

Anamorphosis - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

In a world in which spirit animals are more than just a myth, humans go through two lots of puberty. Once as a teen and again when they turn twenty-one; taking on the physical attributes and instincts of the animal that embodies their true selves. Twins Michael and Claire eagerly await their transformations until they discover their spirit animals; a doe and a moth respectively.

Now Michael is becoming more feminine and experiencing heat for the first time and Claire has to deal with her body growing wings and fluff...

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Like many, Michael had been counting down the days till his twenty-first birthday. It was the most anticipated celebration in any person's life after all and he, along with his twin Claire had planned the ultimate party for the occasion. Like most twins, they had gotten sick of sharing parties at a pretty young age and had amicably decided right before turning thirteen never to share another again. Opting for private get togethers, some of which the other twin wasn't even invited to. They had never been the closest of siblings, which a lot of people found weird. Just because they shared a womb for nine months didn't automatically make them thick as thieves.

Even as kids they'd not shared many interests; Claire had her Barbies and baby dolls and Michael had his cars and model rockets. Their parents had always tried to make them have diverse hobbies but it just so happened they'd managed to have a stereotypical girly girl and boyish boy. Which made sharing a themed party difficult to say the least.

"Claire, please, we have enough streamers and fairy lights, you can't even see the ceiling!" Michael chuckled, reaching up to poke at the pink and white crepe paper covering their lounge. "Couldn't you have bought something that wasn't pink, white or silver?"

"A good party needs a good colour scheme." Clair shrugged, "I drew the long straw for decorating so I can do what I want. You don't hear me complaining about that awful cake you bought."

"Are you kidding me?" Michael snorted, "You've done nothing but complain about it since I picked it up."

“Well really, what sort of person *chooses* to have carrot cake on their birthday?” She rolled her eyes, but smiled; she'd known what he would get them as soon as she'd drawn the short straw on that.

“The kind who doesn't want to spend extra hours at the gym working off a mountain of buttercream and chocolate.”

“That's right!” Their father's voice boomed through the room as it always did, his large hooved feet hitting the floor with a thunderous crack as he walked over and slapped his son on the back.

Their father was a mountain of a man; unsurprising really when his spirit animal was a bull. He had muscle on top of his muscles and a large pair of curved horns on his head; Michael had even seen pictures of him with a nose ring in his youth.

“Once you start getting your spirit elements we'll be able to really hit the gym.” Their father grinned, “The heavy duty machines!”

“You don't know that dear.” Their mother added, entering the room so lightly she was barely heard at all. “He could be something more delicate.”

Michael snorted; Heaven forbid. Not that he didn't love his mother but a life of preening feathers and brittle bird-like bones sounded like absolute hell to him. Not even a great singing voice could make up for her physical weakness. He and Clair had often wondered how a titan of a man could even be with somebody as small and fragile as their sparrow spirited mother but somehow they made it work.

“Nah, our boy's a man's man, just like his father. You'll be an ox or a horse, I can feel it.”

Michael beamed, truth be told, he could as well. He'd really focused on bulking up these last few years in preparation. He'd watched the older men at the gym with jealousy; with their muscles and antlers, eagerly awaiting the day he could join them in the transformed only section of the gym where the machines were designed to handle men with elephant strength and the speed of cheetahs.

He'd already started to feel the beginnings of his change, his legs no longer burned as much when he pushed them, in fact, he was starting to feel antsy if he didn't go for a run at least twice a day. Whatever his spirit animal was, it was fast.

"Speaking of, I picked this up today!" Their mother twittered excitedly, holding up the small box shaped device.

The tester, that night after cake both Michael and Clair would prick their finger on the tiny needle inside the top of the machine and the screen would announce to everybody who they were going to become over the next few months. Clair was off the ladder in a second, streamers forgotten.

"Oh...could we do it now?" She begged, "I am dying to know and technically we turned twenty one a few hours ago if our birth certificates are right-"

"No darling, don't you want everybody to find out with you?" Their mother cooed, "We have to wait, I am just as excited as you are to find out what my little princess and prince are becoming!"

"Please don't call us that when our friends are around." Michael begged, his cheeks were already red. He hated that pet name.

"Nonsense, no matter how big and strong you are, you will always be my baby."

Michael cringed. Hopefully everybody would be too distracted to hear all his mothers fussing.

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Clair stood before the ornate, full-length mirror in her bedroom, her gaze locked on her reflection. The party was only hours away and she still had so much to do. The house had been decorated, the food order and now she finally had the time to work on the most important thing; her appearance. Her gaze travelled along her trophy shelf; fifteen years worth of beauty pageant trophies and ribbons gleamed down at her and she smiled; she couldn't bear the thought of anything less than perfection for her special day.

Her obsession with perfection wasn't new; it had been a constant presence in her life. To Clair, physical perfection was not a choice but a necessity. With Michael being the perfect man in her father's eye she had focused on her beauty. When she was small her mother had

entered her in the Little Miss Blossom pageant on a whim and to everybody's surprise, she had one. That had been the start of her obsession; dance lessons, a rigorous beauty routine to ensure her physical perfection was maintained.

Tonight she would learn what spirit animal elements to expect and she couldn't be more excited to tailor her new look over the year. She hoped to be a bird like her mother, with stunning plumage and a graceful gait but she was sure she could make anything worthwhile. The exotic spots of a cheetah, the glossy fur of a wolf; anything really.

Tonight, though, she wanted to look like the ultimate, pure human for the last time. Her slender fingers expertly blended foundation, concealer, and contour to create a flawless canvas. Her long, chestnut hair had been expertly curled, cascading in soft waves over her shoulders. Clair's closet was filled with designer dresses, but she had painstakingly chosen a shimmering silver gown that clung to her like a second skin, enhancing her figure. It was shimmery, but not showy; paired with a set of glittering gem earrings she looked like starlight come to life. Her reflection stared back at her with almond-shaped, doe-like eyes, accentuated by perfectly winged eyeliner and lush lashes. Her lips, painted a deep shade of red, completed the look.

As she adjusted the final details of her ensemble, she couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. If she were to walk out on a pageant catwalk right now she would take first place for sure. Her friends had always admired her for her attention to detail, her ability to create perfection in every aspect of her life, but tonight, she would raise the bar higher than ever before.

Clair knew that for her, being physically perfect was a shield, a way to protect herself from the imperfections of the world. In her mind, as long as she looked perfect, she could maintain control, at least over her own image. It was so much easier for Michael; all he had to do was lift some heavy weights while sweating and everybody was impressed.

“Clair? People are arriving, please tell me you're not still putting on makeup.”

Speak of the devil.

“Coming! Don't get your panties in a twist, Michael.”

“Ha ha.” He replied flatly through the door, “Well don't blame me if your pageant friends think you're rude for not greeting them.”

Clair huffed; if anything they would understand the need for finishing touches. She turned back to her reflection one last time; not a hair out of place. Perfect.

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Normally, Michael loved a good party. Being twenty one meant he could finally drink to his heart's content and not worry about getting caught. Of course both he and his sister had been drinking since their mid teens in secret but he couldn't let their over protective mother know that. As he downed his second beer with ease he watched as her brow furrowed and he quickly added a choked cough as if the strength had taken him by surprise.

Clair gave him a look across the room and raised an eyebrow as if to say 'that's the best you can do? You're so obvious'. He should probably take it easy on the drinking but he was just too excited, some of his older friends were already halfway through their changes and he couldn't wait to join them. It took a full year to reach full maturity and it seemed like entirely too long. He wanted to be changed now! Judging from the way Clair kept glancing over at the testing machine where it had been placed in the middle of the table she was just as keen.

Fuck it.

"Alright everybody, I think it's time!" Michael yelled, "Enough cake and drinks, let's get to the main event."

"Oh thank God, yes!" Clair put down her drink and ran to stand by the machine, bouncing on the balls of her feet.

Somebody killed the music and a hush fell over the room.

"Oh let me go first! Please!" Clair begged and Michael sighed and swept her forward.

She squealed and their parents gave him an approving look; he'd been waiting twenty one years for this moment, what was one more minute? Besides, if he went second his announcement would be the one everybody remembered, except the gaggle of girls Clair had invited but who cared about that? None of them were quite his type anyway.

Clair placed her finger into the top of the machine as it whirred to life. A moment passed as the screen flickered on and the whole room fell silent as the silhouette of a strand of DNA appeared on the screen. It twisted, then reshaped, taking on a blobby shape before

finally forming into...a butterfly? Michael grinned at his sister; that was perfect for her and for a moment she wore the biggest smile he'd ever seen on her face. Then the machine dinged.

“MOTH.”

The mechanical voice announced and Clair's smile dropped in an instant.

“A...moth?” She blinked, “A gross, fuzzy, dust spreading moth? T-that can't be right.”

One of the girls behind them was whispering.

“Ewww...don't they eat clothes and stuff?”

“Thank God I didn't get that as my spirit animal.”

“What does that say about her?”

A surge of protectiveness washed over him and Michael gently pulled his sister aside.

“Well my turn!”

She gave him a grateful smile; clearly happy to have the spotlight shift. Michael placed his finger into the opening and felt the prick of the needle against his skin. It was a shame, that such a good evening would always have that blemish on it for his sister but at least he could enjoy his reveal.

The image twisted and turned, forming into a four legged animal before declaring:

“DEER”

Deer, not bad. Not great but hey, a sick pair of antlers and a lot of running speed. He could work with that. He turned to face his father who was smiling, clearly thinking the same as him until somebody yelled.

“Aren't male deer supposed to have antlers?”

Michael blinked and whirled back around to look at the screen; the deer silhouette had a bear head.

“Is that a...doe?”

“But...Michael’s a boy, how could he have a doe as his spirit animal.”

“Maybe there is something he’s not been telling us?”

Clair gave him a panicked look and Michael felt his heart beginning to speed up.

“I’m a deer, the machine is just...displaying the wrong silhouette.” He insisted, trying to laugh it off, “When my antlers come in you’ll all see.”

He chuckled a little and a few of the guys laughed along with him; though he couldn't help but feel some of them were still laughing at him. Michael watched as his mother tried to comfort Clair, who had broken down into tears. None of her so-called friends came to try and cheer her up, in fact they were looking at her as if she was some sort of freak.

“There, there dear, moth’s are just as beautiful as butterflies, you might even get a set of wings, those are quite exotic!”

Clair just bawled harder and an awkward air settled over the party. Some of his mates were looking at him oddly, as if they were seeing him for the first time and weren’t impressed. Worst of all was his father, standing by the wall, arms crossed looking pensive. He’d expected a great roar of approval but because of that stupid malfunction, and it *was* a malfunction, everybody thought he was some sort of freak!

“Maybe we should call it a night.” He said and to nobody’s surprise people immediately began to file out.

Soon it was just the four of them, shortly three as Clair ran to her bedroom and locked the door.

“Maybe you should go talk to her, dear.” Their mother suggested, their father was still silent and stalwart, his eyes felt like they were boring into Michael’s soul.

He got the distinct impression that for the first time, his father was not impressed. It made his stomach twist; Michael had always been the apple of his father’s eye; he didn’t know what or

who he was if not that. He shook it off and nodded, heading for Clair's room and tapping on the door softly.

"Clair."

"G-go away!" She sobbed.

"Oh come on, it's not so bad. You could have been...I dunno a skunk or something."

He heard her snuffle through the door.

"Michael, moth's are ugly. I can't be ugly I just can't."

"You're not going to be ugly." Michael rolled his eyes, "Come on, this is vain even for you."

"Oh shut up and go away doe-boy!"

The words should have bounced off him but for some reason they cut deep into his heart. Doe-boy, it was a school yard insult and yet that little kernel of fear nestled deep in his chest started to bloom. What if the machine wasn't wrong, what if his spirit animal was a deer, a *female* deer. What would that mean for him when he started to change?