

Speaking was so hard for the dog. His lips felt like lead, and his tongue was much more interested in hanging out of his mouth than forming words. By the time he finished speaking, he felt like he had ran a mile.

“Gerrark, what... What are you...?”

Gerrark was not in the mood for such games. He grabbed the dog roughly by the chin, and lifted up his head, looking him square in the eyes. The hyena’s stare had a powerful, penetrating quality to it. No matter how proud the mutt was minutes ago, before such a stare he felt like whimpering. Despite his hard look, Gerrark’s voice was soft. Hearing it felt like slipping into a warm bath.

“Who’s my good boy?”

The moment those word hit the dog’s ears, everything else became unimportant. All his fears and trepidations slipped away in a heartbeat, and only the question remained. The question, and the desire it brought, pounded into him by weeks of obedience training.

“Is it me?” The mutt looked hopeful, pleading even. He pushed into Gerrark’s hand with needy affection, and his dick throbbed from the mere implication. He wanted to be a good boy. He’d do anything to be a good boy. He *needed* to be Gerrark’s good boy.

“It may be,” Gerrark said, reveling in the dog’s desperation.

The dog whimpered and sank into Gerrark’s grasp. It might be him. He might be a good boy. That was all that was important. That’s all he wanted to be. It was time to stop with all that pointless questioning, because dogs don’t ask questions. They listen.

“What do good boys do?” Gerrark asked nonchalantly, his smile growing wider.

“Uhhh, umm...”

“They beg.”

“They beg!”

“That’s right,” Gerrark said, finally undoing the belt wrapped around his waist, “That’s absolutely right. Good boys beg.”

The hyena stood up from his seat, while the dog sunk to his knees. When he ended up naked, he wasn’t sure, but that didn’t matter. Dogs don’t need clothes, and they only get in the way of begging. When Gerrark’s long cock was finally freed, the dog bounced on his knees, tail wagging like crazy behind him. The drop of pre forming on the tip made it really hard to keep his snout to himself.

“What do good boys do?”

“Please, please sir,” the dog said with sudden vigor, “Please cum on me, please, please!”

Smirking and stroking his dick, the hyena grabbed the dog’s chin again. He held it tight as he bapped the dog on the snout with his dick, which was driving the poor canine into a frenzy.

“Do you deserve it?”

“No, but I need it! I need it, please?” The scent of that dick, the cloying praise, that electric feeling of pleasure that raced through the dog’s body as Gerrark rubbed his chin... It was all too much. The dog was long gone, and only needed that last little push before these little incidents of free will finally stopped.

“Attaboy,” the hyena said, starting to jerk in earnest, “Time to let your boss leave his mark.”

The dog barked happily, and puffed out his chest. Finally, it was time. Finally, he’d be a good dog.