

A New Reality – Part 5

By TheSpiralledEye

Kyle's hand hovered over the paperwork. The ticking of the clock behind the desk was so loud, he wondered how Karen could stand sitting here all day.

"You can go sit down and have a think for a while if you like, dear." She offered kindly.

Kyle just gave her a tight smile and shook his head.

"No, it's fine."

He ran his tongue along the curve of his now full lips. His change was complete, all he had to do was finish up this paper work and he'd be free to leave and start his new, temporary, life as a woman. All he had to do was answer this final question. It was simultaneously the simplest and hardest question he's ever had to answer.

'Preferred Name'

Many women took on new names after they changed, it was almost tradition. With so few natural born women it was a way to keep those classic names alive. Others, mostly those who knew without question that they would change back once their duties were performed, kept their male names. It was not uncommon to meet a busty David on the street. It was considered impolite in the extreme to question it.

What he would decide to go by from now on was a question that had been ticking away in the back of his mind since his arrival but he'd been so distracted by all the physical changes he'd never made a decision. Kyle had always been his name but even he had to admit, it didn't fit right anymore. Much like his old shirt that he'd thrown away after that first night; while he was fond of it, he had to face the fact that he'd outgrown it. Kylie was the obvious answer but part of him wanted a clean break. His hand shook as he pressed the pen to paper, ink welling at the tip.

"You can always change it later." Karen reiterated, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder.

No. It was time to be a big boy-uh girl, he had to do this now. With a deep breath the pen flew across the page.

'Kylie Harrier'

Karen gave him a warm smile.

"Nice to meet you, Kylie." She beamed, "I hope you have a wonderful time and we see you back here expecting soon."

"Me too." Kylie had no idea if he was lying or not.

A warm breeze made the skirt of his dress billow; he'd chosen an airy, purple number with no sleeves so he could feel his shoulders turning pink in the sun. He gripped his bag by the straps tight to try and stop his palms sweating. Mike was coming to pick him up and the idea of returning to his old life, now as Kylie was daunting. Mike had promised they'd still be best friends but Kylie couldn't help but hold a small amount of doubt, there was no way they could just go back to being regular room mates again now that he was female. He felt his phone buzz against his leg from the front pocket of his bag and as he fished it out his stomach did a flip. It was from Racheal.

'Good luck returning to the real world! Call me if you ever need! Xoxo'

The message brought a smile to his face, he still had no idea where exactly he stood with Rachel but if nothing else, she was a friend who understood what he was going through. Mike's car pulled up and Kylie held his breath, watching as his best friend stepped out of the car and began looking around. At first, his eyes slid past him; dismissing the pretty girl and making Kylie's doubts flare. Then they snapped back, Mike's eyebrows raised into his hairline and a moment later his face split into a massive smile.

"Kyle?"

"Kylie." He corrected with a blush, "I decided to take your advice."

"Dude, you look amazing! Oh wait, is it offensive to call you dude now?"

"I have no idea."

They both blinked at one another awkwardly before bursting into laughter. They'd watched scenarios like this a million times on tv and films yet, as normalised as this process was to society it still felt unreal when they had to live it.

"Shall I take your bag, miss?" Mike grinned, offering his hand in an overly dramatic fashion.

Kylie laughed, batting his eyelids, and smiling back demurely, tossing his bag to Mike.

"Why thank you, what a kind gentleman you are."

Mike snorted, unlocking the car and jumping back in with Kylie close behind. His fears and doubts melting away as a familiar tune started up as the radio sputtered to life. Mike would always be Mike; their jokes might be different now but that was fine. Kylie sighed, settling back into his seat and watching the world go by; only a week had passed since he made the reverse journey but it felt like a lifetime.

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Walking into his apartment felt surreal; he'd only been gone a week, it made sense that nothing had changed. Yet it felt wrong, pushing open his door and looking over his room it familiar, but also like it belonged to a stranger. A green shirt was thrown haphazardly over his desk chair, as Kylie ran his fingers over it he could tell, without even holding it up against his body, that it would no longer fit. He waited for the sadness, the knowledge that he was going to have to throw away so many clothes but it never came. Instead, there was a small spark of excitement in his chest; he was going to have to go shopping!

"You alright, man?"

Mike was standing in the doorway looking hesitant.

"Yeah, just thinking about the new wardrobe I'm going to have to buy." Kylie smiled, folding up the shirt and placing it on the bed to be donated. "You're welcome to pick out anything you want before I take it to the Op Shop."

Mike breathed a sigh of relief.

“Gotta admit, I was sort of worried about how you’d be, coming home. I wasn’t sure if I should add any girly things for you, or if that would be presumptuous.”

“It’s fine, Mike. I appreciate the thought. I’ll sort through some of this then head down to the mall. I only got three outfits at the institute; I’ll need more.”

“Can I come?”

“You...want to come clothes shopping?”

“Well,” Mike blushed, “I’ve missed you; it’s been lonely here by myself and I guess I want to...get to know you, again?”

“Mike, I’m still me.”

“I know! I just, fuck it’s hard to explain.”

Kylie giggled, watching Mike’s face get redder and redder.

“Let’s just go.”

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It’s funny, even though nothing had changed about the outside world, it all looked new. Everywhere he turned he noticed things that must have been there for years, that he’s never taken in; boutiques, day spas, even a female only gym. Women were, of course, rarer than men but now each time he passed one he couldn’t help but wonder who they had been before. Were any of them the rare case of a natural born women? Or did they change like him?

Walking into a shop filled with clothing to fit his new body he flushed under the care and attention of the counter girl. When he explained why he was in need of a whole new wardrobe she squealed with excitement, handing over outfit after outfit. New women were her favourite apparently. At first, he tried to restrain himself, he didn’t want to weird Mike out, but eventually he forgot about that and started to properly enjoy himself. Posing in front of mirrors, even taking a few photos for Rachel.

“You look wonderful!” The girl clapped as he turned in front of the mirror.

The dress was made of a stretchy material that hugged his curves perfectly and showed off his generous chest.

“What’s great is that material shifts with your body, you can still wear it when you get pregnant. And the deep neckline makes breastfeeding easy.”

Kylie watched as Mike turned a deep shade of pink at the mention of his upcoming pregnancy. It was inevitable of course, that was the whole reason he’d been changed. He had a year to get pregnant naturally should he wish before he’d be inseminated. He’d been so caught up in clothes and his new body he’d almost forgotten about it himself. The doctors had presented him with a box of prenatal hormones to help with the process before leaving the institute, he was yet to take one.

“I’d better take it then.” He smiled politely, “And a few other maternity dresses, just to be safe.”

He paid and walked back to where Mike was standing, his smile was tight, Kylie could see the tension in his shoulders.

“Did you want to visit another store?” Mike offered, Mike glanced at the silver watch around his wrist, they’d been at this two hours and Mike hadn’t complained once.

“Nah, let’s go past Gamers.” Kylie replied, “Might have something cool in the bargain bin?”

The dread in Mike’s stature melted away and Kylie felt warmth and affection for his friend filling his chest. Mike hated shopping, hating wandering around malls without an express purpose; he was only here because he wanted to be supportive. He was lucky to have such a friend.

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Kylie sighed in contentment as he leaned back into the couch; he and Mike had found an old SEGA game, still wrapped in plastic, underneath the shelves at Gamers. It must have fallen down there decades ago and the manager had said they could just take it. Like a couple of school boys, they’d rushed home to dust off Kylie’s old genesis. It was a miracle the thing still had two working controllers. After several hours of gaming, beers in hand, Kylie could almost forget anything had

changed at all. They relaxed back into the couch, beers in hand as they were kicked to the title screen after an unsuccessful attempt. Kylie knew he had to enjoy them while he still could.

“Are you still a boy?”

The question came out of nowhere, likely spurred forwards by the alcohol in Mike’s system. Kylie thought for a moment.

“Yeah. I think so.” He said eventually, “At least, that’s how I feel for now. My body doesn’t feel wrong though, does that make sense?”

“Not really.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“...Maybe you can be both?”

Kylie hadn’t considered that, it had always seen like such a clear line; male or female, no in between. Yet, it was an accurate way to think about it.

“Maybe.” He sighed, “Thanks for being so cool with everything.”

“Hey, it could have been me?” Mike grinned, “If I had been selected, you would have helped me, right?”

Kylie nodded, the light from the tv was reflecting in Mike’s eyes and he felt a familiar stirring in his lower stomach. He looked away, a dusting of pink across his cheeks; Mike was his friend, he couldn’t go messing things up by getting horny. Perhaps he should ask Rachel to meet up tomorrow, get it out of his system. He wouldn’t be able to put off sleeping with a man forever, not if he wanted to get pregnant as soon as possible so he could be changed back. But it couldn’t be Mike, he’d have to pick somebody who wasn’t his best mate.

“You alright?”

“Yeah, man. I’m fine. Let’s try again.”

He picked up the controller and stared straight ahead, trying very hard not to think about the warmth of Mike’s leg brushing against his.