**Ten Persons, Ten Doors -- Part 2**

Vulis ran his fingers over the fallen stone slab, confirming what he already knew. Ther was no getting back into the room. Chess, his new-found ‘partner’ wandered through the hall, taking in the odd interior. The walls were covered by thick blue drapes and matching lanterns high on the wall kept the place dimly lit.

“Don’t obsess over it,” she said, giving the wall a knock. It sounded hollow. “We should focus on getting out of here instead.”

“I suppose so.” He checked the other end of the hall, sensitive to a weird swaying sensation in the pit of his stomach.

“Wonder how far out we are?”

Vulis rounded on her, scowling. “What are you talking about?”

“You can’t tell? We’re on a boat.” She pressed her hands against her generous chest. “I can feel it in my tits. You don’t carry around puppies like this and not notice some extra jiggle.”

Once she mentioned it, he couldn’t get it out of his head. It didn’t help the last two times he was on a boat he got violently ill. *Three for three I guess.*

“Hey. There’s another door down here,” Chess called to him. “There’s splintered wood around it. Remnants of a Table I think.”

He hurried down the hall and confirmed her assessment. The same stone slab closed blocked the doorway. “Someone else is here.”

“Thanks Lord Obvious. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

He stooped over and ran his fingers along the floor. Tiny scraps of something, residue from red mud, stained the floor. It lead to another door, this one was open. “We should be careful, they could be dangerous.”

“Look, Vulture, whoever went through this door is another captive like us, or the bastards that put us here. Either way it’s in our best interest to find them and get the jump on them, not the other way around. If you wanna hide behind me, go ahead, but THAT’S gonna cost you extra.”

He twisted up his face. “No. I’ll go ahead. It wouldn’t be fair to put you at risk. Even if you are just a--”

“*Just* a whore you mean?” She shoved him hard in the center of his chest. “Fuck you. If you have to justify it, it ain’t chivalry.”

Chess pushed through the door before he could protest. He chased after her into an identical hall, except this one was brightly lit and the walls were pale white.

Vulis pushed in front of Chess, tugging on the first door he came to. It was locked. He peeked over at Chess to find her poking at one of the lanterns.

“This is a normal oil lamp. It would need some personal attention to keep burning. Whoever took us here has to be close, or they have people maintaining the place.”

“There’s no stone on this door. It’s just locked.”

“I can fix that.” Chess approached, pulling a pin from her golden locks.

She elbowed him aside and went to work.

“You find yourself doing this often?”

She winked at him. “Only when it’s something I really need to peek at.”

“Freeze.” A cold, harsh voice said from behind them. “Turn around and you’re dead.”

Vulis raised his hands, Chess followed suit a second later. “Are you our captors?”

“I’m the one asking questions.” A prick of a blade pressed against Vulis’ neck. “Who are you?”

“Just a stuck up twerp and a lady of leisure,” Chess said.

The man snatched away the pick from her hand. “I guess they taught you how to break into doors in school? Wait a second...”

The man turned Vulis around. Their assailant was a dark skinned man, dressed in grubby clothes. Vulis instantly recognized him as an Easterner, the very same people trying to sew chaos in his nation. The man’s eyes widened in realization. “You’re...”

“Vulture. We call him Vulture.” Chess said, peeking over her shoulder.

“Heh. Fitting.” The man flipped the knife in his fingers and put it in his belt. “In that case, no need for threats. If you try something funny, I’ll enjoy twisting your neck with my bare hands.”

“Charming.” Vulis said, lowering his hands. “So I assume you aren’t the one responsible for this.”

“If I was, I wouldn’t have made this so sloppy. I broke out of my prison in minutes, met her.” The man pointed down the hall.

A disheveled looking, slim young woman waited at the end of the hall. Everything about her was messy, right down to her half-tucked shirt falling off her sleeve. She watched their gathering with sleepy blue eyes.

“This is Blank. You can call me Fuse.”

Chess offered a hand in greeting. “Chess. Just letting you know, I’m charging double my usual rate if you get pent up. I don’t usually take IOUs, but under the circumstances, I’m making an exception.”

“I’ll pass. Thanks,” Fuse said glancing over her. He didn’t shake her hand.

“Well, with a name like Fuse, I’d imagine you have to worry about blowing early. What about Blank? What’s her deal?”

“I don’t know. That’s why I call her Blank,” Fuse said, shrugging. I wouldn’t underestimate her though. She didn’t bat an eye when I threatened her.”

“You know,” Chess said, smiling. “Women prefer normal flirting. Last time I was at knife point before sex... wait, scratch that. It was pretty awesome.”

“Right. Anyway, you need to come with us.”

Vulis scowled. “Why? Where?”

“You’ll see when we get there.”

They walked through the white hall to a open doorway. A simple wooden sign read: *Game one. Four players needed.*

Vulis turned his nose up at the sign. “Game? We don’t have time to play a game.”

“You have no choice,” Fuse said. A wicked smile came to his face. “*Someone* didn’t read the rules.”

“If you don’t play. You lose automatically,” Blank said. Her voice was eerily monotone. “Winning by default is no fun. We will kill you instead, to make it interesting.”

Fuse held up a hand. “We agreed on this, Blank. We don’t want to risk pissing off whoever set this up. We play by the rules, watch and wait... then crack this nut open. OK?”

“Yeah. Not creepy at all,” Chess said, eyeing Blank warily.

“Fine. We’ll play,” Vulis said.

The door clicked and swung open. Revealing a dark room.

“Well, that was easy. So, what’s the game?”

“The game is easy.” A distorted voice said from nowhere and everywhere at the same time. Fuse pulled his knife free, spinning to the hall. There was no one else in the hall.

“Do not worry, I am far, but close. Play the game and all shall rejoice. All but one anyway... heheh...”

“All but one. So it’s a free for all?” Chess said.

“That’s right, Boobsy. Lose and things might be reallly miserable for you.”

“Boobsy? Really?” Chess said folding her arms. “Did we get captured by a twelve year old or something?”

“What’s the game?”

“Just a liiiittle math problem. “ Lights filled the adjacent room and the far wall was covered in numbers. “Solve this, and you win. Oh, but only three people can win. The last one, loses. Or if you guess wrong, BAM! You lose. The rest are safe.”

“Oh? This? Really?” Chess glanced over the numbers tapping her chin. “So how do I answer?”

The voice laughed. “Just whisper it.”

Chess shrugged, put her hands around her mouth and whispered quietly.

“COOOORRRRECT!”

The other three boggled at her. Chess looked surprised herself. “How the hell can you hear me?”

“I have REEEALLY good hearing lady. Don’t worry A WINNAR IS YOU. You’re the top! So your *top* is safe. Hehehehe.”

She shrugged. “Whatever. Go ahead and fight it out losers. I’m taking a break.”

“Wait a minute,” Vuls said. “How could you possible sort out the puzzle so fast? Are you in on this?”

“No. It’s just easy. Just look at it. Look, stupid creepy voice?”

“Yeeeeess?”

“I don’t work for you right? I’m just good with numbers.”

“Boobsy is right. (For once). I would NEVER fraternize with contestants during a game. That would be bad and unfair.”

Chess gestured a simple “I told you so.”

“Oh, I get it.” Fuse said, smirking. “It’s not that hard after all.”

He cupped his hands around his mouth and whispered.

“DING DING! We have a second winner! You my good sir, are in the number TWO slot your bottom is safe!”

Blank looked up at the numbers with a vacant stare. Vulis mulled over the numbers, but it all seemed like gibberish to him. There were no symbols and while he spotted no less than fifteen different patterns, there were no signs of it being a math problem.

He hesitated. That’s it. IT’s not a math problem at all. It’s just a number. Albeit a really big one.

He raised his hands to his mouth to speak.

“Four,” Blank said.

Vulis gaped at her. That answer was absolutely, without a doubt...

“WRONG!” The voice said. “PENALTY TIME!”

Vulis and the other two fixed their gaze on Blank, who looked as non-plussed as they had first met her.

“Why would you guess four?” Chess said.

Blank shrugged a shoulder. “I’m bad with numbers. Better a guess than just losing without trying.”

The front of her shirt shimmied, and a low gurgle came from Blank. It sounded like a growling stomach, but her tiny breasts jutted out against her shirt. An obscene squealing noise echoed through the air and her breasts swelled against the grimy fabric. She glanced down, unruffled and watched her breast bubble outward to a respectable Double D. Her pink nipples strained against her white top, leaving nothing to the imagination.

“Huh.” Blank said, curling a hand under her breast.

The voice aorund them laughed. “Good thing Boobsy didn’t lose this round huh? Or she might not have been walking! Flatty Patty is now a Bouncy Louncy!”

“Seriously? What the fuck is going on?” Chess said, looking around. How did that even...”

“Oh, someone’s a nosy one.” Everyone all at once, reach back and touch the middle of your backs.”

Everyone exchanged looks, but complied. Vulis flinched against a tiny metal disk on his back. Fuse peeled off his shirt and Vulis saw the truth of it. They had installed something in their backs!

Chess prodded at the metal spot and went pale. “This is... bad.”

“You think?” The voice said. “You hear me because I am a voice in your heeead. Ooooh~ Spooooky!”

“I feel sick,” Chess said. “We need to get these off now.”

“I wouldn’t do that.” The voice grew stern. “Tamper with them, and poison will enter your blood stream. You will die in ten seconds. TOO BAD SO SAD.”

“Bastards,” Fuse said.

“It’s not ALL bad,” The voice said. “We have full control over your bodies. Liiiike this!”

Fuse doubled over in pain, only it didn’t look like pain at all. The front of his pants strained with a familiar fullness.”

“Oh my...” Chess said, smirking. “That is impressive.”

“ Cut it out!” Fuse said, flinching. “Gah... so hard...”

“Hard to think, huh? Offer still stands Fuse, “ Chess said chuckling.

“I’ll do it for free,” Blank said, grabbing his cock through his pants. “I’m horny too.”

Chess chuckled. “Can’t beat that rate, have fun kids.”

“PLAY SAFE!” The voice said. “Accidents cause people.”

Blank dragged Fuse off, by his furiously aroused cock and back into the white hall.

Vulis grumbled to himself, rubbing the spot on his back. Wheoever did this... whoever set this up, had them right where they wanted them.