

Repaying a Favor

By Blue Jay

This story is just a short little something involving Femboy Perry, as a thank you to Snoe72. There won't be much to this, it's really just a sweet little tease, but maybe more will come of it? We'll see.

It was the middle of the afternoon when they touched down. Once safely on the landing strip, the private jet taxied down the length of pavement until it reached its assigned private hangar. Inside and fully halted, the flying machine powered down completely and the crew prepared to assist the passengers with disembarking.

There were only two guests riding the skies in that vessel. The first stepped out of the jet, a female lemur wearing a light, flowing dress of emerald silk. As she descended the jet's step-ramp, her black-and-white ringed tail, an impressive six feet long, trailed behind her. Curiously, a leather strap was at the tail's end, a polished steel chain linking her rear appendage to the second passenger.

"Ah, ah!" he gasped as he quickly followed the simian.

His hands were behind his back, the forearms held to each other, encased in leather arm binders; putting them on had been the lemur's idea, to prevent him from jumping the proverbial gun and ruining things by playing with himself during their trip.

Of course, it also prevented him from doing anything about the cock leash that she was using to lead him along. The small leather collar that ensnared his black malehood had two parts, one tight around the base of his genitals and the other at the top of his scrotum. It was just tight enough to be snug without being painful.

Except, that is, when her tail pulled forward, signifying her desire for him to pick up the pace.

"Come along, pet," she told him as she led the way to her black limousine. The driver, a greyhound, said and did nothing aside from hold the door open for his employer. But then, what does one say to a woman with hundreds of millions of dollars and a flair for eccentricity?

After they'd entered the vehicle, the gray-furred female tossed a small nylon bag she'd been carrying aside and stretched herself out on the smooth, plush leather seats, relaxing for a moment. A tug of her tail brought her male companion to his knees before her, panting softly.

"Oh, like you didn't enjoy that more than a little bit," scoffed the lemur, a playful smile on her face.

She proceeded to remove her clothing, tossing the expensive dress aside and lying there nude. Even with a modest bust, her lithe form and tight curves gave her a body many would kill for. With a sigh she laid back, spreading herself out on the seat...and exposing the male genitalia she sported right above her

female sex. Presently, her black meat was tucked away within its furry housing in spite of her growing arousal, but such was her willpower.

After all, Juno did not become immensely wealthy, possessing quite a few hundred million, by being weak; that was her sub's role.

Said submissive was quietly admiring his Mistress's body, paying close attention to the small shifting of her balls against the seat. He wore nothing so conservative as she did, dressed in tight leather bondage gear: a corset with attached collar; wrist, bicep, thigh, and ankle cuffs; and the aforementioned arm binders.

Though he was a spotted hyena, wholly different by species, his slender, effeminate sculpt caused him to more closely resemble his Domme than a typical male. It was much as she liked it, her personal pet-lover a femboy while her more...independent partners were of the beefcake variety, a handful only of them falling into the "average" body type category.

As the limo turned onto the drive outside the private hangar, preparing to leave the small airfield, she said, "You'd better take a good look at it, because it's the last you'll see of it for a while."

Blinking, he replied, "What do you mean, Mistress Juno? Didn't you bring me along to keep you company while you do business?"

Of course, much of the company-keeping was servicing her while she brokered deals with other wealthy Doms, lining up international alliances in various industrial fields. He'd done it a hundred times before, and this time had seemed to him as being no different.

She shook her head. "No, Perry, not this time. We never came here before, or I would have done this by now, but I'm going to be giving you over to the temporary care of an old acquaintance of mine, repaying a favor I owe him. He specializes in pretty little bois like yourself serving him, so it shouldn't be much of an issue, and I've written instructions for him to be a little relaxed towards you, so you shouldn't be treated harshly."

"Is he...normally a strict Master?" the canid asked, clearly worried at the prospect of being left to fend for himself.

Juno shrugged. "A little harsh, perhaps, but he treats those who submit to his authority well enough." She grinned and leaned forward. "And his slaves are even bigger BDSM sluts than *you* are."

This time he looked relieved, his tail wagging at the news. "I won't dishonor you, Mistress."

A smile creased her muzzle. "You never have before, pet, and I've no reason to believe you will now. But all the same—" She reached out and grabbed the back of his head, pulling his face against her crotch. Her sheath and balls mashed against his face and she held him there, letting him breathe in her scent, the musk she was exuding. "—Behave as a disciplined boi should and I'll reunite you with my magnificent cock. I may even let you swallow my seed if you impress me with your time there."

He whined at the offer, and with a grin she released his head. She watched, amused, as he kept his face to her package. Tongue slipping out, he licked her balls and sheath, cherishing the last time he'd be so close to them for a while.

Juno allowed this to continue for a good while, exercising her inner fortitude to keep from becoming hard at all; an ignorant bystander would have wondered if she were outright bored with having her genitals suckled.

"Enough," she eventually said sharply. A tug of her tail and Perry was reminded of the cock leash, jerking back and grimacing with the small, brief spike of pain to his malehood. "You have your orders, pet; follow them." The air of dominance about her relaxed just slightly, and she went on. "The bag has the letter to the Master and a few bits of casual wear for you, so that you aren't sleeping in your gear the whole time."

Quickly, he glanced over to the black bag, wondering what exactly she'd packed for him. Usually when he wore clothing, it was strictly feminine, such as stockings, garter belts, miniskirts, panties, and the like.

Laughing, the simian said, "Curious? It has some shiny black leggings; a slender purple garter belt; a purple choker; and three sets of satin panties: hot pink scrunch back, emerald side-tie, and copper thong. You should feel *very* comfortable strutting about the manor in those naughty little things."

Perry brightened up, excited. "T-thank you, Mistress!"

Juno waved it aside. "Not hardly; I declined putting any bondage attire in there, since he'll have plenty, and I won't spoil you."

Interrupting them, the intracomm crackled, the driver informing them that their destination was just a few minutes' travel away.

Sighing, Juno slid to one knee in front of her pet, holding his gaze. "It's been some time since I last saw him, so I cannot say just what he's like anymore. It may be that he's changed just enough to no longer be the male I once knew, but I have every reason to believe he is. Even so, I want you to be careful there. Remember all I've taught you and you'll do well."

The whole time he nodded, not even blinking. His pulse threatened to pick up, the fear of the unknown rising up within him. Despite the promises of fair treatment, he was going to be without his Domme, without his *Mistress*, and the thought made him more than a little nervous.

What would she be doing when he wasn't at her feet for so long? She took others to bed, he knew that as well as anyone, he'd watched or participated with them often enough, but the thought of her having another dedicated sub, even temporarily, upset him. *He* was her pet, damn it!

"Approaching the main gate," the driver informed them.

Juno took a moment to hug the hyena, nuzzling his cheek affectionately. "I'm going to miss you, pet."

He shuddered, wishing his arms were unbound, his arms wrapped around her, not wanting to let go.
“Mistress...”

The limo stopped, parked underneath the spacious drive-thru the sprawling mansion’s front sported. Reluctantly, Juno disengaged from Perry, unbuckling the cock leash and laying it aside before doing the same with the arm binders. She handed him the bag of lingerie and opened the door for him, watching as he, with equal reluctance, left the cabin and her side.

Standing there in front of the door, his expression one of discontented acceptance, he gave her a formal bow. A smile, beaming with pride, adorned her face as she nodded before closing the door and rolling away into the evening.

Ears pinned, Perry turned to the door, and with a sigh of resignation knocked a few times before lowering himself to his knees, as was proper.

What the coming week would hold for him at the Sapphire Villa, only heaven could say.

The End...