

A New Reality – Epilogue

ByTheSpiralledEye

Kylie stared at the little plastic stick in his hand, knuckles white from gripping so hard. This was the longest three minutes of his life yet he couldn't look away as slowly lines formed in that tiny window.

"Kylie? Is everything okay?"

Mike was on the other side of the bathroom door pacing nervously. Kylie opened his mouth to answer but no sound came out: a little pink plus sign had just appeared in the window. Just like the test he'd taken a few minutes earlier. He flopped back against the toilet seat, subconsciously bringing his hand to rest on his still flat stomach.

He was pregnant.

He was going to do the most respected and beloved thing any woman could do. All those drugs, the transformation, sleeping with Mike; all of it had led to this moment. Soon he would be calling the institute and setting up prenatal appointments, woman and men alike would congratulate and thank him. He'd be a hero.

He was terrified.

"Kylie, babe? You're scaring me. If you don't say something soon, I'm breaking the door down."

Kylie cleared his throat and stood up, adjusting himself and grabbing the other test before opening the door. Mike's face went through a mix of emotions over the course of only a few seconds; relief, confusion, realisation then finally elation. A hand flew to his mouth and Kylie swore he could see tears swimming in his eyes.

"You're-?"

"Pregnant."

There was a pause.

"Is it...?"

"Of course, it's yours, you ass." Kylie punched him on the shoulder, "I just, it's all a bit much."

"Hey, c'mere." Mike put an arm around his shoulder and gently led him to the couch. The knowledge that his partner was pregnant seems to have turned the man into a humming bird as he flitted about making sure Kylie was comfortable, getting him water, offering food and foot massages until Kylie finally just burst into exacerbated laughter.

"Mike, I'm four weeks pregnant. Not an invalid."

"Sorry, I just want to make sure you're okay. Are you-are we going to keep it?"

Kylie's brow furrowed in thought; changed women were required to have at least two children. Most were given up for fostering, with parents being matched to a surrogate as soon after conception as possible. While there were no hard rules, it was generally expected that even if you decided to keep both children as your own family you were to have at least once child for another family. Despite pregnancy ostensibly being the goal, he and Mike had never discussed what would happen when he actually got knocked up. A rather stupid oversight on their part Kylie now realised.

They had only been together a few months, having a child together seemed a bit hasty. On the other hand, they had been friends for years; he knew Mike better than anybody. They had never talked about having families one day but he knew his boyfriend would make an incredible father. Still, the father of *his* child? That was a very different situation.

"I don't know." Kylie sighed, "I've only been a woman for a little while, less than a year. Being a mother so quickly is...a bit scary."

"Yeah, I get what you mean." Mike made a face, "It's up to you, love."

He patted Kylie hand softly before quickly adding.

"Not that I am putting the weight all on your shoulders! I just want you to know that no matter what, I'll support you."

"What do you want, Mike?" Kylie whispered, "Do you want to be a dad?"

He paused for a moment; Kylie could see the hesitation in his eye. Not trying to decide his answer, but whether the honest answer should be given.

"Don't sugar-coat, Mike. Tell me the truth."

"Yeah, I want to be a dad." He admitted, "I have always wanted to be a dad. If I am honest, when you got selected, I was a little jealous."

“Seriously?” Kylie gaped, “You want to be a woman?”

“Hell no,” Mike scoffed before backpaddling a bit, “Not that there is anything wrong with-I just want a kid, y’know. Being selected is the one sure fire way to have one of your own.”

Kylie thought for a moment; there was one other thing they had yet to discuss. After he’d had two children, would he become a man again and if so, would they still be together? Plenty of kids had two dads these days by necessity so that would not be an issue, but how would Mike feel?

“Hey, are we together now, permanently?”

Kylie held his breath only for Mike to grin.

“Of course we are! I love you Kylie, not what’s between your legs.”

“You love me?”

There was an awkward pause.

“Fuck, that was such a lame way to admit it.”

Kylie just giggled.

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The next few weeks felt like a whirlwind; prenatal appointments, ultra sounds, vitamin pills, and Mike was there for it all. They eagerly awaited the safety point of twelve weeks, by which point a tiny, yet not unnoticeable bump had begun to form on Kylie’s once flat stomach. When the date finally came, they sat together on the couch and dialled an important number.

Kylie was forced to hold the phone at a full arm’s length away to keep his ears from bleeding as Rachel squealed excitably at the noise.

“God, wait till she hears she’s the God mother.” Mike chuckled, “She may just break the sound barrier.”

“I’m the WHAT?”

“The Godmother, Rachel.” Kylie laughed, she proceeded to squeal even more.

“Oh. My. God! You guys are the best, I’m going to be the coolest wine aunt you’ve ever seen! The kid won’t know what hit them!”

“Can she even be a wine aunt if she’s knocked up too?” Mike whispered; Kylie just shrugged.

There was still a long way to go but his nerves had finally left him; he may never get his old life back but this new reality; with Mike as his partner and Rachel as his friend with their little baby on the way. He could live with it. Happily.