

Mindwipe Island

Chapter 1: Introductions

One by one, the ten women in the room began to awaken from their slumber. Each of them was secured in a chair, their wrists and ankles tightly bound under thick metal cuffs. As each woke, the alarm in the room grew louder... All each of them could see was the row of girls to each side of them, and a large television screen on the far side of the room.

Several of the women desperately pulled at their bindings. Trying to squeeze their hands through the small gap in the stainless steel cuffs to no avail. Not until the last one awoke did the television screen flicker to life.

Quiet filled the room as a shadowy figure appeared on the screen... "Welcome, ladies." the person said, their voice distorted by some kind of filter, making it impossible to tell if the original was male or female. "I know your situation is presently uncomfortable, and I do apologize in advance for that."

"Fuck you, let us go!" one of the women shouted, though the figure on the screen seemed not to react.

"You are not here against your will." He said in a slow, calm voice "And you may leave if you desire. We ask only that you hear us out."

The same woman from before yelled again "Fuck that, if I can go let me go now!"

The figure on the screen again seemed not to have any reaction. It was unclear if they could even hear her or if they were ignoring her deliberately.

"We have a little game we would like to play. Harmless. A little... Mystery." The man explained. "The prize is a million dollars to be split among all of you."

Even the woman who had been screaming objections seemed to fall silent at that.

"While you were each under, we implanted a series of suggestions into you all." The figure explained. "These are strictly necessary for the game to commence on a fair level playing field."

The woman from before seemed to become agitated again at that. "I didn't give you permission to fuck with my head!" She screamed, along with quite a few other choice expletives...

Undeterred the figure continued. "We will elaborate on the exact rules after you have made your decision. There are two buttons, one under each of your hands. They will activate in a moment."

"Your left hand is rejection. Press it, and your bindings will be undone. You will be able to exit the room to your left and we will remove all the suggestions implanted into you."

"Your right hand is acceptance. Press it and you will be a part of this game. You will need to solve the mystery in order to win your share of one million dollars. Fail and your mind and free will are forfeit to the winner. Your life will no longer be yours to control."

The figure's tone shifted, growing both sinister and serious. "I must impress the seriousness of this. You are under no obligation to accept, but if you do... You cannot exit the game until it is complete."

"This is bullshit!" the woman from before yelled again. "How do we know you won't fuck us all over at the end anyway??"

For once, the figure in the video reacted. Turning towards the spot in the room where the voice had come from. "If we wished to enslave you all, you would have awoken as slaves. We are offering a challenge, not an ultimatum. Make your choice now."

A warmth would begin to radiate under each of the women's hands as the buttons lit up. Several moments passed before the figure spoke again. "Very good. Four of you have chosen not to participate. Please exit the room. You will be returned to where you were when we found you with two hundred dollars as an inconvenience compensation."

Four of the women slowly stood up from their chairs. Uncertainty on their faces as they slowly shuffled towards the door. As soon as the door closed behind the last of them, the man turned his attention to the remaining six women.

"I will explain the rules now. First, no violence. You have all been implanted with a trigger that will activate and prevent you from intentionally causing physical harm to any other person. Should you violate this rule and activate the trigger, you will be considered to have lost the game."

"Second," The man continued "As you pressed the button, one of you felt a small zap. That was a trigger. Whichever of you felt it now knows every trigger that has been implanted in each of you. You will be playing the role of villain for our game."

"You already understand all of the rules you must follow. For the benefit of the rest of you, however, the villain can use any triggers, suggestions, or personal skills they happen to possess to enslave you all."

"Each morning, we will have an announcement to let you know who has been enslaved. Your job each morning will be to use any clues and information you can gather to figure out which of you is the Villain. If you win, you will all be deprogrammed and split the prize money. If the villain wins, she may keep as many of you as she wishes, up to and including all of you. Good luck."

As the figure spoke those last words, the screen flicked off and the cuffs around each of the women's wrists and ankles came loose. Uncertainly, they each slowly stood from their seats, looking around at each other.

"So..." One of them spoke, a woman with shoulder length brown hair and blue eyes, slightly obscured by a pair of large round glasses. "I guess we should do introductions...?"

"No need." Another replied, a woman short red hair and light brown eyes. She was near one of the walls and looked across the rest of the group with a scowl. "Anything we know about each other is just noise. Any of us could be the villain regardless of who we were before. We should just stick together and make it impossible for the villain to win."

"I don't think that's really an option..." The first woman spoke again. "If we sit and do nothing we're just... Wasting time. Until the villain does something, we won't have any way to prove who it is."

"But I don't want to get enslaved!" A new woman spoke up, she had long blonde hair and green eyes, as well as a narrow frame. "We can't just let the villain do whatever she wants to us!"

"We're in this to win it." The redhead replied sharply, "You had your chance to chicken out. Now we have to solve this thing."

"So... About the introductions?" The brown haired woman asked again.

"Fine. I'll start." The redhead replied. "My name is Amber. I'm a small business owner. I'm here to win, and the rest of you better not drag me down with you."

"Oh... What does your business do?" The brown haired woman asked, genuine curiosity in her voice.

"Irrelevant." Amber replied, "Lets keep the noise to a minimum."

"She's dodging the question" The blonde woman shrieked. "She's hiding something!"

Amber shook her head in exasperation, putting one hand on her forehead and pausing before replying. "There's nothing to hide. Nothing about our personal lives has anything to do with who randomly got assigned to be the villain. If you really need to know... I own a record store."

"Okay..." The brown haired woman replied. "Well... My turn then. My name is Sally. I'm a librarian and I like to help with kids education. I-"

Amber scoffed, interrupting Sally's introduction. "Seriously? Come on, what's your real story."

Sally blushed, stammering for a few moments before managing to squeak out a simple "W-What...?"

"Why on earth would you agree to participate in this? You know what will happen if you lose right?"

Sally's blush deepened as she looked away. With a weak voice she slowly replied "I... Its just... A million dollars is a lot... I couldn't say no..."

Amber rolled her eyes, "I hope you're not going to be teaching MY kids. You're not getting a million, you're getting one share of a million. That's... what? A hundred and fifty thousand each?"

Sally's eyes remained averted as she replied "A hundred and sixty six thousand... And... Y-Yeah... The money would still... Be nice..."

Everyone turned to the blonde next. She looked back and forth between the others for a moment before speaking. "Well... M-My name is Jill... And... This is a bit awkward but I'm a news anchor... Some of you might actually know me already..."

"Never heard of you." Amber said tersely.

"S-Sorry, me neither..." Sally agreed.

“Oh.” Jill replied, her confidence dropping further as she realized none of the women there recognized her. “Never mind then... I... Guess that’s all...”

Next came another redhead. This one with her hair pulled up into a tight bun, though her massive breasts seemed to be her main feature. Her expression seemed no less stern than Amber’s. After stepping forward she spoke. “I’m an instructor at the local college.” she said with confidence. “I teach math so if any of you have difficulty with logic, I may be able to give you some tutoring so we can win this.”

“But what’s your name?” Jill asked.

“Oh, right. My name is Janis.” She responded, “I suppose I won’t force you all to call me professor. For now.”

A woman with long blue hair pulled back into a ponytail stepped forward next. “I am Fire Chief Susan.” She said with an authoritative tone in her voice. “I have certification to provide first aid if necessary. I just want to say, whoever the villain is, target me last. We don’t know what may happen and I should be in my right mind to render assistance if necessary.”

An audible growl could be heard from the corner of the room Amber was standing in. Fuming, she snapped at Susan as soon as the others turned to look at her. “Don’t you fucking beg for exceptions here. You’re in it just like the rest of us, no special treatment!”

Finally there was one left. Shyly, the woman with short brown hair and brown eyes spoke up. “Hello there, everyone... My name is Kathryn. I’m a housekeeper at the local college... I’ll try to stay out of your way...”

Amber stomped her foot at that. “Goddamn not another one! What. Is. Your. Deal?!?”

Kathryn stumbled back, falling back onto the chair she had previously been strapped to. “Ah! I-I’m sorry!”

Amber stormed up to her, leaning over her. “Why did little miss ‘I’ll stay out of everyone’s way’ decide to join this game? Huh???”

Kathryn whimpered weakly as she looked up at the woman looming over her. “I-I’m sorry... Its just... So much money... Its... Several years of pay...”

“So it’s all about the money.” Amber said sarcastically. “Well I don’t think you deserve a cut at all if all you’re gonna do is stay out of our way!”

“I-I’m sorry!” Kathryn said again, her voice shrill and frightened.

As these events played out on the screen of a large television sprawling across an entire wall of the bedroom, a woman with green curly hair turned away from the screen, looking over to the obscured figure laying on a bed, sandwiched between two other naked women cuddling close together.

The green haired woman gave a knowing smile before speaking. "I suppose this will be an interesting way to shake things up. After all... Ruling the world can get dull after a few decades if you don't try something new now and again... Am I right?"