

“Damn... why just... urgh..”

The dragon-wolf hybrid sighs as he lifts his moobs from under it, lightly squishing it about. He's a unique and plump creature, a hybrid of sort which goes by a simple name, Gale. He has been living alone for years; never really got a roommate for his big spacious room. What with him being the laughing stock in college, he can never have the motivation to attend his physical lectures; most of them are now, just online.

He sat himself down by the bedside and groan, looking at the clock to prepare for his next online lecture. All he could is just roll his eyes, he's not going to go anywhere without a job by the side. Bills piled up by the side of his desk, some of them already drifting into the red zone. The hybrid knows he has to get a job and fast, otherwise the bank will come looking for him. With a growl, he threw his wallet right onto the letter pile, making it flutter all about as he yelled. “Here! Suck on my empty wallet!”

Hidden in the pile was a flyer with huge bold letters going,

“LOOKING FOR A JOB?

COME ON DOWN TO HENDERSON'S FARM!

33, APPLGROVE LANE

EXPERIENCED MILKERS NEEDED!”

All he did was stare at it for the moment, pondering on whether he has ever milked a cow. He kept glancing back at the flyer wondering if he misread something. He kneads his forehead slightly as the stress of the bills really made him feel desperate for the job.

“Well, skipping one class wouldn't hurt... Better for me to have a job at least; that way, I can pay for my online classes. Extras would be for food”, he smiled foolishly as he looked down at his pudgy gut, giving it a light pat and rub. Without a second thought, he fitted on his best shirt and pants; and dashed off by the roadside to wait for a cab.

* * * * *

The moment he stepped out of the cab, he was hit with a breath of fresh air; well something better than the city area. It definitely made him feel cosier than the apartment. He looks up at the skies, so clear not a single cloud of fog can be seen; just regular clouds drifting across.

Not far from the drolf is a humble farm; with the farmhouse and the normal barn. The barn looks big and old though like it could fall at any moment with its occasional creak. As he walked past by, a foul stench came from within which almost made him gag.

“Oofff.. what the...” ,he groaned as he walked into someone quite tall and a tad plumper than the drolf is. A cat in fact, in suspenders with his built stretching it quite while with a few patches here and there. He inches back for a bit and fluffs off his shirt hoping to not get any dust or dirt on it.

“Well, howdy there lil fella! Sorry to scare you there, are you here for one of them jobs or just messin around in mah farm?” ,he stoops over and takes a good look at Gale; scanning him from head to toe.

“I'm ju-”

“Oh, from the looks of it, you're quite fitting for the job! Yer shirt tells it all. Oh you city folks and your formalities”, he grins widely and let out a small chuckle. Soon enough, the drolf felt a slight tingle as he feels the cat's paws rub and pat around his belly, slowly sliding it up to his moobs. All he could do was squirm and back away, “H-hey! You're not some kind of weirdo people are you?”

“Now, son. Sorry for my un-city folk pleasantries. Just giving you a pat and a rub. I do apologize; how about something to eat or drink? You must've been thirsty coming all the way to this here farm”

The drolf's belly growled in agreement. He's not been eating much for days, he looks back at the road and whines slightly. He knows he needs the job otherwise he'll starve. He looks around and back at the cat, before letting out a stuttered whimper as he takes a step forward. Soon, he followed the feline into the farmhouse.

The house ain't too shabby. It looks well kept with pictures on the walls, ornaments on the shelves and what not. Though, the age of the house can really be seen as the floorboards creak under both their weight. A bit of dust can be seen fluttering about within the sun rays as it starts to cloud up and drift away. As he entered the kitchen, a very tantalizing smell wafts about and into the drolf's nostrils, pulling him into a hungry trance.

“I've actually prepared some food for lunch. Didn't expect you to come by but I hope this isn't too little” The cat just waved his paw to a whole table full of food. Turkey, pork ribs, burgers, sandwiches, chicken drumlets. “Best things about farmin, we grow our own food and we tend to have lots of em”

All Gale could do is stare and drool at such a sight, this could feed him for days or just for a day depending on his appetite. The cat presented a seat for him, letting the drolf rest and lay back as he starts to serve the food for his new employee. Cut up steak, lamb chops are served on his plate with a generous serving of barbeque sauce to side it with. Mashed potatoes piled atop, chicken drumlets, pork ribs, the drolf couldn't wait any longer as he just grabs a few of the drumlets and starts munching them down as some of the grease splatter about.

The cat grins widely as he stood behind the chair, sliding in his arms under the drolf's pits while he gives Gale a deep rub by the sides of his belly, “Mrrmmm... we need all the energy you can get my new employee... All the energy...” The cat leans in and purrs by the side of the drolf's cheek, pulling him deeper into a hunger trance, causing him to eat more.

Gale just continued grunting and scoffing down all the food he can reach. Blood, juices and grease dribbled down from his lips as it starts to pool up slightly near his cheeks. The hunger from not eating such delicious food made the drolf refused to stop anytime soon. All the meat start to pile up inside as his stomach starts to grow tight, causing his belly to grow slightly. The cat pushes more of the platter closer, making sure the drolf is within reach from whatever he could consume.

“You'll make a lovely employee. You've got quite the figure...”, the cat smirked and chuckled as he stands behind the drolf once more, now feeling the weight of his manly breasts sagging down on his growing belly. The cat's paws starts to lightly rub against the drolf nipples which caused him to stop and moan softly, dropping the food he's carrying and stays limp, entranced on his chair. With a soft purr, the cat starts to lick against the drolf's neck letting him moan further while his shirt gets unbuttoned, slowly releasing Gale's hard nipples from its soft cage.

Gale's vision starts to blur as the food coma drags him into a deep sleep, laying back onto the chair with a loud creak. The cat whispered softly, “You'll make... a very experienced milker...”. The drolf's moobs start to swell slightly from the food, which is what he was usually teased for. Not only for being impure as a hybrid but being able to lactate like a pregnant woman the moment he starts binging. All what's left in the room was the loud purr from the feline farmer as he gives the drolf's nipple a slow lick.

“A very... experienced milker indeed....”