My Dominant

A Very Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I thought that Miles was the coolest guy in school. All I wanted was to be with him. It was not a gay thing … or maybe it was?

“Sure, you can tag along”. Those were the words I wanted to hear. I tagged along, alright, all through school.

When we left school I went to work in a warehouse and he went into business with his uncle. I was frightened that we would drift apart.

“I really value our friendship, Miles”. I meant it. To me, nothing had more value. Nothing.

But then everything changed. He had just come off a relationship with a particularly nasty girl, and he just turned to me an said it - “I don’t want to be just your friend, I want to be your dominant”.

I was never a particularly strong person – not strong like him anyway. We could be friends, and I would meet the terms he set for that friendship. Why is that wrong?

He never said anything about feminizing me. I might ask myself that if he had right at the start, would I have said no. Probably not. He reached out to me and offered to make me an ever closer friend. Maybe his closest friend ever? How could I refuse him?

His first requirement of me was that I should never say no to him, always say yes. He said that it was about trust. He would never put me in a position that saying yes would not be in my best interests. I believed him – I still do.

He told me not to cut my hair, but to keep the rest of my body clean of all hair. I did not ask why, because he told me never to question him, and I said yes to that.

He gave me special pills. They were not pills that you swallow, but pills that you put in your butthole. Every day he would moisten them in his mouth and then pull down my pants and shove one in my butthole between my smooth cheeks. I never question what it was about.

Of course, I am not stupid and the effects of this treatment because fairly evident over a few weeks. But he was my dominant, so I did what he told me to do.

He said that I should look down at the floor unless instructed. Sometimes he would not tell me to look up at him, but he would come over and take my soft little chin in one hand and lift it up and look into my eyes. He would say: “Do you trust me? Do you respect me?”

I would say: “Yes. Yes I do”. But it was much, much more than that.

It sounds sexual, but it was not back then. Only the insertion of the pill, and his finger coming into contact with that most tender orifice … that might be sexual. Otherwise, this was a relationship on a much higher level. It was a relationship where one person places themself completely under the control of another, and that dominant takes full responsibility for the life of his submissive. What human bond could be more noble and meaningful?

My parents did not understand. They had liked him when we were at school together, but then when they understood what I was prepared to give up to be his, they became hostile. I said that I was not strong like him, but I was strong enough to tell them that I could make my own decisions. And I only had one decision to make, and that was to leave all other decisions to him.

He told me what to wear, and even bought me the clothes that I should wear.

My mother asked: “Why would you choose to wear women’s clothes!”

The answer was that it was not my choice, but to say that would only make matters worse.

My father baled him up when he came round to my place, but my father was so much smaller than my dominant who just listened quietly before coolly saying: “You will never understand what it is that we have going, and I am not going to bother to explain it to you.” I felt so proud of him. I stared at him smiling, but quickly dropped my gaze when he turned to me.

He took me by the hand, and led me out of the house, and I never went back.

I left everything behind to move up to the next stage.

“Are you ready for that?” I was. He lifted my chin. He was in charge, but he was asking me. Even if it had not been the first rule – always say yes, I still would have said it.

He told me to take off all of my clothes and lay down on his bed. I always do what I am asked.

I am not a fool, so I knew what was coming. I trusted him not to hurt me. He would never do that. He had lubrication. He was gentle.

His huge cock toyed with my rosebud a little before he started to push.

“Let me in”. He did not have to ask. It was what I wanted.

I wanted it all. Surely to have two people joined physical is the ultimate expression of closeness. You cannot get any closer.

“Look at me when I am inside you”. I did what I was told, up until my eyes rolled back in their sockets in that moment of sheer joy – the moment of the next stage, when I felt his hot magma fill my bowels.

We are as close as we can be, Miles and me.

He is my dominant, you see.

The End