

Thought Twister

Warning: While this is a relatively short piece of writing it's quite a bit catchy. Only begin reading this in a place where you would be comfortable having an orgasm. Even more so, only read it in a place where you are comfortable saying (moaning) something out loud while touching yourself. This will get you stuck in a loop that you won't be able to stop until you cum.

She didn't know why she mouthed his rhyming words the first time she read them. Maybe she didn't take it seriously. Maybe she wanted to see if it would work like she'd been told. Maybe it was for the same reason that kids sometimes say Bloody Mary while looking into a mirror, just once, to let themselves get scared.

"His rhyming words sometimes I let,"

It was stupid, like a nursery rhyme, but she was sure there was nothing to it but the fact that it was catchy. Anything that rhymed could get stuck in your head, that didn't mean it would make her mind obey. She shifted the way she was sitting to avoid contaminating the experiment by sitting with her pussy wet against her seat.

"My mind obey, and pussy wet."

But it was when she read the third line out loud that the thought struck her; how would she know if she was just repeating as an experiment or if she really couldn't stop? How long would she have to go before she knew that it wouldn't go away?

"Can't seem to stop, won't go away,"

She decided that at some point she would just have to decide to try and see what happened. Besides, losing control of her own mind was not something that happened regularly. Surely it couldn't be so simple as admitting that she had lost control or saying that she would obey.

"Have lost control, I will obey."

She was sure that she would be able to think again when she tried. For now though, to really do the experiment, she would have to at least read it through once, out loud, like the instructions said.

"Each time I start to think again,"

And if she was really going to give it a proper shot, she would need to focus. Finding out if being caught in a deep trance was possible from a poem would take really going all the way in.

"My focus caught, deep trance, I'm in."

So she doubled her efforts, chanting the words as they went round and round inside her mind. She almost stopped paying attention to what they were saying just to make sure she was doing it right. The sound, the rhyme was more important. She felt light-headed.

"Till round and round inside my mind,"

And strangely dizzy, as if she'd somehow gone in a circle. Her breathing quickened to keep pace with the rhythm. Unconsciously she reached down to adjust her wet panties, which had begun to stick to her pussy. But her roaming hands startled her when they slipped a little farther down. She found herself more turned on than she had expected much more directly than she had attempted.

"Through roaming hands, turned on I find,"

But she was determined to get all the way through the poem. She doubled her focus, trying not to get distracted by the circles her fingers began to rub on her clit. She would say the words, each of them, out loud, all the way through, to prove that a poem couldn't hypnotize someone.

"I'm rubbing circles on my clit,"

No amount of arousal was going to derail her from her experiment. In fact, she decided that since she was turned on anyway, she would use it to her advantage. Hypnotized people looked like they were sleeping, and she was determined to not fall asleep. All she would need to do was make sure she was craving it. She took her other hand and gently cupped her breast, the nipple hardening between her fingers.

"My nipples hard, and craving it."

Each time she said another line her chant had a bit more of a moan in it. Her stomach seemed to rise and fall as her hips rocked back and forth. Her back arched, pinning her wet pussy till it seemed stuck grinding and rocking against her seat. Goosebumps ran from her hard nipples, up her breasts, neck, and across the top of her head.

"Each time I chant, stuck in my seat,"

She became acutely aware of her body's shape as her ass pressed backwards and her hips pressed down. She smiled and moaned as her breasts began to rise and fall with the rhythm of her words; she

had made a decision. She decided that she would test to see if she could stop, after she came. Until then, she would repeat to make sure that she really did it right.

“Until I cum, I must repeat.”

Her eyes drifted back to the first line of the poem, even as the backs of her legs felt good against her seat. It was strange to hear her own voice repeating something automatically, her voice almost disembodied as it came from her own mouth.

***“His rhyming words, sometimes I let,
My mind obey, makes pussy wet.”***

She let his rhyming words slip from her moaning lips as her fingers played pleasantly on her pussy. She was getting really turned on for some reason as her wetness rocked back and forth with the movement of her hips.

***“Can't seem to stop, won't go away,
Have lost control, I will obey.”***

Almost breathless, she found that she couldn't want to stop. She wasn't even completely sure when she had stopped paying attention to what the words meant. They didn't need her attention, after all, they weren't going to go away because she was reading them. And besides, she needed to lose control of her pussy if she was going to cum to the point that she would obey.

***“Each time I start to think again,
My focus caught, deep trance, I'm in.”***

For a second she thought that her last thought sounded funny, but her focus moved to her swollen clit and the fact that she wanted something deep within her pussy. In trance her mind went around in circles around her clit, following her fingers which followed his words.

***“Till round and round inside my mind,
Through roaming hands, turned on I find,”***

Her fingers went round and round on her wet pussy, she even began to slide them in and out, teasing her heat inside, which dripped with her arousal. Almost desperately, she found herself turned on to the idea of losing control, after all, if obeying felt this good. . .

***“I'm rubbing circles on my clit,
My nipples hard, and craving it.”***

She said it joyfully, playfully, as if seducing a lover over the phone. She felt her tummy rise and fall with her moans as her free hand groped at her swollen tits. She felt her nipple harden beneath the palm of her hand as her body craved pleasure to a degree that made her mind melt and pour between her legs. Her thoughts followed her hands, lost in each circle, ***“Each time I chant, stuck in my seat. Until I cum, I must repeat his rhyming words. Sometimes I let my mind obey. Makes pussy wet, can't seem to stop. Won't go away, have lost control. I will obey, each time I start to think again. My focus caught. Deep trance, I'm in, till round and round inside my mind, through roaming hands, turned on. I find I'm rubbing circles on my clit. My nipples hard, and craving it, each time I chant.”***

***Stuck in my seat, until I cum. I must repeat,
His rhyming words, sometimes I let,
My mind obey, makes pussy wet.
Can't seem to stop, won't go away,
Have lost control, I will obey.
Each time I start to think again,
My focus caught, deep trance, I'm in.
Till round and round inside my mind,
Through roaming hands, turned on I find,
I'm rubbing circles on my clit,
My nipples hard, and craving it.
Each time I chant, stuck in my seat,”***

Chanting, ***“Until I cum. I must repeat,”*** touching.

She knew, as, ***“His rhyming words, sometimes I let,”*** it happened, that something, ***“My mind obey, makes pussy wet.”*** had let go of control.

That what she said, ***“Can't seem to stop, won't go away,”*** was completely true.

The words trickled downwards, ***“Have lost control, I will obey.”*** empty mind to wet pussy.

She had to cum to be able to stop, ***“Each time I start to think again,”*** and if she stopped, she'd cum. There was no turning back now, ***“My focus caught, deep trance, I'm in,”*** she was stuck in the pleasure. Her words grew more separated, ***“Till round and round inside my mind,”*** yelled between moans of bliss. As if her body couldn't contain it, ***“Through roaming hands, turned on I find,”*** the words overwhelming, as she could barely keep saying it, ***“I'm rubbing circles on my clit,”*** but absolutely couldn't stop doing it.

Her insides contracted in growing waves, ***“My nipples hard,”*** tits bouncing as she fucked her fingers. She no longer cared about her experiment, ***“and craving it.”*** She needed the release of orgasm now, besides, her breaths were erratic moans, ***“Each time I chant,”*** almost screaming the words between. She lost all control, stopped thinking, just, ***“stuck in my seat,”*** masturbating wildly as her will dissolved.

From the top of her head, down to her spine, ***“Until I”*** across her tits, down her tummy, goosebumps flowed, as the poem ended and she began to, ***“CUM”*** uncontrollably, bliss emptying her mind of all thoughts in a spasm that rocked not just her body but her empty mind. She rode the waves that caressed her body, hands gripping her pussy and tits to try and hold the pleasure for longer. She could hear her own sexy voice, as if something else was controlling its moaning, her pussy rewarding her for her persistence. It took a long time before the waves of bliss finally stopped and she slowly came to. And strangely, for the life of her, she couldn't remember exactly what she had been chanting. The words had been washed from her mind, like everything else, by the orgasm that overwhelmed her. She

realized as she pulled her soaked fingers from between her legs that this was probably a good thing because if she started chanting again, the same thing would probably happen.

It was then, and only then, that she realized what had just happened. She had repeated the poem until she came, just like it said. She smiled in the afterglow realizing that if it had worked once it would work again. Whenever she wanted to, all she had to do was start reading it out loud again. . .

