**Ten Persons, Ten Doors -- Part 1**

Vulis awoke in the safety of bed, mind clouded with disorientation.  He tried to remember what his next appointment would be, where his next public appearance would bring him: It was all blank.

He sat up slowly, his raven hair fell free of his shoulder.  He wore his finery, typically reserved for the fanciest of occasions.   That was odd, considering he would never go to sleep in anything less than freshly cleaned silks.  Odder still was the pleasant sensation around his cock.

He threw away the familiar sheets to find a very unfamiliar blonde woman sucking him with considerable skills.   He opened his mouth to protest, but the sensations of arousal snatched the words from his lips.

“W-who are you?” He finally managed.   “S-s-s...” He couldn’t get the word out.   He had never encountered such skill with fellatio.  He clenched onto the bed and tried in vain to contain himself, but his base urges were no match.

The woman pushed him deeper down her throat and let him release.  She pulled back, strands of a sloppy mixture of saliva and semen stretched between his cock and her full lips.   She smiled up at him, with hooded sensual eyes.

Realization hit her like a lightning bolt.   Her blue eyes widened.  “You’re... Prince Vulis?”

“I am,” he said, regaining his composure. “But who are you?  What are you doing in my room?”

“I assume I’m here because you hired me.”  The woman sat up, rubbing away his seed from her mouth.  “I’m a little fuzzy on the details, but I wake up in a lavish place like this?   I don’t really have too many worries about you being able to afford me.”

“Afford you?   You mean you’re--”

“A prostitute, yeah.” The woman shrugged.  “A really expensive one.”

She sat up and he noticed her large breasts for the first time.  He had lain with curvy women before, but she was just outside his understood definition of buxom.  If not for her clear cleavage poking out the top of her red dress, he would have assumed she smuggled small watermelons in her shirt.

He stared for a little too long, judging from her coy smile.  “Look all you like, Prince.   I don’t charge extra for it.”

Vulis glanced away.   “There’s some mistake.  I didn’t hire you so...” He reached for the servant call, a bell system that hovered over his bedside.   He hesitated upon the realization, there were dozens of them, dangling around the like intended adornments.

On close inspection, they had the same golden tag on each one, stamped with his family seal; the royal family seal.

His eyes darted around the room.   It wasn't his bedroom at all.   It was a reasonable facsimile but there were small discrepancies that seemed deliberate.   The south wall had a window that was made upside down.   There were wood panels, perfectly matched his home, but a particular panel was the color of ash.

“Hey Prince, if you didn’t hire me,” The woman said.  “Who did?   I expect to be paid for the blow job at least.”

He raised a quieting finger at her.  Ash grey held significance to him.  It was the primary color of the rival house attempting to usurp the throne.  The door to his private bath was intact, complete with the familiar closet bath he preferred.  The study door however, where he completed his paperwork, led to a kitchen area.

“This is all wrong.  This isn’t my room.   Where are we?”

The woman slipped off the bed and poked around, pausing to swat at the pull chords.  The final door was closed tightly and had no signs of a door handle or lock, if it were his actual home, it would have led to the hall.  She tried to turn the door knob but it only rattled.

“Locked.  We’re trapped.

Vulis hurried to the window, pulling aside the curtains, to reveal a crude representation of the view outside of his quarters, scribbling akin to a child's.

The woman stepped from the kitchen, shrugging calmly.  “Plenty of food in the chilling block, good stuff too.  The latrine works and we have a full reserve of water.  Two weeks of frugal baths, if we do it together.  It’s an elaborate prison.

He returned to the bed, running his hand on the summoning chains.   They were varying lengths, forming a pattern.  He closed his eyes and tugged on one.  A faint jingle came from it, showing evidence a connection to a mechanism, maybe a way out.

He worked out a pattern quickly.  Whoever set up this farce knew him well enough to make this irritatingly accurate.  It was a model made of sounds and placement of the districts of his country.  It may have been mere metaphor, but it seemed a simple confirmation he was the man they thought he was.  He glanced back at the woman warily.  “Your name.   You never told me.”

“I can be whoever you want me to be.”

“Answer me.”

“How about, no.  If you end up in a weird situation, you make up an alias.”  She glanced to a nearby chess set.  “Call me Chess if it makes you feel better.   A witty little tit joke.”

He sighed.   “Fine... Chess.  You can call me--”

“I don’t need an alias for you, genius.  I know who you are.”

“I mean if there are others.  Call me Eagle in that case.”

“Sure.  If we run into anyone who’s been under a rock for the last twenty years?  Also Eagle?  Isn’t that the bird on your family crest?   Obvious much?  How about Vulture?   Cause you’ve picked the country dry.”

He growled and looked away, pacing into his kitchen and prodded at the food.   He sniffed a strip of finely roasted beef.   “Seared to perfection... mere minutes ago.  Our captors are close.”

He took a small bite.  It was splendid.

“Whoa.   You’re eating the food?   It could be poisioned.”

“I doubt if someone went through all the trouble to put me here, they intend to kill me.   Facilitating your services if likely more fatal than roast beef.”

“Ha ha.   I’m clean as a whistle, buddy.   You won’t be getting a burning crotch from this whore.”

“You’re right.   Because I won’t need your services.”

“Anymore.   Buddy.   You owe me for the blow job.   I’m not letting you forget it.   You enjoyed it quite a bit from where I’m standing.”

“Fine, I will pay, but only because you seem to be a victim of this odd scenario as well.”

It had actually been near a full year since had requested this dish, his servants always failed to meet his expectations.  During his considerations he failed to realize he had eaten the entire portion, including the vegetables and bread served with it.

He offered Chess the other plate, who ate only after she saw he wasn’t falling over dead.  “Oh my, this is good.”

A bottle of wine sat next to the food, an entire bottle of his favorite red already corked.  He poured two glassed and resisted the rest.

He sipped at the wine.   Magnificent.  He walked back to the bed.  The misplaced details were all related to current events.  The state of the nation laid out in a series of servant pull chains.  With a tug or three he could 'feel' the needed steps to remedy each, the approaches that would keep the country level.   Each string represented governors, mayors and even mere councilmen.   The lengths noted station.   Each pull was the distribution of work.  This was his monthly routine, and someone had figured this out?

The final pull brought everything to order along with a loud metallic ‘clack’ and a stone slab lifted at the room's exit.  He was as disturbed that his deduction was correct as he was happy.  He crept towards the doorway, which opened to a small empty room painted white. Beyond he saw another door with a simple steel handle and no signs of devices around it.

He swallowed and stepped forward, expected the worst.   He reached out turned and found it unlocked.  He peered into the hall, to find simple wood paneling that did not match the decor of his fake room.   It was well lit, with lanterns by every door, five in all.  Chess approached behind him, finishing the last of her food.  “You found a way out?   We should stick together then.”

He nodded and stepped out in the hall, the door slammed shut the moment Chess stepped out, drawing a startled squeal from her.  He opened the door to the white room, but a sheet of stone sealed off his apartment.

He grit his teeth.  Food, supplies, water, clothes... all lost behind an infernal stone door.

He couldn’t help but fear he had made a fatal error.