

Sundown

The orange glow of a setting sun cut through the cooling desert air, casting the sandstone temple in a pool of fading light. The arid land stretched for miles beyond the temple oasis, curving up into gentle dunes that formed an endless horizon of dusty haze. Inside, the throng of felines began to thin as the day's duties, hunting and praying came to a close. Kiara, however, remained, knelt before the statue of Diala with eyes closed and paws outstretched. Another, Adani, watched her quietly.

Kiara hated prayer. It wasn't about belief, or even offerings — it was just that it took so *long*. The morning of each new moon, she would get up before first light and make her way groggily to the central fountain, stomach growling from the previous day's fast. There, she and nineteen other priestesses-in-training would bathe in the waters to cleanse themselves and open their minds. Then they'd break into groups and provide offerings to the goddess statues lining the temple square before settling in to begin a long session of prayer. A few times she'd nearly fainting from hunger through the day, but she could look forward to the evening meal — those that prayed were allowed to eat first.

Adani, Kiara's dedicated mentor, disliked prayer for an entirely different reason. Her student excelled in hunting, combat and building, yet was hopeless at anything requiring her to sit still. It was common for the young feline to lose concentration during prayer so the older priestess had taken it upon herself to ensure Kiara learnt discipline and patience. It was simple enough to tell when the girl's focus had shifted — the feline's jaw would slacken as her eyes glazed over, her mind lost to some other adventure. Adani had tried everything, yet little improvement had come about. Still, a little was better than nothing, she supposed.

"Enough" The teacher murmured, letting out a tired huff.

Kiara's eyes opened slowly and she rubbed her arms — the offering poses were a real workout. "How'd I do?"

"Better." Adani lied. "But you need to... open yourself up more. Feel Her power inside you, feel it *directed*." She knelt next to her student, outstretching her own paws to the grand stone idol before them. She took a deep breath in, speaking with passion. "A priestess is a conduit... Diala cannot protect us if we do not let Her inside. Come, raise your paws again."

Kiara did as she was bid, supressing a sigh. Adani shuffled behind her, gently taking hold of her student's forearms. Her muzzle next to Kiara's ear, she spoke in a whisper.

"Feel Her. Against your paws." Her own paws gently traced a pattern into Kiara's upturned pads.

"Feel Her travelling through your arms." She lightly drew her claws up Kiara's bare arm. Her student held her breath, goose bumps rising beneath her fur.

"Feel Her as she enters your core." The claws stopped at Kiara's shoulder, hesitating, before travelling along her neck, through the lines of necklaces Kiara wore. Adani's claws lowered, travelling down the middle of her chest, stopping just below her right breast. She flattened her pad against the girl's short, soft fur. "Feel Her in your heart..."

Kiara was breathless. Her teacher's paw was soft, warm. The girl's eyes opened involuntarily, and before she could close them again her teacher frowned and pulled away. "And you've lost concentration." She gently smacked the back of her student's head. "When you pray, you give your body up to the goddesses, who may inhabit and experience their world through it. We will continue from where we left off next time. Now go eat."

Finally. Kiara thought to herself, her stomach rumbling in agreement. But before she could leave Adani stopped her, a claw raised in the air.

“And after, you can join me on guard duty.”

Kiara sagged. “I’ve already *done* my duty.”

“And you’ll do it again. Perhaps you’ll find the secret to focusing out there on the perimeter walls. Now, stand up straight and go inside.”

Kiara slunk her way to the dining hall, kicking dust as she went.

Later, after a hearty meal that left her feeling pleasantly full (a rare occasion for the young priestess), Kiara was padding quietly to her room at the end of the student’s hall when a pair of soft paws embraced her from behind.

“*Feel Her insiiiiide you.*” Purred a cocky voice. Kiara grimaced, looking down at the paws.

“Stop it Milisar.”

“I saw you two ‘practicing.’ Still can’t get the hang of prayer?” The paws didn’t move.

“Still can’t get the hang of hunting? I saw you only brought home one measly rabbit.”

The voice behind her laughed. “I’m a fighter, darling, not a hunter. All this “being quiet and stalking your prey” nonsense is ridiculous. Why can’t they just challenge me like real warriors?” Milisar’s paws rose slightly, her thumbs pressing gently against the underside of Kiara’s breasts. The younger feline rolled her eyes. Milisar just loved making her uncomfortable.

“You want the rabbits to... ‘challenge you like real warriors?’”

“Sure. Unlike you, I’d beat them easily.” Milisar dragged a tongue across her teeth.

“After all, I don’t have these things in the way.” And she grabbed Kiara’s breasts in her paws, laughing. Kiara growled, trying to wriggle out of her rival’s grip.

“Having fun, ladies?”

Milisar pulled away, paws suddenly behind her back. Kiara turned to see Adani looking at them with folded arms and a raised brow. She cringed. “She just grabbed my—”

“I saw what happened. Milisar, this temple is for the pure of heart. If you want to... indulge yourself, at least do it outside. Now go to bed.”

Milisar disappeared. Kiara bowed her head, waiting nervously.

“As for you... time for guard duty. Follow me.”

Twilight

The holy temple lay solemnly in the centre of the Oman oasis, its entrance surrounded by thick exotic trees that fanned outward until revealing the dusty desert horizon. From Kiara’s position on top of the south wall, the flats stretched tauntingly away from her, swathed in twilight. She sighed, keeping pace with her mentor as they paced the wall lit only by a few torches and the glow of a dull moon.

“How long did you say we were out here for?”

“Until moon-high.”

Kiara’s shoulders slumped. Half the night they’d be out here. And she was supposed to be hunting tomorrow. She’d be lucky if she didn’t drift off in the middle of stalking prey.

“Stop complaining. I can always keep you up all night.”

They were quiet for another moment, having reached the south-east corner and were now navigating through the narrow halls of the guard tower. Inside, Adani stopped, propping a foot against a wall and leaning back.

“Kiara... what is it about prayer you don’t like?”

The young feline looked somewhat taken aback. “I never said... there’s nothing wrong with prayer.”

“Indeed. Prayer is important.” Her gaze turned somewhat stern. “Yet you fail to manage a single hour without losing focus.”

“I can’t help it.” Kiara murmured. She needed to be doing things, to be up and moving. She couldn’t stand just sitting around waiting for nothing.

“And why is that?” Adani’s expression turned troubled. “Are you having... thoughts?”

“Of what?” The older cat’s tone made her uneasy.

Adani struggled to get the words out. “Thoughts of... improper things. Lust.”

The word pricked at her ears. Of course she’d reached the age where she was more than aware of her body, despite it never being talked about within the temple grounds. Aside from touching herself in her room late at night, she’d often seen two or three students or low-ranking priestesses disappear into the trees beyond the temple perimeter, where they would come back an hour later dishevelled and panting — sometimes she’d join them, indulge in experimenting with her peers. Once, one of them had pulled out a long, thick, pleasantly shaped object they’d acquired from who knows where, offered it to her in exchange for helping them catch prey during their hunting exam. It was improper, but the thing was now

safely in the wardrobe, ready for those nights her own paws couldn't scratch the itch. But these were things students did, not teachers... right?

"No. Of course not." Kiara murmured.

"I see. Right. Good." Adani looked almost disappointed. But she soon perked up, pushing away from the wall. "We'd better get back to patrol. The walls won't guard themselves."

Kiara obliged with an uneasy smile, following Adani out the guardhouse door.

Right into a group of gruff, armoured canines.

Everything stood still. There were three canines before them, shining metal axes strapped to their backs and daggers in their belts. Their armour was padded, much thicker than the feline's skimpy desert clothing, a mark of denizens of the mountains far to the north. Kiara could smell a faint musk, remnants of sweat dampening the cobalt fur of each, and she saw muscled biceps beneath the padded leather and metal. Their tails were short, rough, unkempt like the rest of their bodies, and their dark blue hair stood in short mohawks between their perked ears.

The canines looked as surprised as the girls did. Kiara noticed a makeshift ladder, assembled from strapped wood and flatleaf, propped against the wall, and moments later another canine popped its head out, confused at why his comrades were frozen in place.

Then Adani was moving forward, drawing a short khopesh from her belt and crunching the hilt into the side of the first canine's head. He toppled with a shout, jolting the others into action. They drew their own axes, but on the confines of the perimeter wall they had no room to manoeuvre. Adani pushed her student backward, giving herself room to

swing her sword, slicing into the sides of both remaining canines. With a yell she kicked the ladder away from the wall, sending the canine riding it crashing to the ground below

“Wake the others!” Adani yelled, ducking a frenzied punch from an injured canine. Kiara nodded, darting back into the guardhouse and slamming the door closed. She could hear the other invaders now, growling and barking orders from every wall. They were surrounded. With a determined expression, she took the spiral steps of the guardhouse two at a time and hit the ground running, beelining for the temple quarters.

Back on the wall, Adani grunted as she slid her blade into the flesh of the final canine, pushing him over the wall’s edge. Looking further down the wall, she saw yet another ladder appear. Sprinting toward it, sword ready, something grabbed her tail and she crashed to the stone floor. She turned onto her back, saw another canine leering down at her, axe in paw. Adani pushed up, knee bent, kicking him square in the chest as she pushed off and twirled gracefully to her feet. Two more canines clambered up from the ladder, axes held ready. With her kopesh somewhere on the ground, Kiara dived on top of the canine she’d kicked and wrestled the axe from his grip. Before she could swing it into his neck, a set of heavy paws grabbed her hair and hauled her away, and the axe was pulled from her paws and cast to one side. The first canine clambered to his feet, wiping the corner of his mouth.

“Fucking cats.” He growled, voice low and dangerous.

Another sounded at her ear; the owner of the iron embrace. “Not such a bad idea, Rakin.”

The canine named Rakin snorted. “Cat meat, eh? Well come on, let’s see what she’s packing.”

The dogs laughed cruelly as paws grabbed at the sides of Adani's chest wrappings, exposing her fur to the warm night air. Adani yelled thunderously, crunching an elbow into a muzzle that got too close, kicking backward and connecting with a shin. The canine howled in pain and she dived at Rakin, who jumped to the side and tripped her with an outstretched leg. Deftly showing her into the stone floor with a heavy paw, he put his muzzle close to hers, giving her cheek a lick. The other canines closed in, grinning toothily as Rakin's claws pricked at Adani's back.

"You wanna play rough, eh? Well, happy to oblige." He grabbed the side of her loincloth, used an outstretched claw to tear it at the seam. Adani growled, struggling, but could stop the canine as he flung her clothing away and spread her legs. His eyes lit up at the sight of her tight cunt and, above it, the small puckered dot of her tail-hole. Licking his lips, he pushed a thumb deep into her ass, laughing as she cried out. Pulling it in and out a few times, he used his other paw to undo his belt and release his cock. Lining it up, he let it rest at her hole, watching her struggle.

"You know, the more you resist, the more this'll hurt."

"Fuck you, dog."

He shrugged, a gleam in his eye. "Well, don't say I didn't warn you." And he shoved his cock in, deep, as Adani screamed.

Dusk

Kiara sailed gracefully over the small stone wall, keeping her speed as she landed. The feline carried no weapons, and the barracks were too far to make a detour. From behind, the crash of metal rung out where feline blade met canine steel, but Kiara kept her focus. Ahead, the

sleeping quarters of the temple's residence sat quietly, largely unaware of the ongoing invasion. The doors stood open, warm light spilling out from a few bracketed torches and illuminating the path ahead. She was nearly there, nearly inside...

And then a silhouette appeared at the door. Broad, muscled, and heavily armoured. This canine was different to the rest — his steel armour carried bands of crimson red, a necklace of bone at his neck and a belt of animal skulls at his waist. Kiara screeched to a halt, panting heavily. The canine grinned at her, and only now did she notice the two huge axes held languidly in each paw.

"Well hey there, cutie." He rumbled quietly, though his dangerous tone bore right into her soul. "I hope you aren't thinking of doing anything rash."

"Get out of my way." She growled, anger beginning to seethe in her chest.

"A feisty one. How about that, boys?" He flashed a toothy grin, and only now did Kiara notice the ring of ten or so warriors surrounding them. She gulped, struggling to keep her tone even.

"Let me through."

"Well, see, we don't want that. So maybe we can make a deal. How about..." He made a show of deep consideration, resting an axe-head on the ground and leaning against it. "How about you let me fuck you, and then we can talk. Sound good?"

Kiara reeled back as the others laughed. She couldn't answer, merely sputtered as the canine general took a step forward, leaving the axe standing upright. The other he hefted over his shoulder, putting a little swagger into his walk.

"Well I think it sounds like a wonderful idea. See, I haven't had any good feline pussy in a long time... and you, my darling, fit the bill." Another step forward. "First, I want to tear

off that skimpy little bra of yours. See what you're hiding from me." He licked his lips and Kiara gulped, moving slowly backward.

"Why are you doing this?"

"My boys and I have a trade to make. But that's none of your business. See—" He darted forward, a tail-length away from her. Kiara tried to jump back, but she'd reached the circle of canines and strong paws gripped her shoulders. "I'm more interested in *you*. Actually, you should be honoured. I won't just stick my dick in any old cat."

"Get off me!" She struggled against the countless paws gripping her arms and hair tightly.

"Shh..." The canine placed a claw on her lips. "Or I'll have to get rough, and *believe* me, you don't want that."

Kiara's jaw clenched. She stood stiff, staring up at the shaggy mane of the general. From behind, the other canines edged him on, their voices edged with greed and lust.

Then, suddenly, one of the paws readjusted its grip and she seized her chance. Darting away, she dodged the outraged swipes of the ring and sprinted to the lone axe, hauling it up with all her strength. She'd hunted with spear, daggers, even lances, but never with an axe. Its weight unbalanced her but she gripped it tightly, assumed a defensive position. The pack of canines growled, yet the general held up a paw to quiet them. Giving his own axe to one of the other canines, he held out his arms to her.

"You're playing with fire, darling. I'm going to give you one chance to put that thing down and come to me. I promise, I'll only fuck you twice."

Kiara charged forward and swung the axe with all her might. The general stepped to the side, moving with such fluidity it was as if the world moved around him. She dug her

heels into the ground, swung again, and the general stepped forward as the blade swung past and grabbed the hilt, throwing it — and Kiara — into a short stone wall. She toppled back, turning gracefully into a backward somersault, and threw the axe. In a movement so effortless it seemed unreal, the canine used two flat paws to clamp either side of the swinging blade in mid-air, inches from his face. Throwing it high into the air, he dodged a frustrated following punch from the feline and kicked her hard in the leg. She went down, twisted to avoid an expected kick and rolled between his legs. She tried kicking upward but he was already behind her, grabbing her hair and hauling her into the air. His muzzle levelled with hers, easy grin matched with furious glare, and he dropped her to the ground. She sprawled, gasping, and just as she tried to get up the axe came back down, landing right between her legs. The general kicked the handle, turning it ninety-degrees and trapping her leg. He unfastened the crimson cloth standard at his shoulder and knelt, grabbing her arms and tying them tightly together. Kiara's struggles were futile as the canine leant over her, warm breath over her face. His voice was quiet, dripping with power.

“I warned you. Now, ready that tight little cunt of yours.”

Looking up to address the other canines, he gestured to the building behind him. “Go, bring out the rest. Preferably in chains. Kill any troublemakers.”

Kiara opened her mouth to scream but the general's strong paw covered it tightly. She watched helplessly as the group of canines — now much bigger than before — swarmed the entrance. When they were finally alone, when the sounds of crashing, yelling, screaming and frantic battle begun to ring out from the sleeping quarters, the general dragged Kiara to a wide wooden bench and slammed her down on it. She gasped, and the general grabbed her chin.

“The name's Kanza. Just so you know what to scream.”

Nightfall

She ran, paws naked against stone, sprinting through endless halls. Her breath was catching in her throat, burning her chest. She tripped once, sprawled to the floor. Right in front of her, a feline yelled out as her knife was smacked out of her paw, the canine attacker grabbing her by the neck and pulling her back into a room. The feline's shouts turned to screams as she was restrained. Milisar stayed where she was, unmoving, until she heard the canine tear at the other feline's loincloth and start on his own belt. She reached for the fallen knife slowly, feeling its cold hilt in her grip.

Clambering to her feet, paw gripping the door frame to help herself up, she glanced once into the room and immediately wished she hadn't. The poor girl was struggling in vain as the dog forced himself inside her, ignoring her shouts and useless kicking. Milisar looked down at the knife in her paw, breathing heavily, but turned and darted into the shadows.

Further down, she came to an intersection. Where the hell was she? Milisar had lived here her entire life, yet in the midst of ferocious fighting and shattered furniture, blades clashing and sparking flint, she hadn't a clue where she stood.

The sound of steel striking iron caught her attention and she whirled left to see Arla, one of the high priestesses, dancing past heavy axe swings and hefty kicks. Her own two daggers flashed as one buried itself deep into a canine's chest, but she stuck in his breastplate and she couldn't pull it out, and the blunt side of an axe crunched into her cheek. She rolled backward, staggered up and right into a torch bracket. Hot embers scattered across richly textured carpet, and Arla barely had time to dive away before the floor went up in flames. Two of the canines seized the opportunity to jump atop her, bounding her wrists and dragging

her away from the fire. She yelled at them, struggling immensely, yet the two held fast and pulled her into the darkness.

Milisar turned, ran the other way as the flames grew and began devouring the rest of the hall. She rounded a corner and ran straight into a crowd of canines. They were turned away from her, watching in pleasure as two thrust into a single, struggling feline. One held her tail, thrusting his thick, red canine length into her tight ass. The feline grunted, tears wetting her cheeks as she tried to pull away. The other canine, laying beneath her, laughed as he pushed himself again into pussy. The feline's hips involuntarily bounced between them, driving each thrusting cock deeper into her.

Milisar stood rooted to the spot, unable to look away as the two canines panted heavily, sweat and lust scenting the air. The one below grunted, pulling the feline into him one, two, three more times before letting out a low yowl. The dog's knot swelled and his eyes closed, jaw slacking as he gripped her ass harder and forced her down. He pumped two, three, four times into her before releasing his grip and collapsing to the cool temple tiles. He remained knotted in her pussy as the other canine, ready for his own orgasm, twirled her tail in his paws and drilled into her, ignoring the feline's screams. Knotting her ass, he grunted in pleasure as thick streams of cum pulsed deep into her. The other canines cheered, two more coming forward, cocks erect in the air, arguing about whose turn was next.

Milisar gulped, finally gaining control of herself, and found a side corridor to dart into. Collapsing against a wall, she closed her eyes and took in long, deep breaths. She would not cry, not matter how much her eyes stung and heart burned. Forcing herself to keep quiet, she listened to the sounds around her — the clash of metal, the grunts and groans of brutal rape, the smashing of pottery and the crackling of flames.

“Well, what do we have here? Are you alright, little kitty?”

Milisar kept her eyes closed. Not here. Not her.

The voice's tone became dangerous. "I said... *are you alright?*"

An iron paw grabbed her wrist, shoved her against a wall, and another grabbed her by the throat. Finally, Milisar's eyes opened. The canine in front of her grinned menacingly.

"Not going to answer? Not going to scream?" A paw grabbed her breast, squeezed it painfully hard. Milisar growled, adrenaline coursing through her body, and she tried to punch the canine. He held her at arm's length, laughing hoarsely. Then he let her drop to her feet, rushing close before she had a chance to react and pressing her against the wall with his body. At her thigh she could feel something hard, something long and pointed and warm and...

She tried to reach down, grip the knife she'd stuck in her belt, but the canine was quicker and threw it away.

"Pity. There goes your last chance at escape."

"Fuck you."

The canine growled, grabbing the side of her loincloth. "Give me your paws."

Milisar stood defiant.

"I said *give me your fucking paws.*" He lunged, grabbed her wrists and threw her to the ground. Shoving her face into the hard tiles, he tied her wrists together painfully tight.

"You were going to stab me, you little shit. You deserve to die." He flipped her around, breathing hot, angry air into her face as he shoved his paw between her legs. "But that would be too good for you. Someone out there is gonna pay a lot of money to have a slave like you. Of course..." He grinned, sliding a paw over her chest, over her breasts, up to her shoulders. "I gotta test the merchandise first."

Eventide

Milisar grunted as the canine gripped her shoulders, pressing sharply into her fur. His claws bit deep, drawing small shots of blood that matted the roots of her fur. Milisar gasped, kicking his hip in a desperate attempt to push him away.

Wrong move. The canine's expression immediately soured, eyes glowing dangerously, and he grabbed her left wrist in both paws and swung, throwing her against a fragile wooden shelf. It splintered beneath her as she hurtled to the ground and before she could move he was on top of her, grabbing her under the arms and lifting her up into the air. He crunched his knee into her stomach and Milisar's gasped, and the canine again shoved her into the sandstone wall. A paw grabbed her by the neck, keeping her hefted in the air as she struggled vainly, and with another paw he reached down and exposed his thick, hard canine length. Milisar choked, grabbing at the canine's arm in some futile attempt to alleviate the suffocation, but the burning in her chest remained as she cursed.

"Enough foreplay." The canine growled. "Time to fuck."

And he shoved her onto his throbbing cock.

Time slowed for Milisar. Around her, the crackling of burning wood roared fiercely, the cries and clashes of battle continued to blaze, and the grunts and cries and clinking of chains echoed through the halls. She could feel herself falling, guided by his paw. Feel her lips impale on that pointed, drooling cock, slowly parting as he forcefully invaded her most sacred regions. The feline could feel herself stretching around his thickening length, feel the ache of being so full for the first time in life. She'd never had more than herself to play with, and now, all at once, her cunt was stretched to its limit.

She cried out, arms waving helplessly as the canine laughed and grabbed her waist, lifting her up and shoving her back down. He thrust his hips up to meet her as he begun a rhythm, a pounding of violent sensation that sent shocks of pain, terror and curious lashings of pleasure shooting up her body, from her pussy right to her head. She groaned as her body became limp, losing all hope of fighting back. He noticed this, grinned at his victory before resuming his efforts with even more force. His hips met hers, large balls hitting her abused cunt, as he felt his knot begin to swell. She could feel it too, cried out as she was forced open even further. She tried to plead with him, beg him to stop, but with each thrust all she could do was sob, her voice cracking.

When his knot swelled to its full size, the canine briefly pulled out, precum and Milisar's own fluid pooling on the floor and creating thin, sticky connections between them. Turning her to face the wall and grabbing her tail, he hauled her hips into the air and brought a paw up, claws flat. He hit her, hard, right on her presented ass. She cried out, barely had time to attempt another struggle before he hit her again, and again, red marks showing beneath her fur. When her backside began to feel numb he grabbed her tail again and shoved himself in.

Milisar screamed, her cries ringing through the room as his knot filled her newly opened cunt, cock tip even pricking at her cervix. His cock pumped hot, thick spurts of cum deep into her tunnel, and the sensations were so much that Milisar momentarily blacked out, coming back a minute later in time for the canine to grab her shoulders and pull her up, forcing his cock even deeper. His spurts began to slow, his thrusts becoming weaker, and Milisar's shouts turned to heavy panting as she dangled helplessly on his thick canine cock. The dog let out a sigh, keeping her on his lap, a paw holding her against him firmly. His muzzle near his ear, she could hear his lips form a smirk.

“I’ll fetch a good price for you. If I don’t keep you for myself, that is.”

And he laughed as she began struggling once more, screaming bloody murder.

After Dark

Adani marched through the smouldering remains of her temple, wrists and ankles cuffed in heavy chains that dragged in the dust. Her loins ached, as did her hindquarters, still recovering from their brutal penetration. Thick drops of cum oozed from her holes, matting her fur. The air was thick with ash, sweat, fear and blood. Cages set upon large wheeled planks were being rolled in, filled with the weaker inhabitants. She saw Rekni, her sister’s child, forced into a cage and chained to the bars. The young girl struggled, fiercely hissing at her captors, but quickly jolted into submission when a canine savagely kicked her side. Adania growled and tried to push forward, yelling at the canine, but Rakin grabbed her shoulder and easily pulled her back on path. She spat at his feet, refusing to walk any further.

“Fight me honourably, you *dog*.”

The canine laughed. “I already did. You lost.”

Adani tried to spin around but her chains sprung taught and she fell to her knees. Glaring up at him, she bared her fangs. “There was no honour. You attacked as we slept. Fought one priestess with many. Where is your pride?”

The canine grabbed her chin and shoved his muzzle against hers. “My pride is in watching your sisters sold off for piles of gold. My pride is in the decadence I may seek for it. And my pride is in fucking whichever helpless wretches I so desire.” He grabbed her hair and wrenched Adani up as she grunted. “I’ve already fucked you, so guess what’s next? Slavery.”

“Just kill me. You’ve had your fun. You’ve burned our home to the ground. Draw your axe.”

Rakin raised an eyebrow. Slowly, he reached behind him and drew his axe, blade gleaming in the amber light. Adani held his gaze, tilting her head upward slightly as the canine brought the blade gently to her neck.

“You’d rather die than serve another?” He murmured.

“I serve no man.” She said, eyes hard and defiant.

Rakin pushed the axe head slowly forward, drawing a thin line of blood at Adani’s neck. He saw her flinch but stay steady. Then he grinned.

“And I serve no woman. You cannot change my mind.” He spun her around and shoved her forward. Adani bit back the hopelessness threatening to surge through her and started shuffling forward once again.

Kiara lay there, gaze fixed on the dusty stone, refusing to make a sound. She would not call his name, nor gasp out in pain. Kanza’s cock was huge, thick, stretching her unlike anything she’d felt before. But she didn’t move, didn’t scream or cry out. Her jaw was clenched, and she tried to block out the canine’s grunts as he continued thrusting into her tail-hole. He’d already abused her cunt, and it dripped with his seed, still gaping slightly from his knotting. She’d thought it was over, thought it had finally ended. But then he’d flipped her over, shoved her into the table, and without warning pushed himself into her tight, virgin ass. That had been the hardest — she’d nearly screamed, yelped, begged for him to stop. But then she’d seen Milisar, ankles and wrists cuffed, marched toward the temple’s central square. Their eyes had met, briefly. Their expressions both weary, despairing. The rivals, for the first

time, shared a moment of sympathy. Both naked, abused by the canines, helpless and vulnerable. And something in Milisar's face gave Kiara strength. She bit her tongue, hard enough that blood trickled through her mouth — she concentrated on the taste, swirling it around her maw, ignoring the growing pain. Kanza's paw came to the back of her neck, pushed her into the table harder, and then she could feel his knot, pushing against her tight hole. The canine pulled back, only his tip at her ass, then shoved in with enough force to push Kiara a few inches across the table. Kanza's knot bulged, grinding against the feline's opening, before forcing itself fully in with a low *pop*. Cum flooded Kiara and she could almost feel it in her stomach, rippling waves of pain and pleasure jolting her system, until finally the canine ceased his thrusting. He pulled her up so that she remained impaled on his cock, like a puppet, limbs tingling and loins aching.

“You're a quiet one.” The Canine growled.

Kiara said nothing, trying to slow her breathing. Kanza shrugged.

“No matter. You're a good fuck, if nothing else. Your future master will be pleased.”

Before Kiara could say anything, the canine's arms wrapped around her and pulled her upwards, forcing her off his cock. Her ass resisted, almost too tight to let the knot out, but with some effort she was finally released and dropped on the floor, panting. Metal cuffs were clapped on her wrists, binding her paws behind her. Kiara growled, trying to pull herself free. A paw came down on her shoulder.

“Slavery isn't so bad, you know? There's food, a place to sleep, and frankly very little work beside taking a few cocks.” Kanza laughed. “And we've both discovered you're perfectly competent at that.”

Kiara closed her eyes. *Diala, please hear me. If not before, then now. I need your help. We need your help.*

The canine general seemed to read her mind. “If your gods do indeed exist, runt, then you can stop struggling. But I’m still waiting for them to show themselves.”

He looked up, waiting. The very first streaks of pink had begun to glow through scattered clouds, signals of a new morning. The light humidity had been replaced with growing warmth, as if the very earth could feel the felines’ anger. After a moment, Kanza smiled, letting out a long breath. “How unfortunate. Your gods elude you.”

Kiara’s stomach knotted, her limbs rooted to the dusty ground. Kanza’s rough, strong paw grasped the fur on the back of her neck, dragging her forward. She tried to stay upright, legs stumbling along the path, but for much of the final gruelling passage she was kept aloft by the wolf’s impatience. Arriving in the temple’s main square, Kiara took in the scene around her. Her sisters had never stood a chance. Large groups of canines moved to and fro, bundles of gold, ivory, precious gems carted in wooden crates, huge incense holders hefted over shoulders. When each building was cleared, another group would empty bags of thick, black oils over the walls, floors and doors, then set it alight. Each time a sacred place would go up in flames, the felines would cry out, struggle against their bondages, but it was never any use. The canines merely goaded them, threatened to throw them to the flames. Kiara could tell many of her people would prefer flames to the shackles they were held in, but could do nothing but watch in horror as flint was struck against steel, and sparks turned to flames.

Just past another group of canine looters, Milisar was being dragged toward the cages by two grim canines. Once, their grip slipped, and Milisar went sprawling to the ground. She stayed there for a moment, breathing heavily. She still couldn’t think straight, her loins ached, and she felt so incredibly tired. It began to dawn on her; the future she and her sisters faced. She could finally see that there was no hope, no chance of salvation. No spark of life at the

end of it all. They were going to be slaves, forever, until the day they died. Never again would she eat at a long table with her sisters, or fight the other students in the arena, or tease the girl she secretly liked. What hit her hardest was that she'd never again get to feel the desert sun on her back as she strolled through the exotic temple gardens.

No. Now, she was the prey. And her predators didn't even have the decency to kill her.

She could smell the thick, acidic smoke drifting over. She could run. Get up, run toward the flames and close her eyes, and it would all be over. She just needed to get up, move before the canines could grab her.

She pushed herself to her feet, tried to turn but a paw grabbed her arm, squeezing hard enough to send flashes of pain through her body. That moment of clarity in the agony made everything crystal clear. There was no life ahead.

Milisar screamed, cursed her captors. Her paws hammered at their iron armour, she kicked wildly, her fangs bared.

"Let me go! Get your fucking paws off me and—" She tried to bite the canine's arm but he turned her around, marched her forward with the help of the other. She dragged her feet, refused to move, tried in vain to push herself to the ground. The canines' muscle kept her up, kept her moving, and she could see the cage looming closer.

"Fuck you all! Let me go!" She screamed, her eyes pricking as she felt tears welling. She refused to cry. They didn't deserve to see that.

Around her, canines stopped what they were doing to watch the spectacle. Some even gloated, pointing at her and mimicking her actions. They followed her, kicking dust in her eyes as she cursed at them. From the cages, the older felines watched her with horror and

despair. Her captors seemed to encourage her by dropping the feline again, laughing as she tried to scramble up before her hair was grabbed. When her head rose for the second time, the fur beneath her eyes was soaked. Tears flowed freely, and her voice was now cracked and high-pitched. Quieter, too, trailing to almost a whisper.

“Please, let me go... I’ll do anything. I— I’ll let you fuck me! As much as you want, right now, if you just let me go!”

The canines ignored her. Reaching the cage, one of them opened the door and she was thrown in. Hitting the stone-slabbed floor, she looked up at them in a final, desperate plea.

“Please. Look at me. Have compassion. Please.” She whispered, tears obscuring her vision and falling to the cage floor. The canines regarded her jeeringly, making a show of considering the offer before slamming shut the door. From behind, rough paws reached through the bars and cuffed her wrists to a chain welded to the iron bars. There she slumped, sobbing hysterically, curled in a despairing ball.

Not far away, Adani stood silently in a line of twenty or so other felines. A canine crouched at her feet, fitting painfully tight cuffs around her ankles. She looked down at him. A single canine she could take if she had free paws. But what good would it do? They would just beat her. Or worse, beat the others. No matter how she strained, the cuffs held fast and strong. She kept pulling, tugging at the metal, yet it only rubbed her wrists red and irritated the skin. At one point, she ever tried biting the chain, the taste of metal filling her mouth, but it was to no avail.

With a final, echoing *click*, the last cuffs fastened around her ankle. The canine who shackled her legs had been watching her with no small amount of amusement. He allowed her to test the chains at her feet, try to flex the chain. The links jangled mockingly, refusing to

bed. The more she struggled, the more her ankles rubbed red like her wrists. With such a short chain, she could only take short, shuffling steps. Hardly dignified. Yet, efforts exhausted, she held her head high, biting back the rising fear. Her jaw clenched hard enough to grind her fangs together, but it was all she could do to stop herself shaking. Every time she moved, the ornaments at her belt would jangle and clack together, but at least it reminded her she still had *that* dignity.

Yet, in a cruel twist, when the canine stood up his paw remained low, sliding up over her leg. She looked at him, silently pleading. Her loincloth was all she had left. The last fragment of modesty on her person.

The canine grinned, yanked the front hard enough to tear it. With a small knife he cut away the rest of the belt, throwing it on the ground and grinding it into the sand. Adani struggled against her cuffs, trying to lunge toward him, but from behind she was roughly shoved back in line. A thick metal collar was clasped around her neck, and two chains clipped securely in the front and back. She was part of the line now, connected by strong, oppressive chains. She tried again, harder this time, yet only succeed in rubbing her wrist and ankles red and straining her neck. The chains held secure, and eventually she stood still, panting. The feline in front glanced back empathetically before the chain pulled her head back into position.

To her left, a flash of familiarly coloured fur caught her eye. She turned, gasped when she saw Kiara being placed in a collar just like hers. She went to call out, to offer some kind of reassurance, but with a crack of a whip her line jolted forward. The collar's chain snapped taught and she choked for a second, coughing and straightening her head as she was forced to begin moving.

The collar felt cold and unnatural around her neck. Kiara tugged against it, though deep down she knew it was futile. Around her, muffled cries emanated from those felines unlucky enough to still be waiting for a cage. Unlucky, because they were the only things left to entertain the canines. They would goad them, kick them, force their faces into the dirt or cut up their clothes. A few small lines of canines still trickled from the temple's main synagogue. Between seven canines, the temple's prized golden idol of Aylari, goddess of life, was hauled into a huge cart driven by four large mammals Kiara had never seen before. These holy relics, items she'd revered her whole life, were ready to be sold off for an easy pile of gold. No one could possibly know the history behind them, the importance, that the felines did. They probably didn't care. All that cared about was the cheap gimmick of an "ancient, holy idol. 50 gold pieces, please."

Much like them. The felines of "a faraway land, barren desert and exotic beauty. Agile, rare, something to show off to your guests. Deeply historic, and entirely sensual. Tie her up, and you'll feel like you've captured a princess." The description didn't yet match them. Maybe, before the attack. But now the desert's proudest warriors marched with heads bowed low, postures slumped, garbed in nothing but the chains that held them. She could see them now, standing on some hastily constructed stage, objects for the rich, foul audience to leer at, to bid on. The thought disgusted her. The disgust turned to fear and despair when she realised, she too would be on the stage.

Kiara was moving now. She'd barely registered it. Her line marched slowly, evenly, and without fuss. Most had stopped struggling now, though the occasional scream of a feline being whipped rung through the hazy, dusty air. This was how they would be now. Beaten, bowed, without even the dignity of a name or identity. They would address their captor as 'master. Maybe they would be branded with his mark, on their shoulder or neck or breast or behind.

Kiara gave her cuffs one last tug. To no mammal's surprise, they merely jingled tauntingly. She could feel everything now. The air, thick with dust cast into the air by marching slaves and mounted canines, and whatever foul animals drove their carriages. The sand was hot beneath her paws, burnt orange by the harsh sun above. No trees cast cool shade upon them. No birds soared above, scared off by the procession. The chains hung heavy, her shoulders weighted down, her legs already aching. The smell of sweat, blood, fear, and despair hung heavy. The jangle of chains, rhythmic beat of hundreds of strides, the crack of the whip and screams of its victims. The taste of metal and blood in her mouth. And the endless black void of her mind, impossible to escape.

This was the end. Yet it would last the rest of her life.