

Darla's Date Night  
By Angelus

Darla gave an annoyed growl as Zeek tried and failed yet again to zip up her favorite red pencil dress. It was the doberman lady's favorite dress for fancy dinner dates, but Zeek could barely get the back zipper up past her wide hips, let alone the significant swell of her pregnant belly and her huge breasts. Her short tail wiggled impatiently, and her muzzle was turned down into a snarl as she tried to suck in her gut, though being pregnant, it didn't make the slightest difference.

"We're going to be late if you don't hurry it up," she growled to the fox.

Zeek flattened his ears to his head and tried to pull the zipper up, but it barely budged. "I'm trying, but I don't think it fits you right now..!" He said between grunts. He let go and stood up to catch his breath. He was more than a half foot taller than Darla, but what she lacked in height she made up for with her bust. Her boobs were bigger than Zeek's head, and they hung down on top of the gravid bulge of her eight month pregnant belly. It was that belly that really made the dress a struggle. The slim red dress was a tight fit on Darla when she was slim, and it absolutely would not zip up over her pup-filled belly.

"Well make it fit. It's your fault I'm like this anyways, pup," Darla said with a grumble as she turned her head away from him.

What she said was true. The last time Zeek and Darla had fucked, he ended up knocking up the motherly doberman. Again. This was the second time. The first time had been a couple of years ago, and the older Dobermom was raising those pups, alongside another two litters of pups she'd had before meeting Zeek. Tonight though, she had hired a couple babysitters so she and Zeek could go out, and they were set to arrive any minute. That was why Darla was frustrated that her tits were still spilling out of the front of her dress.

"Don't you have something else you can wear?" Zeek tried, even as he got down on his knees again to try and pull up the zipper again.

"I do, but an easy to fit dress wouldn't make you suffer enough, hmph." She ran her hands over her belly, feeling a little kick from the inside that made her let out a sharp gasp. She knew she'd have to wear something different, and she knew she was wasting time... But she did love making the fox bend over backwards for her. She rubbed over her belly a bit more, before moving her hands up to her chest.

Her breasts were overflowing. She needed both hands to lift just one of them all the way, otherwise they spilled over the sides of her palms thanks to their girth and weight. In fact, she was sure they were a bit bigger than usual thanks to the pregnancy. It tended to happen as her breasts became swollen with milk, making them heavier, larger, and a bit sore to boot. Sore just like her back, she thought with a grimace. She moved her hands to her tailbone and pushed, shooing Zeek away from the spot. "Urrgghh, next time, YOU carry the pups. This is exhausting..."

"H-hey, you know that's not how that works," Zeek muttered nervously as he got to his feet again.

"I'll make you wear one of those pregnancy simulating things when this is over then, and YOU can deal with having a sore back," she snapped back at him.

Zeek yelped submissively, tail between his legs. "Erk! S-sorry, I mean! I know how heavy all of that must be!" He was blushing in spite of himself. Darla looked hot with a pup-packed belly like she had, and her boobs were bigger than ever. It was those impressive assets that drew the college graduate fox to the middle-aged doberman in the first place, and seeing them even bigger than when they had met, well, Zeek was aroused despite being scolded.

"You better be sorry. Now get me something that fits, now."

"Yes ma'am!" Zeek whimpered. He helped her out of her red dress (not that it was very "on" to begin with) and hung it back up before selecting a similar but larger black dress from her closet that would certainly fit better. Zeek helped her into it before he began to work up the back zipper again. This one moved with less resistance, and after getting past the hurdle of her hips, it zipped nicely over her belly with a bit of room to spare. Unfortunately, the zipper got stuck as the dress tried to close around her overabundant bust. "Uh oh..."

"Don't give me that. Just get it up! Here, I'll even help." Darla said as she used both hands to try and push her boobs down into the dress. There was a creaking of fabric as she pushed, and the zipper crept up slowly... Followed by the sound of something popping. "Oh shit." Darla groaned.

"What happened?" Zeek asked. He didn't have to wait long for a reply.

Darla dug her hands into her cleavage, and pulled off her bra, the straps of which had snapped under the strain of her trying to shove her tits around. She tossed it onto his face, and a single cup was big enough to cover his whole head. The horny fox nearly passed out as all the blood in his body went to his crotch. "Popped my bra. I'll have to go without it, I don't have time to put on a new one," she said, just as the doorbell rang. "Finish the zip up."

Zeek was blushing furiously as he snatched the bra off of his head and threw the broken article to the ground. "Right, yeah!"

Darla breathed out so her chest was as small as it would go, and the zipper came up around her breasts, which stretched and strained the top of the dress with their mass. Even tight inside the dress like they were, they still had an obvious bounce to them when she walked, since she didn't have a bra on to support them properly. "Alright, get the door, I'll be out in a minute."

Zeek nodded and ran out of the bedroom to answer the door. The flustered fox hoped that no one would notice the bulge in his pants while they were out to dinner, but he guessed that way more people would be fixated on the beach ball boobs that Darla had somehow stuffed into her dress.