

A New Reality – Part 6

By The SpiralledEye

Kylie smiled tightly, gritting his teeth in an effort not to grind them. This was his fourth ‘dad date’ this week, meeting with potential matches with which to get pregnant; some wanted to be fathers and adopt the child outright, some wanted a relationship and others just wanted the knowledge their progeny was out there with none of the responsibility. He’d been using the app the institute installed on his phone for it; Rachel had told him it was great, that she was having a ball being wined and dined while she picked a potential suitor. Kylie on the other hand, was finding it tedious and this was the worst date of all; not because the man was odious or awkward but because he simply never had anything interesting to say.

He’d been talking about craft beer for twenty minutes before he realised Kylie hadn’t said a word in response, apologised and then proceeded to launch into another speech about the fascinating world of wood whittling. Kylie had to resist the urge to pull his hair out in frustration; truthfully, he was glad when the bill finally arrived and he had a decent reason to bid the man farewell, hitting the ‘block’ button on their chat window before he’d even reached the taxi rank.

Sighing with relief he gave the taxi driver his address and sunk back into the seat; this had been a mistake and he knew it. No matter how hard he’d tried to deny it, he’d developed a crush on Mike. He had hoped these dates would distract him but so far distance had only made the heart grow fonder. At least on his end, Mike had become withdrawn and irritable, snapping at him occasionally whenever he caught Kylie doing his make up ready for another night out. Their sense of camaraderie had disappeared almost entirely and now, they were basically just roommates; barely even friends let alone best friends. Kylie felt tears burn behind his eyes at the thought, he knew this would happen. There was no way his friendship would survive this transformation and he’d been a fool to think those first few wonderful days would be the norm. Really, they knew a baby would be coming, did he expect Mike to tolerate him throwing up constantly when he got morning sickness, or stop eating kimchi because the smell made him ill? He should have organised to move out, maybe even move in with another woman, like Rachel. But he couldn’t bring himself to pull the trigger on it. The idea of giving up on Mike, especially when he was the one who appeared in his fantasies each night, was just too saddening.

When he got home, he walked past Mike in the longue, glaring at the screen while he ploughed through a crowd of zombies in some new game he’d picked up. Mike looked him up and down and Kylie couldn’t help but blush.

“How was your date?” He didn’t sound remotely interested.

“Boring.” Kylie responded honestly, “Worst one yet.”

“Well, better stop getting so picky or you’ll never get knocked up.”

The words were hard and he had to resist the urge to flinch.

“Maybe I should just go to the clinic.” Kylie sighed, “I...don’t really want to date like this. Everybody is just looking at me like a piece of meat.”

“Yeah well, you are parading around like one.”

This time Kylie actually did flinch; he was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a pink shirt, not exactly street walker attire, though, with his large figure maybe he was showing off more than he realised. Mike sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose and putting down the controller.

“I’m sorry, that was uncalled for.”

“A bit.” Kylie replied, swallowing down the lump threatening to form.

“I guess I am just getting used to the idea of you dating so much, knowing you’re going to be...you know.”

“I understand.” He did, it didn’t make his anger or hurt any less though. “I think I’m going to go to bed.”

He didn’t wait for a reply, turning on his heels and slamming the door closed behind him. How could he have a crush on such a jackass? What right did he have to say such things? He was just jealous Kylie was suddenly so popular; rather than being free at any moment to game or hang out like he used to. He flopped down on the bed, immediately wincing as he accidentally crushed his breasts against the mattress, three weeks as a woman and he was still doing that on accident.

He just wanted life to go back to the way it was before the change; he and Mike hanging out every day, working together at the electronics store and just being happy. Now that the government was giving him a stipend to live, work was no longer a priority, dating and getting pregnant was. He no longer needed to worry about rent or bills like his roommate did and so all of a sudden, their lives had this giant gap and Kylie didn’t know how to bridge it.

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“Girl! You’re look great!”

Rachel flung her arms around Kylie, crushing their bodies together in a tight hug.

“Easy, I can barely breathe!” He chuckled, pushing her back.

“Sorry, it’s just been too long. How’s it going, tested out all the new features of this bod yet?”

Kylie blushed sheepishly in response; the only answer necessary. Rachel groaned.

“Come on, I know you’ve been dating, you didn’t go home with a single one? Really? Did I ruin men for you or something?”

Kylie rolled his eyes and gave her a playful shove as they walked.

“You’re not *that* good.”

“Liar.”

It was nice, walking and talking with Rachel again. They strode through the park taking in the flowers and families playing, it seemed that everywhere Kylie looked there was an expecting mother or father holding his toddler’s hand. He swallowed, that would be him soon. If he got up the nerve to actually have sex with a man. His pensive mood must have been obvious because Rachel’s arrogant grin melted into a face of sympathy, placing a gentle arm around his shoulders as they walked.

“Hey...what’s eating you? Do you still feel weird in this body?”

“No, it’s not that.” He sighed, “It’s my friend...former friend I think.”

Without prompting all the words spilled out; his feelings for Mike, his desire to just have his friend back and then some, his hatred of dating. By the time he was finished tears were rolling down his cheeks and Rachel had guided him down onto a park bench, gently wiping them away with her thumb.

“Kylie, I want you to listen very, very carefully to what I am about to say, alright?” He nodded, “You are an idiot.”

Kylie blinked a few times in shock before pulling away.

“Gee, thanks. Great encouragement there. Have you considered writing a self-help book?”

“No, listen.” Rachel cut in sternly, “Kylie, he *likes* you.”

“What, no, he’s uncomfortable because-“

“No. He likes you, things started getting bad when you decided to go dating, right? He’s jealous you dense motherfucker.”

...Jealous?

Rachel smacked herself in the forehead, like she couldn’t believe what a fool he was.

“Imagine if you were in his shoes, the person who you are closest to gets turned into a hot piece of ass and you have to live with them. It’s like the plot of a bad romcom, come on Kylie. Get it together.”

He thought for a moment, then groaned burying his face in his hands. It was so obvious. How the fuck had he been so blind? He’d been so self-conscious he’d really not even considered the idea of his friend finding *him* attractive.

“I think I should go talk to him, huh?”

“Talk, sure, whatever you want to call it, darling. Let me know how your first tumble goes.”

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Kylie closed the door to his room quietly; he’d dressed himself up, properly this time in a red mini dress and matching heels and choker. It was a lot more overtly sexy than his usual, girlish clothing choices which hid more of his figure behind flowing fabric. He’d done his hair in a stylish bob,

matching his red lips to dark smokey eyes; this was an outfit a woman wore when she had one thing in mind for the night; it was sensual, sexy and forward. Everything Kylie had felt he wasn't but it was time to stop hiding.

He stepped out into the lounge, Mike had gotten home from work forty minutes ago and gone straight to the shower without so much as a hello. Now he was stretched out on the couch wearing nothing but sweatpants, idly flicking through channels in search of something to watch. For a few seconds, Kylie let his eyes rake across his roommate's form; Mike was broad shoulders, muscled but not overly so; attractive without being intimidating. Paired with those soft, kind eyes he was truly a spectacle, at least to Kylie.

Mike's eyes eventually moved up to meet his own and Kylie felt a flush as he watched them widen; pupils dilating. How had he missed this? Surely it wasn't the first time Mike had looked at him this way. For a minute, or maybe it was an hour, their gazes held before Mike snapped away, staring resolutely at the tv instead.

"Got a date then." His voice was clipped, terse.

"I hope so."

"Well...good luck. He's a lucky guy whoever he is." His teeth were clenched, his hand was gripping the remote so hard Kylie was actually worried it would break.

He swallowed; it was now or never. Time to start being bold. He strode over to the couch, sitting himself down on the edge near Mike's legs, keeping his eyes steady, focused on Mike's face as it slowly turned to face him again. The man cleared his throat somewhat awkwardly.

"Don't you ah, have to go?"

Perhaps it was wishful thinking but Kylie was sure there was a hint of hope in his voice there. He could practically see Mike telling himself not to get excited.

"Actually, I was hoping," He laid a hand on Mike's leg, "That perhaps you would like to be my date for the evening..."

He held back the 'if you want to, no pressure' that was bursting to get out. Instead focusing on the emotions that flashed across Mike's face; hope, arousal, fear, elation. A second later his legs were gone from under Kylie's palm and they were sitting next to each other on the couch, Mike's hand slowly moving forward until it cupped his cheek.

“Really?”

Kylie channelled his inner Rachel.

“Come on, man. We’ve been dancing around this far too long.”

That was all the encouragement Mike needed and he pressed their lips together. For a second they were pursed, a chaste touching of lips but within seconds Kylie had pressed his tongue against them and both of them had deepened it. Tongues danced, lips pressing together harder with each subsequent kiss. It was so different to kissing Rachel, it felt heavenly, like home. Where Rachel had been soft, like him, Mike was hard and it was wonderful. Kylie couldn’t help but moan, spurring Mike to wrap his arms around him, hands squeezing hard on his ass. They broke apart, already gasping for breath.

“I’ve wanted to do that since I pick you up.” Mike confessed, “I thought you wouldn’t...I didn’t want you think I saw you as just a woman to be...what I mean is-“

Kylie just laughed, laying a finger across his lips and pressing their foreheads together.

“Relax, I know. Less talking, let’s just make up for lost time.”

Then Mike was pushing him backwards, laying him back on the couch and climbing over top as his hands stroked up and down the curve of his side. Kylie keened, feeling that warm wetness beginning to form between his legs as well as a familiar deep ache. Anticipation was already high, he was finally going to feel what it was like to be with a man and for the first time, it excited him. Mike’s body crushed down on his, pinning him in place while he kissed along his neck, removing the choker and slowly trailing his tongue down his clavicle and long the curve of his cleavage. It was such a tease, stopping right at the edge of his strapless dress where his aching nipples were pressing.

Wordlessly, they began to undress. Mike pulling the dress down and off while Kylie divested him on his sweatpants and boxers. Mike groaned as the dress slowly slide away, revealing nothing covering his nakedness underneath.

“You came prepared.”

“Not yet I haven’t”

Mike laughed, planting another kiss on his lips before dragging him back up onto his knees. They were both balanced precariously on the couch, bodies crushed together so that Kylie could feel his hard cock sandwiched between them. Fingers tweaked his nipples and he shuddered, pushing Mike back so that he could straddle his hips. It was tempting, so very tempting, to mount him right away but if this was to be his real 'first time' with a man, he wanted to savour every moment.

He pressed his wet folds to the shaft, moaning softly as he ground their hips together, spreading his wetness up and down the length. Mike's head flew back, mouth open yet soundless; it was the hottest thing Kylie had ever seen and he couldn't resist pressing his lips to the exposed throat. Hot and ready, his body reacted almost on instinct, hips raising until the tip of Mike was resting against his hole. Their eyes met and Kylie slowly sunk down.

Sounds escaped them both, wordless moans of pleasure. Kylie could feel himself being stretched more than he'd ever been before, there was a special kind of gratification that fingers and toys could never quite replicate and now that he'd tasted it, he never wanted anything else. Mike's hips bucked up into him, brushing his G-spot and making his whole-body shudder, slowly beginning to rise and fall as they moved. Within seconds he was bouncing, riding him hard and fast, unable to slow himself as the bliss built higher and higher. Mike was swearing under his breath, hands gripped at Kylie's hips almost painfully; he could tell Mike was trying hard not to cum quickly. He had no such reservations; his whole body felt as though it were on fire; breasts bouncing, pussy pulsing, it was too much.

With a cry he clenched, orgasming flowing over him as he continued to ride it out. The added tightness was too much and Mike was cumming too; Kylie felt a splash inside him, something warm and sticky flooding his inner walls and he couldn't help but shudder, another small orgasm rocking him at the realisation of what that feeling was. For a few seconds they slowly rutted before collapsing against one another into the couch. Kylie could still feel that softening cock inside him; he never wanted it to leave. Mike laid a gentle kiss at his temple as laughter bubbled inside his chest. It was infectious and suddenly the two of them were laughing together, all the awkward nervous energy that had been building between them released and for the first time in a while, Kylie felt like everything was as it should be.