

**An Education in Dominance**  
**Chapter 5: Demonstrating Dominance**  
**By Draconicon**

Three days in, Basajuan was starting to think that he'd been lied to during his high school years. Though he'd been acknowledged as one of the better doms in his class - in the top half, at least - his college classes made him feel like he'd learned nothing. Compared to the teachers that he had, compared to everyone else that he encountered that had a sub at their side, he felt like an idiot, a complete newcomer.

Well, except compared to Danny, but that was a completely different kettle of fish.

The buck groaned as he walked out of the main building, head spinning from all the philosophy from Professor Taj. The tiger was a fascinating guy, but he certainly loved to talk your ear off, and today had been no exception. They'd started getting down to the nitty-gritty about how and why people all over the world worshiped power, strove for it, and why so few people actually understood how to gain and use it.

*And all of it means nothing to me right now because I don't have anyone worth using it on.*

He was starting to slip, he knew. Considering that he hadn't had anyone to dominate for some time, not since James and he had split...

*Yeah. I need someone under me, and soon.*

The buck was halfway down from the main building to the dorms when he heard someone...whimpering. Not in the good way, either. He stopped, turning in place. The sound seemed to be coming from behind the Mathematics and Science building, off in the shadows and concealed from the path.

Cocking his head to the side, Basajuan followed the sound around the side of the square building, resting one hand on the stone wall as he reached the corner. He turned -

“Oh, gods...”

He knelt beside the bruised rat, shaking his head as the rodent pulled away from him.

“No. Stop.”

“Nnngh. Don’t...don’t look...”

“Hands down; show me what happened.”

The rodent whimpered, shaking his head a few times. It took him a second to notice that the bruised guy didn’t have a collar, and - more importantly - his leash had been stripped from his waist.

*Shit...*

Basajuan shook his head. Someone had come by and beaten the hell out of the poor guy. Who knew the reason, really, but he guessed that someone didn’t think that a rodent should be in charge of someone else. The fact that the leash was missing told him that there was a bully somewhere with an extra one, probably someone that might have tried to push this guy around and couldn’t get away with it.

*That’s something for security to fix. Right now, I need to fix this.*

Observation only went so far. He had the facts. Dom who’d been stripped of his stuff, some sort of assault, bruises at least, possibly a broken face, and worse, humiliation. So much humiliation.

“Can you hear me?”

“...Mm-hmm.”

“Okay. Right now, I need to look at this.”

“This shouldn’t have happened. This shouldn’t - don’t look!”

The rat tried to throw him back, but Basajuan just grabbed his hands, the buck squeezing them gently but firmly, keeping the rodent from pulling them back. He slowly pulled his impromptu patient’s hands down, letting them rest on the ground. Kneeling on them gently, letting them sink into the grass and dirt rather than pushing them down hard, he continued.

“I have to look.”

“I can’t...someone...”

“Listen to me, listen to me,” he said in the most soothing voice he could muster. “I know this is humiliating, but we’re trained to do that, aren’t we?”

“Nnngh...”

“We know how to humiliate others. I’m not here to humiliate you; I’m just here to check you out. Keep your voice down, and nobody has to see you. Okay? Do you hear me?”

“...I hear you.”

“You don’t have to see me. Just pretend I’m not here. Just as long as you let me look.”

“...”

The rat didn’t agree to it, but he stopped fighting. That was good enough for him.

He gently prodded the rat’s muzzle, feeling about for any breaks in the bone or anything else beyond bruises. There was a hint of a hairline fracture halfway down the muzzle, near the hollow parts at the nostril, and there were a few teeth missing, but considering the sheer bludgeoning damage he’d gone through, the rat had gotten off relatively lightly, all things considered.

Basajuan shook his head. Dimash didn’t have many problems, but speciesism was one of those things that occasionally flared up. The kink behind it was fun and all, but some people took it way too seriously. Rodents often got the worst of it when they were classified as doms, second only to some of the smaller prey species. Rabbits in particular -

But that was neither here nor there. For now, he needed to get this guy to the campus infirmary with as little humiliation as he could manage.

“You don’t see me. I’m going to take off my shirt now; I’m not going to touch you, I’m just going to cover your face. Okay?”

“Mm-hmm.”

The rat nodded, wincing immediately. He struggled to pull his hands up, but Basajuan kept them pinned, keeping them from moving. Slowly, making sure that the rat couldn’t be startled by any sudden moves, he dragged his shirt over his head and folded it up. He gently tied it around the rodent’s muzzle, keeping it from bumping and sliding against itself while they walked, and then draped the rest of it over the smaller guy’s face.

“Now nobody can see you. Let’s get you on our feet.”

“Nnngh.”

Once the rodent was upright, he led them back out onto the path. There were a few gasps as the buck stepped out shirtless, and more when they saw the blood seeping through the shirt wrapped around his patient’s face. The buck shoved a few people out of the way, making an adjustment to the rat’s disguise to cover his neck.

*Let people think he was a random sub; makes it look less like someone managed to take him down a peg.*

He walked the poor guy up the hill a little way, turning into the infirmary. One of the nurses - a squirrel - noticed him immediately and jumped into action. She hurried over, whispering in a calm, soothing voice.

“It’s okay. There’s no names or leashes or collars in here,” she said. “There’s nobody to worry about. We’re just going to get you fixed up, and then you can forget that you ever needed to come here. Okay? Okay. Just follow me now, listen to my voice, just follow along and listen to what I have to say. Nothing but a bit of babble, right? Nothing but a bit of noise for you to listen to while I patch you up...”

The rat and squirrel disappeared into one of the side rooms just off from the waiting room, and Basajuan shook his head.

*Poor guy’s gonna need a ton of therapy from this...*

Still, at least nobody knew who he was. They knew a rat had been taken to the infirmary, but that was it, and even that would only be deduced by the people that were paying enough attention to see his tail and his fur.

*Fuck...that was fucked up.*

He waited. He wasn’t sure why; he didn’t know the victim, nor did he have any real reason to stick around. Yet, when he thought about leaving without seeing what the outcome was, he felt sick, like he’d just abandoned someone that needed him.

So, he waited.

The buck sat down after ten minutes and leaned his head back after twenty. He had just reached down for his phone when the door opened and the squirrel stepped out, shaking her head. She took one step towards her desk before noticing him, blinking.

“Um...is he a friend of yours?”

“No, I just...wanted to make sure he was okay.”

“He’ll *be* okay, after his muzzle heals and he gets some therapy.” She looked back at the door. “A lot of therapy.”

“He’s not fighting anymore, though?”

“No, no. I gave him some painkillers and made sure that he was comfortable before letting him go to sleep. He’ll be let loose in the morning.”

“Thank you.”

Basajuan sighed. At least that was something. No more fighting and struggling and squirming and possibly making things worse. He had managed to help that much, at least.

“Were you the one that wrapped him up?” the squirrel asked.

“Yeah, um...that was my shirt, wasn't it?”

“...”

“I've got more; just get rid of it when you're done.”

“Glad you said that. I already threw it in the trash. You've got terrible fashion sense, you know that? Doctor What, really?”

“Hey, it's a fun show.”

He smiled.

“Anyway, thanks.”

“Before you go.”

The squirrel reached down below her desk, pulling out a couple of sheets of paper. She passed them over and, after glancing over the top sheet, Basajuan blinked.

“A job application?”

“Do you know how many people actually know anything about first aid? They keep us criminally understaffed here; if you want some pocket money, I'd be happy to recommend you to the boss.”

“...That sounds perfect.”

He smiled.

“I'll bring the papers back in the morning.”

“Awesome. I'll be waiting.”

He left with the application tucked under his arm, his smile glued to his face as he walked back onto the spiral. It was good to be acknowledged for something, even if it had started with someone else's misfortune. The fact that he actually *did* know what he was doing was a magnificent shot in the arm.

Making his way back to his dorm, he entered the large structure. Most of the doors were open, including Danny's - the armadillo reading the rulebook that Basajuan had lent him while getting a blowjob - and almost inevitably, the dwellers were engaged in some sort of sex. Most of them were different pairings than he had seen before, probably the doms figuring out who they wanted to keep around for the semester. He would have been doing the same if he hadn't felt so disconnected lately.

He reached his room, sitting down and throwing the application down on the sheets. He'd fill them out in a bit, but for now...

The buck reached for his laptop, booting it up and waiting for the usual lag in connection with the wi-fi. He leaned back, thinking towards his preferences for the night -

"Basajuan?"

And looked up to see the red kobold standing in his doorway. Koche barely reached the doorknob in height, but the NDCA representative had the same professional, caring, sad look that he always had when he came around. It was always odd to see that very adult expression on someone that was no taller than a child.

"I heard that you had an incident today."

"If you mean helping someone, yes."

"Ah, so that's what I was hearing about."

Hearing about? He arched an eyebrow as the kobold stepped inside, shutting the door behind him. Koche was quiet as he walked over, not quite hurrying, but not wasting any time either. He stopped in front of the buck, looking up at him with a serious expression. On anyone else, it would have looked silly. On him, it worked.

"I wanted to check to make sure that you're okay."

"...Uh, shouldn't you be checking in with the guy that got hurt?"

"I plan to, when he wakes up. And there will be a full investigation towards who might have assaulted him. However, I wanted to make sure that there was no underlying issues for you."

"Why would I have issues?"

"You had to take charge of another dom, even for a brief time. That is not something that we usually encourage. From what I've heard, you did it well, but I wanted to see if there was anything you wanted to talk about while it was still fresh in your mind."

The buck shrugged.

“Nothing, far as I know.”

“Alright. You know that we like to take care of our students here; if there’s anything that comes to mind -”

“I’ll let you know.”

“Thank you.”

The kobold nodded, making his way to the door. The buck waited until the little guy was all the way gone, the door shut, before shaking his head.

He understood where Koche was coming from, but he was fine. Yes, he’d had to comfort a dom that didn’t know how to take care of himself at that point. Yes, that was a little...weird, and it crossed the social boundaries that they had all learned back at the start of puberty, but it wasn’t necessarily bad. Just...weird.

But now that Koche had brought it up...

He remembered how the rat had been squirming away from him, how there was an obvious fight in his eyes, some bits and pieces struggling to hold on to respectability after someone had punched him out, knocked him down, and stolen the talisman of dominance from him. The idea of someone doing that to him, the idea of someone actually seeing it happen - or worse, seeing the aftermath -

No. He’d told the rat that they wouldn’t talk about this later. He could see the rodent and not feel too much sympathy or derision for him. He could still see him as another dom...

He hoped.

Shaking his head, he pulled his computer out again, logging into the social app for the college. The list of students in the chat rooms popped up, and he started flicking through them, looking for the ones that were in search of hookups for the night.

*Filtering through all of this...subs only...males... he thought to himself, shaking his head. Medium cats and smaller - oh. Well...would you look at that.*

One of the names on the list was very, very familiar. Sticking out like a sore thumb near the middle of the list was a profile of another rodent, a sub that was looking for a good fucking for the night.

*Heh...guess James’s bonding thing didn’t work out so well for him after all.*

He was almost tempted to call the mouse over and remind him of what they used to have. Maybe show off just how much he’d learned in the last few days, put it to work and rub the

mouse's face in what he could have. The idea was more than a little tempting, and his cursor hovered over the mouse's profile for almost a minute before he moved on.

Much as he wanted to just take a little revenge, he knew that it was petty at best, and cruel at worst. He was supposed to be a healer, and he didn't even have the excuse of healing himself to do that.

In the end, he pulled up a chat log for a domestic tabby, the twink coming up on the other end. They exchanged a few pleasantries, made sure that they were good on the shared kinks, and filled out a form contract for the night. The tabby said that he'd be right over, and Basajuan logged off, setting his computer aside.

*I need this, he thought. I need this bad.*

He reached down to his waist, pulling his leash back up and spinning the little metal head around. The thought of having someone on the end of it again already had him hard as a rock in his pants, and he grinned as he thought about the cat bouncing on his dick tonight. The imagined sensation wasn't going to be nearly as good as the real one, but he would get that soon enough.

A few minutes later someone knocked on his door. The buck stood up, walked over and opened it, grinning down at the cat on the other side. The eager little feline had already pulled off his pants and walked over in nothing but a thong, swaying his tail from side to side and teasingly sucking on a finger.

"Come on in," the buck said.

The cat obliged him, keeping quiet. The tabby tilted his head back as soon as the door closed, giving the buck the chance to snatch his collar. A quick click, and they were linked.

"Down."

A word and a tug and the tabby was on his knees, smiling up happily. Chuckling, Basajuan reached down, stroking a thumb along the cat's jawline, a firm but gentle touch that ended with a bit of pressure on the cat's lips.

"Suck."

Obediently, the cat opened his mouth, sucking away on the stag's thumb. He pushed it in a bit deeper, rubbing along the feline's tongue, feeling the rough surface. It'd be a bit abrasive to his cock, but not horribly so. He'd just need to remember a bit of lotion in the morning. But for now...

He finger-fucked the cat's face for a minute or so, teasing him until he was panting, gasping. When he finally let the tabby loose, the little slut was drooling, gasping for air, and he was hard as a rock. He leaned forward, grinding the cat's face on his bulge, rubbing it in, reminding the cat who the big guy was and who the little guy was.



It got a good purr from the little guy.

“Heh, little slut’s eager to get started, hmm?”

“Mmmph...yes master.”

“Ah ah,” he said, tugging the leash back a bit so that the cat was kept back. Those teeth had been going for his zipper. “You do not have permission.”

“Mmmph...”

“Wait.”

“Mmm...”

He slowly ground his bulge against the cat’s face, taking his time to work himself to a nice, throbbing erection. The stiffness of his cock only made his bulge that much bigger, and the cat panted as he took his time to rub, to tease, to remind the little guy who was in charge. The feline whimpered, mouth open, trying and failing to suck on it as the buck kept using the leash to keep his little toy from getting out of control.

He kept it up for a full five minutes. His tabby was whimpering, panting, hard as a rock beneath that thong, begging for it.

Basajuan nodded.

“Undress me.”

The cat could not have been quicker, though he was a bit clumsy at times. It made it all the more fun, at least for him, as his pants hit the floor and the frenzied feline pulled the underwear down to join it. He pulled the cat back before he could start licking, though, only letting his pet get a few sniffs and droplets from what fell from the tip.

Dragging the cat to the bed, he pulled his leash through a gap in the headboard, dragging the feline forward and keeping him pinned. He followed, getting on his knees behind the little tabby, grinding his thick cock between those fuzzy ass cheeks.

“You’ll get a taste later, heh. I know how you like it.”

“Mmph, please, please, master, fuck me. I need your cock.”

“You’ll get it, boy...but not yet.”

He had plenty of teasing to do, and all night in which to do it. Resting his cock between those eager ass cheeks, he just worked himself back and forth, back and forth, slathering them with pre.

When the cat started losing the ability to speak English, he'd know that his pet was teased enough. He'd know it was time for him to finally get his own release. And he'd know that he'd earned it rather than just being given it.

Just as he would earn that job.

**The End**