

All I Want For Kwanzaa - Part 2

For TJ

By TheSpiralledEye

Alex starts to orient himself in his new reality and connect with his new family as well as Davy.

As he slowly woke, Alex kept his eyes firmly closed. Hoping that if he did so, perhaps this whole ordeal would just go away; he'd wake up back in his New York apartment, alone and male just like normal. He rolled over and immediately winced as his breasts were crushed beneath him; so much for that little fantasy. With a groan he opened his eyes and sat up, looking down at his curvy body and dark skin, nails perfect little white moons as though he'd just come from the nail salon. Nope, this was still happening, no denying it. Running a hand through his soft hair he was surprised to find they passed through easily, not a knot or tangle to be found. Curiously, he opened up the camera app on his phone and turned it on to be met with a beautiful, picture perfect face. He spent several minutes looking through the camera setting, sure there was some sort of filter on but no, apparently in this universe he woke up looking like this. As if a full makeup and hair team had perfectly designed his face ready for a camera. Well...that saved time he supposed.

He looked around the room, surprised to find that the walls were not in fact, the blue he remembered from his childhood. The gloom of the night had disguised the fact that they were actually a light violet purple. It was a small change, but one that annoyed him for some reason. It seemed...needlessly detailed. Just how had that man or being changed so much down to the tiniest detail? How could he know what colour the walls of his childhood bedroom were? Alex pushed it to the back of his mind; even if he did figure it out, it did not help him now. He needed to speed run this 'film' or whatever it was and get to the end. Then, hopefully, things could go back to the way they were supposed to be.

According to his research, the second day of Kwanzaa was all about self determination, or Kujichagulia. He spent several minutes whispering the world under his breath, trying to get the pronunciation right as he flipped open his suitcase. Alex almost did a double take looking at the items inside, turns out his things had been affected by this magic after all. None of the clothes were familiar; tight sweaters, jeans, skirts, tights, a box full of jewellery and make up; not a single thing looked like his own. There was even a bright red bikini, packed for what purpose he had no idea. There was also one big thing missing, several actually; presents. He searched frantically for the watch he'd bought his father, now

mother and other trinkets he had ordered. Gone. Apparently Alexandra didn't think to bring anything? Great, not he needed to find an excuse to go shopping or risk looking like the worst son-uh *daughter*, in the world.

He picked out a simple pair of jeans and a long sleeve turtleneck that was a deep plum colour, it was the closest thing to masculine clothes he had on offer. He then stretched at the skin on his neck; he'd slept in his clothes last night, too tired to even consider undressing and dealing with the dysmorphia that was sure to arise but now he didn't have any excuse. After a flight, taxi ride and full night in his clothes, he was in desperate need of a shower. Grabbing the clothes he poked his head out into the hall and crept the bathroom. The house was silent, everybody else still asleep after a later night no doubt. He made sure the door to the bathroom was locked as he clicked the door closed and went about finding a towel. Normally, a shower would be something he did half asleep, acting on instinct but today, it was a whole new experience. He looked at his reflection, not a hair out of place. He pressed a finger to his full, dark brown lips and then his high boned cheeks. Alex had to admit, for all the stress that strange magic man was putting him through, at least he was quite beautiful. With a deep breath he looked down at his clothes and then, like ripping off a bandaid, swiftly divested himself of them. Full of curiosity he ran his fingers down the length of his shoulder, watching in the mirror as they trailed down the slope and to the curve of his breasts. They were pert, round and firm while still somehow managing to be soft to the touch, with dark softened nipples. The plain of his stomach was smooth and dark like the rest of him, with a subtle dip to create an hourglass shape before widening at the hips.

He pursed his lips in thought, placing his psalm on either side of those wide hips and turning slightly, feeling the slight bounce of his now peach shaped ass as he moved. There was simply nothing that reminded him of his old self; his new thighs were thick before thinning to almost dainty legs and feet, perfectly pedicured nails also present to match his fingers. He started to skim his fingers across the smooth plains of his thighs before stopping, staunchly ignoring the mound of curly black hair between his legs. Even if he was interested in investigating that further...he wasn't ready for it just yet.

All in all, this new body was strange but not entirely unpleasant. It was a lovely change of pace to not have to worry about shaving his face at all or messing with hair gel. He turned on the shower and hopped under the warm spray, sighing in contentment as the warm water ran down his body, washing away a day's worth of sweat and grime. He tilted his head back and let the water run through his thick hair, regretting the decision a moment later as the bouncy curls flattened into a heavy mess atop his head. He never realised just how heavy hair could be. He squeezed out as much of the water as possible, leaning over to get his upper body out of the spray and feeling it inside hit his bare ass and pussy, rivulets

running down his legs and sending tingles up his spine. He shut the water off; he was clean enough.

He towelled himself dry, rubbing the soft fabric against his mound only as much as he needed to before moving on. His hair, on the other hand, presented a problem, no matter how much he rubbed at it with the towel, it never seemed to be dry. He had no choice but to leave it exposed to the air and in this weather, who knew how long that would take. Hopefully he could get the fire going and the heat would do the rest. He mentally added 'how to wash afro' to his list of things to look up when he got the chance.

He slipped on the jeans and turtleneck, surprised to find how different his body shape made them look. He had worn similar outfits in the past but on this body they looked and felt totally different. The soft, downy fabric of his turtle neck was skin hugging, showing off the curve of his breasts and hips without being overt and the jeans likewise showed off the new shape of his legs. The new thickness of his thighs and roundness of his ass. It was not...entirely unpleasant, strange to be sure but not bad. He opened the bathroom door and was almost bowled over by Sam as he pushed past.

"Jesus, how long does it take to shower, I am busting!"

The door slammed in his face a second later and he banged on the door.

"You could have just knocked, you asshole!"

"Would you have opened the damn door?"

"No!" He laughed, "But that's just how it's supposed to work!"

For a moment he was back in time, the positions reversed as he argued with his sister as teenagers. Fighting for enough hot water to shower in the morning and deliberately using it all up so one of them walked to school bitter and shivering only to do the same thing to the other the next morning. A warmth bloomed in his chest; he'd forgotten how nice it was to argue with a sibling. It was different to fighting with other people; at least it always had been for him and Sam. You could call one another every name under the sun and still know that they had your back.

"One night back in the same house and I feel like you two have reverted to being teenagers." His father sighed, tightening his dressing gown as he exited the bedroom, "So much for a nice sleep in."

“Sorry dad.” Alex winced, feeling genuinely apologetic, “I could uh, make breakfast?”

“Damn straight you will.” The man grinned. “I’ll make white Russians!”

“Dad, it’s not even ten o’clock.”

“We’ll have them with toast.”

If his father didn't move on from his newest obsession soon they were all liable to become alcoholics by the end of the holiday

~

Thankfully, his mother managed to talk his father out of making cocktails for breakfast and he spent the time pouting over his orange juice. Amelia was trying to pour eggnog into her cereal with alarming determination and Alex marvelled at Sam’s ability to keep one eye on her at all times without issue. He was almost starting to relax, the scene was so warm and homey; likely because of that damn bloom filter that seemed to exist permanently now but still. Only for it to be shattered a moment later when Sam clapped his hands.

“Alright, Kujichagulia time. Since Alex is home this year, why don't you spend some time teaching Amelia about our heritage.”

Fuck.

He had read online last night that older family members often talked about their families histories, how they came to be in the states and such on Kujichagulia. He had been prepared to listen, not teach! He had no idea what this version of his family's history was. Had their ancestors been slaves? Immigrants? When had they even arrived? But this version of Alex must surely have been taught when she was Amelia’s age? What possible excuse could he have for forgetting it all? A cool sweat formed under the thick collar of his sweater and he smiled tightly.

“Oh I would love to but...I promised Davy we would go shopping! He uh, forgot to get a few presents for a friend who’s a girl and I said I would help!”

His father looked sceptical, as did Sam but his mother clapped her hands and smiled. Clearly sensing victory.

“Oh that’s wonderful dear, yes do go on.”

“Sorry! I did say I’d be there around this time.”

He hadn't even looked at the clock since he woke up.

“Tell you what, Amelia, you can tell me everything you learn when I get back, huh?”

“Yeah!” She grinned, “I’ll tell ya everything!”

“Good girl.”

Swiftly he dumped his dishes in the sink and rounded the corner into the hallway, letting out a sigh of relief as he grabbed a scarf from the hook and stepped out into the frosty air. That was a serious bullet dodged. For a moment he stood, letting his breath fog in the cold winter air before walking over to Davy’s parent’s house. It really did feel as though he was slipping in and out of time, back and forth between his childhood and this strange altered reality. Knocking on Davy’s door he couldn’t help but feel happy watching his face go from annoyed to elated when he realised who was on his front door step.

“Alex! Hey!”

“Hi Davy,” He sighed, “I need you to save my bacon.”

“Oh?” He raised an eyebrow and grinned, leaning against the doorframe.

“I...forgot my Chris-Kwanza presents.” He admitted, “I need to go get some and post Christmas sales are a nightmare alone.”

“You need me to come elbow back the crazies while you get craft supplies?”

“Craft supplies?”

Davy’s cocky expression disappeared almost instantly.

“Cause you make homemade stuff each year in your family, don't you? Did I remember that wrong?”

Crap he was right, now that he bought it up Alex did remember reading that somewhere last night. From his research it wasn't a hard rule but of course his overly enthusiastic parents would insist on following that tradition, there went his plan of getting the gifts done and dusted quickly. He didn't have a creative bone in his body, the last time he, or at least the real version of him, even touched glue was making macaroni art in fourth grade.

“No you're right just uh, I am a little frazzled.”

“Of course.” Davy sighed in relief, “Well, I'll get the car and we can go.”

“You're a lifesaver.”

“Happy to help.”

Alex couldn't help but notice the way his cheeks dusted pink; he told himself it was the cold.

~

Davy drove them to a mall that looked like something out of...well a Christmas movie. It had been years since he had gone shopping in his hometown but he was sure it had not changed that much. The tree outside the building was simply enormous; still decked out with tinsel and baubles the size of a human head for the holidays. Most of the shops were still lit up with lights and windows were filled with post Christmas sale signs in an effort to rid themselves of leftover stock. At least his lesson was learning the true meaning of Kwanzaa, not Christmas, so he could take advantage of the cheaper prices.

“Alright, let's see what we can find.” Davy announced, rubbing his hands together, clearly taking this mission very seriously.

Alex couldn't help but giggle; he was like a kid, treating this task with the utmost importance. It was sort of endearing. Alex had taken the initiative to look up a few easy, handmade gifts ideas while Davy had been driving. Gifts were supposed to represent the various pillars of Kwanzaa and have at least something homemade included. He didn't have time to weave a

damn blanket so he was going to have to get a mixture of store bought stuff with a little homemade flare. He explained most of this in rapid detail as they made their way inside pausing when he realised Davy was making a strange choking sound. Their eyes met and he lost it, doubling over in laughter.

“I’m sorry I just...you sound like you’re about to tackle some world ending threat. Only you would take getting Kwanzaa presents so seriously.”

“So were you!”

“I was just joking around, you look like you’re on the warpath.”

“Well...well...” He flustered, embarrassment flooding him until a hand laid itself on his shoulder.

“Hey I was just teasing. I think it’s cool how seriously you take these traditions now.”

Yes. That was exactly what was going on here. Once again Alex remembered the strange movie logic of this world. He was sure this was supposed to be the scene where he admitted that ever since coming home he’d been remembering how wonderful Kwanzaa and family was and how this time, he wanted to do it right.

“Honesty, it’s stressing me out.”

...That was not the right thing to say.

“Honestly? Christmas is saccharine and awful but at least it’s only one day long!”

Why was he still talking? Shut up! Shut up!! But the words just kept coming, no matter how much he tried.

“Seven days I mean, I get it, we have to be proud of our heritage and all that seven days is just so damn long. Twenty four hours of traditions is bad enough. And the whole home made thing, the fact that my parents insist on it still is so stupid. I’m not in grade school anymore where I could just make a macaroni necklace and be done with it. I am busy, I have a life to get back to and they expect me to weave baskets or some shit.”

He bit his lip and Davy blinked at him; several strangers were staring now, evidently he had started shouting at some point during his rant.

“Wow, that was a lot.”

“Yeah...”

“...Do you want to go get a drink?”

“Hells yes.”

Davy smirked, leading them over to a cafe and ordering them both Irish coffees, the warmth of the whiskey was like ambrosia after the cold winter air and it helped melt away some of the stress. Just like last night, in Davy's presence, everything seemed just that little bit easier.

“I didn't realise it was all so...intense.” Davy admitted, “No wonder you don't come home each year.”

“Do you?” Alex asked, surprised when Davy nodded.

“I am glad you're here now, if I am honest...I spent the last few years hoping to see you during my visits. I had no idea it was that much of a burden for you, coming home I mean.”

Alex smiled softly, sipping at his drink; it was nice to feel...wanted. Obviously he family always wished he was here with them but that was different, Davy was different.

“We really should have kept in touch,” He sighed after a moment, “In this day and age there really is no excuse for it. Even my mom managed to get in contact with her old friends using social media. She was in so many clubs in highschool apparently she knew almost everybody.”

“Sounds more like your dad.” Davy laughed, “He always struck me as a social butterfly with all his hobbies.”

“Oh yeah,” Alex blushed, “I meant dad, sorry this has me all flustered.”

You have me all flustered, he thought darkly. No matter how much he tried there was no denying it. It was the damn magic of this place he had to fight it...but if he did, would he ever get home? He took another sip of his Irish coffee, letting it warm him from the inside as he gazed at his companion. There were snowflakes in his auburn hair, slowly melting in the heat of the cafe. His dark eyes twinkled under the lights; between the two of them they made a perfect screenshot. This had to be part of his test; the romantic entanglement that helps him see the beauty in suburbia and the holiday season. He couldn't ignore it anymore.

“Thanks for coming with me, I'm glad you're here.” Alex reached out to lay his soft hand atop Davy's free one, a small amount of guilt and some other identified feeling swirling in his stomach.

Davy gave his hand a little squeeze.

“Don't worry about it.”

His eyes darted to the side though, his pleasure at the familiar touch obvious. It felt wrong to manipulate his old friend this way but what choice did he have? Alex glanced around the mall, hoping to see the man or entity, whatever it was that sent him here but there was nothing. He had no choice but to hope this was the right path to take.

~

The rest of the morning was spent in a flurry of gift buying. Alex made sure to take Davy's hand once in a while, nothing so overt but enough to make the man blush. It was strange, Alex had prepared to feel uncomfortable but the gestures came naturally, once or twice he found himself walking with their fingers intertwined without thinking about it before blushing and hastily trying to make it look like it was an accidental brush. He picked up everything he needed and Davy graciously offered to take the gifts home. Presents were usually given out on New Years Day according to his research, so he had time to wrap and complete the hand maid portions under the guise of visiting Davy, something he was sure his mother would have no objection to.

He returned home to a flurry of excitement; despite being the only child in the house Amelia gave off enough energy to be a whole brood. Alex had not even taken off his scarf before she was on him, hugging around his middle and excitedly babbling about Coney

Island and immigration rules and all sorts of other, admittedly pretty interesting, family history.

“And Nana doesn’t even know how her great Nana got here!” Amelia explained with wide eyes, “She says it must have been bad, because her Nana wouldn’t talk about it at all! Only that she was born in West Virginia!”

Alex’s eyes slid across the room to Sam who gave him a sad sort of smile; clearly that was a story for when Amelia was older. Alex knelt down so that he was eye level with the little girl.

“That’s why Kwanzaa is important.” He cleared his throat somewhat awkwardly, “A lot of people...like us, don’t know much about where we came from, so celebrating pan African history and culture is important.”

“Uh huh!” Amelia nodded enthusiastically with the sort of childish innocence that showed she did not understand the gravity of what Alex just said.

If he was honest, Alex himself barely understood. He was just parroting something he read online. It made him feel dirty, like he was appropriating something. He had never given much thought to family history before; he like so many white bread America's simply did not find it very important. He was sure if he got one of those tests he would find a genetic history made up of a smattering of different parts of the USA, followed by Europe. A continent chock full of cultures he felt no connection to. In this reality that history would be a bit more southern but still. He was having trouble connecting himself to it.

These guilty thoughts hung a grey cloud over his mood for much of the evening. He was glad when Davy knocked on the door after dinner and asked if he could join them for drinks. Alex had accepted his fathers cocktail gratefully and gave his friend a smile from the couch.

“How did you go getting that present for your friend?” His mother asked, Davy’s eyes slid to Alex over her shoulder for a split second.

Alex gave him a pleading look.

“Oh it went fine,” David smiled warmly, “Alex was such a big help, I never know what to buy girls; jewellery and flowers always seems too romantic, you know?”

“Speaking of romance,” His mother said slyly, “What have you bought our dear Alex?”

“Mom!” Alex felt heat rush to his face, “It’s not like that.”

‘Not yet.’ He thought guilty, watching Davy fluster like all the men did in those films.

“I didn’t realise she’d be home.” He mumbled, “But there is time I suppose.”

His mother actually had the decency to look awkward, patting him on the shoulder.

“Oh no dear, I was just teasing, you don’t need to buy any of us gifts.”

“But I want a present!” Amelia pouted, luckily she was still young enough for that outburst to be cute and not bratty.

Davy smiled, leaning down on his hands and knees so he was eye level with the girl and put on a serious expression.

“You’re right, I’ll go shopping tomorrow.”

Everybody laughed as Amelia gave a stern nod, as if to say ‘yes, that means the world is right now.’ Davy flopped down on the couch next to Alex with a wry grin, accepting the drink inevitably thrust at him by his father.

“Joe, you’re a star.” He sighed, sipping the concoction.

“Oh speaking of stars!” His father perked up, “Cheryl should break out the tunes, with Alex here home we should enjoy her singing while it lasts.”

Alex felt his heart lodge in his throat; *singing?*

“Oh no, I don’t think I could.” He choked out but his mother was already sitting up at the piano, flicking through his books of sheet music.

“Nonsense, I may not have been able to get you to play the ivories but I made damn sure all my kids knew how to perform!” His mom smiled.

Alex felt a particular form of cold dread filling him; the kind he hadn't felt since highschool when the teacher called him to the front of the class to try and recite the periodic table. That awful, sinking feeling that he was about to utterly humiliate himself.

“Oh I know,” His father piped up, “Davy, why don't you play for her while she sings.”

This was a nightmare.

“Wow, it's been a few years.” Davy rubbed at the back of his neck awkwardly.

His father turned mother had been a piano teacher for years. It was actually how they had first properly met Davy, when his parents signed him up for lessons. In his reality, Alex had never had any musical talent, his father had pushed and pushed for him to try the piano or singing but he'd staunchly refused. Apparently in this reality he had not been so stubborn. Davy was putting up a lacklustre fight as Sam practically forced him down on the piano stool. The man shot him a pleading look; silently begging Alex to just go along with it so they could get it over with. After saving his hide today, Alex realised this was the least he could do.

He took a few deep breaths, exercising his lungs and finding he could breath far deeper than he was used to. His breasts rose and fell with the movement, momentarily distracted him before the sound of fingers tapping on keys filled the air. Davy's playing was rough, not bad, but his tempo slowed and sped up as he hesitated at certain keys. It gave the music a sort of home grown quality; not perfect yet all the more enjoyable for it. Luckily, he recognised the tune as a Christmas carol, Silent Night, a song he actually knew thanks to shopping centres apparently sharing the same CD of holidays songs and playing it all December long.

He opened his mouth and winced, waiting for the awful wail but instead finding himself surprised. His voice was lovely, soft and warm with a slightly deeper timber than most womens. It was not quite the soulful sound he had heard from some black women when they sang but it was close; the longer the song went on the more he felt himself relax into it. Smiling, even making a few gestures to add a bit of flare to the performance. The song felt wonderful reverberating in his chest and as Davy smiled up at him from the piano stool Alex felt his heart flutter slightly.

The song came to an end and there was a beat of silence before Amelia began to clap wildly.

“Again!” She begged, “Again please Auntie Can I sing this time?”

“Yes, of course.” Alex found himself answering before he could think.

“I only know three songs.” Davy smiled sheepishly, “One of them is ‘When the Saints Come Marching In.’”

“I know that one!” Amelia bounced on her toes, launching into the first verse before Davy had even started playing.

Alex laughed as the man floundered to try and start half way through as he joined Amelia in her singing. Sam’s eyes met him across the room and he gave an approving nod. Alex tried not to feel elated; this entire scene was so damn cheesy, he should be hating it, silently begging for Davy to run out of songs to play so he could excuse himself and escape. But instead, when they had finished Davy’s three songs, he found himself rifling through his mother’s music books for sheet music Davy could pick up so they could keep going. By the time they were finished, the hour was late and Alex was half hoarse and exhausted. He saw Davy out, trying to ignore the warm, fuzzy feeling of butterflies in his stomach.