>Standing beside Anonymous, the two of you watch as half a dozen Minotaur soldiers run over to the door of a Jewlery store.  
>One of the soldiers smashes the large front window with his battle axe.  
>The rest of the troops climb through the window, their large weapons in-hand.  
>From inside you can hear several Diamond Dogs shouting and the sound of multiple children crying.  
>The commander of the company strolls up from behind with his arms behind his back.  
>You nudge Anon and both of you snap to attention, giving the rather tall and slim commander salutes.  
>His uniform is the crisp crimson of eloquent stitching that the members of the Upper Conclave wear.  
>He gives a curt smirk and waves a snappy salute.  
>His eyes are on the jewlery shop, where the screams are increasing in volume.  
>You can see one of the Minotaur soldiers smashing the front display cases and stuffing any jewlery into a burlap sack.  
>"I hope you are enjoying yourself, my brother and sister. This is quite the invigorating show, yes?" The commander asks.  
>Anon crosses his arms as one of the soldiers drags out the obvious owner of the shop.  
>Its clothes are torn and it looks as though one of its hands has been smashed under a boot.  
>It barks and cries, pleading for the children to not be hurt.  
>A solid slap from the Minotaur soldier silences it and sends it sprawling feebly to the ground.  
>"I expected to play more of a part, but this is still interesting," Anon mutters.  
>The commander puts a hand on Anon's shoulder and chuckles.  
>"No no, my brother. You are far above dirtying your hands with this common rabble. Let my soldiers take care of these mutts."  
>The soldier takes the jewlery store owner's skull in his hand and forces it down into the dirt.  
>"Commander, how shall I deal with this mutt?"  
>The commander sighs and makes a slashing motion across his throat.  
>The soldier raises his mace above his head with his free arm, preparing to smash the dogs skull.

>You don't know why, but you panic.  
"Wait!"  
>The troop stops and looks up at you with a frown.  
>You can feel your face reddening and heart racing.  
"I mean..."  
>Anonymous steps forward and holds out a hand. "Let me do it."  
>The soldier looks at the commander, whom smiles and shrugs.  
>Before taking the large mace, Anon looks back at you.  
>His gaze is sharp and piercing.  
>He suspects you!  
>This is the worst thing you could have done.  
>You can't bear to look at him, but he's already turned around.  
>The soldier moves back and Anon places a foot on the dogs back, forcing it's face back into the dirt.  
>"Please! I don't care if you hurt me, just please not the pups!" The dog whimpers.  
>Inside, you hear more smashing of glass and wood along with the cries of young mutts.  
>Anon snaps a finger and motions toward the bag the soldier stuffed all the jewlery into. "I'm not going to hurt you."  
>The soldier opens the bag for Anon and the Human reaches inside.  
>Pulling out a handful of jewlery, he reaches down and pulls the dogs head up. "Open your mouth."  
>The mutt begins to sputter about the pups again.  
>Anon kicks it hard in the ribs, making it howl in pain.  
>"I said open your fucking mouth, mutt!"  
>Just then, the rest of the soldiers drag out the mutts that were inside.  
>There is a female mutt and five pups.  
>All of them cry and call out to their father as they are forced to the ground.  
>They are made to watch as Anonymous stuffs a large handful of jewlery into the Diamond Dogs mouth.  
>Now filled, with some pearls sticking out of his mouth, the dogs head is forced back down.  
>Anonymous raises the mace above his head, his foot pressing the mutt into the dirt.  
>Its family now screams in a frenzy.  
>Before Anon whips the mace down, you hear the dog scream.  
>Its voice is silenced.

>The mace smashes into the back of his skull, smashing it into a mess of gore, brain matter and bloody jewlery.  
>The family shrieks in agony as jewlery rolls around all over the ground and their fathers body goes limp.  
>Anonymous hands the mace back to the soldier and steps away from the body, wiping a bit of splatter from his uniform with a satisfied look.  
>The commander claps, "Bravo, my brother! Good show!"  
>The soldiers pull the family up while they bark and whine, then begin to haul them away.  
"Where will the pups go?"  
>The commander waves dismissively, "To be trained as servants. There is no point in killing them when their minds are still malleable, however small they may be."  
>Anonymous walks back beside you and rubs your ear between finger and thumb in a comforting, yet domineering sort of way.  
>It makes you shiver.  
>The soldier with the mace pulls a small bottle of grain alcohol from his pocket, uncaps it, and stuffs a bit of rag torn from the dead dogs clothing into it.  
>He lights the cocktail with a match and hucks it through the open window of the shop.  
>The inside of the shop erupts into flames.  
>Obviously the soldiers that were inside spread about some fuel before they left.  
>As the building burns, you stand beside Anon and the commander, eyes and faces lit up with the orange glow.  
>In the distance, you can hear the screams of mutts and glass being smashed.  
>The Minotaurs stomp through the village as war drums beat out a rhythm.