

An Education in Dominance
Chapter 1: The Entry Exams
By Draconicon

“Come, slave.”

Basajuan snapped his fingers, and the mouse at the other end of the leash perked up immediately, just as he’d been taught. The buck smiled, lowering his hand, one finger pointed at his heel.

As James hurried to his side, he looked around the room. Other figures, men in suit and women in blouses, some with whips and some with collars, all watched him. Judging. Measuring. Seeing if he had what it took. Considering how long it had taken to get here, he hoped that he was making a good impression so far.

No words, just a tug on the leash, and he started leading James around the room. The mouse followed at his heels, never moving more than an inch forward or behind, keeping pace with him. His friend’s nudity contrasted with his own smart suit, and he resisted the urge to leap up and loosen the neck a bit.

Just the final lap, and then make James show his ‘gratitude,’ and we’re done. You’re doing well. No screw-ups so far.

That didn’t mean that the stag wasn’t sweating his ass off. He resisted the urge to look at his judges, knowing that his confidence had to be as absolute as he could make it. Anything less would have put him back on the waiting list, and who knew if he’d be able to try again before the next season started?

He slowed himself down a bit, realizing that he was about to start running if he didn’t get a better handle on himself. He’d already reached the curved wall at the far side of the room, where the platform for the benches began, and he turned the mouse with the leash. No words, just a gesture. Just as he had been taught in school.

For his part, James was being amazing. He wanted to whisper a thank you to his old friend, but the mouse would have brushed it off. And besides, better to do that later.

Another half-lap, and he came to a stop in front of the highest-raised benches in the room, where the three most important judges looked down at him. An otter, a kobold, and a mouse all looked at him with expectant eyes. Basajuan smiled at them.

“My slave is well trained, is he not?” the buck asked.

“He’s done well enough,” the mouse said.

“He’s certainly treated fairly well. No signs of wear and tear by you or others,” the kobold added.

“Nothing egregious on the practice contract, either,” the otter commented.

“But there’s still his gratitude. Does he love you for what you do?” asked the mouse.

Basajuan didn’t answer with words. Instead, he turned around, his crotch right in front of James’s face, half-expecting the rodent to tilt his head back and meet his eyes, to question him, as he’d heard some subs had done when they came up for this sort of thing.

Not James.

The mouse smiled, leaning in and gripping at the zipper of his suit pants with his teeth. Basajuan hid his relief behind a smirk, letting the mouse slowly drag his zipper down until his underwear was exposed. Those teeth were surprisingly tender as they reached inside, pulling at his underwear until the head of his cock could slide through the y-front, dropping onto a soft pink nose.

James wasted no time. He leaned in, kissing under the shaft, and licked all the way back to the head. The buck groaned, hardening quickly, to the point where the mouse had to pull back onto his heels in order to kiss the tip of his shaft. Basajuan smiled, rubbing the mouse’s head, and his slave smiled in turn.

“Thank you, master, for giving me everything,” the mouse whispered.

He would have started sucking - that was where their practice had usually gone - when the mouse clapped his hands. The pair of them froze, not daring to move.

Then the clapping began to spread.

As the various judges filled the room with applause, relief replaced the buck’s anxiety, happiness his fear. He slowly turned, looking up at the men and women on the benches above him, his face splitting in a grin. They smiled back at him, one or two of them raising their arms in a bit of a cheer.

Finally, he turned back to the mouse, who chuckled.

“Well, kid, it looks like you’ve made it. You’ll be signed up for our University, after all. Your acceptance letter and all the details will be waiting for you by email when you get home. Any questions?”

“Uh - I mean, no - No. Just no.”

“Heh.” The mouse smiled, adjusting a pair of twinkling glasses. “You’re a dom, Basajuan. You don’t have to be afraid.”

“Though it’s kind of to his credit that he is, let’s be fair,” the otter said.

“He’s a good kid, Idesin. I’ve seen the records; I don’t think we have to worry about him. Not like that bear that came through a few years back.”

“I know, I know, Tom. But I like to be careful.”

The otter stood up from his bench, chuckling.

“I’ll be in touch if you want to formalize any contracts before the start of semester, Basajuan...and good luck.”

The buck nodded, still riding the high of success as the other members of the faculty filed out of the demonstration room. His cock still stood as hard as could be, throbbing over the mouse’s face, and James still knelt in front of him. A few of them passed by, patting his shoulder and whispering congratulations, and Idesin - the otter - reached down and unbuckled the leash from James’s collar.

It was all details to him. For the buck, all that mattered was that he’d passed. He’d fucking passed.

University, here I come.

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James walked at his side rather than at his heels as they left the university. The front steps led down towards a busy main square, occupied in equal measure by couples bound by leashes and single students that were signing up, socializing, and doing any number of other things. The buck still couldn’t believe his luck and walked with a bounce in his step down the many stone stairs.

“God, I can’t believe how lucky we got, man. James, you have to come to dinner with me and the family tonight,” he said.

“Heh, thanks, but I have my own plans.”

“Come on. You’re in for university, as well. You can’t be celebrating alone tonight.”

“I’m not, but I have my own things to take care of. Certain...binding things, you know?”

Basajuan came to a screeching halt, almost overbalancing on the next step. The buck whipped his head around, blinking.

“Binding? You mean -”

“Heh...yeah.”

“Oh...”

He rubbed the back of his head, looking down.

“I thought -”

“Yeah, well, that was high school. You knew that probably wouldn’t work. The stats say
_,”

“I know what the stats say, but...geez. Springing it on me, aren’t you?”

“Would you prefer me to have given you time to think about it?”

The buck sighed.

“No, I guess not. When - tonight, right?”

James nodded, the mouse adjusting his t-shirt, and his collar just under it. Basajuan couldn’t help but stare at it.

It was the same leather collar that all subs got for their graduation from high school, and it was the same collar that he’d been holding off and on for the last few months since he’d graduated a year behind his old friend. They’d had a great time, but he’d never heard anything about the mouse getting with someone else.

Then again, he hadn’t exactly been exclusive, he supposed.

Trying to ignore the fact that tomorrow, that collar would be either metal, silk, or a new leather band, and tagged with someone else’s name, the buck forced a smile.

“Well...thanks for helping me get into the university, at least. Thanks for...that.”

“...Anytime, man.”

They started to hug, paused, and then shook hands instead. It felt wrong, but it could have been a lot worse. He let his smile fade a bit, sighing.

“I’ll, uh, see you in one of the classes, maybe.”

“Maybe. Probably not. I’m still going for one of the -”

“Pleasure subs, I remember.”

“And you’re still going for doctor dom?”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah...”

“Probably not.”

He couldn’t meet James’s eyes, but neither could the mouse meet his. Why, he wondered? Why did it have to come out like this? It wasn’t like they were true loves. Lovers, yes, and frequently together on mini-dates that weren’t quite dates, but...

James was right. He shouldn’t have expected this to last. But he should have been able to expect it to end better than this.

Letting go of the mouse’s hand, he turned to leave. James said something, but he didn’t hear it. He was already halfway down the remaining steps, and soon he’d disappeared into the crowd.

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Dinner was as pleasant as one could have imagined, and why not, considering the fact that his parents had bought up space at the best restaurant in town? The *Field of Greens* was an entirely herbivore-style restaurant, with floors of grass and open windows that looked out on a world that was far below, situated in one of the few skyscrapers of the city, allowing for a view of just about anywhere one would like. If one didn’t like the current view, all they had to do was wait for it to change.

Basajuan looked down at the city, specifically down at the university campus on the south side. It was situated in a dip in the cityscape, not quite like a crater, but more like a man-made sinkhole. That made it sound like it was worse than it actually was, though; it was lined with bright lights that hung from artificial trees, casting a fire-fly glow on the whole place at night and making it feel warm and open during the day. The buildings themselves lined the spiral-like pathways that led down to the park center, with the registration building at the very top. He still saw people filing out of it, probably people like him that had waited almost too long to try and apply for this semester.

People like him and James, he supposed, though he didn’t want to think about the mouse right then.

“Come on, dear. You’ve not even touched the third salad, yet.”

Basajuan turned, shaking his head.

“Sorry, mom. Just a bit...out of it.”

“James?”

“How did you know?”

“Oh, you know how he and I talk.”

“Did you know -”

“Oh, I did.”

The doe shook her head as he looked up, her eyes half-slitted, and not from the wine in her hand, either. She leaned back in her chair, her free hand stroking his father’s head at her side. The older stag was collared to her chair, pinned to it as she had her dinner. He imagined that his old man was probably oozing his own ‘dressing’ onto a salad, if his mother had her way.

“And you didn’t tell me?”

“No. If you’re going to be a good dom, Basajuan, you need to pay attention. If you’re going to be a good doctor, you need to be able to tell when someone isn’t telling you everything.”

“Hmmp. So, it was for my own good?”

“Yes. Just like the punishment James is going to get tomorrow is going to be for his own good.”

“Punishment?”

“You made a mistake. *He* chose to take the easy way out and hurt you today.” The doe sipped her wine. “I’m not one to let that slide. And if he’s going to be a pleasure sub, he needs to learn how to better handle a situation like that.”

“I..”

He wanted to tell his mom that it wasn’t necessary, but he had to admit, there was a part of him that thought that James deserved that. Not anything big, but...Well, a little punishment never hurt anyone.

Digging into his salad, he turned his head slightly, ignoring whatever it was that his mom was whispering to his father. The sight of them having their fun had never been as strange to him as it seemed to be to the tourists, but then again, they lived a different life here. Sex was just that. Sex.

Catching sight of his mother putting one leg up on the table as his father slipped out of sight, he smiled.

And at least you learn what you like real quick, out here, he thought as he nibbled at the rest of his fruit salad.

By the end of the third course, he was feeling much better. His mother, having had a few moan-suppressed orgasms, seemed to be the same, and put down her empty glass, smiling at him.

“You’ll find something better soon, hon. There will be many more subs waiting for you in university. Maybe even a few switches, too; you know what a prize they are, huh?”

“I know, mom, I know.”

“And it’ll show my little boy as being the big man that he’s always wanted to be. Big and strong and good enough to dominate anyone he chooses, and better still...”

She reached over, gently patting his hand.

“Make their life better for it.”

“I’ll try, mom. That’s all I can do.”

“Good. Glad you’re snapping out of it; I thought I’d have to buy you a pleasure sub for the night.”

“Mooooom.”

“Please, that waitress does double duty, and so does the bus-boy. I’ve seen them both passing out leaflets for it.”

He rolled his eyes, but nevertheless checked out the waitress the next time she came back. The antelope had a smaller sort of chest, and her curves weren’t so exaggerated as many of the girls he was used to seeing, but she was pretty cute...and the little nubs on her head would be great for -

Feeling an erection already building up, he put the thought out of his head, focusing on the desserts that they’d received. Once more, his father’s plate had been put under the table, and he wondered just many moans his mother made were from the food, and how many were from his father’s efforts.

Either way, the rest of the meal went well.

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Back at the house, Basajuan leaned back on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. He’d already stripped down, only holding onto the graduation leash, which he’d laid out across his

stomach, the metal clip almost sliding across his balls. He fondled the grip end of it, sighing to himself.

Graduated high school, tried six different subs, and none of them clicked quite like James, he thought. Here's hoping that nobody got it wrong during evaluation.

It happened, though rarely. The government watched everyone from childhood to adulthood, observing and occasionally nudging their development, making notes as determinations were made of whether one was gay, straight, bi, or something else, and where on the dom/sub spectrum they ran. Everything in their lives was arranged based on that, from their education to their pitched TV packages.

Pretty fairly, of course. There was a lot of overlap from the education and TV and everything else, but each set had a few select features that were designed to deepen and encourage the 'true nature' that everyone seemed to have.

He remembered back when he was sixteen, when he came back from summer camp and was told that he was a dom in training. They'd given him a rope leash, then, a training tool to mark him as a potential dom, before replacing two of his classes each semester with lessons on how a proper dom behaves, what their responsibilities were, and how to treat a sub properly so that they didn't feel abused or used.

Some of it was manipulation, he knew that much. Manipulation of him as much as teaching him how to manipulate others. That was part of the game, part of how this sort of lifestyle worked. After his first week, he'd come home to see his mother treating his father to a scolding, and immediately recognized the tricks of a dom on a sub, training them, making them better, getting them to do a task because they wanted to rather than just because they were told to do it.

It was quite the eye-opener, back then. Now, it was just another part of life.

Now, though, he was on the other end of it. He felt, well, backstabbed by James. His friend had basically used him one last time to get into university, and then dumped him to go off with another dom. Hell, they were probably celebrating right then and there, enjoying themselves wherever they were.

Bitterness was not a good feeling. Basajuan slowly pulled the leash around his hand, wrapping it around his palm and his fingers in a tight, almost bandage-like grip, and then squeezed hard. He rolled onto his side, looking out the window.

The city was dark from here, save for the red lights that marked the fun streets when the sun went down. Further off, towards the north side, he could just make out the shore, where the darkness shifted from many-lined to a bumpy smoothness. Boats sailed even this late, and he imagined that there were parties going on non-stop out there as the tourists took advantage of the local ways.

Basajuan shook his head, rolling over onto his stomach again.

“He really fucked me over...”

He closed his eyes, imagining James in his mind’s eye. The mouse had been a friend since they’d met when he was fifteen. A year ahead of him, James was already in sub-training, often around with other guys, showing off in public for all the world to see. The mouse had been amazing then and remained one of the few guys that Basajuan trusted to be able to take what he could dish out and not only not break, but encourage him to try bigger things. That was part of the reason he’d been ecstatic when James had agreed to do the try-out for the university with him; there was no one that knew him better.

And now, he was gone.

The buck let the mouse fade from his imagination, whispering a goodbye to him in the process. He sighed, opening his eyes and staring at the ceiling.

One of the first things that doms learned, besides the fact that they needed to be careful with everything that they did, was self-care. Their society taught them that doms were to care for their subs, and subs were to take care of each other. Outside of specific circumstances, submitting to another dom for care was only a few steps away from becoming something of a submissive, and that was something that few doms would do. Switches, yes, but a dom? Almost never.

So, they were taught self-care. Self-love. Self-maintenance. And for the night, that was exactly what Basajuan did. If he was going to learn to be a proper doctor dom, he needed to do well right from the get-go.

Well, doctor...heal thyself.

The End