

Saying he was nervous would be an understatement so enormous that it probably would feel like some pretty decent foreshadowing if the griffin could look just a few days into the future. For the time being though, he had far more mundane and down-to-earth worries to concern himself with, such as his complete inability to keep his legs from shaking, the fact that all his lines had just vanished from his head and that his part in the play was coming up next... in about thirty minutes. The backstage area was abuzz with activity, and not a single person *could* stop to give him the cooldown hug he so desperately needed, so Jordan tried his best to calm himself down by sitting in a corner and focusing *very* hard on the floor, counting the number of cracks in the wood panelling into his mind began to drift and wander away from what he was about to do.

Why exactly he thought joining an amateur theater group would help with his interminable inability to be in front of large crowds was a question for the ages, with the griffin cursing both his past self and whoever happened to encourage him to do something as ridiculous as putting himself in the line of fire in order to get rid of his stage fright as opposed to doing something even remotely sensible. Then again, it had been a great time for him, at least during rehearsals; plenty of friends to be made, a great number of nights out where he could rely on the strength of intoxicating substances to get over his perennial shyness, all so fun that he completely forgot that the point of joining a theater group was to *put on theater*, hence why he was slightly busy panicking over the very real threat of having to *perform* in front of what might be at least two dozen people. It wasn't that big of a production, but there being more than five individuals watching was enough to trigger a stress reaction so powerful that it was a wonder he didn't immediately take flight and make good use of one of the open windows.

“Yo, Jordan, y'allright?”

The voice came from nearby, but it might as well have been a million miles away from how not there the griffin was, needing the man beside him to pat him on the top of his head before he tuned back to reality, flinched, and nearly fell off his bench when he noticed the director was standing right next to him looking like he hadn't slept in at least three days (actually four). He wasn't mad, or at least didn't look like it, but judging from the way he was frowning there was no doubt in Jordan's mind that he was about to be on the receiving end of a dressing-down for being so neurotic just moments before he was expected to put on a good show... which is precisely why he was surprised when his director instead placed one hand on his shoulder, knelt down so the two of them would be at eye-level, stared at him with a warm smile for a few seconds, and then wrapped their arms around him, pulling the two into a tight hug that the griffin, while initially slow to respond to, eventually accepted and paid back in much the same way.

It was all he needed, really. No talks, no arguments, no discussions, just the simple warmth of a very tired-looking sheep who should probably be on a bed somewhere counting their own

kind rather than trying to coordinate a stage production that late in the evening. It wasn't enough to completely melt away all of the griffin's fears, but it did what was needed to get him into the right kind of mood that he could rely entirely on psychological momentum to keep himself going, plowing onwards with no regard for whether or not he could actually do any of the things he tried... which, for that particular case, meant going to the dressing room to make sure that his suit was properly fastened, lest he end up slipping out of it in the middle of the fencing scene in act three, scene five, the grand finale.

The costume department had a field day trying to adapt one of their clothing sets so it could fit Jordan, not because of his fluffy wings, but thanks especially to the fact that he was quite a bit smaller than the last person who wore it. Plenty of cutting and cleverly disguised stitching later (as well as the application of a couple of fashionable belts), the costume was remade so that the griffin could walk around and perform the necessary stunts while still mildly comfortable. Despite this, and despite the fact that he'd used that thing so often that it was practically a second skin after so many rehearsals spent trying *not* to aim his fake sword properly, Jordan couldn't help but feel like it was slightly tighter on him than usual. He initially tried dismissing it as just his nervousness and stage fright kicking up again, but given that it was still there after getting the hug he needed *and* making sure to ask one of their seamsters if something had torn, the griffin had to actually take it seriously. It chafed slightly, and felt as if it was ready to start ripping if he moved *too* much, which was concerning given what he was supposed to be doing with that plastic rapier he had on his belt; he asked if it had been placed in the wash and left there too long, but as far as anyone knew, nothing out of the ordinary had happened... so why was it that it still felt tight?

This served as a wonderful distraction for the remainder of the time it took before one of their producers shouted at him and a few others to get ready for the scene change, and as they heard a depressingly low amount of clapping from the audience on the other side of the backstage wall, Jordan and a group of other actors took their positions right next to the entrance to the stage proper. Despite the low affluence, the performers walking out as the curtains were closed bore wide smiles, and some even openly congratulated one another for what they perceived to be sufficient broken legs, leaving the griffin to gulp down, straighten his back, and rather than steeling himself for what was to come, being forced to wonder if that weird tearing noise he just heard came from his costume and if he should be worried about where that might be. Seeing as no one said anything, however, he waited for the proper signal and, just a few seconds before the curtains were drawn, got ready to leap onto the stage as soon as the performers already there gave him the proper cue. It was a simple part: rush in, declare himself to be the Viscountess' estranged son whose death had been faked by her late husband, then point towards the "real" son and declare them to be an impostor. Cue the sword fight scene, where he would heroically strike down his opponent, spare him, then exile them and command them to

never again return to torment the lands with his despotic behavior. All in all, not that much to ask... if it weren't for what actually happened afterwards.

Things went wrong right off the bat, though not in any way that the twenty or so people sitting in the mostly-empty auditorium could (hopefully) tell. It all began when Jordan literally leapt onto the stage, unfurling his wings and taking flight for just enough time to get him to land right next to his supposed quarry the moment he was supposed to, a move so well-practiced that the griffin allowed muscle memory to take over and thus nailed *perfectly*; the problem was that doing so ended up tearing a large section of his costume in a rather private and embarrassing area, though the noises were (mostly) disguised by his victorious "A-ha!" upon landing. No one else on stage seemed to notice, or if they did they knew better than to point out that the whole area beneath his two most intimate zones had just ripped wide open for all who peeked to see, but if there was anything that Jordan happened to be, it was self-conscious, leaving him in a state where his first, instinctive reaction was to try and turn around and run for the nearest exit, damn the consequences. However, with him standing there with his fake blade in one hand and his head turned just enough that he could see the actual audience, he was stuck between a rock and a hard place; sure, he *could* run away and avoid the embarrassment, or he could stay and risk his costume be further destroyed after inexplicably shrinking.

In the end, he picked the latter, taking the opportunity to let his panic shift into improvisation when he ad-libbed a line about having travelled for so long that his clothes were worn before moving onto the actual script, and from there, things progressed as they should... except for the fact that every time he tried to move in a way that best fit the swordfight, he could tell that parts of his clothes tore open or seams came undone, something for which he had absolutely no reference frame or idea how to react to. Somehow, against all odds, he managed to hold onto both his sanity and acting chops, finishing off his opponent and ordering them off the stage (or, well, kingdom) before addressing the actress playing as his character's mother. The scene was made significantly more humorous than it should be by virtue of his clothes being *completely* wrecked, exposing quite a bit of fluff and feathers, but the crowd rolled with the punches and "Aww"ed at the right time, just when the emotional catharsis came rolling around. As soon as the play was over and the rest of the cast was called for a final bow, Jordan stood out in that he didn't attempt anything other than the smallest of curtsies, drawing a few chuckles and comments from the small crowd for whom this was confirmation that the costume damage was *not*, indeed, part of the show. Still, he retained enough of his dignity that he got all the way to the last curtain call before slumping onto the nearest seat, with one of the play's producers and the head costume designer rushing over to him to make sure things were alright.

"I am *so* sorry!" the young raven in charge of clothing the cast immediately declare, "I don't know what happened, I thought the costume fit!"

“It did!” Jordan replied, “I don’t know what happened either!”

“God, at least the audience didn’t laugh too hard,” the producer sighed, looking over her back for any sight of their director, “honestly, I don’t know what we would’ve done if your costume actually tore open completely, but it wouldn’t have been pre-”

“C-Can I just... please go to the dressing room?” the griffin butted in, “It’s been bad enough and I think I’ve had enough panic for one day. We’ll talk next Friday, i-if that’s alright?”

Neither of the other two seemed to want to let him go, but lacking any reason to hold him back, allowed Jordan to get up and shuffle off to the backstage area, where plenty of people were just *dying* to let him know how much of a performance he put on under such stressful circumstances. Were he in any better state of mind, perhaps the griffin would’ve understood this barrage as the long list of compliments that it was, but with his neuroticism jacked up as high as it could go, all Jordan could think of was getting as far away from everyone as possible; he needed time to think.

Once safely inside of the smaller dressing rooms that he’d commandeered as his own, the griffin sat down and tried to make sense out of what had just happened. There was simply no way that the costume had randomly shrunk for no reason, and given that it ripped open, then him feeling that it was tighter than usual had not just been his imagination or nervousness acting up. Looking down at it, all Jordan could see were the tattered remnants of what used to be a pretty decent get-up, hanging from him in strips in some parts and giving anyone who looked at him a perfect view of his plumage trying to escape from the tears in the fabric. Even still, he felt a sense of phantom pressure all over, as if he *needed* to burst free from those clothes in front of an audience, a thought so alien to his usual self that he actually had to flinch once he realized he just had it.

Trying not to think too much about that rogue desire, Jordan focused on getting what was left of the costume off of him, finding it to be surprisingly tight and unwieldy compared to how easily he had put it on a couple of hours prior. It clearly *had* shrunk, hadn’t it? That was the only explanation for it, albeit one that he really couldn’t reason his way to given that he wasn’t put into a washing machine in the time between dressing up and heading on stage. There *was* an alternative, but it was so ridiculous that Jordan didn’t even consider it... that is, until he physically ripped the last bit of cloth off from his legs and turned to face the mirror he had on the wall.

He was taller. He couldn’t really explain it in any other words, because it really was that simple: he was a few inches taller. Usually, there was some clearance between the top of his head and the rim of the reflective surface itself, but now that he looked at it, he couldn’t even see

all of his haircut, leaving him extremely confused and wondering if the damned frame had slipped down the wall somehow, despite being very much still nailed to it. He kept looking far past the point where he should've accepted the reality of the situation, right up until he was pressing both palms against the wall and staring into his reflection's eyes, hoping perhaps that it would come to life, tell him that he was in some kind of extremely vivid nightmare, only to then wake him up so he could find himself back in bed earlier that morning. Sadly, no such thing came to pass; his mirror-self remained just as he himself was, prompting Jordan to sigh, press his forehead against the glassy surface and allow his eyes to drift downwards towards the floor... and the other part of him that had clearly changed.

He hadn't noticed until just then, given how busy his mind was at trying to explain away *everything else* he was seeing, but the bulge in his underwear was significantly bigger than it was normally. Not just bigger in the sense that he was inexplicably aroused and ready to tent any pants that he was wearing, but bigger in the sense that his choice of boxer briefs had, itself, been ripped to shreds trying to contain something that it wasn't meant to hold. Even as he looked at it, more puzzled than anything else, the last bits of cloth holding back his brand new package gave way, allowing his shaft and nuts to be freed from their confines, flopping downwards and weighing far more heavily on him than they used to.

It was only here that Jordan actually reacted, yelping loudly enough for people outside to hear and ask if everything was alright, prompting a very flustered griffin to lie through his teeth and declare that yes, everything was perfectly fine and no one had to worry about anything, all while taking several steps back and tripping onto a couch he kept in the corner of the room. Temporarily breathless, he was at least in the best possible position to admire his brand new junk, standing proud at a good foot in length and accompanied by a set of grapefruit-sized orbs that felt like they hadn't been emptied in *months*, something Jordan knew full well was *not* the case whatsoever. No matter how shocking this revelation was, no matter how much he should be worried about it, the only thing in his mind was the same sort of arousal that came whenever he stumbled onto a particularly piece of visual art or those rare videos that had more substance to it than an excuse plot and poor acting; the same kind of instinctive, visceral reaction that came prepackaged and delivered to him whenever he laid eyes on a hyper-sized individual and secretly hoped that maybe, one day, he might be like that as well... right before going back to berating himself for ever thinking such thoughts. He *should* have been worried, but he was mostly just... horny.

Not even aroused or excited, just horny. Desperate for physical attention, needy, wanting someone to come and fix that intense sense of pressure that he was just then becoming aware of, so much so that, before he even knew it, both of his hands had already wrapped themselves around that foot-long shaft and began pumping it, causing the damned thing to grow further as it (presumably) rose to full mast; either that, or it was still packing on mass, which was probably

the case given how the nuts underneath it appeared to be slowly bloating outwards as well, a worrying development that Jordan completely missed in his hyper-aroused state. All he really cared about was satisfying that burning need for release that had hit him from nowhere, filled him with want and restlessness, the kind that could only ever be satisfied by plastering half the room in cum and spending ten minutes afterwards gasping for breath, an experience that he could now give himself on demand.

He wasn't even thinking anymore, all conscious decision-making replaced entirely by primal instincts and the basest of desires, the primitive need to get off and damn the consequences while doing so. The griffin didn't care when the slightest bit of stimulation somehow managed to get him into full flow, spurting far more precum than he really should so early on, glazing the full length of his cock and making it wonderfully easier for both of his hands to service it more appropriately, occasionally splattering onto his chest and rolling off his feathers. The fact that he was still growing didn't seem to register to him, not even when his nuts began to push against the inner portion of his thighs and then had to start spilling over them from just how full they were getting; if anything, this translated into a sense of pressure that informed Jordan that he had to jerk off *harder*, that he had to work *double time* in order to achieve climax, or else he might just burst! Those were his thoughts anyway; the reality of it was... slightly more complicated.

Whatever the case, it was clear to everyone outside of his room just what Jordan was doing at that time, and as such they made the wise decision to consciously ignore the noises coming from the other side of that door and just keep moving on with their night, seeing to their tasks like they weren't hearing someone vigorously and furiously pleasuring themselves just a few yards away. The poor guy just had a terrible first experience on the stage and yet managed to nail his performance, so he was owed *some* room to cool down... even if he was being so loud that a few of his colleagues suddenly sported permanent blushes whenever they were anywhere near the door to his dressing room. If only they could see what was happening inside, they might be left even worse, because the griffin's body was absolutely *adoring* the kind of attention it was receiving, and apparently decided to give its owner exactly what he wanted, in the best way that it could.

Jordan would be lying if he said he never fantasized about growing, especially given that he was always on the small side and came from a family with some rather well-endowed hypes who weren't afraid to flaunt it, prompting him to develop some *extremely* confused feelings about some of his more distant relatives. He figured it was all just size envy, and indeed, as soon as he began actively searching for that sort of material, his private hours were occasionally spent wondering how good it would be to *become* like those people he had saved up in his bookmarks, at least before his rational self pulled him back to reality. Among all those fantasies, the "growing while jacking off" was probably the most prevalent, both within his own mind and in his "reference materials", so the simple fact that it was actually happening, right there in front of

him and thanks to his own actions, was simply too good for it to be true. It *had* to be a dream, *had* to be an hallucination or something of the sort, because it couldn't possibly be happening... but if that was the case, then why should he hold back? Better to enjoy it while it lasted, really solidify it in his memory so he could always return to it whenever he needed to have a good time.

With his eyes closed, it was stupendously easy for Jordan to completely miss how both of his orbs, despite already clenching and gurgling so loudly that it was practically indecent, were still growing. This in spite of them pushing out so much precum onto his groin, his seat, his chest, the floor and a couple of other things that it put most of his proper orgasms to shame, something that he didn't bother trying to explain, choosing to ride the high for as long as it lasted; meanwhile, both of those hyperactive cum factories were still swelling, still sloshing as their contents were pressure-hosed out of them so that they could be replaced with even more, damn the laws of thermodynamics or how hydrated his body was. The sheer amount of his juices flying everywhere should have been enough to get him to at least *try* and look at what he was doing, but it really wasn't; all he could bring himself to do was to keep stroking his shaft, marvelling at how it had grown so long that, rather than using both hands on opposite halves of it, he could grip two completely distinct sections, barely be able to hold their full girth, and still have room on the rod's length for a couple of extra hands as well! It was the sort of thing that he fantasized about whenever his mind ran particularly wild, and it was actually happening to him... hopefully. He still hadn't ruled out the possibility that it was all a dream (or his conscious mind hadn't, all the way in the back of his brain inside a cage from which it couldn't spoil the fun).

The noises were getting loud enough that a couple of the producers began to wonder if they shouldn't at least try and politely knock on the door to ask Jordan to keep it down, something that no one really wanted to do given how awkward it was. Even still, the griffin was so... *effusive* in how much he was enjoying his experience that it was becoming genuinely distracting to everyone else, and if no one did anything about it, wrapping up after the performance would take double the amount of time it usually did. Thankfully for everyone involved, someone *did* do something about it: Jordan himself, when he seriously miscalculated how durable he was and promptly flew off his edge and plummeted down into one of the most mind-shattering climaxes he ever had in his entire life.

Jordan never once thought that he'd be able to cum hard enough to actually see it hit the ceiling and then bounce back to splash over his head, but that's exactly what happened in the first few seconds of that *intensely* explosive orgasm, causing him to make a series of rather undignified noises that made everyone waiting outside his room take several steps back and completely abandon whatever plans they had to knock on the door or politely ask that the griffin quiet down; given what they had just heard, it was probably best that they walk away and try not to think too hard about it, especially given how a small puddle of something that absolutely was

*not* water began to flow under the door just a few moments later, prompting a few onlookers to wonder just where their colleague had been hiding that much productivity.

In actuality, he hadn't, but his body wasn't about to let that be an obstacle now that it had unilaterally decided it would be a great time for a second puberty, mid-orgasm and when its owner couldn't really do anything about it... not that he would, seeing as it both so over-stimulating that his brain stopped functioning properly *and* a true dream come true after years of fantasizing about such impossible growth spurts. It wasn't just his package either, though that one did receive the bulk of the size boost, but his whole body in general, making the couch he was sitting on feel more and more cramped as his entire frame surged outwards and built on what had already been there to ruin the costume in the first place; six feet were easily reached and then passed, followed by seven, eight, and before he knew it, Jordan had his head dangerously close to the ceiling even while sitting down! Not that he was too aware of it, of course; through half-lidded eyes, all he could really see was his own cock and balls in front of him, and though the rest of him would be good entertainment, his shaft and cum factories were the only thing he truly cared about at that point.

To say they were disproportionately large would be just as big of an understatement as those things were themselves, because they were *clearly* the victors when it came to his unexplained explosion of size. Not only did each load force his cock to bloat out and *stay* bloated out, constantly adding more and more mass onto it as it thickened and lengthened with each rope of spunk erupting from its tip, but those nuts clenching underneath it seemed to keep on filling regardless of how much they were clearly emptying out; they had already spilled over to the floor and were wide enough that Jordan had to spread his legs just to remain comfortable, pressurized to such a degree that he didn't know whether he should be howling in pain or moaning in raw, unfiltered pleasure at just how *stuffed* he was and how much he still had left to give. Even with his body growing in general, his poor hands could barely keep up with the size of the rod they were servicing, but that was alright; the sight of his palms being unable to grasp onto so much as a fraction of his full size made the griffin's mind spiral out of control and straight down into the kind of mindless, self-feeding carnal ecstasy that he had once believed was far out of his reach.

But now? Now he was staring at a cock, *his* cock, reaching nearly all the way to the ceiling, about as long if not even *longer* than his torso was and just about as thick, while the two pendulous orbs feeding it its endless supply of seed continued to swell to disproportionately enormous sizes, perfectly spherical and looking to be so stretched that their surface would probably be smooth to the touch from how taut the skin was. And still he grew, still he carried on packing on mass during the course of his climax, until the top of his head pressed against the wooden boards above him and he had to angle his shaft downwards to keep that from happening to it as well. It didn't stop until a full *ten minutes* later, after which the entire dressing room was



covered in creamy white, Jordan was left gasping for breath and unable to think properly, and his body was... slightly inconveniently big, not that the griffin himself would put it into those words. Or any words, for that matter; his mind was as spent as his body was.

It took him significantly longer than usual to recover from this state, which wasn't surprising all things considered; even when his conscious thought process was rebooted and his brain actually began analyzing what his eyes were seeing, Jordan's body was still sluggish and slow to respond, not to mention sore all over. He didn't quite know why that was; the thought that growing into a small giant might have some negative consequences simply didn't occur to him, nor did it feel right to assume that the experience would be anything less than heavenly and perfect, just like when he thought about it those many times before. Still, on trying to get up, he found that his muscles were *definitely* feeling the sudden drastic changes, and even though he could still move around, the griffin felt like he could use a good night's sleep to help recover from the "beating" he'd just received.

Nonetheless, no one could deny that the changes were anything but *glorious*; if it weren't enough that he had to hunch over just to fit inside of his dressing room, now he had to contend with a package so immensely oversized that he couldn't help but giggle giddily at the mere sight of it. Even at half-mast his cock was still so big that he had to bend over just to reach the tip, and every step he took required him to drag those two fat nuts of his underneath him as they grazed against the ground and weighed down on him, forcing him to almost *waddle* rather than walk normally. And while this would usually make him feel nothing short of panicked, now? Now it was just confirmation that it hadn't been a hallucination or vivid dream, because there was no way his mind would be able to recreate what he was feeling at that exact moment without being forced to wake up from how overwhelming the pleasure of it all was; no matter how unlikely and improbable, the growth spurt *had* happened, he *was* that big... and now he had to deal with everyone else outside.

The realization that he wasn't yet home slammed into him about as hard as his transformation had, instantly flushing out all the enjoyment from his system once Jordan remembered he still had to leave the theater building and take his car back to his own place, not to mention now he was responsible for enough flooding that there was cum seeping under the door! Both hands flew to his head as his mind raced with all the possibilities, the certainty that everyone had heard every noise he made, the knowledge that no one would ever let this matter drop and it would certainly turn into a long-running joke in between every member of the troupe. Not just that, but just the thought alone of having to expose himself to everyone outside, to all their lurid stares and avid gazes and the looks of jealousy mixed with sexual arousal that were sure to be elicited, to say nothing of how the couple of hypers they had there would look at him and suddenly feel *very* inadequate about their own size, it was... it was all...

... it was all a lot better than it should be, honestly.

Jordan could feel the blush on his cheeks grow more powerful the more he allowed himself to think about what would happen the moment he opened that door in front of him. It wouldn't even help him at all; given his sheer size, there was no way he would ever fit through there, though it was probably the best possible place for him to stick his cock through and thrust his hips to his heart's content, fucking the tightest "hole" (for lack of a better word) that he had that could still fit him, all while begging for more and making a right mess of the outside hallway. Just the fact that he was even thinking this was enough to make his arousal worse; at no point in his life had he ever considered this possibility, or *anything* remotely similar, so for his mind to now be looking at it not as a remote fantasy but as something he could and *should* absolutely do... it was getting hard to focus the longer it went on, doubly so when he considered how much he really felt like seeing just what everyone had to say about him now that he wasn't such a pipsqueak as before.

Lost in these considerations, Jordan didn't even notice as he leaned forward and placed his weight on the wall, his hips moving without his conscious input in order to grind the bottom of his cock against the wall. By the time he became aware of this, it was already too late; sure, it was unorthodox, but as soon as he moved closer still and pressed his chest against his shaft, to say that it was anything other than *divine* would be nothing less than a damnable lie. It wasn't just the physical stimulation either; sure, having his shaft stuck between a smooth surface on one side and his fluffy torso onto the other was already good enough, but it was *knowing* that he was that large, *seeing* and *feeling* just how massive and oversized he was that really got him going. Before he even knew it, the wall itself was starting to crumble, plaster was falling off from wherever he was pushing on particularly harshly, and everyone on the other side of it got an eyeful of the absolutely gigantic griffin toppling over once the latest object of his affections promptly gave up the ghost and broke into a thousand pieces, showering everyone in dust and rubble.

Miraculously, no one got hit by Jordan himself, nor stuck beneath that enormous pillar of cockmeat he had attached to him, though after the shock waned and the onlookers got to actually see what had just happened, many wished they had been so "unlucky" as to be standing in the "wrong" place. Gasps coursed through the crowd, muttering erupting between small groups as they tried to make sense out of the fact that Jordan, their smallest, shyest troupe member, was now somehow a near twelve-foot behemoth sporting a package so immensely engorged that even those who didn't show any preference for those sorts of things began to blush at the mere sight of it. How could they not? It was more than just a dick and a pair of balls, but a symbol of fertility, indulgence, obscenity and *excess*, the culmination of years of dreaming and hoping made manifest in one glorious cumsplosion that left the previously diminutive griffing a hulking giant waiting to be pleased by someone of his own size. Why exactly they would think that last bit

was anyone's guess, but given how big Jordan happened to be, it was very much a case of them not having to worry too much about it; if something as ridiculously unexpected as *that* could happen, then surely stranger things were just around the corner waiting to surprise a lucky few of them, gods willing. Plus, they already had a couple of folks on the bigger side, so who's to say that what happened to the griffin wouldn't "spread" and infect others?

One thing was for certain though: Jordan himself wasn't nearly as bashful as he himself thought he would be now that the cat was out of the bag and his body was there for everyone to see. Perhaps it was the fact that he was so large and hefty that the arousal he felt was overwhelming; he certainly decided the best thing to do after landing flat on his cock was to keep bucking his hips and take the opportunity to grind that thing against the ground, lubricated by his own copious productivity. Being that reckless even managed to reward him, seeing as his package was *still* growing; while his main body remained about the same size it was, the griffin could both feel and see his shaft growing ever-larger, until rather than him hugging it as he kept pounding it against the wall in front of him, that beast of a cock managed to outgrow him entirely, growing longer than he was tall and wider than his own torso. All the while, the two balls he was carrying behind him had burgeoned outwards until they not only filled his old dressing room, but *spilled* from it as well, having succeeded in breaking through the walls and forcing the ceiling to come down on their heft. After just a few seconds of effort, Jordan was no longer grinding his dick against the floor, but his whole *body* against his own shaft, which had blossomed to become so colossal that he doubted he could get up... but he still needed to try.

Despite the look of it, that titanic pillar of cockmeat was surprisingly easy to carry, presumably because his main form being *that* big gave him enough of a strength boost to do so. Plus, it had completely wrecked the wall separating the backstage area from the main stage proper, giving Jordan plenty of room to work in to swing that thing around freely, torrents of cum gushing from its tip and coating everything around it in his sticky, hot seed. He wasn't even paying attention to what this was doing to everyone else; all the griffin could see was the *stage*, the wide-open and empty section of the community theater that beckoned him to walk towards it and put a show on for the world, for whoever would be daring enough to come look at him. Though hard to get moving with those two immense weights dragging behind him, Jordan nonetheless put in the effort required to heave his colossal frame forwards, taking step after step and wincing with each one, seeing as his cock just kept getting *bigger*; he could hear it getting larger, creaking gently like stretched leather as each heartbeat added inches onto it, forcing the poor guy to use his hands to push it down and keep it from bursting through the roof, only for him to moan and drool at the sight of how his palms, once perfectly capable of holding onto his cock in its entirety, now barely managed to cover a fraction of a decimal point of it. This was to say nothing of the cacophonous gurgling emanating from the couple of cum factories behind him, which seemed to have made it their life's mission to make it impossible for their owner to think straight from just how *loud* they were being.

In between his own groaning and grunting, and that of his body complaining as it continued to pack on size and mass, it was easy for Jordan to completely miss the effects that his sudden growth spurt was having on those around him, not to mention the structure he was inside of as well. With his cock long enough that it reached halfway down the aisle of seats in front of the stage, there wasn't a single inch of the place left that hadn't been at least slightly splattered with some of his seed, with most of the ground covered in an inch-thick layer that only got thicker as that cock got bigger, the enormous rod splashing heavily onto the surface of the syrupy lake of spunk it had created once its heft grew too weighty for even the griffin's body to withstand; the sheer size of that thing was such that it crashed onto the floor with enough force to shake the whole building, still creaking ominously as inches were added in every direction each time Jordan's heart pumped more blood, still spurting countless gallons of its deliciously virile seed with each throb. Jordan himself could barely even make sense of it; all he saw was a cock so big that it took up an increasing amount of space in the theater proper *and* ever more room in his field of vision, rendering him unable to react to it beyond making uncoordinated, flailing movements and moaning like a desperate size slut. Even "worse" was when his base began to bulge out even harder, thickening considerably as two bulbous nubs of flesh protruded from either side, rising to become a structure not unlike a canine knot, leaving the griffin wondering just who exactly would be able to take such an oversized shaft... and the contents of a pair of nuts that had become so large that Jordan could probably curl up inside of them, cock and all!

And while they would never be able to service this giant of a breeding beast, the members of the theater group were certainly *trying*; all of them, to some degree or another, had had their minds effectively wiped of anything other than sheer arousal, dominated entirely by what was happening right in front of them. All care or concern for decency or fidelity had been duly replaced by an interminable desire for *more*, and an almost-instinctive understanding that the griffin, *their* griffin, could grow even larger if only they would take the time to help. So help they did: plenty of them went to his nuts, rubbing themselves all over them before holding onto some part of their surface and attempting to climb to the top, hoping to be away from their path of destruction once they began to tear down the building; others, feeling more proactive, had taken to doing the same to Jordan's cock, *especially* his knot once that came in and bulged out into its finalized shape (if not final size). And indeed, the more effort they put into it, the more of an investment they recouped, leading to the griffin's growth growing entirely out of control, and his shaft very quickly thickening to the point where it was not only taking up the entirety of the central aisle, but a good half of the entire theater hall itself! They could *hear* it stretch, bloat and erupt with its liquid contents, pushing itself to become larger, longer and girthier, even as its constant bubbling of spunk did nothing to impede the unending, inexorable filling of the cum factories supplying it with the very same fluids it was using to flood the entire building... the very same fluids that had begun to wreak havoc on everyone else's biology as well.

They would never become as massive as Jordan himself, that much was a given, but that didn't stop them from acquiring a bit of his colossal new heft from constant exposure to what was apparently heavily-transformative seed. Be it because they just had some of it splash on them or because they actively bathed in it in a deliberate attempt at triggering such a change in their bodies, not a single person present there was as they had been just a few minutes prior. Be it their height increasing a couple of feet, their assets inflating with milk or cum (or just growing outright without the need for fluid build-up), their musculature multiplying upon itself or *everything* happening at once, no longer were there only two hypers in the entire troupe; now, at long last, everyone there could share in the same level of immenseness that the griffin did, even if they never really reached his full size... and never would, because that giant was once again *growing*.

Not merely having his cock become larger or his balls fill further even while in full flow, but properly *grow out*, his entire form burgeoning in every direction as it once more filled up room proportionately rather than in just a few specific places. This of course meant those specific places grew along with it as well, maintaining their unbalanced girth compared to Jordan's main body even as he reached and surpassed fifteen feet in height; in practice, this effectively meant that both his nuts and his shaft *exploded* with so much more mass that, by the time his head hit the ceiling, his cock was already squeezing against opposite walls of the auditorium, its tip had breached the façade of the building, smashed through parked cars and slammed into the restaurant on the other side of the road (coincidentally kickstarting yet another round of brand new hypers), and his nuts had barrelled through the rest of the community theater behind him, ending up spilling into the parking lot out back and flattening every car that happened to be there into a thin, metallic disk. Once the griffin reached twenty feet, once he broke through the ceiling proper and was now free to gaze upon the city around him, each of his heartbeats added *yards* onto his length and girth, thousands of gallons into each of his enormous orbs, until he could see his shaft throbbing and pulsating... but never quite coming back down. It was supposed to, it was supposed to bloat larger and then settled back down at a slightly larger size than before, but instead, it performed a "half-pulse" and remained at the high point, at least until the next "half-pulse" came around and left it even larger. It was a process that he couldn't explain, but one that all-but ensured that his growth was now fully out of control and there wasn't a single thing either him or anyone else could do about it.

And he loved it.

Though he couldn't really pleasure any significant part of himself, that didn't stop Jordan from trying. Now fully seated upon his throne of nutflesh, he could afford to use his hands, legs and feet to rub up against that colossal, skyscraper-sized manhood he sported, groaning so loudly that it would've been painful to everyone around if not for the gurgling of his balls being somehow even more powerful than his throat noises were. All the little ones cared about was

rubbing, kneading, poking, grabbing, squeezing, adding to the continuous burst of size that ensured that everyone and anyone in that city could perfectly see just how *titanic* the griffin was, and how each and every beat of his heart left his cock so bloated that it felt like it was being inflated with air from an equally-gigantic pump. It wouldn't take long before he reached the first mile, and by that point, there was very little to hold him back from just carrying on, from just swallowing up more terrain now that he didn't need to worry about actually stepping on it. There he was, high upon two orbs stuffed with his cum, producing at such an insanely fast rhythm that they somehow managed to keep bloating and filling up despite his shaft being in full flow, countless olympic swimming pools' worth of his spunk shot out every half-second. Yet, he still felt pent-up, still felt like he needed to cum harder, and so he kept on stimulating himself in the hopes of achieving that mythical climax that he had once dreamed so much about: the same one that would not only coat half the bloody country in his seed, but would give him one final size burst so powerful that he'd be able to be seen from orbit. Damn the consequences and how he'd be able to live after that, those were things that *non-giants* worried about; right now, all he cared about was growing. Growing, filling, burgeoning outwards and every synonym in the book plus several others that weren't, now and forever, forever and always.

Only then, maybe, would he be satisfied.

Maybe.