

When you heard about the job offer, it sounded too good to be true; flexible schedule—no dress code—free lunch. For the longest time, you were sure it had to be some kind of scam, so you avoided it. You clung to other—more trustworthy looking—endeavors.

But after working dozens of reliable but *agonizing* jobs, you knew that you needed a change. A shady restaurant that would at least treat you like a human being would be leagues better than the hell at the clothing store.

Comparing the risk of catching a disease to daily migraines. What a predicament you found yourself in.

“Dingo’s Diner...”

By now, it had been the fifth time you re-entered the address on the GPS. The closer you got, the further away you got from civilization. The landscape of the concrete jungle had long been replaced with foliage that made it look like you were in an *actual* jungle. You never ventured too far from your home, so much nature feeling almost alien to you. The strange fauna that seemed to live within the trees—of which you only got brief glimpses as you sped through the road—made the feeling of being lost grow.

The automated speech bot told you to turn left, yet there was no road. There was certainly a *path* to where the GPS was urging you to go—if totaling your car was something you were willing to do. The twisted trees with overgrown leaves welcomed you with a path littered with rocky, uneven ground and pitch-black darkness that enveloped the forest.

You immediately thought about turning back, but the landlord would *definitely* haul your ass out of the apartment if you didn’t bring any money by the end of the week. With how long the hiring process was for almost every place, you at least *had* to try.

“God, I hope I don’t get towed...”

Leaving your car on the side of the road, you began to wander down the path. The GPS on your phone continued to guide you through the almost labyrinthian layout of the forest. The green, grassy fields were slowly enveloped by a thick, goopy swamp that would probably suck you in like quicksand if you were to fall. Now you *really* regretted skipping out on those swimming lessons.

The grassy path extended onto a pier. It twisted across multiple pathways—most of them a dead end. Of course, it was impossible to get lost with the large diner planted on the very end. Even from where you stood, you were taken aback by the large building.

Wooden sticks and logs served as makeshift extra legs underneath the pier as support for the anachronistic building. It was like any other diner from those 80s movies, dirty in a way different from the overgrown and murky jungle around you. Everything about it looked... disgustingly urban. From the outside, you could see the floor was filthy. No, not just the floor; looking closer, the counter and somehow the *ceiling* fans were covered in grime and slop that was clearly man-made.

You could turn back, or you could wander into the maw of the beast. You were screwed either way, so you might as well go with the option that gives you money.

The door creaked as you pushed inside. Your gaze constantly remained downwards, trying to maneuver around the sticky black smears of dubious origin. Tucked onto the corner was a spiral stairway that lead to a hastily made second floor—probably where the owner lived. “Hello? The door was unlocked, so I just...”

A wet, deafening sound rippled through your ears. To your left—tucked in the farthest eating booth was a lumbering figure. Dirty plates stood tall in multiple stacks surrounding it, all while it dug its face into what looked like a deformed bowl—broken and then hastily mended multiple times.

You opened your mouth to speak, but no words came out. Standing there—paralyzed—you felt the hairs on your neck stand up with a bizarre form of electricity. Everything told you to move, yet you couldn’t help but be fascinated by the... *creature’s* way of eating. You couldn’t fully see how it looked under the shadows peering from the window, but even its outline looked *massive*. It was like seeing a giant dog eating away at slop designed for it and it alone.

“What are you looking at, mate? If you want an order, sit your ass down. I’m on my break.”

“AAH!” You yelped out, clutching your backpack. Hearing the creature speak was the last thing that you expected. His muzzle stretched out forwards as he talked, saliva flowing out to the seat in front of it. “Are you... Uh...” You couldn’t help but turn red now that you were having a conversation instead of gawking at him like he was a freak show attraction.

“Mmh, hold on a second. Lemme just...” The creature swirled its massive tongue around his maw, wiping off the smeared slop in one single trace. He hummed with gusto as he gulped down the scraps of food, even grazing them against his sharp fangs. “Alrighty-o, what did you want? An order? Extermination services? Throw a TNT barrel at someone’s ugly mug?”

“U-uh... You’re Mister Dingodile, right? I came here because of the commercial I saw. You needed an assistant...” You looked at the pile of dishes—puddles present every few steps—and the lack of a *shirt* on Dingodile’s pudgy frame. “...If you need it, of course.”

The realization slowly dawned on Dingodile’s face. “Ooooh! You’re the bloke that called for the job application, aren’t you?! I was beginning to think that you weren’t going to show up at all!”

“Sorry, sorry. I kinda got... lost.” You thought back to your car, a sense of dread crawling up your body. “I don’t really know what you’d want me to do, but I have tons of experience! Whatever you ask of me, I’m sure I can manage.”

“Mmh, that’s a nice attitude to have, boy!”

Dingodile puckered his lips around his fingers, sucking up even more slop. The quality of the food was already shady, and the number of plates stacked up nearby made his stomach not only look to be bottomless but made of iron as well—a sight as concerning as it was bewitching, like a giant flame emerging from a car crash.

“So... what do you want me to do?”

“Well, first we gotta fix up this place. We gotta bring customers in, don’t we?”

Slamming his fist on the light switch the same color as the swamp-green wall, the entire restaurant lit up to reveal that the place was somehow even *filthier* than it was under the cover of darkness. You couldn’t even begin to think how you were supposed to clean this up; stains not just on the counter but on the *walls*—mismatched tiles that made it look like a child’s drawing come to life—and not to mention the *smell*.

It’s pungent. You can feel your face contorting into an intense grimace as soon as you take a whiff. It’s not rotting food or garbage—it’s somehow worse. It’s like the scent of decay *itself* was flowing through your nose.

For a second, you began wondering if there was a dead body behind the counter. You almost ran out the door before Dingodile strutted in front of you—still explaining all the renovation plans he had to deaf ears—and the foul odor hit you harder than before.

*Oh my god. It’s coming from him.*

Dingodile yawned—rows of yellow-ing teeth displayed in all their crooked glory. They were unaligned *just* enough for you to notice but not feel comfortable commenting on it. As his arms remained skywards, you stared at the *buckets* of sweat either getting trapped in the clumps of armpit hair or barreling down his love handles.

“Mmmhah... So yeah, that’s more or less what you have to do.”

Dingodile seemed to be unable to stop scratching his scale-coated stomach. The mixture of fur and reptilian skin—both equally gross in their own different ways; matted patches of brown fur that stuck together like blobs of hair and sweat getting trapped in each glistening hexagon—continuously morphed against his constant tugging.

You clutched your backpack as you took one last glance at the restaurant. There was only one thing that could ever motivate you to even *think* about coming back, and it better be damn good. “How much am I getting paid?”

“Ah, right... Lemme just...” Pulling out a notepad from what you were *hoping to god* was a back pocket on his trousers, Dingodile began flicking through the pages. “I think that it’s, uh... one hundred AUDies? That’s how much that Tawna lady told me she got paid in her home dimension...”

“One hundred Australian dollars converts to... Sixty-five dollars?!” It wasn’t that large of pay on its own, but with all the other perks that the job listing offered, you couldn’t help but begin

thinking about it. You could come in, work three to four hours and get the pay you usually had to struggle eight hours for; a great deal if not an outright *steal* on your end. “I’m in! I can begin working right now, in fact!”

“Finally! I was losing hair over not having an assistant. Running this place solo was driving me *bonkers*, I tell ya!” Dingodile cheered. “Grab everything in da’ storage room and go wild. Try to at least clean the outside and the eating area so people wanna come in. We can take care of the kitchen... sometimes.”

Before you could stew over how *filthy* the kitchen must be, Dingodile was already strutting to the second floor. Your eyes were glued to the giant reptilian rump and the chunky crocodile tail attached to it swinging side to side, the stairs underneath creaking every time he pushed his weight on them with a hefty step. Despite this fact, he still continued upwards with complete ambivalence. You weren’t even sure if he was intentionally flaunting his backside or if he was used to prancing around in such a... *striking* manner.

Dingodile slammed the door with might, then locked himself inside. You kept staring at the spiral staircase, feeling something strange pulsating in your chest. Common sense told you that you should’ve been puking your lunch out from how *filthy* this place was, but for some reason—one beyond simply wanting money—you couldn’t stop thinking about this place.

There was just something... *off*. Off in a good way, like a car with one small mistake you knew you could fix. Your body moved on its own, mind still not completely aware of why you were so willing to fetch every cleaning supply you could get your hands on.

*Mister Dingodile... was nicer than I expected him to be.*

Maybe it was the shock of being presented with great pay and a boss that didn’t seem to hate your guts.

Maybe the fumes coming off the swamp were making you irrational.

Maybe you were just as weird as him in some way.

Maybe he was just... nice. Yeah, he was nice. Even if he smelled a little odd, you couldn’t help but find that... charming? He was clearly someone from the countryside, so you might as well get used to him acting like that.

“Now, let’s start cleaning this mess...”

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Taking off the grime and dirt of everything came to you as a monotonous but acceptable task. You came in—did what Dingodile ordered you to do—and then came back home a few hours later satisfied.

“Oi! Are the meat pies done?! I feel like I’m starving over here!”

“They’ll be out soon, Mister Dingodile!”

What you didn't expect was for Dingodile to saddle you with further responsibilities. As soon as the diner was *decent* looking, you found yourself settled into the kitchen. Your job wasn't to attend to the needs of the customers—Dingodile was vehemently against letting anyone other than him handle menu items. No, your job was to attend to the mutant after closing hours with whatever peckish needs he would loudly bark at you to solve.

Waiting for the tray to cool down, you were at least somewhat glad that you didn't have to cut a slice for Dingodile. Cutlery and plates were unneeded—he was always glad to destroy the meal with nothing but his greedy maw and hands.

Notepad in hand, you continued jotting down your accomplishments throughout the day. Writing out that Dingodile was on his fifth meat pie... it was impossible to not feel at least a little prideful.

"Oooooi!" Dingodile whined again. "Is it done cooling yet?! I'm gonna blow it with my vacuum gun if not!"

"It's still a little hot, but it's otherwise ready, Mister Dingodile!"

"Then what in the bloody hell are ya waiting for?! Get your ass here!"

The insult was delivered in an almost... jovial tone. Not in a bullying, mannish way like most of your ex-coworkers talked to you. Dingodile talked to you like an equal—joking around you as he vocalized his needs. In turn, you were more than happy to attend to him for anything he wanted.

Coming out of the kitchen, a wonderful sight that you never failed to be amazed by—even after months of working here—greeted you; reptilian flab overflowed on the table, pushing against the mountain of bowls, extending to the sides and even his back as well. Sweat pathed down across Dingodile's excess mass, some of it being soaked by the cushioning of the booth he was currently stuck in.

Getting himself *in* the booth was always as hard as getting him *out*. The process was tantamount to trying to park a giant truck through a tiny garage door. Every time, you would push or pull as hard as you could. Your muscles would throb *agonizingly* after the deed was done; hauling around a mutant that was already massive when you got here, but was now a *leviathan* of a creature always leaving you exhausted.

Even now, it was still hard to imagine that *you* did this. Most people would be horrified at the degradation and ballooning of the mutant's body, but this felt fitting for Dingodile. He seemed to be almost drunk with power, constantly ordering more and more food. His commanding tone and complete and utter disinterest in things like protocol, dress code, or anything bureaucratic *captivated* you.

Sure, the clean floor and walls gave you some sense of accomplishment, but that paled in comparison to the mutant's glow-up after countless meals, although you were sure you were the only one insane enough to consider Dingodile's transformation anything close to an

improvement. The fact that you had already gotten used to the *stench* coming off him was more than enough for you to know that you were in too deep.

The silver lining? You *certainly* didn't want to get out.

"Whatcha staring at?! Dingo's hungry!"

"Right, right. Sorry, I..."

Your mitten-clad fingers tapped against the tray. You could just *barely* hide away the smile growing around your muzzle. You weren't sure if Dingodile knew how much you were enjoying this sick, unhygienic game. In a strange, almost comically twisted way, you wanted him to remain oblivious to your growing feeling. He wasn't even aware of how much he was bossing you around not just with his words but with his body, and to do so without even realizing was a disgusting paradox that drove your mind *insane* with sick curiosity.

"...I spaced out."

"Sure, sure. Just give me the damn pie!"

Leaning towards the table to serve up the tray, you got yet another whiff of Dingodile's musk. The extra heft had made the stench even *more* intense. Dingodile was either in perfect contentment or simply unaware of the fact—his apparent lack of interest in ever taking more than one bath a week being a clear example of such possibilities.

"FINALLY!" Dingodile *smashed* his face into the pie, loudly slobbering against the meal as he scooped up chunks of crust, sauce, and meat with his tongue—doing so with the grace of a trash disposal unit consuming everything thrown its way.

You—of course—gawked at the show the mutant unintentionally put on.

His armpit hair had grown out further—strands of hair jutting out of his arm like twisted branches. Sweat traveled along them, dropping on Dingodile's overworn and stretched pants.

The pants' fly remained open—a pair of briefs that had once been white and were now a grimy yellow available to the naked eye. Neither of you knew when the button was sent flying, but perhaps that was a blessing, for Dingodile's pants just *barely* managed to wrap around his blubbery thighs. The supple amount of lard pressed against the denim fabric—it just *barely* managed to not rip as the lard stretched it close to its limit. Buttoning it would be troublesome if not downright *impossible*.

"Mmmgh..." Dingodile moaned as he reached for yet another handful. Meat juice and grease dripped out of the chunk like cascading waterfalls, splattering all across the table and his jeans.

You'd need to clean that for sure—not the jeans, of course. Dingodile was adamant about not letting anyone mess with his clothes, washing them himself. From the foul odor emanating from them, he didn't do a good job of that.

"I hope that you're enjoying the meal, Mister Dingodile..."

You stared at the crumbs and crust chunks strewn around the table. He ate with the bestiality of a crazed, senseless animal. Your gaze hardened as you focused on how the food got stuck *everywhere*; in his fur—between his fangs—in between his double and third chin—trapped underneath his love handles. You didn't know where the grease started and where the sweat stopped. It was all a thick, oily substance that only worsened the odor.

"Mhmg, I'm fucking *lovin'* it!" Dingodile moaned with delight. "You better give me some more, boy! You only cooked up a bowl of rice for breakfast, so I'm still *famished!*"

A bowl meant for *four* people, but you left that fact to yourself.

"Will do, Mister Dingodile."

"You better, 'cause these damn meat pies are the fucking bweEEEEES"—Dingodile's mouth rippled violently—chunks of fatty meat slapping against each other as a putrid gust erupted from his throat. It was an unbroken stream of foul odor—a stench that you entirely took in as the belch flew past you and hit your face at full force—"SSSt..."

"Y-yes... sir..."

"Ah..." Dingodile rubbed his swollen stomach, letting his tongue hang out his mouth. "I needed that. *Badly.*" The mutant exhaled in relief before turning his head at you once again. "And what are you standing around for?! I'm not paying you to stand around and dawdle like a bozo!"

"Sorry, sir! Will bring your meat pies soon, then..."

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You continued to hear your heartbeat echo through your ears. It was deafening, like a sharp pounding slamming against his head. It was impossible to stop—volatile thoughts flowing through your head like a tempestuous river. There was just too much to focus on, darting eyes switching focus every second.

Lumbering through the diner, Dingodile's tail dragged across the floor. After such a long time trying to fit himself into his favorite pair of jeans, the mutant had finally given up on keeping them on.

His briefs just barely managed to wrap around his rump. Most of it was taken up by his large tail, a sizeable hole torn through the back to make space for it. The undergarments had been so stretched that you couldn't believe that they were still held together. Small rips were present around his underwear, granting you brief gazes at Dingodile's asscheeks.

"Mgh... Had to deal with those idiots from the health department." The mutant grumbled—dark circles present around his eyes. "I hate those bloody wankers. I'm not gonna sell out just because they think my damn food is unhealthy!"

“You’re in the right, Mister Dingodile.” You didn’t hesitate. You always spoke with pleasing Dingodile as your goal. “Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?”

“Mgmh, I was in that damn office for so long!”

The ‘office’ in question was Dingodile’s room; equally dirty as the rest of the restaurant. You had seldom gone there beyond the times that you were *forced* to in order to wake him up whenever he slept past his alarm. From the times you were there, it was like a *swamp*.

“Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?”

“Mghm, my ass hurts like hell!” Dingodile pushed his hands against his back, pressing *hard* with his palms to ease the pain. “Man, I oughta get a seat that’s not as rough on me... I’m getting old...”

“Oh, I can help you get a better seat, Mister Dingodile!” You cheered, a massive smile stretching across your face. “I-I’m sure that if you sit on my lap, it’ll feel way softer compared to those plastic chairs!”

Dingodile didn’t even give it a second thought. He wiggled his legs side to side before he pushed back against you. The mutant’s weight sent you crashing to the ground, and in your awe at having his rump so close, you didn’t make any efforts to back away. You just stared—utterly stupified—as he pushed his behind against you.

His tail smashed against your face—slapping you with a swift *twumph*. Your neck grazed against the tiled floor as Dingodile lowered himself. You were already drunk off the thrill, but soon your blood ran even hotter as you realized that he wasn’t going for your chest.

“S-sir, feel free to!” You screeched—your voice broke as your entire body and reason became overrun with *lust*.

“Mhm, was planning to even without you telling me, runt.”

Dingodile lifted one of his ass cheeks with each hand before finally *dropping* them on your face. You felt the gelatinous mass hit you at full force—mutant sweat rubbing all across you. Before you could process that your wildest dreams were playing out in reality, Dingodile took a deep breath, letting you fester in silence and lust long enough for you to realize what he was about to do.

“Mmmppmh...” You muttered as you struck your hand with your thumb skyward.

“That’s a good boy.”

A waft *infested* your nostrils, your nose immediately scrunching up at the overwhelming stink. As you begged for air—gasping and thrashing against Dingodile—the large mammal-reptilian rump pressed against your open mouth.

Drops of swat hit your mouth—a tangy and salty flavor leaving you begging for more. Your boss tasted *wonderful*.



“Mhmm... Ah...” Dingodile moaned. “That’s what I needed...”

His stomach gurgled again. The constant grease-filled meals had turned it into a bottomless, churning pit—roaring out with guttural growls.

“Mmmh... Ya better prepare yourself... Cause here comes another one!”