

He was somewhat nervous about the possibilities there. While Elizabeth had assured him that she hadn't changed "too much" since she last took the picture for her dating profile, Shrapnel had gone through far too many such situations to know that "too much" could mean literally anything. In fact, he wasn't even bothering to check the crowd for any newcomers; Liz had their table reservation number, so whoever sat down in front of him with the right profile open on their phone had to be her.

Luckily for him, he wouldn't need to wait for too long, seeing as Elizabeth had no intention of passing by unnoticed. Far too many times before had she come to one of those dinner dates *trying* to not attract attention, and what did that get her? An increasingly burdensome body and a frankly ridiculous list of former lovers who all chickened out at the sight of her on their bed in the morning. So much time wasted, and nothing to show for it... so why bother hiding it anymore?

For most of the restaurant's staff, the serval was nothing new; this was her favourite dining place, *and* she'd been going there often enough that most of those who worked there got to see her transformation take place in near-real time. Besides, it wasn't as if hypers were a rarity; living in a bustling metropolitan centre ensured that at least half a dozen or so went through their doors every day, leaving the wait staff perfectly trained and experienced when it came to handling plus-sized customers.

For the *other* clientele, however, it was difficult not to hear the distant thooming, the slorshing, and how it approached the restaurant at a dreadfully rapid pace. Some manner of great container was coming their way, presumably tumbling down the street after being jettisoned from the back of a cargo truck, and the louder the noise became, the harder those sitting nearest to the windows flinched. Only after Elizabeth turned a corner and came into full view did those worried minds get laid to rest; thank goodness, it was *just* a hyper.

For *Shrapnel*, the experience was... enlightening. Enlightening was a word. One moment, he was wondering whether he was hearing things: the sloshing of water coming from outside, and the kind of heavy steps he'd only heard when a macro was around, but there was no alert on his phone? Surely if there was a rampage going on, everyone would've been evacuated to the nearest bunker, no?

Two seconds later, he was seeing the restaurant's special-access, double-wide doors open, and his date come through them. He knew it was Elizabeth, because of course it was; who else would it be, when the person he agreed to meet went to great lengths to ensure him she hadn't changed "that much" since taking the picture? Besides, the combination of darker fur and dark violet hair made it almost impossible for him not to notice her... and served as a convenient stepping stone for the *rest* of the serval's body.

In general, she wasn't even that noticeable. Barring a certain, specific couple of things, Elizabeth was nothing if not conventional: somewhat on the shorter side, maybe, but a decently average set of proportions, with perhaps a pair of ears larger than most of her kind; not that servals didn't occasionally have them, making it entirely unworthy of notice beyond an immediate glance.

No, what truly drew his attention was the absolutely gargantuan pair of breasts Elizabeth had attached to her, and just how much they shouldn't be there. A quick glance at the dating profile he had saved on his phone revealed just how much that bust couldn't be real: the Liz *he* was seeing was just as flat as the screen she was on; exactly identical elsewhere, with nothing on her chest, or at least not enough to have any noticeable effect on the shirt she was wearing.

The Liz that entered the restaurant that night, the one that approached him with each step making the building shake, the same one whose eyes locked onto his and kept him frozen to his chair, was... not so flat. In fact, looked at from the front, one couldn't see most of her body; nothing but her muzzle, her bright purple eyes, and her hair and ears poking out from the top. And yet, this was still more than enough to make sure he wouldn't leave; at no point did the thought of getting up and running from the door form inside Shrapnel's head, seeing as it was more than certain that Elizabeth would just chase him down and pin him underneath her immense weight.

When she stopped, her tits just *inches* away from him, he could fully appreciate her size. Each mound was about as tall as he was, and the only reason he could even see Liz's face at all was their natural curvature. Despite her standing, both milktanks were still resting upon the floor; only then did the wolf notice that the serval hadn't been *carrying* her tits as much as she'd been *dragging* them along. The unmistakable sound of heavy cream roiled within, literal currents of the stuff, waiting to be dragged out and jettisoned at high velocity, all of it packaged with the most intense stare that Shrapnel had ever been the victim of.

This was an apex predator. Despite her *looking* large enough to be immobilised, she was still perfectly capable of moving from place to place, her colossal size serving only to highlight the level of control that Elizabeth held within that exchange of theirs. *He* was *her* guest; it didn't really matter that the two of them had both agreed to meet at that restaurant, nor was it important that their relationship up to that point, at least what little of it there was, had been eminently mutual in nature. The moment Liz stepped up and wobbled her tits in front of Shrapnel's face, he lost; she was in charge, and he was to do whatever she wanted.

And, frankly, he couldn't be happier. Indeed, he had the biggest, goofiest grin on his face when he pulled Liz's chair back so she could sit more comfortably, only to be told she'd be

waiting for the waiters to provide a special seat. It was with the biggest, goofiest grin on his face that he then sat down on his own chair, hands crossed over his lap, serving both to keep them from shaking, and to hold down his rising arousal.

He wasn't the smallest of wolves. He wasn't even the most average of wolves. Truth be told, Liz wasn't the only hyper there at that table, though he was far more of a grower than a shower... that, and he wasn't quite sure that his biggest sizes were anywhere close to what the serval had on display there, and *this* was her while (presumably) unaroused. He couldn't begin to imagine what it would be like in any hypothetical scenario where she got going... nor should he, considering what that would do to *him*.

It was important that he not think sexy thoughts, at least not until he knew the two of them had a good chance of going back to one of their places after dinner; the last thing he needed was to have to take care of himself with no one there to help. Last time that happened, he ended up clogging most of his drains and had to call a specialised plumbing company, it was a whole *thing*, and he just... didn't want to do that again if he could avoid it.

Hence, why he sat there, obediently, uttering not a single word or sound, as he waited for the serval to take the first step. It was his role: he was to be the good pup, the good boy, while *she* was to direct them and their date in whatever direction she felt was necessary or best suited. If Elizabeth so decided that the two of them should part ways, it would *definitely* be painful, but he'd still accept it; nevertheless, he would work such that this did not happen, so they could maximise the odds of actually enjoying themselves in private later that night.

On the serval's side, she was pleasantly surprised to see her date was so well-behaved. Far too many times, she'd walked into that restaurant and gotten greeted with the absolute *worst* pick-up artistry that side of the Atlantic, the sort of comments and "compliments" that made her want to retch and hurl at her "suitor's" face. To repeat those same steps, and instead find such a polite young man waiting for her, one that even offered to get her chair (unnecessary thought it was), turned out to be... pleasant.

Not spectacular, or out-and-out fantastic, but just... good. Homely. Cozy. Like she could sit down and just chat with Shrapnel for a few hours about whatever random crap was on their mind and she wouldn't need to worry about him doing anything stupid. She wouldn't; the whole point of being there was to find a boytoy with enough stamina to take her for multiple rounds before passing out, so she could then wake up in the morning and demand more. But the thought was nice! Maybe, if everything went perfectly, the two could share a decent conversation over breakfast! Maybe.

For the time being, priority was getting in those pants and seeing what was hiding beneath those fancy stripes of his. She could *sense* the size of those things; her ears weren't just for show, Liz could absolutely pick up on the gurgling, the low and rumbling *churn* of cum, imperceptible perhaps to anyone else but perfectly audible to her. Shrapnel, her little date for the night, might *appear* at first to be a perfectly innocent young man, but she knew better.

Not that she would break the news to anyone. The way the customers were looking at her, they were likely convinced she was the one with the biggest potential between the two; indeed, with how well Shrapnel hid himself, it was likely the other restaurant-goers had somehow managed to trick themselves into believing that she was the only hyper at the table! And for some reason, that very thought was significantly more arousing than it really should be; as if, by hiding himself, the wolf became more titillating...

... thoughts for later. For the time being, she had to figure out a way to sit on the special chair the waiters were bringing out for her. It was always such a hassle; she couldn't even face the table anymore, not with her tits in the way, and with the sheer weight of those things, anything remotely resembling support would just buckle and bend. She was lucky that management invested in hyper accessibility; were it not for the two massive steel cups attached to the similarly-metallic chair she was on, it was likely her breasts would end up seriously chafed.

Instead, they were nestled in a cotton coating and perpetually jostled about by tiny motors, swaying the cups from side to side. The primary objective was to create a sense of continuous comfort by never *quite* allowing her bust to settle, massaging it at just the lowest rate possible; it did, however, also lead to non-insignificant amounts of audible sloshing, but that was entirely incidental, and most definitely not a design feature.

It *was* serendipitous though, and Liz would never claim otherwise; it gave her the perfect tool to check just how willing her partners-to-be were to being actively teased, rather than being the centre of attention. To see how far they could go with low-level activation before they flipped over and lost their self-control. To see how much she could stare them in the eye while her tits wobbled about audibly before they began drooling.

She was surprised to see that Shrapnel did none of those things. In fact, he seemed... perfectly fine with it.