

Anamorphosis - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

Both Clair and Michael struggle as their bodies begin to change in very public and humiliating ways.

~

Clair slept terribly; she dreamt she was trapped inside a cocoon, surrounded by stifling heat as the fleshy walls closed in around her. They got tighter and tighter until finally, she could no longer be contained and she burst through the walls; waking in a cold sweat. Her room was the same as ever; kept pristine and perfect; just like her.

Except she wasn't perfect anymore. Or at least, she wouldn't be soon enough.

Anamorphosis usually started within twenty four hours of a person turning twenty-one and was completed a year later. Normally, a person's new body was more or less set in stone from six months though, with only minor changes happening after that.

Immediately, Clair jumped out of her sweat soaked sheets and stripped herself naked; examining her body intimately for any signs of change. With the help of her mirror she confirmed there was no sign of wings bursting forth on her back at least. In fact, she looked normal, as far as she could tell. Perhaps the machine was wrong? Or perhaps the doctors got her birthdate wrong and she was actually turning twenty-one tonight and could get a new reading. A proper one.

It was a futile dream of course but still; Clair wanted a little hope at least. She opened her phone and frowned; not one message. She couldn't remember the last time all her social DM's were empty. Then again, she had made a scene last night; she had to do some damage control. She had to show everybody she was still *normal*.

Determined Clair began to pick out an outfit; tight fitting pink yoga pants and a grey crop top; her favourite outfit for yoga. There was a class every day down at the small strip mall near their house; it was her favourite place to work out because the classroom faced the window and she could watch as people tried not to stare at her body while she stretched.

The top fit perfectly as usual but as she pulled the tights up her legs she realised something was off. They were tight; far tighter than they should have been. Her work out gear was always form fitting but now the elastic was stretched to its limit and still digging into

her. She jumped and wiggled her hips desperately, trying to get her ass into the tights but it was useless, they only reached halfway and cut into her peachy curves hard enough to hurt.

“Come on you stupid tights!” She hissed, “You fit fine last week!”

She can't have gotten bigger that quickly, surely? She couldn't be getting...fat? Even thinking the word made her terrified. She worked tirelessly to maintain her stick thin, model physique; yes she had curves but nothing huge. Nothing obscene. Or at least that was how it had been yesterday.

She rushed to the mirror and felt like crying; how could she have missed this in her inspection?

She was bottom heavy.

Her thighs thick and almost round with her hips having widened to accommodate and her ass swollen to the point that the grey fabric of her tights was almost going translucent. She could see the outline of her panties through them. Immediately the image of a moth's swollen abdomen came to mind. Was that how her anamorphosis was manifesting? Making her into a thick thighed, big bottomed babe? Her friends would laugh her out of the yoga studio!

She searched her cupboard in vain, finding nothing that could fit her new booty. Now that she was aware of it; she couldn't stop feeling it move. It seemed to jiggle and bounce at the slightest of movements and each time she felt her humiliation grow. She was going to look like one of those whore who showed up to her pageants with butts full of silicone and botox!

Eventually she settled on a pair of patterned green tightens with swirling vines and leaves; at least the texture and pattern hid her pantie lines. She opened the door to her room as quietly as possible, making sure nobody would see her as she snuck out of the house. The last thing she needed was her damn brother laughing at her as she walked down the hall.

~

The little strip mall was crowded as usual; normally Clair didn't mind crowds, she was a people person after all, but today she felt exposed. It felt as though every set of eyes she passed were staring at her and not in a good way. She could feel the judgement, see the

smirks. She kept telling herself they were imagined but that little doubt still lingered in the back of her mind.

She made it to the yoga studio and breathed a sigh of relief; a class was just stating that she could join. A little relaxation was exactly what she needed; plus the exercise might help her burn some of the weight she had magically put on overnight. If being a moth meant extra workouts to keep off her new 'natural' weight, then that is exactly what she would do.

The class was not the haven she had been hoping for though. Inside sitting on their mats ready to start were Kristy and Amber; two girls she would normally be excited to see. They competed and hung out together all the time but as a result, they had also been at her party last night. Clair took a deep breath; now or never.

"Hi girls." She smiled, "good morning for yoga?"

God she sounded so awkward. Clearly they agreed because they turned to look at her and Clair's heart sank as their eyes dipped down to her thick thighs before returning to her face.

"Hey." Amber said casually, "congrats again on turning twenty-one."

"Yeah, you're going to enter Miss California in a few months with me right?" Kristy said.

"I think Miss Exotic will be more her speed." Amber smiled, her words kind but her tone cruel.

Miss California was the states premier beauty pageant for those over twenty one; it was frequently used for freshly changed women to show off their new features. Whereas Miss Exotic had been created for this with spirit animal forms that were...less conventional. Last year the winter had been a dolphin woman with skin that was sleek and shiny all over.

"Perhaps I will enter both." Clair replied, trying not to sound phased, "after all, I beat both of you in our last pageant if I remember correctly? I am sure those two would give me no trouble."

Kristy and Amber scowled and turned toward the instructors as she took the stage; Clair spread out her mat behind them, ignoring the open space at their side where she normally would have sat. She was used to that sort of banter with her friends; but it felt different now. Meaner. She shook her head and tried to focus on the class instead.

Yoga was usually her release; a place to relax and enjoy the sensual feeling of her body moving. Today it was the exact opposite; she swore she could hear people snickering as she moved into dog pose, ass in the air. She tensed, trying to tighten her butt to make it shrink slightly but somehow it had the opposite effect. She heard, then felt, the fabric over her rear begin to rip and barely had a second to react before two giant tears appeared over them./ Right across her cheeks; exposing her pink panties to the world.

People gasped and Clair fell downwards, sitting on her ass and crushing it into the mat in an effort to hide the damage but it had already been done. The sound of muffled jeers met her ears and she turned to see several young men at the studio window, jeering and whistling as the instructor tried to shoo them away.

Humiliated tears burned behind Clair's eyes; she hadn't even thought to bring spare clothes; she was going to have to stand up and walk out of here with her new bubble butt on full display. At least her panties had managed to hold but judging by how tight they felt; she wasn't sure that would be true for much longer.

Just as the tears were about to fall Clair felt a hand on her shoulder. An older woman, in her mid thirties perhaps with thick legs and tough looking grey skin. She looked ugly; no amount of moisturiser would be able to save that leathery hide, but she smiled all the same and handed Clair a sweater.

"Here, dear." She whispered, "Tie this around yourself till you can go get something else to wear."

"Thank you." Clair whispered, already feeling guilty.

This woman's first thought had been to help her, and hers had been to judge how she looked.

"Anamorphosis?" She asked, not a hint of judgement in her voice.

"Yes." Clair sniffed, "I didn't think...I didn't think I would gain weight like this overnight."

"Neither did I." the woman chuckled, "You should have seen my face all those years ago when I saw I got an elephant."

She shook her head and smiled.

“Screamed and cried for days I did, what a wuss.” She chuckled, “You’re at least still out and doing things, brave girl.”

Clair felt her chest squeeze; she would never have given a lady like this a second glance before today and that thought made her feel awful. She tied the jumper around her waist and thanked her once more.

“I’ll bring it back and leave it at the front desk.” Clair promised, “You can pick it up then.”

“No rush dear, I have plenty.”

Then she hurriedly made her way out of the studio; the other, younger women in the class were still snickering. Amber and Kristy included; bitches. She rushed over to the boutique where she bought most of her clothes and made her way to the sports section, grabbing pair after pair of leggings and tights to replace the ones that had ripped, as well as a few pairs of panties for good measure. She locked the door to the changing room quickly and tore off the ripped pants; not even wanting to look at them or herself at all. Which was hard to do when three of the four walls of the changing room were made of mirrors.

She desperately tried to tug the new pair of pants up her thighs only to be met with the same problem as this morning. They were too tight. Her heart began to beat faster as she reluctantly reached for the next size up, those didn’t fit either. Or the next ones. How had she almost doubled her size overnight? Her tops still fit fine!

Clair looked over at the pile of tights she’d brought with her into the change room, the last one was a size XL; she was normally a S. Her hand hovered upon reading for it. Putting those on felt like admitting defeat, instead she turned back to the M sized that were currently around her ankles.

“You. Will. Fit.” She whispered, grabbing the hem line. “I am not fat. I refused to be!”

With one great tug she yanked the pants up her legs and felt her cheeks turn pink as they tore over her thighs. Filled with humiliation she put on the XL size and walked out, paying for the destroyed pair as well as her new one with her head hung low.

Her stomach growled with hunger; she’d skipped breakfast but with each step her butt bounced and her thighs rubbed together, reminding her of all the extra weight she’d already naturally put on thanks to her change.

She decided to skip the bakery and headed for the juice bar.

~

Michael woke to his bull of a father standing over him, arms crossed.

“Time to hit the gym.”

It wasn't a particularly unusual situation really; his father had been taking him to the gym for years ever since he turned thirteen. And his brusque attitude was just how he was; his mother always teased that he was blunt as a bull. His father saw that as a compliment.

However something felt different today; his father's tone was harsher than usual, suspicious almost. Michael got the distinct impression he was about to be tested. He nodded and got up, putting on his gym shorts and singlet quickly and gritting his teeth; he'd never failed one of his father's tests and he wasn't about to start now. That stupid machine might have shown the wrong silhouette but he was going to prove he was a buck, not a doe.

Still, that doubt lingered and for the first time since he was a reedy teen, Michael felt nervous walking into the gym behind his giant father. He stared at his reflection in the mirrored wall as they made their way to the treadmills; he looked the same as always. Dark brown hair, athletic build, muscular and square jawed; the man's man his father had moulded him to be since he was born. Not a single sign of anything feminine...but no tell tale bumps on his head to show antlers either.

“You're just a later bloomer.” His father said gruffly when he caught him staring, “Changes usually start fast but for some people it can take a few days. My horns didn't start growing till three days after my birthday.”

Michael gave a relieved smile; that was good to hear at least.

“Now, let's get those muscles growing.” His dad slapped him on the back. “Deer ain't the strongest of spirit animals but they are fast as hell, we'll switch your training, track and field is the name of the game now. In a few months when college's open up their scholarship programs you'll be earning one.”

Michael bit his lip; that had always been the plan. Once they knew his animal, they would focus on his gym training and get a sports scholarship to the best college they could get into. Study business for when his athletic career ended in his early thirties, but focus on the sport

over grades. It was a good plan, a plan Michael agreed with because...well, it worked for his dad, right?

Track and field, weight lifting, boxing; which sport didn't really make a difference. He got up on the machine and set it going, his father immediately increased the incline and speed a few notches and gave him a thumbs up which Michael returned. He focused on the burn in his calves as his muscles warmed up.

His feet slammed against the mat and he felt the adrenaline begin to flow into his system. To his delight he began to feel himself picking up speed with ease; his heart thumped in his chest and a grin spread across his face; he felt like he was born for this! He passed the finishing point of the run and kept going; he felt almost like he was flying!

Michael found himself leaning more and more forward as he ran, his calves and thighs burning with the strain but it felt good. His dad was right; track was clearly where he belonged.

Then a new sensation joined the burn; a sort of pressure right above his taut, muscles ass. It felt almost like his spine was trying to push out of him. Michael grit his teeth to ignore the pain but eventually he couldn't anymore and he felt himself forced to stop, leaning over the handles of the machine with a groan.

“Push yourself too far boy?”

One of the other men laughed.

“He’s going through his anamorphosis, he probably didn't even realise he'd been going for that long!” His father replied, “my boy doesn't have limits.”

He tried to reply but instead Michael bit his lip. That pressure just kept getting worse and worse until finally-

“Ouch!”

The pain disappeared in an instant; the pressure dissipated and he sighed in relief. Then he heard somebody stifling their laughter. He turned, twisting himself so he could see his own back. There, right at the base of his tail bone was a small ball of fluff.

A tail.

Cute and round, coated in soft white and tan fur. He blinked in surprise, watching as it twitched slightly responding to his shock. His cheeks turned red as others began to notice and he pulled up his waistband to cover it but the bump remained; obvious to anybody passing. His father cleared his throat; clearly embarrassed and white hot shame burned into Michael's chest.

"All deer have tails like that." he muttered, "When the antlers come through it won't look so...girly."

His father just nodded.

"You should hit the showers, that's enough for today."

The shame increased tenfold; his father never told him to leave early.

"No I can do another run." he insisted, before quickly adding. "You didn't raise no pansy."

His dad was always saying that; beaming with pride. This time he just nodded. Michael turned on the machine as high as it could go and started to run; feeling that burn again and praying that it was his muscles growing.

He ran and ran, burning off as much nervous, embarrassed energy as he could. But no matter how fast he made himself go, his anxiety only increased. He began to hear more snickers and worse than that; he could feel something else happening. His butt was starting to tingle.

After a few minutes he could feel it moving in ways it never had before; his glutes were usually tight and strong but as he ran he was starting to feel them bounce. His ass had never moved in such an obscene way before and judging by the wolf whistles and jeers from the other men over at the weight lifting station; he wasn't the only one noticing either.

A hand appeared and ripped him off the machine, causing Michael to stumble slightly, his knees knocking together as he tried to get his balance; he felt suddenly off, but surely his ass couldn't be big enough to be causing that?

"Go shower." His father muttered, gripping his shoulder tight. "You're embarrassing us both."

Michael hung his head and obeyed walking quickly to the change rooms and feeling every single jingle his ass made on the way there. He could feel his butt cheeks rubbing together and as he made his way across the gym he looked at his reflection in the mirrored wall. His ass looked bubbly and...cute. Especially with the tail poking out from under his waistband.

He was male from the waist up but even Michael couldn't deny that his ass and legs were starting to look damn near female. Once again that silhouette of a doe flashed in his mind and Michael swallowed nervously.

The change room stood before him; a place he'd gone a thousand times and yet now seemed too daunting. He couldn't hit the showers like this; he didn't want to see what his new ass looked like under all that water; glistening pink and bouncy; it was just too embarrassing! Instead he turned around and stepped out into the strip mall; he needed something to cool off and somehow he didn't think his father would mind being left at the gym alone.