

Dating Show Night



Chapter 1 — Controlled Exposure

The safehouse was quiet.

Not empty.

Not inactive.

Just... stable.

Which, in their line of work, was rare enough to feel intentional.

Ace was on the couch.

Half-sitting, half-leaning, one leg tucked under her, posture loose but not careless. Her eyes were half-lidded — not asleep, not fully engaged either.

Mai sat nearby, tablet resting against her knee, fingers moving in slow, deliberate patterns across the screen.

Shammy stood by the window.

Not looking out.

Just... there.

Listening to the air.

Balanced.

Contained.

Nothing pushing.

Nothing pulling.

For once—

No pressure.

The door opened.

Without knocking.

Of course.

“Good,” said a voice, already moving before the door fully closed. “You’re all here.”

Ace didn’t look up.

“...no.”

Mai didn’t sigh.

But it was close.

Shammy turned her head slightly.

“Jack.”

Jack Bright stepped into the room like he owned the concept of entry.

Which, in some contexts, he arguably did.

He held something under his arm.

Rectangular.

Flat.

Suspicious.

Ace’s eyes flicked up.

“...no.”

Bright smiled.

“Don’t start with that.”

“I’m finishing with it.”

Mai set her tablet aside.

“What did you bring.”

Bright dropped onto a chair like gravity was optional.

“Cultural research material.”

Ace stared at him.

“...no.”

Shammy tilted her head.

“Define.”

Bright reached over, grabbed the remote, and with a single, deliberate press—

The screen came to life.

Music.

Bright.

Overproduced.

Artificially intense.

A group of impossibly attractive people standing in a perfectly lit tropical setting.

A voiceover:

<blockquote>

“Tonight... everything changes.”

</blockquote>

Ace froze.

Just for a fraction of a second.

“...what is that.”

Bright leaned back, satisfied.

“Reality dating show.”

Silence.

Then—

“...no.”

Flat.

Immediate.

Final.

Mai’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“...why.”

“Because,” Ace said, pointing at the screen, “that is inefficient.”

Bright laughed.

“That’s the point.”

“That’s not a point.”

“That’s literally the point.”

Shammy stepped closer.

Not to the couch.

To the screen.

Watching.

Listening.

Processing.

“...they are performing attraction,” she said softly.

“Yes,” Bright replied.

“They are also performing conflict.”

“Yes.”

“And scarcity.”

“Yes.”

Shammy blinked once.

“...why.”

Bright grinned.

“Because it’s entertaining.”

Ace turned her head slowly.

“...to who.”

“Everyone.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

Mai raised a hand slightly.

“Pause.”

They both stopped.

“Explain,” she said to Bright.

Bright leaned forward slightly, eyes lighting up.

“This,” he said, gesturing at the screen, “is a controlled environment where human relationship dynamics are exaggerated for observation.”

Mai considered that.

“...you mean distorted.”

“Yes.”

“Why.”

“Because normal isn’t interesting enough.”

Shammy tilted her head.

“...incorrect.”

Bright blinked.

“...what.”

“Normal is interesting,” Shammy said calmly. “This is simplified.”

A pause.

Then—

Bright grinned wider.

“Exactly.”

Ace groaned.

“That’s worse.”

On screen—

A contestant was speaking.

<blockquote>

“I just feel like... I don’t know who I can trust anymore.”

</blockquote>

Another responded:

<blockquote>

“You need to choose.”

</blockquote>

A third:

<blockquote>

“You can’t have both.”

</blockquote>

Silence in the safehouse.

Ace stared at the screen.

Then—

“...why.”

Bright didn’t even look.

“Because that’s the premise.”

“That’s wrong.”

“That’s the show.”

“That’s wrong.”

Mai leaned forward slightly.

“They are enforcing exclusivity,” she said.

“Yes.”

“Artificially.”

“Yes.”

“Without structural necessity.”

“Yes.”

Mai leaned back.

“...that is unstable.”

Bright nodded enthusiastically.

“Exactly.”

Ace stared at him.

“...you’re enjoying this.”

“Immensely.”

Shammy’s gaze didn’t leave the screen.

“They are creating conflict to force resolution,” she said.

“Yes.”

“That is inefficient.”

“Yes.”

“That is harmful.”

Bright paused.

“...define harmful.”

Shammy tilted her head.

“They are inducing emotional instability for external observation.”

A beat.

Then—

“...that is ethically questionable.”

Bright smiled.

“That’s television.”

On screen—

The host stepped forward.

<blockquote>

“Tonight... you must choose ONE partner.”

</blockquote>

Silence.

Complete.

Ace blinked.

Once.

"...why."

Bright laughed.

"Because that's the entire show."

"That's not a reason."

"That's the premise."

"That's wrong."

Mai nodded.

"That is not structurally sound."

Bright leaned back, clearly enjoying himself.

"And yet—people watch it."

Shammy's eyes narrowed just slightly.

"...interesting."

Ace pointed at the screen.

"They are removing viable configurations."

"Yes."

"Why."

"Drama."

"That's inefficient."

"That's the point."

"That's wrong."

"That's television."

On screen—

A contestant hesitated.

<blockquote>

"I don't want to lose either of you."

</blockquote>

The host smiled.

<blockquote>

"You don't have a choice."

</blockquote>

Silence.

Ace leaned forward.

"...they do."

Bright shook his head.

"Not in the show."

"That's wrong."

"That's the format."

"That's wrong."

Mai tilted her head.

"They are forcing a false constraint."

"Yes."

"That invalidates the outcome."

"Yes."

"And people accept this."

"Yes."

Mai leaned back.

"...why."

Bright grinned.

"Because it feels real."

Shammy's eyes shifted.

Just slightly.

"...it is real."

Bright blinked.

"...what."

"The emotion is real," Shammy said. "The structure is not."

Silence.

That landed.

Even Bright paused.

On screen—

The contestant chose.

Tension.

Music swelling.

Someone crying.

Someone leaving.

Ace stared.

"...this is bad."

"Yes," Bright said.

"And people enjoy this."

"Yes."

"...why."

Bright leaned forward slightly.

"Because it compresses something complicated into something they can feel quickly."

A pause.

Then—

"...and because they recognize it."

Shammy's gaze softened slightly.

"...even when it is incorrect."

"Yes."

Silence settled again.

Different now.

Not confused.

Not resistant.

Just...

Observing.

Ace leaned back slowly.

"...I don't like this."

Mai nodded.

"I know."

Shammy didn't look away from the screen.

"...I do."

Ace turned toward her.

"...what."

Shammy tilted her head slightly.

"They are inefficient," she said.

A beat.

Then—

"...but honest."

Silence.

Bright smiled.

There it was.

Chapter 2 — Forced Choices

The show continued.

Of course it did.

Because once it started—

...it didn't stop.

The safehouse lighting didn't change.

The room stayed calm.

Stable.

Unmoved.

Only the screen shifted.

Constant motion.

Constant escalation.

Artificial urgency layered over something that clearly didn't need it.

Ace hadn't moved.

Not really.

But her posture had changed.

She was leaning forward now.

Elbows on her knees.

Eyes locked on the screen.

Not because she liked it.

Because she couldn't ignore it.

"...this is wrong," she muttered.

Bright didn't look away.

"Yes."

"Then why are we still watching it."

"Because you haven't turned it off."

Ace didn't respond.

Because—

That was technically correct.

She hated that.

Mai sat upright, more engaged now.

Her tablet lay forgotten beside her.

Her attention was fully on the screen.

"They are repeating the same pattern," she said.

Bright nodded.

"Yes."

"Escalate, isolate, force decision."

"Yes."

"That's inefficient."

"Yes."

"That's harmful."

"Yes."

Mai paused.

"...then why is it consistent?"

Bright smiled.

"Because it works."

Shammy had moved.

She wasn't by the window anymore.

She stood just behind the couch now.

Watching over them.

Watching the screen.

Watching the room.

Everything.

“They are amplifying uncertainty,” she said.

Bright glanced at her.

“Good.”

“They are removing stability.”

“Yes.”

“They are creating instability.”

“Yes.”

Shammy tilted her head.

“...and that is desirable.”

Bright grinned.

“Very.”

Ace groaned.

“This is insane.”

Mai didn't disagree.

On screen—

Another scenario.

Another triangle.

Another forced collapse.

<blockquote>

“You have to choose.”

</blockquote>

<blockquote>

“I can't.”

</blockquote>

<blockquote>

"Then you lose both."

</blockquote>

Silence.

Ace leaned forward further.

"...that's not a real outcome."

Bright didn't even blink.

"It is here."

"That's wrong."

"That's the show."

"That's wrong."

Mai nodded.

"They are removing viable configurations again."

"Yes."

"Why."

Bright finally looked at her.

"Because resolution is more satisfying than stability."

A pause.

Then—

"...to them."

That distinction mattered.

Shammy's eyes narrowed just slightly.

"They are equating resolution with correctness."

"Yes."

"That is inaccurate."

"Yes."

Ace leaned back suddenly.

“...this is broken.”

Bright smiled.

“And yet—people watch it.”

A beat.

Then—

Bright reached for the remote.

Didn't turn it off.

Didn't change the channel.

Just...

Lowered the volume slightly.

And leaned forward.

“Let's test something,” he said.

Ace froze.

“...no.”

Mai blinked.

“...what.”

Shammy tilted her head.

“...define.”

Bright looked at all three of them.

Grinning.

“Oh, this is going to be good.”

Ace stood up halfway.

“No.”

Too late.

On screen—

The host spoke again.

<blockquote>

“You must choose ONE partner.”

</blockquote>

Bright muted it.

Turned.

Looked directly at them.

“Alright,” he said.

“Your turn.”

Silence.

Absolute.

Ace stared at him.

“...no.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

Mai raised a hand.

“Pause.”

Bright stopped.

Immediately.

Interested.

“...define the test,” Mai said.

Bright leaned back slightly.

"Same constraint."

"No," Mai said immediately.

Bright blinked.

"...you didn't even hear it."

"I did."

"No, you didn't."

"Yes," she said calmly. "You are attempting to impose a forced exclusivity model."

A beat.

Then—

"...denied."

Ace sat back down.

"...good."

Bright looked between them.

Then smiled wider.

"Oh, I'm not asking you to accept it."

Ace narrowed her eyes.

"...then what."

"I'm asking you to answer it."

Silence.

Ace leaned forward again.

"No."

Bright tilted his head.

"Why not."

"Because it's wrong."

"That's not the question."

"That's the answer."

"That's avoidance."

"That's accuracy."

Shammy smiled faintly.

"Conflict pattern replicated," she said softly.

Bright leaned forward.

"Humor me."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

Mai exhaled slowly.

Then—

"...hypothetically," she said.

Ace turned toward her.

"...no."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes."

Shammy tilted her head.

"...this is acceptable."

Ace stared at both of them.

"...I am surrounded by problems."

"Yes," Mai said calmly.

"Yes," Shammy echoed.

Bright laughed.

Mai continued.

“Hypothetically,” she repeated, “if forced into that model—”

Ace groaned.

“—the answer is invalid.”

Bright blinked.

“...that’s not an answer.”

“It is.”

“No, it isn’t.”

“It is,” Mai said calmly.

Shammy nodded.

“Correct.”

Ace leaned back.

“...good.”

Bright rubbed his face briefly.

“...okay, no, you’re dodging.”

“We are not dodging,” Mai said. “We are rejecting the premise.”

“That’s the same thing.”

“No,” Shammy said softly.

“It is not.”

Bright stared at them.

Then—

“...fine.”

A beat.

Then—

“Different version.”

Ace immediately:

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

Bright pointed at the screen.

“If you *had* to choose—”

“We don’t,” Ace said.

“—one person,” Bright continued, ignoring her, “who would it be.”

Silence.

Ace looked at Mai.

Then at Shammy.

Then—

“...no.”

Mai tilted her head.

“Invalid.”

Shammy’s lips curved faintly.

“All.”

Bright blinked.

“...that’s not how choosing works.”

“Yes,” Shammy said.

“That is the issue.”

Silence.

Then—

Bright leaned back slowly.

Processing.

Actually processing.

“...okay,” he said.

A beat.

Then—

“...that’s interesting.”

Ace groaned.

“Don’t start.”

“I’m not starting,” Bright said.

Another beat.

Then—

“...you’re not experiencing the constraint.”

Mai nodded.

“Correct.”

“You’re not even entering it.”

“No.”

“You’re rejecting it before it applies.”

“Yes.”

Shammy tilted her head.

“...because it is incorrect.”

Bright stared at them.

Then—

He smiled.

Not amused.

Not chaotic.

Genuinely—

Interested.

“...okay,” he said quietly.

“That explains it.”

Ace frowned.

"...explains what."

Bright leaned forward slightly.

"Why this doesn't work on you."

On screen—

another contestant cried.

Another "choice" was made.

Another artificial collapse.

In the safehouse—

Nothing collapsed.

Shammy looked at the screen.

Then back at them.

"...they feel it," she said softly.

Ace blinked.

"...what."

"The emotion."

Mai nodded.

"Yes."

"They are not wrong about the feeling," Shammy continued.

Ace leaned back slowly.

"...but everything else."

"Yes," Mai said.

"...is broken."

Bright smiled.

There it was.

Chapter 3 — Why It Works

The show didn't slow down.

It escalated.

Of course it did.

More music.

More urgency.

More artificial tension layered on top of something that was already breaking under its own weight.

On screen—

Someone was crying again.

Another “final decision.”

Another forced collapse dressed up as resolution.

In the safehouse—

Nothing changed.

No raised voices.

No urgency.

No pressure.

Just—

Three people.

Watching.

Ace had stopped reacting.

Not because she accepted it.

Because she had classified it.

“...it's repetitive,” she said.

Bright nodded.

“Yes.”

"That's inefficient."

"Yes."

"And predictable."

"Yes."

Ace leaned back.

"...then why does it still work."

There it was.

The right question.

Bright didn't answer immediately.

That alone was unusual.

Mai turned slightly toward him.

"Answer," she said.

Bright exhaled slowly.

Then—

"Because they're not watching the structure."

Silence.

Shammy's head tilted slightly.

"...expand."

Bright gestured toward the screen.

"They're not watching the rules. Or the format. Or the constraints."

A beat.

Then—

"They're watching the reactions."

On screen—

A contestant hesitated.

Voice breaking.

<blockquote>

"I didn't think it would feel like this."

</blockquote>

Shammy's eyes softened slightly.

"...yes."

Mai leaned forward just a fraction.

"They are mapping emotional response," she said.

"Exactly," Bright replied.

"They're not analyzing the system," he continued. "They're recognizing the feeling."

Ace frowned.

"...even if the system is wrong."

"Especially if the system is wrong."

Silence.

That landed.

Bright leaned back.

"When you compress something complicated into something broken," he said, "you get faster reactions."

A pause.

"Cleaner signals."

Mai's eyes narrowed slightly.

"That's distortion."

"Yes."

“That reduces accuracy.”

“Yes.”

“But increases clarity.”

Bright smiled.

“Now you’re getting it.”

Ace stared at the screen again.

Someone walked away.

Someone stayed.

Someone regretted it immediately.

“...they’re reacting to loss,” she said.

“Sometimes,” Bright replied.

“Sometimes they’re reacting to the possibility of loss.”

A beat.

Then—

“Sometimes they’re reacting to being forced to choose.”

Ace’s gaze shifted.

“...that part is wrong.”

“Yes.”

“But the reaction isn’t.”

“No.”

Shammy stepped closer.

Not to the screen.

To them.

"The emotion is real," she said quietly.

Mai nodded.

"Yes."

"The structure is not."

Ace exhaled slowly.

"...I don't like that."

Bright smiled faintly.

"No one does."

Silence settled.

Different now.

Not resistant.

Not confused.

Just...

Understood.

On screen—

The host spoke again.

<blockquote>

"Was it worth it?"

</blockquote>

Ace tilted her head slightly.

"...no."

Bright laughed softly.

"Depends who you ask."

Mai leaned back.

“They are manufacturing clarity through constraint,” she said.

“Yes.”

“That is inefficient.”

“Yes.”

“That is unnecessary.”

“Yes.”

A pause.

Then—

“...but effective.”

Bright nodded.

Shammy looked at the screen.

Then at them.

“...they need it,” she said.

Ace blinked.

“...what.”

“They need the constraint.”

Silence.

Mai didn't interrupt.

Because—

That needed to unfold.

Shammy continued.

“Without it,” she said, “the outcome would remain undefined.”

Ace frowned.

"...that's not a problem."

"No," Shammy said.

A beat.

Then—

"...not for you."

That landed.

Bright watched that moment carefully.

Didn't interrupt.

Didn't push.

Just...

Let it happen.

Ace leaned back slowly.

"...they need the choice."

"Yes," Shammy said.

"They need the answer."

"Yes."

"They need it to end."

"Yes."

Ace stared at the screen again.

Someone was smiling.

Someone else wasn't.

Music swelling like it meant something more than it did.

"...we don't," she said.

"No," Mai replied.

"No," Shammy echoed.

Silence.

Calm.

Stable.

Bright reached for the remote.

Didn't rush it.

Just—

Pressed.

The screen went dark.

The room didn't change.

Because it didn't need to.

Ace exhaled slowly.

"...good."

Mai nodded.

"Yes."

Shammy leaned back slightly.

"The signal has ended."

Ace glanced at her.

"...you liked it."

Shammy tilted her head.

"...parts of it."

“That’s concerning.”

“It’s informative.”

Ace shook her head.

“...I still don’t like it.”

Mai’s lips curved slightly.

“I know.”

Shammy smiled.

“Consistent variable.”

Ace groaned.

One last time.

Bright stood up.

Stretched slightly.

“Well,” he said. “That was productive.”

Ace stared at him.

“...no.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

Bright grinned.

Then—

“You’re not wrong,” he added.

A beat.

Then—

“They just need different rules.”

He walked to the door.

Didn't wait.

Didn't linger.

"Next time," he said casually, "we're watching a cooking show."

The door closed.

Silence returned.

Final.

Complete.

Ace leaned back fully.

"...that's worse."

Mai tilted her head.

"Probably."

Shammy smiled faintly.

"...interesting."

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