

**- Tale of Fate #4 -**

# **Last Month's Ambassador**

**A Short Story By Shetira Anwae**

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# The Ambassador's Duty

“Ambassador Sy'lah?” a raspy, guttural, masculine voice called from the far end of the vast, torch-lit temple chamber. The sound echoed between the high vaults of the ceiling and the polished marble floor and took several seconds to die off completely.

In a dark corner of the chamber, a lep'rdeess lay upon a lavender, silk covered bed. The beautifully curved, mature looking Ambwassi woman was naked. A look of displeasure came over her face and she sat up, shaking her head.

A shuffling, humanoid appeared from among the forest of columns which filled the chamber. He was dressed in white silk robes which were covered with strange, unintelligible hieroglyphs. A silk headdress covered his face, leaving only a pair of glowing, red eyes exposed for the lep'rdeess to see.

The lep'rdeess looked up at the creature. She frowned.

“Your time of duty has now passed Sy'lah,” the creature announced as he came to a stop next to the bed. “The new ambassador has arrived. She is preparing to occupy your bed as we speak.”

Sy'lah sighed deeply.

“As you know, the treaty ordains that you are now my property, to do with as I please,” the creature continued, gesturing toward the lep'rdess with a bony, emaciated hand.

“I know,” Sy'lah replied softly.

“Very good,” the creature replied, nodding. “Get up and follow me. It is time for you to join your predecessors.”

## Under the Temple

“Where are you taking me?” Sy'lah asked softly as the creature led her through the columns toward the rear of the temple.

“Slaves do not ask questions,” the creature responded, a scolding tone in his voice.

The lep'rdeess shrugged her shoulders and looked at the ground as the pair passed through a high arched doorway.

“You creatures always want to know things,” the creature continued as he led her down a long, winding spiral staircase into the depths beneath the temple. “You think knowing what is to come will somehow make the events more palatable.”

“Sometimes it does,” Sy'lah murmured as she followed the creature closely.

The creature laughed hoarsely as the two came to the base of the stairway and entered a large, domed chamber. He waved his hand in the direction of one of the room's many stone doors. With a sharp, grinding noise it slid to one side. He gestured to the lep'rdeess to enter.

Sy'lah slowly stepped into the small, brightly lit chamber. In the walls of bare rock were carved dozens of deep shelves. All

were filled with bottles, boxes and strange, unidentifiable bits of esoterica. In the center stood a massive block of polished marble, not unlike an altar. Odd greenish and yellowish stains covered the stone. A strange odor, like that of a spice cabinet, filled the room.

“Sit on the stone,” the creature ordered, pointing to the block of marble. He shuffled to one of the walls and began to rummage around the shelves.

Sy'lah slowly approached the large stone. She ran a hand over its smooth surface and looked at the unusual stains. She then hopped up and sat on the edge of the block and watched the creature as he began to take items from the shelves and set them down beside her.

“These will be suitable,” the creature muttered as he laid out dozens of rings, earrings, bracelets, necklaces and other bits of jewel encrusted gold on the marble beside her. He then turned back to the shelves.

Sy'lah stared at the ornate jewelry while the creature began to assemble a collection of bottles, jugs, rolls of cloth and odd implements. After several minutes, the assembly was complete and the creature picked up several pieces of jewelry.

“Now it is time to begin,” the creature said, fingering

several golden earrings in his hand. With the other hand, he picked up a strange, clamp-like implement.

“Begin... begin what?” Sy'lah asked, a nervous tone creeping into her voice as she stared at the clamp.

The creature laughed. “It is time to begin making you into my newest... concubine. Now sit still and be silent while I provide you with appropriate decoration for your new status.”

Sy'lah winced as the creature began to clamp earring after earring along the lower edges of her ears. He did not stop until she had a dozen on each side. He then deftly slipped jewel encrusted rings on her fingers and toes. Half a dozen necklaces, some quite heavy, came next.

“Just a little more,” the creature muttered to himself as he picked up a set of matching wrist, ankle and arm cuffs. These he carefully slipped around her limbs and then fastened in place using a pair of pliers. “There, now you are ready!”

“Ready for what?” Sy'lah asked softly.

“You shall see,” the creature replied as he turned to the other items which lay on the stone beside the lep'rdeess. He opened a bottle of rubbery smelling fluid. “You shall see.”

## Clothing For The Lep'rdess

“What are you doing?” Sy'lah asked as the creature picked up a narrow roll of linen cloth. He poured a rubbery smelling, resinous fluid over it. The goo soaked into the cloth and dribbled into a puddle on the marble.

The creature merely chuckled as he turned to the lep'rdess and began to carefully wrap her left foot with the sticky cloth.

“That's disgusting!” Sy'lah muttered as the creature slowly worked his way up her slender, well muscled leg. He seemed to be taking great care to ensure that the wrapping was applied as perfectly as possible. Time and again, he stopped and readjusted the cloth until it overlapped in a very precise fashion.

“Very good,” the creature muttered as he moved to her right leg. “You are pleasingly cooperative.”

Sy'lah sat in silence as the creature wrapped her right leg. Then he wrapped her tail.

“You take the wrappings quite nicely,” the creature mused as he began to cut strips of the cloth and lay them out on the stone. “You will make a fine addition to my harem.”

Sy'lah frowned but said nothing.

“Now get up and stand,” the creature instructed, gesturing

toward the floor of the chamber.

Sy'lah did as she was instructed, standing in front of the creature. He took the strips of sticky cloth and knelt in front of her. He slipped each between her legs, from just above her tail in the back to her bellybutton in the front. When her abdomen, front and back, were covered, he wrapped several strips, in belt-like fashion, around her waist to secure the strips in place.

"I trust it is not too uncomfortable?" the creature laughed as he slathered yellow goo over the newly applied cloth.

"No," Sy'lah murmured. "It just feels... strange... all sticky and wet."

"Get back on the stone," the creature ordered.

"Can't you go faster?" Sy'lah asked as the creature began to wrap her left arm. He started by binding her fingers together, leaving only her thumb free to move independently.

The creature ignored the question and worked his way up her arm and then moved on to the other. Then he returned to her waist and began to work his way up to her breasts.

"This is disgusting," Sy'lah muttered as the creature began to carefully cover her large, warm chest. He took some care to position her breasts in a certain way, flattened and off to each side. "Did you have to do that?"



“You will be as I desire you,” the creature said as he began the complex process of wrapping around her shoulders and neck. “This is the shape which most pleases me.”

“That’s nice,” Sy’lah responded, a small glimmer of a forced smile at the corner of her mouth as the creature finished wrapping her neck.

“Now, I must do something with this long hair,” the creature muttered. He grasped her long, brown hair in one hand and, with a very sharp knife, cut it off all in one stroke.

Sy’lah frowned as she watched the creature stuff the large handful of hair into a small box which stood on a nearby shelf. She then shifted about nervously as the creature returned to the rolls of cloth.

Slowly, the creature began to wrap her head. At first, he left her face free, covering her scalp and pressing her ears back. Then he began to work the cloth down over her forehead.

“Wait... are you covering my face?” Sy’lah asked, her body visibly tensing.

“Yes, but not all of it,” the creature responded. “I will leave your nose and eyes quite free.”

“Do you have... too... mph!” Sy’lah attempted to ask as the creature deftly bound her muzzle closed. He then quickly

covered it, except the tip of her nose, with the gooey cloth. A few more sweeps of the cloth covered the rest, save her eyes. She stared at the creature as he stepped back from the stone table and looked at her.

“Very, very good,” the creature said as he began to return the remaining cloth and other implements to the room's shelves. He then took a particularly ornate box from a shelf and placed it beside the mummified lep'rdeess.

Sy'lah watched as he opened the box and removed what looked like oversized yellow-green fluid filled medication capsules.

“Now that you are prepared, it is time for me to take full possession of you,” the creature said, taking ten of the capsules and laying them on the table. He then laughed. “Yes... it is time.”

## Concubine

“Mmph?” Sy'lah noised through the wrappings which covered her mouth as the creature grasped her hands and pulled her from the table. No sooner was she on her feet than he began to press her against the side of the stone.

“Do not resist, my new possession,” he said as he gripped her shoulders and turned her around. He then pressed her shoulders down, forcing her to bend over until her chest lay flat on the wet, goo covered slab. He gently ran his bony fingers over her well covered womanhood.

“Mm? Nh!” Sy'lah protested as the creature began to part the strips of cloth under the base of her tail. She looked back at the creature.

“Stay still,” the creature said as he held up one of the capsules for the lep'rdess to see. He then slid it up and down between the cheeks of her ass a few times before pressing it into her tight anus.

“Nnh! Fff!” Sy'lah tried to scream. Her body tensed and tears flowed from her eyes. The creature firmly gripped her ass and reached for another capsule.

“Stay still,” the creature repeated as he pressed the

second capsule into her ass. “There is much more to come.”

“Mmmnnnh!” Sy'lah whined as the creature pressed capsule after capsule into her body. Her tail lashed from side to side, striking the creature several times about the head.

“I am finding your tail to be a considerable inconvenience,” the creature laughed as he pressed then tenth, and last, capsule into his subject's body. “It is well that this part of the process is complete. In a few moments, the capsules will have released their contents into your body.”

“Mm? Nmnh?” Sy'lah responded, clenching her ass several times as the cloth worked its way back between her cheeks.

“The fluid will permeate your body very rapidly,” the creature explained. “It will help serve to... preserve your youthful beauty for a very, very long time.”

“Nmmm,” Sy'lah moaned, shifting her hips from side to side.

“The process is almost complete,” the creature said as his fingers again found their way between Sy'lah's legs. He parted the cloth and exposed the heavy folds of fur covered flesh. “Now it is time to consummate your status as my concubine.”

“Mmph?” Sy'lah muttered, looking back at the creature.

The creature laughed softly as he lifted his robe, revealing his emaciated, mummified body. He swept his robe over one shoulder and stood for a moment, looking down at the quivering lep'rdeess.

Sy'lah's eyes opened wide as the creature's long but shriveled penis stood erect. It dripped an unsettling, translucent, yellow-green fluid from its wrinkled tip.

The creature reached down and firmly grasped his possession's hips. The tip of his penis gently touched her folds. For a moment he hesitated. Then, he thrust deep into her body.

"Mmm! Nnnn! Nn!" Sy'lah moaned as the creature stood still, holding himself within her body. She wiggled for a bit and then began to kick wildly. After several minutes, her struggles abated and she fell limp.

"There, my little slave," the creature hissed as he withdrew from Sy'lah's body. Copious amounts of yellow-green goo dripped from her exposed vagina. The creature righted the cloth between her legs, covering her womanhood for the last time. "The seed of unlife has entered your body. It is only a matter of time now."

The mummified lep'rdeess lay still and stared blankly into space. Tears streamed from her eyes.

“Do you feel it?” the creature asked as he walked around the table and looked into her eyes. “It feels fascinating, doesn't it? Death injected into the root of life. The two states uniting in your most intimate place and spreading. Yes. It is only a few moments away. Then... then...”

“Mmmm,” Sy'lah moaned softly as her body twitched several times. She blinked. Then she blinked again and shuddered. Her eyes closed and her breathing stopped. A few seconds passed. Then her eyelids reopened, exposing glowing red orbs.

The creature gestured for his new concubine to stand. She silently complied. He carefully studied her perfectly mummified body. Then he looked to her face. “Yes... it is done. You are mine.”

## Eternity

The mummy priest looked down into his new concubine's eyes as she lay, silent and still, in the open stone sarcophagus. He waved a hand and the thick stone lid slowly slid closed, sealing her within. For a moment, he regarded the finely sculpted marble rendition of the occupant which lay, just as coldly, upon the lid. A golden plaque rested at her feet. "Sy'lah My'sheena" it read.

"Another beautiful sarcophagus," the mummy priest murmured as he walked away. All around the vast, maze like crypt were hundreds of such sarcophagi, though only a few dozen had such exquisite adornment. The rest were featureless.

"Now, to begin again," the mummy said as he turned to a block of marble which stood next to one of the plain sarcophagi. He took a hammer and chisel from under his robes.

"My model is surely ready," he sighed as he waved a hand toward the air above the sarcophagus. An image appeared. It was a naked ty'gress, laying on the same lavender silk bed which Sy'lah had so recently occupied. "This months ambassador... a very fine specimen."

The mummy began to chip away at the stone. “A fine hobby for eternity... I wish I had thought of this centuries ago!”

**THE END**



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**Available At:** <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/4347909>

- AND -

### Tales of Fate #3: Jeweled

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*When a young lep'rdeess refuses to pose for an alien artist who deals in the most exotic, erotic form of sculpture in known space, trouble soon follows. Will Luna manage to escape the alien's attentions or will she become the key to his ascent to fame and fortune?*

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