

Anamorphosis - Epilogue

By TheSpiralledEye

Michael and Clair finally accept themselves and begin living their lives.

~

Clair stood backstage, her heart pounding with a mixture of nerves and excitement. She smoothed down the sleek fabric of her black one-piece swimsuit, taking a deep breath to calm her racing thoughts. This was it; the moment she had been preparing for, the chance to showcase not just her outer beauty but her new inner confidence. Most other women who had gone out on stage were in bikinis, some were barely covered at all. It seemed the more skin they showed off the better and she had been just like them in the past. Now though, she had a new kind of look to show off.

Her thick thighs were out, shown off by the one piece suit's high cut. Her shapely ass was held taut by the tight fabric and her cleavage ample. The fabric sucked in her belly and showed off her full figure. She had curves the twig bitches who went before her could only dream of. Her fur collar was perfectly puffed, her antenna fluffy and sweet, giving her a cute edge as well as sexy. Jasmine had helped her apply thick dark lashes just a few minutes ago; she looked radiant and it was time to show the world.

As the emcee announced her name, Clair stepped onto the stage, her head held high and her smile confident. The spotlight enveloped her, casting a warm glow over her bronzed skin. She walked with purpose, smirking a little as she heard people suck in their breath.

The audience murmured in admiration as Clair reached the centre of the stage. She paused, allowing them to take in her elegance and grace; despite being bottom heavy she walked silent as the wind. With a graceful turn, she revealed the sleek lines of her swimsuit, the fabric hugging her curves in all the right places. The applause swelled, a chorus of approval that washed over her like a wave.

As she made her way down the runway she could see the looks of shock and awe; she was the first fully bodied contestant they had seen. When she reached the end of the stage, Clair paused once more, savouring the moment. Her eyes scanned the dark crowd and spied Michael and Katya beaming. This was the first show Michael had ever come to see her in, willingly.

She stepped back stage once more, ready to put on her costume for the talent portion and drank in the withering stares from her opponents. They had expected her to get laughed off the stage but now they realised she had been the biggest threat all along.

“Careful, moth girl.” Kirsty hissed, “or your head might get as fat as your ass.”

“Please, you wish you had an ass this fine.” Jasmine replied as she stepped off the stage behind Clair and slapped her across the rump.

It was them against the pack but Clair didn't care. She gave Jasmine a brazen kiss and then went to get ready for her dance performance. A beautiful satin brown leotard, black tights and pink ballet slippers made up the bulk of her costume, with her long, curly hair flowing free.

“Good luck,” She whispered to Jasmine, who had dressed herself in a sequined leotard to show off her gymnastic skills.

“You too!”

The second she was gone Kirsty appeared; busty, blonde and in a cheerleading outfit. Clair snorted; how much more generic can you be?

“You're going to dance?” Kirsty screwed up her nose. “You'll shake the floor when you land from your first leap.”

“We'll see.” Clair said with a knowing smile.

She watched from the wings as Jasmine performed, feeling a little warm between her legs as she watched her girlfriend bend and contort herself. Her green scales caught the stage lights and sent tiny rainbows flicking across the audience; it was mesmerising. If she didn't win this thing, she sure hoped Jasmine did.

Kirsty went out there and did her usually peppy, cheerleading routine. It had gone over great when they were teenagers but a grown woman performing like that somehow made her seem like a try hard. Even if she did have sexy bunny ears. The crowd clapped and cheered politely but even Kirsty had to know she wasn't top of the ranking. Clair gave her a smug smile and wave as they passed and Kirsty muttered under her breath.

“Bite me.”

“You wish.”

Clair straightened her posture, drawing strength from the elegant grace she had spent countless hours perfecting over the years; now that she knew how to hold her new heavysset frame she knew how to make it look beautiful. This was her moment to defy expectations, to shatter stereotypes, and to show those skinny girls that there was more than one kind of beauty.

With a flick of her wrist, the music began and she took her position centre stage. She began her dance and listened as the crowd gasped in surprise as her body moved with a fluidity that belied her size. Every step, every leap, every delicate turn spoke of years of dedication and passion. The audience watched in stunned silence as Clair's performance unfolded before them. They had expected a spectacle of failure, a clumsy attempt at grace from a woman deemed too heavy for such a delicate art. But what they witnessed was something else entirely; she was more beautiful than any butterfly.

As the final notes of the music faded into the air, the audience erupted into thunderous applause. Clair stood centre stage, her chest heaving with exertion, tears of joy glistening in her eyes. She had proven them all wrong, even her past self.

~

Michael's legs burned with exertion as he rounded the last corner and flew through the ribbon at the finish line. People cheered and he wiped the sweat from his brow before giving them all a wave. Track day was always a treat, with his deer-like red sprinting had become second nature to him. He'd always preferred the treadmills back when he'd been a gym junkie and now he knew why; he was never destined to be a heavyweight. He was destined to *fly*.

Katja was there in the crowd of course, ready to give him a hug as soon as the awards had been placed around his neck. Michael still got odd looks from time to time; going by he and a generally masculine name with a body like his. But nobody dared give him grief about it with his bear of a girlfriend around.

When they got home their apartment had been decorated with little gold streamers and a banner saying congratulations. Clair and Jasmine beamed; clearly happy with their work.

“How did you know I would win?” He asked and Clair just rolled her eyes.

“There was no doubt, I’ve seen your competition, they didn’t stand a chance. WHEN you start running, you really run.”

The twins hugged while Jasmine and Katja organised drinks. They all laughed and joked, feeling comfortable and at home before Clair finally broke the jovial mood.

“Dad was there today. At the back of the stands.”

Michael bit his lip.

“He always is.” He sighed.

“Why don’t you try talking to him, mum has been telling me he misses you.”

“Well, if he wants to talk to me he can come do it. I’m not stopping him.” Michael shrugged.

They had managed to patch things up with their mother more or less but tensions still ran high with their dad. He just couldn’t accept Michael as a woman, or a doe. Even if Michael had done that long along.

“Maybe one day.” Michael said finally. “But right now I don’t need his pressure or negativity in my life.”

~

Michael stood on the tiny balcony of his apartment watching as Clair and Jasmine crossed the street below to get a taxi home. They were hanging off each other, laughing; Jasmine pulled his sister into a passionate kiss right there against the car before pulling her inside and Michael chuckled.

“That is either the luckiest or unluckiest cab driver in the city tonight.” Katja chuckled, indicating down at them.

“Hopefully they keep it in their pants till they get home.”

“Knowing them, they won’t.”

“Ugh, Katja, you know I don’t want to think about my sister doing that.”

Katja threw back her head and laughed before nuzzling into Michael’s neck. She took one of his floppy doe ears and rubbed the thin skin between her fingernails, massaging it till Michael melted against her.

“You were amazing today.” She murmured. “And brave, I know things are still hard with your family.”

“My dad and I may be estranged but at least Clair and I are close again. Twins are supposed to be close; maybe we always would have been if dad and mom hadn’t insisted on making us each their pet projects.”

Katja turned him around and kissed him gently.

“Let’s not talk about them anymore, love.” She whispered. “Life is good, isn’t it?”

Michael looked around at the life they were making together, the photos just inside of him and his sister laughing, then down to his new body that was all curves and muscle. Then finally to Katja, with all her strength both physical and mental; he smiled.

“Yeah, life is good.”