

Axel's Breakfast Routine
By Champ ([Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter](https://www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter))

Axel leaned back in his high chair and smiled as he felt the warmth spread in the front of his diaper.

"Aww, is my lil' puppy goin' peepees?" Asked Daddy, grinning wide. "Such a little cub makin' pee-pees during brekkies!"

The Australian Shepherd squirmed in his bonds, wincing but unable to do anything to relieve the growing pressure as he felt his dick swell up in its padded prison and press against the plastic crotch guard between his legs.

"Daddy!" he whined, "You're makin' me all *squirmy*!"

"Such a silly pup. Don't worry, Daddy will take care of that little problem soon. But first, you gotta eat your num nums!"

"Yes, Daddy," said Axel, wagging his tail, and thinking about his weekly reward after.

"Open wide," said Daddy, bringing the spoon in for a landing in Axel's happy maw. He got the first one in, but intentionally missed the second one, getting oatmeal all over the infantilized pup's facefur and bib. Not that Axel could do anything about it with his paws always in thick padded mitts.

"Aww, that's okay, puppy. You'll get the hang of it! I know you're still used to your baba."

All this teasing was just making Axel more desperate, and he began to grind against the crotch guard.

"Ah, ah, ah, little puppy," said Daddy, pinching the inside of Axel's thigh, causing him to yelp and his member to deflate.

Axel's ears drooped. "Sowwy, Daddy!"

"That's okay, little one. Sometimes little puppies can't help themselves! That's why daddy's here to make sure you behave!"

Eventually, after several more rounds of feeding, teasing, humping, and pinching, the oatmeal was all gone.

"Okay, little one," said Daddy, clearing off the tray, "Hang tight while Daddy does the dishes."

Axel nodded, happy to rest and digest with his belly so full. That's when he felt another consequence of his morning feeding.

"Hnnng!" Axel grunted, as he felt his bowels start to churn. He had to go. Bad!

Axel whined and squirmed, feeling the heaviness in his bowels make its way toward his diaper.

"Uh oh. Is the little cub gonna make messies in his diapers for Daddy?"

Axel blushed and nodded, his member instantly getting painfully hard as it mashed against the confines of his padding and seat.

"Go on, then, little one. Let it out. No holding it in, or you won't get your reward, buddy!"

Axel nodded and blushed even harder, screwing his eyes shut and giving a little push to help things along. The sound of expanding plastic could instantly be heard as the poop leaving his tailhole quickly pushed out to fill all the available space in Axel's diaper. He sighed in relief as he finally pushed the last of it out, and wiggled his butt a bit, wagging his tail and smiling as he felt the mushy warmth spread.

"Peeyooo! I can smell it from here!" said Daddy, chuckling to himself, coming over to remove the tray and help little Axel onto his feet. "Come on, little one, let's get you all set up for your reward!"

Axel held Daddy's hand and followed him down the hall to the nursery where he was laid down on the changing table. This was his favorite part.

"Okay little one, you know the rule. No getting out of your messy diaper till you get all that big boy juice out of your system. We wouldn't want my little puppy to think he was growing up, now would we?"

Axel shook his head no. Nobody wanted that!

Daddy strapped his puppy down tight, making sure the big pup wouldn't be able to interfere with his weekly milking. Next, he brought out a clear tube connected to a hose that ran under the table out of sight. He pulled down the front of Axel's diaper exposing his throbbing knot.

"Okay, sweetie, this is gonna be a little bit cold, but just for a second!"

Axel yelped as Daddy applied some lube to his member, then moaned as it was rubbed all around to coat it. Daddy then added a little lube to the base of the tube and slid it down over Axel's member to create a nice seal between his knot, and the rubbery sleeve inside.

"Ready, lil buddy?"

"Ready!" said Axel.

"Oops! Almost forgot," said Daddy, grabbing the pacifier gag. He had gotten in the habit of keeping his happy pup muted after the neighbors complained about all the noise on milking day.

Axel blushed, as the knot of his dogcock pacifier pushed its way into his mouth, pressing his tongue down and effectively muffling any noises he might make.

Once it was secure, Daddy flipped on the switch, which caused the pump to start rhythmically squeezing his knot.

"Hnnnggg!" cried the overgrown pup, screwing his eyes shut and biting the knot.

Axel was instantly overwhelmed by the intense stimulation and he pulled at his bonds with all his strength, but they held him fast. He shook his head from side to side and whined as the pumping continued its assault on the overstimulated puppy. He couldn't help it. He started to thrust his hips as the pumping continued, but it didn't make a difference. The pump moved right along with him and continued its maddeningly slow pace, keeping him on edge for as long as Daddy wanted.

"Aww, is my little puppy trying to make stickies early? None of that now. Daddy is going to leave it on low while he runs you a bath. Be back soon, little guy."

Axel whined as he saw his Daddy leave the room. He hated this part. NO matter how he wriggled and squirmed he simply couldn't get any more stimulation than the pump was willing to give. After five more minutes, the speed of the milker clicked up, and he let out a sigh of relief as the stimulation increased. Unfortunately that satisfaction didn't last long. He was incrementally closer to cumming yet still infinitely far away. He'd never get off at this rate. Every five minutes the speed increased, bringing Axel up to another level of stimulation and frustration. Finally, after 30 minutes or so, Daddy returned.

"Bath's ready, pupper. What about you? Did you cum?"

Axel shook his head, his ears drooping and his tail between his legs.

"Good pup. That's a nice warm up, but today isn't milking day, no it isn't! Now let's go take that bath."

Axel's face fell as Daddy unstrapped him and put away the milker. He had lost count of the day so the truth was he didn't know *when* milking day was. And there's no way he could have known that Daddy had started spacing milking days further and further apart as time went on. Every morning he would get this milking and only once every two weeks was he getting his 'weekly' milking to the fullest. Of course when those days came the milking would continue until he begged to be freed, swearing he never wanted to make stickies again. And of course the very next morning he would be begging for it. Daddy loved to keep him on his toes, and if that meant making him stand on his tippy toes to try and hump the nearest soft object, then so be it.

In the bath, the habitually happy pup continued to sulk.

"How come I don't get to make stickies like a big pup?" he asked.

"Because you're not a big pup, kiddo," said Daddy, running the sponge over his pup's fur. "And you never were. You only *thought* you were. But we know better, now don't we?"

"Nuh uh. I'm a big pup!" said Axel, crossing his arms.

"Oh, we're back to that are we? And I thought we were past all that. Okay, little pup. If we're so big, tell me, how many rubber duckies are there in front of you?"

"Uh... Uh...." Axel squinted as he looked at the few rubber ducks floating in the water. He tried using his paws to help him count but that just made it more confusing. "One... uh... t... uh five.. eleventeen... uh... one?"

"Hehe, thought so," said Daddy softly, patting his pup's head. For a moment there he was worried. Axel had been incredibly intelligent before Daddy had hypnotized him into the dumb baby pup that sat before him peeing in the tub. But that had all changed when Daddy convinced his bright young colleague to try out his newest invention. The mind eraser 3000 was quite popular among the few clients he accepted every year. The resulting income was more than enough for them both to retire before too many questions were asked at the university.

"I went pee-pee, Daddy," said Axel, pointing to the yellow plume still erupting from his little puppycock into the warm bath water.

"You sure did, little one," said Daddy, ruffling the pup's headfur. "Such a good boy. Now let's get you out of the tub before you turn into a puppy prune!"

Axel looked up at Daddy, smiled, and wagged. He couldn't remember much about his life before Daddy, but he did know one thing. He had never been happier.