

## The Sway, Pt. 3

By: CrissieBaby

“So, how long have you known?” asked Jocelyn, resting her chin on the palms of her hands as she chatted with AJ, soon to be Adriana.

Rubbing the back of her neck, Adriana giggled, “Since I was pretty young. My sister used to dress me up all the time when we were kids and I just never grew out of it. Honestly, it’s pretty embarrassing to talk about.”

“Oh, you have nothing to be embarrassed about,” reassured Jocelyn, placing a hand on Adriana’s shoulder, “We’ve done procedures like yours several times before. Trust me, no one will recognize the new you. In less than one hour, you’ll be the girl you’ve always wanted to be, permanently!”

Adriana relaxed a bit, feeling a lot more confident after her talk with Jocelyn. Looking at the receptionist, she couldn’t help but admire how wonderful her earrings looked in this lighting. She’d always hated earrings due to her sensitive ear lobes. Perhaps a change was in order. “Um, can I see my forms back for a sec? I want to tweak a couple small details.”

“Of course! Let me grab that for you,” said Jocelyn, turning to her desk and picking up the only clipboard. However, as she looked it over, she noticed it was all of Jack’s information, not Adriana’s. The ditzy girl put a finger to her lips, trying to think about where Adriana’s forms would have run off to.

-----

Guzzling down mouthful after mouthful, Jack was powerless to prevent Mistress Lala from doing whatever she saw fit to him. Not that, in the forefront of his mind, he actually wanted to stop anymore. His voice of resistance had shrunk to the point where it no longer held any sway over his primary thoughts and actions. It was impossible to focus on anything else besides Lala’s soothing voice and her globular titties that seemed to have their own gravitational pull as he slurped down gallons of her sweet nectar.

“Enjoying yourself, baby girl,” said Lala, petting Jack’s hair as she relaxed herself into her seat. This was always her favorite part of every session. Not only for the relief it gave her pressurized mammaries but also for the electric tingles that were being nursed on sent throughout her body. Still, she could never lose herself to it. She had to be professional and keep up the mental effects with her words, while her body took care of him, “Every last drop is for you, darling. There’s no need to hold back. And while you drink, Mommy’s milk will course throughout your whole body, rewriting your DNA and helping you to grow your own lovely set of milk sacs. Because you are a woman, through and through.”

Sure enough, upon hearing Mistress Lala's words, Jack tilted his eyes up to look down at his body, discovering the "milk sacs" that she had mentioned. His eyes nearly bugged out as he looked upon a modest set of C-cups spouting upward and still visibly growing. And that wasn't the only thing that was visibly growing.

Down south, Jack's penis was standing at attention, looking larger than it ever had before. His erection almost kind of hurt by how big it was, stretching him to his maximum length. He wasn't the only person to notice this, as soon, Mistress Lala's hand found itself wrapped around his stiffened rod, "

Deep in his brain, Jack knew how wrong this all was, but that part of his mind had no way to communicate to the rest of his body. No longer could he envision that perfect male physique that he'd always longed for. Instead, his head was filled with increasingly feminine thoughts, all of which gave him such a warm and happy feeling deep in his chest. "Is this what being a woman felt like?" he thought as he closed his eyes and continued to nurse off of Mistress Lala."

"That's right, there's no need to resist at all," said Lala, squishing Jack's face tightly against her breast," Can't you feel it? Your fat is shifting to all the right places. Your facial features are rounding out and becoming dainty and delicate. All those pesky thoughts of gender dysphoria and adult responsibilities are drifting away. You're becoming the perfect adult baby girl that you've always dreamed of. In fact, I bet all this milky milk is putting a lot of pressure on your slowly regressing bladder."

Jack's eyes shot open the second he heard Mistress Lala's final sentences. An adult baby girl?! What on Earth was she doing to him?! Who would want this?! However, as he pushed with the last of his strength to sit up and move against Lala, he felt a sudden twinge in his penis, telling him that a climax was on the horizon. Only, this was unlike any twinge he'd ever felt before. It started deep within him and was quickly growing to his point-of-no-return, only to pass it in the blink of an eye. He was about to have the biggest orgasm of his life, and he couldn't fight it.

Wiggling in Mistress Lala's arms, Jack's body language told Lala everything she needed to know. "Oh, my! I hope you're ready, baby girl, because this is going to be your final male orgasm, and Mistress Lala is sending you off with a bang!" she said, standing up with Jack in her arms and laying him down across a padded mat on the floor.

Jack's mind raced, trying to remember if he'd noticed this mat before. That didn't matter much, though, as the mat's usage became all too clear, as Lala pulled out a fluffy, pink rectangle, unfolding it into an adult diaper and sliding it under his butt. "I bet you'll feel even better when you're all snug inside a diaper," she said, holding his mouth to her nipple during all of this. With one hand, she wiped him down, powdered him up, and had him secure inside of the large nappy, much to his disbelief.

"This can't be happening!" thought Jack, futilely straining against the mental effect of Lala's milk, "I was supposed to be a big, muscular man! Not some weird, diaper-loving chick.

Why did this have to happen to him...and why did it have to feel so good?!" A small tear left the corner of his eye only to dry away before it could roll down his cheek.

Taping his diaper shut, Lala's focus returned to Jack, as she reached over to his chest and gave his still-growing double DD's a squeeze, hearing him moan softly in response. "Doesn't that feel so good? That's the pleasure of being a woman. You are a woman. You've always been a woman and you'll always be a woman," she said, her words reshaping his mind down to his deepest memories.

Slowly, but surely, Jack could feel that little voice grounding him to his male identity fading away, becoming quieter by the second. He put all of his focus into keeping that part of his brain audible, but Lala's words weighed so heavily on his mind. Even the male aspects of his brain that he had managed to retain were overwhelmed by her loving, erotic voice.

Suddenly, Mistress Lala removed her boob from Jack's mouth, allowing him to take a deep breath for the first time in several minutes. As he sputtered for air, he looked down at himself, seeing nothing beside the pointed tent in his diaper that even somewhat resembled his male body. Ask anyone on the street and no one would ever confuse the way his body looked with a man. His sensual hips and plump thighs. His slender waist and enormous titties, which were close to rivaling Mistress Lala's. He was no longer a "he".

"Time for the best part," said Lala, leaning her face down so it was just in front of her, "I don't like to give away my secrets because I love the look of surprise when my patients discover my method's first hand. You made it clear on your forms how much you wanted this transformation to be permanent. All it takes for that is to mix a bit of my saliva in with all that yummy milk. So say goodbye to that despicable male body forever, Adriana!" With no more words and no chance for protest from Jack, she pressed her lips passionately against his, moaning into his mouth.

Jack's hips began to vibrate intensely as he could tell that the end was nigh. With a late surge of growth, his cock swelled up against his tight diaper, engulfing itself in the soft, cotton padding. Squinting his eyes closed he hit his peak.

\*SPLUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRT!!!\*

Jack's entire body went limp as the head of his penis shot out a large, sticky load into his diaper, making a very loud noise as the semen splattered against the diaper's cushy walls. And he didn't stop there, squirting out what felt like a full gallon of jizz. As this happened, he could feel the last of his male mind fade away, making her wonder what she'd ever been so worried about in the first place. Mistress Lala knew how to make her feel so good and she never wanted this feeling to stop.

After almost two minutes, Jack's body finally reached its limit as the last of his male seed was tossed away into his well-sodden nappy. Shrinking to the size of a thimble, his cock gave its final bow before being sucked inside of his body, forming a female vagina in a matter of seconds. At last, his transformation was complete. The Jack that had entered this room only minutes ago was no more.

\*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

“Lala! We have a problem!” yelled Jocelyn as she pounded on the door, trying to force her way in.

Rolling her eyes, Lala stood up with Jack in her arms, carrying the new girl limply to the door with her. Unlocking the door, she cracked it open just wide enough to see through the crack, whispering, “What is it? I’m with a client!”

“That’s the wrong client!” screamed Jocelyn, holding up Jack and AJ’s forms in both of her hands, “Please tell me you haven’t finished the procedure yet?”

A look of horror appeared on Lala’s face as she looked down at the baby girl in her arms, her resistance to all of this suddenly making a lot more sense. Looking up at Jocelyn with very serious eyes, she spoke bluntly, “Burn his documents and set up a new form identical to AJ’s. I’m not losing my business over this.”

Without letting Jocelyn get another word in, Lala slammed the door shut in her face and locked it, turning her attention back to Jack. “Sorry about that, sweetie. Not that you could understand a word I just said anymore,” she cooed, smiling at the zoned-out, yet happy expression on Jack’s face as she drooled in her arms, “I promise to find you a new home as soon as I can. For now, you’re coming home with Mommy.”

Moving to the wardrobe, she sighed, having planned so much fun for little Adriana to play as herself for the first time. It wasn’t every day that someone paid for the Erotic Fantasy Package, and she wanted to make sure that Adriana got her money’s worth. She quickly placed a pink silk nightie over Jack’s head and sat down in the chair, allowing her to nurse off of her bountiful breasts once more.

Stroking her hair, Lala felt a twinge of guilt, having sacrificed this man for the sake of her business. Still, there was nothing that could be done for him now, and what good would it do anyone to have her door closed forever. She held the future of humanity in her hybridized DNA and would be damned if one little incident ruined everything. Leaning back in her seat, she gave her new baby girl a warm smile, feeling that the only way to mitigate her guilt was to give her the best life possible. She hugged her close, squeezing her gently in her arms, “Welcome to your new life, baby girl.”

THE END.