

## Mini-Story: Beyond Nursing (TG Preg, Lactation)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*James Lin is a nursing college student back in town for summer vacation. But when he is left in charge of taking care of a baby while his mother is out of town, his body begins to develop Lumin's Syndrome, transforming him into a voluptuous and heavily lactating woman to keep up with the baby's demands!*

### Beyond Nursing

James Lin was back in town for the summer vacation. The young man was only twenty years old, with short black hair and slightly nerdy features, including a pair of glasses for his eyesight. His mother Hua Lin was excited to have him back, but when he entered his mother's home, the one he had grown up in, he was shocked to see that there was a new baby in the house. A *blonde* baby, with no Asian features at all.

"Oh, don't mind that!" his mother said, laughing. "She's not mine! This is Annabelle."

"Thank God for that," James said. "Uh, what's she doing here?"

His mother then proceeded to explain something that James really *wished* she hadn't, namely that she'd had a hormonal disorder for a long time, a consequence apparently of falling pregnant with him when she was just fifteen years old. It had caused her body to never stop lactating, and now that she was in her mid-thirties, her production had only risen. Hormone control pills had failed her, but she was offered the possibility of working as a modern wet nurse for wealthy women in the neighbourhood who couldn't breastfeed or simply didn't want to. She even had a whole fridge stored with her milk.

"Wow, okay," James told her. "That is way TMI."

His mother shrugged. "Well, too bad, because the explanation was needed. Don't worry, you don't have to do any babysitting."

James was thankful; he intended to catch up with old friends and enjoy the local party scene. Still, it was awkward being in the house with his mother, whom he loved, while she was breastfeeding all the time, dropping off kids or picking them up. The house was practically a daycare centre at times, only with just one or two babies at a time, thankfully. It made him feel odd; slightly overheated, his own nipples twinging for some reason. Sometimes he would look at Annabelle in particular and find himself making little cooing noises, a strange maternal sensation flooding through him.

"Why am I acting like this?" he asked himself, after getting her out of the crib, changing her, and fetching her a bottle before his mother even realised what was up from the other room.

The answer as to why soon revealed itself when Hua came to James apologetically.

“I’m so sorry, son! An emergency has come up with your sister. She’s in hospital; don’t worry, they think she’s okay, but I need to go be with her. Listen, Annabelle will be dropped off to us for five of the next seven days. I’ve checked with her parents, and they’re okay with you being the babysitter if you can just use my milk from the fridge, alright?”

James was flabbergasted. “What makes you think I can do this?”

“I saw how you’ve been with her lately. You’ll do great! I’ve left instructions on the fridge! It’s just one week!”

And with that, she was gone. Annabelle was dropped off by her wealthy parents not long after, leaving James utterly confused, and his nipples oddly tense.

“I guess I’m your wetnurse now,” he joked, staring at the cute little kid.

He had no idea how true his words would become, because over the next few days, something strange started happening to his body. His nipples slowly expanded, growing wide areolas and extending out. His chest became sore, then sort of bloated, then soft as it rose. James dreamed about breastfeeding babies, imagining himself as a gorgeous mother, his hair long and silky and black, the very image of a gorgeous and *fertile* young Chinese woman. He even imagined it during the day, when he entertained the baby and pushed her in the pram, taking her to the park and making sure she got her tummy time. With each little joyful experience with the girl, James’ hips spread wider, his waist became narrow, and his hair descended.

Soon, he was starting to really notice the differences. He panicked, trying to track down his mother and call her, but when she finally picked up she kept telling him that she’d be back soon, and that so long as Annabelle was okay he’d be fine too. She must have thought he was just trying to get rid of this duty, but he really was changing; even his mother noticed that his voice was getting soft.

“She needs to get home fast! I’m running out of her damn milk supply and I’m starting to look like a fucking chick myself!”

But the days continued to pass, the milk supply running low. Hua said she’d be home ‘soon,’ but James was now looking more like a woman than a man. His body hair was gone, his features were soft and lady-like, and his chest was clearly developing a large pair of breasts. They were growing and growing, and Annabelle kept pawing at them when he tried to feed her from the bottle, clearly recognising what was on his chest.

It was only after James entered his symptoms into the computer that he realised what was going on, and it was a bad shock indeed: he had developed Lumin’s Syndrome, a genetic condition that caused the individual to change gender and even personality, often influenced by outside circumstances.

“What the hell is influencing me to get big boobs!?” he cried in a girlish voice.

That was when Annabelle woke yet again, crying out for a feeding. James gasped. His breasts tensed. They had to be full C-cups by now, with their own cleavage when he put on his mother's bra for support. He was in a panicked state, and worse when someone knocked on the door.

"God, what can it be now! That better be you, Mo-"

He flung open the door, and was surprised to see it wasn't his mother, but the local milkman. He was tall and young, surprisingly attractive, with a cute moustache and nice glasses that gave him a kind of handsome hipster look. He looked a little surprised that someone wearing just shorts and a bra was answering the door.

"Uh, milk delivery?" he said.

James burst into tears immediately, breasts tensing again.

"Oh, shoot. Ma'am, are you okay? I'm sorry, did I upset you?"

"N-no. It's just . . . the baby. The changes . . ."

Annabelle continued to scream in the background. The man winced.

"I get it, Mrs Lin. My brother has a few babies. Would you like me to help?"

James found himself nodding. "P-please."

"Not a problem. I'm Gerald, by the way."

"J - Jian," he said. He wasn't sure why he'd said that, only that because this man was quite attractive and clearly thought he was a woman, he didn't want to let him down. "And I'm not Mrs Lin. That's my mother. I'm just . . . single. I'm single, I mean."

Gerald gave him a grin. "Well, I'm very glad to meet you, Jian."

To her shock, he got Anabelle out of her crib and put her up over his shoulder, patting his back. She cried, then calmed, then made happy gurgling sounds.

"How did you . . . ?"

"Just needed burping," he said. "Might need a little feed, too."

"I have milk in the fridge."

He helped her out, and somehow the sight of this action made James' body change further. He could feel his penis withdrawing, his hips widening further. Worse, he found himself biting his lip, trying not to moan with need. His nipples tensed, desiring to feed that baby, and desiring that man too. It was wrong, but it was all happening so fast.

Finally, Gerald got Annabelle back down and went to leave. Propelled by some strange desire, James quickly wrote his phone number down and passed it to him.

"In case . . . in case you want to come over again," he said.

Gerald snuck a very quick peek at the changing man's breasts in their nursing bra. "I'd very much like that," he said. "But maybe put on a new bra. I think you're, uh, leaking."

To James' horror, that was indeed the case, and it only got worse the next day, when his mother was supposed to arrive back but had taken a single day's delay. His boobs were

now swollen Double-D's and growing bigger, and they were now leaking milk. He had to use his mother's pump, but in truth, his body craved the act of nursing. His penis was little more than a stub by this point, his figure entirely womanly and devastatingly pretty. James dreamed of breastfeeding, of being pregnant, of having his - no, *her* own baby to feed. She even started thinking of herself as a woman. As *Jian*.

"Can't give in," she told herself. "Can't give in!"

But then Annabelle cried out again, and she simply couldn't help herself. Her large breasts were just too engorged, and the baby needed sustenance. There was not enough milk left, which made her furious at her mother, but at least she now had the supply in spades. She moved to the crib and embraced the flood of that maternal warmth, picking up the child and placing her against her own breasts.

"Mhmmm," she moaned as the child latched. "That's the stuff. You drink up, little Annie. Drink up as much as you need."

It was the most magnificent feeling of release she'd ever experienced, and it was only after it was over that she realised her penis was gone, her womanhood now fully developed. Jian should have panicked more, she knew, but in truth, an anticipation was rising in her. Her mother wasn't in until the next day's afternoon, which left her plenty of time to explore her body. Or for someone else to . . .

And with perfect timing, that was when Gerald called, asking if he wanted to see her.

"Right now," she told him, letting her voice go all sultry. "I need some help. My boobs are really full and I can't stop thinking about you."

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To say her mother was surprised by her change was an understatement, but she adapted quickly. After all, it meant that both of them could be wetnurses together and help babysit young children that needed direct nursing. It also meant that Jian could ensure that Hua didn't go off the rails and leave on a moment's notice again. Of course, the reason she had disappeared was rather amusing, in hindsight. Jian's sister had fallen pregnant at just eighteen years old and was in a state of total panic. She came back to live with them, not quite knowing what to do, but her sister was there to reassure her with her loving boyfriend Gerald at her side.

"Don't worry sis, now that I'm a nursing woman I can do a lot to help you out with the baby."

"R-really?" her sister asked, nervously touching her slight dome of a belly.

"Of course!" Jian replied cheerfully. "The Lumin's Syndrome has made me the perfect motherly type; I'm just obsessed with helping out cute babies now. Besides . . ."

She lowered a hand to her belly, revealing the early stages of a round belly there as well. Her sister gasped, but she and Gerald just grinned.

“My sexy boyfriend here has given me more than just some morning milk! In fact, in exchange for the baby, I rather think I’m the one giving *him* the milk these days!”

In the background, Hua sighed. “Now who’s the one giving way too much information?”

**The End**