

The Roommates' Lament

By Nada_Rakshasa

We were watching *Big Bang Theory* when the dam broke.

"Aw, man," Gaines groaned, looking down. I followed his gaze to his t-shirt, where a pair of wet spots were spreading across his chest. "Not again. I've had to change shirts twice today." He stripped off his shirt, revealing his impressive, thickly-furred torso. His pecs, easily his most frequent source of compliments, were full and ripe. Literally. His swollen nipples were currently leaking breast-milk.

He gave me a meaningful look.

I feigned ignorance, turning my gaze back to the wacky sitcom antics. I pretended not to hear the exaggerated throat-clearing behind me.

"Dude," He said, finally leaning forward to grip my shoulder in one meaty hand, "you've gotta help me out here. You promised."

With a dramatic sigh, I turned to my room-mate, who was holding his stained shirt over his chest one-handed. "I did say there might be some minor side-effects."

"You also promised to 'do everything you could to assist me with any said side effects,'" Gaines pointed out. He had a surprisingly (and selectively) good memory sometimes. He released my shoulder to point at his lactating man-maries.

I rolled my eyes, but scooted back and over on the sofa until I ran into Gaines' warm bulk. Before I could act beyond that, he'd scooped me up and plopped me onto his lap, straddling his waist.

"Takin' too long," He grunted, gently but swiftly pulling my head down to one side of his chest and his shirt back to the other. "This shit is gonna get everywhere."

Finding my mouth full of nipple, I found myself almost instinctively starting to suck. It was a bizarre, but increasingly familiar, experience.

Gaines' nipples always tasted of musk and sweat, like he'd stepped out of the gym, even if he'd just showered. As for his discharge... It was a lot like drinking condensed milk. Thicker than normal milk and a little saltier. But surprisingly delicious.

I have to admit, I had to feign reluctance to conceal how much I looked forward to these milking sessions (and the resulting arousal). He'd been unexpectedly tolerant of my homosexuality since we'd started rooming together three years ago and I didn't want to weird him out with my enthusiasm to suck his nipples.

"I mean, the 'supplement' is awesome," He said, grunting a little every once and a while. "I'm fifty pounds heavier and two inches taller than I was two months ago."

My linebacker room-mate's leap from six-foot-four and two-eighty-five pounds had been pretty dramatic. Especially since it made him more than a foot and a half taller than me and three times my weight. It didn't help that I'd been "badgered" into measuring and weighing every inch of him since he'd started my

experimental supplement. He'd put a thick layer of fat over an already impressive muscle-mass that made every curve and bulge pop. Gaines' pecs, his muscle-gut, his thighs, his glutes...

Let's just say that I've been having "nocturnal emissions" every night, despite relieving the pressure before bed. Then I'd still need to relieve pressure again in the morning.

"As far as side-effects go, the increased sex-drive isn't too bad," He said, (seemingly) unthinkingly thrusting his hips slightly at the thought, "But, besides making my pecs look awesome, the randomly leaking breast-milk thing? Messing up all my shirts? Not so cool."

As part of my "assisting with any side-effects", I found Gaines' laundry part of my duties. Also, prepping his meals, shakes, and the other needs of his newly increased intake. At this point, I was almost surprised, and a little disappointed, not to be assisting with his increased libido.

Gaines gently pushed me back, thoughtfully flexed the pec I'd been working on, then nodded. "Done. Now for the other one."

I obediently took to nursing again. Between the heat, the rhythmic motion, and the Gaines' rambling, I found myself lulled into a state of semi-consciousness. I guess man-milk contains tryptophan, too.

He yelped. "Dude! Watch the teeth."

I released his nipple, which continued to flow steadily down his chest and abs. "I'm sorry if I'm a little out of practice breastfeeding. It's been a while." He just grunted in response, then pushed me back toward my chest.

I returned to my duties, but instead of going back to his chest, I leaned down to lick up the escaped flow and worked my way back up to his nipple. His torso rippled under me, he but otherwise didn't complain about my sudden thoroughness. In fact, I became increasingly aware that he didn't mind at all; His member began to shift beneath me, taking a firm stance at the curve of his hip.

I'd tried not to notice that he'd grown a bit there, perhaps more impressively than anywhere else. But he'd been pretty open about masturbation before he'd been compelled to do so every couple of hours. He'd gained a couple of inches soft (or semi-erect, his normal state these days), but at least twice that much erect. Gaines' cock was almost a foot long and thick as a soda can, pulsing rhythmically just under my thigh.

I reared back, apparently leaving my surprise and arousal obvious. Gaines took advantage of the moment to kiss me full on the lips.

I admit it, I couldn't help it. I was so surprised that I choked on a mouthful of milk, barely swallowing half and spitting the rest back onto Gaines' face.

Gaines just laughed. "Damn I taste good," He murmured, a cocky grin tugging his full lips. I could only stare at him in stunned silence.

"Dude, you've been sucking my nipples for the last half-hour, then you pull a stunt like that? C'mon, a guy's gonna react." He bucked his hips under me. "As if having a hot, little P.O.A. like you sprawled across my lap wasn't enough? Do you know how hard it's been to keep from getting hard 'til now?"

“Piece of ass?” I parroted, once I’d regained the ability to talk. “Hot?”

“Um, yeah,” He shrugged, “So I like short, subby, geeky guys. Even if they’re not into me. What of it?”

“But- but I thought you were straight,” I stuttered, pulling away.

“I’m bi. I’ve been trying to get in your pants for three years. I thought I just wasn’t your type,” He said, looking so remarkably sad for a moment that I was kissing him again before I knew what I was doing.

A moment of that put the arrogant smirk back on his face. “So you are into me. I knew it.”

I decided not to call him on the contradiction of his last two statements. “But you seemed so put out by the lactation thing,” I protested. “I figured you were upset with me, with all of the extra chores and stuff you’ve had me doing.”

“Come on, dude,” He said, “Don’t you think I would have gotten my hands on a breast pump if I didn’t want your mouth on my tits?” He flexed said organs demonstratively. Between his announcement and crude display, I again found myself quite speechless. “And you did hear the part about submissive guys, right? Making you do all that stuff just turns me on. And gives me more time to jack off. A side effect of your supplement, remember?”

“I warned you there could side effects. But more importantly, you’re a starting player on the football team. I’ve to spend nights at the library because you’re banging girls. I thought you were straight.” I repeated. Then amended, “Amazingly open-minded, but straight.”

“causing walking around our room in my jock and jacking off to bisexual porn in front of you wasn’t clue enough?” He ruffled my hair affectionately. “If it weren’t so frustrating, it’d be cute how Asperger’s’d you are.”

Gaines cupped my rump in his beefy hands, pulled me onto his groin, pressing my belly, slightly distended with his milk, against his own. A hug, a kiss, and a smile. “I love you, lil’ dude. Your MMO addictions. Spotting me at the gym. All your weird British TV shows. Tutoring my friends just because I asked you to. Even your weird potions that turn me into a lactating sex-fiend.”

“Speaking of,” He said, leaning back on the sofa, “there’s still about half-a-moob’s worth left for you to drink. And I plan on fucking you before midnight, so…”