

## Axel's Morning Routine

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An idea I got from Axel After Daycare (<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/axelafterdaycare/>). They love to be teased in their high chair. Who doesn't?

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

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

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

"Daddy!" they 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 their tail, and thinking about their 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 their 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 they began to grind against the crotch guard.

"Ah, ah, ah, little puppy," said Daddy, pinching the inside of Axel's thigh, causing them to yelp and their 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 their belly so full. That's when they felt another consequence of their morning feeding.

"Hnnng!" Axel grunted, as they felt their bowels start to churn. They had to go. Bad!

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

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

Axel blushed and nodded, their member instantly getting painfully hard as it mashed against the confines of their 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 their eyes shut and giving a little push to help things along. The sound of expanding plastic could instantly be heard as the poop leaving their tailhole quickly pushed out to fill all the available space in Axel's diaper. They sighed in relief as they finally pushed the last of it out, and wiggled their butt a bit, wagging their tail and smiling as they 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 their 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 they were laid down on the changing table. This was their favorite part.

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

Axel shook their head no. Nobody wanted that!

Daddy strapped his puppy down tight, making sure the big pup wouldn't be able to interfere with their 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 their 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 their 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 their 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 their dogcock pacifier pushed its way into their mouth, pressing their tongue down and effectively muffling any noises they might make.

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

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

Axel was instantly overwhelmed by the intense stimulation and they pulled at their bonds with all their strength, but the restraints held them fast. They shook their head from side to side and whined as the pumping continued its assault on the overstimulated puppy. They couldn't help it. They started to thrust their hips as the pumping continued, but it didn't make a difference. The pump moved right along with them and continued its maddeningly slow pace, keeping them 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 one."

Axel whined as they saw their Daddy leave the room. They hated this part. NO matter how they wriggled and squirmed they 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 they let out a sigh of relief as the stimulation increased. Unfortunately that satisfaction didn't last long. They were incrementally closer to cumming yet still infinitely far away. They'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 their head, their ears drooping and their tail between their 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 them and put away the milker. They had lost count of the day so the truth was they didn't know *when* milking day was. And there's no way they could have known that Daddy had started spacing milking days further and further apart as time went on. Every morning they would get this milking and only once every two weeks were they getting their 'weekly' milking to the fullest. Of course when those days came the milking would continue until they begged to be freed, swearing they never wanted to make stickies again. And of course the very next morning they would be begging for it. Daddy loved to keep them on their toes, and if that meant making them stand on their 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?" they 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 their 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 they looked at the few rubber ducks floating in the water. They tried using their paws to help them 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 them 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 their little puppycock into the warm bath water.

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

Axel looked up at Daddy, smiled, and wagged. They couldn't remember much about their life before Daddy, but they did know one thing: They had never been happier.