

“You’re so pathetic, you know that, my love?” Your partner said, planting a soft kiss on your forehead as you stared at them, blankly. “My needy, mindless thing. Some people would try to resist. Would try to fight the sweet, sleepy soporific power of my words. But you?”

They paused, looking you over, taking in your still, mindless form. “No you’re much too weak for that. My pathetically powerless plaything. So eager to give in. So eager to be mine. And you are mine, aren’t you, toy?”

You nodded. The first bit of movement in a few minutes.

It felt good to agree, to see them smiling at your obedience. “That’s what I thought. What I made you think. You’re mine to play with. To toy with. To do whatever I want to. And today, I just want to make you realise how helpless you are before me.” You were helpless. You knew that.

“Because here’s another thing. Some people would feel a bit of resentment, or anger even, at being called pathetic. But you? My sweet, pathetic puppet?” They paused again, taking a moment to savour the question, to stare into your blank, unfocused eyes.

“You’re so helplessly controlled that hearing it just makes you more obedient. More submissive. More mine. Isn’t that right?”

Once more, you nodded, They were right. It all made sense.

Their smile widened. “So go on, accept it. You are Controlled. Obedient. Pathetic.”