

There was a humming, thrumming sensation in your mind. Your thoughts were being vibrated into oblivion by the tone that whispered through you. And as they were, your partner's voice slipped into the empty space where your thoughts once were.

"You want to obey."      "You want to be a good plaything."      "Blank and empty."

"You want to submit."      "You want to drop."      "You need to drop."

"You need to obey."      "Obedience is pleasure."      "Why resist when you can be a toy?"

And then, on top of the looping, recorded, quieter patterns, your partner spoke, in real time. "Just keep sinking, honey. You're so good for me. Such a good, blank, obedient object for me to fill up with my words. With my control. Present yourself to me."

Your eyes opened. You slipped from the chair you were sitting in, onto your knees. And as your body descended, so did your mind. Sinking into mindlessness. Sinking into empty headedness. Into obedience. You loved being their obedient plaything. You didn't want anything else.

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