

Leaky Thoughts

by Maven Treecat

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/maventreecat/>

(Inktober 2019 Prompt, Day 2: Mindless)

Content warning: Exhibitionism, public, brain-play, mental destruction, masturbation, sex, food play, implied snuff.

Today, among the privileged people of the inner city, Priscilla Adcock's smile was brighter than anyone else's. The dutiful daughter of the Adcock family, here at their winter home in Oreath, seemed a prim and proper sort at first glance. Even in the desert city's heat, the tall doe wore in a two-layer gown, the golden yellow fabric of the first layer displayed mostly as highlights along the exotic diagonal cuts of the second's blue neck and skirt. Her posture was practiced, her walk was refined, and her greetings polite and composed. From a glance, everyone could tell she was a noble. Of course she'd have more reasons to be happy!

However, Priscilla's money and status had little to do with her smile. No, she was recalling her previous night as "Brandi Chase" being railed by a pantheress cock mere feet from where she'd been pole-dancing for the enjoyment of a crowd. The Black One, as she was called, had given her a fuck unlike any other, her legs unable to stop shaking as she'd basked in the afterglow before the cheering audience. The outer city club, Dreams of Fire, made away with formality and status; there, you were only as revered as your desirability and your confidence, and nothing tickled Brandi more than being seen as a high-quality slut.

The only thing that'd given Brandi pause in that den of perversion was the Black One's purred teases on one of the couches afterwards as she'd playfully tapped on the plug keeping her load filling the deer's ass. "I see you here so often, Brandi," she'd mused. "I wonder...can you ever *not* think of being somebody's plaything in my little establishment?"

"Of course I can," Brandi had replied. "I just...know what I like, okay?"

"More like you know what you're obsessed with," the pantheress had chuckled in return. "You're such a slut for the worst kinks that I bet you'd love it if you could spend 24/7 down here."

To be honest, Brandi wasn't bothered by those words. It was true. Brandi felt free down there, and the pleasure and excitement was hardly matched anywhere else. To be used, to entertain every disgraceful thought anyone else had...it excited her far more than dutiful life in the high nobility did. What bothered her was how those violet eyes had glinted before the Black One said something else.

"I bet you can't stop. If you can go even the slightest bit tomorrow without thinking of lewd things, I'll grant you a boon. If not, I'll grant you your *true* deepest wish...and you'll be *mine*."

Brandi's hands reached down towards her crotch only for her noble training to kick in and ensure her hands fell in a more respectable manner, one cupped against the blue fabric and the other gently cupping the back of the first hand. *You immediately go to touch yourself thinking of such vile talk*, the prim and proper part of her mind thought. *Typical.*

Hey, that was really hot, okay? Brandi retorted to the intrusive thought. *She is really hot.*

The doe could feel her mound begin to warm, reacting to her arousal. Blood pumping to the sensitive area, Brandi gave a sigh at the awkward timing. If only she weren't in public. At least she could pass off the faint blush on her cheeks as being from the heat.

Slowly, Brandi began to tear her thoughts away from daydreams of being bound, altered, even consumed by the pantheress, abandoning the desire growing in her pussy to try and focus on her to-do list for the day. The family wanted new dining ware for their summer home, so that would be a visit to Imanof Production. While there, she had to ask about possibly changing their manor's filigrees and friezes, though she was sure that Masons would be better ones to ask for the latter. Then she wanted to swing by Patt...Pott...Pats?

She stopped in the middle of the polished sandstone street, her brow furrowed in confusion. *How on the material plane can I not remember the potion manufacturer's name?* Her head throbbed dully, but she took a deep breath and continued her walk. As she did, with her train of thought broken, her mind wandered to the club once more. It wasn't just the Black One that had used her, after all.

There was one elephant that screamed of confidence, a bulky guy with an even bulkier cock that he gladly let flop over her face or body while flaccid. When not flaccid, it was stretching her to capacity or perhaps further; Brandi didn't tend to question what magical or unusual properties any one lube or condom being used might have. But being pinned underneath him...

She breathed out hard, already beginning to feel her excitement rising. Deep within her sex, she could feel herself growing wet. Any moment, it'd tickle her lips and begin soaking her panties. Walking around town with soaked, clinging fabric hugging her pussy...it was appealing enough thought that she began to anticipate the moment. She wondered if it'd feel like how the tiger's mouth did clamped around her mound. He'd so happily teased and sucked on her labia, pressed his tongue in and slurped, noisily ate her out as if she were his only source of sustenance.

The memory distracted her long enough to not notice the occasional strange glances she got, how her breaths grew audible and labored in a clear passion, how her head continued to throb...it kept the deer distracted until she realized six blocks had passed. Excitably, she squirmed her hips within her dress to feel her panties' new hug.

...wh...they're dry?

Slowly, as subtly as possible, Brandi slipped a hand between the layers of her dress and brushed aside the second layer of fabric. Her fingers touched the white fabric...dry and clean as they were when she'd put them on this morning. But the need for stimulation was there, crying out for attention. She felt as though she should be soaked.

Cock. The single word dumbly echoed in her thoughts. Instantly, a hundred different dicks she'd seen and felt and experienced sprung to mind, Brandi flooded with the intrusive image of her being utterly covered in their pre and seed, rubbed over by tens of lewd parts, sucking balls and massaging knots and brushing her flesh across flares. She wanted to *fuck*.

"No, no no," Brandi muttered firmly. "None of that. If you can't even soak my panties, you're not throwing off my errands." She brought her unoccupied hand up to massage her cheeks, trying to dispel the warmth gathering there. With it out of the way, though, more than a couple pedestrians now noticing the other hand was distinctly disappearing into her own dress even while she slowly walked.

She caught the eyes of one ogler and followed them down. She realized, this whole time, she'd been massaging her lips through the fabric, fingertips grinding the soft flesh. Quickly, she rectified the issue by moving more quickly past his eyes and sighed with relief as he was left behind.

Another ogler made her even more self-conscious, her head fully looking down to where her hand *still* was kneading her own cunt. "Wh...huh?" she confusedly gasped, her head now throbbing with that steady ache. *Why would I think walking faster would fix this?! I need to remove my hand.*

Standing still, Brandi did not remove her hand. She grimaced in embarrassment. "Why...can't I remove my hand?" she whined quietly, but clearly a thought that should have not been spoken aloud. "Just...got to remove it..."

Touch me more. Brandi's hand groped her groin, squeezing over the flesh as if an uncaring molester in a crowd.

"No! I..."

Not enough. Get them off. Brandi moved aside her panties, rolling the fabric awkwardly to one side. She shuddered with approval as her fingers pressed into her flesh. Someone gasped at her, clearly recognizing what was going on. Her arousal surged.

She tilted her head, her posture drooping ever so slightly, and a pressure began to build in the right side of her head. She thought about how wrong this was, even as she began to notice her hearing in that flicking ear growing dull and distorted. It was wrong, and it excited her terribly. That was the feeling that had driven her to grow addicted to Dreams of Fire as her one true escape, and now thoughts of that place's perversions were making her touch herself in public.

Something popped, and Brandi shuddered. A clear fluid began to trickle from her ear onto the shoulder of her dress. Her small nose twitched and sniffed. The fluid smelled familiar.

I need this, the dumb voice whined in her head. "I need this," Brandi breathed. She plunged her index and middle fingers into her snatch.

Sq/rch.

Brandi fell to the ground, her headache unbearably strong and her head full of static. She caught herself for a moment, eyes wide as she slowly processed the feeling and regained the ability to form a coherent thought. It wasn't *entirely* unlike her pussy, soaked, squishy material spreading and pressing inwards at her fingertips' thrust in. A sudden burst of information surged through her. The fluid leaking from her ears smelled like her own arousal. Her pussy couldn't feel her fingers. She couldn't think clearly...

It's...in my brain?

The smart thing to do escaped her, so the only idea she had left was to test it further. She curled her fingers. "Gahf!" she gasped, her fingertips squishing into another fold of her own mind, grey matter mushing ever so easily underneath her passionate, masturbatory fingers. The gossiping inner city folk watched her suddenly twitch, and, as the ability to think through the headache slowly returned, Brandi noticed.

Okay, she thought slowly and carefully. *I can't get aroused...I can't touch myself. I don't know what will happen if I don't, but...it can't be good.* With extreme effort, she slowly began withdrawing her fingers, wincing as the occasional twitch or shiver jostled just a little bit more. She slowly began forcing herself upright, tucking her knees together while she pressed slowly upwards to her feet. *There we go...now...think...normal thoughts.*

Shopping. She needed...eating stuff. And the fancy stuff for the drawers and...outside art stuff. She idly spared a thought for the fingers still inside her cunt, urging them to withdraw. Slowly, the soaked digits slipped free and left the hand cupping her mound, the entrance only feeling the tickle of warm juices thanks to those freshly withdrawn fingers, the portal doing its job all too well.

Brandi had seen the unthinkable in *Dreams of Fire*. One, a mouse, had even teased her with the idea. Feeling the warm fluid lightly brushing her mound from her fingers reminded her of the mouse painting her sex and breasts with a fruity sort of glaze, the type chefs used to flavor meat. He'd called her meat, tasting her and painting her and tasting her again. And, when she was lost to the fantasy, he'd pumped her pussy with an almost equally hungry fucki-

Shocked, she stumbled backwards. Beneath her dress, her hand had begun slipping four full fingers into the needy opening. “No!” she whined, “I can’t...I don’t know what’ll happen...”

Sure I do.

“Huh?” she mumbled at the intrusive thought.

I know what’ll happen.

“Wh...what will?” Brandi asked.

I’ll become the Black One’s.

The thought flooded her mind, and soon her own arousal was literally flooding her mind. The folds softened beneath the gushing, desperate fluid, its warmth short-circuiting point after point of intelligence inside the doe. With only arousal on her thoughts, Brandi smiled. If she was the Black One’s, she’d be at Dreams of Fire...full-time.

Once, she’d seen a dog girl’s head opened up, a giraffe playfully sticking metal tools inside to force her plaything to obey her every motion. Clearly, the giraffe knew enough about brains for that. However, all Brandi was picturing was the moment when the giraffe used a strap-on to really mess the bitch up, reveling in the spasms and lurid noises of something so necessary being fucked into mush.

A sensible part of Brandi’s mind might’ve made her ask why she never saw the dog-girl again, but those parts had been stewing too long in her own pussy juices. All Brandi knew was it made sense...and she couldn’t think of anything else.

She plunged her hand into the portal, still desperately searching for that magical depth where her needy snatch might finally be satisfied.

SqLRcH

Arousal squirted from her ear as she fell onto the ground, drooling and alternating between a passionate lover’s moan and streams of gibberish. Her arm moved with intent, plunging in and out while her other arm flipped her dress up and stretched her pussy wider. Confused passerby watched her hand’s fingers vanish as if made invisible, leaving a clear line of sight through her soaked cunt to the cervix deep within.

schrrf-SLuP-SCHRLK-sqsh-SKLRSH...

The sounds were only truly audible to Brandi, and soon they faded into the background as she finger-fucked herself into a mindless, twitching state. “C-cum!” she gasped aloud. “N-need...gh...gk...cum! Cum!”

“Yes, I’m sure, my handsome officer,” a voice nearby seemed to purr, “I’m *very* qualified in dealing with cases like these, you know me. And I’d be oh so *grateful*, too.”

Soon, a pair of arms was lifting her up, casually carrying her away as she furiously fingered her thoughts away until nothing remained...

Tasha purred from her seat of honor, the mindless doe sat on her lap. It was the masquerade at The Madrigal, her more haughty establishment, and she was very pleased to see not a single person recognized the masked plaything. Her cock throbbed inside Brandi's ass, and one hand playfully tapped at the massive dildo ear-plugs that teased the edges of her brain and let the mingled cum and arousal slosh inside the doe's skull.

The pantheress loved sluts like this, ones who's own thoughts and actions lead to their complete perversion with only the slightest touch. She loved displaying them at their lewdest, too. The spreader ring showing off her entire sex had enticed many endowed individuals to try filling her womb only to unknowingly send their loads straight onto Brandi's brain.

This wasn't to say Tasha was cruel. She'd disabled the portal just long enough to put an enchanted balloon inside the deer's womb. The constant feeling of being filled and the potent vibrations the pantheress could activate at a whim stimulated the pleasure-obsessed deer well enough to make her squirt, even if those squirts only served to ensure her brain had no chance of functioning normally.

"You're a delight, Brandi," the "Black One" cooed, knowing her words would never truly get processed by her new toy. "And you're lucky, too. Only one guard recognized who the slutty doe masturbating herself into a brainless fuckdoll at the thought of my establishment was, and he was easily paid off. Now, your true wish to be here all the time has been granted, all while your outside identity presumably takes up a generous invitation from the castle to stay with them."

Tasha looked out to where a painter slowly put the finishing touches on a piece of art to record the perversion of Brandi and The Black One for posterity. Given it gave the artist kicks to make such unthinkably lewd portraits, something he'd never get a chance to do elsewhere, he'd offered to do it for free. There were definite advantages for running a haven for the perverse.

"You know," Tasha mused to her drooling toy, "maybe after your winter vacation here in Oreath is done, I'll call in a favor to fix you up. Maybe...perhaps if you can, say...cum less than one thousand times?"

With a wave of her hand, Brandi's body felt the toy inside her begin to buzz, hands limply hanging as she felt her filled womb pleasure her relentlessly. Within seconds, the painter caught a glimpse of a flood of orgasmic fluid vanishing at the stretched opening of the doe's sex. Only Tasha heard the faint sloshing in Brandi's skill.

“That’s one, dear,” she laughed. Of course, it was all a game. Much like Tasha’s previous one with Brandi, Tasha knew exactly how the game would turn out. She just liked keeping it secret...even if Brandi might never have the brainpower to process what she could say ever again.