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Guycanthropy

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Jaimie was knee deep in the dungeon grind when he heard a familiar ding alerting him to a new message. After clearing the latest batch of monsters, he tabbed over to check out who was messaging him.

“hey” was the simple reply from his buddy Lee.

“sup” Jaimie replied.

“chillin. Got any plans for Halloween?” Lee asked.

“nah. Just the usu.”

“right right. Hey. You heard from Curtis lately?” Lee asked.

“Few hours ago, mebbe. Said he wanted to go trick or treating.” Jaimie replied.

“Aren’t we a little old for that shit?”

“eh. *shrug* free candy is free candy”

“never did have much of a sweet tooth.” Lee said.

“I got me a skeet tooth. Hayoo” Jaimie replied.

“Hayoo.” Lee parroted and then added, “we really gotta get you laid, dude. How long ago has it been since you broke up with your boy?”

“Uhhh... two patches ago. So, like... March?” Jaimie replied.

“did... did you rly just measure time in patch cycles?” Lee asked.

“What? It’s consistent.”

“You are such a nerdlord.”

“Better than a pleb like you.”

“whatever. I still say you and Curtis should hook up.”

“This again? I keep telling you, just because you have two gay friends doesn’t mean you should try and hook them up!” Jaimie said.

“Why not? You two are good friends, aren’t you?”

“friends without benefits.”

“then get some benefits, bro.” Lee chided

“I’m a man with high standards.” Jaimie replied.

“more like *hung* standard, m I rite?”

“what can I say? I like my men like I like my burgers.”

“cheesy?” Lee asked.

“*sigh* extra meat” Jaimie replied.

“Right. I’ll let you get back to your dungeon grinds. I was just wondering if you’d heard from Curtis lately since he’s been being extra NEET lately.”

“Oh? What’s his latest project?” Jaimie asked

“Elephino. He never lets me in on his mad scientist shit. All I know is he hasn’t left his garage in days.” Lee said.

“well. It sounds like he plans on leaving it tonight, at least. So, there’s no need to worry.” Jaimie said.

“I guess so...” Lee replied.

“It’ll be fine. If you want, I’ll even go check on him after this run.”

“You’d do that?”

“Yeah, dude. Bros before MMOs. That’s the code, right?” Jaimie said.

“Close enough.” Lee replied.

“Right. I gotta get going. My healer is getting pissy at me for alt tabbing so much.”

“Wouldn’t want a pissy healer. *nods sagely*”
Lee replied.

And thusly, Jaimie and his team quickly burned through the last few pulls before the boss and cleared the dungeon. Jaimie was in the process of gathering up his wallet and car keys to go check on Curtis when Curtis decided to check on him first. Jaimie heard the telltale buzz of his phone receiving a new message and checked to see what it was.

“Come to the park.” Was all Curtis’s message said.

Jaimie replied with a quick “sup”, but Curtis didn’t seem inclined to answer. Jaimie’s phone remained silent. Eventually Jaimie got tired of waiting. He was planning on going out and checking on Curtis anyway. All this was was a change of venue. With that, he left his place and headed out to meet with Curtis. Jaimie didn’t even bother getting into his car. The park in question was only a few blocks away, and it was a nice, crisp fall evening out. The sun was setting and already kids were swarming the streets in their various costumes. Jaimie saw all the typical Halloween standards; ghosts, goblins, vampires, and a butt ton of popular cartoon characters. Jaimie was actually knee deep in an internal debate over what the plural form of “Steven Universe” would be when he realized he had already reached his destination.

Jaimie had to force his way through the rusted gate to get into the park. The city had long since abandoned maintenance of the place. Now it was little more than an overgrown lot with a few rusted benches strewn about. It looked like something out of Silent Hill, which was strangely fitting given the current day.

The gate slammed shut behind him, and as it did, Jaimie was immediately struck with the surreal eeriness that permeated the abandoned park. It seemed like not a soul had been there in years, and now that he was cut off from the hustle and bustle of the main road and all the trick-or-treaters, it felt like he was miles away from civilization. With the sun rapidly setting, the park grew darker and darker by the moment, and as the darkness grew, so too did the eeriness. Jaimie was alone with his thoughts in that dark, decrepit park... or so he thought.

Jaimie fidgeted awkwardly at the entrance to the park as he weighed his options. He could stand there and wait for news from his pal or he could go deeper in and see if Curtis was already there. Both options had their merit, but in the end, Jaimie opted for the latter. Curtis lived much closer to the park than Jaimie did so it made sense he would be there first, and for some reason Curtis wasn't answering his phone so it wasn't as if Jaimie could just ask for a status update.

Jaimie heard a rustling from the bushes towards the back of the park. "Curtis?" Jaimie called out to his pal, but there was no response.

“Probably just a cat...” Jaimie murmured to himself. He was half tempted to check the bushes and make sure, but in the end, he thought better of it. Instead, he kept to what passed as a path nowadays. What few bits of pavement that hadn’t been completely overtaken by grass and brush were few and far between, but it was enough of a path that he could navigate his way deeper into the abandoned park.

Jaimie soon heard another rustling coming from the trees nearby. This time the sound was much closer than before, but more importantly, Jaimie could actually see the foliage moving as whatever was inside moved through the brush. This was no cat, or at least not any cat that Jaimie had ever seen. A normal housecat could not make the trees sway in such a way. Whatever was in there was huge!

“C-Curtis?” Jaimie squeaked meekly.

Once again there was no response, but the sense of foreboding that had been in the back of Jaimie’s mind from the second the gate had slammed shut behind him was now overwhelming. Jaimie could no longer think about waiting for his pal. Wherever Curtis was, it was clear that he wasn’t in the park. If he wasn’t answering his phone that must just mean that Curtis was once again deep in his studies. He was probably still in his garage lab where he wiled away the hours tinkering with whatever sin against physics he was currently toying with.

With that, Jaimie turned back towards the entrance and hastily followed the path back out... or at least that was his intent. He quickly realized that in the dimness of the evening, he could no longer make out the stones along the ground which had marked his path into the overgrown parts of the park. He was now effectively lost in a forest deep in the heart of suburbia.

“shit...” Jaimie grumbled to himself as he struggled in vain to find the path in the dim light. He fumbled blindly for a few moments before a rational part of his brain chimed in and reminded him of the miracles of modern technology. He had had a flashlight in his hand the whole time! Or rather... he had had his phone in hand which had an app he could use. Jaimie quickly unlocked his screen and fumbled through his apps. While he did so he made a mental note that there still had been no response from Curtis.

After a matter of moments which felt like hours, Jaimie had his phone light lit and was back to scouring the underbrush for the trail. It didn't take him long to once again find the trail, but before he could make his way back towards the entryway, he found something which made him balk. There was a clump of fabric clinging to a tree branch. This in and of itself was odd enough, but what was stranger was that the tree branch in question was more than eye level. Someone had to have been climbing in the trees for it to get up there.

Jaimie crept closer to the fabric, and quickly realized that he recognized it! This was a torn t-shirt! More importantly it was a torn t-shirt for some hipster band that no one in their right mind would ever listen to. This had to be Curtis's shirt!

This, of course, brought up a whole slew of new questions. For starters, this meant that Curtis had already been here. So, where did he go? How did his shirt end up in a tree? Why was he not answering his phone? The more Jaimie pondered the situation, the less he liked it.

Jaimie turned to resume his trek towards the entrance, but he had made it no more than three steps when he balked once again. He couldn't just leave things as they are. He had to know the truth, and that meant delving deeper into the trees. If there was even a chance Curtis was in there, Jaimie had to go looking for him.

Jaimie steeled his resolve, turned around, and plunged right into the brush where he had found Curtis's shirt. Now that he knew what he was looking for, he quickly spotted other bits of clothing here and there. He found tatters of denim which could only have come from Curtis's shorts. He found shredded socks. He found more bits of cotton from Curtis's t-shirt, but perhaps the most baffling thing he discovered were Curtis's discarded shoes. They were tattered, much like the rest of the discarded clothing, but the manner in which they were shredded defied logic. The rubber soles were intact, but the rest was

completely trashed. They looked as if they had burst outward as if they had exploded. Almost as if what was inside them had grown too large to contain. Jaimie took a moment to exam the shoes closer, but something else quickly caught his attention.

Jaimie noticed motion out of the corner of his eye. He glanced to see what it was, but he was a split second too late. All he could glimpse was a vague shape. Whatever it was was massive! It stood easily eight feet tall, and Jaimie got the impression it hadn't been standing fully upright. Jaimie's mind was racing. What had happened? Was this some kind of monster? Had a gorilla escaped from the zoo? Somehow the second option seemed the more absurd of the two. Whatever Jaimie had seen was moving too quietly to be a gorilla... then again, he hadn't actually seen a gorilla in person. He assumed gorillas would be very loud and make a lot of guttural chimp noises though.

Whatever the case may be, Jaimie's nerves were shot. As much as he wanted to keep looking for Curtis, he knew he needed to get out of there, and fast! He could return later with some back-up. Maybe he'd get Lee in on the gig, or maybe he'd do the rational thing and get the police in on the action. Either way, his first order of business was getting the fuck out of there.

Jaimie had a vague idea of which way he had traveled while following the trail of discarded clothes. He turned in the direction of what he assumed was the path towards the entrance and started making haste

out of the wooded section of the park. He didn't make it too far though. In his haste, he wasn't watching his footing as well as he should have and caught his foot on a tree root. Jaimie stumbled and then tumbled. His phone flew from his hand, and he landed with a plop in the dirt below.

Jaimie fumbled awkwardly in the dark trying to find his phone. It must have landed face up because he could not see the light from the flashlight part of it in the darkness that surrounded him. He felt like Velma fumbling for her glasses in an old Scooby-Doo episode. He just had to hope that unlike Velma, he wouldn't stumble upon whatever monster was terrorizing the gang in the process.

Jaimie was shocked when his hand brushed against something that didn't feel like it belonged there. It definitely wasn't wood so he could rule out a tree trunk, and it didn't feel solid enough to be stone. He didn't have to wonder what it was for long, though. Once the flashlight had been snuffed out, his eyes steadily adjusted to the dimness of his surroundings. It soon became apparent just what it was he had his hand against.

It was a foot! A human foot at that, but the size of it boggled his mind. He doubted even Andre the Giant had a foot this huge, and unless this already eerie evening was about to get a lot more macabre, Jaimie could only assume there was more of the person attached to said enormous foot.

Jaimie's gaze rose higher and higher and he soaked in the rest of the body belonging to the massive appendage. The huge, bulging calf muscle came into view, followed by the thick quads which were as wide as a tree trunk. Above that was the most impeccably meaty ass Jaimie had ever seen. Above that was a sculpted backside with thick, bulging lats that flared out as wide as a barn door. Even from his spot on the forest floor, Jaimie could tell that this person was far larger than your average dude, but the sheer size and scale of him didn't start to come into view until Jaimie fumbled to his feet. Jaimie soon found himself standing eye level with the small of this guy's back. He was almost twice as tall as Jaimie was, and Jaimie was no slouch at nearly six feet in height. This guy was easily over ten feet tall!

Jaimie couldn't reconcile what he saw with what he knew was humanly possible. At first, he tried to rationalize it by thinking the figure before him must be a statue, but he knew deep down that that couldn't be true. He had felt it firsthand. He knew it to be human.

As if to confirm his suspicions, the figure began to move. It slowly turned around and looked down at Jaimie. It was then that Jaimie was in for yet another shock. Two shocks, to be exact.

The figure before him was massive beyond reasoning, but even so, the cock and balls attached to the towering hulk defied all explanation. Even soft, the tip of the giant's cock dipped down to his shins, and his

balls hung even lower. Either hefty orb dangled down towards the giant's ankles. Each enormous nut was large enough for Jaimie to sit on like a sofa, but even that wasn't the biggest shock.

What truly blew Jaimie away was the giant's face. Even in the dimness of the evening, Jaimie recognized the face instantly.

"CURTIS!?" Jaimie yelled in shock.

The giant didn't respond. He merely glanced down at his tiny friend and smirked. The glint in the giant's eyes and the smirk on his face made Jaimie's skin break out in goosebumps and his cock stir to life. Sure, Jaimie had always thought Curtis was kinda cute back when Curtis had been a shrimpy little geek, but Jaimie made it no secret that he liked his men with a bit more meat on them. The figure that stood before him surpassed all of his wildest expectations. In terms of sheer mass and muscle, this giant was in a league of his own, and in terms of the meat the man was packing, Jaimie could liken him to a blue whale. His cock was easily four feet long! It was almost as long as Jaimie was tall. Just thinking about it got Jaimie rock hard. Despite how bizarre and surreal the situation was, Jaimie couldn't help but wonder just how huge his pal's newly enhanced rod would be when fully erect.

Jaimie forced himself to be sane and rational about this. Sure, Curtis had grown into the biggest, beefiest mountain of cock and man Jaimie had ever seen. Sure, Curtis had always been kind of a looker

even before he bulked up, but he had to think about the bigger picture. HOW had Curtis become the giant Jaimie saw before him?

“Uh... h-hey, Curtis. Lee and I had been worried about you. You hadn't been answering your phone, and well...” Jaimie stammered.

Once again Curtis made no effort to respond. Instead he took a step forward. He was now so close that Jaimie could feel the warmth emanating off of his massive cock. Curtis's enormous dick was now mere inches from Jaimie's body. Jaimie had to fight the urge to reach forward and touch it, but Curtis seemed to have no such inhibitions.

The giant began to stroke his cock while grinning down at his tiny friend. It didn't take long for his cock to start to get harder and harder. As the giant's dick steadily swelled up, it began to stick further and further out, causing it to press against Jaimie's gut and crotch. Feeling the sheer size of the giant's semi-boned meat pressed against his own package made Jaimie's already chubbed up cock reach rock-hard status in record time. Jaimie was trying to keep his wits about him, but the scene before him was just too damn hot.

“Uh, hey... maybe we should take this inside?” Jaimie said awkwardly.

The giant had no interest in conversation. He continued to stroke his steadily boning cock and press his growing dick against his tiny pal. As Curtis's cock grew and grew, Jaimie felt himself being pushed back by it. He was once again overwhelmed by just how massive his friend had become. Even just Curtis's was

strong enough to push him aside, and it wasn't even fully hard!

Jaimie instinctively took a step back. It wasn't that he wanted to get away from that glorious cock. It was just getting too difficult to stand with it shoving him aside. As he stepped back, he realized that some of the warmth in his crotch wasn't solely because of the giant's own massive cock pressed against his own. His dick had begun leaking pre like a faucet. The front of his jeans was already soaked, and it didn't look like he would be stopping anytime soon. Already he was harder than he had ever been in his life. In fact, even in his hormonal state, a thought slowly started to creep into the back of Jaimie's mind. Just why was he so damned horny? Sure, Curtis was hot. Sure, he had a thing for muscles and huge dicks, but this was beyond the scope of what he could rationalize. By all accounts, Jaimie should be freaked out. His pal had suddenly turned into a twelve-foot titan! This was ridiculous!

But even as the thought entered Jaimie's mind, he was finding it harder and harder to focus on it. Something about being in the giant's presence was so intoxicating, and the harder Curtis's cock became, the foggier Jaimie's thoughts became. Soon Curtis's cock was so hard that it jutted straight out in front of him, and at Jaimie's size, that meant that the head of Curtis's cock was aimed straight at his face. As Jaimie stared down the one-eyed monster with a slit that was larger than his own mouth, Jaimie couldn't help himself. He was too far gone to fight it. He reached out and placed his hands on either side of the enormous, engorged head of the massive cock and began to stroke it. Even just feeling the colossal cockhead in his hands just drove home how incredibly massive it was. Jaimie's already rock-hard cock lurched with

excitement. He was so close to cumming and he had barely so much as touched his pal's gigantic dick. Jaimie knew he needed more.

Jaimie leaned in close and licked at the tip of the giant's colossal cock. He could smell his pal's cock and something else as well. The slight tang on the tip of his tongue made it clear what he was smelling. His pal's pre! Curtis's own cock had begun to dribble in anticipation as well. The warmth and wetness passed Jaimie's tongue as he continued to lap at the tip of his pal's massive cock. Jaimie never thought he would be one to get so excited by mere pre, but something about it just seemed to amplify the sexiness of his pal's already mind-blowingly hot cock.

As Jaimie continued to lick and suckle the tip of his pal's cock, something strange began to happen, but Jaimie was too enrapt in the giant's cock to register anything other than how amazingly hot he found the musclebound Adonis and his huge cock. Jaimie was too far gone to think anything of it as his own t-shirt began to get tighter and tighter. Jaimie couldn't even focus on his own rock-hard cock as it struggled against the too-tight confines of his denim jeans. All Jaimie could do was service the titan's enormous rod.

One thing that Jaimie could feel that briefly managed to break his trance was the feeling of the giant's hand resting on his head. The giant's palm was large enough to completely cover his scalp. The feeling of his pal's hand so thoroughly eclipsing his head just served once again to remind Jaimie of just how tiny he was compared to his now herculean buddy, but even this realization only managed to distract him from his task for a mere moment. Curtis's cock was demanding

Jaimie's attention, and Jaimie was not interested in leaving his pal high and dry.

As Jaimie continue to service the giant's enormous rod, Jaimie was only vaguely aware of how stifflingly tight his shirt and pants had become. The collar of his t-shirt clamped down around his neck so tightly that Jaimie could feel his breaths getting more and more labored by the second. Had he not been so engrossed in servicing the titan's enormous cock, he would have been freaked out about tightly the collar of his shirt wrapped around his throat, but fortunately, that worry was soon alleviated. The collar of his shirt snapped with a crack that reverberated through the dark, deserted park, and it wasn't just his neck that was winning the battle against his stifling attire. He could feel the threads of his sleeves begin to pop and fray. The fibers of his jeans groaned in protest, and soon those too began to snap. His clothes were quickly becoming too small for to hold back his beefy frame!

Somehow, the sound of his shirt shredding as hic pecs burst through was enough to snap him almost back to reality. Jaimie took a step back and gawked at his own body. He had become incredibly beefy in the moments while he was servicing his pal's colossal cock. Jaimie had never been fat, but neither had he been particularly buff. Now he was positively yoked! His freshly exposed, newly enhanced, broad, barrel chest looked like it belonged on the cover of a men's fitness mag and not on the body of a college slacker, and what was going on below the belt was enough to draw Jaimie's attention away from even his amazing pecs.

Jaimie's quads were so massive that the stitches along the sides of his pant legs had begun to pull apart. His calves were now as big as footballs, but even his beefy leg muscles couldn't hold his focus.

What really caught Jaimie's eyes was the bulge in the front. His cock looked positively massive! Jaimie had always had a respectable cock, but the bulge he was now sporting was beyond recognition. Jaimie almost didn't believe it was his own. Had it not been for the rising and falling of the massive bulge in time with the twitches of his own cock, Jaimie would never have believed it was actually his cock.

Jaimie's hands trembled as he hastily undid the fly of his pants. He had to see firsthand what had become of his cock. He struggled and strained against the button at the top of his fly at first. His pants were just so tightly packed that the button was not cooperating. Fortunately, he didn't need delicacy at this point. He tugged at the fly causing the button to pop off and the zipper to rip open. Jaimie breathed a sigh of relief as his over-stuffed package spilled out into the cool night air. Jaimie's relief quickly gave way to amazement though. Jaimie stood there and gawped at the enormous cock which now jutted from his crotch. His dick was as thick as his wrist! It was as long as his forearm and then some! The tip of his rigid rod reached almost to his pecs! His balls were the size of cantaloupes, and most amazingly of all? His package was still growing!

"W-what...? How...?" Jaimie murmured groggily. Part of him knew he should be freaked out. Part of him knew that he should at least try and figure out what was happening, but he could barely think. His mind was a haze of hormones. Soon the last vestiges of his confusion began to fade as his horniness took over.

The giant reached down and placed a massive finger under Jaimie's chin causing Jaimie to glance up at his towering pal. The look in Curtis's eyes said it all.

It was as if the giant was goading Jaimie on, daring him to get even bigger, and Jaimie was not about to fight back.

Jaimie's gaze drifted lower; past the giant's massive, protruding pecs, past the giant's thick, rippling abs, and down towards the giant's colossal cock. As Jaimie's gaze traced a path across the giant's immaculate torso, Jaimie was vaguely aware that his was now eye level with the giant's navel. Jaimie had been little more than crotch level mere moments before. He had somehow tacked on a solid foot of height at least. It seemed he wasn't just getting thicker but taller as well. That was just fine with Jaimie though. The mere thought of growing as huge as his hulking pal drove him wild. He needed it more than anything he had ever needed before. Every fiber of his being craved the mass and muscles that his friend had, and if that meant sucking on the hottest cock he had ever seen then so be it.

Jaimie once again threw himself into the task of pleasuring his giant pal. Jaimie could feel that his pal's gigantic cock was ever so slightly smaller than it had been before, but Jaimie knew that it wasn't Curtis that was shrinking – it was him that was growing! The knowledge spurred him on even more. He moaned breathily as he nuzzled against the head of his pal's pre-oozing cock. Jaimie licked and kissed at his pal's cockhead, all the while Jaimie's free hand reached down and stroked his own rigid shaft. Jaimie could actually feel his cock getting thicker in his hand. His rod was already so fat that he couldn't wrap his hand all the way around it, and as he fervently tugged at his fat cock, he could feel his hefty, melon-sized stones swinging and slapping against his knees. All the while

the gigantic Curtis continued to glance down at his steadily growing friend and smirk.

The last vestiges of Jaimie's shirt tore and shredded. What little bits of denim still encircled his swelling thighs and calves soon popped and frayed until his clothes fell from his massive, muscular frame like ticker tape at a parade. Even the sides of his shoes were no match for his swelling feet. The faux leather of his sneakers shredded as his massive feet burst through like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

Jaimie now stood there naked as the day he was born, and in many ways, this was the day he was born – born anew. He could scarcely remember what it was like to be normal. He couldn't fathom having ever been a mere six feet tall. He now towered at a solid ten feet, and still he was only shoulder height with his even more massive friend. Jaimie wanted so much to be just as huge as Curtis. It was all he could think about. The mere thought of it drove him mad. He continued to fervently rub his hand along the length of his cock which was now almost as thick as his own midriff as he imagined being that amazingly huge. His nuts, which now hung down to his shins swung in time with his fervent strokes. Jaimie's breathing became heavier and more labored by the second as his cock trembled and shuddered in anticipation. Pre flowed freely from his colossal cock and soaked the dirt at his feet, and all the while Curtis continued to grin as he watched his friend grow and grow.

Jaimie was getting close to blowing his load, and, judging from the spasms coursing through Curtis's colossal cock, it was clear that his even bigger buddy was getting close as well. Jaimie was ready to cum right then and there, but to his surprise, Curtis stopped him.

Jaimie was too far gone to even speak. All he could do was glance questioningly over at his pal. At this point Jaimie was every bit as huge as his hulked-out pal, but still he wanted more. His need to grow was like a gnawing hunger that had seeped into his very soul. He craved growth more than food.

Curtis reached down and grasped his fat cock with both hands and aimed it straight Jaimie's own. Without thinking, Jaimie mirrored his pal's actions until the tips of their dicks mashed together. Their dripping slits pressed together like the lips of lovers in passionate embrace. The sheer pleasure of it drove Jaimie mad. His whole body trembled. His legs threatened to give out from under him, and, judging from the gasps and grunts from his hulked-out pal, Curtis was in a similar boat. The two gigantic studs struggled against their own arousal as best they could, but they were fighting a losing battle. They were so lost in the throes of ecstasy that they hardly even noticed as their heads began to poke out above the trees in the small forested section of the abandoned city park. They could barely comprehend that their muscles were still getting thicker, their cocks were still getting bigger, and their whole bodies were still growing and growing. They both wanted nothing more than to bring the other to climax, and it wasn't long before they did just that.

The two titans cried out in a roar that echoed through the dimly lit suburban streets. Some folk nearby looked out their windows to try and figure out what had made such an unearthly cry, but no one could have guessed the truth. As the two titans continued to rock their hips back and forth and rub their dripping cocks together, they both lost the fight against their own need to cream. Huge, thick ropes of

cum erupted from the two titans' cocks. The thick streams of jizz splattered against each other's cocks against each other's thick, sculpted abs. Their well defined cum-gutters lived up to their name as thick streams of spunk seeped through the gaps in their super-defined musculature and dripped onto the mud below.

The two titans continued to moan and grunt as they came and came again. Each spurt seemed more potent than the last. With each shot, they felt even more invigorated. They felt stronger. They felt larger than ever before. Their shoulders now towered over the trees below. The tallest trees barely reaching the thick shelf of their overgrown pecs by the time they were both spent.

The two titans wordlessly slumped down onto the mud below. Their intense rutting had knocked aside the nearby trees forming a clearing for them to rest in. While they sat there gasping for breath and soaking in the afterglow, Jaimie could hear a familiar buzzing coming from nearby. He reached down and found his phone buried in the muck. The tiny device felt comically small in his super-sized palm. He could barely believe he once used such a thing. In fact, he could barely fathom what such a thing was. What little of his mind that was still Jaimie was quickly fading. In its place was the mind of a newly born titan. A colossal god who lived only to fuck and grow.

Jaimie glanced at the screen and noticed a new message from an old friend. Lee was checking in on him. "Have you talked to Curtis? What's the word?" Lee asked.

As Jaimie's thoughts steadily faded, he managed one last message. He typed awkwardly on the screen of his phone. Even just his fingertip was so

massive that it eclipsed the entire screen and then some, but thanks to the miracles of autocorrect he managed a rudimentary message.

“Come to park” was all it said.