

Your partner, your submissive, placed the basket of folded clothes down on the bed, and began to put them away. You turned to them in your desk chair, looking up from the document you had been working on. "Thanks for getting these for me babe." You said.

They gave a small smile. "You didn't have to ask, hon." They said. You opened your mouth to speak, but they raised a hand, indicating they hadn't finished speaking. "I- wait. I know you did. I know we practice ethically, and that we're still a couple, boundaries and all."

They stopped putting the clothes away as they spoke. "But, this is me telling you that you could have come to me, said, *'I need you to do these chores for me, and you'll do them because you're such a good brainwashed toy.'* And I'd have done them no questions asked."

They finally broke eye contact with you. "Because, well, that's just sort of where we are by now. You're my dominant, as well as my partner. You command, and I obey."

You smiled at them, at the admission of submission. "Yeah, but, even so. I don't want to interrupt you or-"

They cut across you. "My love. My darling. You are my priority. Your pleasure and happiness mean the world to me, and I'm not saying that just because you've brainwashed me to do so." They went back to putting the clothes away in the chest of drawers.

"Seeing you happy, and rested, and easy, creating things and being the wonderful person you are, makes me happy." They said.

You blushed at their forthrightness. Their eagerness to serve. It made you feel so comfortable. You knew that they meant everything they said.

Their love was wonderful to see. On the other hand... They had just talked over you. "Okay. Finish what you're doing, subby. And then present yourself to me." You dropped your tone. Aiming for soft. Sultry. They loved being brainwashed, and you loved giving them what they wanted.

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