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Written for Whatinsomnia

Bull Milk

By Ziel.

Bull Milk

Insom had already had a number of potential business partners seek him out about the possibility of helping him market his custom, patented Bull Milk, but time and again he kept hearing the same thing. While Bull Milk was great for men, the investors were looking to diversify. If he could just come up with a version of the product that would have similar results for women then there would be no end of potential buyers. It was with this thought in mind that Insom set about devising a new take on his patented milk. He tried everything he could think of, even going so far as to mix actual milk with his own Bull Milk, but the results were always the same. This time, however, he was sure the results would be different.

Insom trudged into his kitchen and set to work. The first thing he did was put on a large, green Bull Milk brand apron ovetop of his normal, everyday attire – which in and of itself consisted of little more

than a pair of tennis shoes and a jock strap which was bulging at the seams from the sheer mass of his monstrous cock and balls which were stashed away in the front pouch of the jock. The apron was less a matter of necessity and more a matter of aesthetic. If he wanted to hype his new product as an official Bull Milk representative, he had to look the part too. Once he was satisfied that he was ready to appear on camera to unveil his newest addition to the Bull Milk product line, Insom grabbed his supplies and set them up on the counter top directly in the line of view of the recording equipment he had set up.

Under most circumstances it may have seemed a little premature to start filming his great unveiling before he had even run any actual tests. After all, all previous attempts had resulted in something close to failure, but this time Insom was sure it would be different. He wasn't even sure how he had come by this most recent spark of inspiration. It was as if he had suddenly had an epiphany. The answer was so simple that he was almost embarrassed he hadn't figured it out sooner. If what he was trying to do was stimulate female growth, then it made sense he had to use the female growth hormone! It was with this in mind that Insom poured a heaping helping of Bull Milk into the blender and then ever so carefully cracked open the small capsule of estrogen and poured the contents into the blender with the rest of the thick, sticky, white fluid. Insom hit the button and sat back as the white sludge was quickly whipped into a foamy froth. He was so excited to try his new idea that he was absolutely giddy. He could scarcely contain

his excitement as he watched the stuff in the blender churn and foam. By the time he was sure the stuff was fully blended he was about ready to burst from the excitement. Insom didn't even bother pouring the stuff into a more suitable container first. He pulled off the lid and chugged the stuff straight from the blender.

Insom could feel the effects right away. It started off as a soft, warm tingle focused in his belly, but it steadily spread throughout his body until the pleasant warmth permeated every inch of his body. It was as if his very musculature and vascular system were alive with raw, humming energy. He had felt this sensation before. It was the same feeling he had felt whenever he tested out a new variant of Bull Milk on himself, but this time things were different. The sensations were no longer just fixated on his biggest muscles nor in his cock and balls. The warmth seemed to have seeped into his very skin, even into the bones themselves. His entire body felt so fantastic that Insom couldn't keep his hands to himself. He slipped a huge hand underneath his apron and began to caress his thick, sculpted muscles while his other hand dipped down lower and stroked the bulge of his massive cock through the over-stretched fabric of his over-flowing jock strap. Even his cock felt fantastic! The warmth had permeated even his fat cock, and the sensation was amplified by his own arousal. His dick felt more than just sensitive. Even just softly stroking it felt positively orgasmic.

As Insom's massive cock began to steadily chub up, a wet splotch began to form on the front of

his jock pouch. Pre was beginning to trickle from his enormous cock even though his dick wasn't even fully hard yet! But his cock wasn't the only thing leaking. Two small splotches began to form on the front of his apron – one where either of his nipples pressed against the green fabric of the Bull Milk brand apron.

As Insom gripped and stroked his thick, muscular pecs, he steadily began to become aware of a faint change in them. The thick, dense slabs of muscle seemed to be softening beneath his fingertips. The softer, supple flesh felt so nice against his fingertips that he couldn't help but experiment with this new feeling even more. Insom dug his fingers into the supple flesh of his swelling chest and cooed softly from the blissful sensations that coursed through him. It wasn't just that squeezing his softening chest felt nice. His chest had softened to the point where it no longer felt as stiff as the packed rubber they used to line the gym floors. Instead his chest had softened to the point where they were nice and supple, almost squishy – almost like pillows.

Even in Insom's hormonally charged, bliss addled mind it was clear to him that something was changing in his body. It wasn't just the consistency of his pecs that were changing but the very size too! His chest was swelling! His once dense, muscular pair of pecs had begun blowing up like a pair of balloons; soft, fleshy balloons that were packed to the brim with some sort of warm, sloshing liquid.

Insom began to feel the pinch around his neck and around his lower back as his chest outgrew his apron. There was also the minor issue that his hand was completely pinned between the green fabric of his apron and the swelling mass of his supple chest. He could barely even move his fingers because his hand was wedged in there so tight, but the soft, supple flesh of his swelling chest felt too fantastic to leave alone. Add on to that the fact that the constant squeezing of the apron and the soft kneading of his fingers against the sensitive flesh of his growing chest felt so wonderful, Insom couldn't bring himself to stop! Even as his apron got so tight that the straps dug into the flesh in the back of his neck and his lower back, Insom continued to moan with bliss and dig his fingers into the soft tissue of his swollen rack. Insom was so overcome by how great it felt that he was barely even aware of the constant streams that had begun seeping through his apron and trickling down his front.

It was quickly becoming clear that the stuff that was seeping through the front of his apron wasn't just water. Thick, white droplets of fresh milk trickled down the front of his apron, and the rate at which the rich, creamy milk seeped out seemed to be ramping up by the second. Insom couldn't focus on that though. He was too fixated on how great his chest felt. The steady stream of milk flowing from his swollen nips felt like his chest was cumming. It was simply orgasmic. He couldn't help himself. He forsook stroking his semi-boned cock and focused both hands on playing with his steadily expanding chest. He forced his spare hand underneath the skin-tight apron and began tweaking

at his nipples. Even though he couldn't see them firsthand, he could easily tell that they had grown right alongside the rest of his chest. On a normal day either of his nips would have been little bigger than the flat tip of a thumb tack, but today both swollen nipples were as big as the rubber tip of a baby's milk bottle, and they were steadily getting bigger even as he squeezed them between his thick fingers!

Insom's eyes fluttered shut as an intense wave of orgasmic bliss wracked his body. The steady trickle of milk from his swelling teats ramped up into a full on splurt for a second, and the wave of pleasure that coursed through his chest and reverberated through his whole body was so intense that his legs almost gave out from under him. His knees felt like jelly. It was a miracle he managed to stay upright at all! Had it not been for the fact that the kitchen counter was directly behind him to help support his weight he might have fallen back flat on his ass while in the throes of ecstasy.

It was then that a vague notion started to play at the back of Insom's mind. The kitchen counter should not be so close to him. He was a huge dude under normal circumstances and had his kitchen designed to accommodate his size, but now he felt cramped in his own home. Even with the prodigious bulge of his massive schlong stuffed into his jock, he still should have had plenty of space for his bulge to jut out in front of him and not have his butt pressed up against the kitchen counter behind him, but here he was with his cock pressing against the center island

and his ass pressed flush against the drawers beneath the kitchen counter. This brief flash of insight coupled with the sudden snap of the back straps of his long-suffering apron was enough to bring Insom back to reality. His eyes shot open just in time to see his apron fall away from his neck and drape over the center island of his kitchen directly in front of him.

Insom stared in awe at the screen before him. He had been filming himself this entire time and had the feedback playing on a large screen TV so that he could watch his work as he gave his presentation, but now it was like staring into a mirror. He could see his whole body – or at least the parts from the waist up – reflected back at him. He could scarcely believe that the big, bulky figure staring back at him was himself! The face was the only part that still looked like him. His bovine features and brushy beard were unmistakable, but the rest of him... He didn't know what to say or what to think about what he saw below the neck.

Insom was overwhelmed by a few thoughts and emotions. On one hand he had transformed from a big, burly wall of sheer cock and brawn into something much softer and rounder, but he didn't actually mind that. As much as he loved being burly and beefy, he couldn't deny that he loved how his new body looked too. His firm pecs had given way to huge, soft, shapely boobs. There was no denying it. He no longer had pecs – instead he had a pair of huge and heavy tits that would put the bustiest Baywatch babe to shame. His huge knockers were so massive that he couldn't even cup them in his hands. They were so

massive that they filled his palms and spilled over the sides. His tits were so simply enormous that they were easily the size of beach balls! And it wasn't just the tits themselves that had swollen to immense sizes. Insom's nips had gone from small, barely noticeable bumps to huge handfuls in and of themselves. The areolas themselves puffed up like oversized bubbles on a sheet of bubble wrap and the nipples themselves stuck out even further than that. Even past the puffed up areolas, Insom's nips stuck out further than his thumb. The thick nubs were almost as thick as a coke can, and were so incredibly sensitive that even just the cool, air-conditioned air of his kitchen on his newly exposed flesh sent shivers of excitement down his spine. His nipples felt so fantastic that he wanted to play with them some more. Now that they were free of the apron he was sure that he could tug and play with them to his heart's content, and judging by the way his teats were dribbling milk all down his front, he was sure that his nips wanted it almost as much as he did, but there was something else he had to do first. He could only see his upper body in the TV screen, and there were plenty more changes he needed to see below the belt.

Insom slowly squeezed and sidled his way sideways. He had gotten so huge and bulky that his butt now smashed against the drawers behind him and his cock smooshed against the center island in front of him. The whole time he was sidling he could feel the rounded knobs on the drawers digging into his ass, and despite how hard his junk in the trunk was pressed against them, the knobs didn't really hurt that bad. His

butt was surprisingly soft and squishable especially considering his butt had been two solid slabs of pure, muscle-y man ass mere moments before. He used to have an ass you could bounce a quarter off of, but now it felt more like he had a butt you could use as an extra plush mattress.

Insom finally squeezed his way out of the tight corridor and staggered out into the relatively open part of the kitchen. He was now free to finally take stock of just how massive he had become – or so he thought. There was nothing to block the view of his lower body from a reflection, but he had no mirrors on hand, and if he turned the camera to face him he'd have the same problem with the counter tops he had had before, and that was just the tip of the iceberg. He couldn't even look down and admire his body. His tits were so big they blocked his view of the front! He could only just barely see a bit of his bulge jutting out past his hefty rack. He needed to get somewhere where he could really see the changes.

Insom took off towards the only spot he could think of to really admire his growth – the bedroom. Not only did his extra-wide living quarters have all the space he needed to really let it all hang out, but there was the added benefit of having a mirrored, sliding doors on his closet. Surely those would be large enough for him to admire his amazing size, but there was one small problem with his plan – a problem which soon became apparent as he squeezed he bulk through the hallway leading to his room. His ass was now so wide and voluptuous that the sides of his

thighs smooshed against the walls on either side. Insom could scarcely believe how bottom heavy he had become. It wasn't just his ass that had grown, but his whole damn hips! His legs seemed set wider apart than he remembered to accommodate his extra-bodacious booty, and his hips curved outward even wider than his bulging, muscular lats! The hallway wasn't even the biggest challenge he faced. No sooner had Insom reached the doorway to his room than he realized that even his extra-wide doorframe which he had custom made to fit his beefy bod was nowhere near wide enough for his super-shapely hips nor his kick-ass rack. Insom had to squeeze through the doorframe bit by bit, piece by piece. He started by getting his enormous cock and balls through the door and then swiveled around so his left tit slipped through the door frame followed by his immense, juicy and jiggly left butt cheek, and then he continued to pivot around with his bait and tackle pressed against the wall so that his other ass-cheek and tit could slip through as well. It was then that Insom was finally able to turn and take stock of his transformation in its entirety for the first time.

Insom's jaw dropped. His cock twitched to life. What he saw was too hot for him to even properly process. The face staring back at him was still his just as it had been in the video feed, but the body was something else entirely. If he believed in such a thing as fertility goddesses, the body before him would be exactly what came to mind. His broad, burly chest was now topped off with a pair of big, busty, perky tits that jutted out in front of him several feet. His massive,

shapely knocked had to weigh in the neighborhood of one hundred pounds each – if not more! And yet they managed to maintain bounce and bobble without sagging. His sizeable supple tits were all but immune to the drag of gravity, and the unbridled eroticism of his massive rack didn't stop there. Insom had seen cocks which were both shorter and thinner than the big, puffy nipples which now poked out from the tip of his enormous knockers. Each engorged nipple was so long that he could grip the entire thing in the palm of his hand and still have a bit more sticking out, but they were so fat that he couldn't fully wrap his fingers around them! Insom had first-hand knowledge of these particular measurements because no sooner had he caught sight of the reflection of his swollen, milk-dribbling teats than he had to feel them with his own hands. He gripped both of his engorged nipples – one in each hand – and began to stroke and knead them in the palm of his hands. It felt beyond fantastic. It felt so orgasmic that it was almost as if he had a cock in either hand and was cumming time and time again with each stroke and squeeze, but it was not cum that was spurting out – it was something else entirely – something that unlike cum seemed to have no end to how much he could shoot out. Thick spurts of sweet milk spurted from his nips again and again as he tugged. He was so transfixed by them that he could hardly focus on anything else, but over time his curiosity got the better of him. He slowly stopped stroking and steadily brought his attention back to the changes that had taken over his body.

Insom managed to come down from his euphoric high long enough to yank the lower strap of his apron loose. His midriff had remained more or less the same size, and so even though the upper strap had snapped, the lower one had remained fixed in place, but it had served no real purpose other than to keep his apron draped over his crotch like a sorely undersized loin cloth. The green fabric didn't even reach far enough in front of him to cover the tip of his bulge let alone drape down in front of his cock and balls to hide the sheer size and shape of his massive bait and tackle from any prying eyes which would be peering. He then quickly used the apron and wiped the thick layer of milk off of the sliding door mirrors in front of him so he could once more see his own reflection.

Insom's tits were so huge that he couldn't even see his midriff. He had to slide his hands underneath his tits just to get a feel for what he had going on in the center of his body. He was only slightly surprised to feel the soft, supple flesh of a fully formed paunch. It seemed even his middle had grown soft during his transformation. Gone were the days when his abs bulged out into an eight-pack. Now he had a soft tum to match his juicy booty and his supple tits.

It wasn't that his muscles had vanished per se. Insom still had them. He could feel them flex beneath the soft layer of pudge that had encased his otherwise burly body, but he had an extra few inches of soft padding that now covered his otherwise sculpted physique. His abs were now buried beneath a soft,

squishy paunch. His rack hard buns were now hidden behind the hugest, roundest butt cheeks Insom had ever had the pleasure of feeling up, and Insom's thick, meaty, muscular pecs were now hidden behind a pair of the biggest tits he had ever beheld. There was no other word for the round masses on his chest. Insom was now the proud owner of a pair of tatas that made the bustiest anime babe look like she was packing a pair of mosquito bites. Each of Insom's two titanic tits were larger than those exercise balls at the gym. His enormous knockers looked amazingly oversized even on Insom's broad, bulky frame. It was a miracle that gravity hadn't had their way with his immense rack, but somehow despite their sheer size and scale, Insom's amazing jugs managed to remain pert and perky. The tips of Insom's massive jugs were topped off with a pair of milk-dribbling nips that were massive even when compared to the colossal pair of dirty pillows he had jutting out from his chest. Insom's nips were each a handful in and of themselves. Either nip was easily 6 inches long and as fat as his fist. He couldn't even wrap his fingers fully around just one of his thick, puffy nips, but that didn't stop him from trying. Insom could barely keep his hands off of them. He kept having to fight the urge to grab his nips and stroke and squeeze them as if they were a pair of extra-sensitive schlongs sticking from his chest. In fact, his two leaky nips were dribbling so much milk that they may as well have been a pair of cum-spurting cocks. They were every bit as sensitive and every bit as messy as real dicks, and the changes to his chest paled in comparison to what he had going on below the belt.

Insom had always had a broad waistline, but his new measurements were in another league altogether. Gone were the days where his thick thighs were a matter of pure muscle. His hips had ballooned out to almost double their original width and were now svelte and shapely. His wide hips had a curvature to them that would make Betty Boop look like Olive Oyl. Nestled between Insom's thick, voluptuous thighs was a set of cock and balls that dwarfed even his previously massive measurements. His fat cock was every bit as thick as his squishy midriff, and his enormous nuts were now each the size of those trendy beanbag chair couches. His massive balls lolled about in their sack and dangled down nearly to his ankles! And the tip of his cock dipped even lower. Even after draping over and around his massive testes, Insom's massive cock dipped down so low that the tip of it threatened to scrape the ground, and in fact it probably would have done just that had he not been flying at half-mast. Just seeing how hot he looked in his reflection got Insom worked up all over again. His briefly-lagging boner quickly revived, and his schlong went from a drooping semi to a throbbing hard-on all over again.

As his cock stirred to life in earnest, his long-suffering jock strap finally gave up the ghost. The pouch had already begun to tear and fray thanks in no small part to the steady swelling of his growing cock and balls. It could barely handle Insom's dick as it drooping semi. As his cock grew harder and thicker, the pouch was sorely out of its league. The cloth shredded like tissue paper allowing Insom's cock to snap up at attention and jut out right in front of him

like a diving board. Seeing how huge and thick his cock had become just made Insom want to lose himself in the blissful sensations that coursed through his body, but there were other things he had to do first.

As much as Insom wanted to spend some time exploring his newly enhanced hips and tits, there was something else demanding his attention around back. He could see even from his frontal view that his ass was beyond huge, but he had to see it for himself. He turned sideways and glanced over his shoulder to see just how much junk in the trunk he now had. Insom knew he had a huge ass, but even he was floored about the sheer size of the cakes he had been blessed with. It seemed his hips had grown as much as they had purely to accommodate his enormous ass cheeks. Either massive butt cheek bulged out like a balloon and jiggled enticingly at even the slightest shudder of his overexcited body. His ass wasn't just huge, but shapely as well. Despite the sheer size of it and how it jutted out so far behind him, his broad, bubbly butt cheeks managed to keep their firm, supple form and shape. Insom couldn't help himself. His ass was so magnificent he needed to do more than see it. The image was so sexy that it demanded all his attention – even more so than his super-sized cock or his overstimulated nips. Insom reached back and literally sunk his fingers into his supple booty cheeks. His fingers sunk right into the soft flesh of his slammin' booty. Just feeling how soft and supple his cheeks were was almost enough to make Insom cum right then and there, but as he kneaded and played with his

ass, his eyes caught sight of something which made him gawk.

Insom thought something felt weird about his ass, and it wasn't just his super-soft buns. His hole was so stimulated it was practically begging for something to ream it for all it was worth, but there was something strange about the way it felt that confused Insom to no end. His hole had always been pretty sensitive, but today it felt practically orgasmic and it didn't even have anything in it! But as he pulled his cheeks aside to get a good glimpse at his booty hole it all made sense. His formerly tight little pucker had swollen up alongside his cheeks. Gone were the days when his ass hole was little more than a tight little passage nestled between his burly butt cheeks. His hole had grown and swelled much like the rest of his body. His butthole had inflated like an inner tube. His hole looked more like a warm and flaky donut than it did a tiny little pucker. Insom couldn't help himself. He needed to play with it. He reached behind him and tentatively poked his puffy donut. A shudder of bliss coursed through his body at even a mere poke. He needed more, and he knew exactly how to get it.

Insom wasted no time. He waddled his enormous, voluptuous frame across his room and fished through his night stand for his trusty super-sized dildo. The enormous toy was easily as fat as his arm and almost as long. Normally his tight little hole took plenty of prepwork to get good and ready to handle such an enormous toy, but today Insom didn't feel like wasting the time nor did he see the point. He

instinctively knew that his recently enhanced asshole was more than up to the task of taking even the largest cock whether it be silicon or otherwise.

Insom set the dil up on his mattress and slowly and sensually lowered himself down atop it. He could feel the fat faux-cock slowly sliding deeper and deeper into him. Each and every inch he slid down atop the thick dick was absolutely orgasmic. His rock-hard cock was dripping pre so fast that he might as well have been cumming. Pre flowed like fondue from a fountain and oozed down his massive, rock hard cock and over his enormous nuts before dribbling onto the floor below. It wasn't long before Insom felt the huge, softball sized stones at the base of his silicon schlong pushing against his puffed-up asshole. This shocked him for more than one reason. For starters, Insom had never fully taken the enormous toy before. Even after hours of play and stretching, the best he could do was get a little over half of it into him, but today he had taken the whole thing all the way down to the base and he still felt like he could go deeper. In fact, he *needed* to go deeper! He lowered himself even further down atop the thick cock until his bubbly, voluptuous ass cheeks were firmly seated on the mattress of his bed. He could feel the pair of soft-ball sized balls that served as the base of the massive toy trouser snake sliding inside of his over-sensitive hole. He had previously struggled with the sheer girth of just the shaft of the toy tallywhacker, but today Insom's ass was so huge and hungry that he could take the bait *and* the tackle and still had room for more. He knew he'd need to upgrade to an even bigger dildo in the

near future, but that could wait. For now he had plenty of other changes to explore and enjoy.

Insom's nips were demanding extra attention, and he was more than happy to give it to them. He had had plenty of fun tugging at them, but a new idea entered his mind and his ass. The feeling of the fat dil digging into his was fantastic, and he couldn't help but wonder how it would feel digging into his sensitive nips. He didn't want to take the toy out of his ass to test it, but that hardly mattered. He had two other toys at hand he could play with. Insom started easy. He dug his pointer fingers into the tips of his leaking nips. To his surprise his fingers slid right in with relative ease. His nips felt even more amazing than his ass! He hadn't thought that was even possible but even just having a finger slide into his tits was more amazing than having a dildo up his ass. He needed to experience more, and he was well-poised to do just that.

Insom quickly stepped up the action. He went from one finger to two. He slid his middle and pointer fingers on both hands into his puffy nips. The nips themselves began to cave in as he dug his fingers into them, but somehow that just made it feel even more amazing. It was clear two fingers simply would not cut it, and three seemed a waste of time. Insom went immediately for the full four finger fuck. He stuck his fingers out so all four fingers were held side by side and he slid his open-palmed hand fingers first into his puffy nips. His nips gave way so easily that it was almost as if they were adjusting position in

anticipation of his fingers arrival. In no time at all his nips had completely submerged beneath the supple, sensual flesh of his enormous tits. His concave teats were like a pair of flesh-jacks built into his humongous tatas. Insom easily slid his fingers all the way in to the knuckles and then some. Before he knew it, he had his hands so deep in his jugs that the base of his thumb pressed against the puffy ridge of his over-stimulated areolas. Warm milk spurted up from the depths of the pussy-like pits of his concave nips. The warm, thick liquid flowed past his fingers and oozed out between his knuckles before dribbling down his enormous jugs and cascading down his soft tum before dripping onto the mattress and rug below.

As Insom dug his fingers deep into the soft, supple tissue of his enormous knockers, he couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to have real, live cocks digging deep into his massive tits. His fingers felt phenomenal, but in the end, they were just fingers. They didn't have the passion, the vitality of an honest to god cock, and they certainly didn't have the magnificent girth!

Insom managed to fight through the orgasmic haze that hung on his mind and glanced across the room at the extra-wide double sliding door mirror on the far side of the room and ogled at what he saw. He knew he was huge, but even he was not prepared for what he saw. His massive, shapely ass cheeks were so enormous that they spilled over the sides of his mattress as he sat atop it – his *king-sized mattress* no less. His ass was wider than his whole bed by a good

margin! Even his massive knockers were wider than his bed. Either enormous tit was as wide as a queen-sized mattress, and the two together were even wider than his phenomenally fat ass.

There was so much about his amazing body that blew his mind that he wanted to explore all of it, but he only had so many hands. He couldn't play with his tits and his cock... or could he? An idea crept into his head as he stared at his own reflection. His massive cock stood in its upright and locked position, and his massive tits poked out on either side. His jugs were so massive that they practically sandwiched his enormous schlong like a pair of warm, fresh buttermilk rolls stacked around a thick, veiny sausage.

Insom reached around his enormous knockers and gripped his fat teats – one in each hand. His nips were almost the perfect size to wrap his hand around and tug and toy with. They provided the perfect handles for him to use to squeeze his bodacious tatas around his colossal cock. He squeezed his huge tits around his fat cock like a pair of super-sized hotdog buns around an even super-er-sized sausage. The way his soft, supple tits squeezed and stroked his sensitive rod felt absolutely fantastic, and with all the other sensations added in it felt more than fantastic. It felt more than amazing. It felt more than orgasmic! His overstimulated nips felt like cocks in a constant state of cumming. Each tug and tweak of his thick nips caused them to shoot a warm, thick, spurt of rick milk. Each spurt of milk felt like a climax in and of itself, but he never felt like his nips were getting close to getting

worn out. He had two titanic tits full of milk he had backed up to spurt. He wasn't going to be running dry anytime soon – if he ever ran dry at all! And his cock itself felt even more amazing than it normally did. It wasn't just that his schlong was more sensitive than usual although there certainly was that. It was just so huge! The sheer size of it made the already amazing sensations seem even more intense, and of course his enormous nuts swinging heavily between his ankles didn't hurt either. Just the feeling of the sheer weight of his sofa-sized sack really drove home just how huge and hung he had become. The knowledge made him even hornier which made his nips and dick even more sensitive. Insom wasn't satisfied to just play with his tits. He needed more. His body *demand*ed more, and he was not about to complain. In fact, he couldn't even if he wanted to. It was as if his body was moving on its own. His hips rocked back and forth of their own volition causing his huge cock to grind against his jugs almost as if he was humping his own rack! This motion in turn caused the massive dildo, which was still mounted to the mattress, to slide in and out of him. With each thrust Insom felt the massive cojones of his toy cock slip in and out of his stimulated, swollen hole.

It was all so amazing and too wonderful for him to really comprehend. All he could do was sit there and let his body take control. He moaned and gasped in ecstasy as his cock slid up and down between his thick, supple pair of pillows. All the while milk flowed from his nips like a constant climax while the massive rubber dong dug in and out of his extra-sensitive donut. It was more than he could take. He

wanted to make it last, but he was beyond the limits of how much he could handle. Even had he not been bombarded with the most intensely erotic sensations he had ever felt, he would have been close to cumming just from how amazing the reflection of his enormously stacked and shapely, voluptuous and super hung figure in the mirror.

Insom moaned and groaned. He gasped for air and shuddered as intense arousal and orgasmic sensations wracked his body. He knew he was close. He wanted to fight it, but he just couldn't. A loud, low moan escaped his mouth. His cock gave one last hard lurch and an intense shudder, and then the dam broke. Jizz spurted forth from his colossal cock with such force that he painted the ceiling in his spunk. The orgasmic bliss that flowed through his body was so intense that Insom couldn't even keep ahold of his puffy pair of nips, but even without the constant tugging and tweaking, milk spurted forth from his tits like water from a firehose. It felt like he had three cocks cumming in unison! Over and over again, cum spewed forth from his gigantic dick while milk spurted forth from his huge nips, and all the while the massive rubber dildo dug deeper and deeper inside of him. Insom was so lost in the throes of ecstasy that he couldn't even focus his eyes to look at his amazing reflection. He couldn't enjoy how huge and sexy he had become. All he could do was bask in the glorious climax that shook him to his core.

There was no telling how long he had been cumming, but when he finally started to come down

from his climax, Insom's entire room was drenched in a white layer of thick, sticky spunk and warm, rich milk. Globes of jizz dripped down from his ceiling and oozed down his walls. Milk and spooage soaked into the carpet at his feet, and all the while his bed groaned and creaked under the growing weight of Insom's swelling body. He could hear the legs and frame of his bed beginning to bend and buckle out from under him, but Insom was so lost in the afterglow that all he could do was chuckle. He hadn't even taken into consideration that the primary ingredient of his patented Bull Milk was his own cum – his own cum which he was now basting in. He was steadily growing even wider. His butt was getting even larger and rounder. His hips were growing steadily wider and shapelier. His already massive tits were steadily inflating to even more massive sizes. One thing was for sure, he was going to need to do some renovations. His halls were no longer wide enough for him. His bed was no longer big enough for him, but that all hardly mattered. He already had buyers lined up for his new and improved Bull Milk.

It didn't take long at all for Insom to call up his investors and call a meeting... once he finally came down from the afterglow which lasted several hours, that is. They were so excited to hear about his new breakthrough that they agreed to meet the very next day to discuss the future of Bull Milk. The investors all sat anxiously around the large, boardroom table as they awaited the arrival of the newest addition to their product line... and wait they did. They waited so long that they started to wonder if Insom was going to

show up at all. A few of them were ready to get up and walk out, and they would have done just that had they not heard the telltale sound of someone – or some thing! – slowly lumbering towards them. The sounds were unmistakably footfalls, but they were so heavy that it seemed like something out a Jurassic Park not a business park! The coffee in their cups wobbled with each and every step that their new arrival took. The investors all looked back and forth among themselves and then back at the doorway just in time to see an enormous shadow eclipse the frosted glass of the double doors leading into the conference room.

The doors slowly creaked open, and the investor's jaws all dropped in unison. This was who they had all been waiting for, but never in their wildest dreams had they expected Insom to look like that! Insom was a gigantic fellow on a normal day, but today he was absolutely gargantuan! He was so massive that they couldn't even see his face nor his arms. His torso and tadger along took up the entire doorway! All they could even see was a gigantic cock, two enormous balls, and the biggest pair of tits any of them had ever seen in their lives.

Insom had to duck and crouch to get into the conference room, but this in of itself was nothing new. At ten feet tall he was a giant of a man even by most standards, but this time he had to do more than just duck. He had to shift and shimmy and squeeze his way through a doorway that was far too narrow for his massive frame. The door had always been too short for him, but this is the first time it had been too narrow as

well. The doorframe creaked and threatened to snap as he shoved his voluptuous visage into the room. In fact it was a miracle he didn't rip the doors clean off their hinges as he shoved his way through, but as ridiculous as he looked trying to squeeze through a doorway which was far too tiny for him, it wasn't until he got into the room and stood up to his full height that they investors could truly get a glimpse at just how enormous he truly was.

Insom stood up to his full height and smirked down at the investors. He was so enormous that he took up almost half the room unto himself! As he stood there his ass jutted out so far behind him that his butt cheeks pressed against the door way and spilled out into the hallway behind him. His bulge jutted out so far in front of him that his balls pressed against the conference table causing the large, 12-seater table to slide back a few feet, and even then, the last few feet of his cock lay splayed out on the table for the investors to ogle. His cock wasn't really what had the investor's attention though. Insom's tits were so simply massive that they jutted out even further than his cock. His enormous knockers were each easily the size of a whole sofa in and of themselves, and his puffy nips were the size of huge, porn star cocks! His rack was so huge that the tips of his nips poked out even further than his chubbed up cock!

Insom put his hands on his huge, shapely hips and began his presentation. "Ladies and gentlemen.

Have I got a new product for you,” He said proudly and then pointed to the Bull Milk moniker on his t-shirt.

It was actually the first time the investors even noticed that Insom was wearing any clothes at all! He was so huge that even the size XXXXXL t-shirt – a shirt that was far too large for the average person and in fact was so huge that it looked more like a tent than a t-shirt – couldn’t even stretch across his two-ton tits. The shirt didn’t even pass as a crop top! The shirt was stretched so tight across his tits that the bottom hem of the super-sized shirt didn’t even reach the halfway point of his enormous knockers. The bottom hem of the shirt just barely reached the edge of his puffy areolas which left his huge, cock-sized nips to fly free for all to see.

The room was filled with stunned silence. The investors were too floored to even speak and too aroused to think. Fortunately, Insom had planned ahead for just such an event. He grinned from ear to ear and puffed up his chest which caused the already over-stuffed t-shirt to give up the ghost and slide upwards causing his enormous tits to flop completely free. Despite the sheer size of his enormous tits, they defied gravity and swayed and wobbled enticingly before the investors.

“I don’t expect you to take my word for it...” Insom explained as he reached forward and gently stroked and kneaded his enormous tits. The investors silently sat there. They hung on his every word and stared lustily at his gigantic jugs.

“... that’s why I brought samples...” Insom continued. As he continued to knead and massage his gigantic rack, huge dollops of milk began to seep out the tips of his massive nips. Huge droplets of milk clung to the tips of his nips like milky white morning dew and threatened to splash down atop the board room table.

“Now then. Who wants the first taste?” Insom asked.