( Reader's Note: An orc POW prison and an orc prison are two VERY different beasts. A sentence to a POW prison is temporary. Once the orcs believe you are re-educated they assimilate you into society. While incarceration in a prison is permanent. And as a prisoner in a non-war prison, you are at the mercy of the warden’s whims. Including if he/she/they decide to kill you).

Arawynn Stoutblade, Vanya Polaves, and their team leader Selussa Rallac were sent into Öga, the land of the orcs to get intel on the weaponry the orcs possessed, along with stealing their oh-so-sacred religious relic. The Book of War. Arawynn was a newly christened field agent of the Asterin Royal Intelligence Force or the ARIF for short.

Selussa Rallac had been in the force for nearly ten years, and she'd led many, many espionage missions. Though she'd never had to sneak into the capital of an enemy nation or then sneak into a heavily guarded temple.

Unsurprisingly they'd failed.

As much as Selussa and her two underlings wished to believe they were stronger and smarter militarily than the orcs...It just wasn't true. They'd been captured after their disguise potion wore off too early. And attempting such a 'disgusting' crime against the orcs and their religion got one sentenced to torture and then death.

Now Arawynn sat, heavy rusted irons clasped on her wrists. She was laying on the disgusting hay-covered floor of a dungeon cell. She looked up from the floor as the rusty barred door creaked open.

A huge hulking orc guard in a long black coat and big black boots stooped down. Yanking her up by the chain that connected her wrists. Arawynn winced in pain as she felt the rusty iron rub her already raw wrists.

She was led down the dark stone corridor, torches that hung on the stone wall flickered, casting unnerving shadows on the wall. The occasional groan could be heard from the cells she passed.

Arawynn felt her legs stop as she and her escort came upon a dark corridor that curved down. The dungeon went deeper?

Arawynn was shoved, she felt her feet leave her as she tumbled down the darkened stone staircase. Her head swam as she hit the bottom hard. She lay moaning in pain as her guard leisurely took his time.

"Staan uf- STAN UF '' her guard roared in orcish, yanking her up by her chain once again. "P-Please..I-I can't" she whined. He just began walking, Arawynn again tripped to the floor, and instead of laying there, she was dragged along on the filthy floor.

Her beautiful blonde locks were muddled by filth and scum from the unwashed stone floor.

She was tossed into a room at the end of the long corridor before her guard left. Arawynn perked up as she heard familiar voices. Captain Rallac and Lieutanant Vanya.

Arawynn began uncontrollably weeping as she looked up to see her mentors alive still. "I-I thought they ki-" Arawynn was cut off as two distinct sets of footsteps could be heard. One heavy set that nearly made the dungeon tremble. And a much lighter, smoother set.

When the door to the room they were in flew open.

In the doorway stood a tall well-built orc with dark hair and a spiked club in his hand. Arawynn let out a strained sob as Captain Rallac glared at her. And Vanya said nothing.

The orc fully entered the room, and a much shorter man with a bluish skin tone entered. Captain Rallac gasped and she laid eyes upon him.

"The half-breed" she gasped.

Arawynn thought for a moment... Where had she heard that before?

When it came to her. The 'Half-Breed' was a term her peers had made up for a half-drow half-orc military officer that was quite feared around Asterin.

The Half Breed didn't look very scary.

When he took a long breath, beginning. "My men tell me you haven't been cooperating...That's very bothersome. So I've come to give you one final chance to talk. Before you’re deaths." He smiled.

"Now, how much do you know, how much information did your government receive? What was said information?" the Half-Breed questioned.

Before Vanya or Arawynn could say anything Captain Rallac spoke up.

"WE'LL NEVER TELL YOU...SLIME SKINNED HALF BREED!" she shrieked, spitting in the man's direction. He turned to the hulking orc with the club in the corner.

"Klaows be a dear-" he grinned.

The orc stomped over, Arawynn and Vanya watched with bated breaths as he absolutely clobbered their captain. She was reduced to a bloody pile of whimpers.

The Half-breed grinned as he called his brute off.

"So ladies... tongues loosened any?" he questioned. "GO TO HELL...BASTARD!" Vanya cried. Arawynn watched as she trembled and wept.

"Fine...But I gave you a chance..Klaows go ahead" the man sighed leaning against the door. Vanya yelped as the orc stormed back over, grabbing her by the arm and yanking her up.

Arawynn watched as he removed her irons, dropping them loudly to the floor with a clatter. He pressed Vanya's arms to her sides, tightly. "W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING..STOP!" Vanya screamed, struggling.

Arawynn watched in horror as the orc shoved Vanya's head into his mouth, tilting his body back. Pushing Vanya deeper and deeper as he swallowed.

Arawynn watched as her friend and mentor's feet disappeared down the orc's throat with a loud ULP. Arawynn couldn't speak... She couldn't even formulate an insult to scream, as the orc rounded on her. She was breathless. Sweating as her whole body trembled.

She didn't even try and struggle as the orc lifted her and yanked her cuffs off.

Arawynn watched as he licked his lips before they parted and she was hit with the rank hot breath. Arawynn looked at her fate. His slimy almost gelatinous saliva oozed over his tongue, and his throat was wide and fleshy. Arawynn watched terrified as his throat quivered from the bit of spittle he'd just swallowed.

She could faintly hear Vanya's screams and pleas for help from deep inside him.

Arawynn finally let out a cry as the image of his throat got a lot closer. His saliva filled her hair as her head pushed into his throat. "YOU'RE GONNA HANG YOU-" Arawynn couldn't finish her threat as her head and shoulders were swallowed.

Arawynn sobbed as the slick wet muscles of his throat pushed in around her. Smothering her, and forcing his horrid saliva into her mouth. She gagged choking as her head and shoulders slid into his crowded gut.

The heat was unbearable as the rest of Arawynn joined Vanya in the orc's tight stomach. Arawynna was forced into a painful ball as Vanya struggled beneath her.

A loud gurgle echoed around them as the stomach began to churn the spit around them.

"What's happening? '' Arawynn cried. "He's tenderizing us..he- he's gonna digest us" Vanya sobbed. The fleshy organ around the terrified elven girls suddenly got much tighter, as a loud ***URPPP*** echoed above them.

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Captain Rallac watched through her hazy vision as the orc's stomach bowed out as crying could be heard. Rallac was in too much pain for the reality of what had just happened to set in.

The Half-breed told his guards to take Rallac back to her cell, as Klaows the warden of the prison retired to his quarters. Klaows crawled into bed as his first stomach tenderized the pounds of meat he'd just eaten.

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It squeezed and turned tighter and harder around the poor elves, Vanya had drowned in saliva beneath Arawynn... And eventually, Arawynn passed out due to oxygen deprivation...Never to re-awaken.

After being thoroughly tenderized the girl's battered bodies were sucked into the orc's second stomach. Where the acid broke down their clothes, hair, skin, and muscles.

On the third day, the remains of the girls filtered into the orc's final stomach. Where his hard stomach contractions crushed their bones and sinew and the caustic acid bath boiled it into nothing.

The soupy liquid that once was agents Vanya Polaves and Arawynn Stoutblade was sucked into the orc's small intestine where their remains were sapped into energy.

The bits of their remains the orc's body couldn't use became shit.

\*\*\* Klaows yawned as he rose from his bed. He looked down at his gut, it's gone back to its normal size. Save for some bloating. He could feel the full feeling in his bowels. His prisoners were ready for their freedom.

He went down to the very bottom cell of the dungeon, Captain Rallac lay on the floor. Defeated.

Klaows undid his belt, dropping his trousers and underwear, before squatting down right in front of Captain Rallac.

He pushed on his lower abdomen, feeling the sweet release of a bowel movement.

Captain Rallac watched horrified as a long consistent pile of orc dung curled up in front of her...A terrifying realization set in. Said pile of orc dung used to be two of her comrades.

They were nothing now..reduced to something's morning shit.

To add insult to injury, the orc pissed all over his shit pile. And let Selussa stay in her cell with the fetid pile.

But she too eventually suffered the same fate after she again refused to talk.

The same fate being a pile of orc shit...Though Captain Rallac got to go out in style down the toilet into a cesspool beneath the prison...