

NEWFOUND TRIBALISM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



When you traveled as much as the crew of the Grandcypher did, it wasn't surprising that you would pick up all sorts of things.

“But where did *this* come from?” It had only been by complete *chance* that Gran, the captain of the Grandcypher, had come across *it* among his belongings. While passing by the shelf in his quarters that morning, the way that the sun hit it through the open window had reflected a shine that has caught his eye. And what had he found? Well, it definitely wasn't something that he recalled picking up. It was a silver coin? Or was it some sort of token? Regardless, there was a vaguely familiar flower embedded within its design that tickled his curiosity.

He ended up pocketing it and bringing it along with him. While he couldn't recall where he had seen it before, he was about to head out to meet two people among which someone *might*. After all, first thing in the morning he always gathered with his sister, Djeeta, and the Girl in Blue, Lyria, to talk about their plans for the day. And that meeting had gone just as it normally did. It was still going to take a couple of days for them to reach their next destination, after all.

“Actually... Didn't we see a flower like that one in Kahua?”

“AH! YOU'RE RIGHT!”

Djeeta and Lyria had spoken in turn, the smaller woman clearly impressed by the older woman's recollection skills. **“Admittedly... I don't really notice things like that. But I'm glad you did, sis! Maybe I should ask Nemone or Mellau about it then...?”** This idea of his was met with both affirmation and an offer to help as all

three soon set out to find the two young women. But in the end? Neither of them had been in their rooms. “**I wonder if they’re... Huh?**”

And that *Huh?* was the last thing the three of them heard before a flash of light shone from the coin, leaving the hallway they had been standing in entirely *empty*.



“**Where the heck *am* I? Something had flashed?**” Had it been the coin? It had all been so sudden that he wasn’t certain, but the coin was no longer in his hand. Nor were Djeeta and Lyria anywhere nearby. But this small room he was in... It was cramped and didn’t have many of the modern amenities he was used to seeing. The nearby windows didn’t even have any glass.

Mind you, Gran wasn’t unaccustomed to suddenly finding himself in new locations. Being teleported around had practically become a common occurrence in the eyes of the Singularity at this point. Once he stood and looked out the window, however, he was quick to realize where he was. They had just been talking about it after all. “**This is Kahua, isn’t it?**” A realization that was ultimately followed up by thought that felt stranger than his arrival there in the first place.

Where else would I be? This is where I grew up! I’m not stupid!

“**Where I grew up? Well *that’s* just not right.**” It didn’t take a genius to understand the fatal flaw in that thought he had just had. But something *about* it was familiar. Not the sentiment but the voice and tone – at least if you were the type to believe that your thoughts could *sound* like someone anyways. It was disorienting, but he managed to piece it together. “**Who am I? *Nemone?***” Or so he joked, not realizing just how on the nose he had actually been.

Gran felt a little *off* already, in fact, not immediately recognizing just *why* that was. But to be fair, most of what was occurring did so beneath the clothing that he wore. Such as? His waistline whittling away until it was a few inches narrower was certainly something worth noting, as was how his physique slimmed and smoothed more overall. Muscles hardly bulged as much around his limbs, leaving arms and legs much slimmer, whereas he retained a tone core but little else when it came to his torso.

By the time his shoulders had slimmed and his hips, seemingly, appeared to be about an inch wider? There was something blatantly effeminate about his build that could hardly be observed with a blue hoodie and baggy, brown pants in the mix. And it would have gone completely unnoticed too, if not for one far more recognizable change. One that compressed his body vertically and loosened the fit of his boots, all as rugged hands became increasingly smaller and more delicate.

“D-Did I just *shrink!*?” A weird crack in Gran’s voice was sounded at the height of his shock, although he did immediately brush it off because something *bizarre* had just happened to him. He’d been 5’7” before, but over what was only a few seconds his height had almost comically dropped down to 4’11” – and with it his *age* had plummeted too. It was difficult to see in his face, but while he had been around twenty prior? He was now *seventeen* according to his biological clock.

It was a little difficult to read his age by face along because there was simply more *happening* to it, however. He appeared to be younger a touch, but that was largely exacerbated by those features being softer and more *feminine*. Not only did the captain appear more increasingly like a young woman, but he did so in ways that didn’t even really bare any resemblance to himself *or* his sister despite sharing DNA. His lips puffed up a little and his eyes narrowed, browns replaced by a familiar emerald above cheeks that were shorter and a little rounder. It was still a little difficult to say *who* he looked like, but it certainly wasn’t *Gran*.

As if to drive that point home? His short, brown hair spilled out at high speed, almost like someone had turned the rate at which his hair grew up to a million. It fell around the sides of his head and cascaded *well* down his back towards his thighs, but oddly? All of the *new* hair that grew out was a much paler brown that almost bordered silver. And as bangs fluffed up and it almost entirely grew out wildly in the back? The original brown ended lightening all the same.

“*And my hair!?*” Gran chirped in a voice that was clearly a maiden’s. **“*Oh no, I sound like... like Nemone?*”** That *was* who he sounded like, and the coloring of his skin finally darkened towards a tan that made it way more obvious when you examined his face. ***Yet... Nemone? Well, duh! Who else would I be?*** The moment that though crossed his mind, the less perplexed he was about his smaller stature, voice, and hair. Wasn’t it part of his identity?

No, part of *her* identity?

That change had been an inevitable one as Gran's genitalia were promptly rearranged. Female counterparts burrowed *into* her pelvis and, while it felt weird enough for the teenaged girl to gasp, she didn't really seem to register it as *wrong*. Nor did it quite register that her thighs had thickened a touch, nor that her butt had swelled several sizes larger.

The girl she was becoming didn't belong to one of the bustier races, and so in a similar fashion her own chest didn't grow *too* large once her newfound femininity reached her torso. Nipples did plump up, to be followed by a building of soft tissue that stretched tanned skin around *B-cup* breasts beneath her hoodie, but *Erune* women typically had fairly average builds. But to make up for it?

As poked out from atop her head at the cost of her previous pair, a set of fluffy, triangular, animal ears peeked out with fur similarly colored to the girl's hair.

Gran seemed a little dazed, like she had too much energy but didn't quite have a direction for it. This was because her memories had been altered and she was in the process of piecing them back together again, but this created an opportunity for a change of attire to go unnoticed. So that she was dressed in a backless, yellow tunic with a green cape casually wrapped around her hips, leather sandals and gloves with crossing material wrapping around her limbs. Beneath the tunic? She was wearing a rudimentary pair of women's underwear, but the top of it required nothing like a brassiere. Erune hardly ever wore them anyways.

The seventeen year old *Nemone* ran around the room suddenly, clearly searching for something that *hadn't* appeared as part of the rest of her clothing transformation. **"Aha! There it is!"** After pulling open a drawer, the energetic, tanned Erune youth set a headband of yellow flowers on her head. A hair ornament that was similar to those of every woman in her *tribe*, although the flowers varied a little depending on preference.

"I can't believe I almost forgot this! This trip back to visit big sis has been pretty fruitful, but I'd go crazy if I boarded the Grandcypher tonight and I didn't have it!" As Nemone recalled, she had come back to Kahua on personal leave along with her younger sister, Melleau. That



trip was wrapping up and the airship would be coming to get them that night, leaving their older sister behind to take care of the tribe.

“It’s so weird though! Why do I feel like I *was* the captain? That’s just so silly!”



“Why am I in Kahua? This is kind of weird seeing as we were *just* talking about it.” Unlike her brother, Djeeta *immediately* recognized her surroundings. She was in what was functionally the ‘market’ of the small tribal village. **“It has to be dawn too. Did the sun just come up?”** Which in itself was *just* as weird. Hadn’t it been around nine in the morning just a second ago? But then again, the time *did* vary depending on where you were in the Skydom.

The second Singularity could only tap her foot on the ground and sigh. **“This ‘getting teleported’ shtick is getting pretty old though. I haven’t even had breakfast yet!”** That was what she had planned on doing after looking for Nemone and Melleau, but they hadn’t turned up on the ship in the end and it had taken a little longer than she had expected.

Why would Nemone be on the ship though...? She should be here!

Djeeta blinked. **“Did Nemone apply for leave? That’d explain why we couldn’t find her, but I don’t really remember that...”** She had decided to put some faith in that thought that she’d just had, even despite the fact that her inner voice had sounded a little *off* somehow when it had crossed her mind. It wasn’t just the sound of that thought but the feelings that it had come with. She felt a little closer to the Kahuan woman than she actually was.

Was it related to how the color of her skin had begun to darken shade after shade until she had a tan that was comparable to Nemone’s?
Absolutely.

But it went unnoticed. **“It’s still early in the morning here. I wonder if I should head to where Nemone lives for now...?”** Since she couldn’t see anyone else outside, there wasn’t exactly anyone she could ask questions of in town just yet. At least if she knocked on the

door at *her* place, then... **“My place? I meant Nemone and Melleau’s, right?”** *Yeah, my place!*

The math still wasn’t adding up, but in the end the woman decided to just push her confusion aside for the time being. There were realistically more concerning things for her to be worrying about anyways. Such as? Well, the color and style of her hair for one. It didn’t really *grow* at all, but blonde strands shifted to a silvery brown that were similar to Nemone’s, while her hairstyle became significantly fluffier and unkempt.

As if to mask the pair of fluffy, triangular ears that were fashioned from her human pair. They had slowly been inching up the sides of her head, slowly gaining a layer of fur while folding over to resemble something more like the ears of a fox, cat, or dog – yet it was unclear which they resembled the most. Before long they sat where you would find a pair of ears on any *Erune*, signaling an obvious change in her race.

“Something feels kinda... Eh!? What’s up with my voice? It sounds like... Right? No, it sounds like Melleau’s!” The moment the name jumped from her lips Djeeta identified it as *‘her own name’*, even though that couldn’t possibly be the case. She finally noticed her hands, or at least how *tanned* their skin was, and became acutely aware of the twitching of the *Erune* ears atop her head. But for as different as it seemed from her perspective, a growing part of her didn’t really see a problem with it either.

Her fluffier hair was tussled by the shaking of her head. **“Who... am I?”** Evidently she was someone who has a smaller chest, because her C-cup bosom rapidly deflated until only a pair of A-cups were present upon her person. And unfortunately? In a similar vein, her ass and thighs were compressed until they were much thinner while retaining their feminine shapes. It certainly created the impression that her body was somehow *younger*, and that impression became more blatant soon after.

The woman’s face appeared more and more youthful while her 5’1” height diminished simultaneously. She dipped down until she was a mere 4’10”, making her an inch shorter than Nemone, but she looked far more significantly *younger* than Nemone did. Brown eyes lit up with the same emerald that the older *Erune*’s did, but the baby face that Djeeta developed made her look more like a *young* teen around the age of *fourteen*. While thinned lips and narrowed, sleepier eyes made her look more like the girl she had mentioned prior.

Now that her body’s transformation was essentially complete, the changes to her *mentalscape* had pushed ahead in speed. Memories of

her life as Djeeta came and went, replaced with *fewer* memories (as she was now six years younger) that included Nemone plenty. The girl's admiration for Nemone grew and grew, like the admiration some younger girls felt for their *older sisters*. “**Wait, I wasn't here for sis though... Sachy...**” A different name came to mind.

The girl was on the cusp of being entirely assimilated into her new being when her clothing changed. It was similar in colors and style to what Nemone wore, but rather than a tunic she wore a leather chest guard that showed off her small bosom. Yellow cloth hung from its cups and slid beneath a big brown belt while the access concealed her loins, and a green, sleeveless robe hung off her shoulders. She wasn't wearing *pants*, but she did have detached pantlegs that were wrapped around her narrow thighs. They had fur trim and were split between mostly yellow with a little green at the bottom overtop a pair of leather sandals.

Like Nemone, she had a floral headband and wore a leather choker, but she also wore a pair of thick, brown gloves that resembled the paws of an animal.

“**Food for Sachy, food for Sachy...**” The fourteen year old *Melleau's* gaze danced around the market, looking for any open stalls. But since it was so early in the morning... “**Did I come a little too early? I guess so, but there's a lot I wanted to get done today!**” Since it was her last day in Kahua for the foreseeable future, Melleau and Nemone had been planning a party for their eldest sister later that day. Which meant she had things to gather and set up. That was what she would have done as Djeeta—“**Mm?**” What was she even thinking?



But she had to feed the beast that she rode first and foremost. Sachy's usual food wasn't readily available on the ship and so it was good to pick it up in bulk whenever she was on her home island. Being such a common food item it was almost never hard to come by. ...If she didn't wait until too late in the day, at least. “**Mmmmn... Someone open soon, please!**”

It wasn't like that was going to make things move faster, was it?

“**EHHHHHH!?**” Unlike the two co-captains of the Grandcypher, Lyria had *not* had a very measured response to suddenly finding herself in a new place entirely. She had gone from standing in the hallway of the airship early in the morning to standing on a forest path in what *felt* like the middle of the afternoon based on the direction of the sun. But the



smell of the air, the level of humidity... It all felt familiar. The Girl in Blue was the type to never forget somewhere she had been before. “**Kahua?**”

Once it occurred to her that she was somewhere *familiar* she managed to calm down a little. “**But why did I get sent here? I didn’t sense the power of a Primal...**” Not that she was unaccustomed to being teleported either. She just wished that Gran and Djeeta were nearby. But traditionally they tended to be. She probably just had to seek them out. “**But if this is Kahua, shouldn’t my *siblings* be— E-Eh!? My siblings!?**”

The last she checked she definitely *didn’t* have any siblings.

A weird *twitchy* feeling was quick to catch Lyria’s attention around the same time. It was on the sides of her head and gradually rose higher and higher. Eventually it was distracting enough that Lyria brought her hands up to investigate the feeling. Strangely? Her fingers pressed into something soft and fluffy on either side. And she could feel fingers touching them *through* it. “**E-Eh!? Are these my ears!?**” They *were*, in fact. They went through the same process that Djeeta’s ears had, just earlier on in her own transformation.

“**These ears... Are like an Erune’s, right?**” Of course she didn’t *really* need to ask herself that, it was obvious from how soft they were alone. But without a mirror she couldn’t see the silvery brown color that the gentle fur that covered them had... nor that this very *same* coloring was seeping into the hair that the ears emerged from. Nonetheless, it spread quickly and diligently, unraveling the length of her ankle-length mane in the process so that it only reached the base of her back instead. This hair became fuller and wavier inherently, with bangs pulling in to cover more of her forehead but leaving the dead center exposed still.

Almost as if her changed hairstyle wanted to make certain that you could see the red that was painted in a tribalistic pattern across her forehead. This same paint etched itself elsewhere too, like around her upper left arm, and it *really* stood out against Lyria’s pale skin. “**But why do I have these ears?**” She hadn’t noticed the markings and was instead fighting back against the voice in the back of her mind that assured her: *I’ve had Erune ears since I was born? I am an Erune, after all.*

“I-I’m not an Erune, though!” Even though the ears on top of her head begged to differ, she was still ‘herself’ enough to push back with a whiny voice. The red markings on her body soon stood out a little less as she whined thanks to her complexion darkening to a natural, melanin-rich tan that matched Nemone and Melleau’s. It was a common skin color among those of their tribe, but there was also a more *personal* reason that the three of them shared skin, hair, and once her eyes turned green, *eye* colors.

A growing heft gradually pushed Lyria’s posture forward from her torso, momentarily distracting her from the tug ‘o’ war that her very identity was undergoing. **“What— M-My chest!?”** The cause of which hadn’t been hard at all to see. Despite being a girl in her early teens physically, Lyria had never really possessed much in the way of a *bosom*. But she could *see* and *feel* that being undone as tanned flesh burgeoned forth, swelling into a pair of C-cup tits that peeked out from the sides of a dress that became more and more disheveled. **“And my skin...”**

It was in that moment that she realized she wasn’t just beginning to look like an Erune, but an Erune from *Kahua* like the two girls they had been searching for.

My dear little sisters...

Lyria gulped. There it was again, the feeling that she had siblings. But in this instance she could tell that those feelings were directed at Nemone and Melleau specifically. **“But they have a sibling... They have Felluca! They have me! Er...”** Once she had spoken Felluca’s name, she blurt out the sentence that followed. She had subconsciously acknowledged herself *as* Felluca? Was that what was happening here!?

Much like her chest, a weightiness gathered to her lower body while taking advantage of just how disorienting that realization of hers ultimately was. Tanned skin pulled neatly around thighs that swelled several inches, whereas her ass perked up a little. Paired with her tits, she looked a little *older*? No, if you looked at the girl’s face it was *obvious* that she was. Maturity settled in in the form of puffy lips and narrow cheek bones, giving her the look not only of a woman in her twenties but of a woman that held genetic similarities with Nemone and Melleau alike.

“I’m... Felluca?” The sound of the woman’s voice was both deep and soft now. That name sounded *right*, but hadn’t it been something else before? Like... *What had that name been?* Try as she might, she just couldn’t recall. **“Oh!”** But then again, even if she *could* she would have had to grapple with a sudden jump in size that not only sprung her height up to 5’3”, but simultaneously widened her gate to match her

newfound maturity. Her body practically *exploded* out of that child-sized dress, and for a passing time she was rendered naked, essentially.

But a new outfit was arranged for her, one that took cues from the outfits of *her sisters* while adding flairs that suggested she was more important. A yellow tunic and leather sandals like Nemone wore, a green cape over her right shoulder like Melleau adorned, and her bust exposed as seemed to be the case with all Kahuan women outfits. She gained a floral headband, leather cloves, and even a red mantle. There was just something a little more *ornate* about her attire compared to the others, and the golden halberd that appeared in her right hand helped drive that point home.

The Kahuan Tribeswoman known as *Felluca* knelt down to pick up the basket of herbs that she recalled having left the village earlier that day to gather in the first place. She was loathed to have to step away for any herb gathering on the last day of her siblings' visit, but as the young, mid-twenties Queen of Kahua she still had responsibilities to her people. **"I just hope they aren't angry about it..."** As a woman who had been a little *too* clingy with and emotional about her siblings until very recently, well...

"A-Anyways! Nemone and Melleau wished to have dinner together tonight, so there was something I absolutely had to pick!"

An herb that the three of them had enjoyed as a seasoning growing up. It was odd though. Despite being their older sister, there was a lingering sensation of admiration for her younger siblings that almost seemed a little *off*. Like she saw herself as the youngest of the three when she clearly wasn't. A holdover feeling from her past life that would soon dwindle.

"But they were so adamant about meeting at a specific time. I wonder why that is...?"

She didn't have any clue about the party they were planning for her, of course.

