

# Thought Twister 2

Warning: This story will get you stuck in a loop of greater and greater bimbofication until you have an orgasm, most likely from your tits. Only begin reading this in a place where you would be comfortable cumming. Even more so, only read it in a place where you are comfortable saying (moaning) something out loud while touching yourself.

\*\*\*

Her nipples felt swollen, hard, throbbing, just like her clit usually felt after the first orgasm of many. In fact, they felt so good that her eyes went wide when her palms moved across them, and something deep inside her breasts tightened. Goose bumps poured across her chest and up her neck, across the top of her head. She could feel her heartbeat between her legs.

Her head swooned. She wanted to ask him what had happened to her tits, but suddenly she remembered that she would never have called them that. Then the question asked its self.

“Did I just cum. . .” and she couldn’t figure out how to end the sentence. She never did know the right thing to call them. More importantly, how had she gotten to where she was playing with her breasts in a random bedroom at a house party? “What on earth was I just saying?”

Her mind raced back to when they first met, trying to figure out what he had he said that made her chant. . .

\*\*\*

“That’s a hell of a mean mug you’ve got going on there.”


She didn’t answer, but she didn’t deny it either.

“You know her, or just don’t like public displays of affection?”

Her fiery eyes darted to meet his, then back to what they had been staring at disapprovingly for the last several minutes, “Megan? I know her. She’s been my friend for years actually. I just can’t stand the way she gets when she likes a guy.”

His gaze followed hers to the couch in the corner. One of the college’s hottest cheerleaders was so lost in a kiss with a guy between her legs that she had no idea her skirt had drifted up until the bottom of her ass cheek was visible.

“Nothing wrong with a little fun,” he said, but before she could blow him off, “Besides, you’re just jealous.”



She whirled on him, “You don’t know anything about me.”

“Yes, I do.” He said as he met her look with a, blue eyed, calm gaze that disarmed her for just a moment, “You would never do it because it makes you look bad in public. It has negative social ramifications. That’s no reason to look at them like that though. The reason you look at them like that, is that part of you really wishes you could get that lost in a moment, but you’re too smart and self-aware to let go. No one disapproves of something that much unless they are repressing it themselves. Go ahead, take another good look and try to tell me I’m wrong.”

She looked back over to Megan, who let the very hot guy between her legs slide his hand slowly across her exposed ass, visibly sending goose bumps up her spine. She was filled with disgust, jealousy, and arousal, “Alright smart ass, if you know so much what’s the solution?”

“I don’t know if I actually have time to get into that, I have to meet some friends upstairs in a minute, but if you’ll come with me and hang out, I have two answers for you: an easy one and a hard one. If you can handle the easy one, I’ll tell you the hard one. Think you are up to a challenge tonight?”

She turned to look at him incredulously. On the one hand she was intrigued. On the other, she was sure that there was no challenge he could put forward that she couldn’t do.

“Sure, but that doesn’t mean. . .” he cut her off before she could finish.

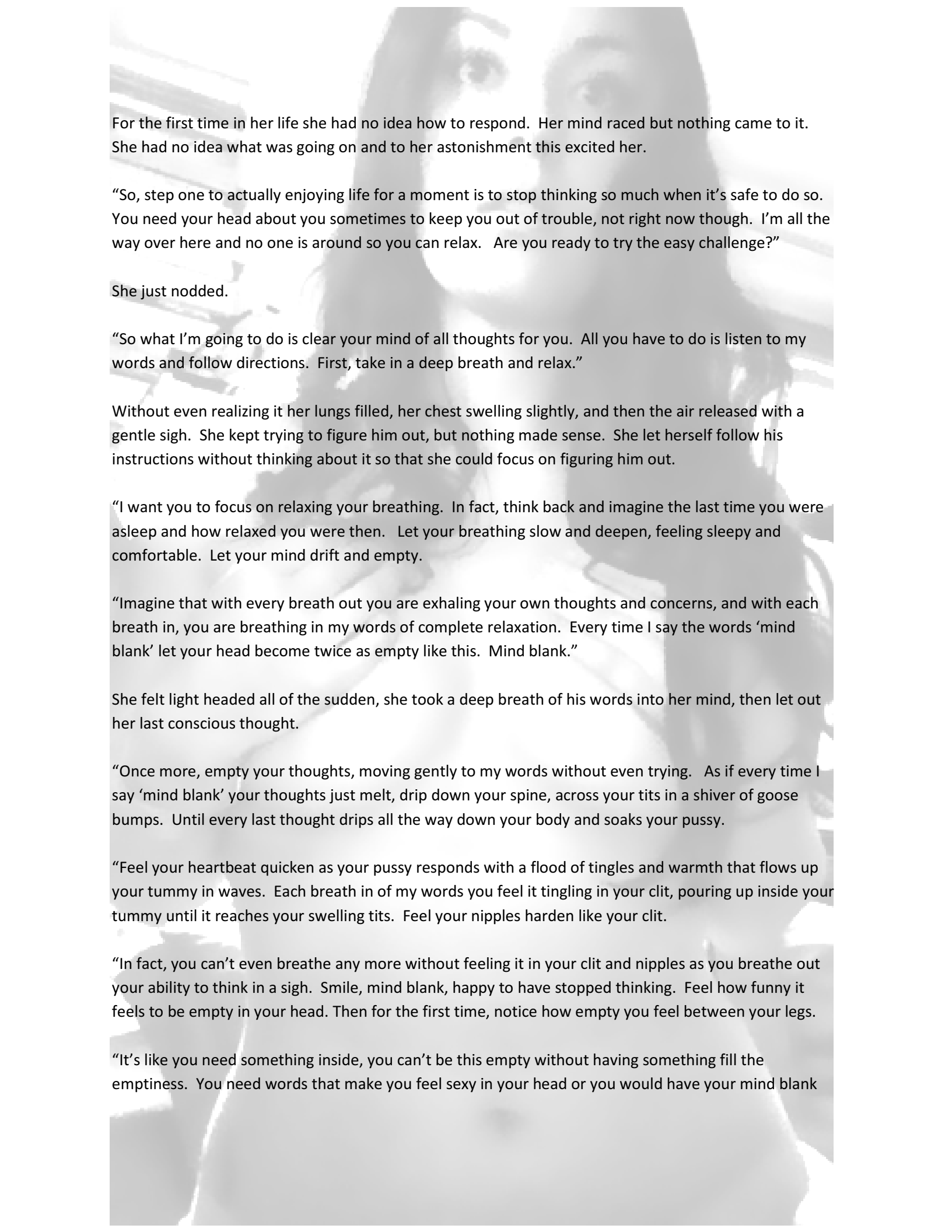
“Don’t worry, I won’t touch you, we’re just going to talk. Follow me.” He stood and started walking towards the stairs. She was almost offended; she was sure she was hot enough to be worth touching. But he didn’t wait for her, so she found herself following him.

Upstairs he held a door open for her and she found herself in a bedroom, “Go ahead and have a seat on the bed.” She hesitated, considering his intentions, but he found a chair in the corner and sat down. If this was a seduction, she was sure he was doing it wrong. She tried to ignore the fact that she had jumped to the conclusion that this might be a seduction because part of her wished it was. What would he think of her if she messed around with someone she just met?

“Do you over analyze everything?” He said with a bit of a laugh as he shook his head, “Go ahead, sit down, the bed won’t bite.”

She dropped down onto the bed, embarrassed by the fact that her internal debate had been so obvious. But then she realized why she had hesitated, “I thought you had to be up here to meet someone?”

“Oh, I did.” He gestured back towards the party, “I had to be up here to meet you, because you’re so concerned with social ramifications. Now there aren’t any and we can talk honestly.”



For the first time in her life she had no idea how to respond. Her mind raced but nothing came to it. She had no idea what was going on and to her astonishment this excited her.

“So, step one to actually enjoying life for a moment is to stop thinking so much when it’s safe to do so. You need your head about you sometimes to keep you out of trouble, not right now though. I’m all the way over here and no one is around so you can relax. Are you ready to try the easy challenge?”

She just nodded.

“So what I’m going to do is clear your mind of all thoughts for you. All you have to do is listen to my words and follow directions. First, take in a deep breath and relax.”

Without even realizing it her lungs filled, her chest swelling slightly, and then the air released with a gentle sigh. She kept trying to figure him out, but nothing made sense. She let herself follow his instructions without thinking about it so that she could focus on figuring him out.

“I want you to focus on relaxing your breathing. In fact, think back and imagine the last time you were asleep and how relaxed you were then. Let your breathing slow and deepen, feeling sleepy and comfortable. Let your mind drift and empty.

“Imagine that with every breath out you are exhaling your own thoughts and concerns, and with each breath in, you are breathing in my words of complete relaxation. Every time I say the words ‘mind blank’ let your head become twice as empty like this. Mind blank.”


She felt light headed all of the sudden, she took a deep breath of his words into her mind, then let out her last conscious thought.

“Once more, empty your thoughts, moving gently to my words without even trying. As if every time I say ‘mind blank’ your thoughts just melt, drip down your spine, across your tits in a shiver of goose bumps. Until every last thought drips all the way down your body and soaks your pussy.

“Feel your heartbeat quicken as your pussy responds with a flood of tingles and warmth that flows up your tummy in waves. Each breath in of my words you feel it tingling in your clit, pouring up inside your tummy until it reaches your swelling tits. Feel your nipples harden like your clit.

“In fact, you can’t even breathe any more without feeling it in your clit and nipples as you breathe out your ability to think in a sigh. Smile, mind blank, happy to have stopped thinking. Feel how funny it feels to be empty in your head. Then for the first time, notice how empty you feel between your legs.

“It’s like you need something inside, you can’t be this empty without having something fill the emptiness. You need words that make you feel sexy in your head or you would have your mind blank



completely. You need something to fill your pussy because you're horny. Your mind and pussy are now linked so that they feel empty together. Feel how with every breath out, that emptiness intensifies.

"Feel how with every breath in your breasts feel heavy and full and tingly as the warmth spreads up your stomach and fills your swollen, heavy tits. Feel your breathing link your clit and nipples together so that the swelling and sensitivity becomes the same. With every breath in, you feel tingles pour up your body from between your legs and across your breasts as if something is filling you with pleasure.

"Feel how each time I say 'mind blank,' you breathe out all your thoughts and breath in the pleasure of my words, making your nips just like your clit, throbbing with your racing heartbeat. Let this feel so good that you ache for my words to go deeper into you as you become so blank that you no longer even remember where you are or what you are doing, lost in the sensations of empty bliss. Let yourself lose consciousness of everything other than my words, pulling them deep into you, repeating them, thinking, feeling and doing them as you slip into a deep trance.


"Now, with your mind completely blank pay very close attention to what I tell you to do. When I give you back your ability to think your body will seem to go back to normal as well, though you will still be aroused. We are going to talk for a little bit and then I am going to give you your second challenge, which you will be very excited to try after having had so much success with the first one.

"That second challenge will be to try and read a poem I give you, out loud while pretending to be an air head. You'll think this is very funny as well as entertaining because you hate air heads and you'll be making fun of them. Because of this you are going to really perform it out loud. But, every time you try to read the poem out loud, you'll find what it says actually happening to you. You'll find that you can't stop pretending because your mind will get just as empty as it is now, but while you are conscious, leaving you giggly, horny, and empty while trying your hardest to repeat the poem. This too, you will find funny.

"But no matter how funny, or hard it gets, you'll keep trying to read it in your best bimbo impression because you want to win this challenge. Each time around you'll get more dumb and your nipples will become more like your clit, just like they are now, which will make it possible to climax from them just as easily as if you were touching between your legs. Because of this the dumber you get the more you'll want to play with your tits, which will be the only thing you'll seem to be able to call them.

"If you get too dumb to think on your own, and get stuck like this, you'll just repeat the poem over and over until you cum. Only after you cum will you return to normal again, be able to think and behave as your normal self and stop cumming easily from your tits. In fact, your orgasm will be so intense that it will wash away any memory of the poem so that you'd have to look at it again to chant it.

"Now, mind blank, empty of all thoughts, focus on the way you feel. When you wake from this trance all you will remember is how freeing it was to be able to stop thinking for a little bit. You won't remember anything I have said, only the feelings and sensations you felt, which we will talk about. In fact, when



you try to remember what I have said specifically, you'll just get overwhelmingly turned on till it distracts you from trying to remember. This will happen any time I tell you to 'blank this trance.'

"Any time I say the words 'deep trance' you will slip into the exact same mind blank state that you are in right now, completely empty and needing my words. Any time I say 'wide awake' you will wake up naturally as if you had simply been asleep.

"Blank this trance and when I reach the number five you will find yourself awake.

"1, waking up. Your thoughts returning to normal as your breathing begins to return to normal."

She wasn't sure where she was but she was smiling and her pussy was more than a little warm. Her tits felt heavy and tingly.

"2, waking up. Your mind coming back, conscious now of your body"

She was in a bedroom and surprised to have stopped thinking for what seemed like a long time.

"3, more awake with each breath you take."

She yawned and sighed.

"4, more awake."

And suddenly she realized someone was talking to her.


"5, Wide awake and welcome back. Enjoy the fact that you stopped thinking for a minute?"

Her mind raced again, as if trying to get its bearings as she laughed out loud for a second. It slowly dawned on her, that for some long period of time, she had stopped thinking. All she managed to say was, "Woa."

He laughed, and she looked over to where he sat with a smile. She didn't know who he was, but she definitely wanted to talk to him for a while.

"What do you remember?" He asked conversationally.

Her mind went back over the sensations of her mind being so blank. For a second she considered that he must have been saying something, but her pussy suddenly tingled in a rush of pleasure. She bit her lip and crossed her legs, then looked up at him. She wasn't going to admit that it had turned her on, "I don't really remember anything, just my mind being completely empty. I think that's the first time in my life that I've not been overthinking something."



“Good girl,” he said and reached into his pocket. He pulled his phone out and opened something on the screen, “Think you are ready for your second challenge? Keep in mind, this one is much harder. I don’t know if you’ll be able to do it.”

“Bring it on, I can do anything.” And she meant it.

He stood and walked over to sit beside her, “Alright, all you have to do is read this out loud in your best, mocking, air head, tone. It’s a silly poem that sounds a bit like a cheer leading cheer so I want to see your best ‘dumb girl’ impression. You can go all out on this, I know how smart you are so you aren’t going to make a bad impression or anything.”

She smiled as he handed it to her. She tossed her hair over her shoulder, “Like, no problem,” and she met his eyes with a playful glance as she bit her lip.

She laughed as she stopped for a second to get the rhythm, trying to conceal the fact that she really did want him to trance her with his words once more. She didn’t know why but she felt strangely sexy around him, which made her adventurous. She looked down to the poem and read the first line out loud.


***“Once More,  
Trance me,  
With words that make me feel sexy.”***

She composed herself then tried the second line with more dedication to sounding dumb, she almost whined the words as she smiled. She was horny. So much so in fact that she kept squeezing her crossed legs together to calm her wet pussy. She wouldn’t normally call anyone ‘baby’ in that shrill dumb voice, but it was a little hard to think and funny to try it.

***“Horny,  
Baby,  
So hard to think that it’s funny.”***

But then something started to happen, her mind started to blank and run down her spine in tingles. Goose bumps covered her tits as her nipples hardened. Her thoughts dripped between her legs and she seeming strangely happy to be like this. In fact, it was so easy to play ‘dumb girl’ that she decided to go all out in her act.

***“Mind’s blank,  
Happy,  
To be like this it’s so easy.”***



She let go, focused on doing it right, her best air head voice came from her lips triumphantly. She was set free of being embarrassed, this was what she was supposed to be doing so there was no need to hold back. Her pussy tingled, hot between her legs as she felt so empty in her mind all of the sudden that she almost considered it normal that her nipples were so hard.

***“Let go,  
Set free,  
Between my legs, I’m so empty.”***

She could do it, she would show him that the harder challenge was easy. In her head she knew she had won already, all she had to do was finish it. She smiled as she chanted, almost cheered, out loud as the rhythm quickened, but then she couldn’t remember what would count as winning. A perplexed look crossed her face.

***“Like in my head, I know I’ve won  
But can’t remember why I’m ummm.”***

She sat up straight, pressing her tits forward a little bit, doubling her efforts to look the part. She emphasized the dumb words, like she was so turned on that she couldn’t think complete sentences. The poem was clearly reaching a climax as her nipples seemed to press hard against her bra with each bouncing breath she took. From all the excitement she had become so wet that she fleetingly considered that there might be a wet spot.

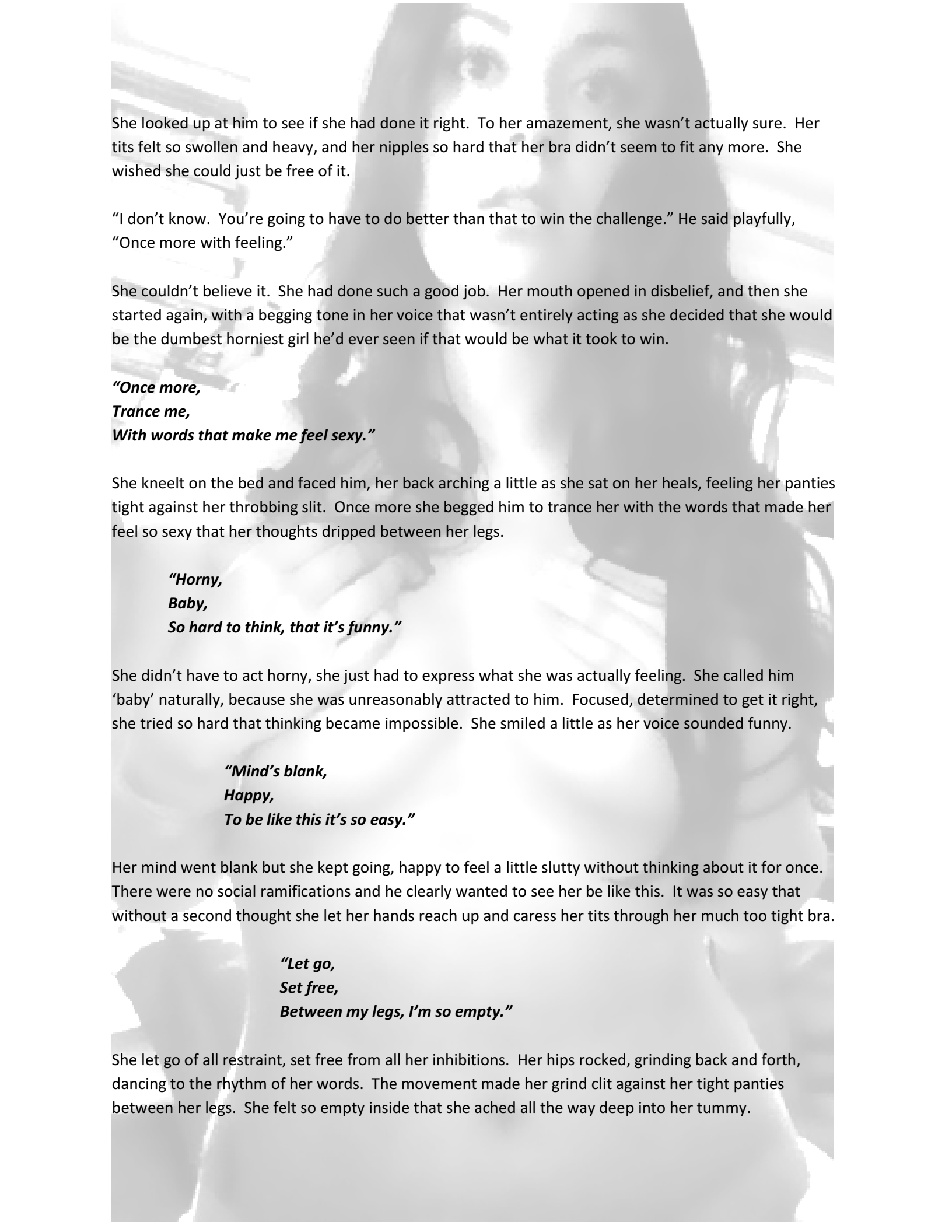
***“Like so turned on, I’ll climax from.  
My nips so hard, that they’ve become”***

Just like her throbbing clit her nipples ached. They were tingling from the tips to the swollen heavy underside of her tits. Even the simple thought of touching them some, was making her chest and face flush red and warm.

***“Just like my clit, they’re tingling from,  
The simple thought, of touching some.”***

She felt stuck like this, wet, tingly and dumb all of the sudden, until she had some trouble remembering what she had been doing. She needed to cum so badly she could hardly stand it. She uncrossed her legs and adjusted her bra sending a little shiver all the way through her body as if each time around something had gotten more intense. She knew it was dumb, but she wondered if she was really pretending, or just pretending it wasn’t real.

***“I’m stuck like this until I cum  
Each time around I get more dumb.”***



She looked up at him to see if she had done it right. To her amazement, she wasn't actually sure. Her tits felt so swollen and heavy, and her nipples so hard that her bra didn't seem to fit any more. She wished she could just be free of it.

"I don't know. You're going to have to do better than that to win the challenge." He said playfully, "Once more with feeling."

She couldn't believe it. She had done such a good job. Her mouth opened in disbelief, and then she started again, with a begging tone in her voice that wasn't entirely acting as she decided that she would be the dumbest horniest girl he'd ever seen if that would be what it took to win.

***"Once more,  
Trance me,  
With words that make me feel sexy."***

She knelt on the bed and faced him, her back arching a little as she sat on her heels, feeling her panties tight against her throbbing slit. Once more she begged him to trance her with the words that made her feel so sexy that her thoughts dripped between her legs.

***"Horny,  
Baby,  
So hard to think, that it's funny."***

She didn't have to act horny, she just had to express what she was actually feeling. She called him 'baby' naturally, because she was unreasonably attracted to him. Focused, determined to get it right, she tried so hard that thinking became impossible. She smiled a little as her voice sounded funny.

***"Mind's blank,  
Happy,  
To be like this it's so easy."***

Her mind went blank but she kept going, happy to feel a little slutty without thinking about it for once. There were no social ramifications and he clearly wanted to see her be like this. It was so easy that without a second thought she let her hands reach up and caress her tits through her much too tight bra.

***"Let go,  
Set free,  
Between my legs, I'm so empty."***

She let go of all restraint, set free from all her inhibitions. Her hips rocked, grinding back and forth, dancing to the rhythm of her words. The movement made her grind clit against her tight panties between her legs. She felt so empty inside that she ached all the way deep into her tummy.



***"Like in my head, I know I've won.  
But can't remember why I'm ummm.***

She actually took pride in her movements, like she owned every one of them. In her head she was planning her next sexy tease instead of second guessing herself. She knew this time she had won, but couldn't seem to remember why she had ever had trouble enjoying her body in the first place.

***"Like so turned on, I'll climax from."  
My nips so hard, that they've become,"***

She felt like someone else, so turned on she could climax. From her head to her toes she felt sexual energy coursing through her. Her nipples were so hard that she couldn't take it any more as every time she bounced on the bed they felt too good against her bra. She tore her shirt off.

***Just like my clit, they're tingling from,  
The simple thought, of touching some.***

She dropped the phone on the bed. Her nipples felt just like her clit, and they were too sensitive to be trapped any more. She set them free, the simple thought almost as a proxy for the rest of her, throwing her bra at him playfully. She put her hands on her tits and began touching much more than some. She refused to stop, she wanted his attention, so instead of finishing the poem she just kept going, ***"I'm stuck like this until I cum. Each time around I get more dumb, but once more. Trance me, with words that make me feel sexy. I'm Horny, Baby. So hard to think, that it's funny my, mind's blank. Happy, to be like this. It's so easy to, let go. I'm, set free, between my legs. I'm so empty, like in my head. I know I've won but can't remember why. I'm ummm, like so turned on I'll climax from, my nips so hard, that they've become, just like my clit. They're tingling from, the simple thought, of touching some, I'm stuck like this until I cum. Each time around I get more dumb, but***

***Once more,***

***Trance me,***

***With words that make me feel sexy.***

***Horny,***

***Baby,***

***So hard to think, that it's funny.***

***Mind's blank,***

***Happy,***

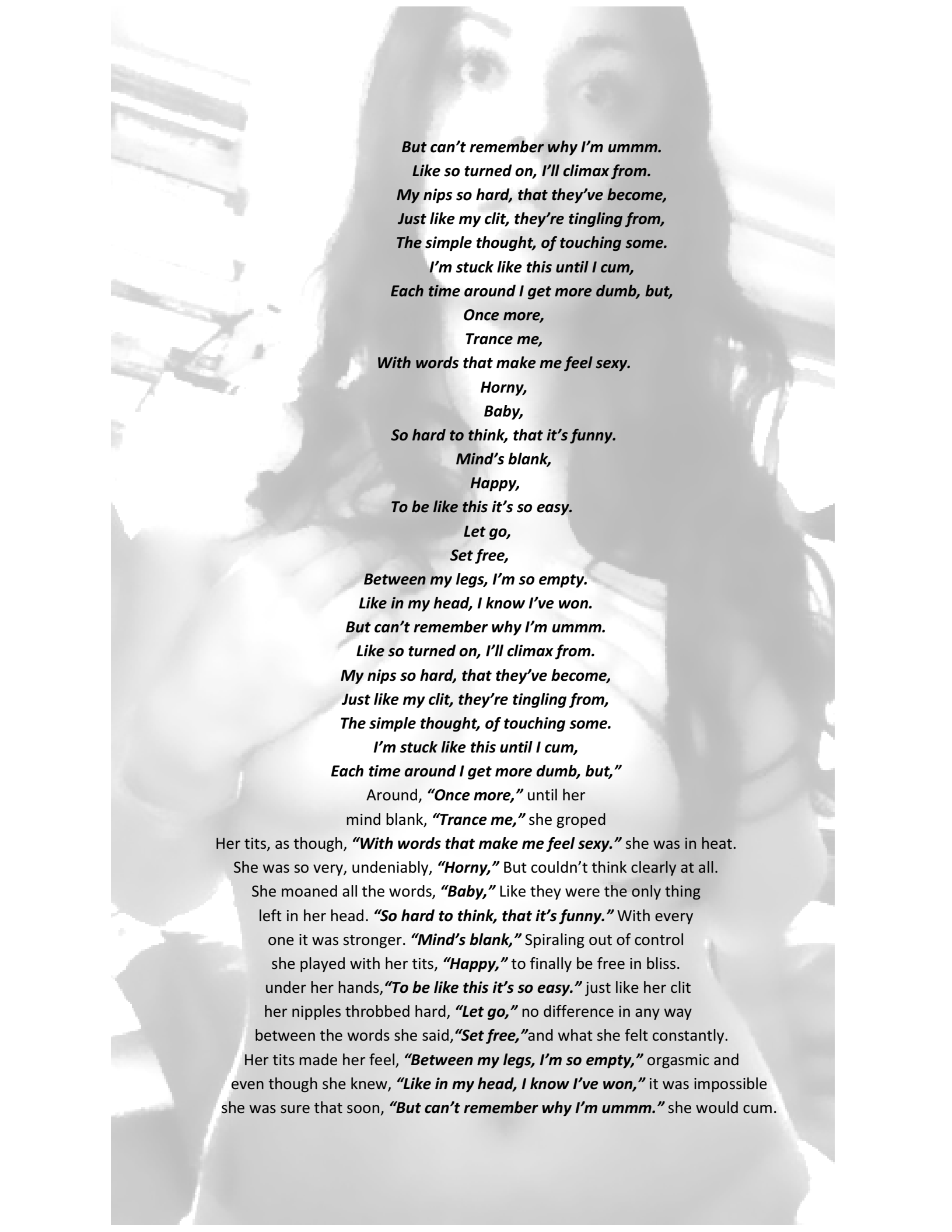
***To be like this it's so easy.***

***Let go,***

***Set free,***

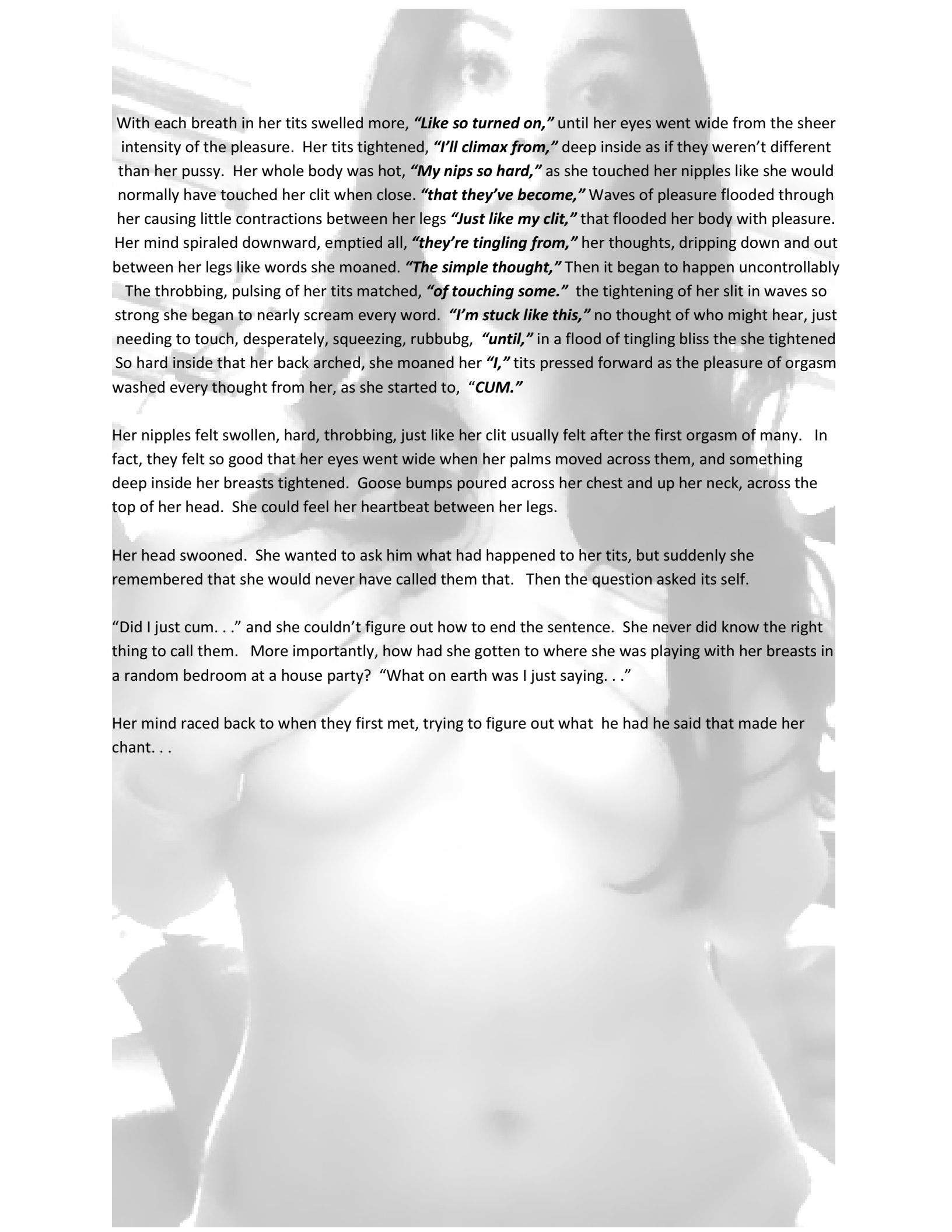
***Between my legs, I'm so empty.***

***Like in my head, I know I've won.***



*But can't remember why I'm ummm.  
Like so turned on, I'll climax from.  
My nips so hard, that they've become,  
Just like my clit, they're tingling from,  
The simple thought, of touching some.  
I'm stuck like this until I cum,  
Each time around I get more dumb, but,  
Once more,  
Trance me,  
With words that make me feel sexy.  
Horny,  
Baby,  
So hard to think, that it's funny.  
Mind's blank,  
Happy,  
To be like this it's so easy.  
Let go,  
Set free,  
Between my legs, I'm so empty.  
Like in my head, I know I've won.  
But can't remember why I'm ummm.  
Like so turned on, I'll climax from.  
My nips so hard, that they've become,  
Just like my clit, they're tingling from,  
The simple thought, of touching some.  
I'm stuck like this until I cum,  
Each time around I get more dumb, but,"*

Around, *"Once more,"* until her mind blank, *"Trance me,"* she groped Her tits, as though, *"With words that make me feel sexy."* she was in heat. She was so very, undeniably, *"Horny,"* But couldn't think clearly at all. She moaned all the words, *"Baby,"* Like they were the only thing left in her head. *"So hard to think, that it's funny."* With every one it was stronger. *"Mind's blank,"* Spiraling out of control she played with her tits, *"Happy,"* to finally be free in bliss. under her hands, *"To be like this it's so easy."* just like her clit her nipples throbbed hard, *"Let go,"* no difference in any way between the words she said, *"Set free,"* and what she felt constantly. Her tits made her feel, *"Between my legs, I'm so empty,"* orgasmic and even though she knew, *"Like in my head, I know I've won,"* it was impossible she was sure that soon, *"But can't remember why I'm ummm."* she would cum.



With each breath in her tits swelled more, *“Like so turned on,”* until her eyes went wide from the sheer intensity of the pleasure. Her tits tightened, *“I’ll climax from,”* deep inside as if they weren’t different than her pussy. Her whole body was hot, *“My nips so hard,”* as she touched her nipples like she would normally have touched her clit when close. *“that they’ve become,”* Waves of pleasure flooded through her causing little contractions between her legs *“Just like my clit,”* that flooded her body with pleasure. Her mind spiraled downward, emptied all, *“they’re tingling from,”* her thoughts, dripping down and out between her legs like words she moaned. *“The simple thought,”* Then it began to happen uncontrollably

The throbbing, pulsing of her tits matched, *“of touching some.”* the tightening of her slit in waves so strong she began to nearly scream every word. *“I’m stuck like this,”* no thought of who might hear, just needing to touch, desperately, squeezing, rubbing, *“until,”* in a flood of tingling bliss she tightened so hard inside that her back arched, she moaned her *“I,”* tits pressed forward as the pleasure of orgasm washed every thought from her, as she started to, *“CUM.”*

Her nipples felt swollen, hard, throbbing, just like her clit usually felt after the first orgasm of many. In fact, they felt so good that her eyes went wide when her palms moved across them, and something deep inside her breasts tightened. Goose bumps poured across her chest and up her neck, across the top of her head. She could feel her heartbeat between her legs.

Her head swooned. She wanted to ask him what had happened to her tits, but suddenly she remembered that she would never have called them that. Then the question asked its self.

“Did I just cum. . .” and she couldn’t figure out how to end the sentence. She never did know the right thing to call them. More importantly, how had she gotten to where she was playing with her breasts in a random bedroom at a house party? “What on earth was I just saying. . .”

Her mind raced back to when they first met, trying to figure out what he had said that made her chant. . .