

The Brain-Drain-Game

Chapter I

A story by BecomingBabyAgain

The room was dark. He had no idea of how he got there, even his memories of arriving here were totally blurry. It made no sense. Then suddenly, a bright light flashed in my eyes, he looked down to see himself stood on a brightly lit podium, essentially a spotlight that shone upwards. Around him were five other people stood in a horseshoe shape, each stood on a circular lit podium. He tried to move but his legs wouldn't follow his brain, he saw the other people similarly looking around confused and scared. That's when the whole room lit up, revealing what was inside.

It was a TV studio. Laid out with walls of bright colours and each contestant stood before a podium with their names on. A woman stood in the middle, clearly the quizmaster. She was a well built woman dressed in relaxed clothing, a large bouncing pair of breasts, flowing black hair and a beaming smile.

"Hello everyone, and welcome to the Brain-Drain-Game!" A series of flashing lights and dramatic music followed her words.

"It's time for the first round, but before we begin let me explain the premise of the game. In each round the contestants get thrown a series of rapid-fire questions. For every question they get wrong, the contestants will lose a percentage of the brain power, minimizing their IQ and mental capacity. The questions for each round will get easier and easier for us watching at home, but harder and harder for those in the studio. The winner will be the one at the end of the show who has the highest mental capacity left, they will win the full prize of ten thousand dollars and their brain power will be fully restored to them. Without and further ado, let's play!"

The host turned dramatically to the first contestant in the line.

"Michael, what is the capital city of Poland?"

"Umm. Warsaw?" Michael struggled, clearly worried by the game that he'd heard described and the fact that his body refused his orders to run away. It was almost like the game was keeping him there.

"Correct"

"Lisa, *The Marriage of Figaro* is an opera by which composer?"

"Mozart?" she was confident in that answer.

"Correct!" There followed a series of questions, each contestant getting the answer right until she came round the line again with more questions.

"Henry, what is the highest possible number on the Richter scale?" Henry had no idea what that even was, he just had to guess.

"Ten?"

"That is incorrect, the Richter scale goes up to nine."

The light that Henry was stood on flashed from the clean white of everyone's light to a bright blue, it stayed like that for only five seconds and seemingly nothing else happened. There were no visual signs of anything happening and at first even Henry didn't notice anything. Was the whole thing just a joke? Was it all fake? The questions carried on further down the line and other contestants began to get wrong answers. Their lights flashed blue as well. As the questions carried on going round, contestants got a couple of wrong answers. The round ended, everyone realized, when every contestant had at least one wrong answer. The questions had carried on going round until the last contestant who had been holding out from receiving a flash of blue light had finally got one wrong.

"And that's the end of round one!" announced the host. "In that round, George is in the lead with only one wrong answer and poor Jennie is trailing behind in last place with four wrong answers. Let's speed quickly on to round two! For this round, with every wrong question the contestant will lose a higher percentage of their mental capacity than in round one!" she carried on down the line with a new series of questions.

"Michael, how many days are there in a year?"

This was an easy one. He knew it was an easy one, and yet the number didn't immediately spring into the front of his mind as he'd expected. He knew that he *should* know it and yet he just couldn't find the number in his head. It was a big one, but not too big. He started to sweat and panic a little.

"I need an answer, Michael." He panicked and took a while guess.

"Two hundred?"

"That is incorrect. There are three hundred and fifty-six days in a year"

Michael cursed himself, now that she'd had said the answer, he was kicking himself. It was so obvious! The light under him flashed blue again for a full five seconds as he'd feared. In the first round, he hadn't noticed anything when the light flashed but now, he noticed the affect straight away. It was like a light haze or cloud had entered his head, just like he'd taken a slight breath of the gas they give you before surgery that makes you sightly hazy and sleepy. It was quite nice really.

The questions carried on round and round, contestants each getting wrong answers. The round continuing going round until each of them had at least one wrong answer. Poor Jennie, who had already lost slightly more than anything else was racking up wrong answers more than anyone else, each time losing another chunk of her head. All the other contestants could see the drastic effect it was beginning to have on her. Until the host came round to her again and everyone could see that her eyes were a little glazed over, her mouth hung open and drool was leaking down her cheek and down the front of her clothes.

George was holding out, getting all his answers right until the host had gone round the horseshoe nearly six times! All at the expense of Jennie's mind. At last, he got a wrong answer, his light flashed blue, and the round ended.

"That brings round two to a close. George still blazing away in the lead having only two wrong answers against him at this point, but Jennie looks like she has a lot to learn!"

Nobody was paying her any attention, focusing instead on the god like host who could zap away brain power at will, it seemed. But a dark wet patch began to grow in Jennie's panties. It grew slightly on the outside of her pants too, just visible to anyone looking. She hadn't totally lost it yet, but her control was beginning to vanish.