

# The Brain-Drain-Game

## Chapter II

*A story by BecomingBabyAgain*

*She hadn't totally lost it yet, but her control was beginning to vanish.*

Her brain was in a crazy state, it was almost like it was lost. She knew it should have been there and she knew exactly the kind of information it should have had in it. Yet when she came to look for information inside her own head, it was like her brain had just vanished. When she needed it, it was gone. Of course, it wasn't totally wiped... just yet.

"Now let's move onto the next round." Something was different. The voice of the host had changed from a rather forceful chilling voice to a lighter tone, almost friendly. The tone of her voice changed from a stern police-style interview to one of a more family friendly show. "Don't worry" she continued, "the questions get easier from here!"

The questions were distinctly different from those of the last round, instead of answering questions on geography, music, politics and general trivia. The questions became very childish.

"How many colours are there in a rainbow?"

"How many legs does a spider have?"

"What do you get if you freeze water?"

Now the questions seemed easy to the audience watching the program on their TVs, but the poor contestants were having a hard time. They stood on their podiums watching as each other person in turn got questions wrong, their lights flashing and the dazed look growing in their faces, their eyes becoming slightly glassy. With each round, each question wrong drains more and more of their brains and with half of the contestants already mindlessly drooling, this round didn't take too long.

"Jennie, in which country would you find the Eiffel Tower?"

Jennie was already having a hard time just standing still. She swayed from side to side, swinging her arms like a distracted child and looking all around at everyone else. The host repeated the question. It was only then that Jennie realized that the host was addressing her.

"Ummm..." she didn't know, she couldn't even work out a reasonable guess. She just said the first thing that popped into her head. "Yellow?"

"That is incorrect, the correct answer is France"

Predictably the podium under her flashed blue. That wiped the last semblance of anything in her head. Her legs gave way under her, her brain totally unsure of how they worked, and she collapsed onto the floor landing on her bum. That shock that ran through her body took the pressure off her bladder which had just about been holding on until then. As the questions continued being passed around the other contestants a small hissing noise could be heard as Jennie let out a stream of hot piss into her panties. The dark patch on her pants grew rapidly, spreading along her legs and forming into a huge puddle between her thighs and dripping from the podium. A blissful smile grew across

her mindless head and she let out a series of giggles as her hands squished around her wet pants. It was so warm and felt so lovely to her!

Jennie was the first, but others were quick to follow. Although still standing, the contestant next to her let out a little moan as a stream of hot piss ran down the legs of his jeans. He had let out a few quiet farts before bending his knees slightly and filling up the seat of his jeans. Everyone was oblivious to the fact he'd messed his pants, although they could soon smell it, as they were too busy thinking about not wetting their pants! The only problem with that was the more they focused on things like 'not wetting themselves' and 'standing up' then the less they were thinking about the actual answers to the questions.

By the end of the round, Jennie and other contestant were sprawled on the floor of their podiums. Neither of them caring a single bit about the game anymore. The contestant next to Jennie was still standing in his dirty jeans, and everyone else had wet patches of varying sizes on their pants. They were all drooling slightly. The questions of the next round were even harder to understand for the poor contestants.

"What is two plus two?"

"What colour is a banana?"

"How many toes do you have?"

Michael got his very first question wrong, and like Jennie it was the last straw for his brain. He let out a trickle of piss that he'd been trying hard to hold back and similarly he let out a warm mass into the back of his pants. His legs gave way under him, and he landed with a splat on his newly messed pants. An hour ago, he would have been appalled and terrified at his situation but as he landed and squished around back and forward feeling the mess moving around, he just laughed.

That round only lasted enough to ask each contestant one question, every contestant got their questions wrong. None of them were left standing. None of them were left without a trail of drool dribbling down their chins. Only George had clean pants left though.

"And that's the end of the Brain-Drain-Game!" announced the host. "The judges are weighing up the scores, but I can make an easy guess about the winner by seeing whose pants don't smell!", She held a finger up to her ear, listening for the result in a hidden earpiece. "The winner is... George!"

George's podium flashed brightly, dashing through a whole series of colours as it began to restore George's brain to him. It felt like the cloud around his head was lifting, as if he'd come up for air after spending hours underwater. His head was clear, and his mind was free. He stood back up and wiped the trail of drool from his chin.

"What do I win?" he asked, now perked up.

"You've already got it!" the host giggled! "You won your mind back, and sadly the losers here lose the rest of theirs!" everyone else's podiums flashed blue again, but the lights stayed on longer than a couple of seconds. Every ounce of their mental capacity was wiped away.

"Don't worry, we'll take these silly stupid guys off to our special facility where they can be looked after properly, filling their pants, and babbling away without a care in the world! Join us next time for another Brain-Drain-Game!"