

Gideon's window blew open behind him in a flurry of feathers and curse words. The gryphon reeled back over his coffee table, the wings on his back spreading reflexively. He squawked and spun about, breakfast discarded, to behold his swearing assailant.

"Hell's Harpies, Gideon! Dweeb like you's bright idea is to hide - at HOME?!" Gilda's beak curved upwards in a ravishing grin. Her eagle talons clutched to Gideon's wooden windowsill to pull her deeper into his house - her lioness paws scraped across the walls as she pushed herself in, eyes fixated on the robed homeowner. Half his kitchen was destroyed by the time she hauled all of herself inside.

"G-Gilda! I wasn't hiding, my sweet, I swe-AULK!" Gideon yammered as Gilda lurched towards him and wrapped around his beak. Her muscles bulged as she shoved herself way too close, disrespecting any personal space and his personal body temperature. She was searing hot.

"After that WILD time last night, you think I'd wake up and not want MORE?" She shook him vigorously in her powerful arms, her fur and feathers glistening with perspiration. Her wings shook too, flapping behind her and wrecking the rest of his kitchen - his own wingspan was pinned to the table. He looked past her paw gripping his beak and into her fierce eyes, unsure what she could be talking about and unable to respond vocally.

Gilda continued her tirade. *"We need more gryphons. I need more **ffucking gryphons, Gideon.**"* She pressed her beaked and feathered face close to the male gryphon's, releasing her grip but replacing it with a sharply passionate kiss that captured his tongue with hers. Her powerful hips hammered forward against his robe - and something of his, wild and instinctual, hammered back at her.

Maybe it was the adrenaline, perhaps it was the sheer passion with which this aching amazon of a gryphoness was aggressive with him, but Gideon's inner mythological beast reacted with a surge of strength and need. The table behind him crunched as muscle bulked beneath his feather-furred pelt and he pushed back up, hips juddering as the robe fell away to reveal the hot, pink-barbed beast of a dick he had hammered her with last night. Her own hips pressed and ground against it in fond recognition, her heat burning with fierce determination.

Dragging her knees forward, Gilda mounted Gideon upon the table, uncaring of how the wood creaked beneath both bulking, breed-needy gryphons. Gilda's headfeathers brushed the ceiling as her hips rose, and Gideon's liontail lashed longer across the floor. The twitching spire of his shaft slid along Gilda's bellyfur and thighs as she lifted herself up, and a quick press of his paw positioned him perfectly when she fell, no, slammed back down.

"Awwwww FUCK yes, Gideon!" Gilda screeched as she took nearly two feet of dick into the clenching depths of her sex. He stretched her, she clenched around him, each of them savoring the pulses of growth that pumped both of them larger, providing electric friction to their aflame nerves. Growling from back in his throat, Gideon's instincts pushed him bigger and stronger to endure Gilda's growing need to breed, muscles pumping larger along his limbs, balls fattening to

hold buckets of cum. Above him, as Gilda began to judder and bounce her hips up and down, her breasts pillowed out further and further from her body. She was growing, and so was he.

Both gryphons became louder in their copulation. The table finally buckled beneath the burgeoning weight of the fuck-frenzied mythical beasts, but the crunch of its timbers was muffled beneath bulking muscles. Gideon and Gilda gave each other no quarter as their hindquarters bashed together, a froth of estrus and seed bubbling between their fur-and-feathered loins. They were messy breeders, true to their mythical heritage.

Gilda's breasts threatened to smother Gideon's face and shoulders. The male gryphon twisted about to pin Gilda below him, his balls threatening to smother her entire hind haunches. She bucked her hips in a heavy repeating motion, pistoning on his shaft, each pump of her muscles pumping her pelvis, and entire body, bigger. Roaring into his face, Gilda gushed across his lap in orgasm. Gideon roared in return, pumping Gilda's pussy full of hot passion.

The two gryphons were quickly outgrowing the entire apartment, not just Gideon's bashed-up kitchen. Walls bent outwards and the ceiling bulged upwards around the bloating swells of enormous endowments. The weight of both made the foundations ache, though not quite as much as their bodies ached with growth. Frequent changes of position wrought even more devastation upon the neighboring houses as the two bumped and humped about.

Shoving Gideon against the seventh wall that morning, Gilda ground her hips in a rapid clockwise gyration right at the base of Gideon's gargantuan cock. Huge as she was, she still felt squeezingly stretched and yet able to clamp down on him and flex with every vaginal muscle. She had him in her grip, and he throbbed and bucked like mad. Surges of growth still pumping through her kept her ahead of him, just barely, his growth and pounding also continuing unabated.

"More, Dweeb." She huffed into Gideon's face, fixating on him with an eagle-like stare from her golden eyes.

Gideon rammed his hips forward and kept them there, his body bulking upwards in vigorous spurts as he surged in size and surged with seed. She kept a tight seal around him but the pressure of his flow was intense, a fat river of sperm that flooded her full. Her toned abs kept his pounding pillar at bay, but the tide of seed that she contained still billowed her belly outwards in full, rapid waves. That roundness crushed against Gideon's chest and forced Gilda backwards, crushing the entirety of Gideon's house beneath them.

Grinding Gideon's house beneath them, the two immense gryphons fucked and bred in the feckless debris. Gilda extracting every drop of pleasure she could from her breeder and Gideon giving in to his inner gryphon. Her belly was a hefty, rotund sphere by the time his flow began to taper, but her breasts had surged far larger in size... and she was sporting more of them. Six bountiful breasts bedecked her chest and belly, areolae and nipples swollen, full and sensitive.

Immense as she was, she still had the great strength to shift and move about, and keep Gideon in place until she was satisfied.

Gideon groaned and began to draw back - or attempted to, knocking over a nearby shed with a tail-lash by accident - but found himself to be stuck in place, face full of tits and a growing tum, the sound of Gilda's orgasms echoing in his ear. His hips felt nearly numb, the pleasure pounding through his body but not as intensely as before. In a surging flex of growth, Gideon pushed himself back from Gilda, and yanked his hips backwards to unplug the first few feet of his cock from her canal. She clenched and gushed around the rest of his shaft, throwing her head back and let a few barrels of cum and estrus spill as he extracted himself.

It took Gideon a full moment to pull his twitching, towering member forth from his lover. Both of them underwent several pulse-surges of growth in the midst of it, as if to coax the both of them back into further breeding. But Gilda did not demand more from Gideon, not yet, and let him withdraw as she savored his seed in her womb. A womb that was looking increasingly full even as he pulled out...

Huffing and growing feralistically, Gideon drew back and rested on his haunches, licking his front paws like a cat while his immense junk twitched and bobbed in front of him, still spurting with seed and pre as his nuts shifted into a lower gear of production. He gazed upon Gilda watchfully as she continued to grow but in a different way, visibly swelling larger before his own eagle eyes.

The curve and swell of Gilda's belly was taking a different shape, and her massive breasts - which she now had even more of, four pairs - were leaking rivulets of gryphon cream. Ovule shapes stirred beneath the pelt on her belly, and she expanded larger as they did. Her ass and thighs were taking on additional weight and mass as well, but her paws... looking at her large, lioness-like hind paws, and watching them visibly grow larger and plumper before his eyes... he felt his cock twitch and grow a half-dozen feet larger as his lust briefly flared once more. His gryphoness was getting sexier by the moment.

Gilda watched Gideon with a look of supreme satisfaction and ultimate comeuppance. She slowly wriggled and writhed about, shaking herself slowly in a sibilant dance of lush growth surges and rampant fertility. There was something magical about her and Gideon now, a primal magic they had both tapped into and Gilda was channeling into herself continually. After their brief fling last night, two gryphons 'just getting to know each other', and their magic sparked so briefly, Gilda desired more. More she would have, and more she was having right now.

Turning so Gideon was face to face with her and smothered between the foremost two pairs of her breasts, Gilda leaned forward on her immense belly and spread her hind legs. She cupped his head and cheeks in her oversized, plump eagle paw-talons, a softer grip than before, and softening still as she kept growing while holding him. His view completely obscured with her massive body, Gilda's petals parted and she began to lay.

The eggs were massive, as big as one of Gideon's testicles, or one of her own breasts. Glossy and white, they tumbled forth one after another, to roll increasingly far away from the two gryphons. Their shells were hard as ivory, but as soon as they stopped for more than a moment, cracks began to form. Beaks, wings, oversized eagle talon-paws or plumply huge lioness paws pushed forth the fragments, followed by gleeful yellow eagle eyes and four pairs of breasts. Gilda clones emerges forth and shook themselves clean, like tiny versions of their mother.

Gideon soon found himself swarmed, surrounded, pressed on all sides by Gildas, their bodies growing bigger and bigger against him as they sound to mimic their mother. Gilda, the largest of all her clones, continued to grow and unload with her ever-expanding brood. Every egg slightly larger than she could stretch to fit - requiring a growth spurt from her whole body just so she could let the latest clone pass. Every copy of her emerging, fully in heat and lusting for a brood of her own, and focused on Gideon to spark their own gryphon magic.

Gideon fucked and bred and mated without end, only buying himself any respite by going intentionally slow with the latest Gilda. There was always another of his lover to satisfy next, their pleasures to be derived from him, his inexhaustible gryphon magic exhaustively tested for her satisfaction. Their endless supply of gryphoness milk kept him hale, and his own rampant growth surges kept him from being completely overwhelmed by growing, breed-needy gryphonesses.

Yet, with only one Gideon and every pleased Gilda leading to infinitely more and larger gryphons to fuck, those most impatient Gildas flew off to pounce upon any other gryphon they could find. Their inner gryphon magic igniting under the passionate assault of name-calling and fuck-me-now bullying ensured that Gilda would get exactly what she wanted: more.