“Fight me, you craven dogs!” the captain of the guard screamed as the last of the other men was dragged away toward the Jakaali cookpots. Only he and the two female guards remained, bound naked on the dirt floor beside Ambassador Saszha.

“Dogs?” the Jakaali king laughed, “I never get tired of hearing that one.”

“You cowardly cur!” the captain spat, “Give me my sword and test your strength against a real foe!”

“*Your* sword?” the king of the dog-like Jakaali scoffed as he leaned over the bound human soldier, “All of your weapons are mine now… Perhaps I would consent to sell one back to you again, if you’re willing to pay the price.”

The captain eyed the dog-king warily. “What do you want?” he asked.

“Well,” the Jakaali king mused, “It is almost time for breakfast… How about some nice sausage and eggs?”

He placed his foot over the captain’s exposed genitals and stepped down hard.

“You son of a bitch!” the captain roared in pain.

“Oh, wait,” the Jakaali king said, “Those already belong to me anyway… you all do, so I guess you don’t have anything to trade after all… too bad.”

“I’ll kill you!” the captain yelled as the Jakaali dragged him away.

“Over easy, if you please, Chef,” the Jakaali king called out as he turned and walked back to his throne.

“Bien sûr, Votre Majeste,” the dog-man in the white apron answered. “… and, for ze others?” he asked, licking his lips as he nodded toward the three women still bound naked on the floor.

“Don’t be greedy, Chef,” the king chuckled, “I think we’ve sent enough to the pots for one meal. I prefer to keep my leftovers fresh.”

“I am an Ambassador of the elven court!” Saszha cried out, struggling against the rough ropes tied around her body that dug into her flesh and chaffed the delicate skin of her breasts as she squirmed.

The king settled back onto his throne and gave the elf girl a quizzical look. “Chef?” he called out, “is it true that nobility tastes better than commoners?”

Saszha’s heart fluttered in fear as she raised her eyes to the aproned dog man.

“I haf heard zis,” the chef answered, “mais… I haf never tested ze myth.”

“Hmn,” the king mused, rubbing his furry chin as he studied the naked elf.

“Please, Your Majesty!” Saszha said, “I’m certain that we can work something out… an arrangement… a treaty!”

“Well, I do love politics,” the king said, “Perhaps I could send you to negotiate a treaty with the king of the flesh weasels.”

“Flesh weasels?” Saszha asked.

“Oh, but they don’t have a king, do they?” the king said, “I suppose we could just stake you out for their pleasure and watch from a safe distance… It would be a real test of your negotiation skills.”

Saszha bit her lip and whimpered as she shook her head.

“If you want to live, keep silent!” the blonde-haired human girl at Saszha’s side hissed, “Follow my lead, and do anything they command.”

Saszha nodded.

“My King!” the blonde girl called out, “We throw ourselves on your mercy!”

“Mercy?” the Jakaali king laughed, “Why should you expect such from the *dogs* your kind hunt for sport?”

“Because we are your sport now,” the blonde answered, “Use us as you please, mighty King.”

“And what use would I have for you?” he asked.

The blonde girl shifted in her bonds, managing to roll over, facedown in the dirt with some difficulty. With a grunt of effort, she lifted her bare rump for the king’s inspection.

The brunette beside her did the same.

“Do it!” the blonde whispered to Saszha.

Saszha moaned as she rolled her body over and inch-wormed into the same submissive position. She squeezed her fists and eyes tightly shut as she presented her backside to the leering crowd of dog men.

“Yes,” the king said, “I see your point… Chef, you may go… I think I have something else in mind for these three.”

Saszha dared a glimpse at the aproned chef as he disappointedly took his leave, hurrying off to prepare her guardsmen for breakfast.

“Lick them off and have them marked,” the Jakaali king commanded, “I’ll play with them after breakfast.”

“Marked?” one of the Jakaali guards asked, lifting his leg slightly above Saszha’s face. She stared up in horror at the furry bulge beneath the dog-thing’s short kilt.

“No… something a little more permanent than that,” the king answered, “I’m thinking of keeping these for a while… use the marking iron.”

“Marking iron?” Saszha gasped, rolling onto her side to look back at the Jakaali king.

“Oh, don’t worry,” the king said with a smile, “You’re an ambassador, aren’t you?”

“Yes!” she gasped.

“You can go last then,” he said with a dismissive wave to his guards.

Saszha yelped as the Jakaali hauled her and the other girls to their feet and marched them off into the shadows of the cave. A man’s anguished scream echoed from the direction of the cookpots as Saszha fell into step behind the two bound human girls.

“I take it you’ve never been captured by monsters before,” the blonde girl whispered back over her shoulder.

“No,” Saszha moaned, “Are they really going to… brand us?”

“Just be grateful we weren’t taken by goblins,” the blonde chuckled.

“Why?”

“It took me a whole bottle of brandy and two pairs of wire cutters to remove all the piercings after my last escape,” she sighed, “You wouldn’t believe some of the places those little green bastards found to put rings in me!”

“How did you escape?” Saszha whispered, hoping the guards that held their leashes were too lost in their own conversation to hear.

“Trade secret,” the blonde laughed, “but don’t worry. I’ll get you out of here.”

“Now?” Saszha mewed.

“I’m not that good!” the blonde laughed again, “I’m afraid we’re in for a very long day, princess.”

“Ambassador,” Saszha corrected her as the Jakaali pushed them back up against a stone wall and began to unfasten their bindings.

“I don’t think that title carries much weight around here,” the brown-haired human girl scoffed as the dog men pulled her forward and stretched her body across a stone slab. Two of the largest Jakaali held her by the wrists and ankles as two more bent low to lick her body clean.

When Saszha’s turn came, she giggled helplessly as the rough pink tongues of the dog men found every trace of dust and dirt on her body, cleansing every last crevice with merciless efficiency.

At last, they dragged her to her feet again and bound her hands behind her back before placing the leash once more around her slender neck.

“This way,” the largest Jakaali grunted, and the girls followed him into another chamber.

They stood against the wall and watched as the short one stoked a fire in a low metal brazier.

“The easy part’s over girls,” the blonde sighed.

“What do we do now?” Saszha gasped, trembling with fear.

“Well, I intend to get through it by focusing on the enormous reward I’m going to get for rescuing your ass,” the blonde girl whispered as the Jakaali dragged her companion to the waiting pole, “You might want to find something else to think about too.”

Saszha watched in horror as the short Jakaali withdrew the hot iron from the fire and approached the helpless brunette bound to the pole.

The elf girl suddenly wondered why she had ever turned down that appointment to be Ambassador to the dwarves.