

Sudden Onset Hyper By Angelus

Fox was sprawled over its living room couch, engaged in a long and flirty text conversation with its partner, Purri. The nine-foot-tall dalmatian took up most of the couch it was sitting on with its thick thighs and ample ass, which were dressed in gray sweats a size too small. Its upper body was lazily draped in a faded purple tank top with a stretched, low neckline. It giggled occasionally as messages were sent back and forth, some goofy, some flirty, and all of them sweet.

The sleepy dalmatian yawned and arched its back, stretching out its legs and arms for a good minute with eyes closed. As it relaxed, it felt an unfamiliar weight on its chest, and its loose tank top suddenly felt very tight. Confused thoughts entered into its head as it tried to process the new information.

"Huh?" Fox looked down at its chest, and this only intensified its confusion. "Wha... What? Why? HOW?" The dog could hardly believe its eyes. Its chest, which was flat just moments ago, was now burdened with a pair of boobs almost as big across as its waist. Each. Its purple tanktop was stretched to the limit, and those new, dalmatian-spotted breasts bulged out of the stretched armholes on the side and swelled up through the low-cut neckline, nearly shoving that newfound cleavage into its face.

In its shock, it had dropped its phone into its lap. Normally, this would pose no problem. However, its chest was so huge that it couldn't see its lap past all the boob, and the underside of those huge breasts was brushing the tops of its thighs. "Phone! Purri! Phone!" Fox barked, realizing that Purri was probably waiting for a reply. Dealing with the boobs would have to wait, but... they were impossible to ignore.

Fox tried to blindly grope for its phone between its thick thighs, but it had to dig its paws under its heavy bust to get there, and its belly was more in the way than usual since it was being pushed into its lap by its chest. It tried to shove its new boobs aside, but they always just swung back into place. The seams of its tanktop creaked as it jostled around, trying to dig out its phone without having to get off the couch.

After a few minutes of this fruitless song and dance, Fox sighed and resigned itself to having to stand up. It slid to the edge of the couch cushion, and with a laborious sigh, pushed itself to its feet.

It nearly fell over. It hadn't anticipated being so front-heavy. As it got up from the couch, that forward momentum was intensified by the weight of its boobs, and they pulled it forward, forcing Fox to stumble across the living room to avoid falling completely. It bounced on one foot, grunting as the motion bounced those boobs against its face. "Erf! Grf...! Come on..." It managed to catch itself, but only after bouncing a few feet from the couch. Fox huffed. Even standing still it could feel that its center of gravity was way off. Even walking would be a pain like this.

The dalmatian snorted as it turned its attention back to the couch. It didn't see its phone laying there, meaning it must have fallen between the cushions, and these ones couldn't be removed from the couch. Carefully, one step at a time, it made its way back over to where it had been sitting. Every step of the way it felt its body wanting to lurch forward from all the new weight. There was a certain bounce to everything as well. It had long since gotten used to the

bounce of its belly and the wobble of its rump when it walked, but every sensation from these boobs was new and pushing to the forefront of its thoughts.

"Nhhff..." It could feel itself starting to blush. It liked being big the way it was, and it was finding this new bigness to be enjoyable as well. Part of it wanted to give in and enjoy the feeling, but part of it wanted to hang onto the resentment of having its conversation rudely interrupted. Enjoyment could come later.

Fox sighed as it looked at the couch. The cushions were still slightly flattened with an imprint of its butt. It was an older couch, a bit faded, but still plenty comfortable. It was sure there were a lot of things lost between the cushions, but it only cared about one. Carefully, it leaned forward. Its boobs hung down, straining its tank top in different places. Fox bent its knees and reached down, but before it could reach its hand to the bottom of the cushions, it felt its bust hit the edge of the cushion. Fox snorted. It WOULD have to be like this.

It thrust its hand to the bottom of the gap between the cushions, and its face was smothered in the valley of its own cleavage. Fox practically felt like they had to hold their breath, as their breasts were utterly smothering. It grunted as it fished around for its phone, and mercifully, it found it after only a few seconds of searching. It stood up, surfacing from its breast valley with a triumphant grin.

"Finally..." With a groan it flopped back onto the couch, with its legs kicked up across the length of it. It unlocked the screen to find that it had sent an assortment of key mashings to Purri when it had been groping around between the cushions. Mercifully, Purri's response was one of amusement.

Fox smiled to itself and leaned back against the armrest as it explained that it had dropped its phone because of, well, suddenly and unexpectedly ending up with the biggest tits it had ever seen. Purri demanded photos in a message accompanied by eye and sweat drop emojis. Not one to pass up the opportunity to fluster its partner, Fox opened the front-facing camera on its phone and stretched its arms as far as they would go while it tried to line up a shot. It snapped a few photos, but all of them missed its face, resulting in a half dozen photos that were nothing but cleavage and tight tanktop.

Eh, close enough. Fox picked the ones that were the least blurry and sent them over. It knew it would take a bit for the big photos to send, so it glanced around for somewhere to put its phone while waiting, and its gaze settled on that new bust it had. With a shrug, the dalmatian stuck the bottom half of its phone into its cleavage which made for a surprisingly convenient phone-holder. It stared at its phone to make sure it was steady, then shrugged, amused. Maybe these big things would be at least a little useful. Just a little.