

A New Reality – Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

When Kyle woke the next morning, he instantly knew something was different. More so than usual for this place. Once again, he could tell his breasts had grown, not as significantly as the previous night but still enough that it was noticeable. He was sure that when he stood and went to the mirror there would be a whole host of other, smaller changes for him to take it but unlike the days prior he didn't rush to his feet. Instead, he stayed perfectly still in bed, taking in the brand new sensation between his legs.

Part of him was sad he'd slept through such a significant change, the other was glad; just facing it was hard enough, being conscious as it happened may well have been too much to handle. Slowly, he snaked a hand down his naked body without removing the blankets, eyes focused squarely on the ceiling. He let his fingers slowly travel down the smooth flat plane of his stomach until it reached the now subtle rise of his hips. The new womanly curves felt alien under his fingers but not totally unwelcome. Swallowing now the nervous lump in his throat Kyle moved down further until his fingertips rested against the soft hair between his legs. His length was no more, he could feel its absence clearly but when his fingers confirmed it, he felt that familiar sense of confliction swirl within him. He both missed it and was excited by what it had become. Taking a single digit he pressed down, parting the folds ever so slightly and taking in a sharp breath as a subtle wetness touched his bare skin.

Warmth began to fill him, even as he stilled his hand, he could feel his cheeks starting to burn. That feeling of emptiness within him was slowly gnawing away at his psyche and the urge to fill it with anything, even a thin finger, was strong but he resisted. Instead removing it and sitting up. It was time to face the music. He moved to the mirror with his eyes closed, a simple thing since he spent most of his time in front of it while in his room. Taking a deep breath, he opened them.

Before him was his own reflection, naked and bereft of any overtly masculine features. His eyes went straight to his crotch where his new pussy now appeared beneath a mound of neat curly hair. His new breasts sagged like teardrops against his chest and his hips and shoulders now had that ever coveted hourglass figure. Even his short hair which had looked shaggy and unkept on his old body now looked tousled and cute against his round cheeks. The woman before him was slightly

plump but in all the right places, her pink cheeks were flushed with pleasure and embarrassment at her own self appraisal.

Kyle had considered this moment many times after receiving his letter, how he would feel the day he woke up fully transformed. He'd awaited it with dread but now a soft smile wound its way onto his face. It would still take some getting used to but there were far worse fates than this. The smile made his eyes sparkle, they at the very least had not changed. Contrary to his fears he didn't feel like he was looking at a stranger, he was still Kyle, he was just...different.

And that was okay.

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For the first time since arriving at the facility Kyle walked with confidence, head held high and a spring in his step. Enjoying the natural sway to his hips, the way the long skirt of his flowing blue dress fluttered behind him. He made sure to make eye contact with each person he passed, smiling warmly, unafraid to be seen. After so many days of anxiety and self-consciousness it felt good, like a weigh had been, if not fully lifted, at least lightened.

He felt the familiar butterflies reappear when he reached the infamous Toy Room where he'd agreed to meet Rachel. His new pussy was already wet and wanting thanks to these hormones but he'd continued to resist touching it. The idea was overwhelming; the concept of having somebody else be in control the first time was comforting in a way. When the Toy Room had first been described he'd pictured some sort of dominatrix dungeon; whips, chains and beds with leather belts. Not a library. Granted, this library had shelves with meticulously labelled sex toys of all varieties rather than books but the way they were all lined neatly on the shelves seemed almost clinical. Rachel was standing near the doorway, curiously observing what looked like an egg.

"Kyle!" She gave him a welcoming smile, "I was afraid you might not show."

"You wound me."

"I'll do more than that." Rachel gave him a wink and he chuckled nervously.

"I...I have a pussy." He was sure he could have phrased that better but he didn't have the brainpower right now, blood was flowing in the exact opposite direction in fact.

"Good fun, aren't they?"

"I wouldn't know I haven't done anything with it yet." God, he felt like a blushing virgin, must have looked it too because Rachel responded with shock and flattery.

"I get to pop your cherry? Aren't you a sweetheart."

"I am hardly a virgin." Kyle scoffed and Rachel tutted.

"You are now, essentially." She had a quick glance around the room, "So how do you want it done? Vibrator? Dildo? Vibrating dildo?"

He couldn't help but laugh, the sound breaking through that nervous energy and returning some of the confidence he'd felt in the hall. Rachel was still naming options, half of which he was sure must be made up by her to tease him.

"I doubt you want one of those sybians down the back, they might be a bit much." She mused.

"Let's just use something you like." Kyle told her, all this talk was making him feel hot under the collar. "Just nothing too...intricate."

"Got just what you need." She replied gleefully, thrusting forth the egg shaped object, "I'll sign this one out so they can replace it and we can go back to your room."

Once more Kyle envied Rachel's confidence, as they walked down the hall, she didn't even hide the item they were carrying while he continued to blush like a school girl. By the time they'd reached his room his cheeks felt ready to burst into flames. Rachel seemed to notice his nervousness and laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"If you've changed your mind, that's okay." She insisted, "If you want some time to experiment on your own..."

"No." He shook his head hurriedly, "I want you to help me I just...I wish I was as confident as you. The way you carry yourself I'd assume you were a woman from birth."

"In a way I think I was." Rachel mused, sounding more serious than usual, "I have only been this way a week but I already feel like this is who I was always supposed to be. I guess that's why the transition was so much easier for me."

"I don't know how to feel." Kyle admitted quietly, looking to his feet before Rachel took his chin in her hand.

"You are beautiful, inside and out." She smiled softly, "Now, why don't I take care of you?"

Kyle felt desire swirl within him and nodded. He was used to the sensation of blood rushing between his legs when he got horny but as a woman it felt different; there was no hardness of course, in fact if anything he was hyperaware of how soft and pliable he felt down there. The heat seemed to radiate from within as the subtle dampness he'd felt earlier became thick and wet. Kyle let Rachel led him to the bed where she gently laid him down, bringing their lips together in a soft kiss. Kyle revelled in her soft mouth against his own, experimenting with twisting their tongues together.

Despite all the wonderful sensations part of his mind still focused on that egg shaped toy clenched tightly in her hand.

“If you want me to stop at any point, just say so.” Rachel whispered, running her lips against the slope of Kyle’s neck, stopping every few inches to suck or lick at a particular spot.

Kyle felt as though his skin were slowly burning as his lust grew, everywhere Rachel’s lips touched felt wonderful. His whole body seemed to simultaneously relax into the feeling while his insides coiled in anticipation, more of that slick wetness flowing between his pussy lips and into the white panties he’d slipped on less than an hour ago.

Rachel’s tits rubbed up against his own and he couldn’t help but moan, even through the multiple layers of fabric he could feel her hard nipples pressing against his own. The sensation was so lovely he almost didn’t feel her hand at his now wide hip as it began to bunch up his long skirt. Kyle shivered as his damp panties were exposed to the air, a movement which doubled as Rachel’s fingers gently rubbed against the wet patch sending shockwaves through his system. It was so unlike what he was used to with a cock, it almost felt as though bolts of electricity and pleasure were coursing through his veins. With each rub, despite her featherlight touch, his hips bucked and a mewling, desperate sound escaped his throat.

“I can tell you won’t last long.” Rachel teased, sucking at the shell of his ear and pushing her chest down against his even harder.

Kyle’s breathing turned shaky as he felt the soft pads of her fingers slip under the waistband to rest against his soft hair. Her finger traced along the cleft, sending waves of warmth radiating up his body. It was both too much and not enough; he could only quiver in anticipation until final, that digit parted his folds and began to stroke. Her finger circled around his new clit and Kyle couldn’t stop himself from crying out as it then stroked down to his hole and back up again. Each time she came to rest upon that hole he was torn, wanting nothing more than for her to plunge inside while also full of trepidation.

The toy was still held tight in her free hand and Kyle realised she wasn’t even going to get the chance to use it. Already that tightness inside him was building, like pressure in his core. The pleasure was building with each stroke, aided by the rough feeling of cloth against his hard nipples. He wanted to warn her, to say something but all that came out was a moan. Lacking the awareness

to do anymore he gripped onto her arms, soft nails digging into the flesh as his whole body bucked, insides throbbing with ecstasy as he came. Rachel continued to stroke, causing him to writhe even further. To his shame, he felt a thin stream of wetness squirt out onto the bedsheets and she pressed down on his sensitive clit.

The exertion left him breathing heavily, in awe of the sensations his new body was capable of. He let his eyes flutter closed, enjoying the gentle throb of his pussy sending waves of gentle pleasure down his legs. A moment later something cool pressed against his hole; still tight despite his orgasm. He blinked in surprise, gazing down his body to find Rachel had shimmed down the bed and was now positioned between his legs, that egg shaped toy in hand. With a wicked smile she met his eyes and pressed a tiny button at the eggs base causing it to vibrate ever so slightly. The tiny movements sent a wave of tingling pleasure crashing over his already overstimulated system and Kyle's body arched.

"We're just getting started." Rachel whispered; he could feel her hot breath against his wet lips.

She pushed the toy inside slowly and Kyle felt his eyes roll back at the pleasure of being stretched. He could feel his inner walls burn pleasantly as they were opened for the first time, the subtle vibration sending pleasure shooting through his system like sparks of electricity.

"Ah...Ahhh...Oh Gods!" He was babbling, his words were back but just barely, each time he tried to speak Rachel would adjust the vibrator, pushing it against some other sensitive part of him he'd never known existed.

He writhed as the egg entered him fully, Rachel's finger pushing it deep within him until it was nestled deep inside. Kyle looked down and met her gaze again, her eyes glimmered with mischief as her lips lowered to his clit and gave it a suck. This time he fought to urge to arch and close his eyes, instead locking his gaze to Rachel between his legs, finger still nestled against the toy inside him as she suckled at his clit. His moaned turned high pitched and desperate as the pleasure began to build again, he was so over stimulated it almost hurt.

"I-I'm close-Oh God...ahh! More!"

Rachel obliged, pressing the tip of her finger against the base of the vibration, increasing the strength so much he could hear it buzzing from within. It rested right against his G-spot and the pleasure seemed to explode within him. He felt back against the bed, unable to do anything but writhe and moan as Rachel held him steady with a strong hand at his hip. When he came the vibrator ensured the orgasm continued, wave after wave of mind numbing, exquisite pleasure until finally, Rachel showed him mercy and removed it.

Juices flowed free as the toy was removed and Kyle was nothing more than a quivering mess. He felt as though his brain had been fried. Rachel giggled, crawling back up his body to snuggle at his side. Through the haze he could feel her pert nipples poking into his side.

“Did you want me to...?” He turned so their noses brushed, he could see Rachel’s eyes were blown wide with arousal.

“Yeah...If you don’t mind of course.” She actually blushed. “Watching you was something else.”

Kyle had experience with girls of course, as he’d told Rachel earlier he was no virgin but still, the idea of using this new body to pleasure another was somewhat daunting. Now was not the time to be timid though, taking a deep breath he rolled atop her as she gave a breathy laugh and slid his hands under her shirt to feel the warm flesh below. Her breasts were smaller than his, but they were warm and yielded to his touch all the same, his fingers found her nipples and he watched as more red seeped into her cheeks. A sense of pride filled him watching Rachel bite her lip trying to hold in the moans as he fondled her, grinning widely when she failed.

His original plan was to return the favour with his mouth and as tempting as it was to taste her, he didn’t want to look away from that pretty face. Instead, he released one of the nipples and sat back so he could slide a hand under her skirt. He couldn’t help but chuckle to himself when his fingers brushed against soft hair, *of course* she wasn’t wearing any underwear. Rachel flushed with embarrassment between the breathy moans; it was strange and arousing to watch her slowly lose that composure he’d grown to admire as she got closer to the edge.

He pressed into her slowly, teasing his way up her passage until he could curl a finger against that delicate bundle of nerves. He now knew first hand how wonderful it was to be on the receiving end of such a touch and put that fresh experience to work. He pressed into her hard, tweaking her nipples at the same time until he began to feel Rachel’s inner walls squeeze against him. With a ragged cry she came, wetness soaking his hand and skirt as she arched her back. It was the single

sexiest thing Kyle had ever witnessed. When he was done coaxing the last of the pleasure from her he was able he withdraw, joining her back up on the bed and curling into her side. Rachel curled around him intimately, holding him close. It felt good, safe; yet he realised he had no idea what his feelings toward this woman were. Romantic? Platonic? Somewhere in between? She was leaving the facility this afternoon; would he even see her again? For a moment he considered broaching these topics but decided against it, he didn't want to ruin this moment. Instead, he curled up further, enjoying the warmth of another's body against his and the lingering pleasure in his loins.