

A small, slightly chubbish raccoon, of only about four feet, sits waiting dutifully inside of an apartment, staring at the door steadily from a fine oak. He had waited there for a good hour, as he was ordered to. Like a good pet should, as he was ordered to by his master. As heavy steps rung from outside, resonating into the apartment itself, his heart skipped a beat in excitement. His posture perked up as he knelt on two knees, front paws planted onto the carpet.

He heard the mailbox clang open and closed quickly, and a door knob turn. A cold breeze sprung in as the door was pushed open, and a tall bear of about six feet walks in and quickly closes it. He gives the raccoon a few pets as the coon leans into them, so happy his master is home. "Aww, such a good boy," the master praises the pet, scratching underneath his chin. "Such a good little guy deserves a reward," he says, as he unzips his pants, gripping the raccoon's chin. The raccoon instinctively knows to open wide, like such a good pet normally would, as the bear pulls out his dick, makes his little coon stand up, and pushes it into his mouth. The bear sighs and moans a bit as he releases a day's frustrations into the coon's open, waiting mouth, forcing out a hot stream of urine into the raccoon's mouth, who gladly swallows and basks in it. Of course, such a good raccoon would want it washed over his fur, but this bear didn't like having messes in his living quarters.

The bear petted at the raccoon, telling him what a good boy he is. He tugged on the raccoon's leash as he walked over to the couch, and sat down with a light thud, comfy cushions comforting his landing. He pushes his feet over onto his footrest, and tugs on the leash, ever so slightly. The raccoon's favorite part of the job, he rushes over, and shoves his face directly into the bear's socked feet. He sniffs and rubs at the feet, excited yet taking his time, for the musky scent of a foot fresh from a workday's shoe is especially great. He tugs off the socks with his teeth, pushing his nose in between each toe, rubbing his nose up and down the sole and heel, pressing it against the sides. Such a good foot slut, waiting for the command.

"Lick, boy," the bear master says, and a beast in heat is unleashed, as his tongue slips out of his maw, and presses itself to the sole, licking up it, tasting such a nice flavor of musk. The raccoon slips his tongue between each toe, and takes each toe into his mouth, sucking and licking around it, doing such a good job of cleaning. This might be the whole reason he became a pet! Quitting work and an independent life of responsibility just to stay on all fours and lick feet. This was truly the life for him.

As he fits half a foot into his mouth, sucking on it, he rubs the other ones with his paws, then switches. As soon as he finishes the second foot, his master feels a sense of satisfaction well up within

him, and tugs on his leash, pushing the raccoon's face directly into the bear's junk, shoving his balls against his nose, cock flopping on the forehead. The raccoon sighs sadly, as the feet were his favorite, but the bear's junk is a good second. He sniffs at such musky balls, trapped in pants as the bear worked hard all day, as the bear's cock leaks precum onto his forehead, not that he minds, like a good pet slut. The bear pushed his head underneath, to his ass, where he sniffed gleefully, and then gave him the command. "Lick." And he was very happy to, eating the ass of the bear joyfully, as he dragged his tongue up and down the crevice, licking at the hole. His head was soon dragged up, to where he was allowed to clean both balls, and the slut did so very happily, taking one in his mouth at a time and sucking, licking, all the while stroking at the leaking cock planted above his head, spitting fluid onto his face. The leash was tugged once again, and he was directed once again to lick, this time the protruding member of the bear. And thus he did, he licked the head and shaft individually, up and down, slobbering over it happily, eager to please his owner.

The bear rewarded his little slut raccoon by pressing his feet to the coon's junk, giving him half of a foot job lazily, just letting the raccoon hump into his footpaws. The bear directed his property, finally, giving a single-word command as usual, the quiet guy he is. "Suck," he says, pushing his dick into the waiting mouth of his good little slut pet. The cock, a bit too big for a raccoon of this size, simply slides down his throat, with no real trouble, because such a good little slut pet has been trained. He eagerly sucks, moving the cock in and out of his mouth and throat, sucking eagerly, with no need for goading from his owner. The owner simply sits and moans, watching his little guy push and please, the raccoon releasing little moans, slurps, and suckles every so often, his saliva heavily coating the cock.

The bear pushes the raccoon's head down, and holds it there for a second as he begins to cum, spurting it down his throat. He releases the raccoon, as the coon comes up for air, opening his mouth to breath as more cum spurts across his face and mouth, coating his tongue. The bear aims for the mouth for his last few spurts, putting it in and closing the raccoon's mouth, then sighs and moans as he pulls it out. He grabs the raccoon by the chin, and simply says "Don't swallow." Then he says "Open," and the raccoon opens his mouth, presenting the mouthful of bear seed sitting on his tongue. The bear lets him close his mouth, and gives him a command: "Swallow." And thus the raccoon swallows.

The bear pets at the good little raccoon, such a nice pet, and leans over to kiss him deeply, smearing cum across both faces.

Not that the bear cares, he just loves his pet so much.