**Ten Persons, Ten Doors -- Chapter 3**

The strange voice stopped talking soon after the incident, leaving Chess and Vulis to investigate the strange number room. Not that it was particularly easy to do so with Blank and Fuse fucking like rabbits just beyond the door.

“Offer still stands.” Chess said, pulling at one of the straps of her dress.

He turned away and fumed, unable to tell if the stirring arousal was just a fabricated sensation brought on by the device implanted in his back, or sexual peer pressure. “My answer hasn’t changed.”

“Fine by me. If you think a ‘horny button’ is gonna make me give you a freebie, you’re sorely mistaken. So if you’re getting desperate, you better hope that Blank chic puts out for you too.”

Vulis rolled his eyes. The idea had crossed his mind, though. “I’m more worried about getting off this ship.”

“Hey, we agree on something. That’s good for a five percent discount at least.”

“Drop it, already and help me look for clues.”

The ‘number room’ had a simple lay out, four walls with four doors in the center of each one. Each of them had a cardinal direction etched on it. The only open door, the south door, led back to the apartments where they started from. It was easy to forget they were on a boat, the ground felt sturdy and queasiness hadn’t grabbed hold of him.

Chess figured out the first puzzle quickly, but he didn’t suspect her to be a collaborator. *She must be good with numbers.*

She waved at him, coyly.

He hadn’t realized he was staring. *Great. Now she’s probably got it in her head I want to take her up on her offer.*

The sounds of sex in the next room became deafening. His eyes drifted down to her breasts. Though he was sure the royal coffers could afford the cost. She had already proven herself a worthy purchase. After what happened to Miss Blank, he couldn’t help but wonder what such effects would have on Chess.

*That sort of thinking is going to get me in trouble.*

“I was just thinking, you seem to be very good with numbers...”

“Yeah, and you know what my favorite number is?” She pushed her breasts together. “38J. For now at least.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“That’s what you’re thinking though. Men are really obvious when they have tits on the brain. They’re even real, grew em’ myself.”

“Huh?”

“Oh don’t look so surprised.” Chess walked closer, giving one of them a playful squeeze. “You saw what they did to Blank right? Just like that. I used to have teeny-tiny A cups, had to have them filled a dozen times before they stuck.”

Vulis couldn’t move, his dick took over the controls for his legs.

“I was surprised to see it happen though, the process usually takes months. Whoever’s running this show has pretty impressive tech. They also must have put us under the knife... I bet you’re wondering when and how they did this.”

It took him a moment to realize she was being serious. She was actually working through the possibilities surrounding their captives. He regained his senses, if not a little bit. “This is... contraband. Why do you know-- ”

“You know, you’re dumber than you should be. Is it dick brain? Or are you actually incompetent?”

Vulis straightened. “Well I suppose you are a prostitute. You must run with some unsavory folk.”

“The unsavory folk I ‘run’ with are the same morons you have tea parties with, Vulture. Don’t act high and mighty. You high society clods are my best customers, and you love getting your poles polished, like it’s made of gold or something.”

She grabbed his crotch. “You know the truth though? Rich? Poor? You all got the same fragile dicks. Your man meat doesn’t make you a better person. It makes you vulnerable.”

There was truth in that. Too many of his peers fell to such carnal desires. He pushed her hand away, in a slow deliberate motion. “Wise words, indeed.”

A loud click echoed through the room and the West door opened.

Four people entered, none of which Vulis recognized. At the lead, a tall muscular woman stared him down, waiting for his next move. She stood easily over six feet tall, quite a bit taller than him and wore a tight fitting sleeveless shirt. It left little to the imagination. Her arms were rock solid sculpted muscle.

Despite her obvious formidability, there was no doubting her gender. She had chin length black hair, styled in a messy but feminine style. Her proud stature jutted her perky pair of B-cups out proudly and highlighted erect and impossible to hide nipples. Her nose was mashed in, perhaps from being broken a few times and she had odd scars at her cheeks.

“Hold, we mean no harm,” Vulis said.

The woman at the front relaxed and the others cautiously peered out behind her, more specifically two women and a man.

They had a short stand-off, sizing each other up in quiet contemplation. The burly woman consulted with her companions, deciding their course of action.

The two other women were much more traditionally ‘girly’. Both of them were about the same height, slim and had pretty faces. The taller one had strawberry blonde hair and was thinner than her friend. She had no breasts to speak of, but struck Vulis as the prettier of the two with enchanting blue-green eyes and slender lips made up with rose-colored lipstick. She wore a cute little sundress that bared her shoulders.

The other, wore what appeared to be a merchant’s apron. She was the epitome of ‘girl next door’ with brown hair and eyes and a kind smile. In contrast to her companion she was reasonably busty, at least a C-cup by Vulis’ guess.

Their final companion was a slim built man. He wore a tidy looking vest and slacks and had tiny glasses resting at the tip of his pointed nose. He not as tall as the tough woman, but by no means short.

“Fine. We’re here in peace too... I guess.” The lead woman said. “But Gods help you if I find you’re responsible for this shit.”

“There’s just two of you?” The man said.

As if to mock the assertion, Blank let out a noisy moan from the other room.

“Two more,” Chess said. “They’re fucking right now.”

The brunette chuckled. “Oh, someone had an itch, hm? It’s fine. We don’t mean to intrude.”

“Names,” the tough woman said, grunting. “Call me Gill. This is Flower,” she said pointing to the brunette, “Strawberry,” she said pointing to the other girl, “and Flip.”

“A pleasure to meet you.” Flip said, glancing over at Chess. He blatantly admired her.

“No freebies, Flip. If you touch the goods, you pay when we get out of here.”

“Oh! Of course. I may take you up on that, you’re a lovely woman to be sure.”

“See, Vulture? Flattery. You should try it sometime.”

Flower chuckled. “There’s nothing flattery about you. Hehehe.”

Chess opened her mouth to protest, but was struck silent by the terrible pun.”

“This is Chess,” Vulis said. “I go by Ea--”

“VULTURE.” Chess said, elbowing him. “The other two are Blank and Fuse. They’ll be done soon. I think.”

“Nice to meet you all.” Flower said, beaming. Her smile was infectious.

“So uh...” Vulture glanced around at them. “Did you have to compete?”

Flower nodded. “We all won.”

“Huh? That can happen?” Chess said. “They gave Blank bigger boobs when she lost. Nothing like that happened to you guys?”

They exchanged confused looks. Gill spoke eventually. “Some weird voice said the loser’d be penalized if we lost, so we worked together and gave one answer. Everything went fine.”

“That makes all sorts of sense,” Chess said, shrugging. “But if you gave the wrong answer, you’d all have been screwed.”

“Maybe. But it worked out.”

Chess approached Gill, pacing around her. “You mind if I take a look at your back?”

“My back?” Gill shuffled away, raising a defensive hand.

Vulis and Chess exchanged a look.  *So they don’t know yet.*

Chess backed off, pointing to the brunette. “Flower is it? Take a look at the center of Gill’s back, or anyone else. I just figure she’s wearing the lightest clothes...”

Flower perked at her words. “Oh you mean the metal thing? You noticed it too?”

“What metal thing?”

Chess wordlessly turned and lifted her shirt, exposing her back to the newcomers and her breasts to Vulis. He was caught off guard and stared before turning away. Damn it, and I had just gotten those nipples out of my head.

Gill stared at the metal disk in the center of Chess’ back. She quickly reached around and flinched when she found the same in the small of her own. “What the fuck?!”

“Flip and Strawberry did the same, paling when they found the same on their back.

“Wait, you knew about this?”

“I found it in my room,” Flower said, shrugging. “I mean, I didn’t want to say anything about it, in case the others didn’t have them. I’m sort of relieved to know everyone has them. I didn’t want you guys thinking I was an evil robot or something.”

“How do I get it off?”

“You don’t,” Vulis said. “A voice said if we tamper with it, we’ll be injected with something.”

“How do we know they’re telling the truth,” Flip said. “It may be a lie to scare us.”

Vulis shook his head. I doubt they’re lying. We saw first-hand what the thing can do.”

Blank and Fuse came into the room, looking quite sated. Amazingly, Blanks’ breasts were back to normal, but her shirt was absolutely soaked. Her tiny breasts poked against her shirt, unabashedly baring her nipples through the fabric.

“More people?” Fuse said, buckling his pants. “Friends? I suppose.”

“For now.” Gill said, scowling. “How do we know we can trust you?”

“You don’t,” Fuse said. “Honestly I’m glad you’re doubting us. Nice to see someone here isn’t a fucking idiot.”

Gill nodded. “I’m with that guy.”

“Why are you drenched Blank?” Chess said.

“Milk.”

Everyone fell silent.

“Oh, right. It’s weird.” Blank tapped her forehead, looking for a better way to explain. “I mean I started spraying milk once he started fucking me. About the same time he rammed it in my bu-- ”

Fuse clapped a hand over her mouth. “They don’t need all the details Blank.”

She spoke, muffled by his hand. “K.”

“ANYWAY.” Fuse cleared his throat. “The important thing to note, they can modify our bodies and make us aroused. It’s reasonable to think they could inject poisons into us.”

“I think the first order of business is to secure supplies,” Vulis said. “Are your rooms still open?”

“No. Blocked by stone slabs,” Flower said.

*Damn. Just like us.* Vulis tapped his arm, working through the possibilities. He considered for a moment, cleared his throat and called into the air. “Excuse me? Are you still listening, noble host?”

“I’m always listening,” The voice said. Everyone flinched. They must have all heard it too.

“Will we need to worry about food and water?”

“Of course.” The voice laughed a shrill cackle. “You gotta work for it. At least until you’re all together. No one eats till everyone is in the game.”

*Everyone? There’s more people?*

The others exchanged worried glances.

“That’s the next mission! Find the last two! Everyone loves games, cause everyone loooves penalties!”

“It’s gotta be the North Door,” Flower said. “Me and Flip came from the East door, Gil and Strawberry came from the West. I bet four people will come from it.”

“Why four?” Vulis asked.

“Cause you four came from the south, duh.” Flower grinned.

“Actually I came from the North door,” Fuse said.

“Me too,” Blank said.

“Wait. So you’ve been in this room before?” Vulis said, scowling.

Both of them nodded.

“But The doors were locked.”

“They open for us,” Blank said, glancing over to Fuse. “He said to keep it a secret or he’d stab me. I thought he meant with a knife, but I guess he meant his di--”

Fuse clapped a hand over her mouth. “Seriously. Shut up.”

She spoke through his hand, muffled. “K.”

Fuse moved his hand and sighed. “Go ahead and try the South door. Unless I miss my guess, you can lock and unlock it. They’re ‘your doors’.”

Gill rubbed her head furiously. “So, fuck, the new people might be anywhere. The numbers don’t add up. Unless there’s a total of sixteeen people?”

“We should check our wings then. I think there was a locked door in our hall.”

“Mine too.” Fuse said. “Come on Blank.”

“What? You’re horny again?”

“No.” Fuse said, scowwling. “I mean, we should investigate.”

“Investigate?” She made air quotes.

“No. Actually investigate.”

She pointed at his crotch. “Then why are you hard?”

“Gah. Look, do you want to eat or not?”

“Well I’ve never really tried putting it in my mou-- ”

Fuse silenced her with a glare.

“Oh. You mean food. Yeah. I can eat.”

“So we’ll split up.” Flip grinned. “Sounds like a plan.”

“I think it’s a bad idea. Let’s check them two at a time.” Flower said. “Flip and I can go with Blank and Fuse. Gil and Strawberry can go with Chess and Vulture. We’ll check the north and south first, then west and east.”

Vulis shrugged. “No complaints.”

They split up and tested the door. Sure enough, Gil and Strawberry couldn’t budge the door, but Vuils opened it on his first try. Gil kept a close watch on him, standing close enough he could feel her breath on his neck.

He really didn’t like women like her. Women were at their best with grace and beauty. Strawberry stayed quiet, folding her hands in her lap most the time, like a real lady.

“So, you have any clues as to who put us here?”

Gill shook her head. “Nope. I was at my gym and next thing I know I was in this weird room. “ She rubbed her arms like they itched. “Filled to the brim with stuffed animals and dresses.”

“Oh?” Chess said chuckling. “You like pretty dresses?”

“No. I fucking hate them. I look like a buffoon in dresses. It looked nothing like my room back home.”

“So, just so you know, Gill, if you need some attention, I give discounts to women.”

“What?” Gill stopped walking.

Chess tapped the spot above her crotch. “You know, in case you need attention?”

“For fuck sake. I don’t like chicks. What you assumed I’m a dyke or something?”

“Well, I figured it wouldn’t hurt to ask. My best customers are women.”

“S-so, Miss Chess?” Strawberry said, her voice hoarse. “You’re a lady of leisure?”

“Yeah, you need some attention, sugar?”

“I’m ok for now. It’s just... you look familiar. There’s a painting and...”

Chess frowned. “A painting? You don’t mean the Collector do you? I’ve only posed for one painting.”

Strawberry flushed pink. “I knew it. You’re... much prettier in person.”

Chess smirked. “So are you, ‘Strawberry’.”

The last door in the hall was shut tight, all four of them tugged on it only to find it shut tight. The stone shutter doors still blocked their starting rooms. None of the hall torches had clues and they hit a dead end.

“How about a gaaaame.” The voice came to them, triggering a pulsing migrane. “For this, you need to pair up with the opposite partners.”

“Opposite?” Gill glanced over at Vulis. “You mean Bird boy here?”

“Yeeep!”

“I suppose we don’t have a choice. What’s the game.”

“A sex off!”

Gill clenched her hands into fists. “Bull shit!”

“Dead serious. If two of you don’t have your pants off in 60 seconds, everyone loses.

They exchanged hurried glances. Time was ticking.

“M-Miss Chess,” Strawberry said. “I’ll take care of you.”

“Fine by me, she calmly pulled down her skirt, revealing a well groomed tuft of blonde hair.

Vulis cleared his throat. “Miss Gill, I apologize it’s under this circumstances, but--”

Gill shoved him against the wall, and yanked down his pants in one clean tug. She clenched her jaw. “Don’t get the wrong idea. It’s just... I ain’t havin’ some blue blood lick my slit without a proper bath. A lightweight like you might black out or something.”

He nodded absently, but in all honesty he was a bit terrified. *I just hope she doesn’t bite. I might not survive this.*

“Mmm. Been a while.” Chess said, spreading her lower lips. “You know what you’re doing, Berry?”

She nodded.

“Such sexy! Much resolve! Ok. First one to make the other cum wins!”

Strawberry stooped over and went to work without a second thought, Chess massaged the back of her head, grinning. “Mmm, such a champ Berry.”

The voice cackled. “No faking. I’ll knoooow~.”

Gill dropped to one knee and wrapped her fingers around his cock. He wasn’t incredibly hard, considering his unease. “You wanna lose Bird Boy? Give me something to work with.”

It was no good, gill had the grace of a Gorilla, and a close look at her scars gave him a good idea where she got her nickname. It looked like someone put a knife to her cheek and made gills on purpose. He tried to think of Chess instead... and his cock stiffened.

Gill wrapped her lips around his cock, they were coarse and rough, her tongue laid flat against the bottom. She had absolutely no technique. He reached down, putting his hand atop her short black hair and she swatted it away, glaring up at him.

That certainly didn’t help his arousal either. He could see it on her face. *Get hard or I’ll bite yer cock off.*

It came to him. The penalty. If they lost, bad things would happen. And after what he saw with Blank, he had no problems thinking of Gill losing. The idea of her perky B-cups fattening had the desired effect. He got erect almost immediately-- enough to make Gill sputter.

That in itself was pretty empowering. Seeing such a powerful woman sucking on his cock sparked a new urge inside him. Her clumsiness suddenly made for great motivation; he was fucking her throat, hard. Her lack of technique turned into a boon.

She had no idea what she was doing, and it worked SO well.

He reached out and grabbed the sides of her head and fucked harder, this time she submitted and moaned against his cock. He was so close, and yet--

Chess’ noisy orgasm shook the hall, she arched her back and worked her fingers through Strawberry’s hair. The sound was horrible news to him, but it pushed him over the edge, inspiring him to explode down Gill’s throat.

She pulled away and he loosed another volley of spunk, right onto her face. She pushed him away, trying to clear out, but only managed to splatter the mess on the front of her hair and shirt.

Chess word a sloppy grin, sagging to the ground with glistening lady cum dribbling onto the floor. “Fuuuck Berry, you are gooood.”

Gill struggled to wipe away the cum and winced at a pain in her abdomen.

“Time for penalty~!”

Gill gasped and arched her back, her breasts quivered. Almost on instinct, Vulis lunged and pulled her shirt up, exposing dark brown nipples. At the very least, I should try and spare her shirt from damage. No ulterior motives at all. Sure.

“S-sorry,” Vulis said. He realized he hadn’t felt strange himself... Maybe because she volunteered... she had to pay the penalty.

Gill moaned arching her back. Her cries sounded so lusty and amazing, so unlike the brute of a woman before him. The surge of pleasure poured into her chest and they jutted out further into impossibly firm D-cups.

Strawberry averted her eyes and Chess watched, diddling her own clit to enjoy the show. “How’s it feel, strong lady?”

“A-amazing! I need this... ahhhh... give me moooore.”

She let out another orgasmic scream and her tits surged outward, but more than that, her boobs gave out and flopped hard low on her chest. Gone were her firm B-cups, and in their stead she had huge flopping triple Ds.

Gill gasped, hyperventilating like a drowning fish, and every deep draw, filled her with noisy gurgling. Her nipples softened into big fields of dark areolas and creaked under the pressure of her expansion. She let out a final cry and pushed her out of the ‘normal ranges’ of tits and into Chess’ league. Chess smiled coyly at Gil, with a knowing expression.

Those weren’t milk filled tits. Her boobs were big for good. Vulis was absolutely sure of it.