

Mutual Support

Story Commissioned by Anonymous Patreon Supporter (Nov 2024)

My mouth is dry and my throat is scratchy. I look around at the nearly one dozen faces all sitting in this circle of cheap folding chairs in the community center gymnasium. I swallow, but a lump developing in my throat makes it uncomfortable.

“It’s okay, Seth,” Randall, the middle aged, bespectacled head of the support group says to me from across the circle. “Take your time.”

My eyes shift from him to each of the faces around me in turn. Every last one of them has already opened up about their experiences since the Power Tide incident. Except for me. And now I need to share my story so that everyone can finally go home.

I close my eyes and inhale deeply before trying to get the words out again. They don’t come easily. My power has been a serious problem for me since that day at the beach, but Randall spent twenty minutes at the beginning of the session telling us all that talking about the pain is the first step to mending it.

Here goes nothing.

“I... uh...” the words stop in my throat again. Randall nods supportively. The short blonde girl next to him was the first one to share her story—something about her milk, but I didn’t pay that much attention. She watches me with rapt attention, smiling pleasantly.

Third time’s the charm, as they say.

“I was... at the beach that day with my fiancée. We went to take our minds off all the wedding prep.”

All eyes are on me now. There’s no going back.

“It was a fun day until we got into an argument. The caterer had some kind of emergency come up, and Alyssa, my... uh... she wouldn’t get off the phone. It was supposed to be a day to relax and ignore all of that BULLSHIT... sorry.”

I instantly pull back from my outburst and look down at the floor. I can’t seem to keep my emotions in check even a year after the fact. No one says anything, so I eventually continue, not looking back up.

“I guess the short version is... I went out into the water on my own. I swam way out until the waves were just a faint suggestion of motion beneath me. I floated out there with the fish, just letting the sun bake me. It was nice. Peaceful. Alyssa never joined me. We were... we were supposed to relax together, but she spent the entire time working on more wedding crises that the planner should have been dealing with...”

I pull in a deep breath and go on.

“After about two hours, I swam back to shore and found her still on the phone. It took her another fifteen minutes to wrap up, but she eventually did. We argued about it. Eventually we went home. She never got in the water.”

The looks around me indicate everyone is waiting for the real information. That they don’t care about my failed engagement. Randall nods again.

“When my powers first manifested, we were having make up sex that night. I... ejaculated... on her chest...”

It feels so wrong to be saying all of this, but every person around me already bared their embarrassing souls, so I can’t see that I’ve got a leg to stand on. I pan around to gauge responses, and most everyone is solemn, straight faced. The guy who earlier said his kisses amplify others’ powers is smiling and giving me a thumbs up. I just shake my head at him before I finish the sordid tale.

“She started to lactate. Apparently, the powers I gained from swimming in that contaminated water at the beach cause lactation when my... ejaculation comes into contact with a woman’s skin. Maybe men, too, for all I know. I just haven’t... you know...”

“How did Alyssa react to that?” Randall prompts me.

I push back the tears trying to form at the corners of my eyes.

“She... she freaked out. Later that week when the news came out about the chemical spill and we connected the dots... she called off the wedding. She left me.”

A few sympathetic awws rumble through the group. I don’t make eye contact. I just trudge on.

“I tried to date a few times in the last year, but every time I tell a woman about my... abilities... they don’t want any part of it. Who would? I feel like a freak.”

“You’re not a freak,” Randall says. The blonde girl next to him nods enthusiastically, still smiling at me. The rest of the group seem less certain. “No one here is a freak. We are all victims of a terrible accident. More so than those out there who got more socially acceptable abilities like flight or strength. Just because our biology mixed with those chemicals in a strange way, we are not freaks.”

He pauses to ensure that I’m making eye contact before he delivers his big point.

“You are still a person with value. And someone will see that value. Eventually. But first, *you* have to see that value.”

All I can come up with is a noncommittal, “Maybe.”

After an awkward few moments of silence, Randall claps his hands to his knees, stands up, his massively oversized penis clearly visible through his clothing as it snakes down his pants leg to the middle of his calf. Poor guy can barely go out in public with his “ability.” I guess I could be worse off.

He says to everyone, “That does it for our time today. Anyone willing to stay and help me put away the chairs, please do. Until next time, keep in mind: You have value. You are not a freak.”

I grab my folding chair and another few that are left as most of the group clears out. As I’m stacking them on the cart in the corner of the gymnasium, I feel a tender touch on my shoulder. It

startles me, but I regain my composure as I whirl around and find the small blonde woman who sat next to Randall.

“Sorry if I scared you,” she says. Her voice is high pitched and her tone his bubbly. Her blue eyes sparkle with a luster that makes her seem unnaturally beautiful. Her clothes are tight fitting casual wear that show off her lithe body. I try my best not to look her up and down as she speaks to me.

“No,” I say to her as I deposit the last chair onto the rack. “I mean, yes. You spooked me, but I’ll live.”

She just smiles back at me, not saying anything.

Eager to break the silence, I add, “You were the first one to share today, right? I’m sorry, but I’m terrible with names.”

“It’s Nadia. Yeah, I was the one talking about how my milk makes guys... produce more... stuff... and get bigger.”

“Yeah, right...” I muse, unsure where this is going. “Well, can I help you with something? I was just about to head out, so...”

“You can. Help me, I mean,” she says, those glistening eyes still fixing their gaze on me. “I was wondering if you would want to duck into the kitchen over there for some... extra discussion?”

I scan the gymnasium around us. The only people left are Randall and one other woman, and they seem nearly finished packing things away. No one is looking at us.

“I don’t think we’re allowed into the other rooms after—”

She interrupts me with a finger held to my lips, “If you don’t tell, I won’t. I just thought that you seemed like someone who could use an understanding woman. Plus, I was lactating from before I was exposed up until a few months ago, and it didn’t bother me. I don’t care what your spunk does. I won’t run away from you.”

The luster in Nadia’s eyes is clear now. Desire. Arousal. Lust.

It dawns on me that a woman is saying she wants me. She knows all about my ability, and she still wants me. I don’t care if she does have a crazed look about her. This is an opportunity that I’m not passing up.

“After you,” I say, gesturing toward the doors that lead out of the gym and back toward the community center’s kitchen.

We slink away, taking care not to be too obvious. I don’t think the others notice.

The second the kitchen door shuts behind us, Nadia is dropping to her knees and unzipping my pants. She fishes out my already granite-hard cock and wraps her wet, warm lips around it. She bobs her head forward and back, sucking and licking all the while. At the same time, she’s pulling her arms into her shirt and stripping it off until it hangs limp around her neck. Then comes the bra. The latches and straps are navigated expertly without her even slowing down on slurping my member.

Finally, she lets me emerge from her mouth with a vacuum sealed *pop*. She flings her shirt up over her head and across the darkened room before going back to work. The sensations she’s giving

me are unreal. I've never had such enthusiastic head in my life. It's like this woman lives to suck cock and nothing more.

It takes less than a minute of her expertise for me to feel the orgasm knocking at the door. My toes curl and I grab tightly onto the stainless steel countertop I'm leaning against.

"I'm cumming!" I warn her. She deserves a chance to get out of the line of fire.

Instead, she removes her lips just as the first spasm rocks my dick and a line of thick cum is blasted into her mouth and across her lips and chin. She grips me in her left hand and strokes me quickly and tightly. She directs the following eruptions straight onto her flat chest. The white ropes splatter across her sternum from one tiny dark nipple to the other.

As I twitch for the final time, Nadia milks the final dribble of semen from my cock and wipes it up with her index finger before licking it off slowly as she looks up at me. I guess she really isn't bothered by the idea of sudden lactation.

"So," she says in a seductive voice as she slowly wipes my cum across her chest, "how long does this take to kick in?"

"It was pretty... fast..." I say, hypnotized by the erotic display happening at my feet. It's like she's worshipping at the altar of my cock and cum.

"You're right!" she exclaims with glee. She's pinching and pulling at the tiny nubbins that are her nipples. "I can already feel my milk coming in again!"

Her massaging and pinching gets more intense. Then, even in the dim light of the kitchen, I can see the tiny white droplets begin to form.

"God, I missed this!" she cries out. "My ex used to suck on my nipples all the time, but after we split, I went too long without milking myself, and I dried up. Your ability is exactly what I needed."

Was she just using me for my ability? I thought she was eager to hook up free of judgment, but it seems she was just after the chance to reclaim her own pleasure. I feel used again. A deep frown cuts its way across my face. Nadia takes notice.

"Oh, Seth!" she says, standing up so that she's now only a foot below my eye level. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to... I really was interested in a..."

I just shake my head.

"Really!" she protests.

"It's fine," I mutter, working to stuff myself back into my jeans. "Why would you give a shit about a freak's feelings when his power can give you exactly what you—"

I trail off. It's obvious she's not paying attention. She's poking at her small breasts curiously. It's a good opening for me to just leave, but as I turn away, she says something.

"Does your cum make boobs grow?"

It's clearly time for me to get the hell out of this situation, but I yield to curiosity. I turn back, and it's very obvious that her breasts are larger. Not much, but they are. She had mosquito bites before. Now, her chest is punctuated by two small hills behind her nipples which still leak white beads of liquid.

“I only ever caused lactation. Maybe you’re just producing a lot of milk?” I offer her, now wondering where this is going.

“From years of lactation, I never felt anything like this,” she answers, still massaging her chest. “Engorgement feels different. It’s like my tissue itself is swelling.”

“I don’t know what to tell you,” I say dismissively. I’m about to leave again when she puts a hand on my shoulder.

“Yes, Seth. I wanted to use your ability to be able to restart my lactation. I love the way it feels. When you mentioned your power, I knew you were my best chance at that again.”

I don’t look her in the eyes this time. I’m done with this crazy woman’s manipulations. I pull at her grasp, but she keeps talking.

“But I meant what I said earlier, too. I really do think you could use this. Someone who gets it, that is. I know you’ve been lonely. Wanting someone you can fuck without them losing their mind over what you can do.”

She gestures at the milk still leaking from her nipples.

“I’m sorry for not being totally honest. But I also wasn’t trying to just use you for my own selfish reasons.”

Her face conveys sincerity. Maybe I’m shit at reading people. Maybe she really means it. I don’t know if I can—or should—trust Nadia. Either way, she’s not wrong. I need this. I want this.

“Besides,” she says, slowly taking my belt in her hands and unfastening it slowly, “this whole boobs growing thing isn’t my power. And it seems like it’s not something you knew about with yours. Maybe we should... get to the bottom of it.”

Fuck. She’s hooked me.

“Maybe we should,” I agree.

I extend my arms and place my hands on her now slightly less small breasts and feel the soft skin there. It’s supple and a little slippery from her milk. Nadia doesn’t let herself get distracted by my touch. She finishes her work at my waistband, unbuckling my belt and unzipping my jeans. Once that’s finished, she pulls my pants and boxers down past my knees as she drops quickly to hers once more.

Instead of sucking my already hardening cock this time, she first takes hold of her nipples and massages them to usher out enough warm milk to rub over her hands. She then grabs me and begins to work that milk onto my dick, slathering it up and down my shaft.

I remember that her ability involves her milk expanding men’s dicks right about the time I feel my own start to swell and extend in her grip. Inches are added to my girth and length within seconds. As soon as it’s long enough, she grabs hold with both hands and really gets to work stroking. Rubbing twice as much of her milk onto me only makes things go faster, and it feels better than ever. Her hands on me already feel so good that I’m having difficulty standing upright, even leaning on the counter as I am. This growth, though, is something else. My dick just feels incredibly hot, and there’s no way I could possibly be harder. I don’t ever want this to end. The incredible rate of growth goes on for a few seconds before it seems to wear off. By now, I’m past a foot long and as big

around as my wrist. My cock twitches with desire as she pulls her hands away. The disappointment at her stopping hits me hard.

I groan discontentedly, but Nadia just looks up at me with those big eyes and smiles. She returns to her nipples for more milk. I'm unsure how big she intends to make me, but right now, my only concern is whether she will keep going. Stopping is a concern for later.

With her hands dripping milk once more, Nadia reaches out and, instead of grabbing hold of my shaft, cradles my testicles in her hands, massaging and working them over with her fingers. It's tender, gentle, intoxicating. Then they, too, begin to expand. The weight between my legs increases as they become plums, become apples, become softballs, become cantaloupes. My nuts are so full and oversized that I have to bow my legs just to make room for them. And the pressure building inside is unbearable. I've never needed to nut so badly in my life, yet a split-second later, it's worse. Building and building, it doesn't stop.

Thankfully, they absorb the last of her milk and finish swelling just before I cross the threshold into true pain. Nadia releases them and returns to my massive cock, stroking it with her hands and suckling at the fist-like head. Her tongue licks at the opening and lingers. I feel my balls rumble as they threaten to unleash their pent-up load in one massive explosion. I should warn her.

"I'm about to—"

She doesn't stop. Instead, she plunges her head down on me, taking only about a third of my length into her mouth. Her lips are stretched to their max around my insane circumference. Another throbbing twitch rocks my cock and balls.

Her tongue does something I can neither describe nor fathom, and that's it for me.

The blast of ejaculate is so forceful that my dick nearly pulls itself free of her lips' grip, but she holds fast, pushing herself down on it just a few millimeters more. I fire load after load of hot spunk directly down her throat. Her swallowing creates a hard vacuum that only generates more pleasure and pulls more batter from my rod.

My orgasm lasts the better part of a full minute. I can't even fathom how much I just came after my milk-induced upgrades, but she gulped every drop down greedily.

Nadia releases me and breathes in deep through her mouth like she's just broken the water's surface after a dive. Her hands reach up to her small breasts, and she holds them there for a moment before looking up at me and saying, "I knew it! Your cum touching my skin made me lactate again, but swallowing it makes my tits grow!"

"No, it doesn't do—" I start to argue, but then it occurs to me that I have no basis for my claim. Alyssa was the only woman I ever had sex with after the incident. I've not found anyone willing to look past my "problem" until now. And Nadia is diving enthusiastically into the deep end with me. It's refreshing. Nice. Hot.

She gets to her feet, and I can already see the tender flesh of her breasts bulging between her splayed fingers. Her breasts really are growing. And fast. Even with her hands in the way, I can see her areolas widening into saucers. The mass behind them is expanding faster than my cock did in her milky grip. I watch in awe as they swell to full B cups, then Cs, then DDs, and beyond. They're now bigger than my own gargantuan orbs and the growth isn't slowing.

Nadia removes her hands and the compressed mounds come spilling forth, wobbling in gravity's embrace. They expand like slow motion avalanches. I look on as they become rounder, fuller, bigger. In seconds, she develops an obvious run of cleavage, even with nothing pressing her breasts together. Her upper torso is consumed by them.

At the forefront of each one, her once tiny nubs of nipples now sit prominently like garden hose nozzles. Both have increased their milk leakage enough that my brain finds that comparison particularly apt. Tiny arcs of milk spray in all directions even without either of us milking her. Twin rivers of it run straight down the still growing curvature of the breasts.

"I'm fucking huge!" Nadia exclaims. Her fingers press at her assets as the growth finally begins to slow. They're coming to a stop just before her bellybutton vanishes into the depths of her cleavage. "And I've never had a lactation let-down this intense! I can't tell you how incredible this feels!"

My cock stands erect between us, reawakened at the sight of such mammoth mammaries. I simply reply, "I think I have an idea. I had no idea your milk would do *this*."

I gesture at the inhuman log and sack where my junk once was.

"Full disclosure," Nadia says, sheepishly. "I *may* have gone over and stolen a kiss from James before I approached you."

"James?" I ask as she is already returning to her kneeling position.

"The guy whose kisses amplify abilities?" she answers as she hefts her enormous melons up to take me into her cleavage. I can feel the jets of warm milk spraying against my groin and dripping down. The rumble of growth begins again.

The ramifications of her confession begin to dawn on me. Her milk makes men grow and cum more, but she kissed James, knowing his ability would make her own more potent.

"You planned all of this," I say. "You wanted to make me massive so you could lactate at full blast."

She begins giving me a tittyfuck as she looks up at me with those innocent, mischievous eyes. I can see the end of my cock extend further out from between her tits as it grows again. I can feel my balls growing again, another titanic load building for Nadia to slurp down as this cycle perpetuates. We could do this all day. We could grow truly beyond my imagination.

"We can stop if you want..." she says, still wobbling those pillowy tits against my swelling cock.

I look down at her, wondering just where the line lies.

"Hell no," I say as I throw my head back and enjoy fucking her tits. I feel the familiar heat of her mouth on my cock as she struggles to even take in the head now.

I needed this. Today's support group has been really helpful.