

"I've been trying to decide what to have for lunch." You said to your partner, looking in the fridge. They sat back, thinking for a moment, before beckoning you over.

"Here pet. I want to have a little fun with you over your lunch." They said.

You felt your mind switch, obedience blossoming rapidly through you. You came over to them, kneeling as they pointed to the ground. They took your chin in their hand, pulling your gaze up to meet them. "Decisions, pet?" They asked. "You don't need to make those."

You were staring into their eyes, your mind growing blank as their words wove around your mind. This was a conditioned response by now. When they called you pet, this was just how you were. "Not right now, at least. Just stare, let go of your thoughts. Give me the reigns."

Your self-control slipped away. They were smiling, enjoying how much control they had over you at a moment's notice. And you were enjoying it too. The powerless, the obedience thrumming through you. No thoughts. No desires. Just waiting for the next words they said.

"Chicken mayo sandwich, regular seasoning, plus paprika in the filling. And get yourself some squash to drink. That's your lunch pet, now, on three, obey. One, two, three." It was said so easily that you didn't fully process it in the moment, but your body began to obey.

And you couldn't stop yourself. Obeying felt good, in all things. Even something as small as this. That was something that their dominance gave you. Even if you hadn't felt like having a sandwich today, you obeyed, feeling their control in your mind as you did so.