

An Education in Dominance
Chapter 6: Work and Play
By Draconicon

Basajuan worried that he might regret his new job after a couple of weeks. After all, he was trying to make his way through university and having the distraction of even a part-time job would do a great deal towards undermining his free time and studying enough to pass his classes. Nevertheless, the buck was determined to make a good show of it. It might just be infirmity duty, but it was a hell of a lot better than interning at a local hospital and doing quite that much drudge work.

His first shift, however, proved him wrong.

The buck jumped as the waiting room echoed with the bang of a door being slammed. He whipped his head to the source of it, watching the nurses - including the squirrel from yesterday - go running. She waved at him.

“Come on!”

He followed, keeping pace with her as they ducked down the hallway where the patient rooms were.

“What’s going on?”

“Big guy not settling in well. We need some muscle.”

“Anything else?”

“Yeah. Anything you got up there that’ll get him to calm down.”

“I’ll need to -”

“Whoa!”

The squirrel pulled him up short with both arms around one of his. A tray table stacked with needles came flying across the hallway, followed by another nurse. Basajuan’s eyes went wide again.

“Who the hell do you have in there?”

“An elephant.”

“...Please, please tell me that he’s not high on anything?”

“Meth, unfortunately.”

“Great.”

Tourists who came to Dimash often believed that the sexual freedoms that everyone enjoyed meant that just about everything was legal. While it was true that the country had laxer laws on a number of things, they were still fairly firm on the drug trade. Particularly the more addictive substances, and those that could create a danger.

“LET ME OUT!”

Like this stuff.

Basajuan shook his head, running through what he remembered from his own studies. If it pushed someone into a rage, then someone on meth tended not to feel much in the way of a fight, nor did they respond to a lot of logic. They were focused on one thing and one thing only, and they weren’t going to stop until they got it, no matter what sort of problems they ran into along the way.

Which means that security isn’t going to be able to do a damn thing unless they have an Enforcer with some negotiation skills, he thought. Damn it...

“Alright. I’ll talk with him, see what I can do.”

“Yeah, you talk.” The squirrel offered him a syringe. “And if you can get close enough, give him a little jab.”

“Sedative?”

“Yeah. We were going to start with that, but I needed to fetch it from the dispensary. Then we wouldn’t have had...this problem,” she said, gesturing to the spilled tray, flopped-over mouse nurse, and the various shards of glass, metal, and pools of liquid drugs.

He nodded, tucking it into his back pocket for now with the needle jabbed through the back of the denim. Just enough to keep from easily jabbing himself with the needle, and hopefully keeping it out of sight. The last thing he needed was to piss off the elephant. He was a big guy, but the pachyderms tended to have him beat in both height and girth when it came to physiques.

Leaving the nurse to deal with her colleague, Basajuan leaned around the doorframe. What he saw was...problematic.

The elephant patient was an older man, probably in his late forties or early fifties, and still dressed in the remnants of a suit that would have looked good in a boardroom or business meeting, but looked very out of place in a hospital. An open suitcase was off to the side, probably where he'd been keeping his stash of drugs, and one - one - of his arms were pinned down to the exam chair. The other was flailing around, smashing things, rooting through the one drawer that he could reach by the exam chair.

“Let me out! I want out! Out!”

“You’ll get out in a minute. Let’s talk first.”

The big guy whipped his head around, glasses hanging from one ear as he stared at the buck.

Basajuan had intentionally dropped his voice a bit, throwing himself into a bit of a slouch forward, like someone that was just about done with this shit, who could not give two fucks about what was going on. Someone that had already made up his mind about what the end of this was going to be.

Someone like a cop.

The elephant stayed still, panting hard, his eyes obviously darting about as if trying to think his way around being arrested. Basajuan didn’t give him the chance to think it through.

“Course, you’ll be getting out in cuffs if you keep treating the ladies out there like this. You’re already in trouble. That stuff over there yours?”

“It ain’t mine! I just found it! Let me go!”

“Not if you’re gonna start punching people, buster. You gonna be calm?”

“Fuck you! I didn’t do anything!”

“You got a needle mark on your shoulder.”

Not that the buck could see anything, but guilty consciences often won out. And they did, in this case. The elephant turned to look, and Basajuan jumped in. He pulled the syringe and needle out of his back pocket and jammed it into the elephant’s thigh. Not ideal, not great, but at least it’d get the damn drug into him.

He got kicked in the stomach for his pains, flying back into the wall. He swore his spine cracked as he hit the counter by the sink, and the buck barely stopped himself from falling over and into the garbage can next to him. Grabbing one of the open drawers for support, he groaned, coughing from having the air kicked out of his lungs.

“Ugh...”

“What the fuck did you do?! What the hell was that?”

“Something to calm you the fuck down...”

Fuck, the old guy's got a kick to him.

He shook his head, taking three very deep, very slow breaths to calm himself down before dragging himself upright once more. The patient was still wide-eyed, still very aware of the world, but he was shaking now, his arms and legs no longer stable. He stumbled back, sitting down rather than standing and flailing around. A quick look down confirmed that the needle had broken off during the stab, but he was pretty sure that one of the other nurses could handle something like that.

Coulda done that better, but...least he's not going to break anything else.

Stumbling, the buck stepped out of the room as the elephant's head hit the back of the chair. He'd be out soon.

The squirrel and mouse looked up as he shut the door behind him. The buck continued hugging his stomach as he nodded over his shoulder.

“He's gonna take a nap now.”

“Good. How are you?”

“Could one of you check to see if he broke anything?”

“I'll do that.”

The squirrel - Felicia, he remembered her name as being - stood up and gently prodded around his abdomen and rib cage. Though he was a little sensitive, it didn't seem like there was anything broken. She confirmed it with a nod after going through them one by one.

“Looks like you're just bruised.”

“Good. Wouldn't want to have to check in, heh.”

“And I wouldn't want to lose the only dom assistant on staff, either.”

“Mmph. What the hell is he doing in there, anyway? No way in hell that he's a student.”

“Guest lecturer. Probably thought that he had time to get high and enjoy himself before his class,” she said. “Not the first time, though usually it's not something that gets them so...aggressive.”

He nodded. From what he understood, most of the tourists were more likely to try the local stuff, usually aphrodisiacs cut for a few other effects on the body and mind. Hallucinatory stuff was usually the most desirable, but he'd heard of a few other things out there on the street that people would pay hundreds for.

That said, he was pretty sure that the elephant was just an idiot. Shaking off the last of the breathing problems, Basajuan finally stood up straight, taking a few deep breaths.

“Do you need anything else?”

“Just a bit of inventory. You have time before your Lessons today, right?”

“Yeah, Professor Rashii doesn't need me for another hour.”

“Good, good. Then if you don't mind?”

He didn't. It was a nice change from dealing with a guy hopped up on stimulants. Letting himself be led to the back room where they kept the big supplies for all the individual ones, he started sorting through bandages, syringes, minor drugs, disinfectants, and everything else that was needed to keep a hospital going.

It was a bit of drudge work, but not as bad as he imagined it being in a bigger, more official hospital where he wouldn't be quite so valuable. Basajuan worked quickly, regardless, making his way through the different boxes and containers that held all their stuff, counted it up, and made sure that it matched up to the official records of storage and use. By the time that he was done, he'd killed another thirty minutes.

He was just heading down to check in with Felicia when he almost ran smack into someone else.

The buck backpedaled to a stop to avoid knocking the new person down, cocking his head to the side to see who it was. No collar or leash, so that ruled out anybody that was on either side of that fence and most locals. Wore a fancy enough suit to be part of the staff or someone rich, but didn't have that arrogant twinkle in the eye for someone that was used to waving it around.

It was one mish-mash after another, leaving just one conclusion for him.

Switch.

Not one of the most common things to see, but not impossible. For doms and subs, switches were the golden trophy that one hoped to find, someone with the ability to understand them because they felt the same way, and someone that could fulfill the other part of their life, as well. It made switches highly sought-after in Dimash, to the point where there were often fights in high school when one was outed and multiple people wanted them.

The snake in front of him, covered in black and white patterns, was one of those golden specimens.

Before he could introduce himself, though, the snake turned to look at him. The androgynous, almost feminine male smiled.

“Hello. You would be Basajuan, yes?”

“Yes, I am. And you are...”

“Ah, yes. You probably haven’t been sent to my office yet.”

“No, I can’t say that I have,” he said. Professor, then?

“I am Headmaster Kuznetsov.”

Headmaster.

The buck blinked, then tried to hide a small blush on his cheeks. And here he’d been thinking that he might try and put a collar around the snake’s neck. Well, he had been well out of line there, hadn’t he? He chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Sorry, Headmaster. I didn’t know who you were.”

“No harm done. Except perhaps up in your head, I’m sure.”

“Let’s leave that where it belongs.”

“Yes, a good idea.”

The snake nodded, gesturing for him to sit down, which he did. The headmaster joined him, pulling a chair from across the waiting room to sit down in front of him.

“Now, I’ve been told by Representative Koche that you made a good showing yesterday. With the injured rat?”

“Yes. I...didn’t think he’d be talking to anyone else about it.”

“The rat - let’s leave him nameless, for his own dignity - was one of the doms at the school. As the NDCA representative, Koche is responsible for looking into any difficulty that arises regarding them, positive and negative. He told me that you were the one that found him, yes?”

“That’s...correct.”

“Don’t worry. This isn’t an investigation into you; you’ve already been cleared.”

Well, that was a relief, though he hadn’t thought about being the focus of an investigation to begin with. He was more concerned about the fact that he had to talk to the headmaster about it in the first place. He was already reliving it in the back of his head, going over the details so that he didn’t contradict anything, and it wasn’t pretty.

He still remembered having to talk down to another dom, having to take charge to make sure that things went well. That wasn’t how Dimash worked. That wasn’t how he was supposed to do things. If another dom was involved, then he worked around the situation, forcing neither of them into a direct confrontation, waiting for someone with the right training to mediate that sort of situation to show up.

Yesterday, he’d been forced to take charge because nobody else was around. If it had been with a sub, that would have been fine. Even enjoyable. With another dom...

It felt wrong. And in his head, it pushed the rat down, forcing him out of the role of ‘dom’ and into some sort of null-void place. He wasn’t sub, because he hadn’t been broken of dominance, but he was...less. And it was entirely because he’d had to take charge that way.

I didn’t make a mistake though. He’ll be fine, and I’ll think of him as just another dom as soon as I see him again.

The headmaster cleared his throat, pulling him back to the conversation.

“Sorry. I was just thinking about him.”

“I thought so. Anyway, I’m not here to see if you were responsible. And I’m sure that anything you knew about it has already been reported. I’m just here to congratulate you.”

“Congratulate me?”

“You did save someone from great humiliation, and you treated an injured student in pretty much the exact way that you were supposed to, from what Felicia tells me. She’s already got you pulling duty here?”

“Yeah, a few days each week.”

“I’d like to add on a paycheck to that. Just to keep you from being tempted out.”

“...That...would be awesome...”

“Then consider it done. I’ll backdate it to yesterday, too, just to ensure it’s all covered.”

“...”

“I believe the word you’re looking for is, ‘Thank you.’”

“Thank you, Headmaster.”

“You’re welcome,” Headmaster Kuzsetnov said with a chuckle. “Now, if I remember the schedule rightly, you’re due with Professor Rashii. Have fun.”

He got up almost mechanically, most of his attention on pushing the rat back out of his head. He was fine. Completely fine. There was nothing wrong, and he’d done nothing wrong. He didn’t need to have anyone worrying about him.

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The classroom for sexual dominance was different, again, from the other classes that he’d been taking. Rather than the long, narrow tables that Professor Taj kept for his philosophy classes, or the forum-style circle that Professor SkyWing kept for his work, this one was...

Well, frankly, it was a pit, and the pit was lined with subs that were tied up to the walls of it by their arms, legs, and neck. Basajuan and the other doms lined the top of the pit, staring down at them, as well as staring at the teacher.

Moving from one tied-up sub to another was a snake woman, a python that walked on two legs with a long, flicking tail behind her. She was naked as the day she was born, cum oozed out from between her legs, she had a few drops on her face and running down her neck. Despite all that, she had the look of a queen, and one that would execute her underlings if they were anything less than perfect, for that matter.

She walked from one sub to another, occasionally swaying her hips out with a crack if a male tried to push his dick too far forward, or if a female started panting too much. Her tail swayed slowly, slithering through the air and cracking like a whip if someone turned away, almost as if she had a supernatural awareness of what was going on at the top of the pit.

She’s got a pretty solid sense of control, he thought, watching her. Hard to think of fucking that ass with the way she walks; makes you want to rim it instead, heh. Or would, if I thought like them.

He chuckled, only for the air to be split with another whipcrack of her tail.

“Domination.”

Professor Rashii walked to the center of the pit, slowly turning in place. She seemed to take the measure of them in a similar way to Professor SkyWing, her eyes meeting theirs and demanding a show. He resisted, barely, but he could see that some of the weaker doms were forced to stand tall, thrusting their hips forward as if on inspection as she looked at them. The professor let out a throaty chuckle as she shook her head.

“Most of you know how to call the shots in bed, but you don’t know the keys to it yet. I’m sure that you’ve seen several teachers in school already demonstrating their philosophies. How to warp what a person wants into a weak point, and then turn them into your willing slaves. How to find a way to dominate the room with your personality, keeping all focus on you so that the attention can’t wander, using that interest to mold people the way you like.

“But what about this?”

Professor Rashii extended her tail, stroking it under the chin of a badger sub that she had pinned to the wall. He groaned, then gasped as she held her tail tight against his neck. His lips were soon turning blue, all while the python continued.

“This class will be focused on one major point of dominance. Using what you want to give your slave what they want.”

“Isn’t that like the first point, Professor?” one of the students asked.

“No.”

Pulling her tail free just in time from the badger’s neck, the snake turned her attention to him, running soft-scaled fingers through his chest fluff.

“My classes will teach you how to use what you want - the pleasure, the domination, your individual needs - to give your partner what *they* want.”

“I thought this was for doms?”

“It is.”

Rashii chuckled, kissing the badger on the lips before turning back to them.

“You are not serving someone else’s desires, as a sub would. Instead, you make what they want into what you want. You aren’t twisting their desires and using it as a weak point to get in. This isn’t a bargain, to give something and get something back. This is a statement of power. You reach out, you show where you stand, and from there...It’s easy.”

“It doesn’t sound easy. It sounds...very rough,” Basajuan said.

“Does it, hmm? What are you studying?”

“To be a Doctor-Dom.”

“Heh, I couldn’t have asked for a better example.”

She turned to him, shameless in her nudity, staring right in his eyes.

“Tell me. What happens when you are treating someone?”

“I’m trying to help them get better.”

“Who knows better? Them or you?”

“Well, I’d hope me.”

“And what if they decide that they know better?”

“They would most likely be wrong.”

“And if they try to leave?”

“They’d need to be stopped; they can’t heal without help.”

“Then you are pushing your wants on them.”

“For a good reason, not because -”

“For a good reason, for a bad reason. Does it matter down at the core?” Rashii shook her head. “The answer is no. If it is acceptable to force your wants on another for a good reason, then we’ve already established that it is acceptable. Anything else is just haggling over the price of what is and isn’t acceptable.

“As doms, you’ll be doing some version of this for the rest of your lives. I’m here to teach you how to do it without breaking someone. Let’s get started.”

The End