

He whined at the door waiting for his Master to come home. He was late; the pup knew that He was late. The pup shifted where he sat, his tail plug grinding into him as he moved. His caged cock responding with a small throb. He had been a good boy, and Master had promised that he could cum today if he was good.

The pup had spent most of the day on his bed; he hadn't touched anything that wasn't his. Nothing was broken. He whined once more but still the door didn't open. Giving up he padded back over to his bed, mitts and knee pads keeping his sensitive skin safe against the tile floor. He laid down facing the door, wanting to be ready when Master came home.

It was a few more hours before Master came back; the pup had fallen asleep while he waited. The pup was woken by the sound of the door clicking shut, looking up he saw who it was and barked happily. He moved as quickly as he could to meet his Master, hips swaying, tail wagging.

The pup didn't jump up, he knew his manners, he was just clumsy and had a tendency to break things. He eagerly followed his Master around as the business suit was discarded. Attention wouldn't be given to the pup till Master was ready, but the pup was patient, he could wait.

"Have you been a good boy today?" His Master asked as he looked around the house.

The pup responded with a bark, everything was the same as when Master had left.

"You have been good. I knew you could be." Reaching down he ruffled the pup's short brown hair. "First dinner, then you'll get your reward."

The pup eagerly ate his bowl of food, it tasted delicious, like always. But the pup was distracted from his food, eager for his reward. Once he was done, he waited patiently by his bowl as his Master finished.

"Come boy," His Master said as he got up going to their play room.

The pup eagerly followed behind his Master, never allowed next to or in front. Stepping into the room, his Master held the door so the pup wouldn't get hit by it.

"On the table." Was the command.

The pup quickly climbed up the stairs onto the medical exam table. It was cold to the skin that was exposed but it didn't bother when Master's warm hands ran over his back. The pup arched into the touch, wanting the contact after being alone all day.

"You were a good boy today. Nothing was broken, nothing for me to clean up after I came home. Did you go out in the yard when you needed to?" The pup barked in response.

He had spent some time roaming the yard, sniffing and marking, the high fences and rural location keeping away prying eyes. His Masters hands were slowly running over his body, making sure there were no injuries to be taken care of. Each mitt was pulled off to check his hands were undamaged, before being slid back on. This was something they did each day; his Master wouldn't allow any unneeded harm to happen to His pup.

"Good boy." He ruffled the pup's hair again.

Reaching under His pup He undid and removed the cage that trapped the pup's cock. The pup let out a small, happy whine as he was freed from the rough plastic. The pup was already half hard from eagerness and it only took a few strokes from his Master's hand before he was completely hard.

"Off the table." His Master ordered.

The pup moved down the stairs and onto the floor as his Master went to the other side of the room. There He picked up a life size Akita plush, the pup's favorite dog breed. The pup wagged his tail; it had been a long time since he'd been allowed this.

The plush was special, his Master had gotten it custom made just for him. Not only was it life size, it was sturdy, and the pup could mount it. It had been modified to be fuckable, a cock stroker built inside to feel like the pup was really humping another pup.

The pup whined excitedly as his Master set the plush in the middle of the floor. He couldn't go towards it till he was told. First his Master had to prep the plush, making sure it was lubed up and standing solid.

"Ok boy, come get it." He finally said. The pup felt like he had been waiting forever.

The pup moved forward as quickly as he could. Getting up on his knees he wrapped his arms around the plush and slowly pushed his cock inside. The pup let out a pleasure filled whine as he began the thrust. The plush's sturdy wire frame helped keep it in place.

The pup kept making small noises as he continued to drive into the plush, precum leaking from his cock mixing with the lube that was already there. The pup buried his nose into the plush, his Master had it scented so it smelt like a real dog.

His Master was sitting on the only chair in the room, watching as his pup took his reward. This should remind his pup that good behavior was always rewarded.

"Cum whenever you desire pup." His Master said when He noticed the pup's hips start to move quicker, sharper, showing just how close he was.

It had been days since the pup has last been allowed to cum. He was so pent up, if he had been in his right mind he may have been ashamed at how quickly his orgasm hit. Hearing his Masters words, the pup let himself go. The pup whined as he came, hips still thrusting, the plush milking him.

The pup stopped moving, panting, resting against the plush, cock still buried inside it. Once he felt he could move again, the pup slowly slid out, his load leaking from the plush. It was obvious how pent up he had been by how much he had cum.

His Master stood up, walking over to his spent pup. "Good boy. Remember what good behavior gets. Maybe you'll get to play with your friend more."

His Master smiled when the pup nuzzled His leg. He pet his pup's head gently. "Go lay down while I clean this up."

His Master indicated to the bed in the corner of the room. Silently obeying the pup made his way over to the bed; his limp cock swaying between his legs. The pup laid down, dozing to the sounds of his Master cleaning up. He could be a good pup.