

## Anamorphosis - Part 7

By TheSpiralledEye

*Michael finally asks Katja on a proper date and starts accepting his new body.*

~

The coffee shop was warm and inviting, so much so that Michael found himself sweating. Or maybe that was because from the moment he and Katja walked in here this was officially a date. He'd dated plenty of women, depending on the definition but it had never felt serious. Yet here he was having a casual coffee date taking it more seriously than any fancy dinner or dance he'd been to in his life.

*'Because you actually care about this one.'*

His thoughts teased. It was true. All the girls he'd taken out of the years had been nice enough, sexy, they'd had some fun. But the more he looked back on it the more he realised he'd never been truly romantically interested in a single one. He'd gone on those dates because...that's what you do as a hot college athlete.

"Ladies?" The barista smiled and Michael swallowed.

Normally he drank his coffee black, just like his father. The idea of drinking that boring, bitter brown liquid now made his tongue want to curl up in disgust. Katja ordered a latte and Michael paused on the precipice before deciding he may as well take the plunge.

"Matcha ice latte with extra whipped cream...and chocolate sprinkles." He ordered with a soft smile. "Oh and one of those poppy seed cupcakes to share."

They took a seat at a small corner table and Michael sipped the drink with a happy sigh; the sweet cream offset the bitterness of the coffee and macha while still maintaining the grassy flavour. It was heavenly.

"Are you here to date the latte or me?" Katja teased and Michael felt himself blush in embarrassment.

“Sorry, I’ve been ignoring you, that’s pretty rude after I asked you here.” He admitted with a nervous laugh. “Sorry, I’m not very good at this.”

“It’s all good, I wish I could enjoy coffee as much as you.” She smirked, sipping at her own drink. “If small things in life could always make us that happy the world would be a much better place.”

“Normally, I drink it black.” he admitted, “but...only because that’s how my father told me men drink their coffee when I had my first cup at fourteen.”

Katja made a face.

“He’s the one who got you into sports?”

“Yeah.” Michael stared into his cup. “Dad and me...we’ve always been close and making him proud just felt natural. It’s not like I hated going to the gym or anything, I enjoy it! But ever since my anamorphosis I have sort of realised that most of what I enjoyed was just...making him happy.”

“You should do things for yourself, Mikey, not for praise.” Katja reached over and squeezed his hand, trapping it between the warmth of her skin and the mug.

“You’re right.” He nodded, “problem is I am not really sure what that is.”

Michael swore under his breath.

“This is supposed to be a date, not another Michael pity party. Sorry.”

“Mikey, I like you, I want to help.” Katja replied, “you know, I sort of went through something similar.”

He blinked in surprise and motioned for her to continue.

“Nobody wants a broad woman.” Katja said, somewhat bitterly. “People want thin women with big butts and breasts; pouty lips and girly short dresses. I’m part bear, I am never going to look like that.”

Michael glanced over Katja's bulging muscles and wide frame. She looked like a bodybuilder sure, but she was still obviously a woman, she had the curves, the softer features; it just so happened that she also possessed enough physical strength to snap most people's spine like a twig.

"But then I decided, fuck it." Katja grinned, "I'm a buff, tough lady who loves the gym and being strong. But I am still a woman who...likes women."

"A butch?" Michael teased and Katja rolled her eyes.

"I'm a walking stereotype. Sue me." She stuck her tongue out and Michael laughed.

Katja's hands were still covering his and she cleared her throat and slowly removed them only for Michael to reach out and grab them again.

"I really like you." he admitted, "just as you are, stereotype or not."

"I feel the same way about you." Katja whispered.

"You don't mind that you've got a guy who looks like a girl...or am I a girl who identifies as a guy?"

"I think you get to pick."

"That...fun."

"You're Michael, that's all that really matters."

Katja stood up and leaned over the table, her massive frame dwarfing Michael's as she pressed their lips together. His cottontail went stiff and then wagged a little, almost like a dog in excitement as he returned the kiss. He let Katja take the lead; it was slow and sensual, but also over far too quickly. She had that same trademark smile on her face as she pulled back but her eyes were asking how he felt. Michael grinned.

"Let's go somewhere where we can do that for longer without getting written up for indecent behaviour."

~

Clair was just finishing her preparations for the pageant the following day when she heard her father's angry voice echo through the house.

"What the hell are you wearing, boy!?"

Clair flinched and whispered to herself.

"Oh shit."

It had been a turbulent time for their household; Michael had gone back to college and joined the track team which made their father happy, but that was about the only thing Michael could do right at the moment. Every time they ate dinner as a family Clair could feel the tension; their father would glare over at his son, with his tits and sloping shoulders, and grimace.

There was no getting around it now, Michael looked as female as she did and his soft doe like eyes, floppy ears and cotton tail only added to the effect. His father had loudly demanded Michael prove to him that he was still a man 'where it mattered' the other week and to say that had been a shit show would be putting it mildly.

Clair raced downstairs and was met with her father's angry, bull like frame heaving with rage. The cause obvious; Michael was standing in the middle of the kitchen wearing a pair of women's yoga pants and a crop top.

"I'm wearing my workout gear." Michael replied tersely.

"That is not work out gear that's...that's your sisters!"

"I'd never wear grey pants with a pink shirt." Clair said flippantly while subtly moving to stand next to her brother. "It's all his."

Clair let her eyes meet Michael's for a split second; she and Katja had been urging him to stand up to their father for weeks now. Apparently he'd finally had enough and she wanted him to know she was on his side.

"I like these clothes." Michael said with only a slight waver in his voice. "I'm going to wear them and you can't stop me."

"Don't tell me you've been dressing like that at track training!?"

"What else would I wear?" Michael shrugged.

Clair could see the vein above her father's eye beginning to bulge.

"That's it, I have a few old frat brothers who work in the medical field. We're getting you that surgery so that you can go back to being normal again. Once we trim those ears and tail, and get you reassigned perhaps you can even get antlers implanted-"

"No."

You could have cut the tension in the air with a knife.

"No?" Their father said, as if he'd never heard the word before.

Then again, maybe he hadn't. At least not from Michael. Clair swallowed nervously and reached out to take her brother's hand and give it a squeeze.

"You heard him." she piped up. "Michael likes his new body, don't you?"

Michael smiled gratefully and let out a rough "yeah."

"I can't believe what I am hearing." Their father grumbled, his nostrils flared in fury and his hands were in fists so tight Clair was concerned the skin might just burst.

He paced back and forth for a moment and the twins held their breath; their father had never been a violent man but anything was possible when he was so worked up. He turned to them, rushing forward until he was only inches away and towering over them; the twins stood their ground though Clair could feel Michael's fingers trembling in her own.

"Get out."

"What?" Michael squeaked.

“You heard me, I won't have no pansy under my roof, maybe some time in the real world will show you that I am right.” Their father looked conflicted for a moment. “I only want what's best for you, but I can't do that if you insist on acting like...like a woman.”

Michael looked shocked for a moment before his eyes hardened.

“Fine.”

It was their father's turn to look shocked and Clair couldn't help but smile smugly; he'd expected Michael to back down.

“I have somebody I can live with, tell mom I'll come get my things some time when you're not home.” Michael spat, turning and heading for the door.

Clair felt pride blossom in her chest and she turned back to her father with a hard look.

“I'm going too.”

“B-but...”

The bull of a man stood defeated as the twin stepped out into the street. They walked for three blocks before they finally stopped and looked at one another. The gravity of what just happened crashed down on them; they'd just left home, they would have to change their address, start paying bills, hell, they had to find a place to live first. The moment called for tears but instead Clair started to giggle, then so did Michael, then they were both bent double laughing in sheer shock.

“Holy shit, what did we just do?”

“I-I know, holy shit that felt good.” Michael grinned, “I've wanted to stand up to him for so long.”

Clair wiped a tear of laughter from the corner of her eye.

“Where are we going to go?”

“To Katja.” Michael said with certainty. “She’ll help us.”

“Jasmine too.” Clair added. “I was going to see her tonight anyway to get one last dance practice in before the pageant.”

“Dance practice?” Michael snickered. “Is that what we’re calling it now?”

Clair whacked her brother on the shoulder.

“You shut up.”

He stuck his tongue out at her and the pair of them giggled. Things were far from perfect, they knew they had hell to face when they went home to collect their stuff but so long as they had one another, Clair was sure everything was going to work out.