# Court Is Called to Order

It might have been 5pm with only an hour left of her work week, but in Carol's eyes, there was no bad time for another cup of coffee. The divorce lawyer had a rough few days, dealing with some very annoying cases ranging from a couple refusing to compromise on splitting their beanie babies collection to another couple trying to decide if they want to fix up their 100 year old recliner chair (the very thing that caused the wife to file divorce papers.)

Mediation cases were always the hardest, in her eyes; one had to be a very certain type of person to enjoy mediating between tearful parents and their lawyers, and Carol was not that kind of person. Maybe that's why she felt the need to get a cup of black coffee with 4 espresso shots, to the horror of the poor cafe barista. Carol had to take care of a few last things. When she got back to the office, she saw a few envelopes on her desk — mostly letters from courts with notices, but one particular letter stuck out to her.

She had to suppress a groan when she saw that certain shade of minty green she hated on the envelope. Only one person she knew used that kind of envelope. She didn't even have to check the return label as she opened the letter and saw correspondence from none other than her rival. An attorney she used to be close friends with, but had now delved into taking any case just for the money — and boy, would she take some dirty cases.

Kathleen.

The aggravated sound Carol made from reading the letter must have been heard by all the attorneys in the office. She almost didn't want to read the goddamn letter from hell, but they were set to face off in court again the next business day. Carol, deep down, hoped that the letter was just enclosing some documents Kathleen said she "would find when she had the chance."

Oh, no. What the letter actually was made Carol's blood boil. She had to read it a few times just to make sure her amount of anger was warranted.

Kathleen was stating her intent to ask the judge to raise alimony? What the fuck?

The facts of the case ran through Carol's mind. Kathleen's client had become unemployed recently, for whatever reason — though he was pretty much a bum and mooched off of everyone. Carol's client, on the other hand, was a disabled person who was fully supporting their child, and couldn't possibly work more. How in the

hell was Kathleen going to argue that Carol's client should pay more? Was Kathleen a demon, like, from hell?

Probably so, considering how strongly worded the letter was. Carol never feared anyone, but boy howdy could Kathleen be scary.

Carol couldn't take how furious she suddenly was. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck. Of course, she barely showed how angry she was — it would have been pretty unprofessional, otherwise. But she absolutely could not work anymore for the week. Scanning the court notices that had come in, Carol packed her bags and stormed off to her car.

Day instantly ruined. At the very least, she had emergency ice cream and trashy reality TV waiting for her.

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Carol parked her car haphazardly in the parking lot, walking inside and slamming the door shut. Living alone was a treat, at these times; as lonely as Carol was, it was much better than living with anyone. After all, things became awkward between Carol and Kathleen when they were roommates, during Kathleen's betrayal of Carol.

The TV turned on with the click of a button, already on Carol's favorite show. The commercials between episodes had just turned on, giving Carol enough time to grab a giant pint of coconut and pineapple ice cream.

She put it in the microwave. Yes, she put the ice cream in the microwave. And then heated it up. So it was nice and soft. Carol had a rule for herself that she would not accept criticism on her ice cream heating preferences. She usually preferred it only slightly melty, at fifteen or twenty seconds, but this was a day. Thirty seconds of ice cream heating was in order.

As it heated up, Carol threw off her suit and business attire. Her bra was absolutely not necessary now either. She grabbed the first oversized shirt she could find — a heavy metal and post punk hybrid band she saw during her first semester of law school. It was at least three sizes too big on her, an intentional decision. The fabric was still soft as ever.

Carol did not put on pants. She was generally not a fan of pants. She took a makeup wipe and washed her professional makeup off of herself, showing off her pale skin and persistent acne.

Once she pulled it out, Carol plopped herself in front of the TV with a metal spoon and a pint of ice cream. She grabbed the various throw pillows, arranging them as to prop her body up at about a 45 degree angle. Carol didn't mind the baby yellow stains of coconut and pineapple swirl ice cream dripping onto her band t-shirt from college.

The commercials ended, going back to the regularly scheduled show. This was the trashiest reality fashion model show that had ever graced television — and boy, was it Carol's favorite. She wasn't invested in the contest at all, though; in fact, she hardly knew the rules.

It was the girls. They were so hot. And Carol had a slight sadistic streak, laughing at them for crying when their favorite dress didn't come in the right shade, or when they had to use store-brand makeup. Of course, she knew the girls were probably perfectly nice in person. Carol just thought it looked nice to not have real problems.

Come to think of it, Carol and Kathleen's first time hanging out was watching this show a few seasons ago. Carol grumbled as that thought crossed her mind, going back to stuffing her face in the ice cream soup. She had missed the last few episodes because of work bullshit. On this episode, one of the contestants, Kierra, was crying over how unprepared she felt for the model shoot. Carol didn't understand why, considering she looked absolutely gorgeous in every way, but apparently her blue eyeshadow not being the right shade of blue was too much for her to bare.

It got really interesting quickly. The showrunners, in an attempt to help out the poor anxious girl, signed her up for counseling. Except, not any counseling — they signed her up for… a hypnosis therapist.

Carol sat up to a 90 degree angle, paying closer attention. Hypnotherapy wasn't exactly mainstream. She knew this because she had to drive almost fourty minutes to her bi-weekly hypnosis therapy sessions. Huh, pretty cool to see it on TV, especially on a show that snobby rich people watched.

The hypnotherapist took out a crystal on a pendulum, saying a bunch of incorrect nonsense about how hypnosis works. Namely, she said that hypnosis can be used to take someone's intelligence away, and make them a ditzy woman who had no cares in the world.

Wait. Was that actually incorrect? Could hypnosis do that?

Carol shoved the ice cream to the floor, getting up and finding her pendulum collection. It displayed a variety of colors and stones in a neat and organized fashion.

She opted for the rose quartz, a light pink and white crystal with a gorgeous sheen and a cute shape.

She stared at it. It could be used to drain someone's intelligence. Sure, on the show, it was to ease her worries. But... could it be used for something more nefarious?

No, was Carol going to go that route? That seemed like a dirty game to play, almost cheating.

Then again, Kathleen was great at dirty games and cheating. Carol smirked, put it neatly in her suitcase for her grand court appearance.

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In court, Carol was known as the gothic lawyer. She didn't particularly show it in the office, but Carol took great inspiration for her fancy formal outfits from a style called 'business goth'. The style was marked by a use of lace, cravats, and an overabundance of dark grays and reds. Carol didn't intend for this style to strike fear into the hearts of all, but she had to admit she liked looking much more intimidating than she actually was.

Today's court session was quite a strange one. Usually, their clients would join in to stand before the judge. However... both clients had fled the country (each to different countries) and were nowhere to be found. So, it was just Carol and Kathleen, and whatever judge was presiding over the case.

Carol's blood ran cold when she saw Kathleen. Of course she had worn her fanciest professional dress, and a quite stunning one as well. From a distance, Carol and Kathleen probably looked like a lesbian power couple. But Carol could see the smugness in Kathleen's eyes, and she hated it.

Nevertheless, Carol had a plan. She tried to keep a perfect poker face on as Kathleen strutted into the courtroom.

Neither said a word to each other. The firey thunder rushing between their intense eye contact was enough to know they both were intending to get their way today.

The gavel slammed, calling court into order. The woman at the Judge's bench was a tall, thicker woman with a clean pixie cut. Carol desperately wanted to know what lotion the Judge used, because her warm sepia skin looked absolutely flawless — no blemishes or anything. Judges were usually in their late fourties or fifties, but this judge didn't look a day over twenty seven.

“Court is now in session,” Judge Whittaker called out as she slammed the gavel one or two more times. As she reoriented herself to her seat, she took another gaze at the two lawyers. “My. You two have dressed up.”

“Thank you, Your Honor,” Carol responded graciously.

“I must say, it is a bit strange to have a trial with… no clients present.” She leered at the two of them suspiciously.

“Ah, it is, Your Honor,” Kathleen responded, a small, disgusting smirk growing across her face. “Unfortunately, both of our clients have decided they hate looking at each other more than being in contempt of court, so they are both on opposite ends of the planet.”

“I… see.” The Judge blinked. “Well, it’ll be fairly difficult to hold this trial in its fullest, but… if you two don’t see a problem with it…”

She trailed off, watching the two lawyers shake their heads in agreement.

“Alright, very well. Attorney Carol Reese, please give your opening statement.”

“Of course, Your Honor.” Carol whipped her hair back behind her left ear, showing off a very curious pendulum hanging from it. She put it on a shorter chain the night before so as not to put her ear through hell, and also to get it in view of her rival. The lights of the courthouse reflected against the rose quartz as it swung gently from left to right.

Kathleen’s eyes twitched, almost like she knew. Carol had been practicing for this all night long.

“Where do I even begin? It’s not quite fair to our clients to keep them fighting for so long. And it’s especially not fair to me, always having to think of witty rebuttals for your stretched-out arguments. But even more so than that… it’s not fair to you. It must be so hard for you to always go to such lengths to find good arguments. Why bother? Isn’t it better to not have to think about why your client deserves to be offended?”

Carol had years of hypnotherapy, leading for her to get quite proficient in developing her own inductions. After all, she knew how it worked. And from the way Kathleen’s eyes fluttered shut for just a minute, she knew it was working.

“Ridiculous,” Kathleen scoffed. “Why don’t you stick to the case at hand?”

“I think you know why, Attorney Pierce. It’s too exhausting to work on it. Thinking takes just so much work… doesn’t it?”

“Maybe for someone like who, who didn’t exactly do so well in her Legalese 101 courses.” Kathleen’s retort stung just a little, but Carol was mostly grateful that there was a sleepy tinge to her voice — like she was trying her hardest to stay awake.

“I think you know that I’m right — maybe that’s why you’re feeling so tired and heavy, like you’re about to drop into the floor, or…”

“Attorney Reese! Please stay on the topic at hand,” The Judge’s voice came like a rough quip, immediately snapping Kathleen out of her trance and bringing Carol’s attempt at hypnosis to a halt. Carol bit her lip, stifling her anger. Of course this wouldn’t work as well with someone as refined as a judge in their presence. Maybe this wouldn’t be as easy as Carol initially thought.

“My goodness,” Judge Whittaker ran her fingers over her temples. “I can see that you didn’t actually prepare a good argument, Attorney Reese. I’m definitely more interested in what Attorney Pierce has to say, now.”

“Of course, Your Honor,” Kathleen responded with a smirk. “I would be more than happy to remind Attorney Reese of how an opening statement should look.”

Kathleen began her response to whatever Carol had in mind for a statement, and then neatly segwayed into bringing up her motion to increase payments made by Carol’s clients. As she gave excuse after excuse for why her client couldn’t work (that all really amounted to ‘I don’t wanna’), Carol felt her blood boil. God, she remembered how much she hated this woman. And the fact she spoke with this cruel, gentle smile on her face made Carol want to punch her in the face. Or go back to hypnotizing her, either or would work.

And then, Kathleen did something that made Carol pause. She took out a sleek, fancy, intricate pocket watch from her bag. Carol stared in awe as she pulled it up above. She knew what Kathleen was doing, and she was falling for it anyways. How in the world did Kathleen come up with the same idea as her?

Kathleen seamlessly transitioned from her rebuttal into yet another hypnotic trance — this time with the initial roles switched. Despite Carol thinking she had spent hours preparing for this, she definitely was not expecting this turn.

“I know that my words are just too much for your little head,” Kathleen spoke gently, and in the distance Carol could hear the loud and exacerbated sigh of the

Judge. “I’m sure you won’t have to think much longer. After all, I can see you losing brain cells just trying to understand what I’m saying. It’s okay. I get it. Words are difficult. It’s much better to let someone else do the thinking for you…”

Carol couldn’t help it — she had to listen, to take in all of Kathleen’s little suggestions and triggers. She couldn’t help staring at the pocket watch either, falling deeply into all the little shines and reflections, the colors shifting from one shade of gray to another, and the neat floral engraving…

No! She had to snap out of it. Carol brought back to light the pendulum hanging off of her ear, and once again, Kathleen was drifting down into trance. But even as she fell into stillness, Kathleen still kept a strand of her consciousness above water and used that to continue her hypnosis. And they were both falling for it, speaking their inductions over each other.

“It’s too early for this,” they heard the Judge sigh as she pulled from her table an unopened bottle of wine. As she poured herself a fancy glass of it, she commented, “might as well just enjoy the show.”

Carol and Kathleen both quietly noticed the Judge beginning to enjoy their apparent switch fight, but they were too busy trancing each other to take particular care towards it. Suddenly, though, Carol began to feel like something was… off.

“Just feel yourself falling through the floor, going into darkness, with your brain… umm…” Carol had to think. What was the word? Her thoughts were becoming more and more distant, like she had to reach out far to grab them. “Your brain, um… shutting down… thoughts, umm…”

And then suddenly she giggled. Carol giggled for what was probably the first time in her life. She stopped, eventually, trying to continue her trance — but it was so weird. Nothing was funny. But the idea that she wasn’t able to think as clearly, that there was this pink fog going through her mind… it felt easier to giggle.

Carol thought that this was when Kathleen would take over and drop her fully into trance, if she hadn’t already. But then Kathleen giggled too, the second she stopped being able to speak as clearly. Soon, they were just giggling together through their trances together. The Judge watched on silently, a small smirk crawling across her face as if she was aroused by this.

“Just… think… harder— no, less!” Carol said with a bunch of giggles. At least her hypnosis was working, even if Kathleen’s was too. But right now, thinking was too hard — if Carol would try to think, her mind would just interrupt her by making her giggle or… filling her with a need… arousal? No, she couldn’t be turned on by this!

That was ridiculous, right? And yet, it felt so natural to want to waltz up to Kathleen and just put her arms around her, all over her, feeling her soft lips on hers or…

Kathleen had the same idea. Carol could almost see the giggling around her as Kathleen walked up to her, looking as sultry as possible. Like a bimbo. Carol wanted to laugh at her, but she also felt quite bimbo-like. So ditzy and dull, but also giggly and horny and really, really fucking horny.

Carol walked back up to each other, the two not even trying to put the other deeper into trance. They just kept talking about what being a bimbo was like, why being a bimbo was fantastic. Why it was so much easier to just giggle those pesky thoughts away and use their bodies for something much, much more important.

The two former lawyers turned bimbos approached each other, happy and mindless smiles on their faces. Carol could even see a bit of drool dripping down Kathleen's lips, onto her breasts. Of course, Carol was probably drooling as well, but seeing it on her rival made her giggle more.

They didn't even notice when their bodies bumped into each other, but as soon as they did, the lawyers ran their hands up and down each other's bodies. Kathleen took Carol's upper layer off, revealing her bare arms under her fancy suit jacket. She also undid Carol's cravat and the few buttons on the upper half of her shirt. Carol's black lace bra showed underneath the opened button up, and Kathleen looked at it with amazement of some sort.

Kathleen needed her — after all, Carol was all she could think about. And Kathleen was all Carol could think about, aside from having hot dumb idiot sex with each other. They almost wanted to run to the bathroom just to relieve their stress together. After all, they were both so aroused that they could feel it on each other. The scent of their pre-sex pleasure was so hot, only driving them further into their urges.

"Mmm… thinking is too hard. But you're like, sooooo cute…" Kathleen purred, grabbing Carol's hips and pulling her into a deep and passionate kiss. Their lips pressed against each other, driving their passion up. Carol used her hands to grab and tease and rub every inch she could of Kathleen's body. Her body was warm, much warmer than she remembered — not that she could particularly recall any memories she had from when she had brain cells.

Who needed to think? What purpose did intelligence have when there was such a hot woman in one's presence? Kathleen and Carol's minds couldn't begin to formulate these questions, but they now knew that thinking was just so much of a

burden. And for two bimbos who just couldn't be brought to form actual thoughts or words, law was just too hard of a profession.

Maybe they could put their rivalry behind them now. Maybe it was okay to drop being a lawyer and just spend the rest of their lives giggling and having hot, steamy sex. Kathleen's hands moved; one hand rubbed Carol's soft neck, and the other unbuttoned the rest of her shirt and groped her breast through her bra. Carol moaned into Kathleen's mouth, using her tongue to pry her way into her mouth. So warm... so mindlessly sexy... Why did Carol deny herself this for so long?

Suddenly, the Judge slammed her gavel, snapping the two out of their thoughts. "Enough!" she exclaimed in frustration. "I came here to hear why your clients need to come to an actual agreement for once, not watch this weird real-life hypnosis porno."

Normally, Carol would feel ashamed at humiliating herself in front of a judge so much as to stop the trial. But instead, she just giggled some more, not actually registering what was going on. "But, like, did you like it, Miss Your Honor? Wasn't it like, soooooo hot?"

"I'm going to let you figure that out," Judge Whittaker added. "We'll reschedule this motion for when you two can keep your hands off of each other. No hypnosis shenanigans this time, got it?"

"Yes, Your Honor!" Kathleen grinned. "No, like, mind control or whatever."

"Court is adjourned," the Judge said tiredly with another slam of her gavel. "Now go get a room or something, and maybe read a book while you're at it. You two could really use it."

Kathleen and Carol giggled as they grabbed their stuff and walked out of the court room, holding hands and almost skipping out. They both felt so happy to be done trying to think and went off on their way to find a sleazy hotel room. After all, thinking was so hard, and they had to work off their tension somehow.

As they exited the courthouse — a place they would probably never see again, Kathleen asked Carol a question.

"So, Carol, uhh... do you like, forgive me? For all those mean things I did to you like, when we were in... um, like, school?" Kathleen had to physically struggle to ask her question. So many big words, some of which she didn't even know.

Carol giggled in response, giving Kathleen a dumb toothy grin. “Like, yeah! It’s not like I even remember what I was so angry about. You’re like, my B-F-F, right?”

“Uh-huh!” Kathleen echoed happily. “So, like, let’s find a room then! Oooh, and then maybe we can go, like, shopping together? I dunno if these outfits, like… um… pretti-fy me?”

“Like, same! There’s so much black on me… it like, kinda puts a damper on things, right?” Carol responded happily. “I think we need like, more pinks. Pink is like, sooooo cute. So… the mall, then?”

“Sounds like fun! I can’t wait to like, spend so much time with you.”

The two hopped off to the nearest hotel room they could find, checking in as quickly as possible so they could finally take a load off. After all, it wasn’t like they had to think for the rest of the day — or ever again. They didn’t even remember what they were arguing about. A-leh… money? What did that even mean? Neither of them knew that word.

All they knew was hot bimbo sex, spending way too much money, and going back to their old routine of watching trashy reality shows together. That seemed much, much nicer than whatever they were doing before.