I don't even know what to do. The night is dark, and the stars are so brilliant that it's almost impossible to believe.

"Can I really do it? Can I leave? Can I stay?"

I don't know what to do. I just don't. I'm being asked so much, and I feel caught between two worlds. So I take a breath, and do something I've never done before.

I pray. To the Great Ones, no less.

*"You must be real because of what I have seen and heard. I don't know much about you. I should have asked Izel and Imlak more. But . . . if you can hear me, if this is how it works, please show me the way. I heard your voice when I changed, please speak to me now."*

The wind rustles through the thick leaves of my jungle surroundings, but otherwise, there is silence.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," I say.

Until I hear something else: bounding footsteps, and a faint voice calling out.

"Kiza! Kizaaaaa! Kiiiizaaaaa!"

I recognise it immediately. How could I not? Imlak calls through the darkness, and I see a torchlight far down the mountain path. There are actually many divergent paths, and he must not know which one I chose. I hesitate, but only for a moment. Then I raise my eyes up to the brilliant night sky above.

"Thank you," I whisper to the Great Ones. And then: "IMLAK! IMLAK!"

The torch turns, and suddenly a bounding shadow comes into view, one that I can soon see is the man I have spent so much time with. He speeds forth, dropping the torch twenty feet away, and then he leaps into me, grabbing me around the waist and pulling me against him. I do not, even for a second, hesitate this time.

"Don't go," he whispers into my ear. "Please, don't go. I know you have so much confusion, but give me one more week. One more day! I haven't even shown you the Bay of Blue Fire yet, nor have we walked up this very mountain. And I know you don't like weaving, but you have the makings of a natural fisherwoman, and there is a mythical great fish I have

never caught, but we could catch together. And that's not even getting into the *Chiyak Festival* in a few days time. If you hold onto just that, you will dine deliciously as I promise you never have before!"

I need to hear it. I need to hear it from him. "Why do you want me to stay, Imlak?" I ask. "I can't be the first *Itay* to leave."

He steadies his breath, then places his hands upon my bare shoulders. It is a wonderful sensation. The tension in me could be cut with a butterknife, it is so taut.

"No, you are not the first to leave. But you are the first to leave that I am desperate to bring back. Look, Kiza, these past few weeks have been short, and I know you have asked me to hold in my feelings and my attraction to you, but I can't let you leave without knowing. I - I want you. I want you desperately. Not for the tribe, not just to keep it going, but for *you*. For the person you are, and the woman you've become. If you won't have me, I'll understand, but my heart will be split apart if I don't tell you. When you kissed me earlier tonight, I felt complete. When you left, I felt torn. I thought if I gave you time . . . but then I realised you were truly going, and I had to tell you. But it's true, Kiza. I want you. I have wanted you since I first started the ritual, and I felt a connection, as if I were making the woman who would become my first wife."

Wife. *Wife*. First wife, no less. It makes sense, doesn't it? There are far more women than men here, and so much space to expand across the generations, even hundreds of years after that spell was cast. Perhaps it should make me flee to the hills, but then I see the look in his eyes, and I know that *first wife* has another meaning. It is the woman above all, not a concubine or broodmare or anything I feared, but a woman who is *his*, just as he would be *mine*.

How could I refuse that kind of adventure?

"Kiss me again," I say.

"I - you want me to kiss you?"

I giggle just as Izel often does. "Yes, kiss me. Kiss me as long as you want, and convince me to stay."

He doesn't need another request, because he embraces me fully. Our lips lock, and this time I let his tongue snake into my mouth, just as I snake mine into his. I let loose a feminine moan, but I am not ashamed of it. My body is on fire, and it needs this. It caresses his muscles, stroking his flanks. His own hands grope my body, squeezing my rear and producing yet another sound of delight from me. We withdraw so that he can nibble upon my neck.

"Ohhhh," I manage. "I want this. I want you."

"I want you too."

"N-no. I *want* you."

“I meant the same.”

By a shared understanding, he lowered me to the ground, helping remove my top. I truly have burst out of it, because my large breasts are freed for him to view. There is a glint in his eyes.

“Go on,” I urge. “They want you too.”

And he is upon them, squeezing and groping my sensitive big tits, bringing me more pleasure than my own personal ministrations have ever achieved these last few weeks. When his tongue flicks across my brown nipples I can't help but shiver, and even better when he sucks upon them, left then right and then left breast again. My pussy grows wet, and without thinking I spread my hips wide.

“Get this off me!” I plead. “And take that skirt off yourself!”

He does so quickly, and I am greeted with the sight of him at ‘full mast.’ It is a big mast too, and my breath catches.

“Oh, wow.”

“Is this big where you come from?”

“V-very big. And v-very attractive, at least to the female me. Um, will it fit inside?”

“Would you like to find out?”

I am so very fucking nervous, but I nod rapidly. I really, really want to find out. He kisses me again, grinning so hard that I'm practically kissing his teeth, which sets me off laughing again. He squeezes my left breast, producing another coo from me, and then lowers his hand to grope my rear, holding it while propping himself up with one arm to insert himself inside me. I am panting at this point, barely able to control myself. It really is the moment of truth, and I *ache* for it.

“Wait,” I say, just as he brushes against my wet entrance. “Is there - do we have to get married first, in your culture?”

“Well . . . usually, yes,” he says. “It would be ideal.”

I consider this for just a moment. “Then we better marry as soon as we can after this, right?”

His face lights up with happiness. “We had better, my Kiza.”

*My Kiza.* It makes me shiver with delight. I spread my legs again, and I place my hand around his throbbing member. Mmhm, it feels good. And then I help guide him in, something I have never done before nor could ever have imagined. There is the briefest of resistances, and then he spreads my tunnel.

“Ahhhhhh . . .”

“Is it painful?”

I squeeze my eyes shut. God, it's so alien. “Y-yes. But just a l-little. Ahh, keep going. Slowly. Please.”

He does so. There is a splinter of pain again, perhaps my hymen breaking, and then his passage is unimpeded through my vaginal tunnel. I feel my muscles there clamp onto him, refusing to let him go. I am slick and wet, and it only aids the dizzy delirium that follows. His hand squeezes my ass and I am reminded of how reactive this body is. It makes me want to kiss him again, so I do, only to end up moaning into his mouth as he pushes all the way into me.

“Ohhhhh, yesssss. Mhhhm - s-so strange! But s-so amazing! Ahhh, don’t s-stop. I want you to th-thrust. Am I your f-first?”

“You are. My first, and my first wife, as soon as I can m-make you.”

“You’re my f-first, too.”

My first *man*, but I won’t tell him that. As far as I’m concerned, this is my new life. Kyle slept with women, but Kiza only wants Imlak, especially as he begins to thrust. He draws himself almost entirely out only to slowly plunge back in again. I lock my legs around him as he speeds up, letting him press his chest against my large breasts. The sensation of his muscular body sliding against my big dark nipples is enough to produce lightning bursts of bliss through my core.

“F-faster!” I demand. “F-fuck me . . . ohh, make me your w-woman! Your wife!”

Am I taking this too fast? I always jumped into things. First onto a cruise, then over the deck, and now into this. But this is a *wet* experience I would not trade. God, I am leaking down my thighs even as he pounds me. He shifts position slightly so that he can press his face into my bountiful chest, and I love him all the more for it. He licks my nipples, squeezes my huge breasts, and it’s enough for me to start bucking in turn, rising to meet his cock so that I can slide up and down on his pole. Already my mind is on fire with future positions; us two native Jalanta in the jungle, in the hut, in the ocean. A life of sexual freedom and no grind. Of simply being loved and . . . ohhhh! Filled!

“You are s-so beautiful!” Imlak says, still thrusting into me. My muscles work to keep up, but every time he enters back in he lights up all the nerves within my passage. “I’ve n-never wanted anyone like you, Kiza.”

“Ahhhhh!” I cry. I scratch at his back, overwhelmed by it all. My body is like a well-oiled machine: strong and curvaceous, built for sex. For . . . for reproduction. “I never wanted anyone I-like you, either! Oh G-God, Imlak, I want you to c-cum inside me! I want you to - MMMMHM!!!”

I have to bite into his neck to prevent myself from crying out too loud, but then he thrusts again and I let loose a wild woman’s cry of absolute ecstasy. The first orgasm hits me, *collides into me*, and it leaves me gripping him with my powerful, curvaceous thighs, clinging on for dear life and allowing orgasm after orgasm to roll through me. This is so far beyond the wonders of masturbation that I can scarcely believe it. The stars are above me,

and I feel like I am joined in their heavens. But then the stars *burst* as my lover siezes up. I can feel Imlak's hard dick throb within me, then his balls squeeze against my entrance. I bite my lip, still moaning in unbelievable bliss. It becomes almost unbearable as his hot seed enters me, shooting deep into my passage. I can feel it squirting again and again, streams of his issue flowing through my wetness all the way to my womb.

I have a vision in this moment. I don't know if it's me or the Great Ones, or just something else magical about this place, but I see myself pregnant, rounded with his child. Glowing with life, my breasts even larger, full with milk for my children. And there is Imlak, my worshipful husband with his arms around me from behind, caressing my orb of a belly.

It is the most amazing future I have ever considered.

Great Ones, I want it!

"F-fill meeeee!" I cry, orgasming yet again. His bear-like groans are highly arousing, bringing yet another round of pleasure. It feels like he has been cumming into me for minutes, like I am truly being filled with his seed. I hope one takes root. I've already come this far; why not the whole way?

Why not do my part towards keeping the tribe alive?

We kiss the aftermath, our breaths ragged, our energy spent but passion still high. It is with some effort that he extracts himself from me, and I can't say that I dislike the feeling of his penis sliding out of my pussy: it makes me exhale sharply from the foreign wonder of it. Then, without a word between us, I shift to my side, legs still locked together to preserve as much of his issue as possible, and he holds me, spoons me, his breath hot against my neck. The grass is soft and cool beneath us, and the stars watch down from above.

"You'll stay?" he finally asks, caressing my large breasts with his hand. I curl my toes as he brushes over my dark nipples, and again when he runs his hand down my flank, squeezing my childbearing hips.

I shift, turning to face him, pressing my wonderful chest against him. For the first time, I'm not only enjoying my big boobs, but actively *proud* of my huge rack, especially how my soon-to-be husband looks at them.

"After that performance?" I say, smiling from ear to ear and running a hand down his muscular side. "How could I not?"

He holds me, kisses me, then plants kisses down my neck enough to make me giggle with delight.

"Do you really mean it, Kiza?"

I press myself against him, tipping him over so that I am now laying upon him, my massive chest dangling down, rubbing against his pecs.

"I more than mean it, my love. I want to do my part. And . . . I think I already have."

I stroke the flat of my stomach and grin wildly at him. He is shocked, but I can see the excitement in his eyes.

“Are you certain? You’re not just joking with me, are you? I know I can joke around sometimes like when I pushed you off the boat but-”

I shut him up with my lips. God, he’s a good kisser. Then, I reach down to fondle his cock. He is already getting hard again. Another benefit of the Jalanta existence? Or is it just that I’m a hot amazonian goddess and this man recognises it?

“Maybe I am, maybe I’m not,” I whisper in his ear. “Maybe we should go another round and make sure.”

This time, I ride him. When he explodes within me, I no longer try to hold my voice in. Flocks of birds erupt from the trees as my cries of ecstasy echo outwards. Somewhere, I know, Izel is already cheering.

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I wake, as I often do lately, not from my own volition. Instead, a series of little kicks jolt me from my rather pleasant dreams - dreams of Imlak, of course, my darling husband - and force me to caress my swollen stomach.

“There, there, my little ones,” I say weakly, still waking up. “Mama is here. Mama can feel you.”

My stomach groans, and this time not from the children.

“Ah, you’re hungry. Time to eat for three, I suppose.”

As the first (and still *only*) wife of the chief’s son, I have the benefit of enjoying a rock glass mirror in my hut. I rise carefully, holding my back for leverage, and look at myself in it, fixing my hair up from my snoring sleep.

“I’m getting so big,” I say, admiring my huge belly. Just my luck that Imlak really did impregnate me that night (at least so the oracle Chetay claims) and with *twins*, no less. Despite my impressive height and muscles, my rounded stomach is full of babies and amniotic fluid, and by the Great Ones I feel it, especially in my seventh month.

“Not long to go now, and I will get to meet you,” I say, rubbing my big dome. My stomach ripples with kicks from within, and it’s just so . . . foreign! I never imagined I would be like this, and some mornings, such as this one, it’s downright bizarre to be pregnant. In some ways, I shall never forget my life as Kyle Lands, nor that I used to be male. I am glad of it; as strange as this twist of fate has been, I wouldn’t give it up for the world.

Besides, I really do look good pregnant. There is something about a gorgeous olive-skinned amazonian with large, already-milk-filled breasts and a huge twinner of a stomach that just looks idyllic. I put on my skirt and my tip, conscious of how my pregnant

belly sticks out naked to the world. Not that I would want to be covered up. I've grown to love my form, and the way my husband worships it. Certainly, our sex life did not slow down as I grew, though usually here is here in the morning . . .

"Where are you, husband?" I say, inspecting myself one more time. Still no stretchmarks. Thank the Gods I did not leave this place. Here, I will be in good health and youth for ages to come, and more than that, I will be able to keep populating the tribe.

What can I say? I haven't had my babies yet, but my body does not lie; I truly am very fertile indeed, and I glow with pregnancy. Even as some tiredness creeps in, and these little ones interrupt my sleep, the image of me sitting in the village, enjoying nature, and feeding my babies at my breasts is just too idyllic to pass up. Besides, a first wife of a chieftain's son should lead by example, and produce many healthy children.

There is a sound outside, and I leave the hut to find out what it is. I waddle as I walk now, and I really need Pati to help weave a bigger top for these damned bigger boobs. I'll need Imlak to 'help' me with all that milk later on.

"Izel!" I call as I see my best friend walking by.

She beams, giggling as she runs over. "Kiza! You are getting so big! Pati delivered her babies only last week and you look as big as she was!"

"Maybe I'm having triplets."

She giggles again. "Would that you were so blessed! You've taken to life as an *Itay!*"

Looking down at myself, my huge belly dominating my fertile figure, I can't disagree. Nor would I want to.

"Have you seen my husband?"

"Oh, he went out for an early fish and - ah! There he is!"

I look over to see a very arousing sight, one that sets my heart racing. Imlake is carrying a pole with nets on either side across his muscular shoulders, both of them filled to the brim with fish. My stomach growls again. My babies *really* want sustenance, and so do I.

"Husband!" I cry, moving as fast to him as I am able.

"Darling Kiza." He drops the fish and embraces me, before planting two big kisses on my belly. He is enamoured with doing that, and I love how much he loves my big belly. Makes me want to be pregnant for him again and again, sometimes.

"I can't believe you went fishing without me."

"We can always go again, but something in my mind told me that you'd wake up quite hungry, and with a great desire for wildsun fillet."

I lick my lips. "Am I so predictable?"

"Never, but your cravings are as of late. And a chief's son should anticipate all his wife's needs, especially as she bears him children."

I kiss him, letting my stomach rub against his. Then, my stomach growls, and we chuckle at how our kids are already interrupting our pleasure.

“Let’s cook these up,” I say, eyeing the fish hungrily. And then, when I’m full - even fuller, I suppose - I want you to fill me up in other ways, too.”

“Why do I have the feeling that after these twins, we’re going to get you pregnant again fairly quickly.”

“Because, husband,” I say, gazing around the village before holding him tightly. “I am Jalanta now. A woman of the tribe. And I never want this tribe to perish. Besides, you know I love carrying your babies.”

We kiss again, and then I smack his rear playfully as he moves to go cook the fish. Izel laughs at the sight, winking at me, and then she takes my hand to go join her and my sisters while the men cook for us for once. It is another day in paradise, another day of being one of the tribe and helping keep it alive, another day of my life as Kiza.

My babies kick within me, as if echoing my gladness.

“I know, my little ones. I’m so very glad that I stayed.”

**The End**