

Anamorphosis - Part 5

By TheSpiralledEye

Clair and Michael both find a connection with a new friend and decide maybe it is time to start embracing their changes.

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The women's locker room was an entirely different world to what he was used to. There was no ribbing, no making fun of the least muscular person in the room, no towel whips or jeering. No 'fun' as his father would put it. Instead the women just...went about their business, chatting about life and walking around in their shower towels.

The tall bear woman had led him inside to cool off before he could ever think and as a woman walked past in nothing but her bra and panties Michael felt his face get hot. What the hell was he thinking? This was the women's locker room, what sort of perv was he?

"First time, eh?" The bear of a woman grinned.

Her teeth were sharp and brilliant white, her hair a giant tangle of half wavy, half curly brown hair. She stood a full head taller than him and was twice as thick; not to say she was fat, quite the opposite, she was built like a professional wrestler. Michael swallowed, making a mental note not to piss her off; she could snap him like a twig.

"Aw, c'mon now." She cooed playfully, "no need to be shy, ya transitioning right? You're welcome here."

"Well...sort of." He shuffled awkwardly.

Transitioning wasn't really the right word; or at least he wasn't doing it willingly. The smile fell from the woman's face and her eyes turned soft.

"Hey, am I coming on too strong? I just want you to feel comfortable, okay? I can go if you want."

"Oh no, I mean, maybe? Sorry."

Michael wanted to melt into the floor and disappear. Was this part of his anamorphosis? Becoming flighty as a deer? He'd been flustered more in the last few weeks than he had in his entire life previously. All his bravado was gone and he was now facing the idea that he had no idea who he was without it. Without his dad's influence and guidance.

"You're just being nice." He said finally, "I'm just a little overwhelmed by all this."

The woman nodded.

"Look, my name is Katja, I'm gonna shower and then I am heading to the smoothie place across the street. If you want to chat and hang out, just come join me. No pressure if you don't want to though."

Michaels' lips quivered into a small smile.

"That would be nice."

The shower was awkward, even as he stripped off and saw just how feminine he looked now he couldn't help but feel like an intruder. He closed his eyes and focused on washing off the sweat and trying not to enjoy just how nice it felt having water run down his long, strong legs.

The steam made his ears twitch and without thinking he ran his fingers along them, they had started to change to the long oval shape that deer possessed. Soon they would be sticking out his head. He sighed; honestly, it wasn't the worst. He could deal with having floppy ears, especially if they gave him better hearing.

He showered, dressed and stepped outside, still feeling awkward in his ill fitting male clothes. At least the women in the gym were polite enough to not stare, that or they were just better at hiding it than the men had been.

Michael looked across the street, there was a little health food cafe all covered in potted plants. He could see Katja sitting in one of the windows sipping at something through a long straw. He swallowed, suddenly nervous as he crossed the street to join her. Clearly she had been watching the door because the moment he stepped inside he saw her face break into a wide, infectious smile.

"Hey, deer!" She grinned, "getcha self a drink and sit down."

Michael ordered himself a wheatgrass, cinnamon and kale smoothie and slid into the booth by the window opposite Katja. She was so wide and solid she almost took up the entire seat.

"Ya some sort of health nut?" She asked, pointing to the drink. "Or is that a deer thing?"

"I think it's a deer thing." Michael admitted, feeling his ears flop back in embarrassment. "Ever since my Anamorphosis started I've developed a taste for leafy green things. And cinnamon weirdly enough."

"Cause it's bark I'll bet." Katja grinned. "And don't be embarrassed, I didn't like lingonberries at all till I had my change. Now I can't get enough of the stuff."

"What the hell are lingonberries?"

"Like cranberries but more European."

"Oooh fancy." Michael snickered and then realised how familial he was speaking.

"Oh shit!" Katja swore, slamming her hand down on the table and making Michael jump. "Sorry, Deer. I never asked you your name! That's rude as fuck."

"Oh...don't worry about it." Michael rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "It's um, Michael."

"Ya gonna change that? Got a new name picked out?"

Michael felt like a deer in the headlights and Katja swore again.

"Sorry, I'm being way too forward, ain't I? My parents always said I should have been a bull, not a bear, what with my lack of subtlety."

Katja demurred, red spreading across her cheeks and Michael had to hold back a giggle. Seeing a woman made of muscle almost twice his size looking embarrassed was sort of comical.

"No, it's fine, the truth is I didn't...choose to transition." He muttered.

For a moment Katja looked confused then her eyes widened.

“Oh you-wow, okay. Shit.” She swallowed, “Now I feel even worse for being so forward.”

“It’s fine, you were just trying to be nice...” Michael mumbled, fiddling with his straw. “Which is more than I can say for any of the guys at my old gym...or my dad.”

“The macho type? Not happy with his son turning into a timid little deer?” She asked sympathetically.

“Yeah.”

Michael bit the inside of his cheek and then before he could stop himself everything came out. He vented about his father, the gym, how this stupid Anamorphosis had ruined all his plans and how terrified he was to head back to college and see everybody’s faces. He felt awful trauma dumping on Katja like this, especially since they’d just met but she didn’t stop him, just nodded, listened and asked the occasional question until finally he finished and was blinking back tears.

“Hey...feel better getting all that out?” Katja asked softly, reaching out and placing a strong hand over his.

“Yeah, I actually do.” Michael chuckled bitterly, “Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise, you needed it.” Katja smiled, “I’m happy to help.”

Michael could tell she was genuine too, his heart gave a little flutter in his chest as he looked into those warm eyes. Things were still shit but at least he’d found at least one person who could understand him.

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Clair bit her lip, dress rehearsals for the pageant were starting soon and she was yet to pick a talent or perfect. Before she had always danced but...how could she dance in a body like this? With these thunder thighs, this huge butt and this stupid fluff!

The fluff was driving her insane, it had started as a ring around her neck, then it spread into her hair making it soft and poofy, impossible to tame. Then two long, feather-like antennae had sprouted from the top of her head and the look was basically complete. She really was a moth woman now, complete with dark eyes with giant black pupils and barely any iris. She was hideous.

She stood in the corner of the room, watching other women getting ready to practise and trying out different looks. She was wearing a long, formless maxi shirt that hid her lower curves and a thick scarf and baggy jumper to hide her fluff. A hat squashed her antenna down. She had succeeded in hiding her mothy features but the result was that she looked even worse; frumpy and baggy with no chance of winning anything beauty related.

And all the other contestants knew it. At these pre planning events people were on high alert, checking out the competition. Nobody spared her a glance; she was no threat. Embarrassed tears burned in her eyes, she should just go home.

“Hey, there you are.”

Clair looked up to see Jasmine in front of her. She was wearing a slinky black leotard that showed off her lithe body. She was coated in patches of green, shiny scales, her slitted eyes were framed with long dark lashes and heavy green makeup and her long black hair was done up in an elaborate braid.

She looked...beautiful.

Not conventionally so but exotic and interesting, so much so that Clair found herself briefly dazzled.

“I was wondering if you’d dropped out, why are you hiding in the corner under all...that?”

Clair felt her face burn.

“I was just about to leave actually,” She admitted, “this is no place for a moth.”

“Why not?” Jasmine asked with a defiant smile, “they said the same thing about an iguana and look at me!”

She gave a little twirl.

“Do I look ugly to you?”

“No, of course not!” Clair replied.

“I didn't think so either. I am sure you're pretty under all that, come on, show it off.”

Clair reluctantly pulled off the hat and scarf, pulling at her skirt to show her shape off as much as the outfit would allow. A snicker made her freeze and she watched as Kirsty walked by, looking her up and down, the bitch,.

“Ignore her.” Jasmine said flippantly, “Look at these curves! Why would you hide them away! You look like a 1950's pin up!”

Clair blushed.

“That's not exactly the look people are after these days.”

“So?” Jasmine shook her head. “People don't know what they want till they see it. You just have to know how to show it off. You want to know what my trick was? I embraced my anamorphosis, don't focus on what you were, focus on what you are.”

“Why do you care?” Clair asked quietly, “We don't even know each other.”

Jasmine turned pink in the cheeks.

“I just...wish somebody had said this sort of stuff to me when I first changed.” She admitted. “So when I saw you so upset in that line up I thought, why not?”

Clair didn't know what to say, she never would have even considered reaching out like that to a total stranger. She had been running the pageant circuit since she was a kid, she had seen plenty of girls buckling under the pressure, suffering from body image issues and withdrawing into themselves. She'd never given them a second thought, she was focused on herself, on winning.

All of a sudden she felt guilty for that. She had told herself that the strong survive, that if they weren't cut out for the cut throat mental games that pageants created then they

should just go home. Like she had planned to do a few minutes ago. Now she looked back on those thoughts and realised just how selfish she had been.

“I can go if you want.”

It was then Clair realised she never replied and they'd been standing in awkward silence for a full minute.

“Oh sorry! No, please stay!” She blurted out, “I was just lost in my own head.”

Jasmine giggled.

“You know what you need? A shopping trip, you need to learn how to shop for your new body. Then you can start to love it.”

Clair smiled softly, she did love shopping. She hadn't gone anywhere near the mall since her thighs started to swell, the idea of trying to fit into anything but a size small filled her with dread.

“We can go together.” Jasmine added.

Clair glanced around the room, looking at all the blonde bimbos and for the first time realised how...samey they were. Yes some women had feathers, others beautiful antlers or delicate features and slinky fur but they were all trying to fit the same image. Skinny, hourglass with reasonable but not giant curves.

Maybe, just maybe, Jasmine was right. Maybe she could bring something new to the table if she embraced her new body. She turned to Jasmine and nodded, feeling a small ember of confidence begin to burn inside her for the first time in weeks.

“Let's do it.”

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Michael smiled softly at his phone; Katja was sending him stupid memes from some sci-fi show. It had been forever since anybody had actually wanted to chat to him. It felt nice, nice that he could almost forget the fact that his fluffy deer tail was digging into his back as he laid across the bed.

A knock at the door made him freeze and a cold stone of dread formed in his gut as he silently prayed for it to be anybody but his father. He was in luck. Clair opened the door timidly and Michael had to do his best to school his features. Clair had been wearing giant jackets and hats around the house the last few weeks in an effort to hide her changes, now she was in a simple singlet and skirt again and he could see just how much she'd changed.

"Hey."

"Hey."

The twins stared at each other; they had barely spoken since the party; too caught up in their own world. Clair eventually walked over and sat on the edge of his bed.

"So...you look..."

"Like a chick."

"Yeah. I noticed."

Michael felt irritation begin to build.

"Why are you here?"

"Well since you're sort of my sister now-"

"Watch it!"

"You know what I mean." She sighed, "Look, I met this girl, Jasmine, she is taking me shopping to buy some clothes that suit my new look. I thought maybe you'd want to come too. You might feel better about yourself if you get some clothes that actually suit you."

Michael felt his nose wrinkle.

"Since when do you act all...caring?"

Their relationship had been at least sixty percent snark based since they could talk.

“Look, I am trying to be a little less...selfish.”

Michael grinned and sat up.

“Am I hearing this right? The princess is finally admitting she’s a self absorbed little-”

“Do you want help or not because you’re seriously making me regret offering.”

Michael laughed, holding up his hands in mock defence only to see how long and delicate his fingers had become and putting them back in his lap.

“Yeah, okay. But go easy on me, shopping for girls' clothes is going to feel weird.”

Clair rolled her eyes.

“Everything about this situation is weird but at least we are going through it together, eh?” She said slightly nervously.

Michael nodded; he and his twin had never been super close, the fact that it had taken them this long to even talk about their shared experience was testament to that. After a moment’s hesitation Michael placed a hand on his sister’s shoulder.

“We are now.”