

Brain Drain (Tech Bro to Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Noah Dusk is a pretentious young millionaire who always has his way thanks to a skyrocketing career in the tech industry. With his chauvinist attitude to women and his ability to buy himself out of any trouble, nothing can hold him to account. That is until he's invited onto Brain Drain, a skeevey yet popular online game show that promises him a worshipful audience for his ego. But little does Noah know that for every wrong answer he gives on the show, his mind and body will permanently change. If he's not careful, he'll become the very kind of bimbo he regularly lusts after.

Brain Drain

"He shoots, he scores!" Noah cried.

He hurled the plastic bottle over to the recycling bin, missing the edge.

"Goddamn it, Jennifer! I told you to move that bin to the left for Chrissakes! You're throwing off my aim. This place needs to be *neat* the way my creativity demands!"

Noah Dusk's secretary appeared from around the corner, her hair practically in tangles from all the stress of the day.

"Of course, Mr Dusk! I'm sorry, Mr Dusk! I'll fix that up right now."

"See that you do," he spat. "And for God's sake do something about your hair after you've cleaned up this mess. You've only got two jobs as my assistant: keep things *neat* and *tidy* and *efficient*, and look pretty doing it, m'kay?"

The last word, if it could even be called that, was delivered with such patronising petulance that Jennifer had to bite her lip to avoid saying something back. She knew that when Noah Dusk didn't get what he wanted, he could well and truly have a massively entitled tantrum, before just laying down enough money to ensure got what he wanted anyway. *After* he fired your ass, of course.

Noah knew this too, of course. It was part of his playbook, and the young man got a thrill out of watching his assistant clean up the mess of thrown bottles and scattered bits of food he'd left around his office, all while having to bend over so he could see her perfect ass.

"That's right honey," he murmured, loud enough that she could hear, but not so loud that he couldn't deny it if she was foolish enough to call him on it. "Your tits may be nothing special, but I love to see that fuckable ass in that tight pencil skirt. Yeah, mama."

He watched her until she left, clearly upset at his words. After she was gone he buzzed his *other* assistant, Gerald. The guy who could get him things.

“Hey Ger,” he said, despite knowing Gerald hated the contraction of his name. “This girl you sent me, Jennifer . . . yeah, she’s just not holding up I’m afraid. Oh, she’s nice and submissive, quite the hottie, but I was hoping for a girl who was a bit more stacked, y’know? Plus brunette is so . . . boring. Yeah, you know I’m talking about. Exactly! Yes! A blonde! Buxom blonde. You know I love the bimbo type. Smart enough to keep things neat and tidy but dumb enough that I can have a bit of fun with her without her getting any ideas of taking my fortune. Haha, exactly! No, I don’t care what happens to her now. Fine, I’ll keep her to the end of the week. After that, she can fuck off right out of Silicon Valley as far as I’m concerned.”

He hung up the phone, glad that this was sorted. The day was still young, but the millionaire tech bro still had a great deal he wanted to achieve. For the next hour he checked the various share values he possessed, made some investments, and did his best to pump-and-dump on some other companies that his social media fans were dumb enough to take his lead on. He checked the sales data on the apps his team had developed, not that his *team* actually benefited from *his* leadership, which was all fine and dandy as far as he was concerned. Each day brought new rubes and suckers, and that just meant more profit and growth. When you were rich, Noah knew, it was all too easy to get even richer.

So long as things were *neat and tidy*.

He dismissed the numerous tabs he’d amassed on the browser. All his financials were good. All the numbers were good. Everything was good.

“Neat,” he said. “Neat and tidy.”

He sipped his morning coffee. The blend cost more than what half his employees made in a month, but that’s what it meant to be an *alpha*, in Noah’s world. You had to be driven, you had to be smart, and you had to read the future and know what people yearned for, and how to tap into that to make fat stacks of properly aligned *green*.

“Oh yes,” he said. “Things are looking good.”

They had for a while, for Noah Dusk. He was only twenty six years old, and yet he was worth several hundred million and well on his way to becoming a billionaire by this point. He had started out as a ‘mere’ middle class college student experimenting with social media layouts, but his app designs had quickly taken off, allowing him to eventually create *Eyechat*, the online video messaging service that had ballooned to incorporate a veritable army of influencers, online sellers, advertisers, art nerds, digital artists, business moguls, MLM scams, and a whole lot of alt right nonsense that his critics claimed were a problem, but he was just fine with cultivating: they made for a *very* easily manipulated audience, after all.

Soon, Noah had reinvented himself. He was no longer a scrawny chestnut-haired computer nerd, but instead a well-tailored and charismatic tech genius, one who had investments in every big thing, and was currently pushing AI algorithms into every walk of

life, no matter how much the creative types moaned. He was going to be a billionaire, and already he knew that wasn't enough; he had his eyes on the prize of being the richest damn man that ever lived, with dreams of his businesses all arranged perfectly.

Nothing would hold him back.

Not women: he had supermodels and busty secretaries on his arm when he wanted them, but marriage was absolutely out of the question. It was far too . . . chaotic.

Not children: the man despised them. The only thing children were good for was making future profit. But otherwise their very presence triggered him. They were loud, dirty, belching, farting, shitting cretins as far as he was concerned.

And certainly not morals. For Noah, morals were just a thing that could be used to control weak people. He'd make a comment on Eyechat here, link a hateful message there, pin a controversial video there, but it was all just to rile up engagement. The mess and chaos of the world was for the little people, but his own offices and compounds would be neat and tidy, so long as assistants like Jennifer knew their place.

Which reminded him.

"Oh, Jennifer!" he called out. When she didn't answer within the estimated three seconds, he screeched louder. "JENNIFER! GET IN HERE!"

She entered in a mad scramble, so much so that she nearly tripped out of her left heel. It caused a vein in Noah's temple to throb. She couldn't even have the courtesy of being proper in her desperation.

"Yes, sir! How can I help you, sir?"

Noah grinned. "Jennifer, I'm feeling in a generous mood. Actually, that's not exactly true, generousness is a bit of a weakness. I'm in more of a *transactional* mood, if you catch my drift."

"Sir?" the brunette asked, clearly a bit confused.

Noah stood, placing his fingers together. "I like to know all my employees. It's what my digital empire does; it collects data. Data I can sell. But also data that I find personally useful. Data that tells me that you really, *really* want to go to a good college, right? Missed your chance for a psych major before, but there's always a shot in your early twenties still, right? Right?"

Jennifer trembled a little. "S-sir? I don't-"

Noah grinned. "Let's just say I can make your life's dream come true, Jennifer. Your whole college course plus extras, dorm room cost, travel, the works! *If* you slip out of that sexy blouse and pencil skirt of yours and act like a beautiful bimbo for me. One hour is all I'm asking. And all I'm *offering*. It's on the table honey. You've got one minute to decide."

Noah grinned as he watched her inner struggle follow.

They *always* gave in. Dumb bimbos like her always did.

He made sure she cleaned up afterwards. It was important that everything be neat and tidy before he fired her.

It was three weeks later when a strange message caught Noah's attention. He had a new assistant now - her name was Vickie or Vick or something like that, she was a blonde, finally - and she was already much better than Jennifer. Even in that three weeks, his empire had grown, and he had spent more and more time posting comments like red meat for his army of tech bro fanboys. He'd made a couple of talk show appearances, done an online interview, even appeared on a podcast with that lunkhead Bro Hogarth. But *this* message intrigued him, particularly since it had been flagged by his public-relations manager as something *not* to get involved with. Noah *loved* crossing the lines and making that guy scramble to get ahead of the news segments.

"Brain Drain," Noah murmured, grinning from ear to ear. "They want *me*. Hot damn, it took them long enough. They think their rating are good now? Just wait till they get an appearance from the world's most forward thinking tech superstar."

He tapped the table, which had been wiped clean after he'd fucked Vickie against it. She had, of course, been very thorough, as per his demands. Already his mind was swirling with the social media clout he could get from an appearance on the show. Brain Drain was a randy, purely online piece of entertainment that functioned as a lewd quiz show. The quizzes themselves weren't usually crude, but the gag was that the contestants were constantly distracted by the sexy women on the show, or the contestants themselves were all dumb bimbos, or there was a truth or dare component, or even a strip element when questions were wrong. It was quite unpredictable because of that ever-changing format, and this made it a blast to watch. And the thought of getting to prove not only his intelligence on such a show, but also play up his own casanova-ness and attraction to beautiful women, would skyrocket his fan following into a borderline cult.

"It'll also tick off all the offended morons," he said, licking his lips. "Oh yes, this'll be fun."

It was strange, really. They didn't usually do celebrity appearances. Hell, no one really knew where they were based. And now, all of a sudden, they'd sent out a mass of invites to him across various platforms.

"They must want to be in the big leagues, They're hitching a ride to the Dusk bandwagon. Well, I can reward such subservience. I'll just demand that they don't make any messes."

It would be one of his only demands: he would *not* have them use that grotesque slime gel for failed answers. The other, of course, was obvious.

He would *not* look like an idiot.

Appearances were important.

Daxter Bryce practically *jumped* towards Noah as the tech mogul entered the building site for *Brain Drain*. He was a tall and rather thin man with an thick moustache and a foppish hairstyle that wouldn't have been out of place in the nineteen seventies.

"Noah Dusk! *The* Noah Dusk! You have no idea what a complete delight it is knowing we have the good fortune of having you on our program!"

He stretched out a hand and Noah shook it, though he was quick to rub it down with an alcohol wipe immediately afterwards, passing it to Vickie to dispose of.

"Well," he said, smirking with smug pride, "if there's one person who knows something about a *good fortune*, Daxter, it's me."

Daxter cackled. "That's the kind of humour we're looking for tonight, Noah!"

"Please, call me Mr Dusk. I like the respect."

"Very good! Of course, of course! We're very blessed that you received our invitation. We had a number of viewers begging you to come on - one was particularly ecstatic, couldn't stop posting about it. And we thought - ratings are ratings, and online streaming numbers are online streaming numbers, right? Who wouldn't want a piece of that tech billionaire action!"

Noah frowned slightly. "Multi-millionaire. But billionaire will be the case in six months or so, if everything goes neatly and tidily. I'll say this, Dax, I was always surprised that even with my resources, I couldn't find out where Brain Drain was actually filmed. I never would have guessed that it was filmed in the middle of the desert. The costs must be insane. How on earth do you make the money?"

Daxter placed a finger over his lips in conspiratorial silence. "Ah, I cannot reveal all the secrets of this marvellous domed studio, my wonderfully benefactorial friend. That will have to wait until *after* your performance."

He gestured for Noah to follow, and the young millionaire did, gesturing for Vickie to follow, albeit *always* behind him, to show good deference. The facility was surprisingly large, with expansive chambers to film in and clearly comfortable quarters. Despite being in the middle of nowhere, Noah had noticed his was not the *only* jet to be parked there. He raised this point with Daxter.

“Oh, not to worry, Mr Dusk! *You* are the only famous celebrity and member of the elite on the show tonight. And just like you requested-”

“Demanded,” he corrected.

“Er, yes. Demanded. Just as you demanded, there will be quite the buxom blonde on the show, though her appearance won’t be immediate; think of it as teasing to the crowd to gradually introduce her. And just like we promised, she is welcome to be in your, ahem, employ by the end of the night. A member of your company always, in fact.”

Noah beamed.

“And make sure to plug my latest subscription services. And that Eyechat has the feed half an hour before any other channel too. I intend to make sure we form a very lucrative partnership here. And who knows? If you can keep this place looking ordered and proper, I’m sure a few of the lovely girls on your shows can find places in my empire, once their contracts with you are up.”

“I don’t think that will be a concern whatsoever, Mr Dusk,” Daxter said. “By the way, just out of curiosity, any desire to settle down and have kids? It’s been on my mind lately, families and all that.”

“Please, kids are consumers and that’s about as useful as they get. The little crotch goblins run amok making mess everywhere. As far as I’m concerned, the sooner we can grow test tube babies, the better.”

Daxter gave an awkward laugh. “Well, I suppose that’s one way to look at it. Shall I show you the game room?”

Noah nodded. “Please do. Oh, and Vickie? I’m not a fan of the blue dress. Change into something a bit more sexy for me before I go on air. I want to feel confident.”

He didn’t even have to look at his new assistant to know she was feeling put in her place. God, he loved to let people - especially women - know what was what.

The lights turned on, and the enthusiastic Brain Drain jingle began. The crew was surprisingly small, with just a few camera operators and people on set, but Noah didn’t care too much: as far as he was concerned, extra employees were a drag on profits, and this only made him more confident in his deal with Daxter. The central camera focused on him standing in the central game show room. It was a circular area with an enormous backdrop behind him that could clearly double as a screen, though it was simply displaying the Brain Drain logo for now. A number of doors led onto the main area, and there was also a comfortable couch and several panels on the ground where the fun ‘punishments’ for failed answers could be raised; things like the slime chamber and the wet dunk and all that. Of

course, Noah had insisted on only the lightest infractions for any wrong answers, and given the quiz questions he was prepared to respond to well ahead of time. It was important to look earnest, but in reality be savvy.

The voiceover began.

“Welcome to everyone’s favourite lustful, raunchy, sexy and naughty game show, the ever entertaining BRAAAAAAIIINNNN DRAAAAAAIIINNNN!!!”

The lights went ballistic, flashing upon Noah and Dexter, but also finally lighting up and revealing the audience who were clapping with just as much enthusiasm. To Noah’s shock, the audience were all wearing expensive tailored suits and donning *masks*. There were animal masks, smiling masks, Greek tragic masks, and others that were horrifying or amusing in equal measure. And that wasn’t all; the audience all had fine seats like they were in a platinum-class cinema, complete with cigars being lit up and fine dining upon their plates. There was even wine being served, and Noah got the sudden impression of where the real number of staff were situated for the show.

“What’s going on here?” he hissed under his breath to Dexter, who had moved beside him to shake his hand.

“Just our most elite clientele,” Dexter whispered back. “Here to see you. Don’t worry about it: they all tried to get into your hot seat, but we only take who we want.”

Noah nodded. It made sense. After all, it explained the other private jet outside. But for them to be wearing masks.

“Anonymity,” Dexter murmured in his ear, pretending to laugh and exchange jokes while the program played its pre-recorded commentary for its online listeners. “They’re not as daring as you, Mr Dusk. They wish to see our dear women and their lewd stunts up close and live, but not, how shallow we put it? In the camera themselves, I suppose.”

“Ah, cowards,” Noah said. “I’ll just have to show them how a true leader of the pack behaves. Out in the open, with the sheep eating out the palm of his hand.”

“Precisely,” Dexter said, grinning. Their conversation ended at just the perfect moment, for the final part of the commentary finished.

‘-now our host, Dexter Bryce!’

“Thank you everyone!” he shouted. “Welcome to Brain Drain, a quiz show so downright naughty, unpredictable, and frankly outrageous that no TV channel would take us! Thank you for watching our stream, and make sure to subscribe to our content, especially since we have our special guest tonight, multi-millionaire and future *billionaire* Noah Dusk!”

The crowd clapped and cheered, and at that very moment a number of very buxom blondes waltzed on stage, cooing and cheering, all of them adorned in Playboy bunny costumes and looking incredibly attractive to Noah’s eyes. They were cut from the same cloth, with just enough differences for him to mentally rate them against each other: blue

eyes versus brown eyes, D-cups versus C-cups, breedable hips versus itty bitty waists, and so on. He was so distracted that he forgot to wave for the camera, prompting a laugh from the audience. He smiled it off and waved.

“We don’t blame you for looking elsewhere tonight, Mr Dusk,” Dexter announced. “After all, we’ve got some very lovely, very *attractive* . . . prizes tonight! As you know, Brain Drain is the quiz show that will test the mettle of any man, placing him in situations where the downright scandalous temptations will throw him off his game. And if there’s one thing our Mr Dusk has a reputation for - other than a keen eye for straight lines and a compulsion for cleanliness - it’s beautiful women.”

“I have been looking for a new assistant,” Noah quipped. Vickie was just off stage, and he smirked at her crestfallen expression. She quickly walked away, making a call.

“Well, here are some fine blondes to intrigue you, though I can’t say they haven’t had a brain drain themselves. Ladies, would you like to introduce yourselves and what you do, and perhaps something you love?”

The tallest one stepped forward. “I’m Annabelle, and I’m, like, a social media influencer! I love going on big yachts and lounging in sexy bikinis.”

The crowd hollered, and Noah grinned.

The next stepped up. She was shorter, but far bustier. “I’m Mandy, and I’m a secretary. I just love working for powerful men and making their appointments . . . among other things.”

Noah found himself getting hard already, and had to try to calm his thoughts. Now *that* was a secretary he could enjoy . . . provided she made sure everything was in its place.

The others followed: Jenna the fitness trainer with her toned body, Indigo with her fashion blog, Faye who was a beautician, henced all the makeup. They each came forth and planted a kiss on Noah’s cheek afterwards, and in a fit of spontaneity he actually slapped Mandy lightly on the ass, eliciting a surprised but not unamused squeak from her. She was his favourite so far, after all.

“Woah!” Dexter announced. “Looks like someone’s already getting into the game! Okay folks, I’m sure you’re dying to know the format for today. As you are aware, Brain Drain always has some lovely - if not too bright - women, along with some regular features like our quizzes and physical challenges. I can promise you that our wet T-shirt shenanigans will certainly re-appear along with the companion Skank Tank, but everything else is always up for change. And with such a special guest, we’ve decided to go even naughtier and more daring than usual. That’s right folks, this is our After Dark Edition!”

The crowd *really* went off at this point. Noah smiled awkwardly, but was a little confused. Sure, it was getting late, but he’d never heard of an ‘After Dark’ edition of this show. Evidently, it had a limited stream for a particular audience, perhaps the high dollar

donors who were making up the masked audience. But before he could ask for clarification, Dexter explained anyway.

“Those watching from our special stream or from our wonderful audience chamber knows that this means a particularly sexy twist will be present in the show, one that our own contestant will remain unaware of until the proper moment! Good news for him though, because all these lovely, rather voluptuous blonde bombshells will make him forget all about any hanging twists as they encourage him at every turn! Girls, give our innovative tech mogul a *taste* of what he can expect.”

Noah was frustrated, almost considering leaving on the spot. He certainly didn't expect to be made a fool, especially before a live audience, and if this was a restricted stream then it wasn't achieving his goals anyway. But then the blonde women stepped forward, one after another, their hips swaying gently, and each in turn planted a passionate kiss upon his lips while running their hands down his form. Mandy even added the lovely gesture of pressing her ripe d-cups, which were almost falling out of her bunny outfit, right up against his chest. He had to very quickly adjust himself downstairs, which got a laugh from Dexter.

“No shame, Mr Dusk! No man can resist *that* kind of queue!”

Another laugh from the audience, and Noah joined in.

“Well, cat's out of the bag,” he said. “I guess I'm only human.”

“Let's see if that's the case, because first up tonight we have a round of questions for you. That's right folks, we're doing the *Quiz Round*. Which, I'm sure you can guess, means some physical challenges later in the night. But this man here prides himself on his intelligence, and we aim to drain that brain . . . unless Mr Dusk can withstand it. Mr Dusk, please stand here, and be ready for a series of questions. Oh, and please ignore the strange machine lowering itself from the ceiling just now.”

“The - the what?”

The answer came in the form of a series of loud whirs and gears as a strange Tesla coil-looking construction descended from above in the high game room chamber, pointing down directly upon him. The music swelled, adding drama to this moment, as small bits of lighting arced from the machine. The crowd went wild at this, clapping manically.

“That better not be a fucking slime machine,” Noah whispered angrily to Dexter. “I told you I abhor uncleanness. You've already gone beyond what we agreed-”

“Don't *worry*,” Dexter emphasised, a smile upon his seventies game show host features. “It's all just a bit of pomp and theatre. It provides a small electric shock, but you don't actually feel anything. It's a Tesla coil. If you want, you can act surprised if it hits; but you only get hit if it's the wrong answer.” He quickly pivoted to look at the camera as the music died. “What do you think, Mr Dusk? Will you get the wrong answer?”

“Of course not!” Noah said, feeling brash again. He brushed some imaginary dust from his bespoke suit. “Like in everything in life, I aim to *win*.”

“Well, let’s see how we go! Ladies, get ready to distract our contestant as we begin our questions.”

Noah was delighted - and certainly a little distracted - to see that the women began to adjust their bunny outfits, emphasising their breasts further. They began to crowd around him, running their hands over him, and even rubbing his hardened member, all while cooing.

“Mhmmm, such a sexy brilliant man.”

“I bet I would be such a submissive secretary for you.”

“Wanna see me in a wet t-shirt?”

He actually had to concentrate just to hear the question.

“Mr Dusk, in what year was EyeChat founded?”

He smirked, kissing one of the girls on the lips confidently, getting the audience’s approval. “That’s easy! I founded it in twenty sixteen.”

“Correct! Now, question number two, your original partner, the man who contributed fifty percent of the work, was . . . who?”

Noah frowned. This was *not* an approved question. But Mandy had grabbed his hand and placed it against her bust, letting him cop a feel.

“Well, that’s the wrong question,” he said. “I was the sole contributor to the company’s success. But if you mean Eddie Tabot, then sure, he was initially there at the start.”

The truth was he had betrayed and ripped off Eddie as soon as success came, but even Noah refused to recognise that reality now.

“That’s . . . correct! Girls, we have to step up our game! Mandy and Indigo, can you go get dressed in something more . . . provocative. The rest, keep getting frisky!”

Despite that initial bump, Noah repeatedly aced the questions, even when he was asked to sit upon a plush chair for several questions, all while the girls took turns sitting on his lap and pressing their divine busts right up in his face, much to everyone’s amusement. Mandy and Indigo returned, this time wearing some devastatingly sexy lingerie. Mandy in particular had a fantastic jiggle, and for several questions Noah was required to ‘unburden’ her of her bra and actually cup her tits. Vickie was looking very frustrated offscreen, but Noah was having a ball, particularly when he passed all the technical questions with flying colours. Each time the machine above him whirred up, it proceeded to die down with his responses.

“Ah, we’ll have to dial up the questions then!” Dexter announced. “So here we are: question sixteen. Mr Noah Dusk, a young woman allegedly sued EyeChat for spreading fake

images of her naked body online, images you refused to take down. What was the amount your company settled in court for?"

By this point, Noah was lying on a bed that had been brought in, and the women were trying to take off his shirt, all to distract him. But at this his eyes flung open.

"That - what? That never happened!"

"Is that your answer?"

Noah looked about. Just what the hell was happening here? This wasn't what he'd agreed to!

"It is! I can assure you, that's entirely fake news."

Daxter paused, then smirked. "I'm afraid . . . that's incorrect! The settlement was over two million dollars! Two million, three hundred thousands, in fact! Which means it's time for a little electric charge!"

Before Noah could even move from the bed, the machine whirred to life above him. The women giggled and shifted back, leaving him alone upon it. He sat up, staring daggers at the grinning Daxter.

But then the machine fired, and the first change began.

It was like being hit with pins and needles all over his body. Noah grunted, shivering and squirming for what felt like at least ten to fifteen long seconds as the bright blue electric bolts shot into and through him. He had no way of knowing it yet, but a series of physical changes were beginning, the first of which were centred upon his head and face.

"Nghhh!" he groaned. "It t-tickles!"

His brown hair began to lighten, and right before the audience's gaze, it shifted to a light, almost platinum blonde colour. His eyebrows also changed colour, and his eyes too shifted to become bright ocean blue. The skin around those orbs changed, leaving his eyes bigger, more naive-looking. Small wrinkles and blemishes died away, and his Adam's apple smoothed down a bit. When he coughed, his voice sounded just a tad higher than before.

The effect ended, and the crowd *rioted*. The cheering was long and extended, and Noah had no idea why it was so enthusiastic; it wasn't like he could see the changes.

"That's one wrong answer, finally!"

Noah got off the bed. "This has been fun, but I've just had an . . . emergency come up. I've got to-"

"That's a shame!" Daxter said, "because now that you've got an answer wrong, we can reveal one of the mystery prizes. Faye, please step forward!"

The beautician blonde did so, emphasising the jiggle of her breasts quite deliberately.

"Like, hi!" she proclaimed in her ditzzy voice, and posing like a model.

“If you managed to get the next few questions right, this woman is all yours! That’s right, she will be your personal maid, your secretary, even your lustful lover if you’ll take her, for the next year, all without costing you a dime!”

Noah swallowed. The feelings of power, of dominance stirred within him. Oh, how he could make this woman his, and the idea of a maid to keep everything ornate and tidy would be wonderful. Neat and tidy. And if she was just the first prize . . .

His gaze shifted to Mandy, and he grinned like a wolf. Like a *shark*.

“Well, some emergencies can wait,” he said, coughing a little to try and straighten out his lighter voice. “I’m sure I can do a few more rounds.”

“Fantastic, but just remember, for each one you get wrong, the Brain Drain device will make it just a little harder for you to get the next one right, or to know what’s going on at all!”

Another round of laughter from the audience. Noah played it up, knowing that the device was just a prop.

“Okay, lay the next one on me.”

“Very well! He’s made one stumble, let’s see if we can make him have another! Tell us Noah, what are the first six digits of pi?”

Noah chuckled. Any nerd worth his salt could answer this one!

“That’s easy,” he said, folding his arms, even as Indigo began to massage his back and others were getting the rubbing lotion ready. “Three point one four one five eight.”

“Oooh!” Dexter announced. “I’m afraid the last digit is actually *nine*, not eight!”

Noah’s eyes widened. The man was right, how could he have made that mistake? He could recite up to one hundred places in pi, for God’s sake!

But it was already too late, because the machine above crackled, the Brain Drainer rotating as sparks began to fly, enveloping the tech mogul a second time. Once more the energy careened through him, first into his mind, reworking and weakening the neurons, reducing his intelligence quota even further and burning away the information that would have so readily come to him before.

“Ahhhh,” he moaned, whimpering a little. Now that the volts were focused on him, the women took the time to remove his shirt, letting all and sundry witness the further alterations that occurred to his body. As Noah writhed, so too did his nipples swell subtly, his pecs - which were slim but well-trained from his personal gym - grew also, becoming just that little bit flabby. Soft. Perhaps even somewhat *rounded*. His arms thinned, his shoulders shrinking just that slightly discernible bit. His chest was not particularly hairy, but what hair there was dissipated, seeming to pull back into his body and leave his skin smoother and glowier than ever before. His hair extended further also, growing past his ears and descending to be parallel to his chin, which had likewise softened, losing its slightly squared shape.

“Mhmm, oh Jesus, that - that f-feels strangely sort of s-strong. Are you sure the g-girls aren’t s-still massaging m-mee!?”

His voice squeaked again, cracking a second time. He perhaps would have noticed it more clearly, were it not for the fact that his IQ had now dropped ten whole points, eliminating a bit of introspection and deduction along the way. Despite the fact that he had also just lost a full inch of height, all he felt was turned on when the machine ended, and strangely desiring for it to hit him again. He quickly shook that sensation off, preferring to advance his ego.

“Well, feel any different, Noah?”

“Only a little embarrassed,” he said. “I only missed that one because of the jet lag.”

“Well, let’s hope we see a bit more awareness soon, because we still have some questions to go! Girls, shall we get the cheerleading outfits out to encourage him?”

They indeed did cheer, rotating out quickly as the next question came.

“What was the name - the *full* name - of your first female assistant?”

Noah coughed. Hell, he almost *gagged*. He hadn’t thought of Veronica in over three years. She had been quite the loyal worker, a true believer in his dream. But the truth was, that fact that she actually understood the business and made helpful damn *suggestions* all the time had driven him up the damn wall! It didn’t help that she was flat as a wooden board and pretty plain-figured besides. But that had been right at the beginning, after he’d ditched his partner. Surely . . . no, it was impossible that they remembered her. Right? Yeah, they probably mean . . .

“Her name was . . . Betty. Betty Atterson.”

Daxter grinned, and for the first time Noah sensed something more mischievous in him. Something almost *devilish*. “That’s . . . incorrect, I’m afraid! The answer we were looking for was for Veronica Shrew! Ladies, get your cheer on, but this time for the Brain Drainer!”

Indigo, Mandy, Faye, Jenna, and Annabelle all surrounded Noah. They were wearing sexy cheerleading outfits, all in green and gold, complete with bare midriiffs and lots of thigh showing, and tops that let their impressive chests bounce and jiggle with each step.

“*Brain Drainer, he’s our machine! Let’s show Noah his ultimate dream!*”

They jumped up and down, throwing out their pom-poms, and Noah could only wince at the machine fired down upon him again. This time he *felt* it tear at his mind, dumbing down his IQ even further. Technical knowledge evaporated, as did business brilliance, but also ruthlessness and self-awareness too. Even as he realised this though, the very same epiphany dimmed, eclipsed by the strong waves of pleasure that ripples through his body. The women continued to dance around him, and he could only moan in a strange despair *and* bliss as his own body continued to morph, the changes becoming ever more obvious and female.

“Mmhhh . . . ohhhh . . . ahhh, yes! Yessssss! That f-feels p-powerful! What are you ch-charging this thing with? What are you d-doing to m-mmmphhh!!”

He was unable to form words as his lips puckered up then filled out, becoming a perfect set of pouty kissers. His eyelashes extended, and his cheeks gained a bit more fat, his body seeming to become even younger. His smug, spiteful expressions melted further away as his new face emphasised his softness. But these were minor compared to the changes to the rest of him.

“M-my spine! It’s like there’s a weight on my - OH!”

Noah Dusk had never been the tallest man, standing at a height of five foot nine, but now his height compressed down to a mere five foot seven. His hair extended further down, now almost to his shoulders, and the platinum colouring was positively vibrant. The tech bro shuddered, squirming a little and shifting his hips from side to side as they expanded; first the left hip, and then the right one. His waist pulled in - only subtly, but enough to give him a slight hourglass figure, one that would only become more exaggerated as he got things wrong. His fingers and toes became that little bit more dainty also, but his chest saw further growth. The man was topless thanks to the ministrations of the earlier masseuse work by the women, and with the oil now upon his chest, the lighting and reflection upon it made obvious that it had swelled yet further, giving him proper breasts now. They were merely A-cups in size, perhaps bordering on little B’s, but given that his areolas had swelled, it was obvious to everyone but Noah what was happening. He rubbed his chest idly before removing his hand, attributing the soft feelings and strange bliss to the aftereffects of the shock.

“Ahhhh,” he groaned, clutching his head. “That was - that was intense. You’ve got to, *like*, tone that done, *or whatever*.” The man blinked, uncertain where these new sayings and speech patterns were coming from. “*Like*, what did you do to me?”

“Oh, just gave a shock to the system, wouldn’t you say, folks?”

The crowd of masked men cheered, as did the five buxom blondes, and Daxter most of all. Vickie was looking on from the side with a wide-eyed expression, but a smile was forming on her lips, as if she knew on some level what would be happening here. Noah threw her a sneering expression, informing her to stop savouring his failure.

“That’s the final question of the round, right?” he said, voice cracking like a teenage boy’s.

“It is indeed, and you had a good score, though you faltered at the end there! Which means we’re almost at half-time. We’re going to have a quick physical challenge to break things up a bit, which will decide a matter of *style* for you going forwards, and then a major question to try and redeem your lost brain, or to *lose and lose hard!* But first . . . an ad break for our online sponsors! Thanks for everyone streaming this program and watching in

person, we'll see how far our brain drain goes for Noah Dusk when we return in a couple of minutes!"

The music swelled then dimmed, the lights going a little more dim as the ad break began. Noah bit his lip, feeling strange.

"Listen, *like*, this isn't what I signed up for," he said, trying to lower the register of his voice while the effects of what he presumed were just the Tesla coils affects it - temporarily, of course. "I gave you a list of questions, nothing about Veronia or Eddie or any of that! You need to, *like, totally* cut the shit! This is embarrassing! And where's my shirt! My nips must be getting cold or warm or *something* because they're swelling up without a good shirt!"

Daxter gestured to an employee, who brought Noah a shirt. He put it on immediately, not realising it was a size or two smaller or that his nipples were pressing against the material rather obviously.

"Of course, Mr Dusk, we understand your concerns. But we have to throw *some* curveballs. We've tailored this to give you an initial challenge, then let you show off your brilliance later. But people will call you a sham and a fake if you go all out with your mighty intellect at once. Trust me, after the physical challenge, it'll all be easier!"

Noah sighed. "I'm going to the bathroom. You better, *like*, be serious about this! Because I'll *totes* sue you into the ground if you aren't!"

He stormed off, heading for the bathroom to relieve himself. His manhood had not yet reduced in size, so he didn't notice anything there. And it was the weirdest thing; there were no mirrors in the bathroom either, so he couldn't even check his own appearance.

"Dumbass game show," he said. "At least I'll get a few girls out of it. I'm taking Mandy whether he or she likes it or not. Yeah, she'll make a nice maid. Cleaning up all the mess, and taking my cock whenever I desire. The perfect woman to control for as long as I want that bimbo."

Noah got back on set just in time. His phone had buzzed with a strange message that had occupied him. The sender was anonymous, but it wasn't registered as spam. It read:

Enjoying the game so far, dollface? Can't wait to see you lose. It's going to be fun when you put 2 and 2 together. If you can even manage that by the end. Either way, enjoy becoming everything you hate.

"Anything the matter, Mr Dusk?" Daxter Bryce asked as he re-appeared. "We were almost worried you'd left early. You wouldn't be the first to skip out on the Brain Drain. It can be rather scary."

"I'm no, *like*, fucking coward," Noah said, puffing out his chest and accidentally emphasising his nascent breasts.

"I can see that. You're practically beaming the headlights of courage at me, so to speak. Now, get ready. We're about to go back on."

Noah took his stance, even as the five beauties emerged, this time in incredibly tight-looking fitness outfits, the kind that basically consisted of short yoga pants and sports bras that somehow functioned as sexy pushup bras as well. He wolf-whistled at a few of them, but they just giggled amongst themselves. He overheard some of their comments just before the music played for their next segment.

"Starting to look like another member of the band, right girls?" Indigo asked.

"I super hope he ends up even bigger than me," Mandy said. "That'd be, like, soooooo hot."

"My Bryce is looking for the perfect one. I bet he'll fit the bill if he totally crashes."

Noah frowned, but his higher reasoning was starting to suffer, and his attention wandered to Daxter.

"Um, sorry, what did you just say?"

Daxter laughed, as did the creepy masked audience. "I was going to ask how good you are, Mr Dusk, when it came to dealing with balls."

"B-balls?" he asked. For reasons he couldn't imagine, flashes of men's testes and cocks came over his mind. It was a brief flash, but it shocked him enough to gape visibly. The weirdest part had been that the images had seemed almost . . . nice. Tantalising.

"I mean basketballs, of course!" Daxter corrected, leaving Noah to actually laugh. Well, it was more of a giggle now.

"Oh, yes, I knew that. Obviously."

"Of course, the reason we ask you this is because you have repeatedly stated on EyeChat and in various interviews that you were a basketball champion back in college, well out-playing your taller and, I quote, 'barbarian-minded' colleagues. And yet we haven't been able to find any evidence of this, nor has anyone in the audience. So we thought we'd test your ball skills right now as you face off against a college player and try to get a shot in!"

Something immediately chilled in Noah's shortened spine, and it only made him feel that little bit more short. He swallowed, scratched the back of his head where his longer hair was trailing against the nape of his neck. There was something odd about that, but he couldn't quite place it.

"Oh, well, it's all fact if you look hard enough. I just, *like*, *totally* covered up a lot to stop other people online doxxing my, uh, competitors and peers. Yeah, that makes sense, *like*, right?"

"I'm sure it does, are you ready to take on the challenge?"

Noah looked to the masked audience. There was something familiar about the build of a few of them. Some noticeable hairstyles behind the masks too. But each was looking, judging. And if the world saw him back down now . . .

“*Like*, obviously!” he said, placing his hands on his slightly extended hips.

“Fantastic! Then let’s begin right now!”

“Wha - right now?”

The walls of the building slid about, and a new section opened to reveal an entirely prepared third of a basketball court, incorporating the three point line and basket, as if to simulate a player in an endgame. Below the basket was a player who couldn’t have been older than eighteen or so. Most humiliating of all, the player was *female*, and seemed to be from his old college to judge from the jersey she wore. She smirked at him, gesturing for him to take her on.

“You have three minutes to change into your own jersey and shorts in this room, Mr Dusk!” Dexter announced. “Now go, the clock is ticking, and soon your court-time begins! And for each attempt you fail, let’s just say you’ll be weighted down by your own basketballs, ha!”

Noah left the snickering crowd behind. He was already regretting his decision to come on this show, but the sight of Mandy pretending to work out with dainty little dumb bells was enough to at least make him decide to see it through to it’s end.

“I’m going to, like, buy them out after this,” he muttered to himself, not even realising that a slight sway had entered his step. He quickly got changed into the jersey provided, not even noticing that it was a female jersey.

The music pumped louder, sounding more like a sports beat, a poor rip off of the class Rocky tune *Eye of the Tiger*.

“Let’s see if you can score some hoops!” Dexter declared, and a cheer rose up, including from the women.

“Aww, why didn’t we get to keep cheerleading outfits for this bit?” Mandy whined, working her biceps.

“Well ladies, that’s a good question - why don’t we get them some pom poms and let the ladies dance? All the better do distract our star basketball player, if your own basketballs are bouncing on those fine chests!”

Noah did his best to avoid distraction, because he *needed* to prove himself here.

“And the countdown . . . begins!”

Five minutes appeared on the board timer, and Noah quickly grabbed a ball from the large stack beside him. He dribbled as best as he could, fumbling slightly, but the moment he got close to try and shoot the other player dashed forward and easily smacked it out of his hand.

“Oooh, that’s one failure! Brain Drain time!”

A smaller device, this one much more mobile and travelling along several rail-lines hanging from the ceiling, quickly shifted into position over him.

“*Like*, no fair! That was just practice!”

But the machine didn’t care, and the next *ZAP* followed, causing the man to shake and moan with even greater bliss than he’d come to expect. Another few IQ points were lost, but the machine also made it harder for the tech bro to realise his changes were occurring, right when he was starting to get a strange sense something was wrong. His face became even softer and cuter, his nose becoming button-cute, in fact. But given the nature of the game and the commentator’s focus on *balls*, it was various *rounded* body parts that took greater precedence.

“Ahhh, f-fuck! *Like*, I can’t play if you’re going to - mmh!”

His butt swelled, as did his chest, giving him firmer and rounder B-cups. They were still modest in size, but now they were undeniably womanly breasts, just like his behind was getting a very feminine softness.

“Four minutes!” Daxter reminded him..

“Shit!”

Noah tried again, and this time got much closer to the hoop. Unfortunately, the other player was good, and when he launched the shot they managed to intercept it, smacking the ball off the court.

“Oh dear, another Brain Drain! Lap it up folks, it’s what you’re here for!”

Another buzz, and this time Noah’s manhood was affected. His own balls shrank to match his poor game, reducing in size and taking his member with them. Despite his nerdery, he’d always been smug about his larger-than-average blessing down there, but now it was on the smaller side of average. His hips expanded subtly, and his chest just a little too. His rear, on the other hand, became noticeably tighter against the shorts.

“I’m just, like, getting started!” he whined to the audience. “I’m just testing her!”

He advanced again, dribbling with a new tactic. This time he managed to take the player by surprise and bypass her. He leapt up, lifting his arm and hurtling the ball . . .
. . . which bounced off the board and just barely missed the net.

“Fuck!” he said, cringing.

“That’s okay, let’s pipe some air into those curves!”

“What? What does that, like, even m-”

But the lightning was already descending, and the bliss once more came over Noah Dusk. It was infuriating just how lovely it felt, like his erogenous nerves were being stimulated to the Nth degree. Even his nipples felt strangely electric, far more sensitive than they should have been. His ass was the same, and without thinking he pressed his

now-dainty hands upon each cheek, massaging the soreness that accompanied their newest growth. He wasn't far off from being the proud owner of a peachy bubblebutt, the kind he obsessed over in his secretaries and assistants.

"Sh-shiiiiit!" he groaned, almost salivating. For a brief moment, he imagined a powerful, *manly* hand squeezing that ass in a possessive manner, and it made him intoxicated with lust in a way that not even Mandy's lovely figure had inspired.

"Just one more minute remaining, Noah! There's still time to prove your credentials! The audience is watching, remember!"

Noah bawled his little fists. He had to push blonde locks out of his vision, and for reasons he couldn't quite figure out this left the audience laughing and jeering.

"Shut up!" he spat in his higher voice, now losing his cool. "You're throwing me off my game. I was, like, totally an alpha back in the day, I'm just . . . I have a cold, okay? It's super hurting me and stuff!"

Even the other player, who had been quite professional up until this point, found it hard not to smirk. That just triggered Noah's temper. None of this was right. It wasn't tidy. It wasn't *neat*. He had this whole PR appearance planned out to a T, all ornate and organised just the way it was meant to be, with hot women meant to surround him as the world took in his genius. And now it was all falling apart!

He grumbled, making a sound more like an animal than a man, and shot forth. His centre of gravity was lower than it used to be though, so when he bypassed the player and got to the net he somehow suffered his most embarrassing loss yet: he actually stumbled over, his tits wobbling freely and without a bra, and yelled in a high, feminised voice as he careened off of the court and straight onto his stomach.

"Ow! Time out! Time out!" he cried, rubbing his chest as he got up. His two boobs were painfully sore from the pressure of falling straight on them, and he was wincing as Dexter stepped forward, held up the other player's hand, and declared her the winner. The music rose in a celebratory fashion, before switching to a sad saxophone as the cameras shifted to the humiliated and greatly confused Noah.

"My chest . . . I don't understand. And my hair . . ."

Dexter strode forth, taking Noah gently by the shoulder and leading him back to the main game show room. The tech bro usually took the lead in such manners, never wanting to look submissive, but now that his mind had made him more pliant, he actually allowed Dexter to gingerly nudge him forward, even comfort him with his touch.

"It's not possible . . . like, something's wrong."

"Wrong alright!" Dexter announced. "You managed to get a grand whopping total of nought, nay, nada, nothing, nil, zero, zip, zilch, and bupkis!"

A rosy flush came over Noahs' now-cute cheeks as he tried and failed to save face. She shook his head, feeling somewhat groggy, and it made the loose and wavy platinum curls shake around his face, framing it rather wonderfully. It also made him aware that something weird was going on.

"But there's a chance to earn it all back, Miss Dusk. Sorry, I meant, *Mr* Dusk! You just have to answer a single question to mark the end of this segment. Get it right, and we'll undrain that brain!"

The crowd booed this prospect. Noah himself was concentrating deeply, trying to force out the distractions even as the five blonde beauties returned to give him a good luck kiss upon the cheek.

"Best of luck, dear!"

"You're doing great, honey!"

"But if you fail, there's a lovely new chic look in it for you!"

"A gorgeous dress!"

"Not that you'll have to wear it long if things go well . . . or poorly!"

Noah was briefly confused until Mandy herself brought forth a very revealing looking white cocktail dress, holding it out in her hands. It was the kind with a plunging neckline and a *very* short skirt, the hem of which would barely go past the wearer's upper thighs. It even had holes in the sides to show off one's waist, and it somehow had an open back, making it appear like it had more holes than it did actual covering material!

"You can't, *like*, expect me to wear *that!*?"

"Only if you fail the question, my dear," Dexter said, and the words 'my dear' made Noah shiver, courtesy of his reprogrammed brain. "If you get it right, perhaps your current trajectory will be averted!"

Noah slowly placed his hands upon his chest, and for the first time *truly* realised what was situated there. A pair of breasts. Knockers. Boobs. *Tits*. Not particularly large, but certainly round and pert enough to make an obvious outline, and to provide the right amount of cleavage were he to don a bra . . . or a white dress with inbuilt support.

"Oh - oh God, you can't be, *like*, serious. Why do I have - my hips!"

He gazed down at his widened hips, lowered one hand to his ass to feel its larger cheeks. As with his breasts, the skin and flesh there was eerily sensitive, making him groan involuntarily, much to his embarrassment.

"My chest hair is g-gone. And my legs - my voice! Why do I have blonde hair? Why is it, *like*, totes so long? And why am I speaking like a super duper valley girl? What have you d-done to me!?"

Tears formed in the corners of Noah's eyes, a well of emotion pooling so much more easily thanks to the increasingly large amount of estrogen in his system. He looked to Dexter

Bryce, horrified not only by how strangely handsome the man was looking, but also how much taller. Surely that hadn't always been the case?

"You - you've changed me! You're all changing me! Get me out of here! I demand it! This is, like, a crime or whatever!"

He sounded petulant and pathetic, he knew, especially with his increasingly light, bubbly tone. His breasts jiggled with each exaggerated movement, and even those movements seemed more natural, like those of a prissy naive woman.

Daxter just grinned though, and the titters that ran through the crowd was like a chorus of approval for Noah's current state. He looked around but couldn't spot Vickie anywhere; his assistant was nowhere to be seen.

"Stop laughing! This isn't fair! I don't understand what, like, you're doing to me!"

Daxter intervened. "That's a mystery for you to solve, if your brain doesn't get too drained!"

But Noah kept cupping his breasts, in awe of them, feeling their sensitivity, the way his nipples sent little jolts of pleasure through his chest.

"No, it's not just that. It's, like, almost like you're not just making me dumber or something, but turning me into a wo-"

"NEEEEEEXXXXXT QUESTION!"

Noah bolted upright, his near-epiphany cancelled by Daxter's presentation.

"Miss Dusk," he said, wagging his eyebrows to the audience, "this is a greatly significant question. Think of it as a way to reflect on your success as the creator of EyeChat as well as your own morality. Here we are: when you were testing the first functional use of the EyeChat messaging feature, you sent a message to your partner Eddie Tabot. What was the content of that message?"

Noah sweated. This was important. It was *huge*. Hell, it was even famous, but also controversial, wasn't it? Something that he'd tried to cover up later, but also let his fans know about . . .

"Ummm," he murmured noncommittally. It was *crucial* that he got this right. "I remember this was really big. Something about a woman. Mhmm . . . a hot one?"

Daxter smirked. "It could be. You'll need to be more specific than that."

"Umm . . . oh God. This is, like, way harder than I thought it would be. I know I know this. I really do! Umm . . . I've got it! The message was: *Did you see Stacy Walker today? I bet I could give her boyfriend a great blowjob!*"

The moment she'd blurted out the answer, her eyes widened in horror and confusion.

"I mean, no! It was, *I bet she would give great blowjobs!*"

But the '*Wrong Answer*' klaxon was already playing, and Daxter wearing a beaming smile from ear to ear.

“I’m sorry, Noelle, but there’s just no prize for second place, or for a second answer! You’re going to have to suffer our biggest Brain Drain yet, *and* sport a new style with that lovely change of clothes that Mandy is wearing!”

The epiphany returned to Noah just in time, or perhaps not just in time enough. The increasingly bimbo-ish man saw what was happening, what *had* happened: the growing breasts, the increasing curves, the shortening stature, the softening skin, the beautifying face. The various mirrored surfaces and the image of his own self on the large screen allowed him to see it all.

“N-no,” he murmured. “I’m becoming a total hottie! You can’t-”

He barely got a single step, because the Brain Drainer hit him, and this time it hit him *hard*. The lightning was not its typical blue this time, instead it was a volatile violet that crackled with darker purple hues. Dexter literally leapt back, as did the women who were mock-shocked at the outcome. They squealed, half-giggling in a sheepish manner as the forks leapt and danced and descended upon Noah in an instant. The smug tech bro raised his hands, trying to somehow deflect the inevitable, but he might as well have been trying to hold back a collapsing dam.

His brain was immediately overloaded, his remaining ability to see through to what the game was *really* doing to him disintegrating almost entirely. His IQ was also in freefall, leaving the former tech whiz (thief of others’ hard work though he may be) unable to understand even the simplest lines of code, let alone the structure and vision of a multinational company on the cutting edge of tech development.

But this time the Brain Drain didn’t just *take*, it also *gave*. The sour, dour, and petty personality of Noah Dusk was tweaked and reworked. The device altered his neurons, making his mind practically *addicted* to pleasing others, though it would take a little time for that alteration to set in. Instead of pride in his work and power, his mind now prioritised pride in his appearance and natural looks. A bubblyness emerged, a sort of giddy energy that filled the void that was his fallen intellect, making the feminised man see humour in everything ranging from awkward interactions, lustful flirting, and even the lamest of jokes. More than that, his libido was turned up, and by quite the dial at that. Noah Dusk had always been quite the sex pest, especially when it came to his close female employees, but now the things, people, and situations that enticed and aroused him transformed, taking on new significance. Noah moaned as dozens of images of himself dressing in tight, form-fitting outfits swirled in his mind. The very notion of ‘showing off’ his bod and displaying as much skin as possible made his enlarged nipples expand further, and the idea of women - no, *men!* - lusting after him and checking out his curves and soft skin had him almost salivating once more.

“Oh f-fuck! It’s, like, changing my brain and stuff!” the womanising man cried, feeling over himself, especially his pulsing breasts. “I need to, like, get these clothes off! Someone help me!”

But no one was moving until the Brain Drain blast was finished, and it left Noah moaned and writhing spectacularly before the cheering crowd, all of whom cried out at this point in different ways.

“Check out those growing tits!”

“Finally, we get to the good stuff!”

“Take that, Noah! You always were a bitch - time to be a bimbo too!”

“Comment on my pussy? Grow one yourself then!”

Despite the suspicious wording of these comments, and the eerily familiar voices who made them, Noah simply couldn’t concentrate on that. He was already tearing at his shirt and prying loose the buttons, trying to reveal his oiled up body beneath. This coincided with the physical changes that began to manifest. To the audience’s appreciation, the most obvious result was a great boon to Noah’s boobs, which swelled outwards, gaining more and more mass from his shrinking body. He cupped them, fondling his nipples even as he tried to remove the shirt he’d been given, the mix of sporty sweat and massage oil making the act slippery and sexy. It was only when his breasts surged forth, extending past an already sizeable C-cup and reaching dynamite D-cups, that he managed to literally *rip* open the front, aided, no doubt, by the strain caused by his blossoming bustline.

“Yessss, it’s soooooo fucking hot! It’s got me feeling soooooo wet!”

Wet? Why the hell would she be feeling wet? It made no sense, but -

But the pleasure was rising.

But her ass was swelling.

But her legs were becoming shapely and perfect.

But her hips were spreading even as her waist was thinning

But she was thinking of herself as a *she*.

“No!” Noah cried, hurtling towards womanhood. “My dick! You can’t take my - mmph! Yessss! Ohhhhh, why is it making me so fucking totally horny!”

Daxter laughed, as did the rest of the women surrounding him. “Because that’s the way the game is played, darling! From Mr Noah Dusk to *Miss Noelle* . . . something, I’m sure we can make a suitably appropriate name for your bimbo-like future.

“N-no! I’m not meant to be - ahhhh! Oh God, my hips! I need them to be wider! I want them to be a real pair of childbearing hips! Like, super sexy so men just want to get me pregnant!”

Her bright blue eyes went wide at *that*. Just what the hell was she even saying? But it seemed so appropriate! And the thought of a man inside her pussy - God, she needed a

pussy so fucking bad. So fucking, fucking, fucking bad! And that word - *fucking* - God, it turned her own. She could be fucked by any man. She could be *owned*. She could even be Dexter's: his manly stache and impressive upper body was looking so hot right now.

"We're up to the final round, *Noelle*," Dexter called out, even as Noelle's bust extended to full Double-D's. "And it's so appropriate that it's our *lightning* round. Quick, you better get into costume! Let's show off that new bod of yours! Girls, can you get Noelle here dressed?"

The Brain Drainer turned off, leaving the new *Noelle* looking almost entirely a woman, were it not the manhood between her thighs, shrunken and pathetic. The five blondes immediately circled around Noelle, tearing at the rest of her clothing, freeing her breasts fully from her torn top. Soon the white dress was being pulled over Noelle's form. She couldn't even protest; didn't it look marvellous, after all? It fit her proportions wonderfully, though a small part of her wished to be busting out of it, rather than simply fitting into it. Regardless, her large new boobs, curvy hourglass figure, and peachy rear were all finely displayed. Along with her platinum blonde hair, which now extended down to her lower shoulders, she looked like sex on legs.

"Just a quick little adjustment, darl," Mandy said, applying some ruby red lipstick to Noelle. The others got to work with rapidfire eyeshadow and foundation, working on her hair quickly, and the ultimate result was displayed on every screen in the room.

"I'm - I'm - oh God, I'm, like, a total woman! A real hottie!"

"That you are!" Dexter said, "but worry not, there's a small chance of returning to your former douchebag male self, though I'm sure our audience won't like that!"

The resulting jeers made Noelle actually feel . . . bad. Almost hopeful to not win.

"Now, this is the lightning round. Every wrong answer - and I need your reduced mind to understand this - will result in you getting dumber and hornier and all the more submissive, as well as making your body even more delicious."

Noelle blinked. "Like, my boobies will get even bigger?"

"That they will!"

"Gosh, wow!" she said. She bit her lip, trying to keep her mind on the insanity of the situation, rather than how handsome Dexter was. She was starting to bet that he was packing a really big gun down there. A shame she didn't have a pussy to holster it in . . .

Wait, what was she thinking? Everything was becoming so blurry. She giggled in response, feelish sheepish and silly, and took to posing with her chest out a little to try and make up for any social shortcomings.

"Well," Dexter said, whistling in an exaggeration fashion, "perhaps she won't even *want* to change back, folks! But first let's see if she even *can*. Okay, lightning round beginning. There's just ten questions, Noelle, and each failure gets another hit of our

transformative Brain Drain. Each success brings you closer back to your original self.

Feeling confident?"

"Umm, no?" she said, unable to stop herself giggling again. It made her bosom wobble, and some audience members whistled, imitating the host. That just made her giggle some more.

"Too bad, because it's happening anyway. These are mostly just trivia questions, lots of general knowledge to test that little brain of yours. Here. We. Go!"

The music rose, the lightning turning dark and dramatic as it centred on her fine form.

"Okay, question one: How old were you when you first invented EyeChat?"

"I was . . . uh, twenty one?"

"Incorrect! I'm afraid you were twenty! A young genius - well, *former* genius."

The Brain Drain whirred up, and she squealed in delight, clutching her luscious form as it hit her. Her breasts grew further, becoming ripe E-cups that were like prominent cantaloupes on her chest. Her hips likewise expanded, and her ass became something you could bounce a quarter off.

"Ohhhhhh, yessss! M-more!"

The effect ended, much to her disappointment.

"Sorry, next question! In which continent is Mongolia?"

"Um . . . Africa?" she asked, tapping a dainty finger against her full red lips.

The Brain Drain hit her again, this time making her face even more lovely, her jaw softening until she had a perfect heart shaped face.

"The Olympics are held every leap . . . what?"

"Four years!"

That got laughter, which made her giggle and pose again.

"Correct . . . but not the answer we were looking for! Drain that brain!"

More lightning crackles, and this time her hair became shiny and wavy, looking as lustrous as a shampoo commercial. Her eyebrows shifted, becoming more defined, but also giving her a much more naive expression.

"Question four: What is twelve times twelve?"

"Oh, I know this!" she said, bouncing on the spot and nearly causing her to bust out of her white dress. "It's - um - I know this, it's . . ."

"Only five seconds left on the countdown, darling!"

She blushed a deep red. "No! I know this, it's, um, it's -"

The buzzer rang, sounding like an emergency klaxon for dramatic effect. Dexter Brycer swept his arms out while she held herself with embarrassment.

"Out of time! Start it up again, boys!"

This time she moaned even louder, the machine dialling up her lust. Her manhood shrunk even further, almost to the point of nonexistence. Her ass, already big, inflated yet more. She was left squeezing her breasts together, fondling herself without shame.

Daxter waited for her to stop, and when that didn't happen, he snapped his fingers, getting her attention. "Question five: what does a male lion have around its head that a female doesn't?"

"A penis!"

The audience *cackled*.

"Around its *neck*, Noelle."

She bit her lip. "Oh, sorry. I was . . . thinking of penises."

"Well, let's take away yours!"

The next jolt reduced it in size, as did question seven and then question eight practically erased it all together. Each time Noelle cried out in lust and arousal, her body becoming even more curvaceous and libidinous, her figure straining the tight, scandalous dress in all the right places. She couldn't name the country Paris was in, nor the name for a boat that travels underwater, or even the current President! The wrong answers filled her with shame, but at the same time she was just getting hornier and hornier and sexier and sexier. Her voice changed, becoming a breathy, sultry sound that would have been right at home in a noir film with a feature femme fatale. She began creeping closer to Daxter, staring up at him, *wanting* him despite herself.

"Second last question: it's not too late to reclaim yourself, Noelle. This one is a bit more personal. Everyone knows you're someone who is obsessed over being neat and tidy and on top of your finances. So . . . what is your approximate net worth as of this morning?"

Noelle felt a strange inkling, a connection to the person she was meant to be. But it was like looking through a foggy mirror, one that could not be cleared.

"Uhh . . . two trillion dollars?"

"You wish!"

The next jolt from the mini-Brain Drainer was the best one yet. It electrified her nethers, and to her purest ecstasy she felt them invert and pull up inside of herself. Something bloomed within her, and despite her stupidity even she could recognise that she'd just grown a uterus. Her passage opened, so alien and yet so wonderful, already slick with fluidic arousal.

"Mhmmmm! Yesssss," she moaned. She lowered a hand to rub herself, leaving the audience to cheer and clap loudly.

"How do you feel, Noelle?" Daxter asked, clearly amused by all of this.

She continued to slide her fingers over her crotch, pressing through the dress, savouring every tantalising solicitation of bliss. “Gawd, I feel like a totally hot bimbo, Mr Bryce. My boobies are soooooo big, and my pussy is soooooo wet.”

Daxter was even taken a little off guard by this: she could see that his member was hardening in his pants, and he had to adjust himself awkwardly. It only made her hungry to taste that cock, especially now she could take it within her properly.

“Well, if you feel that way, perhaps the last question might be a breeze for you. Or it might be the hardest one you’ve ever faced. You see, this has all been arranged in advance, Noelle. A number of your ex-employees, assistants, former ‘friends’ and rivals, all of whom you screwed over - and not in the fun way either - came to us to organise a way to get you on this show and give you your just desserts. If our audience could kindly remove their masks?”

They did, and Noelle felt an eerie sense of knowing them, and yet couldn’t quite piece it together.

“This is Jennifer, a former assistant,” Daxter said. “She was the one who first pushed this, alongside Eddie here.” A young, blonde-haired man waved with a smirk on his face. “There’s also Vickie, your current assistant. There’s Robert, a former partner, and so many more besides.”

“Um, hi?” Noelle asked, starting to remember, though only bits.

“So our final question of the night, Noelle, is the one that can return you to normal, or leave you as the newest gal for Brain Drain - and, frankly, a girl I’d like to get to know myself. That question is this: what do you think these people want you to say to them to get yourself changed back?”

Noelle thought deeply. No, that’s not right. She thought shallowly, but to the greatest depth she could imagine. Which wasn’t, of course, very much. After an awkward twenty seconds, she hit a eureka moment.

“Um, like, maybe they want me to ask them if we can have sex?” she announced.

The klaxon sounded, this time more dramatically than ever before. Noelle, cringed: she’d definitely gotten that answer wrong. Yes, that was the word, *wrong*. She’d wronged these people, right?

“Oh. Em. Gee. I’m, like, such a total idiot! I was meant to, like, totally say sorry, is that right?”

The approving cheers from the group, especially from Jennifer and Eddie, made that answer more than clear.

“Well, I’m afraid it’s too late now, Noelle,” Daxter said, placing an arm around her waist and making her almost whimper from his touch. “Because you not only cratered your

way to failure, but somehow managed to get the lowest score in our entire game show's history."

The crowd laughed, and Noelle found herself laughing with them. She raised a fist and hopped a little, causing her massive jugs - easily F or even G-cups now - to wobble heavily in her dress, almost splitting the seams open.

"Like, hell yeah!" she cried. "Super duper high score, right!?"

Daxter had to blink at the sight of her massive bosom nearly coming out.

"Well, as you may recall - though perhaps not given your new bimbo brain - at the end of a failed *Brain Drain* contestant's run, we often have a punishment. Ladies, would you mind taking Noelle away to prep her, because after such a woeful performance and with such an incredible body to go with that pea brain, it's time to put you in the Skank Tank!"

Noelle giggled and smiled sheepishly as the women surrounded her, pulling her to a side room and removing her dress. Her monster mammaries were unleashed, heavy and bouncing and *full*, just ripe for the touch. Mandy noted this.

"Gawd, she's even bigger than me!"

"Way bigger than you, Mandy," Faye said. "And better hips than all of us, too!"

"I bet Mr Bryce will enjoy you, Noelle!"

Such a comment only made her beam, and she beamed even more when she was led back out to the main room, wearing a tight white shirt with the word *Bimbo Brain* on it in bright pink lettering. For her lower half, there was only a lacy set of sexy lingerie underwear. It felt . . . right. The opposing wall rotated, revealing a large tank filled with water, and a little board over it, much like a diving board.

"Um, what's that?"

"One final punishment dear."

"Oh, no!"

Daxter kissed her on the cheek, his fingers brushing over her ass. "Go on up, I'll make it worth your while later."

Her natural submission hit her, and she quickly manoeuvred up the ladder, heavy bosom swinging. Indigo directed her to sit over the water while Daxter addressed the crowd.

"Okay, everyone! Noah Dusk has been humbled, humiliated, bimbofied and brain-drained. Now she's a horny, busty blonde, just like she liked them in life. Is everything neat and tidy, just like Noah would have wanted? Or do we still have one last job to do?"

"One last job!" cried Jennifer.

"Wet T-shirt time!" Eddie shouted.

"Then everyone, hit your buzzers if you want to see her dunked in the tank!"

The large screen displayed the counter. Noelle watched in awe as one by one, in rapid succession, every single person sitting in the audience, without fail, indicated that they wanted her to be dunked.

“Wowee!” she remarked, bright blue eyes wide with awe. “They must really like m-EEE!!”

The board collapsed, and she fell into the water. The crowd erupted, and then again as she staggered out with Faye and Mandy’s help. True to expectation, her massive tits and perfect figure were now hugged skintight by the wet t-shirt, her cleavage easily visible through the now-transparent white fabric. She laughed as she strode back to Dexter, soaking wet and looking all the more amazing because of it. Her nipples were clearly outlined against the shirt material, and she looked like an image right out of a Playboy classic as she adjusted her wet hair, subconsciously thrusting out her big wet tits and her rear at the same time.

“Now *that’s* a winner of a wet t-shirt contest!” Dexter declared. “Here, there, and anywhere! Are we all happy with our contestant?”

“Yes!”

“Woohoo!”

“Serves her right!”

“Leave her that way!”

Noelle giggled, not quite understanding all that was going on, but too horny to care. When Dexter placed his hand around his waist he also gave her perfect butt a slap, and it only made her moan with desire.

“That’s all we’ve got time for tonight, folks! But I’m sure Noelle here will be making plenty more appearances alongside our other girls. For now though, I think she needs some *breaking in*, if you know what I mean!”

The crowd cheered, and the music gave a triumphal ending to the show as Dexter led her away. Noelle clung to him, pressing her chest against his side and letting him enjoy the sight of her wet breasts.

“Um, like, where are we going now, Mr Bryce?” she asked.

“That’s up to you, my dear. We can either get you back to your jet and send you home . . . or you can come back to my office, and I can show you what being a woman is *really* like.”

She bit her lip, unable to prevent yet another moan escaping.

“Oh please, please, please the second one! I really need you to fuck me! I want to be yours, Mr Bryce, and I want you to put your big, hard dick inside my wet pussy.”

Dexter grinned. “Well, I’d say we better get there soon then. And don’t worry; I always keep my office clean, just for this kind of occasion.”

Noelle practically *ran* with him. Her pussy was hungry, and it needed filling. In fact, she got the sense that it would need filling a lot tonight, and probably every morning, day, and night after.

It was two months later, and Noelle was doing what she often did best: giving Mr Bryce a really, *really* hot BJ. She just couldn't resist how fucking hot it was to suck her boss, master, and lover off. Something about being down on her knees as he loomed over her just made her feel so fucking submissive, and even better because of how large his cock was. She took his member deep into her mouth, practically deep-throating him, and with each grunt of pleasure from the man she felt little dopamine rushes of joy.

"F-fuck yeah, Noelle. That's the stuff right there. Keep going. Yeah, I want to cum down your throat, baby. If you get me there I'll let you *really* show off your tits during the After Dark stream. Mhmm, yeah!"

Noelle was so giddy she almost giggled, until she realised she needed to focus on her master and his pleasure. She took him even deeper, stroking his cock with her hand expertly. She pressed her voluptuous body against his leg, even cupping her breasts to squeeze his fat cock between her tits, rubbing them together as she raised their massive G-cup heft. God, she loved being so stacked. Sometimes she remembered a time when she wasn't so stacked, when she was a man or something, and it totally grossed her out. Even worse that she was a nerd or geek or both, as Mr Bryce put it. Ugh, thinking! Way better to have no worries or cares in the world beyond looking super pretty and having all the hot sex her lusty busty body needed. And making sure every whim of Mr Bryce's was met, of course.

"N-nearly there, baby doll. God, you really did turn out to be the best Brain Drain result yet."

He lowered a hand and gripped her hair tightly. Noelle vaguely recalled liking to do that with her secretaries and assistants back when she'd been -

The thought left her as he gripped even tighter, making her moan even as she cupped his balls and played with them gently. She could feel his cock pulsing, getting ready to release, and the thought of waiting even a second longer than necessary to drink his cum was just pure agony for the bimbo assistant.

"It's funny," Mr Bryce said, his voice dipping a little into its expositional presenter mode. "You were chosen to be our ultimate test, Noelle. Ahh! Oh God, I love a good titty fuck while you suck me off, don't stop. Anyway, we knew we needed something to take us to the stratosphere, and here you were wanting to come onto our show after an entire *hate group* formed a plan to manipulate you to that point. God, we'd never seen such a desire for the

mighty to fall, and that's what our little show is all about. It's - mmhm! Fuck! Slow down a moment, I want to f-finish before I blow this load down your throat. We had assistants, former partners, fired employees and so on all bringing out the knives. That Jennifer was the one who formed the tip of the spear - oohh - of course, along with Eddie Tabot. And then you blew expectations out of the water - ahhh, different kind of 'blew', my dear, but don't s-stop - by getting the lowest score in history. I intended for you to be thrown out into the world, but I just can't resist having you as my sexy assistant. Who knows, maybe I'll make you my trophy wife in the future? You'd like that, wouldn't you? To be my bimbo darling trophy wife, always submissive and dutiful to me, and always on set to look positively scandalous?"

Noelle nodded eagerly even as she gulped down on his cock. She didn't understand everything or even *most* of what was being said, but the combination of Mr Bryce's approving baritone voice and the phrase 'bimbo darling trophy wife' in reference to her was enough to get her hot and heavy, and so she began to rub her own pussy even as she stroked the stem of her master's hard dick. It was purest ecstasy, particularly since they were doing it in his office with the door unlocked. *Anyone* could walk in, and *anyone* could see just how completely loyal she was, how completely *dominant* he was, and how much her bimbo ways pleased him.

"You can't know just how perfect it is that you've ended up as total - NGH! Ahhhh!!!"

He came. She knew he would. She was a perfect sexual creature, and she could feel his balls tighten in her hand, his huge penis throb in her mouth. She gave one last massage of those balls, willing them to expend every last drop of seed, and they seemingly complied, because an enormous spurt of hot, salty semen shot into her mouth and half down her throat, followed by another, then another. It was utterly delicious, and as she rubbed her wet pussy she too came, moaning insatiably as he continued to spurt his cum and she continued to drink it down eagerly. He clenched her platinum hair tightly, even bending down a little so that he could palm her colossal left tit. It only made her own orgasms stronger.

Finally, when she had sucked him dry, she withdrew just a little, lapping at his penishead to make sure he was totally clean and her own belly totally satisfied.

"Did you like that, Mr Bryce?" she asked. "Was that good for you?"

"Absolutely, Mr Bryce! You know I love taking care of you! It's like I'm . . . cleaning you up. Getting rid of all your, like, tension. It's totes the best. I wanna keep being your sexy thing forever, even if you never make me your trophy wife, though it sounds soooooo hot and perfect!"

The online game show host grinned in a knowing way. God, she admired his intelligence. It was all so beyond her, how he managed with it, when all she had to do was wear sexy skimpy things - preferably in hot pink - and show as many people as possible her perfect cleavage and sexy body when the cameras started rolling. That, and make sure Mr

Bryce's office was ornate, of course. It was surprising how blissful that part made her. It was like making everything tidy and neat before letting him take her in all manner of positions was an echo of a previous life.

"Well, my dear, perhaps we will be married, who knows? It's not like there's any other creature out there as lovely, lustful, or utterly *loyal* as you. And it's not like you'd ever cheat on me, or try to turn on me as, say, a tech mogul would. No, you're free from the bane of intelligence now, and you let your body and desires speak for themselves."

"Um, like, totally! I think . . . was that, like, a compliment, right? About my big, round, juicy tits?"

Daxter Bryce chuckled. He motioned for Noelle to stand, and he pulled her towards him, cupping her divine breasts and making her moan with pleasure. She was wearing a very, very form-fitting pink dress, one that effectively looked like a two-piece outfit, showing off her flat midriff while the dip at the top made it appear like her massive tits were about to spill out at any second. She loved how he played with her tits, and even more when he sucked on them. And yet-

"Oh!" she cried. "S-sorry, they're s-so sore lately!"

Daxter Bryce tucked his member back in his pants and buckled up his belt, much to Noelle's clear disappointment.

"Sore, huh? Well, they do look a bit bigger, wouldn't you say? They were practically *bulging* out of that cute silky white number you wore on last week's show. You know, the one where you kept distracting that corrupt media mogul until he ended up so brain drained he was giving all his cash away for charity?"

Noelle beamed. She *had* looked very sexy. Positively fuckable. Daxter had made her moan endlessly that night, and some girl named Vickie and her friend Jennifer had even made comments about how 'cute' and 'lady-like' she now was. Their comments had made her all gooey inside.

"You're right, I was, like, suuuuuper hot that night. I thought it was just the dress, but my big juicy titties are, like, too big for this bra. I'm meant to be a G-cup, but now they're totes the size of my head! And so sensitive!"

She let Daxter feel them some more, though he was softer this time.

"Any other strange feelings you've been having?" he asked, quizzing her just like he had a few months ago when the change had first occurred.

She thought, putting her finger in her mouth in her kittenish way. "Mhmm . . . I've been, like, pretty tired lately. And I swear the catering here is, like, so much worse lately, because I totes threw up my breakfast roll the other day, and that's meant to be super good for my figure!"

Noelle gestured to the perfect hourglass she possessed, though a lone hand traced over her stomach. There wasn't much of a roundness to it yet, but it was certainly a little more taut and slightly convex than it should have been, at least for a man-turned-bimbo.

Daxter Bryce tried to hide his knowing grin. Instead he simply kissed his assistant and lover, then slapped her lightly on the ass, leaving her to giggle and forget where her thoughts were leading her.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about any of that, my dearest Noelle. I'm sure it's nothing, and if it is, well, let's just say I'm sure it'll be a blessing. You know I just love filling you up with my little blessings, don't you?"

"Mhmmm, I know you do," she said cheekily, stroking his body and pressing her ripe chest against him. "Are you sure you can't, like, fill me up with one more before the show comes on?"

"Oh, I'm afraid not. There'll be time for that later, my dear. For now, we should get the set ready. Do you think you could get down to the main floor and make sure everything looks spick and span for me? I'd hate for there to be any distractions when we start the newest episode. Apart from you and your divine body, of course."

She giggled. "Of course!" the unknowing pregnant bimbo replied, clinging to her man dutifully. "I'll make sure it's all neat and tidy for you, don't you worry!"

She turned and headed out, her hips swaying sensually, her bust barely contained within her tight dress. As she left her boss's office though, she couldn't help frown for a moment, remembering those words; neat and tidy. They reminded her of something in her old life, something very *male* and *powerful* and *dominant*. Something she'd lost. There were brief flashes of understanding, ones that Daxter had occasionally seen and relished when he witnessed the sudden change in his expression, usually in the aftermath of fucking her. She caught glimpses of being a man, one who was on top of the world and could have any woman he liked, who arranged everything according to his desires and could whip up a frenzy from an online crowd against anyone who ever dared talk back against him. In that moment she felt not just a profound sense of loss, but also of well deserved karma for that man, to end up in the busty, bimbo body that was hers.

But then Mandy was walking past, as was Indigo and the other girls, all in the main hall, and she hurried to meet them, breasts jiggling and hips swaying once more, her thoughts evaporating as easily as they always did now in her diminished mind.

"Hey girls! Wait up! Let's, like, talk all about how we can totally distract the contestant tonight. I hear he's, like, some kind of tech nerd, right?"

It didn't even ring a bell.

The End