

Anamorphosis - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

Clair and Michael are both in denial about their newly developing animal forms but then their bodies start to change in humiliating and public ways.

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Clair made a face as she sipped at the wheatgrass and ginger 'juice' she'd ordered. And she used that term lightly because it tasted more like slightly flavoured water more than anything and had the texture of grit and grass. Still, it was the lowest calorie thing on the menu that still counted as a meal in her mind so that's what she went with. All the while staring at the full cream yogurt and honey smoothies being served up at the counter.

Ever since she started pageants as a young teen she had been careful about her weight but if she was honest, it had never been hard. Just don't pig out on pizza and ice cream, do some yoga and she was golden. Now thanks to her anamorphosis she was going to have to get serious. Miserably, she downloaded a calorie counting app onto her phone and looked around at all the tastier drinks being ordered by other patrons.

Then, to her surprise, Michael walked in looking positively miserable and she could see why. Clair couldn't help but burn with jealousy looking at Michael's long, beautiful legs. They were muscles, but shapely and almost...feminine. Her eyes moved upwards and she choked on her juice. That ass! It was, well, curvy was one way to put it. And if the little bump just above his waistband was anything to go by, there was a little deer tail pressing against the fabric.

It was almost comedic, it was as if somebody had cut her brother in half at the torso and replaced his lower half with that of a woman. With thin ankles and a natural sway to her hips. Clair looked down at her own thunder thighs and genuinely couldn't decide which one of them had it worse.

"Michael!"

He turned, at first with fear in his eyes but then relief and he slid into the chair next to Clair.

"I was going to walk home but I didn't want anybody to see me." He winced, "I figured nobody here would know me."

He sniffed, nose wrinkling.

“What is that you’re drinking.”

“Wheatgrass.” Clair groaned, “It tastes awful but I can’t risk putting on any more weight.”

Michael looked down and Clair felt her cheeks turn pink as his eyebrow raised.

“Don’t say anything.” She hissed.

“I wasn’t going to.” Michael said quickly, a little too quickly before sniffing the air again.

“I know it smells horrid.” Clair sighed, “I may as well throw it away.”

“No!” Michael’s hand shot out and grabbed at the cup. “I mean uh, it smells pretty nice actually, can I try?”

Clair shrugged and shoved the whole drink at him, her stomach protested but she staunchly ignored it. Her body was already betraying her, why should she listen to it? Michael sipped at the drink and to Clair’s surprise he sighed as a soft smile formed over his face.

“This tastes great, I don’t know what you’re on about.” He grinned.

“Have it.” Clair replied with a pout, “One of us should be happy at least.”

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As the weeks passed, things did not improve. No matter how hard she worked out, no matter how little she ate, no matter how extreme the diet, Clair didn’t lose any weight. Her thighs were now round and thick at the top before thinning down at the bottom. Each night she stood in front of the mirror in despair, realising the bottom half of her body now looked a lot like the silhouette of a moth’s abdomen. At least she hadn’t actually grown one.

Not only that but her previously straight hair had taken on more of a fluffy, curly texture. It wasn’t too bad all things considered but it was a whole new hassle to deal with in

the morning and no straightener was enough to tame it. Not that she could even try anymore.

It had been three weeks since she'd woken up to find two delicate antennae growing out of the top of her forehead. Each topped with soft, feather-like fur. Her first reaction had been to try and cut them off but the moment she touched the stalks and realised they were as flesh and blood as her fingers she grew too squeamish.

Slots were opening up for the Miss California pageant soon; how was she going to enter looking like this? Like some sort of half bug woman. As it stood she barely ever went out and none of her so-called friends ever called.

She stood naked before the mirror and groaned; her ass was still swelling; what had been a pert, pretty butt only a few weeks ago was now fat and bouncy to match her thighs. She was turning into a bottom heavy girl; the sort she used to snicker at while they tried to use the equipment at the gym.

She'd stopped going to yoga classes, the idea of presenting that giant butt to the world made her sick. She could just see herself pressing it up into the air during a routine only for more yoga pants to split across her cheeks. It was not a chance she was willing to take.

With a sigh she flopped down onto her bed, the entry form for Miss California she'd printed sat on her bedside table still blank. She was tempted to throw it away but how could she, after what she'd said to the others? She'd been so confident too, what an idiot she'd been. Out of inertia more than anything, she began to fill it out. She'd worry about exactly how she was going to win later.

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Clair had never been so nervous handing in an application before. The Miss California pageant was one of the most prestigious beauty pageants in the state. Often the contestants were all newly animorphed and ready to show off their unique features.

In the line ahead of her Clair watched as an exotic looking woman with a smattering of leopard spots and a fetching tail walked into the photography studio with an ease and grace only a cat could possess.

All around her were beautiful women, some of whom she had once considered friends. Including Kirsty. In the last few weeks her own changes had begun and Clair felt her mood sour even further. A beautiful cascade of purple feathers flowed from her hair and her delicate features had sharpened. There was no guessing what her spirit animal had been; she was clearly a peacock.

The woman's eyes met hers and she smirked, looking Clair up and down before turning back to wait for her turn. Clair looked down at her thick legs and felt her confidence waver. There was no way she was going to win; not against any of these beautiful women; who knows how incredible Kirsty would look by the time the contest actually started in a few months time?

"Hey are you okay?"

The voice took her by surprise and Clair jumped, turning to see two striking, slitted green eyes looking at her with concern. A woman with dark hair and a smattering of green scales at the side of her face was looking at her and Clair had to do her best not to recoil in shock. What on earth was somebody like her doing at the sign up for a beauty pageant?

Clearly Kirsty seemed to agree because as if on que Clair suddenly heard her whispering in that all too loud but deniable way bitches always did.

"What are they thinking? Miss Exotic is the only pageant they'd have a chance in."

Clair's face burned, her hands scrunching her sign up form into a ball between her fingers; Kirsty was right. What had she been thinking, signing up with thighs like this? Not to mention the antenna and god knows what else she would add to the list in the coming weeks as she prepared for the pageant.

She was about to step out of line when the lizard woman who had checked on her spoke up.

"I am thinking that I am more than my looks." She said loudly and Kirsty snorted.

"This is a beauty pageant. Looks are sort of the whole deal." She replied, flipping her hair dramatically.

"Talent and eloquence also play a part." The lizard woman retorted matter of factly, "I'll prove it by stomping you into the ground."

Kirsty looked the woman up and down and chuckled, handing in her form before stepping toward the photo studio.

"I'd like to see you try, twiggy."

Clair realised her jaw was hanging open and snapped it closed; she couldn't believe the things that woman had just said!

"Don't let girls like that get to you." The lizard woman added, smiling at Clair warmly. "They think they're better than everybody else just because they were lucky enough to be born conventionally pretty. Jasmine, by the way."

Clair blushed, ashamed that her first thought had been to judge Jasmine just like Kirsty had, just not aloud.

"Your scales are pretty at least." Clair replied glumly, "I'm just getting fat. There is no way an insect spirit animal could win something like this."

"It's all about attitude, confidence is 90% of the battle." Jasmine insisted with a wink, "Come on, it's almost your turn."

Clair turned back to see the line moving, Jasmine was right. Her eyes darted down the crumpled paper in her hands and swallowed. If Jasmine could do this, so could she; she'd find a way to make her thick thighs and big ass attractive somehow. What was the old adage, fake it till you make it? So She put on her most winning smile and handed in her form, stepping into the photo booth and putting on her best side and smiling for the camera. For a moment, she pretended she was as she used to be, thin, gorgeous and pageant ready.

The camera flashed and she stepped out just in time to see Jasmine step in, slipping her a piece of paper as she went. Clair unfurled it to find a phone number and her heart gave a little stutter. Was she being flirted with? Or was Jasmine just being nice; freak girls had to stick together after all.

After a moment's consideration, she entered the number into her contacts and quickly made her way home before Jasmine could exit and make things even more complicated.