

TRIBAL HEARTS

SEPTEMBER 2021 REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kairi both understood what was happening and was terribly confused at the exact same time, because something had gone very awry, and she didn't have the foggiest idea why it had happened. But it had begun as most days did at this point in her tenure as a Keyblade wielder. It had begun while arriving in a brand-new world to explore. One thick with lush forests and humid air, one that many might assume to be absolutely inhospitable.

And yet, Kairi had met a people there. After ascertaining the fact that there didn't happen to be much in the way of threats in this world, she had stumbled into their treetop village by complete accident. A village that appeared to be populated solely by women, women with dark skin and red paint all over their bodies. Women they barely wore much of anything, much to Kairi's shyness.

But what was confusing her? Her powers didn't seem to be working as intended. She was supposed to be able to understand the people of every world she visited regardless of the language they spoke, right? That wasn't the case here. The women of the village had taken a liking to her, but that was without them properly communicating in the first place. She just couldn't figure it out!

She didn't really have much of a choice other than to take them up on their hospitality as they put her up in a treetop room for the night though. It wasn't like she could tell them no – at least not in a way that they would understand. And so she retired into the palm leaf bed, none the wiser that beneath her hut a special ceremony was being conducted.



“**Ah!?**” It had taken Kairi a long time to fall asleep considering how hot and humid the forest was, so she was hardly pleased with herself when she up awake during what she assumed was the dead of night. While tossing and turning in her sleep she had stripped herself entirely, and so her dress and undergarments laid strewn across the wooden floor. “**Did I have a nightmare? No... Maybe the weather here is just getting to me?**”

After shaking her head, she rose to fetch water from a bucket that had left for her from one of the younger girls in the village. Even the young were rather curvy – *curvier than Kairi, even* – which made her feel a little self-conscious honestly. Still, she pushed that thought from her mind as she scooped into the bucket of freshwater with a coconut cup, drawing some to her lips in the process.

No sooner than she had swallowed the refreshment though, did Kairi suddenly begin to feel a little *off*. Whether it was the water itself or something completely unrelated affecting her however was not something that could be properly confirmed. “**Oh... Um...? Did I catch something? I feel a little...?**”

Considering the risks jungles held for illness such as unfamiliar plants and insects, it was only natural that the girl might think that she was sick initially. Her body felt like it was throbbing and burning a little at the same time, and in many ways it felt like she had just come over a little feverish. Holding her head in her hands, Kairi shook it from side to side carefully before casting a glance back at the palm leaf bed. “**Maybe I should just try going back to sleep?**”

It would have been a sound plan if she really *was* sick, but if she had been paying attention to her body she likely would have quickly realized that this *wasn't* the case. Most illnesses didn't tattoo your skin after all, and that was exactly what was happening here. From head to toe, crimson markings had begun to surface across her porcelain skin that strongly resembled those of the tribeswomen that had taken her in for the night in the first place.

They appeared in many places and took many shapes. On her face that took the shapes of shark teeth beneath her eyes and a tattoo tiara across her forehead, while arms and legs found the lines parallel to each other as they wrapped around her limbs like ivy. The balance was interrupted by her tummy though, for the lines curved and only ran down her left side from beneath her breast. Otherwise, a V-shaped tattoo surfaced between the peaks of her breasts.

Kairi was making her way back to the cot from the water bucket, but each step felt more and more labored than the last. “**Did I move around too much yesterday? I feel a little *sore*. Maybe it’s just because I’m *sick* after all?**” Without her knowing, several of the words she’d spoken were in a language that had been nonsensical to her earlier in the day. After all, *they had been spoken in the very same language the tribe here used.*

The cause of the weightiness she felt wasn’t merely a weakness in her muscles though. It was technically because her muscles were too weak, but only because they had yet to strengthen to accommodate what had been swelling to weight her down. Namely? The more sensual curves of her body.

The V-shaped tattoo above her breasts appeared to be glowing faintly, and as it did so the mass of these breasts ballooned in a way that sent her balance awry. “***Whoa!?***”, she cried out in a foreign language again, throwing out her bare arms to the sides to catch herself from falling. Panic as she might at the forward pulling imbalance though, Kairi was powerless to actually acknowledge the cause. If she ended up in too much of a panic, it posed risks that things wouldn’t *proceed* correctly, and the ones that had chosen to subject her to this in the first place couldn’t afford to let that happen.

And so it really didn’t matter that Kairi’s breasts were filling up like water balloons, nipples engorging themselves as they grew erect, while the sheen afforded to her by the sticky atmosphere only brought them greater appeal thanks to the moonlight filtering through the nearby window. They bounced and jiggled with delight, skin pulled taut around a masses that were just as perky as they were huge, until the finally rivalled her head in shape.

“***Weird. Why did I almost fall?***” The girl finally managed to pick herself up, but only because her body strength had been upped. This showed keenly in the firmness of her figure, for arms appeared slightly chiseled as did the six-pack of abs she now possessed around a deepened bellybutton. The muscles that were important here though were the ones in her back, which allowed her to support her huge tits, and the muscles in her legs because, well...

Despite growing stronger, Kairi's thighs were looking increasingly pudgy. They were swelling in a manner none too dissimilar to her breasts, skin forced to stretch around fat that gave her figure a softer, more sensual glow. But in the end, it was the same appeal that every girl and woman in this village seemed to have. They were just sexier by default, and that sexiness was becoming the Keyblade wielder's own.

While thighs thickened, so too did the meat of the cheeks behind her. The size of her ass filled out several inches past what they typically did, ripe and tender while the mass became so abundant that her hips had no choice but to stretch wider to accommodate the size of her ass. Perhaps this was for the best though, for her thighs had grown so engorged that they were smacking against each other, and this at least allowed a tiny gap between them.

“What was... What was Kairi doing? Late... Very late.” But the girl remained perplexed, now speaking fluently in a language that was not her native tongue – or perhaps it was her native tongue *now*. This language was simpler and more abrupt, and her ability to think had fallen into a similar pattern as all of the tattoos across her body soon lit up. It drained away her knowledge of other worlds, of using the Keyblade, and instead recollections of hunting and living off the land bled in instead.

And, gradually, that flow resulted in an irreversible change to Kairi's color scheme. Her pale skin slowly darkened until it was a caramel tan identical to the one common among the villagers of the *Ciaola tribe* – and since when did she know what they were called? **“Body fire... Not sleep well?”** Oh, right. That made sense. She was ill, right? Why else would she wake up despite being used to this humid environment? Her tanned skin was used to this climate!

As was her hair it seemed, for while prolonged exposure to this moisture and heat would likely ruin it, any damage already done to it instantly unwound. The red in her locks slowly faded, and in its place a dark brown surfaced instead. Again, it was a brown she had seen plenty that day because, again, it was a match for all of the women that lived here. It drew her hair longer and longer, though something told Kairi she liked to wear it in pigtails.

“Ugh... Need bath. Stink.” She sniffed the air as her own odor grew more potent, but that was to be expected of a woman that lived in a community nurtured so long in the past. In a similar vein, her brown eyebrows grew incredibly fuzzy and the mass of hair above her pussy might as well have been a tangled bush. *Bathing important. Sometimes*

impossible. And so, given another moment she adjusted to her own scent.

All that remained of Kairi was her typical facial structure, and even that wasn't longed to remain. Her lips grew thick and kissable as her canines sharpened to become cute, little fangs within. And her eyes? They widened dramatically, showing off that her irises were now a much more noticeable crimson when compared to their typical blues. There was just something much more mature about her face's design, and yet a pudginess remained to leave her looking a little cute as well.

The *tribeswoman* grumbled to herself as she scratched beneath her breasts, not at all thinking about how indecent such a thing might have appeared – because like every woman that lived within this tribe, she had no reason to care about such things. Their culture didn't uphold the same standards as modern ones, and quite frankly? It didn't need to. What worked for them was what worked. Things didn't need to be more complicated than that.

A sliver of silver moonlight filtered in through the glassless window, reflecting off her sweat-soaked, tanned flesh to the delight of anyone that might have caught sight of her. *Kaoa* was her name, at least as she remembered it now, and she couldn't ever remember going by any other name. As long as she had lived, she had lived in this village among the Ciaola people, living off the land – hunting, farming, and inducing any women that wandered into the rainforest into their tribe. Kaoa was just the latest victim.

She leaned forward with her bare ass in the air so that she could cup water from the bucket and gently splash it on her face. Sleep was necessary, and yet she felt sticky as she *always* did while trying to sleep at this time of year. If only she another woman to sleep with – it was customary to bathe one another before bed. But, perhaps, maybe someday?

Tomorrow would be a hard day of hunting, and so with a groan she finally retired back to her cot once more. And when she woke up, it would be like nothing was unusual whatsoever in the first place.

