

とある研究者の
辺境部族における**秘事の考察**

あら
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愛昧亭うまみ
 Aimaitei Umami

A certain tribe that I've recently become aware of is known to have a fascinating ritual that changes one's sex.

After hearing rumours about it from my fellow cultural anthropologists, I must confess that I was intrigued.

My interpreter

My interpreter

And before you could blink an eye, I had been captured and imprisoned as a "sacrifice" (?).

I travelled to the village to engage in field work...

ズ、!

ほ、!

And then,
when they
were done...

My whole
body was
slathered
with
ointment
and
inscribed
with written
symbols.

I was
forced
to keep
a bundle
of
strange
herbs in
my mouth.

To be
honest,
I kind of
wanted
them to.

At least
it's an
interesting
design.

Truthfully,
I had assumed
that they
were going
to do much
worse things
to me.
It was a
bit of a
disappointment.

...I was left
all alone,
tied up and
unattended.

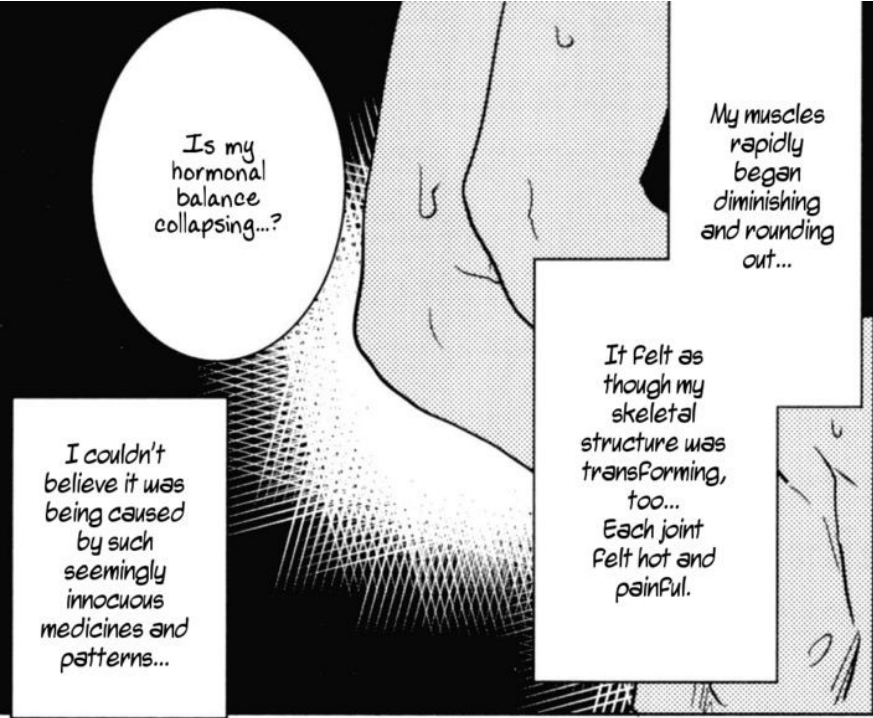
I worried that
my nakedness
might've
caused me to
catch a cold,
despite the
hot climate.

I couldn't
help but
wonder
what was
supposed
to happen
next.

On the first day,
my body just
felt a bit heavy
and seemed to
be a little
warmer than
usual.

I had been
ready to
experience
the mystery
of the
ritual with
my own body.

I would be
lying if I said
that I wasn't
more than
a little
bit anxious,
but I also
had high
expectations
for this
experience.



Is my hormonal balance collapsing...?

I couldn't believe it was being caused by such seemingly innocuous medicines and patterns...

My muscles rapidly began diminishing and rounding out...

It felt as though my skeletal structure was transforming, too... Each joint felt hot and painful.

The impossible began to occur...

Slowly but surely, my body seemed to start changing...

On the third day...

I've got fever chills...

Now, not just the cold, but fear chilled my heart.

If this keeps up, I might not make it...

Ahhh... The temperature keeps falling...

My plans for participating in the ritual had been little more than wishful thinking...

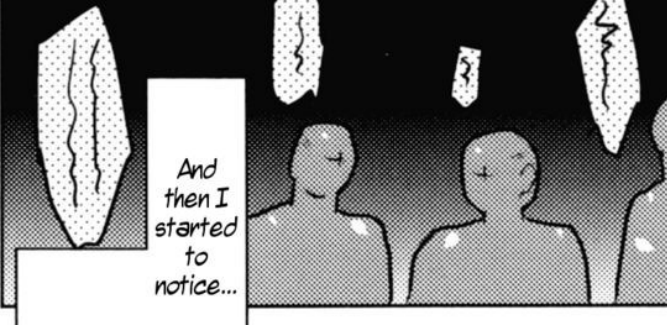
Four days... Five days... Six days...

Being afflicted by a high fever, I found myself drifting in and out of dreams.

As it became harder and harder for me to distinguish whether what I was doing was sheer determination or sheer desperation...

...But no. If I had come this far, I wanted to see the whole thing through as a scholar.

All the while, my body continued its transformation... Breasts began to form on my chest, and my penis... it almost seemed as though it was being absorbed by my body...



And then I started to notice...

My Fever Faded, but I could no longer tell what day it was.

Those parts of my body that I could see: my chest, waist, and feet...



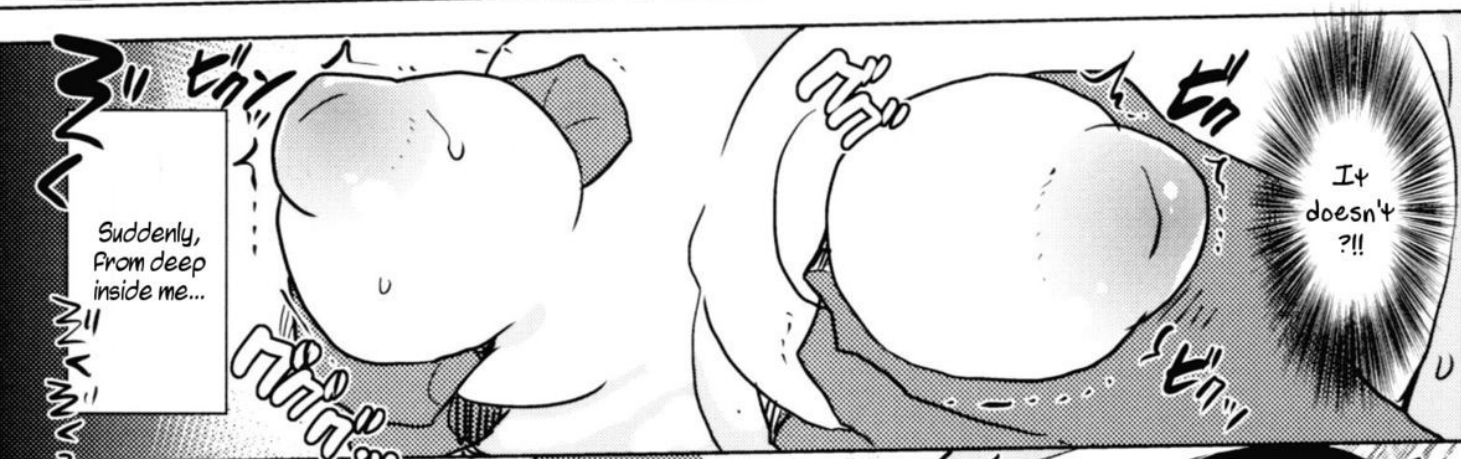
No matter where I looked, every inch of me had completely transformed into a woman.



Now that the preparations for the ceremony had finished, I had no idea what would happen to me next.

I could tell just by the looks on their faces...

I was already "done."



Every time
that my
breasts
were
rubbed...

No...
I suppose
they would
be called
breasts
now...

My
chest...

たろ

たろ♡

Every time
that my
nipples
were
kneaded
and
squeezed...

Was just as
pleasurable
as male
ejaculation.



Those
Feelings of
pleasure
kept building
without
being
released...

But I
don't
have a
dick any-
more...

So I
can't
ejaculate
!!

フェイ
ス



Unknown to me...

And my stomach, which all the while was being given the same attention...

It was as though my brain was slowly melting away...

It seemed as though it were about to burst...

...Had developed a bizarre bulge.

And throbbed incessantly.

Pseudo-Pregnancy...?!

Is this maybe... some form of...



My body feels like it wants something...

What could it be...?



But since my understanding of their language was imperfect, it seemed like so much gibberish to me.

The men kept trying to tell me something...

Woman... custom... change... form of... pregnant... perfect.

The pulsations seemed to become stronger...

With each additional application of the ointment...

What the...?



This is it... The thing that I wanted...

When I realized that the rope had come undone, I...

This is it...

Just this thing...

This is it...



Aahh... I can't seem to get my thoughts together ...!

!?

I want it,
I want it...!
I need it
right now!
I want it,
I want it,
I want it...!
No...
This is...!

Because this
is research,
I have to go
through with
it...
Even if
destroys
me...!

As I shouted
those words,
they entered
my mind through
my ears and
echoed in my
heart...
and my vagina
believed them.

P...
Please...
Your
cocks...!

I
presented
my freshly-
made
vagina...

To their
thick,
dusky
penises.



Made
to be
filled
with
cock...!!

That's
right...
This hole
is...
My whole
body is...

As a scholar,
my naturally
inquisitive
mind...

Was Filled
not with
Fear,
but with
expecta-
tion.

This is the
joy of a
female
body...
♥

Made it
seem as
though I
had
always
been
like this.

The
willingness
with which
my ripe
pussy
accepted
the men's
ruthless
dicks...



The Flesh of
my pussy was
being gouged
by their
callous dicks,
but my
screams were
filled with
pleasure,
not pain.



My outer
bits felt a
curious
sensation like
floating,
while my
inner bits
experienced a
pleasure that
plunged to my
very depths.

...I'm
afraid it's
almost
impossible
to
describe.

M...
My pussy...
♥
Is being
viciously
fucked by
their huge
cocks....!
♥



Why...
Why the
hell are
their
cocks
so
delicious
?!

Cum is...
so tasty...
♥

Aaah...!
♥



But...
It
tastes
so good,
my mind
is going
blank...
♥

Mmmn...
So thick...
♥



And my
poor dry
throat
is so
thirsty...
♥



The only
things I
can think
about
are cum
and cock...
♥

Inside my body...
I could sense
the beginning of
something within
my vagina.

When they
filled up
my womb
with their
sperm...

As if both
my words
and thoughts
were being
dissolved in
a pool of
water...

And every
time I came,
my conscious-
ness became
more and
more
womanly...

The more
semen that I
consumed,
the more my
pussy was
fucked...

Aaah...
Surely, the onset
of such a peculiar
sensation portends
a fundamental
transformation of
consciousness.



...Let
me.
♥

And in that
moment,
there was
only one
thing that I
could think
about...



These
are the
impulses
that only
a woman
can
have...



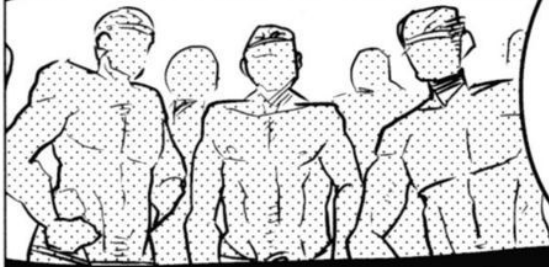


This is
the
pleasure
of a
woman...
The joy
of a
woman...

Aaah...
I just
birthed it
all out...
OF my
belly...



I slowly became aware that there were far more people surrounding me than before.



Ooooh...?

From this moment on, the real breeding ceremony begins.

A chance to open the vaginal canal with a pseudo-birth and complete the body and mind's change to "woman-hood..."

Oh, of course... This was merely a trial birth...



My last and greatest regret... That I won't be able to tell anyone else about this amazing experience!

Truth-Fully, I'm actually really looking forward to it.

I have a feeling that I'll forget everything.

I'm sure that in the ceremony that will soon begin my ability to reason will wholly abandon me.



■END■