

## Tribal Island (Best Friends to Husband/Wife TG)

By FoxFaceStories

### An Anonymous Commissions

*When Richard Chen and Adrian Li suffer a plane crash over an unknown Asia-Pacific Island, they are taken captive by the local tribe and assigned to sex-specific areas of this strange society. Richard is shocked to find himself in the female area, but over time the reasons for this becomes obvious, as his body starts to change, and he begins viewing his best friend in a new light . . .*

### Tribal Island

I remembered screaming. I remembered the plane cabin coming apart. God, my head hurt. It was practically pounding upon me like my skull was being used as a drum. Something wasn't right, but I couldn't quite tell what. There had been an accident. A crash?

Yes, it had been a crash. A plane crash. A plane? Why was I on a plane? And why was I on a beach right now?

I tried to gather myself up, but my limbs were sore and I was most definitely injured. The sun mocked me, high in the sky, shockingly warm, the climate humid. Warm waters lapped at my legs. I was on a beach, my face half-covered in sand. I wasn't even sure if I'd been out long. Had I struggled on this beach? How had I even survived a fucking plane crash?

A searing pain leapt up my left side, causing me to wince and gasp for air. Maybe I hadn't survived. Maybe this was my final death throes. I couldn't even see if I was all that injured because my muscles were so damn sore. I almost wanted to go back to sleep. Just nod off for a little while and relax, maybe let the tide take me . . .

No!

NO!

Stay awake. I *had* to stay awake. That meant focusing on something. What are you meant to do after a traumatic injury again? Oh, that's right; test your recall. Think, Richard, think. Huh, that's a good place to start: my name. I repeated it in my head, stirring my memory and helping me recall all that had happened to me. I was Richard Chen. I was an Australian bloke with Chinese heritage on my Mom's side and British on my Dad's, though everyone just assumes I'm full-blooded Asian most of the time anyway because I got more of her looks than his. I was twenty two years old, just finished up at uni with a useless accounting degree that I absolutely did *not* want to pursue. Damn it, I was in pain, but this was helping. It was keeping me awake and aware. I could see by this point that I was on

some kind of tropical island or land mass; swaying coconut trees and lush jungle leading up, like something out of a pirate movie or something.

I grunted, shifting my way further up the beach and away from the waves, pulling myself forwards despite the pain in my ribs. I had to think of what else had gotten me to this point. I was Richard Chen, I was twenty two years old, I'd just finished uni and . . . that's right! It was summer holidays, so I'd decided to go travelling to celebrate the end of my degree. I wanted to tour the Asia-Pacific region, see Hawaii and other islands and go through Polynesia. And . . .

Oh shit! I'd taken someone with me! My best friend Adrian!

I looked around, trying to spot him. Even though the glare of the sun upon the white sand was brilliant, I could make out a body upon it. It helped that Adrian wore a blue shirt and grey shorts, marking him out.

"A-Adrian!" I cried, but my throat was hoarse. "Adrian!"

I began to shuffle towards him, even getting up on my legs for a little bit. Adrian Li was lying on the beach, his short black hair and ridiculous pencil-thin moustache unmistakable with his face to the side. His normally impeccable appearance was a mess; the man was obsessed with all the right lotions and haircare products to make him look debonair, whereas I liked to go chill and let the strands of hair sit where they may. But I couldn't appreciate the humour in that, because Adrian didn't appear to be breathing. I grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Adrian! Adrian, wake up, mate! Wake up!"

Suddenly, he *erupted* from his position, rising with an animalistic look in his eyes. I almost leapt back, only for my foot to collapse beneath me.

"What the fuck!?" I gasped.

"What the fuck me?" he responded, sitting upright. "What the fuck you? Don't scare a bloke like that!"

I gestured to our surroundings. "We've crashed. The charter plane we hired crashed!"

The memories were coming back in full now. There'd been an unexpected thunderstorm. The pilot had panicked. The plane had started going down and . . . holy shit, the pilot hadn't made it. Poor guy. He'd seemed nice, but we'd asked him to turn back and he'd simply chuckled, told us it was "no big deal." He paid for that with his life.

And now we were paying for it.

I relayed all of this to Adrian, who was still getting water out of his ear and looking at our surroundings. Like me, he was of Chinese descent, but unlike me he didn't speak a lick of Mandarin, just specks of Cantonese. His family were what you might call 'fully assimilated', which made conversations between his folks and my folks kind of awkward when they crossed paths, especially since strangers often mistook us for brothers.

“So,” he finally said, “I think we’re up shit creek without a paddle.”

“I’ll say!” I replied, holding my chest. “Do you have any injuries? I feel like I’ve got something internal. Fuck, it hurts.”

He looked me up and down. “Yeah, you don’t look great, mate. Fuck. We never should have paid cheaper for a charter flight. Where the fuck are we?”

“I’ve got no idea. I think it’s an island but it’s too big to tell.”

“They better have wi-fi here,” he said. “And hair product. Shit, that hair mousse was expensive. That pilot better pay me back.”

“I think he may have died,” I said.

That made Adrian go silent. He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Damn it. He didn’t deserve that. What are we going to do, Richard? I have no idea how to deal with this scenario. I’m a man of the city!”

“Don’t look at me!” I said. “I’m injured, wet, and have no idea where we are.”

“This was *your* holiday idea!”

“I didn’t plan on us crashing! And I think we’ve got bigger things to worry about than your hair gel.”

“Mousse, there’s a difference. The ladies love it.”

I scanned the beach. The thick jungle was practically a cut off point where the sand ended. Apart from some crabs and brightly-plumed birds, the place was devoid of life. Certainly, devoid of human life.

“I don’t think we’re going to be seeing any ladies here, Adrian,” I said.

I was immediately proven wrong as numerous figures burst out from the treeline, terrifying the pair of us. At least two dozen Asia-Pacific Islander-looking people formed a semi-circle around our position, only half-clad in native clothing formed from vibrant reeds, furs, barks, and strips of cloth. They had what appeared to be red and white warpaint on their faces, as well as tribal tattoos. They looked, for lack of a better word, primitive.

As well as bloody dangerous and ready to take our lives.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa!” I cried. “We mean you no harm!”

“Yeah, we come in peace, guys!” Adrian added, putting his hands up. “We crashed here! There was a plane crash, you know, a plane!?”

The central island apparently leading this cohort was a large man with long black hair and a severe expression on his face. I did *not* want to mess with this guy, especially since he *didn’t* have a weapon, while the others all had well-honed spears and bows at the ready. That meant *he* was the one in charge. The one who could give the order to kill us. He barked something at us, and for the life of me I had no idea what the hell he was saying. I mean, Jesus, I was barely keeping conscious, having to hold my side purely from the pain I was feeling. I’d definitely busted a rib at the bare minimum, and probably more.

The man barked again, shouting some orders in his native tongue. There was something familiar in his words, but I just couldn't quite place them. Definitely some kind of dialect I was familiar with.

"What's he saying?" Adrian said.

"He - nnggh, fuck, my ribs. He's s-saying something familiar, but I can't quite place it. It sounds like some kind of off-shoot from Chinese, I don't know."

The man muttered, then sighed. He pointed at my ribs, then made a quick gesture to the others. This time I actually managed to catch his meaning. It wasn't perfect - or at least it wasn't by the standards of 'regular' Mandarin, but he was saying that we were "no threat." It was some kind of pidgin Chinese of some kind. Had these guys descended from ancient Chinese explorers or something.

"He says we're no threat!" I repeated.

Adrian's eyes widened. "Then tell him we need help!"

"Uh, um. Okay. I'll try. <We need help! Please, we crashed here.>"

The man whispered something to the man on his left and the woman on his right. Then he gestured with his hand.

"Come," he said, and even though Adrian couldn't speak Mandarin, it was obvious what the man wanted. We were to follow him into the jungle, to wherever they lived.

Just what in the hell had we landed into?

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We were brought into the village of these people. I couldn't understand many of the words they were saying, but I was starting to get a general feel for the altered dialect. As far as I could tell, they were trying to explain that this was the 'Home of the Chen', which was evidently their tribe. I must have given an astounded look at this, because I gestured to myself, still trying not to pass out, and gave them my name.

"Richard Chen! I am Richard Chen. Me Chen, too!"

I wasn't sure if it endeared me to them or not, but there was certainly some eager discussion between them that I couldn't place. They took us to what had to be the chieftain's home, because it was the most elaborate of the housings except for their longhall. Everything was made of wood and tethered rope, but the craftsmanship was phenomenal, the decorations and markings and paints beautiful and brightly coloured. It was like stepping into a different time, yet in a clearly Chinese-inspired architectural style that otherwise should not have existed here. I might have appreciated it more if my ribs weren't on fire. This was like some kind of Asia-Pacific paradise. The jungle was fertile, the dormant volcano above coated in trees, its volcanic soil providing life. Birds of paradise flew over head, and the

humidity was warm and wonderful, explaining why the villagers wore little clothing. I couldn't help but notice how healthy everyone looked. The women in particular were breathtakingly beautiful, and many of them looked as if they had descended from some original Pacific Islander stock that had mixed with the Chinese who had been stranded here. At least, that was my working theory on what had occurred, anyway.

But then we were ushered into the chief's quarters, and sure enough a large and strong-looking man, all muscles and all business, roughly in his forties in terms of age, staring down at us from his elaborately-carved seat of power. There was a fire between us and him, and various elders of the tribe formed a circle around it, with him to the rear. We were told to sit, and I passed this to Adrian. The woven mats were surprisingly soft and comfortable. At this point, I was feeling a little nervous, but we hadn't been killed yet, so I took a chance on speaking again.

"Hello," I said in my best Mandarin. "I am Richard Chen. This is my friend, Adrian Li. We are both travellers from far away, but we accidentally crashed into your island. We took a plane. Do you know what a plane-"

He held up his hand, and I quickly stopped talking. Then, the chief talked to the advisor beside him. I could only make out some words at first, but he had a slow intonation that helped me understand.

"Give them . . . drink . . . will make them . . . welcome to the tribe."

The bits in between were uncertain to me, but I caught that much. Indeed, not long after two coconuts were brought in, bubbling with strange green froth. A beautiful looking woman with long woven hair passed them to us. She smiled as she looked into my eyes, and it was hard not to be immediately smitten. The fact that she had just a wrap around her firm breasts and a hula style skirt made from leaves only helped in the matter. Her light brown skin was *gorgeous*.

"Uh, hey," I said, smiling. "Is this some kind of ceremony?"

She smiled, clearly not understanding, though I caught her next direction.

"Drink."

"I have to drink?"

The chief grumbled. "Drink, outsider! Drink and . . ."

Something. It was like 'find your place'? Or perhaps 'find your section'? Though I couldn't understand why he'd say the second part. Maybe a grouping? We had to go to an area?

"Richard?" Adrian said. "What's, uh happening here?"

"We have to drink," I said.

"Fuck that, it could be poison."

"It's not poison."

“How do you know?”

“Would you prefer to face the spears if we don’t drink?”

“That doesn’t explain how you know. You don’t. Ah fuck. Fine!”

The drinks were handed to us again, this time with more insistence. I took mine, checking that Adrian was doing the same, and with the pair of us eyeing up the contents of our drinks and unsure of the rather citric scent, we slowly raised the cups to our lips.

Holy shit.

It was, surprisingly, utterly *delicious*. The taste was potent and pungent, like the most ripe tropical fruit, but it seemed to flood me with energy, and I couldn’t help but elicit a ‘mhhh!’ sound. Adrian followed soon after.

“Fucking oath, this stuff is amazing,” he said, drinking more. “I reckon they must be honouring us or something!”

“I’d say so,” I said. I winced, then paused in shock. “Fuck me, I think they fixed my rib.”

“What?”

“My rib. It was bruised or even cracked but . . . it feels like it’s healing up.”

“Bullshit,” Adrian said.

But it had to be true, or at least this was a powerful sedative for pain, because my side suddenly felt fine, and any internal damage to my organs seemed to simply wane away. I panted, collecting myself in the aftermath. I went to drink more but suddenly my coconut cup was snatched away and passed to one of the elders, and the same was true of Adrian. They examined the contents of the drink, sloshing them about, and I was surprised to see that mine had shifted to a kind of orange colour while Adrian’s had stayed the same. A series of murmurs passed around the room before the chief took control of the forum once more.

“Your group has . . . been decided,” he said, as I strained to adjust to his accent and dialect. “You are to follow your group.”

I translated to Adrian, but he put up a hand. “I think I’m understanding it,” he said. “Just a little.”

It was impossible to catch up that fast. The man didn’t speak a lick of Chinese *anything* despite our shared heritage. Could it be the drink? It was the only explanation.

“Your group,” the chieftain said. No, that wasn’t right. It was ‘sect’. “It will determine your role among the Chen. The holy drink has decided.”

I was amazed. Even I was catching up on the language, though it did shift about in my ear, clearly affected by the strange concoction we’d drunk.

“But we need to get out of here!” Adrian said. “We don’t belong here!”

“No one has seen or visited this . . . years. You are . . . into the clan.”

I didn't catch as much this time, but the meaning was obvious. We were being brought into the tribe, and the hope of being rescued was exceedingly little. So we were *definitely* on an island, and worse, one that was effectively undiscovered, or unknown to be populated. Which meant that, given we had no devices with us and only primitive tech, the chief might well be right: this could be us for the rest of our days. My heart beat a little faster with that revelation, so much so that I barely noticed that the men were gathering around Adrian and helping him to his feet, before tugging him away. Meanwhile, the rather attractive native women were coming to grab me.

"Hey!" Adrian called out. "Don't separate us! Why does he get to go with the hot women?"

The chief chuckled and tried to explain, though I only caught parts of it. "Three sects. Male. Female. Bonded."

That explained very little to me, but I didn't have the strength to fight back, nor to try and figure out what was going on. The combination of the crash, my own exhaustion and bewilderment, as well as the strange potion I'd drunk were all making me faint once more.

It was a good thing I was being propped up by so many beautiful ladies, because before I'd even left the room I passed out completely.

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I woke up on my back on a rather comfortable bed in a large hut. The sun poured in through the open section of the hut, and it was clearly the orange-red shade of afternoon. For some reason, my clothes had been removed, leaving me just in a sort of fur wrap that covered my privates and rear, almost like a loincloth. I squinted, trying to again recall what had happened. It came to me the moment I heard a native voice speak.

"You are . . . Richard?"

A woman was beside my bed. She looked like a mix of Polynesian and Chinese to me. Her facial features were definitely mainland Asian, but her hair had some more curl to it, and her body was thicker. Not fat, far from it, but thicker in the hips and broader in the shoulders and waist. She was beautiful, and I found myself immediately smitten despite my troubles. Once again, the more spartan clothing the women wore here didn't exactly hurt.

"Um, yeah, that's me," I said. "I'm Richard. Richard Chen."

"You are join Chen."

The pidgin nature of her language was difficult. The drink had worn off, leaving me with just a slightly better understanding of it.

"No, my last *name* is Chen. It's a coincidence and . . . ah, forget it."

I sat up, and she sat beside me, rather closely, in fact. She had tropical flowers woven into her hair and in a sort of Hawaiian-style lei around her neck.

"I Carissa," she told me, placing a hand on her collar.

"Nice to meet you, Carissa."

"I also placed in woman section years ago."

"Okay," I told her. "Um, I can see why. You are quite the woman. But why am I here?"

She said something, but her explanation made little sense to me: "I these girl before you. I your big sister. These mark show you like me."

She pointed at my chest, and only then did I realise something strange: I had a small tattoo there now, just like she had. It was just below my clavicle, like hers, and was about the width of a tennis ball. The dark ink showed a symbol like a complex and rather elegant knot. I *did not* appreciate suddenly having a tattoo.

"What the fuck? Is this permanent?"

She nodded slowly. "Forever. Same here."

She pointed down to her crotch. I noticed that at the very low point of her stomach, south of her bellybutton, was a similar yet distinct mark that was just perceptible before disappearing beneath the hem of her hula-style skirt.

Oh God. No.

I looked down, and I had the same goddamn mark going beneath my loincloth. I jumped up, stepping away from her and turning my back, then pulled the hem out a bit. Fucking hell, I had a full mark! It terminated just above the shaft of my penis. What the hell was wrong with these people!? God, I was already practically naked in front of this girl.

"This is so fucked up," I said. "I need to go. I need to get out of here. Where's Adrian?"

Carissa was already at my side, touching my shoulders and soothing me. "I did tattoo, as tattoo done to me. Carissa. Part of chain, yes?"

My anger paused for a moment. "Wait, you saw me naked?"

At this, she blushed. "No worry. I am big sister. You little sister. No shame in this thing!"

But there was. Holy fuck, I'd been naked and she'd tattooed and dressed me. Ugh, probably with help too. How long had I really been out and open to view for these crazy tribal folk? And what the hell did this tattoo even mean?

As if sensing my question, Carissa gave me an answer: "Show role. Female section. Become sister of tribe."

Great, so I was some kind of 'sister.' Just because Adrian had bigger muscles. He'd always been a gym nut, one who looked after his appearance way more. Damn it, that didn't mean I looked like a girl, even if I couldn't grow a beard to save my life!

“Well, I’m not a sister. I told you, I’m getting out of here.”

Carissa grabbed me gently but firmly by the shoulder. She was actually a little taller than me, perhaps six feet in height, but then all the tribal people here were quite tall and powerfully built, and attractive besides.

“Let me go,” I hissed.

But Carissa shook her head. “I been where you. Will get better. But no leave; nowhere go. Just ocean. Come, see Female Shaman. She is Nuhara. She will help.”

Nuhara. Huh. That wasn’t a Chinese-sounding name in the least. Neither was Carissa, come to think of it. Perhaps the Polynesian influence of this island had an influence, or perhaps not. It could well be that others had landed on this island and changed its culture across the years, like Adrian and I had ended up here.

“Fine,” I said. “I’ll come. If only because she sounds like she has authority.”

I went with her, exiting out into the so-called ‘female section.’ Sure enough, this seemed like a cove of the island dedicated entirely to women. There was not a man in sight, only gorgeous women of varying ages, and some elders scattered about. Even they looked remarkably healthy and good-looking for their ages, wrinkled yet firm, wisened by their years rather than burdened by them. Little girls ran and danced, giggling with one another, but there were no boys.

“Female sect,” I said to myself. “But how does it work?”

Carissa nodded. “Special days of year. Rituals where interact. Boys allow visit and girl allow visit for family and celebration. Not kept all apart. Just lot of time for own business.”

I’d heard of this sort of thing back in Australia where I came from. I was a Queenslander, but when I’d travelled to Uluru I found out that there was men’s business in the mob and women’s business, and they had their own sacred areas. This just seemed like that, only on a more extreme scale. An entire village for women, this gorgeous cove with its many cabins and huts and meeting places built down the hill and surrounding the splendid beach. We travelled down there, straight to the largest building once again, though smaller than the chieftain’s earlier. Within was a woman in her fifties, or at least that’s what I judged her to be. She still looked pretty spry if she was, and she had a very colourful dyed dress rather than the revealing skirt and wrap-bra that the other women had.

“Miss Chen,” she said, bowing slightly to me. I bowed a little back. Mum had told me well on that when I interacted with my grandparents.

“Mr Chen,” I corrected.

“Apologies,” she said in her accent. It wasn’t even in Chinese. Just like with Carissa, some English was threaded throughout. Clearly, this island had sucked up a lot of visitors in the past, and now a pidgin language reigned. “I approve. The tattoos are taken. They seal. Good work. This mean you are welcome in female section. You are sister to us.”

Carissa and she talked excitedly, their language shifting to the incomprehensible again, once more leaving me out to dry. Carissa noted further points about my damn tattoos, and I really, really wanted some damn pants by this point.

“Mhmm,” Nuhara murmured. “Mr Chen not like other men. Strong bond to other newcomer. Will be good partner when finish.”

That, I had no idea what it meant.

Wait.

Holy shit.

It all started to make sense.

Carissa was holding my hand. I was mostly naked beside her. We were before a leader of the female section, who ‘approved’ of me and saw that I would be a ‘good partner’ soon, once whatever rituals they had were finished. This wasn’t some freaky cult process. They had sized me up and realised I’d be a good match for the gorgeous chick beside me, with all her luscious curves and her impressively ample chest. I mean, if I got just one date with a girl like this back home, I’d consider myself to be hitting the goddamn Tatslotto jackpot!

Look, I’m not saying I didn’t want off this island. I definitely still did. But it was also pretty obvious that we were remote, in the middle of the Pacific, and had washed up far from any wreckage. I’d always been a pragmatic bloke. Adrian was the dreamer, but never me. I knew in my heart already that I was probably not going to get off this island. But I had to admit, it seemed like a paradise. It was warm, beautiful, and the island was not small in the least. And here I was, betrothed to a very, very attractive woman.

Maybe, just maybe, if the worst came to pass and I was stuck here . . . well, maybe it wouldn’t be the ‘worst’ after all.

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The next day I decided to sneak out and try to find Adrian. I was concerned for my best friend, and what he could well be missing out on, but I also hadn’t forgotten that I wanted to find my way back to civilisation if possible. Of course, the fact that Carissa made me an utterly delicious fish and fruit breakfast and looked me over with clear interest in her eyes that morning *did* make the prospect of staying that little bit more tempting.

I went along the beach until I got close to the men’s section - Carissa had told me where it was during an idle question, and I was getting better at understanding her words. Sure enough, I could see Adrian talking to the other men. They were working upon the trees and beach; some gathering fruit, others fishing, and others sawing and building. Clearly, the island was undergoing a small expansion. Adrian saw me from a distance and waved, and I

waved back. There was nothing preventing us from meeting directly, but I thought better of doing so in plain view. So instead I wrote a message in the sand in English with a stick, pointing to him and making him understand. I told him to meet me at midday by the large orange rock further up the coast the next day. I trusted that he would hopefully come check it out.

Unfortunately, for the rest of the day, there was nothing actually sexy or marriage-related that actually occurred. I stuck close to Carissa and she to me, at least, but instead of getting to enjoy being the lone man among women on the island, instead I was expected to partake in their activities, as if I *were* a woman! Everything was done the old-fashioned islander way here, and I couldn't see any modern technology at all, which nixed any hope that they were sort of like some Amish community or something and still had access to a network tower when needed. Nope. Instead, the women worked to take care of the young children, including those baby and toddler boys too young to go to the male sect as of yet. They also foraged for necessary berries, plants, and medicinal substances, as well as weaving baskets, sowing clothes or repairing them, and making important ritualistic art. And here I was, expected to join in on it.

"Are you serious?" I asked Carissa when she told me to sit down and learn the so-called 'art of basket weaving.' Nuhara was there watching me, as were numerous other women, and I felt like I was being silently judged.

"Important, little sister," she told me.

"Not a sister. And not that little," I grumbled, but I didn't want to upset the applecart, so I joined in anyway, getting just about everything wrong. Somehow, Carissa and the others were actually deeply patient with me, encouraging me at every turn, even if I couldn't always understand their language. I spoke to some of the other ladies, all of whom were deeply beautiful, and some of whom looked quite pregnant, and started to learn their names. There was Lia and Yu, as well as Fang and Nissa. They were all young women, wives-to-be, and only came here occasionally, having joined the 'couples sect,' which was apparently what both men and women aspired to join, returning to their gendered sects just to help others when they wished to. Perhaps that was why I was here? Maybe a man needed to master and respect womanly arts before he could wed? It was the only way I could understand the intent of what was going on. Certainly, Carissa looked at me often and smiled quite lovingly. She touched my arm and positioned herself behind me to help with weaving and then, later, sowing as well. And it was perhaps because of this that later, when we had our relaxation time to visit the beach and swim or relax or play sports together, that I relaxed on the sand alongside her and told Carissa that I had placed a message for Adrian.

"It is wrong," she said, only to giggle. "But all do it! Tradition to push against! I approve."

I couldn't help but smile, gazing at her beauty, at the way her breasts were almost freed in her top, large and soft and pert. I wanted her. God, I would stay on this island for her. And her words made me confident.

In fact, I couldn't wait to introduce my new girlfriend to Adrian.

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Unfortunately, it took a whole week for Adrian to get the hint about my messages and pull free to chat to me. By that time, I'd had a whole week to master weaving baskets and to get better at sowing and weaving, all of which I was picking up a little more, day in, day out. I couldn't help but admire my friend as he finally turned up by the large red-orange rock along the coast. His body was more tanned, and he must have been working hard over the last week, because he was also looking impressively buff too. He'd fancied the gym the last couple of years, but for a lithe build. Now he looked actively muscular, and I couldn't quite believe my eyes. Hell, it was hard not to appreciate his pecs, as strange as that sounds. They were fairly nice to look at, and part of me was as jealous as I was fascinated.

"Hey man!" Adrian called out as he approached, wearing just the woven shorts of the male sect, which showed off more of those impressive muscles as a result. "You look different! Kind of stylish, is that weird to say? Have they got you using makeup or something? You look kinda soft. Not bad soft, but kinda nice, actually. But you definitely had more chest hair before."

I winced. I *had* been feeling more feminine lately. Not just spiritually and in my role, but literally in my physiology. My arms seemed slimmer, and I was lacking chest hair - hell, I had almost none left. Even my hair had grown longer at a surprisingly rapid pace. I don't know if it was that potion or the food or just the atmosphere, but I *did* feel kinda . . . girlier.

"What took you so long?" I said. "I've been leaving these messages for a week now!"

"Sorry. It's been hard to sneak away. New entrants to the men's area have to do all sorts of stuff. I don't think I'll have as much free time until they kind of view me as worth it. Seriously, this island is kinda amazing, man. I mean, first of all, they actually *do* have some amazing hair products and a great fitness regimen. But I've also been hunting - bow and arrow stuff, mate! I've been learning how to fish with pikes and how to hunt boar. There's tribal dances and smoke ceremonies and all this cool shit. I haven't even been missing the internet."

I loosened up a bit. "That actually does sound pretty incredible."

"Right?"

“What about you, Richard? I bet you’ve been having even more fun in your area. I mean, I bet you’re getting super lucky as the only man there, if you know what I’m saying!”

I scoffed. “Yeah, I wish! They’ve mainly got me doing feminine work; cooking, weaving baskets, foraging. Occasionally I look after some of the young kids, which is weird.”

“Lightwork, huh?”

I chuckled. “Please, I wish! If we ever get rescued, I’ll be the first to proclaim myself a born-again feminist, dude. This shit is hard work. My fingers are killing me from all the weaving, and I still haven’t mastered it.”

“Shit, that doesn’t sound as fun.”

I bit my lip. “It’s not the worst. I mean, I wish I didn’t have these tattoos.”

“Yeah, those are a trip.”

“But I’ve got Carissa. I thought she was going to be my partner or spouse or wife or something, but I think it’s more like we’re sisters. At least, she sees me like one and looks out for me.”

“Wait, that curvy goddess I see sometimes while I’m on guard duty by the gate? Dude! You need to get on that shit! You are wasting the opportunity of a lifetime if you aren’t slaying that hot islander pussy. I mean, hell, I haven’t been allowed near any of the women. Closest was the couples that came to visit us, but us new male sect members aren’t allowed near them until we’re ready. Instead, the closest we get is up on gate duty. Mate, you’ve got no idea how thirsty we are up there. We spy the sexy ladies from a distance and wish, wish, wish we could hurry up and find the right one to be with. I swear, all the chicks on this island are so fucking hot. Those hips, man. You know I love a good pair of hips and some beautiful brown-bronze skin.”

That threw me for a loop, and it took me a moment to figure out why. I was straight. I knew I was straight. I’d been into women ever since my voice started to break and my balls began to drop. But ever since drinking that potion . . . it was like my libido had slowly been dying away. I’d been aroused by Carissa’s presence but hadn’t *actually* gotten hard despite the closeness of her buxom body. And just a few days later I was with the women, most of them goddamn Islander-beauty *bombshells*, and yet hadn’t thought of them as hot, at least in a male gazey kind of way. Was that why they hadn’t barred me from seeing the single women? God, why hadn’t I thought of them in that way?

I tried to imagine Carissa on her knees, her lovely large breasts freed, her mouth open, ready to receive me. Ready to suck me off and moan while she did it. It did nothing for me, but before I could even terminate the thought, the image flipped around. I was on my knees, looking up at a long, hard dick. I was opening my mouth, placing my lips over the head, then extending over the shaft. I was *tasting* it.

And it was beautiful.

It was arousing.

And it was *Adrian's* dick. His eyes looked down at me with fascination, my hands slender on his body as I pleased him. I was giving my best friend a blowjob, sucking on a dick far larger than my own was.

"Dude, are you okay?"

I blinked, and I was back in reality. I had my mouth open and was starting to drool. I quickly wiped it away, cheeks hot with embarrassment.

"Ha!" he laughed. "I bet you're imagining all your *other* conquests, huh? All those sexy ladies you're getting with. I expect to hear about a conquest or two just so at least *one* of us isn't missing out."

"I - uh - sure. Yeah. It's going well."

"I knew it! You're being modest as always, man. Hey, speaking of open mouths, if Carissa isn't giving you head anytime, think she'd be interested in a guy like me once I 'graduate' from the male islander academy?"

He had a big, shit-eating grin on his face and pointed out his own tattoos, which were different from mine. Masculine. Powerful. With spear-like formations around a circle, unlike my knot tattoo. They were on his biceps, and another lower towards his groin, which he showed off by pulling the hem of his shorts out. "Been feeling pretty fucking manly since getting these."

I knew he could see my tattoos, at least the one on my chest. But I also had one close to my groin as well, one he hadn't seen, or if he had, just the upper part of it. Carissa had told me never to show my tattoos to a man "until you're ready." Given that I was a man, I wasn't sure of her point in this, so I pulled at my skirt and showed it to him.

"Mine looks a little different," I said, feeling a bit self-conscious.

Adrian stared blankly. I felt my cheeks blush further, trying not to feel too ridiculous in front of my friend as he looked at the rather feminine tattoo I now sported.

"It looks kinda beautiful," he said, rather unexpectedly. His words made me feel strangely warm, but before I could figure out why, Nuhara emerged, calling out.

"Mr Chen! What did I tell you!? I told you and the whole female sect not to show your tattoos to men!"

She was practically *flying*, she was running so fast. I immediately removed my hand from my skirt and stepped back. I'd understood each word of her dialect crisply, as if it were my own native language.

"I'm - I'm sorry, Nuhara."

"You should know better, Mr Chen. Mr Li, you must be patient in finding your own female."

Adrian's eyes widened. "What? I wasn't - that wasn't what this was!"

But Nuhara was already moving to drag me away, and I knew it was hopeless. I quickly whispered to my friend to meet me five days from now on the coast, further up from here. That would be enough time for suspicion to die down, I felt.

And then I was off, following Nuhara. I was more aware than ever that I didn't just have tribal tattoos, I had *female* tattoos. They were actually treating me fully like a *woman*.

I had to get out of here. This wasn't fucking fair. Maybe something extreme. They used boats here, but they were better at using them, and would know immediately one was missing. But if I could use my skills and combine them with Adrian's, we could *build* a boat and escape in secret. We'd be hours away before they ever knew.

And I needed to do so quickly, before my situation changed any further.

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The next five days passed quickly. I continued to get better at the women's arts, and Carissa remained encouraging. Try as I might, I couldn't find her sexually attractive anymore, despite knowing how sexy she was. Instead, I looked to her as my new big sister, just like she saw me as her little sister. It was a little embarrassing, but I was actually becoming a little *proud*, just a little bit, that I was weaving some fairly solid basketwork, and that I was starting to learn the women's chants and even partaking without feeling ridiculous.

Unfortunately, there were other things I was not so sure about. Despite my diet being so healthy here on the island, I was gaining weight in some unexpected places. My bum seemed bigger, and just two days later my chest had started swelling up a little. It was hard not to scratch at my nipples, and the other women laughed at this, but would not entirely tell me what was going on. It must have been a reaction they'd seen before, but they didn't seem to think it was too serious. The fact that I felt less strong than I had before I'd arrived here on the Chen island also made me aware that it was likely something I'd caught. Carissa even joked that I was "becoming a real woman" as she pointed at my swollen chest. So it was with some trepidation that I met up with Adrian on the beach, as we planned, in a more private area where Nuhara would hopefully not spot us.

"Woah," he said. "You look different!"

I covered my chest with some embarrassment, looking away as if I were some blossoming young woman accidentally exposing herself. "Don't even start! I've had a rash or reaction to something. My chest started swelling up - it's only been two days."

"Does it hurt? He said, looking closer. He was all muscles, and it was hard not to stare back, but his attention was on my chest, making me feel self-conscious once more.

"No, not really. Maybe a little sore, but they feel like that because of the swelling, I guess. Damn, this sucks."

At this, Adrian actually chuckled.

“What’s so funny?” I asked.

“Sorry, it’s just, I thought someone from the women’s section would be happy if their chest got bigger!”

I gave him a light punch on the shoulder. “Shut up, man! You can be such a tosser at times.”

“Nah, seriously, I’m sorry about this. It doesn’t look that bad. I won’t lie, though, it *does* look a little like you’ve got some small boobs.”

That made my shoulders sag. “I knew it. So stupid. I don’t know why they put me into the female section. It’s so fucking ridiculous.”

“Well, about that,” Adrian said. “Um, I actually got to talk to the chief the other day. He’s hard to understand - I don’t always get their language, you know? But he seemed to say that the potion told the village that your spirit wasn’t aligned with your body, or *somesuch*. And that the potion followed by the tattoos would guide you into becoming a girl.”

“What the fuck!?” I said, almost stammering my words. “That’s ridiculous! Are you pranking me, mate?”

“No, I wasn’t! I don’t believe it either, at least not fully, but . . . I mean, you *do* look more feminine lately. Your hair is longer, and your face looks softer too. You don’t have any body hair, and you *do* sorta have boobs. At the very least, maybe you’ve been hit with a dose of estrogen or testosterone suppressors or something.”

I kicked at the sound and growled, but even that caused my voice to crack a little, sounding more juvenile - or feminine - than I was meant to be.

“Jesus fucking Christ, this sucks! I can’t believe this!”

“If it’s any consolation, you’re looking like you’d make a pretty cute girl, mate.”

I glared at him. “Not funny.”

“I’m serious.”

“So am I. We need to get out of here. We need to make a boat. Look, I’ve found a way we could do it.”

At this, Adrian *finally* stopped checking out my chest - including my overly puffy nipples - and perked up. “Wait, we can get back to civilisation?”

“Yes! I’ve had five days as a woman, and I know the paths that some of the couples take, and where the men take single women to woo them. It’s, like, some sort of game. We live apart for a time, but they *expect* us to break the rules, so long as we don’t get caught. Even us finding each other, I think Carissa and Nuhara expect it, but we can’t go too far, or something.”

“Too far doing what?”

For a moment, that daydream of me on my knees before Adrian flashed before my eyes. Back in reality, I looked away from him.

“It doesn’t matter. Look, the point is, I found something. Follow me.”

I brought him back into the jungle and along a narrow trail. There, we came to a large woodstack that was clearly kept for emergencies, boatbuilding, or some other purpose. It was well covered up in a hut, so perhaps it was just forgotten, but the couple I’d seen came here to kiss and flirt. My real interest had been in the wood, though I couldn’t help but notice the man’s *wood* at the time, for some reason.

“Woah,” Adrian said. “We can use this wood.”

“And the surrounding trees too. I’m, uh, too weak to break it, though.”

He examined my arms, and I held them up. They had slimmed considerably over the last week, and indeed looked ladylike. There was more subcutaneous fat on them. Perhaps even calling them ‘thin’ would be the wrong way to put it. They were simply *soft*. A little elegant, perhaps.

“I don’t exactly get the chiseled benefits you do with all your hunting and workouts,” I complained. “You’re turning into a god whereas I’m turning into some kind of . . . ladyboy. Ugh.”

Just saying it was shameful, and Adrian threw me a sympathetic glance, though his pose wasn’t helping; one hand behind his neck, the other on his hip, his magnificent biceps showing off. Lucky. And sexy. I mean, in the sense that he would be sexy to the opposite sex, obviously.

“You’re not a ladyboy, man. You just don’t get the benefit of what I have. I’m sure you can still swing an axe. Look, try this one over here.”

I walked over, trying not to sway my hips a little; they’d also spread a bit from my rash or the concoction or whatever. I hefted up the axe, but it was a struggle, and when I went to split the wood before me, my centre of gravity seemed off, and I went wide, falling to the ground pathetically with a girlish squeak.

“Okay, never mind. That was . . . not good.”

“Told you. God, they won’t even let me cut my hair, mate. It covered my eyes just then as I swung.”

“Yeah, this shit is weird. Um, but building a boat . . . I mean, Chief Unichi told us that we are forbidden from leaving the island. That we have a paradise here that must be preserved, with longer lives and better health, and that all outsiders who come here in years past tell stories of how the outside world is corrupt. And honestly, I don’t know if I disagree. What if they find this island? They could ruin it.”

“Dude, think about what we’re missing. You love the internet! You love movies and fast food and gyms!”

But I could tell something had changed just from his expression alone. “Yeah, but . . . this is better. This is *real*. What if we were brought here for a purpose?”

Desperate, I grabbed his arm, clutching it.

“Adrian, mate, look at me! You may be getting all tough and handsome and powerful, but I’m getting all soft and curvy and feminine. I’m weaker than I was before. Hell, I get more *emotional* now. We need to do something!”

Adrian placed a hand on my bare shoulder. It felt . . . nice. “We will. But maybe not the boat, at least not yet. We don’t want to bring up suspicion. We’ll take some time, see if this is just temporary. Let’s just leave the idea alone until we know more. We can be smart about this.”

He was talking more sensibly than usual, and I hated him for that. Islander life was maturing my friend beyond his self-obsession with looks and prestige, though perhaps it was those very qualities he was now getting that made him want to stay. Still, he wasn’t wrong. I was rushing things. And this project *would* take time.

“Fine,” I said. “But just for a little bit. If things get worse, I want off this island, okay?”

Adrian grinned and bowed. “As my lady desires!”

I chased him all the way down the trail, and soon we were both laughing at his audacity when I finally caught him.

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More days passed. Rather than my symptoms subsiding, they actually became worse. My ‘breasts’ - and they were indeed looking like proper breasts now - continued to swell and grow, until I *had* to start wearing a wrap just to cover them up and stop them jiggling. They had their own fleshy mass and jiggling weight, and it was *weird*. And that wasn’t all, either. My ass was expanding, growing thicker and rounder - peachier, you might say. My pelvis was sore, having widened more than an inch, perhaps even two inches. It made no sense, but clearly that potion or the tattoos (but that didn’t make sense, did it?) were changing me. My skin was starting to look perfect and without blemish, my visible pores were disappearing. My hair was descending down my neck, even though I’d only been here roughly three weeks by that point. And then there was the worst part of all, the part that left me *very* nervous.

My penis was shrinking, and my testes along with it. Surely they had me on some primitive kind of estrogen or testosterone suppressant, because my member was getting small *fast*. It was even getting harder and harder to get myself aroused or erect. Only thinking about handsome men - especially Adrian - did that, and so I damn well refused to let my thoughts go that way . . . though in dreams, they sometimes wandered.

I complained to Carissa and Nuhara repeatedly. Carissa was always sympathetic.

"It was same for me," she said. "The very same."

"Yeah, but at least you were born a girl!" I exclaimed. "This is really unnatural for me! I don't want my fucking dick to disappear. I need to get off this island. Put me in the men's section!"

But even when I banged on the gates and made my demands, they refused, and the men returned me the next day when I tried to sneak along the coast. They saw my tattoos immediately, but my shape was pretty goddamn womanly by that point; I literally couldn't walk without shaping my expanded hips. The chestwrap cupping my new tits up was also a dead giveaway, and even my lips were changing, puffing up a little and looking softer. All the better for kissing a hot man like -

No! No, I couldn't let my thoughts go that way. I complained to Nuhara again, even threatening violence, but she just hugged me, and to my shame I collapsed into tears against her, sobbing relentlessly.

"I just d-don't know why this is h-happening," I moaned.

"It's because you have soul of woman," she replied. "All will be well. You are so close."

The worst part was, her words actually comforted me somehow. They were wrong, they were alien, they were factually incorrect. But crying up against her, my chest pressing against hers, my long hair falling to my shoulders . . . it was hard *not* to feel like a young woman being comforted by a maternal figure.

It had all gone so wrong.

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I didn't go to Adrian's meetup, despite him leaving messages in the sand for me. To be honest, I was scared. I knew I needed to get off the island, so I was practicing with the axe in my spare time, making very slow progress on forming planks and lashing them together. It would not be a good-looking boat, but I didn't want Adrian to see me until it was strictly necessary. By that point, my penis was basically a nub, and my balls couldn't even help me cum anymore; they were storing absolutely squat inside of them. It was maddening.

I was lying on my mat - still surprisingly comfortable - in the sleeping hut with the other women. There were a number of these huts for all the different women, but my place was noticeable as I was just opposite Carissa.

"How do you feel, Richard?" she asked me.

I grunted, clutching my abdomen, which felt swollen lately. "I f-feel like shit. Like that potion stuff is going to kill me, seriously. Ugh. I've got all this cramping."

“That could be expected.”

We were speaking more naturally these days, and half the time I was speaking in her language by instinct instead of my own. I winced again, rubbing my stomach. My goddamn lower stomach was cramping like hell. Still, I closed my eyes as she fell to sleep. I was unconscious not long after.

Only to wake up with the cramping worse than ever. My lower belly was on fire, my groin too, and when I felt down there I - what the fuck?

I pulled my hand back, exclaiming that very thought out loud. There was blood. Slightly chunky blood, viscous and thick, and coming from between my thighs. I pulled my hand up, and I could see from the light of the moon coming through the slats in the wood that it was blood.

“I’m injured! Why the hell am I injured? What the shit is this?”

But there was no injury, just a . . . leak of sorts. From my penis, as far as I could tell, or just below it. I groaned, writhing. I managed to reach out a hand to shove Carissa a little, pushing her at the shoulder. Slowly, she woke up.

“Richard? What’s wrong?”

“I’m bleeding! I’ve got no idea why!” I hissed, keeping my voice as my panic would allow me.

Quickly, Carissa got up and examined me, grabbing some woven fur cloths to help pad me and remove the blood.

“It is okay,” she said, grinning as the moonlight came in. “In order for a woman to give birth, the moon god must descend into her belly. That is what is happening, Richard.”

I looked at her like she’d grown three heads. “Carissa, this sick fantasy has to end! It doesn’t matter if that potion or these tattoos or whatever make me look more feminine and make me grow these stupid breasts - temporarily, I might add - I am still and will always be a *man*.”

She just gave me a soothing hug and kissed my forehead, sidestepping what I’d just said. I went to growl in frustration, but Carissa placed a finger on my lips and indicated to the sleeping hut. We couldn’t wake the others up, of course.

“For now, I’ll give you something to help avoid making a mess.”

To my humiliation, she rifled through her things and brought out a carefully woven pair of tribal underwear, designed for wider hips and with no crotch; a woman’s underwear. Then she placed a thicker lining within, clearly intended to soak up any more blood.

“Here,” she said. “Wear this.” I grumbled to myself, but I had no other choice. It wasn’t like the underwear would fit me. I may have changed, but I was no Carissa, and -

I paused. The underwear was snug upon me. It pulled against my hips, comfortably clinging to my expanded rear as well. Oh God. I - I hadn’t realised how much I’d changed

down there. No wonder that they were calling me a woman and treating me like one. No wonder that my centre of gravity had changed so dramatically!

Those thoughts stayed with me as I drifted back to sleep, my cramps slowly subsiding. Still, my dreams were fitful and strange. I could swear that my body was changing much faster, as if the cramps and the period-like bleeding had opened the literal, bloody floodgates for my body to feminise further. I moaned, in my dreams and probably out in the real world too. I was on a lush and sandy beach under the stars, the constellations beautiful above me, and I was moving into the water. A faceless man was there, handsome and strong, his presence dominating me, calling to me, beckoning me forward. I entered the water, and I realised that I, like him, was entirely naked. I moaned, observing his physical perfection, and it left me caressing and groping and stroking my body, exhaling sensually as I showed off my form to him. But still it was not impressive enough, so my body changed further. My breasts expanded, growing yet heavier until they were like C-cups, capable of easily filling a man's palms, bouncing and jiggling more in their nakedness. My ass plumpened, looking more like a curvaceous islander woman's figure.

Still, it was not enough. He stared at me, his cock growing hard, but I needed it hard as *steel* for me. And so I lowered my hands further, down between my thighs. I was no longer bloodied. I was washed clean. I pushed my fingers in, moaning sensually, biting my lip as I furthered my own change. My hair descended yet lower, falling past my shoulders. My jawline softened. My eyelashes extended. But all of that was nothing compared to the change I was bringing about from my own desire. I slipped my fingers inside of myself, removing the last trace of my penis but for a small nub that became my throbbing new clitoris. In this dream, I gasped, revelling in the change. It was ecstasy. It was perfect. I shook my shoulders a little, causing my bosom to wobble, as my entire body shivered.

Finally, the man approved.

Finally, he was rock hard for me.

I stepped forward, slowly, but erotically, my movements demure yet clearly aroused. My hips cocked to one side, then the other. He was holding his penis, which was massive and hard as steel. I lowered myself onto my knees, stroking his dick, feeling its girth and power. The figure was familiar. I heard him moaning my name. He wanted me. He was Adrian. God, I didn't even care that it was Adrian. In the dream I *wanted* him to be Adrian!

I rubbed him faster, and then he gestured for me to go further. I hesitated only a moment, but I was not a man. I'd never been a man. I was a woman. I was deeper in the dream than ever, knowing I was a woman, and I *loved* it.

"Yes," I whispered, voice demure and soft. "Of course."

I placed my lips upon him, still stroking his cock, rubbing his shaft, cupping his balls and fondling them. God, he had great balls, just like I had great breasts now. They made me

proud. I continued to bob up and down, locking eyes with my handsome friend, admiring his form, touching my new pussy and moaning even as I sucked him off. But before I could finish him, he picked me up and threw me back.

We were now on a bed of lush grass, still beneath the moonlight. My legs were spread, and he lowered himself down, licking my breasts and sucking on my nipples. The sensations were amazing, and soon I was begging for him.

“P-please, make me a w-woman.”

The faceless figure was between my legs. Was he Adrian? I couldn't tell. Sometimes he was and other times he wasn't. But then his tongue snaked between my thighs and I was in purest ecstasy, feeling things only a woman could, so real that it was beyond even a dream's power, resonating out into reality. I could even hear the afterechoes of my own animalistic lusts, the reality seeping into the unreality. I begged him to take me, to finally give me release, but then he was upon me. I widened my legs further, his huge cock pressing against my opening. It was all too much. The sounds I made were delicious and orgasmic. He was so big, so full, and the feeling of him sliding into my passage was as alien as it was hot. We were both naked beneath the stars, and it felt like we were the first humans, making love in the most natural way. I bucked my hips against him, gasping. I was close, so fucking close. He was thrusting in and out, and my new pussy was clinging to him, my tunnel wet yet powerful, milking him for all he was worth.

The man grunted. He grabbed me and shifted me around so I was on all fours, then plunged into me again. We were going at it even more primally now. He was mounting me like an animal, thrusting into me from behind. God, oh God it was amazing! I wanted nothing more than this! I wanted to be dominated and mated and fucked and *bred*, oh God I wanted to be fucking *bred* by this man! I wanted to be - I wanted to be - I wanted to be -

*“I want to be a woman!”* I scream, and with that, he erupted inside of me, and the orgasms that followed were like a series of tidal waves, drowning me in pleasure even as he drowned my passage with his seed.

It was the most ecstasy I'd ever experienced. It was beyond explanation. And finally, finally, my dreams fell into blackness, my womanhood confirmed.

I would have a big surprise waiting for me when I woke up.

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My proportions felt different. Changed. All wrong. Slowly, I gathered myself up. There was a greater weight upon my chest, and definitely more on my backside as well. It was just turning to dawn, and the other women weren't awake yet, but there was enough light for me to see, so I moved outside and found the mirror. It was a rather beautiful one, Chinese in make to

judge from its ornamentation, and clearly old. Something that had survived an old shipwreck or arrival of settlers long ago. It was carefully protected, fixed to the wall of the women's hut and closed off when the weather was poor. But this morning the weather was beautiful, and so I could see myself completely.

I could see my full, *large* breasts, even bigger than D-cups, with prominent nipples.

I could see my wide childbearing hips and prominent ass, which was rounded and full and freaking *bouncy* now.

I could see the absence of my Adam's apple, and the clear beauty of my female face, and my shapely legs and narrower middle and gorgeous skin and - and - and -

And the *absence between my legs*.

Shaking, I lowered a hand down to between my thighs, wincing as I realised there was no penis remaining. I could feel the slit. The one that had had its first period last night. I had a *pussy* now.

Suffice to say, I screamed. Loudly. Some of the women jolted awake, but it was Carissa that came running to me.

"Richard!" she cried, a figure of beauty herself, but with me now definitely looking more like her sister. "Richard, are you okay now? Are you alright?"

She stopped and gasped as she saw me, placing her hands over her mouth, though more from joy than shock.

"It has happened! The spirits and gods of the island have blessed us! You are no longer Richard! You are now Rui!"

My jaw hung open, trying to absorb all of this. Nuhara, the leader of our female sect, arrived moments later, fussing over me, inspecting me as if to make sure that I was fully female. I was so gobsmacked that I didn't even stop her, not even when she padded over my groin to make certain of my new womanhood.

"The change has occurred," Nuhara stated. "The ten days of change are finished! Richard of the Chen is gone, now she is Rui of the Chen!"

*That* was enough to jolt my brain back into action. The women were pouring out of the hut to congratulate me, already offering me finer island clothing to adorn my new, totally female form. But I turned to Nuhara instead.

"What the fuck is this!? Why am I a woman? Did you just say I was out for ten freakin' days?"

Nuhara nodded, bowing just a little. "Indeed. Once the final part of the change takes, you are transformed body, soul, and mind. This is a long process, but the body hibernates. On the rare occasion such a transformation is needed, we stand guard and ensure all is well. You have bloomed beautifully, and I imagine our language is now easily understandable to you as well."

I took a step back. My breathing came in heaves, which had the effect of making my chest rise and fall dramatically, my round, plump breasts pert and proud upon me.

“What - you knew this - why didn’t you tell me!?”

Carissa placed a hand on my shoulder. “I thought I did. The language translation is not always exact. But we *did* tell you. I even said you would bloom to be able to carry a child, just like a woman would. And here you are!”

“Oh God,” I replied, barely able to get my breath under control. I was a woman. I had big boobs and a perfect ass. I had wide, baby-making hips. My body could make a baby. I could get fucking *pregnant*. And now they were calling me *Rui*, like it was my new name already decided.

“You even gave me a new name,” I whispered.

“You don’t have to take it,” she said. “But it’s considered a name of good luck to suit the Chen clan. Adrian will like it, I’m sure. He’s been very worried about you.”

I snapped my head up, finally looking away from my big new boobs and their large, dark nipples. I stared at Carissa, another shock rippling through me.

“Adrian!? He’s worried about me? Fuck, it’s been ten bloody days! What does he know?”

“Just that you’ve been ill and changing, ready for him. But don’t worry, the moon god will soon bless his mind if you are the right one for him. He will believe you have always been a woman, and destined for him. I had hoped that would be the case for the man I arrived with, but we were not destined to be. I will find my man one day, however!”

I swallowed, once more taking a step back. My ass cheeks wobbled, and my breasts too. I needed my fucking chestwrap again, something supportive! It was all wrong, oh so bloody wrong. Even my hips were swaying far, far too much. I reached between my legs, and once again confirmed the absence that was there, the feminine slit and slight patch of hair that felt so different from what it had been. I was a woman now. I was a full-blown female. I had a *vagina*. A *womb*. Ovary sacs and all of it!

“It can’t be,” I said, my voice now sweet and womanly. “It can’t be. This isn’t me.”

“It is the new you,” Nuhara said, her voice more commanding. “You are Rui of our Chen Tribe.”

“I’m not!” I screamed, making a few of the women jump in surprise. “I’m not Rui! I’m Richard! It’s impossible for me to be a girl! It’s fucking impossible!”

Carissa gave me a sweet, sympathetic look that made me feel all the more pathetic. She strode forward and took my hand.

“If it’s impossible, dear little sister, then how could you have a period? How could you have these lovely breasts, even bigger than my own? I’m quite jealous, you know! But also proud of you; it tells us you were always meant to be a woman. You were always meant to

be Rui Chen. And may the great moon god and the spirits of this island bless Adrian to feel that you've always been a woman, and this will be a sign that you are both meant to be."

This was nuts. They were crazy. The whole tribe was crazy! And yet it was undeniable that this was real. I was pinching my skin. Hell, I was pinching my new *tits*, and I still wasn't waking. My hair was now down almost to my ass, my hands were dainty, my face beautiful beyond words. I was now an islander gal beauty, the kind of chick I'd have loved to have shacked up with before this place started fucking with my body and mind.

The only hope was Adrian. I needed him. I needed him in a way that I couldn't quite explain; not just to get me out of here, but because of the comfort and safety he would bring me. I needed him like I needed water, like I needed air. Tears rose in my eyes and began to spill down my cheeks, that want rising, the need for his protection.

"Rui, are you okay?"

"I'm not fucking Rui!" I screamed again, and then I bolted, uncaring of how painfully my large breasts bounced, stumbling only a little with my again-altered centre of gravity. I made my way straight to the women's cabin and quickly tied my bra on and fitted a proper Hawaiian-style skirt around my waist. I had no doubt I probably looked even more desirable now, especially with all the cleavage being pushed up, but I didn't care. I wiped away my tears of fear and ran out of the hut again, ignoring Carissa and Nuvara's cries completely. I was heading straight down for the beach and then down the coast.

Fuck the rules. I needed my Adrian.

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I was so pleased to see Adrian at our meeting place that I practically burst into tears again. He was fishing, a spear in his hand ready to plunge into the side of the large aquatic creatures that lurked in the shadows of a recessed pool. I called out to him, waving my arms and occasionally grabbing my chest wrap to keep my boobs from flying out. Goddamn, they were big.

"Adrian! Adrian! It's me! It's Rui! I mean, Richard!"

He looked at me and immediately dropped his spear into the water, uncaring that it would probably wash out with the tide. A look of relief hit his face that felt like the warmth of the sun in my belly to see.

"Holy shit! Thank the spirits, you're alive!"

I ran *into* him, knocking him over. Without even thinking I planted a kiss on his forehead, but it had to be just because I was so relieved to see him. It was only after a moment that I realised I was straddling him, my thighs on either side of his body, pressing

against his muscled skin, and my breasts hanging like ripe fruit in their wrap, sliding upon his chest. I felt a hardness in his islander shorts and immediately leapt to my feet.

“Woah!”

“Oh, sorry!” he said nervously, a cheeky grin on his features. “I guess I was just excited to see you. I can’t believe it. Look how beautiful you’ve become! You look amazing.”

My excitement almost completely evaporated in that moment.

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s just, I was so worried. I know they wouldn’t let me visit you, but I tried again and again. They told me you were asleep and becoming your true self beneath the moon god’s gaze, but I didn’t know what that meant! But now I see you’ve come out lovelier than ever, Rui.”

The use of my new name sent a chill down my spine as much as it surprisingly warmed me.

“Adrian, don’t call me that. I’m not Rui! I’m Richard! I’m meant to be a guy!”

He raised an eyebrow, and gave me a smirk that said he was unsure if I was joking or not. “What are you talking about? You’ve always been a girl, at least so far as I’m aware, ha! I mean, hell, I had a crush on you back in college, as you might recall.”

My hands trembled. God, reality really had changed. Or he had. Or some godly influence. This was beyond just some tribal medicine, this was fucking *magic*. And now he couldn’t even remember that I was Richard? God, even *I* was having a hard time thinking of myself as such. I was so female that Rui just seemed to *suit*, wrong and foreign as that was to me.

I stepped forward and placed my hands on Adrian’s shoulders; his wide, manly, muscular shoulders that felt so lovely. “Listen to me, Adrian, and listen closely, please. I’m not a girl. You just think that. At least, I’m not supposed to be one. Something about what they made us drink when they came here, how they put me in the female camp, how we had these tattoos, all of it has changed me and changed your memory of me! That special moon god and spirits they believe in has had some effect as well. I don’t understand it all, but it gave me a fucking pussy and I had a goddamn *period* just ten days ago. I’ve got a fucking *womb* and I can get *pregnant*, man. I can get knocked up with a freakin’ *baby*.”

At this, Adrian smiled, pulling me closer, his arms encircling my waist. His grip was strong and sexy, and did things to my body. Hell, my big nipples even hardened quite visibly against the thin red material of my chest wrap.

“You could always have *my* baby,” he said, smiling.

*That* threw me for another loop. I could have his baby. Holy shit, I could just picture it. It was embarrassing and ridiculous and so very real, and for some reason it made my imagination fly. I would be big and round and full with his baby, his hands around my belly,

him as my protector. I would strain and give *birth* just like a woman, and then I would have an actual boy or girl - or even twins, why did that excite me somehow? - and I would nurse them from my breasts, and even smile as they suckled on my milk. And Adrian would look to me with such pride and love and -

And what the fuck was I thinking about? Why was I feeling this way?

I pushed myself away from Adrian, then stepped back and removed his hands from me. I placed my own hands on my hips - a more womanly pose than I intended to make, and growled at him. "I'm serious, Adrian! This isn't a goddamned joke!"

He folded his arms, flexing further muscles. "Sure it isn't, Rui. You love this kind of stuff."

"I'm serious!"

"Fine," he said. "Show me your crotch. If you really aren't a woman, I'll be able to see, right?"

I blushed, the heat rising in my cheeks. I already had a pussy. I had a freakin' vagina. Showing him would mean nothing. And yet . . . I found myself wanting to, for reasons I couldn't quite explain or understand, even to myself. So I lowered my skirt, pushing down the loincloth-style underwear that Carissa had given me, and bared all to him.

"Well, you certainly *look* female," he said, gazing away and blushing himself. "I shouldn't have asked that, I'm sorry."

"It's - it's the tattoos!" I said hurriedly. "They changed me somehow. They're female tattoos."

"Yeah, because you're a woman."

"No! I mean, yes, but - ugh, just look at them, will you!"

He looked back at me with surprise. "Rui . . . are you actually asking what I think you're asking? I mean, I know we're islanders now and they're more relaxed about such things here, but -"

"Just do it!" I said. Why was I doing this? I wanted him to see how female I was, even if it wouldn't help. There was such a - such a *need* for him to see me. And I didn't want to part from my friend, even if he didn't remember the male me, he was still my best friend. My protector.

Slowly, Adrian went to his knees. He looked at me up close, and I looked down at him, flattening my breasts a little with my hands so I could see his face more clearly; God, I was fucking *stacked* now. These were some serious melons, and yet the way Adrian looked at my chest made me blush with some excitement. Something was coming over me, and I couldn't understand what it was.

"You are so fucking beautiful," he said.

"That's not - look, what do you see?"

"I see . . . a pussy, Rui. You know this."

"Yes, obviously, but I didn't have this until recently! Maybe . . . maybe there's a way to remove the tattoo. Can you just look closer or something?"

He did. His face was right before my crotch as I stood there on the beach. For privacy's sake - as much as I could get - I'd raised my skirt instead of lowering it, and was lifting it to give his face access. Now I couldn't see him at all.

"Adrian?" I asked. His breath was making me feel warm. Way too flushed. Fucking hell, it was strong. "Adrian? What are you doing?"

Suddenly, something wet and wonderful slid along my slit, touching my clitoris and making me gasp with a sudden shot of arousal and pleasure. It was a powerful and unexpected sensation, one that left me moaning for a while, until I finally realised that I was being *licked*.

"Wh-what are you doing?" I moaned, biting my lip to stop myself from making anymore erotic noises.

Adrian pulled his head back and looked up at me. He raised a hand and squeezed my breast. "I thought you were inviting me, weren't you?"

I wanted to say no. I *should* have said no. But his finger was still circling my clit, making me gasp further.

"Y-yes," I replied. One simple little word, delivered as if it were the truth.

Adrian smiled. "Thought so, you cheeky goofball. All that talk of being a man, you just wanted me up close and personal to check. Like this . . ."

He resumed his tongue action upon me, lifting my skirt again. I placed my hands on his hand, running my fingers through his hair and letting out further moans, louder and louder as he probed my new genitalia. It was heaven and hell at the same time, and the worst part was that it felt so, so much more like the former than the latter. I was in bliss, I was transcending. I succumbed to the sensations, moaning like a porn star and cupping my big native islander tits. They too were deeply sensitive, and I began to fondle my nipples, stroking them and getting off on those delicious pulses of pleasure as well. It was all so much, and I sounded like a woman on the cusp of an orgasm. A powerful one.

Oh God, I *was* on the cusp of an orgasm.

"A-Adrian! I'm g-going to cum! I'm going to - ahh - ahh - AAHHH!!!"

To my deep humiliation, I pressed his face right into my lower region. I gushed, and in that moment I realised I'd cum so hard - so erotically - that I'd actually *squirted* upon his tongue and across his mouth. The orgasms kept on fucking coming, leaving me to squirt again and again.

It was only in that post-orgasm clarity that I realised what I had done. He was already shifting, stroking his own crotch now, readying for something else. Fuck. What if we went

even further? If we did, I'd be letting my best friend not only tongue my new pussy, but stick his big cock right into it as well. He would get me pregnant. Ohhh, why was that such a goddamn fucking *turn on!*?

He rose, cupping my breasts, wiping his mouth at the same time. He moved to undo my wrap, freeing my huge rack, and I knew in that moment that if he did that, I would never, ever be able to stop myself from giving over to my body's intense needs.

"S-stop!" I managed to cry.

"Awww, c'mon," Adrian said. "We both want this. We've both gone native. It's okay, Rui. It's just us here now, and the tribe. We can be a couple and not worry about jobs or living far apart or anything else."

He squeezed my buttocks, making me whimper in pleasure. God, I was so fucking wet. I wanted his dick.

"N-no!" I stammered. "The island would be unhappy if we continued, right? We'd be betraying the culture we're in, wouldn't we? You've found a lot of m-meaning in it. So, er, have I! Yeah, and it would destroy our place in it, right?"

Adrian blinked. He took a step back, and I could see he felt embarrassed.

"Oh, shit. I'm sorry. Fuck. I didn't mean things to go this far, Rui, I swear. You know how I feel about you, and you were teasing me and getting me to see you - I didn't mean to let things get out of hand."

I swallowed. "It wasn't . . . all bad."

"That's - that's really great to hear. Shit, I want to continue so bad. That would be dumb, though. We should be more proper, more official. We're still new here. Shit. I'll - I'll go. Sorry for making this so awkward! You were amazing! You're always amazing, Rui!"

He ran off in a way that was almost amusing, except for the fact that he was still muscly as hell, and my eyes were taking notice. I collapsed on the beach as soon as he was out of sight, however. I was in total disbelief. I had really, really wanted more of that feeling. My body had craved it. I'd come so close . . . that potion had done more than made me a woman, it had given me a woman's mind as well. And a woman's *lusts*.

Those lusts stayed with me for the rest of the day. Carissa wisely stayed clear of me, though she always stayed in sight, inviting me to talk to her. Nuhara was off on her duties. The other girls showed sympathy, and it was clear to me that most had not been changed - Carissa clearly had in the past, however, several years ago to judge from the chief's words. I'd know her story one day, perhaps, but for now all I wanted was privacy, and she was wise enough to respect that. So I got better at weaving and sewing and planting crops and singing songs and I did it all robotically, all while thinking about Adrian and his marvellous tongue. It was so fucking nuts, but I couldn't stop myself.

In the end, I went to bed early. I lay there, the only one in the hut as the others were all down on the beach observing the beautiful stars and making their ceremonial songs. Me, I had a different instrument to play. I started to tease my clit again, rubbing it softly and then with more vigorous movements. It swelled a little bit, throbbing with need. I had such a need to have fingers - or even better, a dick - inside there. Inside *me*. God, what would it feel like? I bet it would feel amazing, the best feeling ever. It would stretch me, and my wet insides would hug it, milk it, suck up all of its produce and drink it straight down to my fertile womb.

My body warmed. I clutched my breasts, fondling them. They were magnificent too. I wanted Adrian to suck on them and press his face into them. I rubbed my clit harder at the thought, sent two fingers into my passage to light a fire along my nervous system. I started to gasp, the pressure rising. I was used to cumming like a man but this was different. There was no urge to ejaculate, but rather to *burst* apart, as if receiving too much of a good thing. It rose and it rose, rose and rose and fucking *rose* until I could take no more, and I had a desperate vision of squirting once again, but this time all over Adrian's steel-hard cock inside of me.

And this time, I came even harder, the orgasms making me *scream* with pleasure, so loud that I feared Carissa would hear me down upon the beach. I cried out Adrian's name, unable to stop myself. I wanted him, and it shamed me to know it.

I went to sleep not long afterwards, smelling of sex and envisioning myself more easily as a woman than ever before. Hell, in that post-coital bliss, the thought seemed almost natural.

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Over the next few days, I found it impossible to get Adrian out of my mind. It wasn't just sex, either, though my new loins were goddamn *furious*. I also just missed him. I missed the way he made me laugh, his infuriating inability to get the point at times, especially when he was distracted. I missed his obsession with looking good, and how damn smug he was about looking good now, not that it stopped him from trying to make an even better hair product from the men's section supplies, to hear it told from a giggling Carissa. I was a woman now, and my feelings, I knew, were turning romantic. I wanted to deny them, but my new big sister always inflamed them, asking about Adrian and how I felt about him, if we were meeting again, my favourite memories of him.

And it hit a point where I realised . . . I didn't care nearly as much as I thought I did that he didn't remember me as a man. Seeing that interest, that attraction in his eyes . . . I almost didn't want him to know who I was. There was no real escape from this island. No one knew about it, and I'd never build a boat to get away. That had been a pipe dream. I had

to start planning for my future, and my new role already had instincts to guide me. And, to be frankly honest, my absolute lust for my friend pushed me over the edge.

So just another five days after that fateful day, I asked for Nuhara to meet with me for guidance. She agreed, and I was invited to sit down in her rather expansive hut in order to talk with her. I was still a little intimidated by her presence, but she looked at me approvingly, clearly happy that I was a very nubile-looking woman now. That had to count for something.

“Nuhara,” I said, voice warbling a little with nervousness. “I would like permission . . . I would like permission to be with Adrian.”

She raised an intrigued eyebrow. “So soon? I thought you didn’t want to be with him as a woman?”

I swallowed, pushing down my shame. “I know. But - but my body needs him. I can’t explain it. I feel like such a woman now, I’m even thinking of myself as Rui instead of Richard. I miss him so much, and my feelings have changed. They’re stronger now, and they keep getting stronger every day that passes. Please, I want your blessing. I - I need him. And if that means being his wife, then please, let me.”

It was the strangest thing I had ever begged for, but just saying it out loud made me want it all the more. Nuhara nodded, a broad smile stretching across her face.

“You are one of my most promising disciples, Rui,” she told me. “I will gladly vouch for you to be together with Adrian in marriage. I believe the change has made you ready; your body possesses the curves and beauty of a true wife-to-be, and your mind yearns for the one you are meant to be with.”

I bit my lip, trying not to smile at her compliments. They felt so right, despite how alien they were.

“You must find Carissa,” Nuhara continued. “She will teach you the ways a proper wife is expected to be.”

“But she’s not married?” I said, half a question and half a statement.

“This is true, but that is only because she has yet to find her destined mate. The time will come. She is still young. But you have found yours, and Carissa knows the ways of becoming a woman as you have. She was once a white sailor who landed on these shores. She reverted in age back to eighteen-years old after her change, and she took it as a true blessing, embracing her form. Thus, she knows best how to help convert you.”

I nodded. “Then I shall take all the advice I can from my big sister.”

“See that you do,” Nuhara said. “Our fertility festival is coming soon. It is the time when couples come together. You might wish to be ready.”

The weird part was, I really did.

I wanted to be ready.

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Carissa was, of course, utterly *ecstatic* to be the one to 'girlify' me, though the actual process was referred to as 'completing my journey to womanhood.' She giggled and squealed and hugged me closely, congratulating me on coming around to this point, though I wasn't entirely sure I was there just yet. Still, I wanted to look good for Adrian. My hesitations were falling away, especially as I remembered how good it felt to have him touching and licking my most sensitive place. Carissa pried numerous times on if we'd done anything, but that was one embarrassing anecdote I would not be telling. Instead, I asked her if she could show me how to prepare my hair, what would count as an attractive islander dress, and if there were any makeup upon the island - some women wore them, I'd noticed, but I wasn't sure if they were stocks that had washed up on the shore or if they had been made.

"Oh, don't you worry!" Carissa said, hugging me the umpteenth time. I am so going to make you into the most beautiful woman around! Even better than me, little sister, if that's what it takes. Adrian won't be able to resist you now that you have flowered. The moon god will bless you, and so shall I!"

She got to work, and I followed her as her newly feminised pupil. She showed me what fabrics would work best with my figure, and how the women worked to craft their dresses using their womanly weaving skills for the great fertility festival. Because I was still relatively inexperienced in such matters, Carissa helped me at every stage while working on her own lovely islander dress. I was very grateful, but she simply grinned.

"You wouldn't believe how much I've been looking forward to helping another transform and be blessed by the moon god. Don't worry, I understand where you are and what you're going through. Hopefully, at this festival, we will both find our man. It will be a lot easier too when we have such lovely dresses. Let's show off that bountiful bosom of yours!"

Sure enough, she did. I had a gorgeously decorated top that pushed up my breasts and showed off far more of their brown-bronze curve, and my cleavage was very obviously on display. I should have been embarrassed, even emasculated by this, but instead it made me feel proud, perhaps even a bit smug to be so amply 'blessed in the chest,' as they say. The dyes upon the dress were beautiful; a mix of red and pink that made me feel like a gorgeous tropical flower freshly bloomed, and in a way, that was totally true, wasn't it?

From there, Carissa walked me through how to prepare my hair. It was more curly now, though still dark and long. It required particular care, as well as certain oils to keep it vibrant, shiny, and beautiful. I was starting to see the appeal of oils and haircare products now, and looked forward to telling Adrian while showing off my glorious hairdo. It fell in lovely waves and curls down my back, but now it had numerous trinkets and beads I could thread

throughout it, and place more into a ponytail so that my future husband could appreciate the way the dress showed off my back.

Makeup was tricky, but Carissa was very helpful in that respect. We certainly didn't have anything like the makeup we possess in the modern world, but the native pastes and dyes they were able to apply certainly enhanced my beauty, giving a smoky look around my eyes and leaving my lips luscious and red. Eventually, I was able to apply it myself.

Carissa continued to teach me, helping me act more feminine. I occasionally retreated to a more male stance, but she showed me how to pose, how to act demure for my future husband, but also how to place my hands on my wide hips and give a far more dominating aspect when I needed to lay down the law as his wife. She showed me how to dance to the festival music, and I joined in with the other women during our practices. At first it was awkward - as Richard, I'd never been much of a dancer - but after several days I began to actually enjoy the experience!

Nuhara emerged from her hut a week later to inform us of the coming festival the following day. By that point, I felt ready, but she dropped a hefty bomb which shocked me:

"This time, as we have entered the Year of the Green Wave, it is the women who will choose their mates this time, rather than the men. Remember, the men can choose to turn you down, so be wary of your choices. Follow the tribal rules to entice prospective marriages. I'm sure all of you have that special someone you have been secretly seeing, ready to propose to. The outcome will be beautiful, I assure you."

That made me nervous. I looked to Carissa and winced. "I don't know if I can do that. It's one thing becoming a woman, but to actually be the one to take the initiative, that's a whole other thing!"

She hugged me. I still wasn't used to feeling my boobs up against someone else's. It was kinda nice, at least.

"Don't worry. You're a natural!" Carissa declared. "I told you that you were meant to be a woman. Now your soul and body are aligned beneath the moon god's blessing!"

Once, I would have rebuked such a claim, but instead I twirled my native dress around, examining my beauty in the mirror, longing for the moment that Adrian would see his busty, curvaceous, and jaw-droppingly beautiful future wife.

God, I wanted it so badly. Enough so that I started praying.

To the moon goddess, of course.

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The festival had begun, and for once the entire tribe was present in the central space that connected the three major sects. It was glorious: grand decorations and flowers were strung

between the buildings, and impressive fires were lit around which music was played and dances conducted. The most delicious seafood I had ever eaten was served, cooked to perfection. A central pot contained a contribution from everyone in the island, including me, and its flavour was powerful and potent as it was addictive. Carissa was all smiles and giggles, proclaiming this to be her favourite time of the year, and even Nuhara and the Chief were getting in on the celebrations, swaying with the music and eating joyously, dropping their more normally stoic and serious personas. Beneath the powerful constellations of the night sky and among the joyous camaraderie, all of it would have been enough for this to be among the most memorable nights of my life.

But then there was also Adrian.

He was shirtless, wearing the traditional shorts that we women had woven for the menfolk, and looking damn fine as he showed off his body. He was tanner than he used to be, his hair a little longer and more wild, and his own transformation was completed as well: he looked less like a man and more like a god to my own womanly eyes. I couldn't stop watching him; we women ate separately from the men for now, but our longtables were arranged so that we were facing the opposite sex, waving and gesticulating and flirting with them. I had eyes for Adrian, and he had eyes for me, especially as I was in my beautiful dress. I tried not to smile too much, I knew how ridiculous this was, after all. But the truth was I couldn't stop smiling, biting my lip, checking him out, posing a little, even leaning over to show off more of my generous bust. All the little signs I could think of, or that Carissa had trained into me, that would allow me to flirt with my best friend, I employed. I wanted him to be aroused by me, to be obsessed with me as I was becoming with him. He in turn found excuses to pose, to roll his shoulders, to light up his face as if I was the only thing he could see. I wasn't even sure if he had trained himself to do that, or if it came naturally. I hoped it was the latter, and I suspected this was the case.

"You look beautiful," he mouthed to me.

That made me blush. I took a heavy breath, my breasts rising and falling dramatically. "You look handsome," I mouthed back, before daring to go further. "Very, very handsome."

"I can't stop looking at you," he mouthed.

"I know!" I intoned back. "Same!"

The heat was already building up, and it wasn't just from the fire. Things got even hotter as Nuhara rose beside the chief, clapping her hands and signalling for the music, the drums, and the conversation to stop for a time.

"Welcome to the grand fertility festival," she exclaimed, "beneath the sight of the everloving moon god and the fruitful spirits of the island of Chen we call home. Today is a grand day. A day where couples shall be formed, and those who have been raised in the sexes of their gender may finally come together, be blessed, and ascend to the final sect;

those belonging to couples and families. This year, thanks to the blessing of the Green Water spirit, will take on an old tradition. Ladies of the tribe, rise from your places. You will take a man and dance with him, court them, and dance. If your man accepts, he will take you as his wife. And because we have the youngest and newest fledged member of our female tribe with us, I give it over to Rui, who shares the auspicious name of our tribe, to begin this movement.”

She gestured to me. I rose nervously, my heart pounding in my chest. I wasn't prepared for this, but one look at Adrian prepared me. I moved from my seat and circled around the long table until I was before my best friend. The other women were moving, some perhaps a little inelegantly, rushing to surpass one another and claim a handsome man. One girl I recognised as Lian moved straight to Adrian, clearly intent on claiming my prize. Yet weirdly, I was not threatened, even as she outpaced me. He only had eyes for me, and I could feel that connection. I could sense the moon god drawing us together.

“Will you bless me with the rite of dance?” Lian asked Adrian, but he barely heard her, because I gave a bow, my hands above my head in an elegant island pose.

“Will you bless me with the rite of dance, Adrian?” I said.

Several of the men beside him visibly frowned, their shoulders deflating. I realised in that moment that I was not just beautiful, I was *the* beauty here, the most gorgeous and curvaceous and desired woman here. Adrian rose from his seat, and I saw a number of women with similar disappointment on their faces; clearly, he was a specimen among the men as well, though I'd definitely noticed *that*.

“I will bless you, and more,” he recited, remembering the traditional words he'd clearly learned.

I grinned, unable to contain my glee. I took his hand and we moved to the great fire pit where the dances were to commence. The couples and families already together manned the drums and flutes and other instruments, and soon the music began. Adrian was holding my hand, and I realised he was so much taller than me now, so much more powerful. God, his pecs were amazing. His forearms too. All of him was amazing, in fact. I clearly had a woman's desire for a powerful, protective man, that was for sure.

“I can't believe how lovely you look,” he told me.

“It's because of my hair product, isn't it?” I teased.

He laughed at that, placing a hand on the bare back portion of my dress (or lack of). My skin tingled at his touch. “Well, I'm glad you finally see the effects of it, Rui. But I mean it. I was too eager that day on the beach. I'm sorry. I just wanted you.”

We began to circle around the fire, other couples joining us. I gripped his waist, pulling myself closer, my breasts almost pressing against him. I wanted that feeling.

“I wanted you too,” I said. “It was so hard to ask you to stop.”

“Still, I should have asked permission. You were teasing me and I saw you and I haven’t been able to stop thinking of you since. You have no idea how much I wanted you to pick me.”

“I wanted it too. I’ve gone through a lot of change, Adrian.”

“We both have. We’ve become islanders!”

I smirked. He really didn’t know I was once a man. It was sad, but on the other hand, I don’t think my gender would change too many of his memories, except that he obviously had a crush on my good looks for a long time. Who could blame him?

“We have,” I said. “And I don’t think we’re getting off this island, mate. And honestly, I don’t think I want to.”

“Thank god you said that!” he exclaimed, pulling me closer. “I don’t want to leave either! This place is bloody amazing. I feel at home here. But if you left, I’d go with you.”

“You would?”

“Nah yeah, of course I would. Where you go, I want to go. Rui, I . . . I fucking love you. I’ve always loved you.”

Well, more as a friend in that other life, but I felt his words keenly regardless. Tears bubbled up in my eyes, the special nature of his words and his genuine nature shining through his normal cheekiness and layers of irony. Somehow that made it all the more beautiful . . . so I kissed him.

I had to go on my tippy toes just to do it, he was so tall and strong now. I pressed my boobs against him, loving the feel of my nipples brushing his body even through the material of my dress. We kissed for a long time, stopping our dance, and various people sang our cheers and clapped at our coming together. We parted with a little bit of embarrassment, but with a great deal of electricity still singing in the air.

“That was kinda weird,” I said, trying not to smile too widely.

“Well, we’ve been friends so long,” Adrian replied. “But now we can be our best selves, Rui. At least, that’s what I think. Maybe I’m just some dumb asshole.”

“You’re not,” I replied. “You’re fucking amazing. You were before, too, but ever since coming here, it’s like you’ve stepped into yourself.”

“You too,” he said. “The islander girl life suits you.”

“You think?”

“Fuck yeah. And I love you for it.”

I licked my lips. He really meant it. The words bubbled up in me again.

“I love you too.”

We kissed again, and this time the cheers were even louder and more impressive. We smiled even as we made out, and it took a laughing Carissa to break us apart.

“No more scandal, you two!” she said, though it was obvious she was being cheeky; the woman now had a handsome man on her arm, and it was clear he was enamoured with her. “C’mon! The moon god smiles upon you tonight! Do not spurn him and forget your vows. The chief and Nuhara are waiting.”

I experienced only the slightest trepidation over this, and I could feel it in Adrian as well, and he didn’t even remember that I used to be a man.

“We don’t have to be married just yet,” he said.

But my internal fire was lit. I wanted this man. I wanted all of him. I kissed his cheek and fluttered my eyelashes just as Carissa had taught me to do.

“Yes, we do,” I said. “I have to marry you. Right now.”

And with that, I pulled him towards the private space where the betrothals became marriages. It was a pagoda-like structure, one that retained the Chinese-style roots of some of the settlers here. I gasped at its beauty and elegant design, and Nuhara caught my appreciation.

“Gather before the lanterns, both of you. It is time.”

We did so. My heart was pounding in my ample chest again. Could I really do this? I’d been a man just a month ago. I’d never seen any of this coming. And yet I had all the training now, all the instincts, all the lusts, and the desire to be more feminine. And I loved my friend. I always had. I just loved him in a more romantic and attracted way now.

“I’m ready,” we replied together.

The chief nodded. “Then hold one another’s hands, and I shall place the cloth.”

“And I shall bless your union beneath the moon god’s gaze,” Nuhara said. “Will you take one another as mates, as lovers, as those worthy of ascending to our greatest island sect? Will you hold one another, love one another deeply, protect one another, and provide the blessing of children?”

“I will,” Adrian said.

“As shall I,” I said, having been told the right intonation for this ritual.

“Then kiss,” the chief said. “It is that simple, newcomers. Kiss, and seal your union. The festival of fertility will grant you blessings of the soil, the field, the harvest, and the womb. You are now full members of the Chen, if you wish it.”

“I do,” I said shyly. I was stepping into this fate. It had been decided for me, but I decided to embrace it. I let Adrian hold me, and then we kissed once more . . . and officially at that.

“You are now one,” the chief declared.

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The various new couples, as well as those already established, moved with their lit torches across the island. The grass was lush, the night warm, the sea breeze gentle on our skin. There were no bridal suits, no wedding cabins. This was a pagan island, worshipping a moon god and spirits that celebrated the triumph of nature and the beauty of desire. Both came crashing together on this night, and Adrian and I more than most. He grabbed my hand and pulled me through the jungle, weaving and ducking his way through paths I'd never traced.

"Here!" he said. "I found this place before and thought of you straight away. It's bloody beautiful. Come look!"

He pulled back a branch, allowing me entrance, and suddenly it was as if I was in another world. Even as the night ran out with the passion of other new couples - I could have sworn I could hear Carissa's gentle moans in the background too - it was *this* space that filled me with a sense of desire more than anything else. Adrian had uncovered a small glade, one with a moonlit pond and gorgeous pink flowers that surrounded it. Fireflies danced in the air here, and a small brook babbled, giving music to the air. It seemed like something out of a novel, or a comic, or a film. But there were no films here. I hadn't thought about one for days now. I had something more. Something real.

"Adrian," I murmured, staring at what he'd brought me to. "It's perfect."

"You're perfect."

I giggled. My lust was rising, and this time self-pleasure wasn't an option. I wanted to go all the way, and yet some timidity remained. I could scarcely believe it; we'd been best friends since I was a boy, but now I was my best friend's wife. He had matured, and I had become a curvaceous beauty, one who had very different thoughts on what kind of sex she wanted.

"We can talk," Adrian said. "But given that you're my wife now, I'd like to consummate things more, if you're down with that."

"Such a sweet talker," I said, blushing.

"I mean it. I want you, Rui. More than anything. Ever since you were a little girl and I was a little boy I've found you amazing. Now we can build a life together."

He reached out and began to hook his fingers around my dress, slowly pulling it up over my shoulders. I didn't stop him, though a shyness remained with me. I let Adrian remove my dress. He gazed at my breasts, and I covered them slightly, before regaining some confidence and lowering my arms, letting my boobs stick out largely and proudly.

"Wow," he said.

"How do you think I feel?" I replied. I meant about suddenly having a rack, but he took it to mean my view of him, which wasn't exactly wrong either. He began to pull down his shorts, and I helped him, eager to see his dick. God, I fucking wanted it.

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about that moment on the beach,” he said.

“Me either,” I moaned. “Mhmm, you’re so hard. Oh my God, you’re huge!”

He grinned as I stared at his cock. It was hard, practically throbbing, and was definitely big. How would it even fit inside me? And yet I wanted it there, and I wanted to know what it felt like. We were both fully naked by this point, and nothing was stopping us. Adrian pulled me against him, our lips touching once more. I moaned into his mouth, wrapping my arms around him, and he in turn felt my body. He cupped my tits, squeezing them, pressing them together, rubbing his fingers over my nipples, which elicited little tremors of pleasure throughout my body. I gasped as he stuck his tongue into my mouth, so I did the same for him, the pair of us French kissing until we fell onto the grass. My breasts hung like ripe fruit against his body, nipples rubbing against his muscles. It was causing me so much fucking ecstasy already, and the feeling of his hard dick against my lower belly was turning me on. I could still barely believe I had a pussy, but now it was hungry, horny, and getting wetter by the second. I wanted him. I wanted him on top of me.

He seemed to anticipate that desire, because Adrian used his superior strength to shift me onto my back. My legs spread automatically, parting to allow him entrance. His masculine, perfect body was on top of mine, and my heavy tits spread a little due to gravity. He lowered himself, sucking on my nipples, squeezing my ass, doing everything he could to further my arousal until I was begging for him.

“P-please get ins-side of meeee!” I moaned. “Please, I need it! I want you! I want your b-baby!”

I couldn’t believe what I was saying, but God I wanted it. I wanted him to cum inside of me and get me pregnant. It was my purpose. It was the festival of fertility and I felt so goddamn fertile that my new ovaries were going to *burst*.

Thankfully, Adrian acted quickly. He pressed the tip of his penis against my entrance, and there was just a moment of resistance before he glided into me. I groaned, eyes wide, momentarily unable to speak. It was the most foreign, unnatural, alien sensation I had ever experienced. I was literally being penetrated. I was being fucked. I had a man pushing his big dick into me.

And I fucking *loved* it.

The walls of my pussy gripped him tightly, holding him for all he was worth. He began to thrust into me, and once more I was without words; all I could do was whimper and gasp and cling to him, rocking my hips gently to take in even more of his impressive size.

“F-fuck!” I finally managed. “You’re s-so bloody big! Ohhhhh, I I-love it!”

“I’ve gotten bigger since I got here. This island is no joke! God, Rui, your pussy is so fucking tight. You feel amazing.”

“You d-do too!”

I felt so safe with him. So loved. So *desired*. He gripped me tightly, protectively, even as he fucked me. I cried out as he sucked on my big tits, feeling them and caressing them and driving me to even greater heights of expert delirium. It was all so much, but I needed more. I began to buck my hips further, matching his rhythm. I needed to give him dirty talk, to show him what I was going to be. I had accepted my role, and I wanted him to *know it*.

“Put a b-baby in me!” I gasped. “I’m your native w-wife now! Part of the tribe! Cum inside your wife and make me pregnant! Ohhhhhh!”

It was enough to finally send him over the edge. Adrian kissed me passionately, and at that very moment his dick throbbed inside of me, and then there was an explosion of pleasure as he ejaculated deep, his semen flooding right into my waiting womb. I let loose a freakin’ *howl*, a cry of passion that mingled with that of so many women around me, only greater in excitement and pleasure than any other on this island. I came again and again and fucking *again*, and for his part Adrian grunted, bear-like and primal, saying my name repeatedly as stream after stream of his jizz poured into me. I wrapped my legs around him, my new pussy muscles tightening, refusing to let go a single drop of his substance. I wanted to be pregnant so bad. I accepted my new life completely and all of its pleasures. I needed to have my best friend’s baby, and somehow I knew I would. The moon god would bless me. He had blessed me so much already, I didn’t believe for a second he wouldn’t see me through to the end of my feminine journey.

We lay there together, me still wrapped around him, his head resting on my large breasts as I played with his hair. Finally, he adjusted, the pair of us shifting to the side, still facing one another, his cock still inside of me. I loved that feeling; the sensation of his member twitching inside of me. I remember a girlfriend saying that to me once, but now I understood how electric it truly was.

“You are the most wonderful mate,” Adrian said, and he didn’t just mean it in the friendly sense. I truly was his *mate* now.

“I love you,” I whispered. “And I never want to leave this island. Not ever.”

We kissed and stayed like that for some time, until slowly I felt him harden inside me again. I grinned, giggled, and adjusted my position so that I was on top of him.

The moon god was certainly blessing us that night: we were both ready to go several more rounds to really confirm our tribal change.

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“I can’t believe you’re moving into the family sect already!” Carissa said, grinning at me.

I rubbed my swollen belly, proudly naked and beautiful and full of life. “I can’t believe it either, big sister,” I told her. “It seems like only yesterday I was a man confused and scared

and wanting to escape the island of Chen, and now I'm going to be a mother to Adrian's babies."

"Twin babies!" she replied, reaching out to rub my big stomach. "Greatly auspicious! You truly are blessed by the moon god."

"I certainly feel it!" I replied, laughing.

Indeed, I was impregnated that very night. Somehow, I simply knew it. And as I grew in the months that followed, the elders and Nuhara were quick to determine that I was blessed with twins; two perfect lives growing within me. I was not just Adrian's wife now, I was the mother of his babies, and I didn't doubt that I'd be having a lot more in the future, what with how fertile I was, not to mention the lack of contraception on the island! Still, I grinned at Carissa, noting the slight swell of her breasts, the glint in her hair, the small dome of her belly just poking out.

"You'll be joining us soon, and your husband too," I noted. "Pregnancy suits you, big sister."

"About time, I should say!" she replied. "I'm so glad to finally have a husband. I love him so much. You know how I feel, though. The way you look at Adrian and he looks at you. Ah, here he is!"

Adrian came up the hill, carrying our packs with ease thanks to his masculine, muscular form. I looked at him and felt a warmth in my body. God, I was so fucking horny now that I was preggers, even more than usual. Part of what made being a Chen islander girl so amazing was that there were no 9-5 jobs here. People worked when needed, and didn't when not. And right now, there were no major jobs to be had. So I could have my husband's touch whenever I wanted - which was all the time now anyway!

He seemed to sense my mood, because he put down the packs, caressed my stomach with one hand and placed the other on the small of my back as he kissed me passionately.

"Ready to move into our new lodgings?" he asked me.

I bit my lip. Adrian was still my best friend, but he was also something much more now, too.

"I'm ready," I replied. "And ready to break in our new hut as well."

Carissa laughed at this. "I'll let you two get to it! I'll see you in a couple of months, dear sister. In the meantime, enjoy your new life!"

She walked away, singing and skipping, leaving me to hold my sexy husband and let him feel my swollen belly again. Enjoy my new life, huh?

I can safely say I already was.

**The End**