

Inspired by @bimboxbunni

You held up the rose before your partner's face, letting them see all the details. "Okay, honey, keep your focus on the rose. Let it become a representation of your mind. Those petals are your thoughts. Understand?" You paused, taking hold of a petal.

Once they had nodded, you continued talking. "So, what happens when I..." You plucked the petal you had grabbed. It came away easily. You saw them blink, spacing out for a moment, and you smiled. There was that look. For just a moment. The one that drove you wild.

Them, spaced out. So open. So weak, and brainless. They managed to gather themselves, just in time for you to pluck another petal. You giggled. You could see that you had managed to stop a thought just before it came out. "Awh, was that mean, toy?"

They let out a whimper. So, you didn't let up. You plucked another petal, and another. Casting them to flutter to the floor, just like their thoughts were fluttering down, away from their consciousness. Their eyelids fluttered. "That's it, toy. Feel so blank for me." You said.

You could see that they were feeling blank. You plucked a few more petals, revelling in how easily they were falling apart. "It's so easy to pluck the petals, to pluck your thoughts, right out of your head. Because they belong to me, toy. Your thoughts are mine."

For a moment, you held the rose up, letting them see the details again. It looked quite dishevelled by now. Just like their brain was dishevelled. "I've done quite a number on your brain, haven't I, toy?" You asked. They nodded, dimly. It was clearly some effort to even do that.

"Well, let me do the rest a little... Quicker." You began to pluck the petals quickly, several at a time. You saw their face go slack. Their mind shutting down before your eyes. It was so hot to see. Finally, you were done. "No more petals. No more thoughts. Blank. Empty. Mine."

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