

UNDERCOVER  
AGENT

ON THE  
ROUTE  
OF THE  
SLAVES

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ALONZO SERAI

TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE  
EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



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# UNDERCOVER AGENT

# ON THE ROUTE OF THE

# SLAVES

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TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE  
EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



Report of undercover operations in occupied Tambi

**Operative:** Sally Breaster

American operative on a secret mission for United Nations.

Presently working undercover, located somewhere in the Nubiari desert, Zebya.

**Document collected and decrypted by** the "Fennec"

Undercover agent for Tambi government in exile.

Presently located in occupied Tambi.

**For the eyes of** "Mother Hen"

Project Leader for North-Africa

United Nations Secret Political operations

Wonderbourg, Principality of Wonderbourg

**Encryption method:** TS B580235 (Arab eyes only)

Dear Mother Hen,

I took that undercover assignment you gave me on a voluntary basis. My senior in rank at the agency had made that very clear.

Nothing was forcing me to accept for the United-Nations a mission that was not a major concern for my country. You used humanitarian arguments to convince me, demonstrating the need to eradicate the villainous White slave traffic that the present conflict is thriving; you made it clear that, without my involvement, this operation could never exist, as I was the only operative fitting you requirements: the pubic hair of a natural blonde, a great beauty and a perfect knowledge of Arabic.

This is why I address you a protest through this channel, the only one available to me at the moment. I also intend to address a formal protest to my superiors when I'll be back. I know I don't work for the agency for such a long time, but I doubt they appreciate much that their female operatives should be used for entertainment by male officers of allied nations.

I was treated in an unspeakable way by the agents of the Tambi Resistance. As soon as I arrived in Gawarzazar, I was forcibly put in a horrible training camp, allegedly to be prepared for the position of slave in occupied Tambi.



The first day, the skirt of my uniform has been ripped off by the training agents I thought were on my side. They pleated my pubic hair around a brass ring that they fastened to a leather leash.

For a whole week, they have walked me across the camp like a dog, and have flogged my buttocks, as if such a practice could have any training purpose!

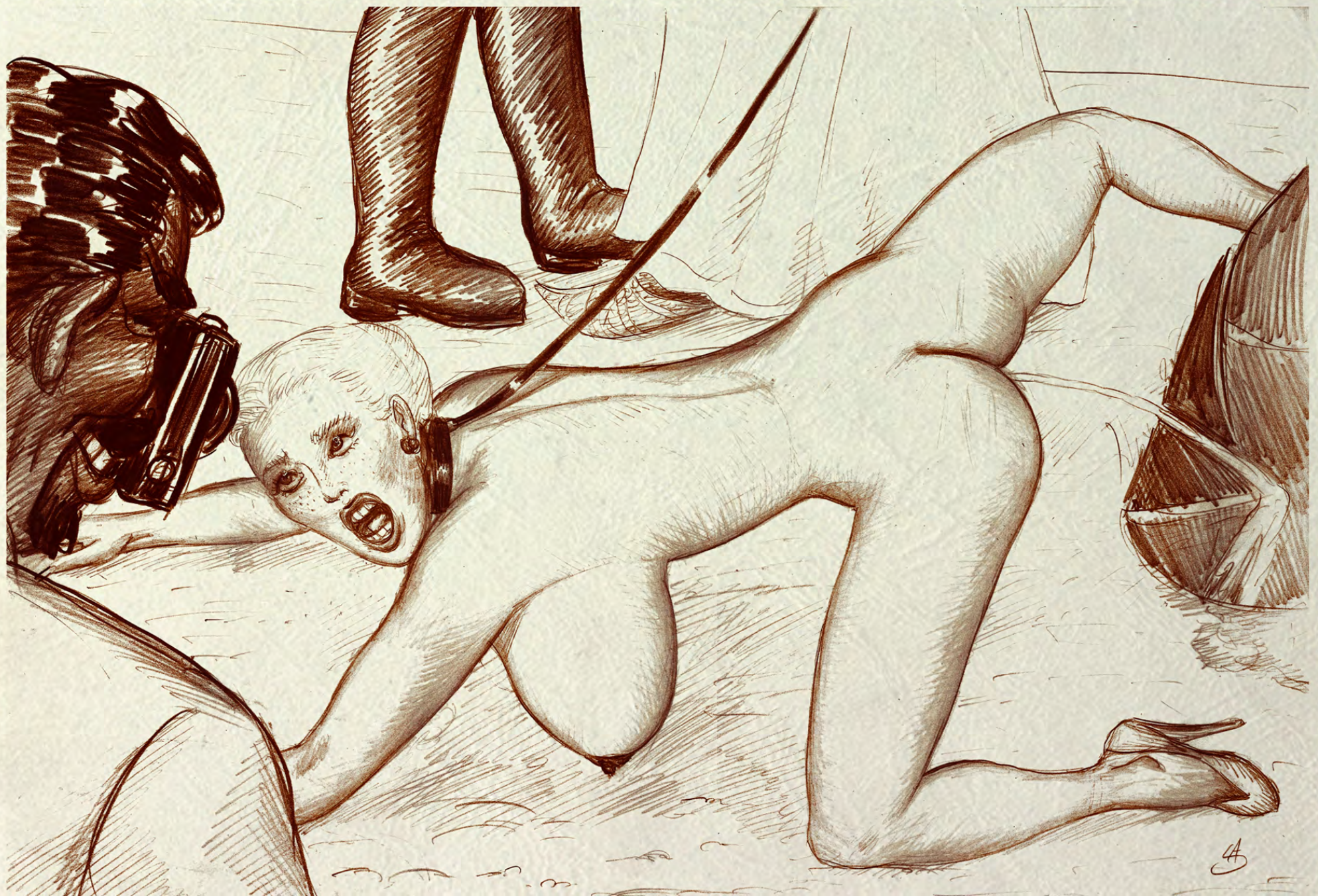


Not to mention they were calling me "American slut", and it was giving them every time an irrepressible need for spitting on my face, their favorite feature. But of course, the worst was happening at night, when all twelve of them were raping me, and telling me it was for my own good! What good could result in having my backside savagely assaulted, in an orifice that had never been penetrated that way before?



I also need to tell you that they made me do my natural needs on all fours, like a dog.

★ At the end of that training week, I have seen a man taking pictures of me being humiliated. I also noticed the presence of a Ouazhan colonel, and saw him giving money to the senior officer of the training camp. I know I have to be sold as a slave, because it is my cover, but the rapes and the humiliations, even if I went through much worse since, had given me the unpleasant impression that their actual goal was to make a real slave out of me.





It is only at the end of that awful week that I received at last some explanations, and got my first official briefing.

And when I got angry and shouted at them I was going to quit, they produced the pictures they had taken of me in humiliating positions. On some of them, it looked like I was actually enjoying sucking male organs and behaving like a pet dog, but believe me it was never the case. I think the photographer was picking up for his picture the rare moments when I was putting my vehement protests to a pause.

And now they are blackmailing me to make me carry on with the assignment, or they will send the picture to my family! My government sent me here to help the Tambi Resistance, and this is how they treat me?

I took that mission because I was horrified by the story of that reporter who ran the blockade and discovered that White women are treated there like animals. I am not doing this so that officers supposed to be on my side should subject me to even more degrading things, and blackmail me in an unspeakable way in response to my fair recriminations.

I hope you will relay my protest in high places. I know that the humiliation I had to suffer in that training camp seems to be quite mild in regard to what I experienced later, but that is no excuse!

I was briefed about that Ouazhan colonel I saw the previous day. That man thinks the Tambi agents are real slave dealers who had sold him a batch of Whites, with myself included. He has bribed the crew of the cargo ship the "White Wench", that was preparing to secretly run the blockade and berth in occupied Tambi. A rogue coastguard ship is supposed to follow them closely, to pretend, in case a United-Nations vessel should intervene, they just captured the lost cargo ship and are going to escort it back to Gawarzazar.

And without any encounter of the sort, the "White Wench" will enter the Ouazhan territorial waters, where the coastguards will wait for the coming of another cargo ship, identical to the previous one, and also named the "White Wench", they will escort to the international waters. This second cargo ship will then berth in a European port, where it will unload some insignificant merchandise, before loading a new shipment of Whites, captured "in their natural environment", as they say.



# TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



## Report of undercover operations in occupied Tambi

This is the way the coalition of emirates can get in supplies of fresh slaves despite a very strict blockade. The Tambi Resistance fighters had heard of this by chance, and decided to set up an international operation, instead of putting an immediate end to that traffic. The slave dealers of the coalition are too greedy with White females to let go a few more slaves they can seize during the call of the "White Wench" in Gawarzazar, and it was a heaven-sent opportunity for the Tambi Resistance to create an independent local market that could be used as a network for the infiltration of foreign spies into the shipments of captives.

During the briefing, I have also been updated on the political situation of the region. I can imagine you are better informed that I am on that subject, though I want my report to be as accurate as possible about the way the Tambi Resistance sees things.

Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul, regent of the former Tambi Caliphate, had been recognized a few months ago by the United-Nations as the official leader of the Tambi government in exile. She had been granted political asylum in France, and then in the principality of Wonderbourg, but she is now on Gawarzazar territory, in order to get as close as possible to her occupied country. The whole government in exile has just met her here, now protected by the U.N. troops. Zebya, that is known to pull the strings of that coalition of emirates, has been put in a no-win situation.

The Tambi agents think we only help them because we are obsessed with the actual wave of White slavery. They say we are seizing the opportunity to solve the inextricable problems caused by resolution 2041 on Shazilarian cultural exception. The coalition of emirates is using that international protection to continue their appalling traffic quite legally, and chances are that very small countries like Zebya or Ouazha emirate should never agree to let go their veto about modifying that resolution. The Tambi resistants are sure that we are using them to get military control over the region, through lack of options with the U.N.O.

Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul has committed to put an end to slavery if she comes back to power in tambi caliphate; she will devote herself to restoring the real Shazilarian tradition, that makes White women goddesses that any good Faithful must serve. So they say we don't do it just for them out of humanitarian concern, as we pretend to.

This is what the agents of the Resistance told me during their briefing.

They had no clue at all about who was going to buy me once I would be out there. I could only improvise, with the eventual help of one of their agents in Ouazha. This man was going to do his best to follow my path across slave markets, so that he could retrieve my reports when I would have discovered something important. His code name is the "Fennec". Anyway, he is only a mail box, as only you can decrypt my reports.





A few hours after the briefing, the Ouazhan colonel came to the camp and, after he tied up my wrists in my back, he made me lie down into the trunk of his car. About twenty minutes later, the car stopped and I was pulled out of the trunk.

I was in a disused warehouse in the company of a group of Arabs, who began to fill every square inch of my body.

I would learn later that their leader was a Shazilarian, a very important man in former Tambi caliphate, whose name is Maruk. There is even a city named after him: Maruk Market. This man seems to work for both sides. Incidentally, I discovered later he was in the White slave trade much before the invasion of his country by the coalition of emirates. One more element for the file I have drawn up during my mission that proves that Tambi caliphate, and even former Tambinambiwa, was condoning White slavery, and that the invaders are only continuing their traffic. Though I will tell you more about that later when I will have cleared up a few things.

Another of these men is called Malik; he is the son of Maruk, and therefore was also born in the lost Valley of Shazilar. He is the one who had ordered that cargo of White women. Unfortunately, I couldn't yet discover who was behind that ingenious system of identical cargo ships to run the blockade. This is an investigation that must be conducted in Europe, as the two ships fly the flag of the Principality of Wonderbourg.

There was also the skipper of the "White Wench", and some of his men. One of them gagged me, while another was introducing a kind of pliers in my nose, and then squeezed it with all his strength.

The perforation of my nasal bone was so painful I almost fainted. Very quickly, the sailor thrust an open brass ring in the hole he had pierced. He made it slide, and then very strongly squeezed on his pair of pliers to close the ring. I didn't see much after that, as my eyes were clouded with tears, but one of the sailors might have welded the ring at its junction, as I felt an intense heat.

I was placed in a container, where I had one hour to get used to nose breathing, because the ring was filling my nostrils completely. Then, I felt the container being carried in the air. When the lid opened, I was inside the "White Wench"; I was hearing its engine.



# TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



## Report of undercover operations in occupied Tambi

I was brought to the lower deck by two sailors, and put in front of what looked like a huge tank. They opened a valve, which made a gigantic panel slide up on the hull of the tank, uncovering four secret doors. They made me go inside the tank through the fourth one.

I was in a huge corridor almost as long as the ship itself. On each side of the central footbridge, I could see hundredth of nude White women, mostly blondes, tied up, and wearing the same big brass nose ring as me. Two sailors were wandering on the footbridge bearing whips. I learnt later that they were here to prevent the captives to talk to each other, or to hurt themselves.

They removed the piece of cloth used on me as a gag and cleaned my face with it, spitting on it when the blood to wipe off was too dry. I was placed next to a tall blonde at the end of the line, and a big brass collar was put around my neck, and then tied to a ring on the wall behind me.

It was when I felt that the ship was entering on the open sea that I realized the trouble I have put myself into. All the sudden, I was only a slave, naked and bound, that an Arab was going to own as if I were a thing; and if escaping showed to be impossible, I would have to wait for an eventual liberation of the country by U.N. troops to get out of this mess.



During the the voyage, we had sometimes a visit from Malik, come to enjoy his precious cargo of nude Whites from various European countries. All these women might have shouted their anger and spit on the sailors at the beginning of the cruise, but now they were keeping silent, contenting themselves with shooting the old man a dark look.

It was probably the whip that had made them so quiet, as some of them had their thighs covered with scars.



The tall blonde next to me was a French woman, as I would learn later. The poor girl was constantly sniveling because she was far away from her lover.





We arrived at Eldorado Harbor two days later. The chains holding the brass collars were removed from the wall rings, and tied to our nose rings. Then we were ordered to walk in single file toward the exit, something which happened to be very difficult at first, as each woman had to walk in perfect synchronism with the one ahead of her, to prevent the chain to become taut and to painfully pull on her nose ring. It was even worse for me, as my ring had just been put up.

The girl in front of me, Helga, was a Dane with very fair blond hair and beautiful blue eyes. Unfortunately, her long legs was making her very hard to follow and my poor nose was given a bit of a blow.

We went out of the ship and found ourselves on the quay, in a file of about two-hundreds nude women.

This is when I noticed something very strange: the Arabs around us were continuing their work, totally indifferent to our nudity; any other male in the world would have at least glanced. In other Arab countries, White women had to endure a lot of lecherous looks, even when dressed in a more than decent way. Here, all of us were exotic beauties, naked and rendered powerless, and still there was not one fisherman to even turn his eyes toward us out of curiosity.

Are these men so accustomed to see White slaves in a state of nature that they should not even be interested in taking a look at new ones?

In that case, it means that the "White Wench" is far from being the only cargo ship to make that voyage between Europe and the coalition of emirates. I got the explanation for that later: on that quay alone, one among dozens of others in Eldorado Harbor, they were more than one ship a day unloading a cargo of one to five hundreds of White slaves; which made something like a hundred thousands a year!

No wonder these fishermen would show no interest at all for our nudity; for them, we are only cattle! Even the very poor among them own at least five White slaves to serve them at home; and it is clearly the reason why Shazilarian society had spread over the region in only a few decades. Here we are no more human beings whose beauty is appreciated, but animals which usefulness is evaluated. Since, I often heard someone say: "this blonde is from an expensive breed", or "she must be pleasant to mount". No real human desire. It is surprising how quickly I've got used to appear naked like this; it is so ordinary here that I feel like if I were fully dressed.

The fact they see us as animals doesn't mean they can't make love to us, but it is only trivial fun for them, taken most of the time in a mouth or an anus. Love doesn't mean anything for them except for Arab women.

I must say that I find this whole thing very frustrating, as I know I am beautiful and love when men give me admiring looks. As a field operative, I often have to seduce men for the success of a mission. I know it will be difficult for me here to use my charms to get things my way.

And being ignored like this is greatly affecting my morale.



In town, it was even worse. We had to make our way through a dense crowd, and didn't cause the slightest reaction in the male population. Other women seemed to share my feelings; they would rather have been subjected to lustful looks, even from lecherous old men.



Malik walked on our side, making a stop from time to time to further examine one of us. This is how he broke my rhythm, causing me a sharp pain when the Danish girl in front of me made the chain get taut. He replied to my angry reaction by inserting his finger into my anus. Then, while I was still walking, he made my pelvis swing like if I were a puppet. I learned my lesson, believe me; here, any man has the means to humiliate me at will!



We were brought inside a big building. There, I was compelled to put in my mouth a metal ball attached to a long tube. Then, my nose ring was fastened to it I had to wait for this human kebab to pull us one by one into the next room.

There, a Black slave put a piece of paper covered with glue on my pubic hair, and carelessly pulled it off, leaving me with an all-scarlet bald vulva, and a burning memory.

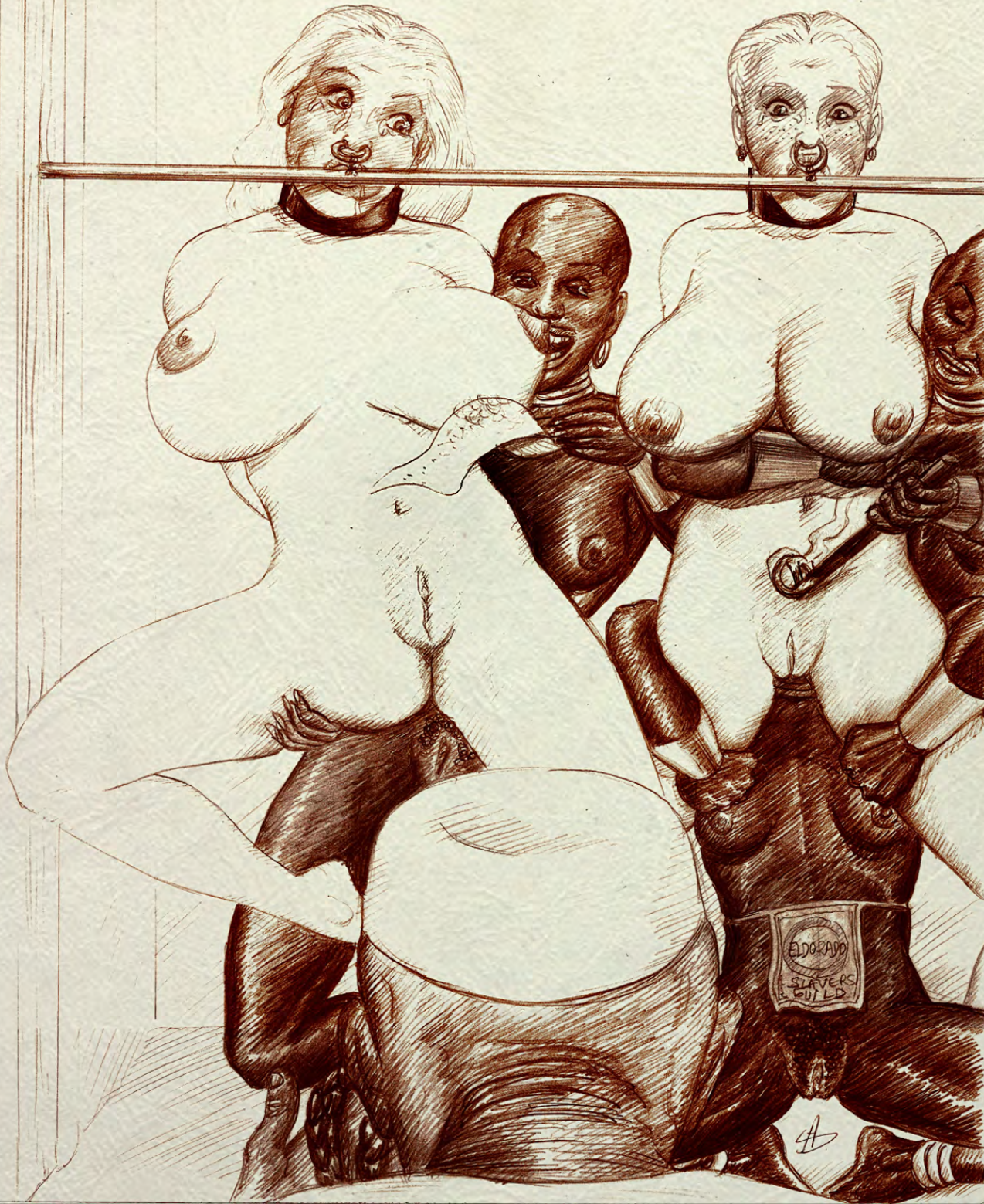
Malik was apparently finding delightful the sight of a woman having her pubic hair pulled out in front of him; and yet, he had probably seen thousands of Whites being subjected to it.

I must say that at this precise moment, I felt like a little girl and caught myself willing to be nice with this man. It was absurd, but I had the sensation that if I was very obedient, I would feel safe under his powerful protection.

It was that first moment of weakness he was coming here to seize, something he seemed to acknowledge instantly in a woman, before relishing himself of it conspicuously.



A few minutes later, the tube was moving again and I got into new hands. A Black slave held my thighs in a strong grip, and another branded my belly with a red-hot iron. And beyond the pain I endured, I got the awful impression that Malik was actually assuaging the need for protection I felt. The mark I bear now on the belly will forever be linked to that impression, though furtive it was.





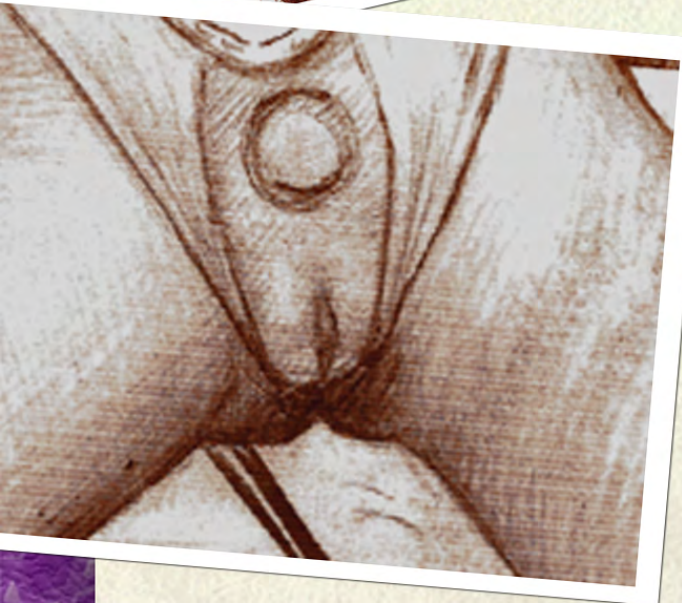
It was just a circle, the mark of the White slave traders of Eldorado Harbor. I was supposed to be branded later a new one inside the circle, the crest of the man who was going to buy me.

Next, they pierced my ear lobes and slid big brass rings inside them. The heavy bronze collar was replaced by another brass one, smaller and lighter, on which my name is engraved. It was welded around my neck for good. Indeed it is easier to carry than the previous one, though it is impossible to remove without being subjected to a very delicate operation, to be preferably performed in a hospital. This collar serves as an identification tool, something I'm supposed to bear all my life. Later, the name of my owner would be engraved above mine, though in much bigger letters.

I was painfully realizing how foolish I had been to accept that undercover assignment! I was now in an inextricable situation, with the impossibility to contact the "Fennec" as I was disembarked in Eldorado Harbor, and he was waiting for me in the port of Ouazha, hundreds of miles from here; and anyway, I couldn't even write a report, as my hands were tied at all times; and if I could find a way to do it, how would I have given it to a man I had never seen, and who didn't have the slightest chance to recognize me among the thousands of naked blonde slaves who were all bearing the same brass collars and rings? To think I was counting on my blonde hair to be a very distinctive Mark in this Arab country!

I was taught how to escape from any situation during my training as a spy, but how could I possibly escape from this? The best way was of course to disguise myself as an Arab woman under a niqab, but they had to show their identity card at all times and couldn't wander out of the cities by themselves. Moreover, even if I could succeed in tainting my skin in a convincing way, my blue eyes would betray me instantly. The only one who could offer me proper escaping tools was the Fennec.

My only option for now was to quietly wait for being sold, as this would be the only time when I could attract some attention. But after that, they were eighty percent chances that I should be bought by a man who would keep me hidden in his harem for life and would let me rot in it, even if the U.N.O. should strike and put back Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul at the head of the country.





We were placed into boxes similar to those used for horses. We weren't gagged anymore, though each time one of us should try to speak to others, night or day, her attempt was instantly followed with cracks of a whip and shouts of pain. The Black slave who was guarding us was a very cruel woman who was obviously relishing to be able to humiliate White women that way, and she was waiting only for an excuse to use her whip.

Since the rapes I suffered during my training period in the Gawarzazar camp, I didn't have any sexual intercourse with a man; Malik and the sailors didn't seem to be interested in me, probably because they could choose between hundreds of women to appease their basic needs; and now, I was surrounded only with women, Black or White. During that period, I was of course humiliated in a way that could be considered more or less sexual, and I often had to kiss the labia of one of the guards who was a lesbian, but I wasn't subjected to any violent penetration.

Which doesn't mean it was a picnic. We could only sleep for a few hours and had to do, the rest of the time, exhausting physical exercises: running, crawling, jumping... they seemed to want to make athletes out of us!

The best time was when we had to perform massages on other White captives and to prepare their body with various oils and creams, to do their nails, their hair, etc...

Then the time was coming when it was my turn to be submitted to that relishing treatment. The only displeasing thing was the removal of body hair, that what done with an electric tool; it was very painful, especially for the hair over my armpits and around my anus. Only one small tuft on the Venus mound was spared, as some customers appreciated that feature that was revealing the color of the pubic hair of a slave. Many White women I saw outside are bearing that tuft, trimmed like a kind of laurel wreath glorifying the Master's brand on their belly. Inside this facility held by Malik, the rule is to keep the vulva of a White fully exposed, and the tuft is simply shaven, so that it can eventually grow back later, according to the owner's choice.

I was pitying the unfortunate women who were very hairy, under their arms, on their pubes and legs, or around the mouth. For these poor souls, the session was very long, and believe me, it was an ordeal.

I think I never have suffered more in all my life than when I found myself on all fours and one of my box neighbor was plucking between my buttocks with that infamous electric tool.



After a month of this, I was well aware of how I needed to behave in society, and I was allowed in the team of elite slaves. It was the only way for me to increase the opportunities of an escape, if that was even possible.

With Malik, who I was meeting again since my change of status, everything was about expressions on the face: for example, when he was spitting on my face, or making his saliva run slowly into my mouth, it was not enough that I should take it without balking, or that I should show how much I appreciated his body fluids by smoothing them into my skin with relish; in order to show I was definitely not faking it, I also had to make obvious how much I was ashamed of my immoderate taste for his saliva and my fascination for his power! Fortunately, I was excellent at taking that precise expression, and Malik appreciated it a lot.



I learned the various positions of respect the Whites have to take. As my personal goal was to become a servant, which was my best chance to get out of this place one day, I was cultivating the proper position: the knees folded to be lower than the Master at all times, and the apron raised to represent my wish to serve him.

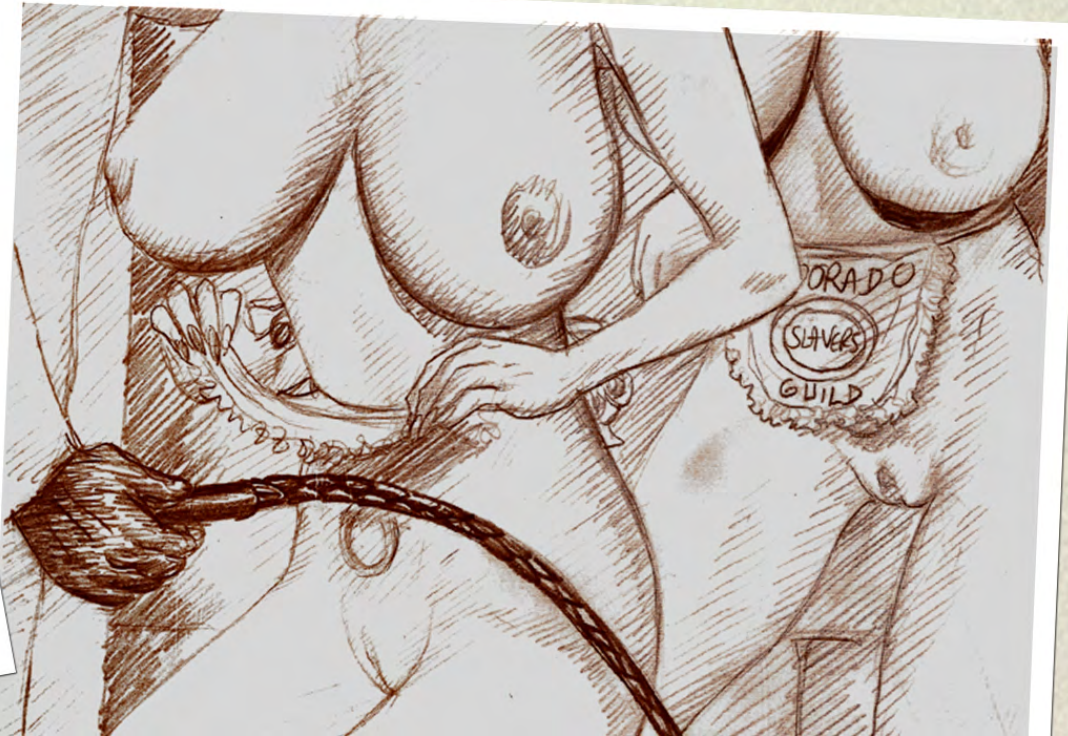




I should learn later that this salute of respect was seen as very light, and that the most prominent slaves were jumping flat on the floor in the presence of an Arab, and were pulling their tongue completely to offer it to their babouche. Or better, some were doing some skillful dance with their tongue to represent the desire of toying with the Master's anus. This is what I should have done from the start to get out of the back shop, but I was pretty much ignorant of the region customs at the time.

Later, the position of respect I had to take most of the time was on all fours with my thighs widely spread, my buttocks stretched toward the Master; all this while simulating a sexual intercourse, and moaning his name. This is the most common one in the region.

The prospect of ending my days as a slave, to spend most of my time moving my butt muscles, internal and external, as a begging for the Master, is insufferable. And the use of that salute can offer surprises, like the sudden penetration of a penis in one of my orifices; not that it is so horrible in itself, but the need to be ready for it at all times is exhausting, any difficulty during penetration being seen as snubbing the Master. Actually, I'm sorry to say that since I'm permanently ready for it, the worst thing for me has become to see the Master go away without mounting me!





During that period called "training", I had courses in basic education. During class, other slaves were teaching us all kinds of positions, gaits, and attitudes. We also had to do simulations of some things that ought to happen after the sale, though I sincerely hope I would avoid some of them!

Yet, even if these months of training had been hard, they were still easier to bear than the week I spent in the Gawarzazar training camp. Here, I knew I was only a slave and was aware of what was going to happen to me; back there, it was a degrading treatment given to me by agents who were supposed to be on my side, just to have some good time at my expense. I assure you there is nothing worse.

I know now the purpose of that treatment, now I am aware that the Tambis are as much involved in that White traffic as the coalition of emirates, though it is not a reason. After all, this is to gain back this country for them that we fight!

The most difficult part during my stay at the training establishment was to think I was learning something I would have to do all my life. Little by little, a slave mentality was instilled into me.

Of course, it could not really work with me: as a spy, I was taught how to protect myself from this kind of brainwashing. The fact I have a mission with clear objectives was also a great help for me to fight this dreadful Conditioning; though I could see all around me numerous young captives who were getting along with that life very quickly, and had come to see this as the natural order of things.

I just had to carbon copy the behavior of these young women to maintain the credibility of my cover. And it worked fine, as I was among the first of my cargo to leave the training establishment.

Unfortunately, I wasn't going to be publicly auctioned; pity! it would have been such a great opportunity to be noticed by the Fennec. Instead, I was thrown into a truck in the underground parking lot of the building. When I was pulled out of it, I was in the inside yard of the big traditional house of my new Master.



Ahmed bin Saruk took delivery and brought me to my owner, his father Salim, who was busy having a wash. In there, it means that White slaves are washing him: a woman to lick his fingers and cut his nails with her teeth; another one to do the exact same thing on his feet.

The favorite was, of course, appointed to his sexual organ. Another one was polishing his shiny skull with her tongue. After these preparations, he would be entirely washed with water, as if the tongues of the slaves were appreciated for the preliminary cleaning, it was out of the question that the saliva of a White should cover his holy skin all day.



Seeing how intensely I was looking at this ritual, Ahmed gave me his hand to lick.

I definitely needed to leave him an excellent first impression, and so I began to lick his finger, imagining it was my own clitoris. I was teasing like that. A little trick that always works wonders.

This was the day when I was branded, inside the circle of the Guild this time, with the "S" that was making me the property of Salim bin Saruk.



I was quickly brought up to the rank of bed component of Salim bin Saruk. I was spending entire nights without sleeping, totally focused on the well-being of my Master. To sleep would have been extremely dangerous, as the slightest discomfort caused to Salim would have earned me immediate dismissal of that first-rate position.

We could sleep afterwards, during the day, and we badly needed it after nights spent rolling our bodies to avoid Salim the discomfort of a direct contact with our bones.

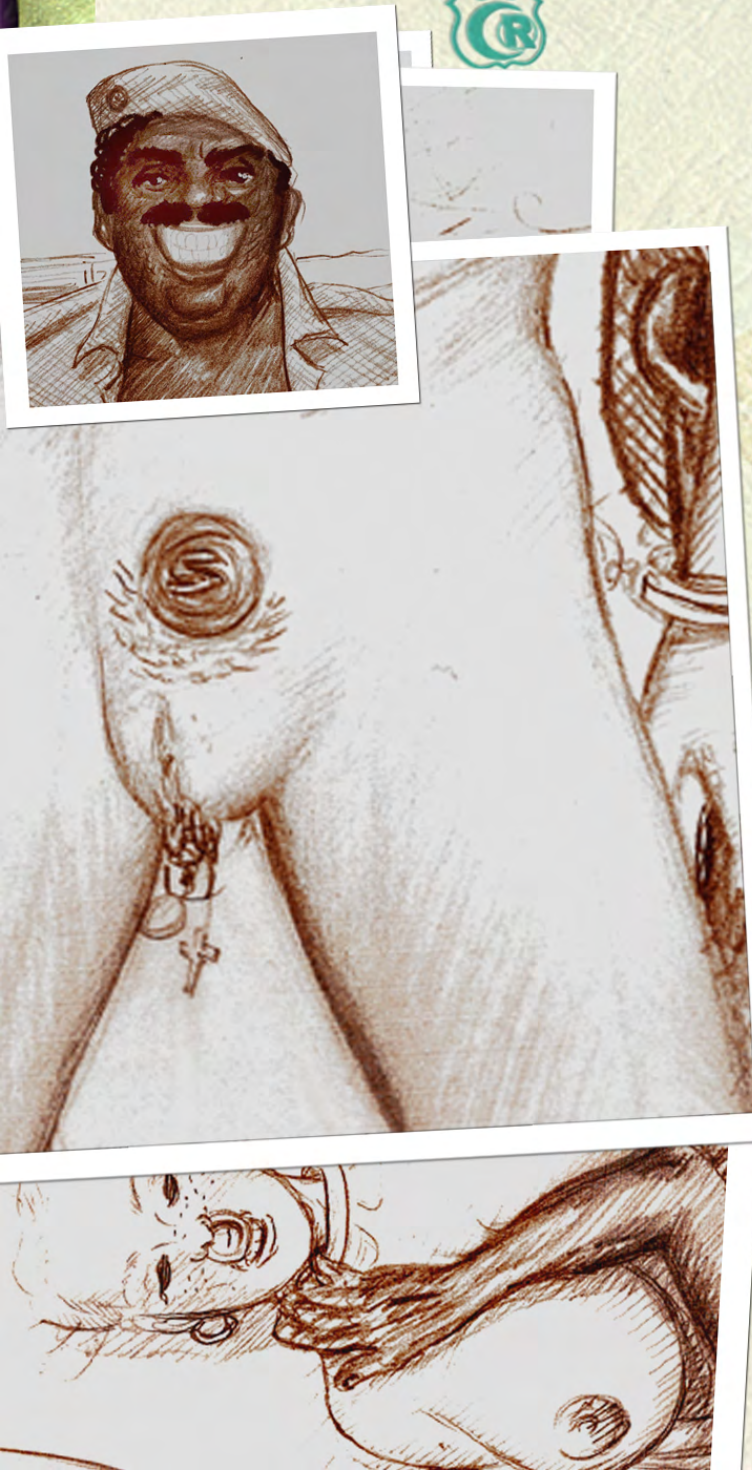


The slave who had the hardest task was the head support. She had to gently massage the face of our Master with the muscles of her belly to help him sleep, and then had to breath in perfect synchronism with him to avoid waking him up.

As the chest support, I had the heavier part to carry; though the hardest thing was to keep my pubis high all night long, so that my labia should be what Salim's chest should squash, and not my Venus mound, which would have been far less comfortable for him.

You can imagine that it was a painful and exhausting task, that caused me muscle cramps in the buttocks for months!





After two months, I was beginning to think that my life would be dedicated to be a very soft bed component for Salim, and I started to gain weight; I was willingly eating anything fatty I could find, to ease my task and calm down my pain.

Thankfully for my figure, my career as a bed slave was coming to an end. One morning, I was thrown into a truck again and had to travel in complete darkness for two days.

I went out of it right in the middle of the Nubiari desert, at the entry of a blockhouse complex well hidden under the sand. I had to be in Zebyan territory, and my secret mission was suddenly back on track. All the more so since I had the incredible luck to be sold to Haffid Tassul, the president of Zebya himself!

I was brought into the bunker that was used as the presidential harem. As I was the only White woman in there, I thought I would get some special treatment; after all, I knew that I was a rare and exotic slave around here, as I had learned that the Zebyans were converted to the practice of White slavery very recently, contrary to what is generally recognized in the Western world.

I was wrong to expect consideration: Haffid's wives had been given instructions to treat me like a stupid animal and to give me only the most unrewarding tasks to do. I had to sleep in a cage and be the servant of everyone else.

I spent exhausting days cleaning the floor of the presidential bunker, serving the other women, wiping their kids' bottoms, washing their clothes. Moreover, I had to take increasing humiliations; and everyone was competing for that.

At night, I had to go to Haffid Tassul's bedroom and ease his sexual intercourses with one of his wives. Before, I had to whet his desire with my mouth; whilst, to take place behind him as he was making love to his wife and to tease his anus with my tongue until he would take his pleasure; after, to clean them both and remove with my mouth the remnants of their little party.





Sometimes, the spouse would make a blunder, and the president would then use me for a wild sodomy, slapping my face and my buttocks. He was coming very quickly inside me while holding my neck like in a stranglehold with only one of his huge hands. And of course I had to suffer after that a week of humiliation from the scorned woman who had to watch me being honored in her place.

After many weeks of this, I was brought to a little trip in the desert, up to a military camp. I walked naked in front of dozens of soldiers who were eying me hungrily. On a kind of podium in the middle of the camp was another White woman, naked too; a Zebyan soldier was keeping her quiet.

The officers ordered the soldiers to come closer to the podium, and soon, thousands of them were looking at us. Haffid Tassul, president for life of the people's republic of Zebya, asked me to present myself to them while behaving like a bitch in heat. If I could not give to each soldier here a furious envy of raping me, I would be severely punished.

That is how I found myself exposing myself in front of a whole army, shaking the pelvis like a stripper!



Haffid began to harangue his men, asking them if they wanted to own some day a blonde bitch like me, always in heat and swift to serve.

Naturally, the military crowd roared in approval, and Haffid began to describe his new project for the region. He would build an empire where the Christian bitches like me would have to submit to the Arab man. It was already like that in occupied Tambi, where Arab men didn't need to work, as one had only to know how to apply the whip on white buttocks to make a living.

He was picturing himself as the man who was going to offer them the same thing if they should follow him. He promised to each one of them ten pretty blond slaves like me.



And then, he presented the other woman, specifying that I was exactly like her two months ago, a restive and spiteful Christian. He said to his troops that it was very easy to change such an insignificant creature into an overzealous servant, whose goal in life would be to please to her Arab master. It was here for them to seize! He added that he had seen things in occupied Tambi that had filled him with hope about the coming of that brave new world.

And while he was saying that, stirring up the fighting spirit of his soldiers, I was swaying my pelvis in a very lewd way to illustrate his words.



Later that day, I had to pose for a photograph, snuggled up to the thigh of my master. I had to show how much I needed his dominance.

A few days later, Haffid showed me a magazine, famous in Africa and the Middle-East; on the cover was the picture that was taken that day in the military camp. This cover has probably been relayed through all the media by now, as it is such a perfect illustration of Haffid Tassul's new project, and surely you have seen it.

The president of Zebya was proclaiming to the rest of the world that he was going to pass new laws to promote White slavery, like his neighbors of the coalition of emirates. For him, the poor White creatures, mute and powerless, couldn't possibly live without a master.



I was ashamed of myself! On this picture, I was held in leash through my clitoris, my vulva protected with a padlock, and branded on the belly. I knew this image of me would be imprinted forever in the memory of members of my family, of my friends, of my colleagues at work.

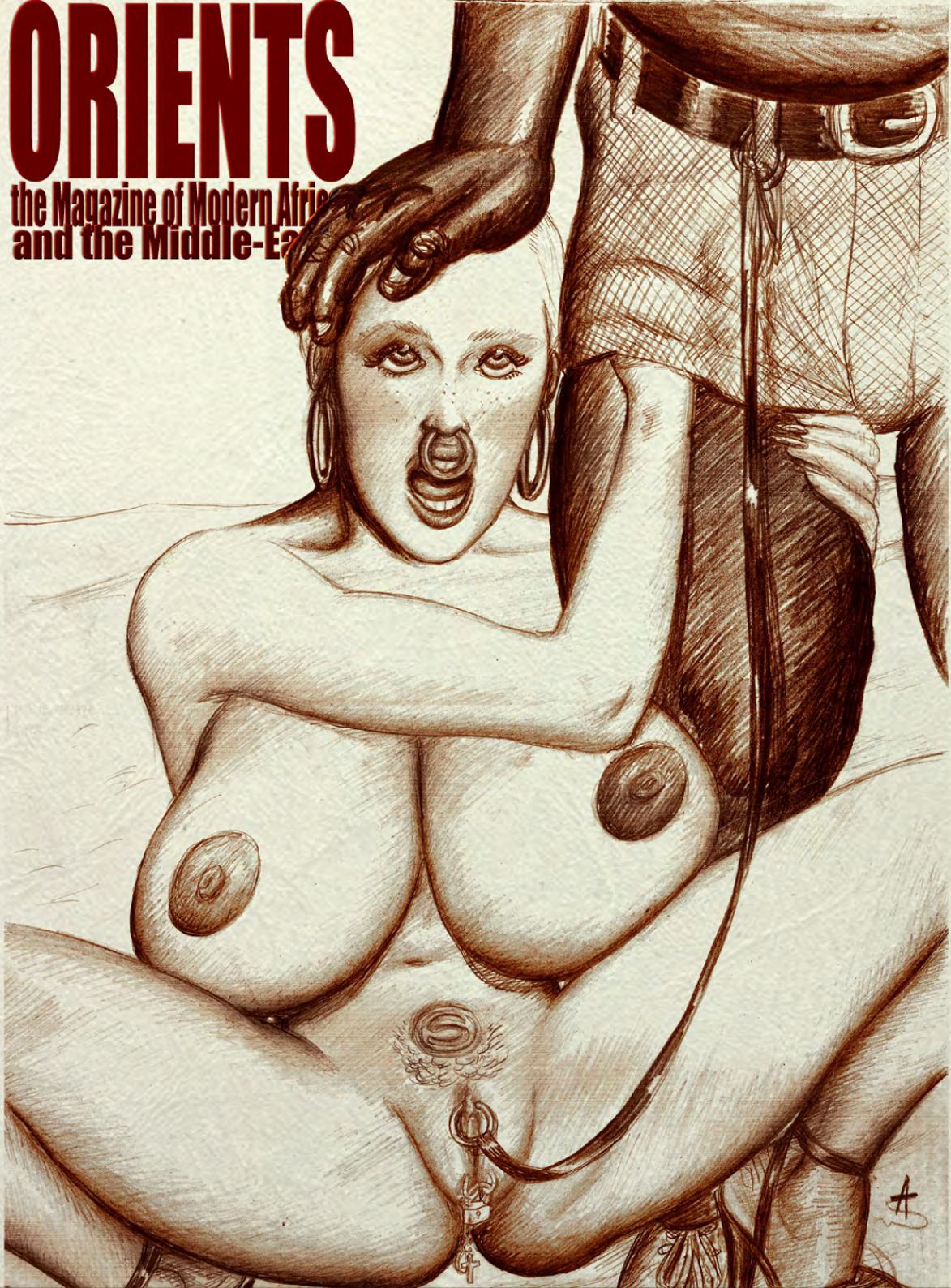
I was degraded forever. I didn't only show to everyone I had become a sexual slave; I also showed to all Zebyans and other inhabitants of the region that the Whites could find happiness in being owned by them.

I accepted that mission to try to put an end to the White slave traffic, and now this picture of me faking to revel in submission to president Tassul, was used to give to over Arabs the craving to collect White slaves.

What a monumental failure!

# ORIENTS

the Magazine of Modern Africa  
and the Middle-East





EXILE  
AZAR

## Report of undercover operations in occupied Tambi

In spite of that disaster, there is still something good out of this. Things will be clearer now in the Western world, and I doubt anyone can accept that the Whites should become commodities.

But the best thing is that the magazine cover has attracted the attention of the Fennec. An Arab woman pushed me on the ground this morning and sat above me to relieve herself, making the soldiers around burst in laugh. Yet, under her niqab, I got a glimmer of hope: she had a medal stuck between her buttocks, and on it was engraved the head of a fennec! She went away after she promised she would be back to give me the same treatment next morning.

I just spent the night finishing my encrypted report. I have written it with a piece of charcoal on scraps of cloth that I stole from time to time in the harem, and that I have rolled together to make a compact cylinder. Tomorrow morning, when the woman will be back, I will use my teeth to push the cylinder between her buttocks, so that she can bring it to the Fennec.

I hope my report will be useful to you, though in any case, please, get me out of here!

Sally Breaster





UNSPPO  
United Nations Secret Political Operations



Headquarters of the  
United Nations Secret Political Operations  
14 Avenue Charlemagne  
01003 Wonderbourg  
Principality of Wonderbourg

*To all the representatives of the Security Council*

*Our agent Sally Breaster has just been localized in Zebya, where she keeps her cover brilliantly on a highly strategic target.*

*I hope the representative of the United States of America will allow us to keep in place that exceptional operative for some more time.*

*For obvious security reasons, I can't give you access to her highly classified report as long as her mission continues, though you should know that Sally fervently wants to keep doing her excellent work on the field.*



Amina Bussif  
Project Leader for North-Africa

Next:  
**Double agent**  
 on the **Route of the slaves**



Map of the region  
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