Skippy was a European Rabbit. He had light brown fur everywhere except for a small patch of white on his belly and his left eye, and brown eyes. His ears were as long as his face and stood upright, with pink in the middle. He stood at 152 centimeters tall (~5’ 2”). He was endowed with a 15 centimeter (~5.9”) penis and testicles each the size of large apples. Even though he was a farmer, he didn’t have a lot of muscular tone like abs or beefy muscles, but he was naturally strong.

Skippy worked on his family’s farm where they primarily grew carrots. It was a cultural tradition within his family that when a male turned 25 he was to leave the farm and start anew. Skippy already had multiple brothers and sisters, who were plenty older than him, and had left the farm and made their own land around the area. Normally when you leave, you’re supposed to get a monetary gift from your parents. But with all his siblings and his parents not being the wealthiest of farmers. He didn’t inherit a lot. So Skippy decided he would use his small inheritance to leave the country when he turned 25 instead of just trying to find some adjacent small piece of land, and have to compete with his family.

Skippy ended up choosing to get a ticket to a country overseas. He chose that place because he had been learning the language through school (θηλαστικό / Thilastikó), and used an app to keep him updated with that language. The country also had wide open pastures and carrots didn’t seem to be a large vegetable in the market. His research had shown that the soil, land, and everything needed to be a farmer was perfect in that area. So it felt like a no-brainer to him to move to that country. It was weird for him. Leaving his hometown and family. He had never been overseas, let alone left his own country. But he knew this is what he wanted to do.

Skippy waved goodbye to his family in the late afternoon with nothing but his backpack and his normal work clothes. His backpack had some more of his clothes and some leftover cash he had from buying the tickets. He got in the taxi waiting for him and it took him to the airport.

Skippy had never been to one before. He had heard about them, but the reality was different than what he expected. There weren’t that many people there. But everyone was clearly dressed differently than him.

Skippy was wearing blue overalls, and a dark blue t-shirt. A blue hat with a white rim was worn on his head, with his ears being squished around the sweatband of the hat since it didn’t have holes for his ears. He wore some basic gray shoes around his feet, even though he preferred being in his bare feet. No one else was wearing anything close to his farming gear.

Even with him feeling a little weird, he went through security and got on the plane. Skippy was fascinated by the idea of flying, and was really excited to fly. The flight was choose your own seating so he made sure to choose a seat next to the window. He didn’t really have to fight for a seat since there weren’t that many people on the plane.

The plane took off and Skippy was airborne for the first time in his life. It was such a crazy experience, and he already started trying to think of the words to describe his flight to his family when he was going to write letters to them. Seeing the cities at night was beautiful. Once the plane got above the clouds he rested his eyes and went to sleep.

After a 7 hour flight the plane had landed and Skippy woke up. He got off the plane eagerly, ready to go and find a new land and meet new people. When he got off he was a little sad to see that there still weren’t people dressed like him. He thought that maybe he should have expanded his research from just farming to other cultures of the land.

Skippy wasn’t exactly sure where he would need to go. So he just decided to go and sit at a local airport bar. He went to sit down and asked for water in the language of the land. The bartender gave him the water and he began to drink from it. He thanked the bartender and was about to get up and leave, but the bartender stopped him.

“You need to pay for your water sir.” The bartender said in Thilastikó.

“Wait. What? I have to pay for tap water?!” Skippy said in his native language, Mamifer. Skippy didn’t have that much cash that he could just spend. He needed to save all the money he could, and he thought he could be frugal with water. “Okay. How much?” He said in Thilastikó. It just occurred to Skippy that he hadn’t even exchanged his current money (denarius) with the currency of the land (drachma).

The bartender noticed he was a foreigner and saw he could take advantage of Skippy, and smiled. “You know, as a welcoming gift, it will only cost 15 drachma.” The bartender said.

“Uh. How much is that in denari?” Skippy asked.

“Too much for someone as cute as yourself to be paying.” Said a voice behind Skippy. The language she spoke was Mamifer. He turned around and saw a beautiful heifer.

She was actually wearing clothes that were similar to Skippy’s. She wore blue overalls, a white t-shirt, and a cowboy hat. Her ears went through some holes in the side of the hat. She had on brown cowboy boots. The top of her overalls stuck out due to her massive breasts. She had O cup breasts. It looked like her fur was white. But it was hard to tell with most of her clothes covering her body. He did see that she had black spots along her arms. Nothing large though. She stood at 190 centimeters (~6’ 3”).

“Wait, you know Mamifer?” He said.

“Sure do cutey. And this here bartender is ripping you off.” She said somewhat peeved while looking at the bartender. She spoke in Thilastikó to the bartender. “The drink is hardly worth 2 drachma and you know it.” She then took out some coins from her pocket and placed them forcefully on the counter. “Now take it or leave it.” The bartender grabbed the coins and shooed them away. They started to walk together away from the airplane's gate.

“Thank you mam.” Skippy said in Mamifer.

“No problem sugar.” She smiled at Skippy. “So what’s a cute little honey bun like yourself doing in these parts?”

“I’m here getting ready to start my new life. But I think I didn’t really prepare myself well enough for the changes in culture. I mean, like, my first act in this country is me failing at buying water. Is that pathetic?”

The heifer laughed. “Not at all. You just ain’t used to the land yet.”

“Well thank you. I really appreciate it. What’s your name by the way?”

“The name is Clarabelle. What’s yours?”

“Skippy.” And he extended his hand for a handshake. Clarabelle just looked at it for a second and then went to shake.

“Haven’t seen someone offer a handshake in years. Haha. We do hugs around these parts.” And she yanked his arm in for a hug. Her breasts squished into Skippy’s face and he blushed. They were so soft and he could have sworn he heard some milk slosh in her breasts. Clarabelle then broke off the hug. You have a lot to learn about this country, Skippy.”

“Please forgive my ignorance, but you don’t seem to have an accent from this country or Mamif.”

“Oh I’m not from either. I am from a neighboring country to Mamif, I’m from Agricoles. But we have a similar language to Mamifer. They share a lot of the same root words so Mamif was super easy for me to learn.”

“That’s awesome. So what brings you here to this airport?”

“I was visiting family in Agricoles. I hadn’t seen them in a while. They are all a bunch of city folk and don’t know the farming life. Haha.”

“I figured you were a farmer with the clothes you had on! It’s a nice relief to see someone else wearing similar clothes to myself.”

“Ya know that’s what caught my eyes. You don’t see too many farmers around this area.”

“Really?”

“Yep.”

And then they said in unison. “Even though it has perfect farming soil.” Then they both looked hard into each other's eyes.

“Uh. Clarabelle, please forgive me if I’m overstepping boundaries, but, would you like to go on a date tonight? I’ll buy! But you’ll have to pick the location since I don’t really know the area that well. Haha.” Skippy laughed nervously. “But, could it be a fast food place? I don’t think I have enough to pay for a fancy place. Plus I’m not really dressed for it.”

She leaned down to Skippy’s face and pinched his little fuzzy cheek. “Awww. Well ain’t that the sweetest thing. Sugar you don’t need to buy me nothin’.” She stood back up and stopped pinching his cheek. “How bout this. You’re new to town, so I’ll treat you to some lunch.”

“Really?!” Skippy said excitedly.

Clarabelle lightly chuckled from hearing the happiness in his voice. It was cute and endearing. “Really. I know this great vegetarian place near my farm. Come on. Let’s go. It’ll be my treat as a welcome gift.”

“Thank you Clarabelle.” Skippy smiled at Clarabelle endearingly.

They got outside the airport and Clarabelle hailed for a cab. They got in and Clarabelle told the driver to go to a restaurant called “φάρμα σε τραπέζι”. It essentially translates to “Farm to Table”.

When they got there it looked like a casual sit down restaurant. They were escorted to a two seated booth and sat across from each other.

“Now just so you know sweet thang.” Clarabelle said. “All non-alcoholic drinks cost as much as the water. So get what you’d like.” Clarabelle laughed heartily.

Skippy laughed in response. “Thank you Clarabelle. There’s so much I need to learn about this place. Is there anything you’d recommend from this restaurant in particular?”

“Their cheesy lasagna is good. My personal favorite is their veggie burger. Yeah, I know I’m a cow. Burgers. Meat. My own race and whatnot. But even for a veggie burger I think those carnivores have the right idea. The veggie burger is delicious.”

Skippy laughed at her dark humor. “I think I’ll try the lasagna then. I like cheesy food.”

“Big fan of dairy huh?” Clarabelle said. She raised one eyebrow and smiled slightly at Skippy.

“Yeah. I’ve always enjoyed dairy products. Tasty stuff and such a wide variety.”

“Glad to hear it.” Clarabelle’s smile grew. “By the way. What kind of farm did you all happen to run? If I’m going to follow the stereotype and be a little racist here, I’m going to guess you did a carrot farm.”

“Well the stereotype holds true in this case. Haha. Yeah I’m a carrot farmer. I know all types of vegetation, but carrots were my family's primary product.”

“Gotcha. Any reason why you left? And sorry for the personal questions. You don’t need to answer if you don’t want to.”

“No, I don't mind. In my family it is tradition to leave and find your own farm and land when you turn 25. But because I have such a large family, I didn’t want to find a small piece of land in an already competitive market. I had studied the language of this land growing up, did some research on the farming stability here, and figured this would be a good place to start my new farm.”

“Very ambitious of you. I like it.”

“What about you? What kind of farm do you run?”

Clarabelle was about to speak up then the waiter came by. They spoke in Thilastikó. “May I take your order?”

Clarabelle spoke first. “Yeah I’ll have the veggie burger, extra cheese, no onions. A side of fries, and a glass of water.”

“And for you sir?”

“I’ll take the lasagna. Does this dish come with a side of fries?”

“It does not sir.”

“You can have some of mine cutie.” Clarabelle said.

“Thank you Clarabelle. Then I’ll just have the lasagna with a glass of milk.” Skippy said. Clarabelle smiled.

“Very good.” The waiter then grabbed the menus and left.

“Um. Where were we in conversation?” Clarabelle said.

“You were about to say what kind of farm you run.”

“Oh right. Well, I played to the stereotype. Do you wanna guess what kind of farm I run?” And Clarabelle began to lightly shake her chest and have her breasts shake and jiggle. It was quite a beautiful sight.

“Haha. I’ll then guess you run a dairy farm?”

“Correctamundo!” She exclaimed. And then the waiter walked back with their drinks, and handed it to them. Clarabelle started to unwrap the straws and said, “In fact, that’s probably my breast milk right there.” And she pointed to the glass of milk, and placed one straw in the milk.

Skippy paused. He wasn’t sure what to do. He didn’t know if it was appropriate or not to drink the milk of a heifer if she was sitting in front of you.

“I’m just messing with you Skippy.” She said jovially.

“Oh! Haha.” He seemed somewhat nervous and took a sip of the milk through the straw.

“Yeah, but it’s potentially mine.” Skippy stopped drinking. “I know my farm is only a few miles from here. But I’m not sure of all the companies my farm sells to off the top of my head. Haha.”

Skippy pushed back the milk that was in his mouth down the straw. He was afraid of offending Clarabelle.

Clarabelle saw the milk rise in his glass. “Oh calm down silly bun. You can drink the milk. If you’re worried about making it awkward, don’t. It’s milk. I sold it for a reason. Haha.”

Skippy laughed and felt better. He was really liking Clarabelle. He hoped she was feeling the same about him.

“So you supply a lot of milk to local areas then?” Skippy asked once he had finished some sips of his delicious milk. It was very sweet.

“I supply to all over the country.”

Skippy was shocked. “Wait what?! You supply milk to the whole country?!”

“Yeah. Well, normally these petite little things are larger.” She said while looking down at her massive breasts. “When I met you at the airport I had just finished milking myself in the restroom. That’s why the twins are smaller than normal.”

Skippy gulped. He could feel his pants getting a little tighter.

The food then arrived, and they both began to eat and chat.

“So what’s your plan for getting your carrot farm up and running.” Clarabelle asked.

Skippy paused and thought. “Um. I don’t really have a plan. I normally just wing it and see what happens.”

Clarabelle chuckled. “I think you’ll have a hard time getting yourself started doing that. Do you know which plot of land your looking at?”

“Uuuhhh no.” He said meekly.

“Have you talked to the government about land ideas?”

“Negatory.”

“Do you even have the funding for your farm?”

Skippy pulled out the money that he had from his backpack, and held it in his hands.

“Oh darling, that will hardly buy you a basic hand cultivator.”

“I uh. Spent most of my money on the ticket here.”

“So your plan was to literally wing it and hope it worked.” Clarabelle chuckled. “That's not really a plan cutie.”

“Yeah.” Skippy laughed nervously. “In retrospect this was kind of dumb. Haha.”

Clarabelle smiled. “Tell ya what sugar. You can come stay at my farm until you can get yourself back on your feet. I’m sure I’ll be able to find some work for ya to do.”

“Really!?!” Skippy said way too excitedly. He then realized how desperate he sounded and tried to bring it back and tried to sound cool about it. “I mean. Really? Thanks. That’s really nice of you.”

“It’s no big deal sweetheart. Plus it’s always nice to have an extra pair of hands around the farm. So what do ya say? Wanna join and help me on my farm?”

“I’d love to!”

“Glad to hear it sugar. Now come on. Let’s get out of this restaurant and head back to my place.” She placed some money on the table to pay for the bill and both Clarabelle and Skippy headed out. She called for a car using an app on her phone, and they got in and headed for her farm.

They sat in the back of the car. Clarabelle was on the left and Skippy was on the right. There was a small middle seat between the both of them. While sitting down in the back, Clarabelle was typing on her phone for a few minutes while in the car before she put it away. “Sorry bout that love. Had to do some quick business.”

“No problem. So you live pretty close to here?”

“Yeah. We shouldn’t be more than just a few miles.” She paused and looked down at her chest. She then hefted her breasts and adjusted them before letting them drop. “It looks like the milk is already coming back. Sometimes these things can be such a hassle from how much they weigh.”

Skippy did his best to look forward and not look. He did some quick glances towards Clarabelle though. He was hoping that his pants didn’t show anything. Even though he was sure that something was appearing since his pants felt very tight.

He saw that Clarabelle had her left arm resting on the door's armrest, and her right arm was resting in the middle seat between them. Skippy slowly crept his hand toward Clarabelle’s. Once he could sense he got close he placed his hand on top of hers and held it.

Clarabelle looked down as she felt Skippy’s hand, then looked and met eyes with him. “Ya know you are cute when you think you’re sly.” And she winked at him.

Skippy smiled and chuckled nervously and slowly removed his hand, looking forward away from Clarabelle.

“Oh get over here cutie. Don’t be shy.” She scooted over as far as her seatbelt would let her move. Then she used her right hand to undo the shoulder strap around Skippy, and wrapped her arm around Skippy’s shoulders. She then pulled Skippy in towards her and had his head lay down on her lap. “Enjoy the ride sugar.” And she used her right hand to start petting Skippy’s ears.

He laid there in Clarabelle’s lap. Her lap was warm, soft, and comforting. He felt safe being there.

It was around 10 minutes before the car slowed down and came to a stop. “We’re here.” Clarabelle said, patting Skippy’s shoulder. He sat up and looked out the window. He had arrived at Clarabelle’s dairy farm.

Skippy looked around the farm, and it was massive. Wide field of green grass and long wooden fence. He could see a house off in the distance of the gravel road. And adjacent to the house was a large red barn. There were silos next in the field and windmills. He could see grain being grown next to the silos and there were tractors parked nearby.

“Oh wow.” Skippy said in amazement. “This is huge! Way fancier than my family’s carrot farm. And you handle this all by yourself?!”

“Sure do sweety.”

“How?!” He said in bewilderment.

“Well the days are long and tough but I make it. Come on. Let’s head on in.”

They got out of the car and Clarabelle paid the driver. And they started to walk to the house.

“Oh shoot.” Clarabelle said.

“What’s wrong?” Skippy asked.

“My damn breasts. I think the girls are getting angsty and need a good milking. Do you mind coming with me?”

“Not at all!” Skippy said. Then he tried to act all cool again. “I mean. Yeah sure whatever that’s fine with me.”

“Haha. Alright Skippy you can cut that out. You don’t need to try and act all cool. Just be yourself ya know.”

“Sorry.” He said with an embarrassed expression on his face.

“No need to apologize sugar. Just be yourself, love.” They kept walking until they got to the barn. “Alright, we’re here.” And Clarabelle opened the barn doors.

The inside was somewhat big. To the left side near the front of the barn, there was a giant tank that looked like it held milk. In front of the giant tank were six seats arranged in a semicircle. The two end chairs of the semicircle had more than just two milk pumps. There were extra tubes at the bottom that went to four more cylindrical pumps for teats of an udder. And to the right there were multiple lockers. Behind the milk tank were some walk-in fridges to store milk for shipping. There were a lot of them.

“Woooooow. That milk tank is huge. But why are there so many seats?.”

“I have the extras in case family or something comes over.” She said and walked over to the giant tank and looked like she flipped a switch. There was a hum sound coming from the machine. Clarabelle started to undo her overalls.

Skippy quickly averted his eyes. “Um. Do you want me to step outside while you do this?”

“No it’s okay sweety. I’m just pumping. Come here. I'll show you how it works.” Once her overalls were no longer hooked around her shoulders, she went and sat down in the chair that was closest to the entrance of the barn, but in the middle of the semicircle. In short, it was the third seat from the left, and only had two pumps.

“Why do some stations have different quantities of pumps?” Skippy asked. He stood by Clarabelle.

She started to pull up her shirt and removed it from her torso. Revealing her bra and giant breasts. “For family.” She tossed her shirt over a nearby wooden railing. She had a pure white fur stomach. She had a small muffin top forming around her waistline. Her belly was a little puffy and waist was wide. “One of my cousins and my mom have udders. Gotta cover all the nips when pumping ya know.” She smiled and undid her bra and placed it near her shirt.

Clarabelle’s breasts dropped. They were very round and the nipples were pointing out. Skippy felt that he would have a hard time holding just one breast with both of his hands. Skippy was far too focused to notice that his penis fully erect. Clarabelle noticed and said. “I’m glad you’re enjoying the view.” And winked at him. Skippy looked down and quickly tried to adjust his overalls to hide his erection. “It’s all good sugar. I’m taking it as a complement.”

[smut]

Clarabelle then grabbed one of the pumps and brought it to her nipples and held it. Then she did the same to the other pump. “Would you mind flipping the switch on the pump line sweety.” Skippy looked down and saw a valve switch on the hose. Looked like a simple switch to allow liquid to flow through. He went over and switched it. Nothing happened.

“Oh darn it. I think the machine is busted again.” Clarabelle said in frustration. “Question for ya Skippy. Since this has to be done manually now, do you want to help me?”

“He-he-help you?” He stammered. He was pretty sure he knew what she was asking but just wanted to make sure.

“Yeah come here. Give me your hand. It’s pretty simple.” She grabbed his hand and brought it to her breast. She showed him how to stroke her breast and stimulate the nipple. Her breast was insanely soft and felt so smooth. After a couple of squeezes, milk started coming out.

“Ooooohhhh my gosh.”

“Pretty cool right?” Clarabelle said. “Mmm. Your hand is nice and delicate on my breasts. Think you could handle milking me?”

“Yes mam!” Skippy said eagerly. He was about to correct himself since realized he was eager but decided against it, and kept his eagerness.

“Thank you sweety. There should be a bucket in one of the closets back there.” And she pointed behind her.

“Okay!” Skippy felt like he sounded like a dork but Clarabelle was super hot and he was milking her! How could he not be excited?

He made it to the back closet but it had a lock around it. He couldn’t open it. In fact, all of the cabinets looked locked. “Um. Clarabelle. I can’t open them. They’re all locked.”

“Shoot. I think I locked them before I left to visit my family. And the key is somewhere in the house but I don’t know where. Alright, well, another request for you. You can either just milk me with your hands or you can drink from my tit if you want. No sense letting this milk go to waste.”

Skippy gulped. “Say what now?”

Clarabelle giggled. “I said," Do you want to drink from my breasts? I need to get this milk out of me and it will either be on the floor or it could be in your stomach. As I recall, you love dairy products, correct?”

“Yes mam I do.” He said quickly.

“Well come on over here. Get your mouth on this tit.” Skippy dashed over back to Clarabelle and stood before her. He was about to kneel down and start to suck but Clarabelle stopped him. “Sorry sweety, I know you’re eager but you look super uncomfy in those overalls. You can take them off if you want too.”

Skippy was at a loss for words. This had to be a dream right? But before he even questioned or tried to pinch himself, he started to remove his overalls. He let them drop to the floor revealing his briefs. His erection was at full mast, and some pre could be seen through the cloth of the briefs.

“You still look uncomfy. Here. Let me help you.” And Clarabelle grabbed his briefs and slowly pulled them down, revealing his fully erect penis, and his apple sized testicles. “Well my my. You are quite the stud aren’t you. Come here sweety. You still look uncomfortable. I’m sure your erection is just as irritable as my massive milky breasts. How about we help each other?”

Clarabelle grabbed Skippy by his underarms and lifted him onto her lap. She rested his butt between her legs and propped him up with her left arm. She then took her left hand and pushed his head into her breasts. Skippy started to suck. “Mmm. That feels really nice. Skippy.” He kept sucking. The milk was sweet and creamy.

Clarabelle looked down to Skippy’s crotch and moved her right hand over his erection, and slowly stroked it. Skippy instinctively started to thrust a little in her hand and muffled a moan. Clarabelle smiled.

“Skippy.” Clarabelle started to say. “Have you ever heard of a breeding bull?” Skippy continued to suck and shook his head slightly while Clarabelle continued to stroke. “A breeding bull is someone whose sole purpose on the farm is to breed with the livestock to create more offspring for the farm. Plus, bearing children increases milk production, and mating during a milking can also increase production. And in my case, I don’t have a breeding bull on my farm.” Skippy’s ears perked up and pushed his hat off his head. He wanted to move his head back and ask something but Clarabelle kept his head there on her tit. She picked up the speed on stroking his penis. “Skippy. I was thinking. You’re a farmer, and you know how a lot of farming already works. Excluding of course the part on how to get one started.” Clarabelle chuckled. Skippy shrugged his shoulders and then nodded. Clarabelle continued talking and sped up her strokes. Skippy muffled another moan. “So I was thinking Skippy. It’s very hard to find someone who fits the criteria of being a farmer, knowing the language of the area, and being able to breed well and effectively. You meet two of those three. But I’m about to see if you might meet the third.” And Clarabelle picked up her stroking even faster.

Skippy couldn’t focus. His sucking slowed down and until it came to a stop. His head slid off of Clarabelle’s breast. He looked up to Clarabelle and already saw her gazing down at him smiling. She didn’t break contact while she continued to stroke. “Cl-Cl-“ skippy tried to speak. But he couldn’t even say her name.

“Sssshhh darling. Enjoy it.” And she gave a short pause. Then whispered in Skippy’s ear. “My stud.”

Skippy started to cum. The first shot of it leaped out with such force and shot past Skippy’s head and landed on the floor meters behind him. Some of the end of the cum shot landed on Skippy’s shirt. He then continued to cum shooting long cum shot after long cum shot. Clarabelle was watching in amazement. Skippy kept Cumming for about a minute before finishing. There was plenty of cum all over the floor and Skippy’s shirt.

[/smut]

“Well Skippy. I think you meet the third set of criteria. How would you like to be my stud on this farm?”

Skippy wanted to say something. Anything. But he was just so exhausted. He looked up to Clarabelle, smiled, and nodded slowly.

“Glad to hear it sweet cheeks.” And she leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. “Now, let me clean you up a bit.” She took his shirt and lifted it over his head, doing her best to not have the cum get on his fur. She then scratched his stomach, and gave it a pat.

“Hey Clarabelle.” Skippy said, finally feeling like he could utter something from his mouth.

She looked at him and smiled. And continued to pet his belly. “Yes sugar?”

“You didn’t really need your breasts milked did you?” He smirked.

She chuckled. “Ya caught me. Well, they were actually feeling kind of heavy. So it wasn’t a total lie.”

“Well, thank you for doing it.”

“Speaking of which. You’ve pretty much drained lefty. Righty is feeling all left out.” She then picked up Skippy and rotated his body to where his head was on the right side of her body. Skippy just looked at the tit for a moment then looked up to Clarabelle. “You can suck sweety. That’s why I put you there. Haha.”

Skippy then dove right in and started sucking at her nipple. The sudden motion caught her off guard but she quickly regained her composure.

“Um. Speaking of lies, Skippy, I have another confession to make.” Skippy looked at Clarabelle and continued to suck while staring. “I said I was the only one on this farm. In reality me and my family share this farm, just like you and your family back at your home.”

Skippy stopped sucking and spoke up. “That’s alright Clarabelle. I’m guessing that’s what all these other milkers are for then?”

“Yeah. Sorry bout all the lies.”

“I don’t mind Clarabelle.”

“Well thank you sweety.”

“Ya know you haven’t shared much about your family. Besides the fact that you visited them on your flight back.”

“Which was true by the way. I was coming back from visiting family.”

“So who all lives here? Do they all have their studs as well? Haha.”

Clarabelle chuckled. “I live here with my mom and two aunts. I don’t have any siblings, but I have two female cousins. And no, they do not have a stud.”

“Damn. So you have six women in that home? With how small it is I would have thought less people. Wait. Did you say they don’t have a stud? What about your dad or your aunt's husbands?”

“Weeeeeellll. That’s the thing. So this story has to do with being back in my birth country before moving here. Remember when I said the breeding bull mates to breed more offspring? My dad was a breeding bull. But once he knocked up my mom and aunts, he ended up leaving us for some bimbos at a bigger milking farm. It was a lot for my mom and aunts emotionally. He also scammed us out of a lot of money and we lost basically everything. So close family members decided to move here and start our own milk farm. There really aren’t like any other milk farms here so we’ve been able to do well for ourselves. But there have been growing competitors making other brands of stuff like almond milk and crap.”

“Oh gross. That stuff tastes nasty.”

“Exactly! Thank you. The problem is though, we can’t keep up with the production or demand. Like don’t get me wrong, my family and I are strong milkers. But we feel like we could be a lot better if we had a breeding bull.”

“Wait…”

“Yep. That’s where you come in sweety. I’m asking if you’ll be the breeding bull of this here dairy farm.”

Skippy was taken aback. He was happy to hear this, but was so shocked about what Clarabelle said. “Oh wow. I don’t know what to say.”

“And you don’t have to decide now or anything. I know that’s not the reason you came to this country. However, if you’d like to take the position, we’ll gladly accept you.”

“Clarabelle. I had no plan when coming to this country. Looking back at it, I’m pretty sure I would have ended up homeless. But you just straight up offered me a job where I get to have sex with you and your family members. And that’s basically the job. I’d have to be a dumbass to turn that down.”

Clarabelle gave a hearty laugh. “Well I’m glad to hear it. Once you finish draining righty, do you want to meet your new family?”

“Sounds good.” Skippy latched back on to her breast and continued to suck.

The sucking session kept going for about another 10 minutes before Clarabelle felt drained. Skippy kept sucking until Clarabelle said something. “I think my boobs are pretty drained sugar. I think it’s time to meet your brood?”

Skippy popped himself off of her tit. “You betcha.” Skippy said. Clarabelle helped Skippy stand up. She then put on her bra then shirt, and pulled up her overall straps over her shoulders. Skippy then started to reach for his clothes as well.

“Hold on now. You wouldn’t want yourself to show up with cum all over your shirt now would ya? First impressions are very important.”

“What should I do then?”

A smile grew on Clarabelle’s face. “I think you’re dressed pretty appropriately for your new job honestly.”

Skippy looked down at his body. His penis was flaccid and hung over his nuts. “Are you sure?”

She bent over slightly and kissed him on the forehead. “Absolutely. Come on. They’re expecting us.” She grabbed his hand and they started to leave the barn.

“They are?”

“Yepper. You remember when I was texting in the car? I was letting them know of the situation. That’s why you didn’t see anyone out on the farm.”

“Oooohhhh. Gotcha.”

They arrived at the front door of the house. “Hope you’re ready big boy.” She knocked on the door, and then brought Skippy in front of her.

The door swung open, and before him stood a massively tall naked cow. She stood at a solid 198 centimeters (~6’ 6”). Skippy thought Clarabelle had large breasts. This cow's breasts were a whole nother level. They were wider than her shoulder frame. The breasts were at a size of YYY. It would be a miracle if any bra was able to hold the pair. And not only that, she also had a giant udder. The udder sagged low and was around the size of a beach ball. She had white fur just like Clarabelle, and black spots as well all around her.

“Skippy. This is my mom, Rosie.”

This was a MILF if Skippy ever saw one. “Uuuuhhhh”. Nothing was leaving his lips. He couldn’t speak. He just kept staring at the giant milky boobs in front of him.

“He’s shy.” Said Clarabelle and she patted Skippy on his back. “Mom. Meet our new breeding bull.”