

Anamorphosis - Part 6

By TheSpiralledEye

Michael and Clair visit a boutique with their new friends and sparks begin to fly.

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Michael felt awkward as they walked through the shopping centre. Not because everybody was staring, but because they *weren't*. Ever since his Anamorphosis started he had been conscious of the eyes on him and his half female form. But not nobody was looking...because he just straight up looked like a woman.

A more athletically built woman, with muscular legs and a slightly sharper face; but a woman nonetheless. His chest had even started to grow; he was now the somewhat awkward owner of two round breasts. He had no idea how much bigger they were going to get. No wonder his father barely looked at him anymore. He basically had two daughters now. Shame burned across his face and he glanced over at Clair who was looking at him sympathetically. In their mismatched, loose clothing they made quite the pair.

"Hey there, deer!"

A small smile flickered over Michael's face; Katja.

She was grinning as she approached and Michael huffed as Clair elbowed him with a wry grin.

"You didn't tell me you were dating somebody!"

"What!?" His face went bright red. "I'm not!"

"She just called you 'dear'!"

"Like the animal not D-E-A-R, you idiot." He hissed. "Now shut up before she hears you."

“What are you two whispering about?” Katja asked, making them both jump.

“Nothing!” Michael said quickly, “uh, Katja, this is my twin sister Clair, Clair, this is Katja.”

“Woah! A moth! I've never seen a moth anamorphosis before!” Katja grinned and Clair shrunk in on herself. “Aw shit, don't tell me you're as self conscious as Michael here?”

“Oh look, here comes Jasmine.” Clair said, quickly changing the subject.

Clair made more introductions and the four of them started toward a clothing store Jasmine suggested. Michael marvelled at his sister's new friend; she had such an unusual look and yet she somehow managed to make it work. Her scales paired with the super straight hair and gentle sway of her body gave her an almost serpentine look. The green scales shimmered under tight fitting black clothes that showed plenty of skin; she was owning her oddness and somehow it made it work. Maybe he and Clair *had* been going about this the wrong way.

Still, it felt so wrong to walk into a boutique that clearly only carried women's sizes. He paused on the threshold as Clair and Jasmine strolled in like they belonged there; probably because they did. He did as well of course but...it didn't feel like it yet. A warm hand curled around his own for a moment and he startled; Katja gave him an encouraging smile and went to let go but Michael held fast. Her grip was strong and warm; it felt grounding.

“Are you coming?” Clair called, giving Michael a knowing smile.

He dropped Katja's hand and nodded, feeling his cheek, and other more intimate areas of his body, flush.

“Alright, let's start with some underwear.” Jasmine said matter of factly. “Then we can see your body shapes and find you both clothes that fit properly.”

Jumping right in the deep end then.

“I can find something myself!” Clair said quickly and dashed off, Jasmine in tow leaving Michael alone with Katja and a rack full of bras he had no idea what to do with.

“I suppose you need to be measured.” Katja said after a minute. “I can go get one of the clerks.”

Michael froze; a stranger, wrapping one of those measuring tapes around his new tits? No thank you!

“Can't I do it myself?” He winced and Katja pulled a face.

“Not really, it's sort of hard...If you don't want one of the store people to do it...I could?”

Michael felt his face go red. He wasn't sure what possessed him to reply;

“A-actually...yeah if you could.”

Katja went to go get the measuring tape while Michael stepped into one of the change rooms; his heart was pounding as he stripped down to nothing. Three of the four walls of the change room were mirrors; there was no hiding from his new body now.

He took the time to properly examine it for the first time, slowly turning so that he could see every part of himself. It was a good body all things considered; he even found himself smiling as he looked at his legs. They were so long and beautiful; the fact that they ended in a pert, bouncy bum was a bonus.

“Here.” Katja's hand appeared through the curtain, “You'll probably want these so you're not totally naked.”

She was holding a pair of white panties in her hand. Simple, with a little ribbon around the edges. They were quite cute really, feminine without being too over the top.

“Thanks.” Michael took them and slowly stepped inside. He marvelled at just how soft the fabric was as it skimmed his inner thighs. He pulled the panties into place and spent a moment admiring himself in the mirror. They hugged and supported his rump, stopping just above his little deer tail. Michael could feel Katja waiting on the other side of the curtain and took a deep breath, here goes nothing.

“Okay...come in.”

Katja's eyes were at her feet, occasionally darting up and back again as her cheeks turned red. To his surprise, Michael felt a grin spread across his face.

"Wow, I finally found something that makes *you* bashful."

"It's not like I do this every day." She muttered, "Alright, raise your arms up."

Michael did as he was told and felt his breath hitch as the tape wrapped around his body. It crushed against his nipples as Katja cinched it tight and held it for a few seconds before loosening it and repositioning. The other woman was so close. Those thick, strong arms were almost wrapping around her. Katja was tough enough to snap him like a twig if she wanted to. Michael felt equal parts intimidated and aroused by the realisation. Was this what people meant when they said they wanted somebody to step on them?

His mind raced and his pulse quickened. Michael was very thankful for the panties, otherwise his feelings would be very obvious by now.

"Alright, you're a B cup." Katja said after what felt like an age, "But since we don't know if you're going to grow any bigger I'll get something with stretchy material."

"Sounds good." Michael choked out, somehow managing to keep his voice even.

Michael didn't realise he'd been holding his breath until Katja left and he let it out. His whole body felt like it was on fire. Life was confusing enough right now he did not need to be catching feelings for this woman! This very tough, very beautiful woman.

A hand appeared once more, this time holding a white bra to match his panties, complete with the same ribbon detailing. Katja's hand was shaking slightly as he took it and snaked away as if it had been burnt.

"I'm going to find something for you to try on!" She called, leaving him alone to try on his newest addition.

The bra felt so silky smooth against his nipples; he blushed further realising they were hard, had Katja noticed? After struggling with the hooks for a few minutes he finally positioned himself comfortably and turned to the mirrors to regard himself. It was amazing what clothing could do, even just underwear. The body that had looked and felt so awkward these last few weeks all of a sudden looked graceful.

Each movement felt smooth and deliberate; the curves beautiful rather than embarrassing. A strange feeling began to bloom in his chest and Michael realised with a start that it was *confidence*. Maybe he could live this way; maybe a few years wouldn't be so bad. Or longer.

Feeling emboldened he stepped out into the little change room area and gazed out into the shop floor, not even caring if another shopper saw him. Katja returned with what looked like a tank top and skinny jeans and offered them with a smile.

"I figure we don't go too girly all at once? Let's ease into it."

Michael held the jeans in his hands and pressed his lips together.

"Fuck it, go hard or go home." He grinned and Katja matched him.

"Fuck yeah, let's do this."

The duo ventured into different sections of the boutique, exploring dresses, skirts, blouses, and accessories.

The first outfit he tried on was a knee-length floral dress, adorned with vibrant hues of pink and blue. It was exactly the sort of thing Clair used to wear to the beach. The fabric draped elegantly over his shoulders, the cinched waist accentuating his curves in a way he hadn't imagined. Katja even found a pair of delicate looking white sandals to complete the look. The flowing skirt hid his tail but he could still wiggle it with joy as he twirled, letting the skirt fan around him like the petals of a giant flower.

"Alright, now let's try the opposite!" Katja grinned.

She guided him towards a sleek, high-waisted pencil skirt that gracefully hugged his figure. Paired with a crisp white blouse. The skirt was so tight he had to take small, quick steps but somehow he didn't find it too hard. He felt like a powerhouse businesswoman; powerful and in control, he may have been a doe but he wouldn't be prey. As he admired himself in the mirror, a newfound sense of self-assurance began to blossom within him. It wasn't like at the gym, where he felt cocky and assured when he lifted weights. There was something deeper here, a true kind of confidence that came from real, true self love. Not the approval of others.

Once he started Michael found he couldn't stop; he tried well-fitted jeans and loose-fitting, off-the-shoulder tops. They explored delicate jewellery, scarves, and handbags

that added a finishing touch to each ensemble. Michael found himself embracing accessories as an extension of his newfound identity, each piece enhancing the overall effect of the outfit. He picked up pink flower shaped earrings, golden heart lockets and other such items without embarrassment and Katja grinned ear to ear.

Michael got so into trying out clothes he didn't even realise how much time was passing, or that Clair and Jasmine hadn't returned from their own shopping yet. He winced as he watched the price at the register climb but didn't hesitate to hand over his card; these clothes were worth every penny.

He selected a pair of light brown leggings with open sides tied with strings to keep them in place, a green tank top and a set of matching golden earrings and a necklace to wear out of the shop. His cottontail sat just above his waistline, his soft doe like eyes now complemented by the green and his beautiful body shown off by the cut of the cloth.

"I feel...beautiful." He admitted as he and Katja stepped outside to try and find the others.

"You look it." She beamed, before blushing and looking away.

Maybe it was the clothes, or perhaps the new confidence they brought with them but Michael suddenly wasn't feeling skittish anymore.

"Katja...would you like to go get coffee?"

It was a casual request normally, but Michael knew his tone was clear. She seemed conflicted for a moment and he felt his breath hitch. But then She smiled one of those big, warm smiles he had come to know her for.

"Sounds great."

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Clair stared at the bra and panties sitting on the little stool in the corner of the dressing room. The cup size on the bra was three times what she used to wear, the panties even wider. She looked at her naked, pear shaped body and pulled a face. She really did look like a both with her thick legs and big butt, complete with the fluff collar around her neck and antenna. How could Jasmine make her look beautiful?

“Are you dressed yet?” She called.

Clair sighed, she may as well put them on and show Jasmine she was wasting her time. There was no way she could make this body look good, let alone ready for a beauty contest. She slipped into the bra and panties and took a moment to just enjoy how nice it felt to have underwear that fit. Her breasts and bum now perfectly supported. Clair spared a glance back at the mirrors; okay, so she *did* look a little better with the support but she was sure it was still a lost cause.

“It doesn't matter what you've picked out.” Clair announced as she stepped out of the changing room, “This isn't going to work.”

She stared at her (surprisingly dainty still) feet for a few moments before finally looking up to see why Jasmine hadn't replied. She'd expected a face of disgust, or maybe pity, what she got instead was...wonder. Jasmine's eyes were wide, her lips slightly parted in shock.

“What?” Clair asked and Jasmine shook her head as if to clear it.

“You look great.” She said after a moment, “No matter what those twigs at the contest say, men love a girl with a good ass. Trying to hide it is a mistake, we're going to accentuate it.”

Before she could protest Jasmine was handing her outfits; tight yoga pants, stockings, leggings and all other manner of form fitting clothes. In the end Jasmine settled on dark brown stockings, a yellow tank top and a black leather skirt. All of her mothy features were on full display, especially her figure and Clair avoided every mirror until finally she was forced to look by her companion.

“I look...”

“Hot?” Jasmine grinned, “I know.”

The stockings were sheer and showed off her long, soft legs, the skirt drew the eye to her ass as it swayed with every step and her fluffy collar almost looked like a chic little infinity scarf. She looked chic, even with the antenna.

“You look incredible.” Jasmine smiled, “Say it.”

“I look incredible.”

It felt so empowering to say that. Clair looked at her reflection, taking in her more heavy set, yet soft appearance paired against Jasmine's sleek, skinny one. They both looked unusual and exotic but no less gorgeous than those other girls from the pageant sign up.

“We make quite the pair, don't we?” Clair smiled.

“Oh yes.”

Jasmine brought her long fingers up to hug Clair's shoulders and she felt something in the air shift. Clair's skin suddenly felt hot, her body like a live wire. She could feel where Jasmine was pressed up against her back and even the tug of a few of her scales where they had caught on her hair as the lizard woman rested her chin against Clair's shoulder.

“This shirt ties in the back,” Clair swallowed after a moment.

“...Did you need help taking it off?” Jasmine murmured, pressing her face a little closer to Clair's neck so that she could feel her fluff puff up in response.

“Yes please.” Clair whispered and without another word they both moved back toward the dressing room.

Clair's heart was pounding, she had no idea what she was doing. She was hardly a virgin but her type had always been much more macho; the gym bro type. Not slinky women. In fact, she'd never been interested in any woman period. At least not until now.

As soon as the curtain was drawn Jasmine was on her again, hands firm, yet gentle as they roamed over her curves, even stroking that fluff around her neck. Clair was frozen in place from shock and arousal; her eyes glued to the mirrors where she could see Jasmine feeling her up from all angles.

“I do like a girl with some meat on her bones.” Jasmine whispered, slapping Clair's ass firmly, making the cheeks jiggle.

Even an hour ago watching her ass move like that would have had Clair mortified; now it just made her horny as hell. She watched as the lithe woman's hands snaked over her body, one

moving up to cup her heavy breasts, the other moving toward the waistline of her skirt. Jasmine hesitated for a moment, as if she wanted to give Clair a moment to reconsider. Clair just nodded and moaned as those fingers moved beneath her new clothes.

Jasmine's hands found her nipple and her clit at the same time and began to touch, pressing against the two most sensitive parts of her body in tandem. Clair found herself overwhelmed and trying desperately to hold back any moans.

“Shhhh, we don't want to get thrown out.” Jasmine grinned as she quickened her pace. “I don't have any more hands to quiet you.”

Clair panted and leaned back against the thin woman, letting her head flop back as she gave in to the pleasure. Jasmine's hands were so much softer than any of the men who had felt her up. Not to mention she knew exactly where and how to touch. It didn't take long for orgasm to start building inside her. She watched as her antenna twitched and the fluff around her neck puffed up one last time before she fell over the edge.

“Oh fuck.” She whimpered, shuddering as she came hard.

Jasmine continued to play with her body until Clair was forced to step away; her body far too oversensitive. Jasmine gave her a wry smile and Clair returned it; she wasn't sure what they were or where this was going, only that for the first time in months she felt confident and happy again.