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Written for Whatinsomnia

A Pinch to Grow
an Inch

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A Pinch to Grow an Inch

Insom settled down in the large recliner in his front room. He had had a fantastic day hanging out with friend. So many people had turned out to wish him a happy birthday, but like all things the festivities had to end. Not that Insomnia was particularly upset that things had wrapped up when they did. Celebrating was fun and all, but there was something to be said for spending some time by oneself, and Insom had been itching for some “alone time” for a while now. His huge bull balls felt bluer than usual, and his thick, massive cock was begging for some attention. Even as Insom settled into his comfy seat, his huge balls hung over the front of the seat and dangled down to nearly his shins. His enormous orbs were easily the size of a basketballs and filled out his sack almost to the brim, and his massive cock was nearly as thick as his big, brawny thighs and was three solid feet long!

As Insom steadily relaxed, those old urges quickly started to overtake him. He was clad in nothing but a tank-top shirt, but even that was feeling positively stifling. He was so hot and bothered today that he just wanted to strip completely nude. He was feeling so pent up that even his thick, brawny pecs were begging for some fresh air.

Insom softly moaned as he slipped a hand under the fabric of his shirt and gently caressed his firm, muscular pecs. He was so horny tonight that even just feeling his thick, sculpted muscles felt almost orgasmic. Even his nipples felt overly excited. Insom felt a shock of pleasure course through him as his hands grazed his sensitive nip. He couldn't help himself. He needed to play with them even more. He slipped his other hand underneath the fabric of his shirt and gently began to massage his other nipple as well. It felt beyond fantastic. It felt amazing! His nipples were so sensitive that they might as well be cocks!

As Insom continued to gently rub his puffy, sensitive nipples, the song his friends had sung for him began to echo in his head. The first few lines were pretty standard fare for birthdays "Happy Birthday to you!" they had all sung repeatedly, but then when the normal verse had wrapped up, they had all joined together to say "And a pinch to grow an inch." One after another his friends had given him a playful pinch. Most of them gave him one on the cheek, but a few of the cheekier ones gave his firm, muscular, bubble butt a good hard pinch for good measure. Insom hadn't

thought much of it at the time, but now that line was stuck in his head. It kept repeating over and over. “A pinch to grow an inch.”

As it so happened, a pinch might be just what the doctor ordered about now. Insom chuckled softly to himself at the thought of it. His nips were so overly sensitive that just rubbing them wasn't cutting it for him. He needed to step it up a notch, and the annoying and repetitive lyrics had the right idea. He gripped his nips between his thumbs and forefingers and gave them a gentle tug. The shock of pleasure that had been coursing through him hit him much harder this time. His whole body bristled with bliss. It was beyond orgasmic. It was positively electric! His whole body practically hummed with sexual energy, and the intensity kept up as he continued to softly tweak and tug at his sensitive nipples.

Insom was too lost in the bliss to be thinking too hard about what was happening to him. He couldn't even think about the fact that his nipples had never really been big enough to tug before. There had never been all the much to them – just two small little bumps barely bigger than the eraser on a #2 pencil, but now they were more on par with the thickness of a AAA battery and almost half as long. He could easily get his thumbs and forefingers around his sensitive nips, and as he continued to tug and play with them, they continued to get bigger and thicker in his hands.

It wasn't just his nipples that were growing though. Those were just the tip of the iceberg. Insom's

whole body was steadily expanding outward with each tug and tweak of his engorged nips. His chest steadily puffed up with each passing second. As the already dense muscles of his well-defined pecs grew bigger and bigger, the tight fabric of his tank top slowly began to stretch and strain even tighter across his brawny barrel chest. His shirt – which had formerly been fairly snug fitting but still loose enough to breathe – was getting tighter by the moment. It wasn't long before his shirt stretched across his chest like a second skin. There wasn't even room for him hands to grab his nips between the fabric and his flesh, but that didn't matter for as his muscles continued to grow and swell, more and more of the fabric of his shirt vanished into the crevasse between the two dense slabs of pectoral brawn. By the time he really started to feel the strain of the overstretched fabric against his meaty muscles, his pecs had grown so much and his shirt had been swallowed so thoroughly by the deep cleavage of his chest that his now extra thick and tuggable nips were sticking out the sides of his tank top anyway.

The growth wasn't just limited to his muscles either. With each tug and pinch, Insom's cock steadily grew longer and thicker as well, and it was not just the standard swelling that goes along with a good old fashioned boner either. Insom was still flying at barely half mast and his dick was already longer and thicker than his biggest boner had been before. He already had nearly four solid feet of fat schlong drooping out in front of him, and his massive semi was still getting bigger! And as his dick grew fatter and fatter, his nuts too grew bigger and heavier between his brawny legs.

It wasn't long at all before his cock was every bit as thick as one of those long, heavy punching bags they had set up at the gym! Soon his balls had gone from the size of basketballs and steadily grown and swelled to the size of watermelons, and they continued to grow and swell. They showed no signs of stopping even as they reached the size of prize winning pumpkins; even as they grew so huge and heavy that his enormous testes settled solidly on the ground between his feet, his balls continued to grow and swell.

Insom wanted to keep going. He wanted to keep toying and tugging at his sensitive nips. He wanted to keep growing and growing without stop. Every pound of muscle mass he packed on felt like sheer bliss. Every inch of cock he stacked on felt absolutely amazing. Each ounce of enormous, cum-sloshing cojones that crept up between his legs felt mind-blowingly fantastic, but those paled in comparison to what was happening at the puffed up, leaky tips of his thick shelf of pectoral brawn. Insom's Puffed up nipples were oozing rich creamy milk like white chocolate from a fondue fountain. The warm liquid dribbled down his chest and cascaded across his sculpted abs. The warm wetness just served to make his already comically undersized shirt seem even less effective at covering up.

Most of Insom's shirt had vanished into the crevasse of his dense pecs, and what little bit poked out beneath his pecs was barely able to stretch around Insom's broad, barrel chest. In fact, his shirt didn't

even come close to wrapping all the way around his thick, bulging quads. The massive, bulging muscles that stretched from his armpits to his Adonis belt were so huge that they flared out the sides twice as wide as his hips! Had his muscle shirt not already been completely open sided all the way from the shoulders to the hem, his bulging muscles would have shredded the long-suffering fabric straight down the sides during the course of their steady expansion. He had grown so much since he had sat down that now the lower hem of his shirt looked like little more than a string tied around his midriff than it did the bottom of a shirt, and the rest of his shirt was not doing any better. Most of the front of his shirt had completely vanished into the cleft between his pecs, and even the shoulder straps had been nearly completely swallowed by the deep canyons where his bulging shoulder muscles met the thick mound of muscles around his neck. What small bits of fabric that poked out behind his dense muscles were now so thoroughly soaked by the constant flow of bull milk that the fabric had been rendered nearly see-through to the point where it looked like he was wearing nothing at all.

As much as Insom wanted to keep growing and tugging, he was quickly reaching his limit. Every inch of his body felt like it was wracked in the throes of ecstasy. Every cell in his body felt absolutely orgasmic. His now tree-trunk-thick spire of raging wood was now as hard as it had ever been, and it was far larger than Insom had ever seen it before. The flared-out, puffed up cock head of his massive schlong now loomed over his very head. There were veins bulging out of his

raging hard-on that were thicker than his fingers! His enormous nuts had swollen so much that they were now the size of party-sized beach balls. His enormous nuts now rested so heavily on the floor that they actually smushed against his legs and had spilled over the sides and had completely eclipsed his feet. As amazing as his super-sized cock and balls were, Insom couldn't bring himself to fixate on them much. His hands were full – both literally and figuratively – with his overstimulated, oversized nipples which were now spurting warm, thick jets of rich, creamy milk with each tug.

Insom's massive cock shuddered more and more with each passing moment. Pre oozed freely from the tip of his colossal cock. The warm, slick liquid cascaded down his cock and dribbled onto his massive nuts before dripping onto the floor below. It was clear he wouldn't last much longer now. Even as he tugged on his sensitive nips which were now every bit as long and as thick as a D-sized battery, he could feel the orgasmic feelings coursing through him. Every second was a battle of willpower as his need to cream steadily fought to overtake his desire to keep edging.

Insom's gigantic, beanbag chair sized stones began to pull upward and inward – which given their immense size and weight was quite a feat in and of itself. His breathing steadily became shallower and more labored. He was just so damn horny that he knew he was going to cum at any second, but still he fought back. He didn't want this to end. He wanted to keep playing with his oversensitive nipples. He wanted

to keep growing. He wanted to keep swelling. He loved how every fiber of his body oozed raw, masculine power. He loved how his thick, squeezable nips now filled the palms of his hands. He loved how his nips felt like they were in a state of constant cumming as warm milk gushed out and cascaded down the contours of his sculpted abs, but his nips weren't the only part of him that wanted to cum. His enormous nuts practically ached for release. His colossal cock bucked and lurched like a bronco struggling to break free. As much as Insom wanted to make it last, he knew he couldn't.

Insom's cock gave one last hard lurch, and then the dam broke. Massive, heavy ropes of cum shot from his pillar-sized schlong and splattered against the ceiling. The climax was more amazing than ever before. It wasn't just that his cock was so much larger. The actual orgasm felt exponentially more intense, and there seemed to be no end of spunk stashed away inside his enormous nuts. Insom came and came again. Thick ropes of jizz shot from his cock, and messy sprays of milks spurted from his nips. It was like he was cumming from three cocks at once. The pleasure was beyond anything he had ever imagined. He was so wracked with orgasmic bliss that he couldn't even keep a grip on his swollen nips. All he could manage was to lean back in his recliner and moan and gasp as he came again and again.

Insom had no idea how long he had been cumming. Time and space seemed to condense down to a single solitary point where nothing other than sheer sexual pleasure existed. He wanted to stay there

forever, but all good things must cum to an end, and eventually even his sofa sized ball sack was drained of its contents. Insom's thick ropes of cum gradually lessened until his cock was spitting out weak, watery spurts, and then his cumming stopped altogether. Even the steady flow of milk from his swollen teats had taped off to a mere dribble.

Insom could do nothing but sit back in his chair and bask in the afterglow as he steadily tried to regain his senses and catch his breath. Eventually he managed to come to his senses enough to take stock of the changes his body had gone through. There was a brief moment of panic when he realized his cock seemed to be shrinking back down before his very eyes, but it didn't take long for him to realize that his dick was merely deflating now that he no longer had the energy or the arousal to keep that massive spire standing at attention. It quickly became apparent that even when soft, his cock was far larger than his biggest boner had been a mere morning before.

Insom glanced down at his newly enhanced muscles. He had not had a chance to appreciate just how huge and meaty he had become in the throes of his transformation. His pecs bulged out like extra-firm king-sized pillows. The grooves of his dense abs were so deep that he could get his fingers down into them down to the knuckle. His thick, shapely Adonis belt was as thick as a pool noodle, and his massive, brawny lats flared out beneath his arms like a pair of wings. His burly torso was no so thick that Insom couldn't even fully lower his arms, but that hardly mattered. He

could still reach his cock, and even if he couldn't grip his fantastic dick, he could easily wrap his hands around his super-sensitive teats.

Insom loved how he looked. He loved how huge and beefy he had become. He loved how massive his cock and balls had become. He loved how sensitive his nips had become. In fact, everything was so perfect that the only regret he had was that he hadn't grown even more. He had had so many pinches which became so many inches, and still he couldn't help but wish for more.

It was then that the final line of the song chimed in his head. "And many moooorreee." His friends had all sang. Insom chuckled to himself at the thought. There was always next year.