

Alonzo
SERAI

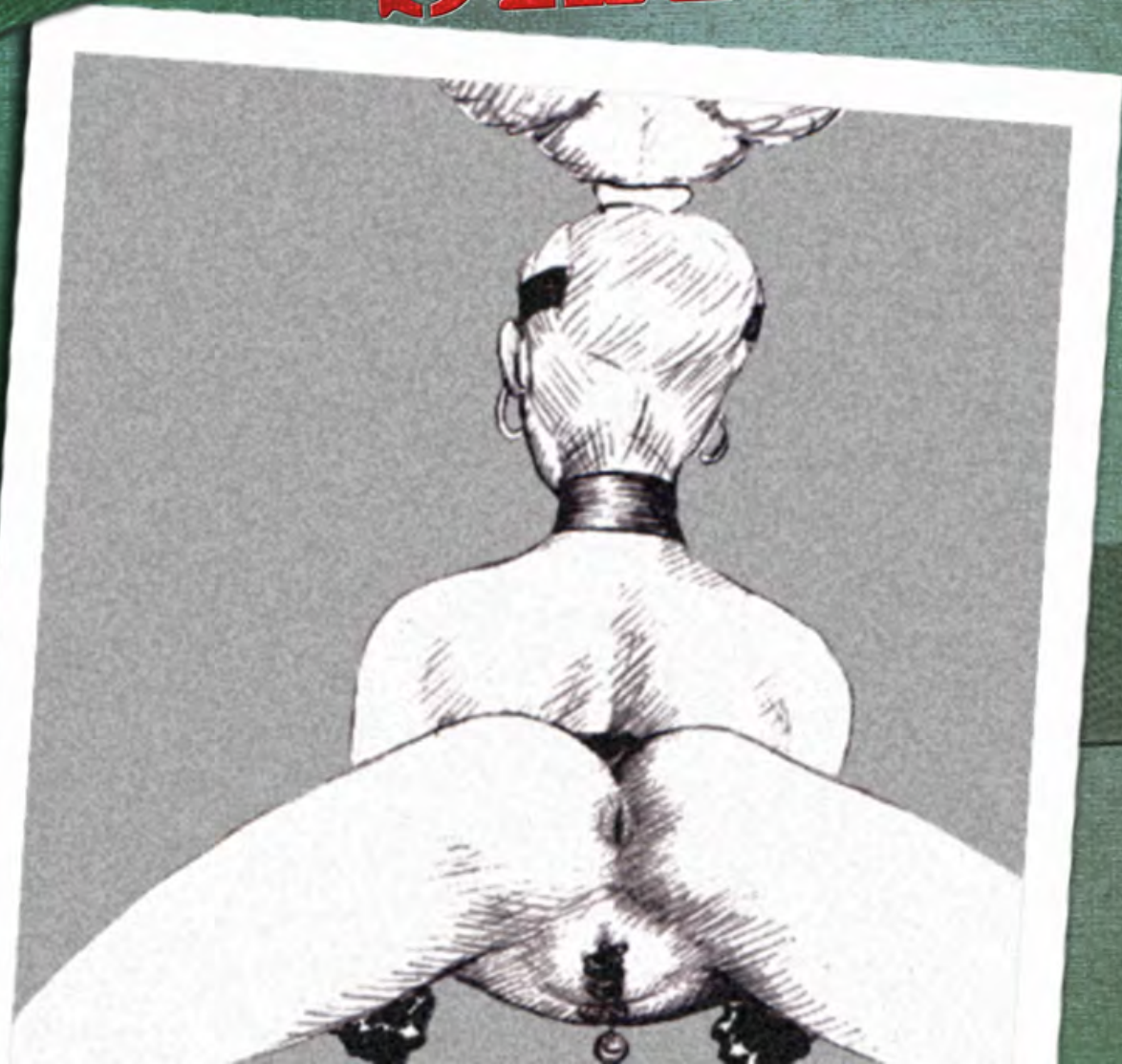
DOUBLE
AGENT

ON THE
ROUTE
OF THE
SLAVES

Full
screen
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Open
the
Book





ALONZO SERAI

TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE
EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



Click on texts at the left or
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drawing to go back to original view)

Full screen/
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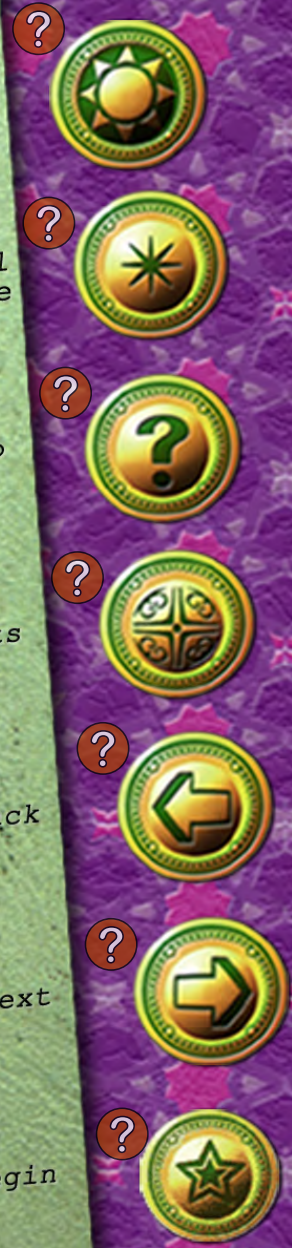
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Begin



DOUBLE AGENT

ON THE ROUTE OF THE

SLAVES

CLASSIFIED
Tambi Operative
Level 3 minimum
This document is for
your eyes only



Operative: Sally Breaster
American operative on a secret mission for United Nations.
Presently working undercover, located somewhere in the valley of Shazilar,
deep inside occupied Tambi.

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 Africa to the United Nations Security Council.
United Nations Political operations headquarters,
Principality of Wonderbourg

Encryption method: TS B750364 (Level 3 only)

REPORT FROM SALLY BREASTER

I am without news for more than six months; actually, since I have sent you my report, with my protests and my formal request to be discharged from this mission. I can see that you have totally ignored my demand.

As I have no choice in the matter, I will continue to make my report, using a piece of charcoal to write in code on scraps of cloth, though I can assure you I will not leave off there. I have been branded and pierced, treated like a slave to be able to gather precious intelligence, and the least you could do would be to proceed to my extraction when I request it.

I resume my report where I left it, actually at the moment when I gave the previous roll of cloth to an Arab woman working for the "Fennec". I was then the slave of Haffid Tassul, the president for life of the People's Republic of Zebya, and things for me were getting worse and worse. Zebya was now publicly involved in the slave traffic with the coalition of East African Emirates, and Haffid had acquired a dozen of White women, if I can still call them that in a region where they are seen as animals.





I tried to engage in conversation with some of them, but they seem to be completely stupid. Some can express a few simple words of Arabic, though they don't really to know their meaning; for example, they call an Arab a "mighty god" and a Western woman a "white sow"; everything that comes from an Arab master has a sugary name, like "honey" that means "saliva", or "mint" that means "sperm"... and I don't even take the worst examples! On the contrary, everything that concerns Whites has a name usually intended for animals; they form the "cattle" of an Arab, and see themselves as a "flock" when they are many. The youngest are called "whelps", and their men are "studs". They only make very simplistic sentences; there you have a typical sample they use when they meet the Master: "white sow crawl, Mighty God", and then "white sow beg honey Mighty God."

Later, I realized they were so completely submitted that they understood the meaning of these words and were accepting them as such; though at that time, I thought that all this was a joke our Arab masters were making at our expanses.

Hearing White women constantly speak that way and having to mimic them to keep my cover... all that has strongly worn down my morale during the weeks that followed the beginning of these massive arrivals. And then it got worse: Haffid began to buy younger and younger slaves and soon stopped calling his wives to meet him at night, to surround himself constantly with a dozen of these vivacious young Whites.

Of course, I kept pretending I was a happy and overzealous, to be able to move around freely, but it was more difficult every day.



Still, I was rewarded for my good behavior by being covered- as they call it- by a Swedish stud. The small man was smelly, and was ejaculating very quickly, though the worst was that I knew they had waited for the proper moment for me to be impregnated. It was horrible, as I didn't want to have a baby from that man, chosen for me only because he was very small to reduce the size of my progeny.

I wasn't part of any sexual game with Haffid since he had bought in Tambi a flock of girls, apparently the grand-daughters of Swedish women abducted in the seventies*.

They form now a very much appreciated "breed" which has spread without the benefit of controlled rearing, but which counts more than five hundred "heads". They act with Arabs like if they were their gods, as they were raised like chicken in overpopulated cages, and consider they were incredibly lucky to be picked up among hundreds of others; they came from an insipid and monotonous life to this permanent party near to one of these gods who reign over their kind.

When they are in the presence of their god, they are so overjoyed they can't help jumping and dancing like young goats; except when they are given the order to stop, which suddenly makes them all still and shaky, stricken by holy terror. They constantly drool with excitement, and not only with their mouth.

How can I compete with such creatures?

*Cf: Valley of the White Market"



As soon as my pregnancy was confirmed, I was sold; apparently, my condition was increasing my market value. The White slave trader had to pay out a lot of money to purchase me, as I had become famous as the first White slave ever to appear in a magazine.

After a long trip across the desert in a truck, my new owner put his personal effects on my back and made me walk and jump on all fours like a dog. He made me cross the Zebyan border and walked me like that for miles just to make a spectacular entrance in a Tambi village!

It is a traditional village, with the exception of the high-tech building that rises in its center; this place is definitely not on any map. This is where I saw for the first time a real Shazilarian slave, with her bald and affected vulva from which was hanging a little brass bell, the Master's crest branded above her Venus mound, and the big lips sewn with a thin leather ribbon. I would learn later that a Shazilarian worthy of the name is accountable for the decency of his "animals": the bell must tinkle as an invite, and the absence of pubic hair must show unreserved sexual accessibility, pointing out the respect of a whole race for their gods. On the contrary, the brand and the seam are only legal protections, which breaking is severely punished, though that a Shazilarian is free to use or not.

They were dozens of these creatures around the village, free to come and go as they wanted, though only if their arms were bound in their back. Only when accompanied, or inside a house, should decency allow a White woman to have her arms free... and if her master orders it, of course!





The trader made me enter into the high-tech building, climb the stairs up to the fourth floor, and then enter an office where a man in Ouazhamite uniform, who didn't look like a slave dealer or an auctioneer, was waiting for me. He told me his name was Aziz Khashim, and that he was an officer in the Ouazhamite intelligence service.

He checked out the quality of my training by spitting in my mouth. My simulated reaction of arousal mixed with shame might have pleased him, as he told me I was going to be a spy for new Tambi. I would be sold to important people in Gawarzazar or other treacherous countries of the region that had sided with the United Nations against the coalition of emirates, and I would have to report to him their every move.

It was an excellent thing for me and for the success of my mission, as the status of double agent would allow me to travel across the country to places rich in sensitive information, without risking to end up as a forgotten slave in a second-rank harem. Though however much I looked like a perfect slave, to accept betraying too easily would have sounded suspicious. I declined, saying I would never be able to oppose to an Arab god, as much an enemy of my master he should be.

I didn't have to play the turning spy act for too long, as he had found anyway infallible means to make me cooperate: two young women had just entered the room, moving toward us sliding on their knees, completely nude, led by an Arab accompanied with his body maidservants; and I realized with horror that these two slaves were my sisters, the twins Polly and Molly that I thought were safe at my parents, in Dallas.

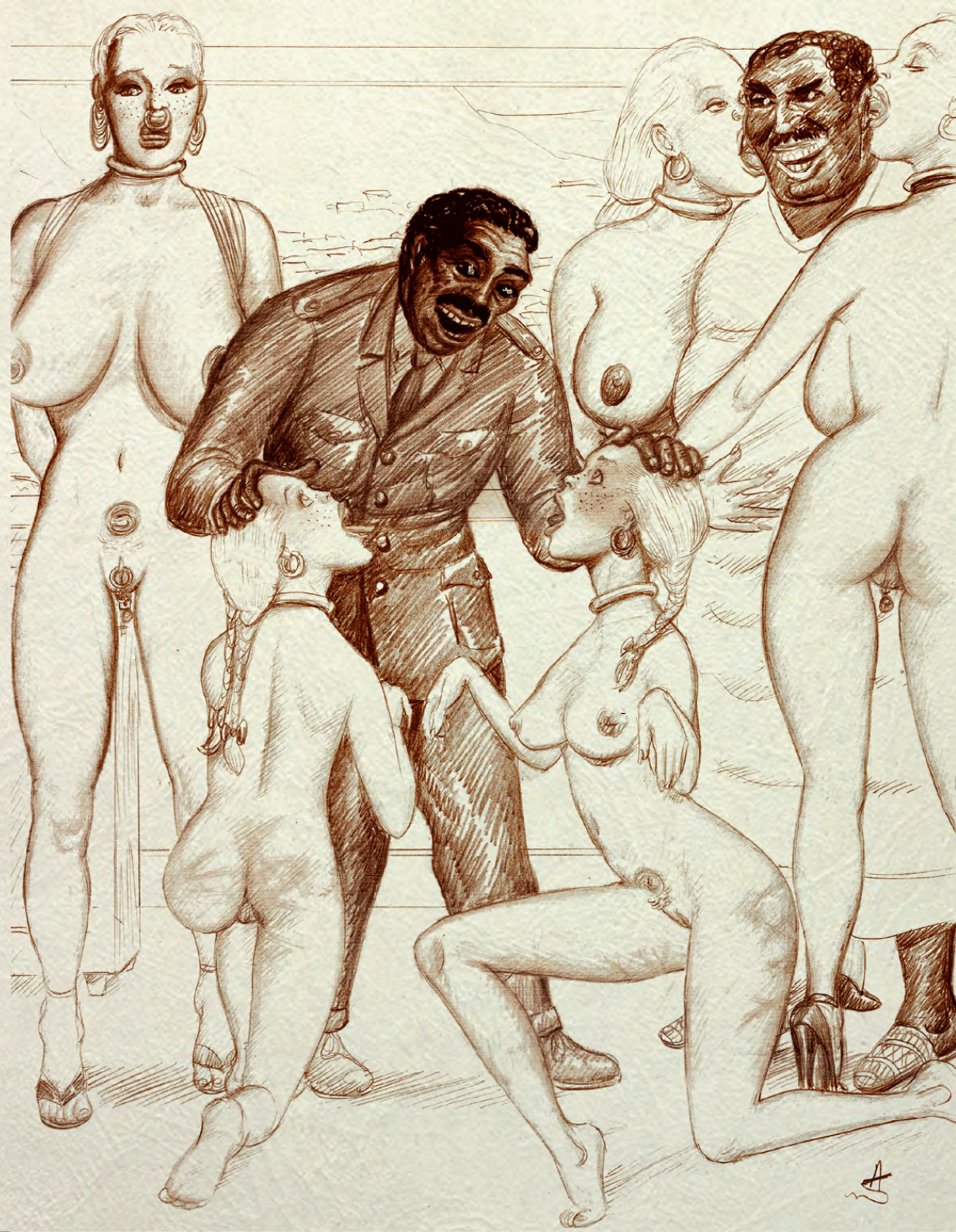


They stopped right in front of Aziz, then sat up and begged like little dogs waiting for a sugar lump. The Ouazhamite officer bent over them and rubbed their head, which seemed to fill them with gratitude and made them shiver with excitement.

It was terribly depressing for me to discover what my sisters had become. though, I had never seen them so cheerful; they were fascinated with the officer and were waiting for his orders with such a complete attention they didn't even see me. Though I had no intention to be noticed by them; the poor things would die of shame if they should realize that their elder sister was watching them behave like overexcited pets.

Their trainer, Abdel Zharuz, seemed to find very satisfying to show to the officer the fruit of his work. His two blonde slaves, who had helped him circumventing the twins were rubbing their bodies against his jellaba, purring with pride, so getting their well deserved reward.

I only hoped that my younger sister Daphne was not in their hands too.

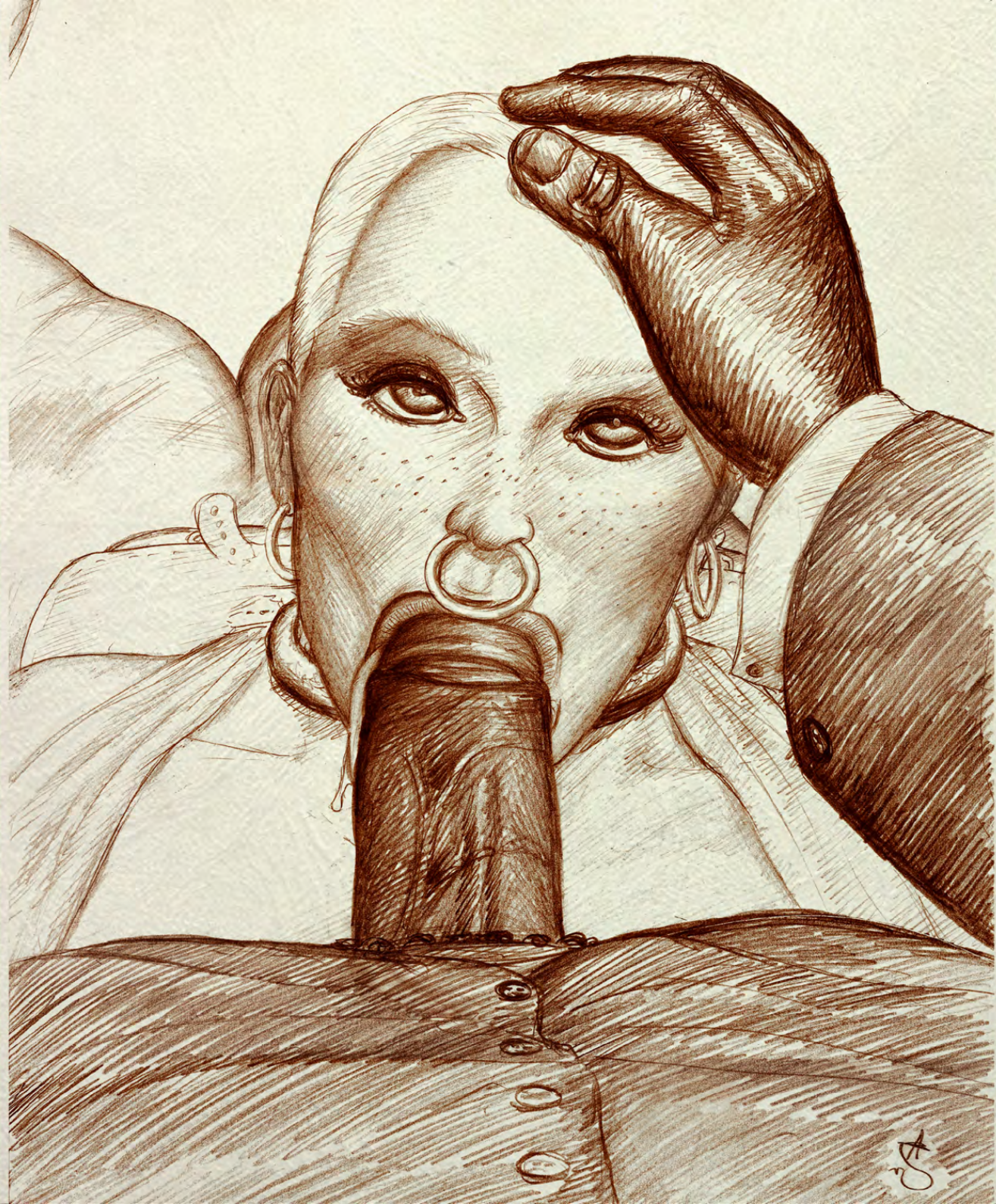


Fortunately, Abdel Zharuz made Molly and Polly leave before they could notice me. Aziz made me kneel down; he put his hand on my head, and rubbed it the same way he had done to my sisters. He putted his manhood in my mouth, and immediately began to suck it. I was trying to fight that strange impression I felt I was no more a spy, but only a slave denying she was.

My sisters had nothing to do with spying, and it could only be because of me if they were here... or the coincidence would be huge! I didn't dare to unmask, as I was unaware of what they knew about me; these last months, I had met so many Arabs who could have worked for both sides! What did he exactly knew, that man whose cock I was sucking in a way I had never sucked a cock before? Did he seriously expect to use me as a double agent when I didn't have more to gain on that side than on the other one? Though, after all, maybe did he really think I had become a slave and that I was soon going to be totally devoted to him? Anyway, I couldn't see any other explanation.

I had to show him clearly that I was accepting completely the life of a slave up to put my life at risk for that cause. I hoped that my expert tongue strokes would be useful to convince him, as I had to be seen as a elite spy anyway; it was the only chance I had now to save my sisters.

His semen spurted suddenly in my mouth and I found it more bitter than ever, though I couldn't afford to let it show. I accompanied his ejaculation with my tongue, hoping he had noticed nothing.



GA



Mother Hen, if you ever receive that report, I beg you to do everything that is in your power to extract my unfortunate sisters from that awful place. If you do so, I commit myself to totally forget my official protest for the rapes to which I have been subjected in the Gawar camp, and I swear that I will keep on with my mission without balking, whatever the cost.

The days that followed my entry in the intelligence service of the coalition didn't offer me more certainties about my condition; I realized they were aware of my knowledge of Arabic. So much for my best asset as a spy!

They trained me for a week, and then sent me to Tambi, the former capital. I was brought into the Barbary Hotel, in the royal suite that the coalition was offering to the emir of Zaandar for his official trip.

I was immediately locked down in the harem of his suite with a dozen of magnificent blondes. My mission was to entertain the emir and to display to him the charm of new Tambi.

I would learn later that all the other women were also spies who, like myself, had been assigned to this mission as a test for their abilities. At the end of his week in Tambi, the emir would give to Aziz the name of the five slaves he had preferred, who would receive their diploma of confirmed spy. He would have then to choose the one among them he would take with him as a gift from the Tambi governor. That way, the happy chosen one would be given her first secret mission: to watch closely that powerful head of state who might join the coalition. The losers would probably have to undergo more months of intensive training to learn how to become irresistible through some twisted specialty!

Compared to that training, this week at the emir looked like a golden holiday. My nose bone had been removed, and it was easing my life greatly. I was told that the wearing of that ring was not everybody's taste, and that it was always best to go on mission in my birthday suit, leaving to the one I had come to spy the care of my decoration.

The emir made me wear a little cross on the forehead, an honor I was the only one to be given. I thought I had taken his fancy, but I would learn later it was only because I was pregnant, and that he loved the idea to turn a future Christian mother into an insatiable slut.



This week with the emir of Zaandar was pleasant, as I was always chosen to lick his body. It became soon quite obvious I was going to be among the five chosen ones. It was also the case for Amanda, a French girl who was always given his hand to lick.

In the team of winners, there was also Paula, a fellow countrywoman of mine who was endowed with an exceptionally long tongue and whose face was strangely inspiring the emir an urge to spit on it.

Five of the twelve spy wannabes were desperately trying to catch his attention, but he was systematically asking them to stay behind him to lick his back, most certainly because he didn't want to see their sad faces of losers!

Only Michaela, who used to be the spouse of a famous businessman, was put behind for other reasons; he had a few business disagreements with her husband, and she excelled at using her tongue; two talents that were combining wonderfully! The unfortunate emir was still unaware that licking the anus of the Master that way represented in Shazilar the biggest honor a White woman could get.

Though the one who was always receiving the second best position with the body of the Master was Ula, the ex-wife of the Dutch ambassador; the distinguished honor to collect the body fluids of the emir was due to her.



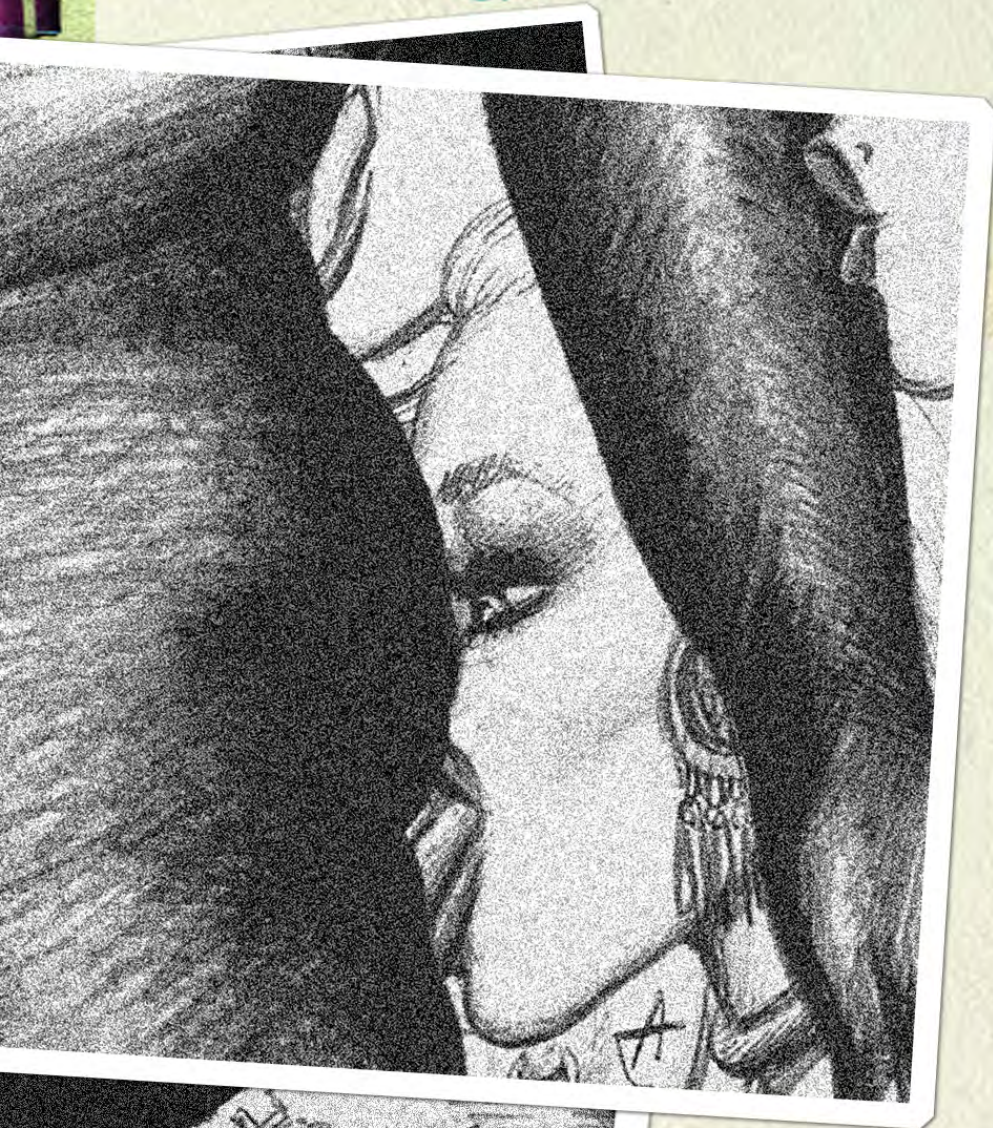
At the end of the week, we were only five to be allowed near the emir's body.

Yet, Ula had lost her position of fluid attendant, and I was now the one in charge of that prestigious task. I hated it, and I would have preferred keeping on licking his body as I did all along the week, though of course it wasn't my choice to make. The emir especially loved using my mouth to relieve himself, something he was always doing while fiddling with the little cross I wore on the forehead; and that need was always happening after he would rub my swelling belly, which was giving away my pregnancy. Of course, it meant it was time for me to do my level best: the emir was pointing out to me that my status of future Christian mother made me the perfect recipient for performing his natural needs, and that I had to show him clearly that I was getting a divine pleasure and a boundless pride in being honored that way!

Ula was watching me from a distance, shooting me a dark look with jealousy, and I was perfectly understanding her: she had been used as a toilet bowl for a whole week, and there she was pipped at the post right before the end of our mission!

I don't know what she has become, but I'm sure that wherever she is now she must still hate my guts.





It was Michaela who was chosen by the emir at the end of his stay. The need to own the wife of a business rival had been stronger than anything else. So she was the one who would spy on him for the coalition... if she could find the time to write her reports during the rare moments when she wouldn't have her snout shoved between the butt cheeks of her master; she was going to be the first White slave of the emir, and probably the only one for a long time, except if he should join the coalition soon and get dozens of Whites as a welcoming gift!

It was perfect for me, as I didn't want to go burry myself in Zaandar, where nothing really important politically would ever happen. It was definitely not in that chocolate-box emirate that I was going to find the core of the White slave traffic.

On the contrary, the fact I had been chosen among the five was an excellent thing; I would become at last a real double agent, and be able to go forward with my original mission, going to strategic places at the coalition's expanses! And it would also be easier for me to send to the Fennec the intelligence I would harvest.

After we were debriefed, we have all been sent to Aziz Khashim, who owned a magnificent traditional palace in the Valley of Shazilar. We were supposed to get some rest in there, but I suspected he was doing an ultimate evaluation of our loyalty away from his school for spies and his exhausting program.

Anyway, I was happy to get the opportunity to visit that half-mythical valley, which is I believe the point of origin of all that wave of White slavery.



Aziz Khashim lives surrounded with beautiful blondes who worship him, indeed because they fear his whip, but even more because they are properly rewarded with chain orgasms he generously presents to them.

I was allowed to get close to his male organ a second time, though it was a much more pleasurable experience than the first time; I didn't have to simulate my enthusiasm. After this, I was in a good mood only when I was somewhere near Aziz.

Something in this valley was making everything more arousing and desirable. And all the White women around seemed to share that experience. It was getting suddenly to our head and was keeping us aroused at the touch of the Master. Some young women, who were just discovering life as a slave, could have an orgasm by only touching his body; and he was three times their age!

Aziz's son was the only one who was really scaring me in that place, because of his unmanageable whims. I was terrified with the prospect of being appointed to the service of that little tyrant! Later I realized that he was not so bad, and that what I was taking for cruelty was actually the work of an excellent pupil who was revising at home his lessons in White female training.





I stayed for only four months in that house, but it had marked me for life. The idea that I was soon going to go away from Aziz Khashim was depressing me far more than it should.

At this moment in time, I still don't understand what was so arousing about him, though thanks to my spy training, during which I was injected with every existing drug to teach me to identify them and fight their effect, I knew that what was turning us into sexual beasts like this could only be a product. What was most disturbing was that I had felt the first signs of that effect only a few hours after I had entered the valley, when I didn't eat or drink anything yet; and even with my experience, I couldn't help being sometimes overcome by doubt, asking myself if it wasn't simply about Aziz being the man I loved; thankfully, the sight of other slaves sharing a passion for him similar to mine was knocking some sense into me: I don't see how fifty enslaved women would all fall in love with the same man without the help of some drug..

At the end of these "holidays", Aziz might have decided I was worthy of his trust, as he assigned me to an important mission. As I was now in an advanced stage of pregnancy, I was going to be sold to a man who fell only for blondes in that condition, the king of Mowamba. To perform this amazing feat, Aziz brought me to Maruk, the city with the slave markets that were making the price of the white female in the world.

He rented a first-rate place near the entry of the main market and made me climb on a pedestal so that I would be impossible to miss. Few people seemed to be interested, though anyway Aziz was discouraging those who were lingering in front of me by announcing a prohibitive price.



Aziz Khashim's strategy bore fruit after a few hours. The king of Mowamba went out of his hotel and came for his usual walk across the slave market. I saw the monarch suddenly pop out of the crowd, leading two magnificent girls with his crop. He was staring at me like if I was a delicious pastry.

The king was displaying himself in public with the two beauties to show he had great taste with Whites, but I could see in his eyes that he was more into women like me, with a less sophisticated beauty... and above all, very pregnant! Besides, everybody was aware of that, starting with the intelligence service of the coalition.

When the king was close enough, Aziz gave me a big slap on the buttocks and began to rub my clitoris. The mix of pain and pleasure made me respond in a way the king seemed to find irresistible. He didn't even try to haggle over me!

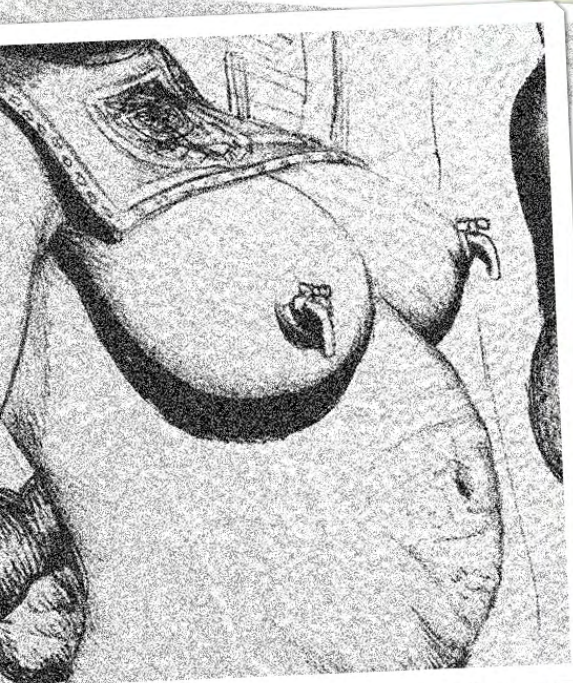
Aziz Khashim was really a man of great intelligence: in the twinkling of an eye, I was on the inside, chosen by the king himself. And the next day I was leaving for Mowamba. My new mission had just begun.



During the first weeks of my stay in his harem, the king had just made me to touch me to make my sexual arousal grow exponentially. He was pleased with it, and then was jumping on me, penetrating me wildly. I had totally forgotten Aziz.

The other favorites, he had bought during his stay in Maruk, were also terribly aroused by him; he didn't own too many slaves, so they were getting the time of their life every day. On the contrary, those who were there for a longer time seemed to be much less motivated by the presence of the king.





After a few more weeks, my desire for him had totally vanished, and it was also the case for all of those who had come here with me. My mind had got clearer and my preoccupations as a spy were coming back with a vengeance. What could create such a sexual addiction in the White women inside the Valley of Shazilar, and in Maruk, and then fade away slowly when going outside? It could only be something in the air, some gas, some magnetic force, some radiation... the inhabitants of Shazilar knew that phenomenon, and believed that it had supernatural causes; they were calling it "magic of the Valley", and considered it totally normal and logical, as their religion was defining Shazilar as the former Garden of Eden that Allah had ordered to rebuilt.

I was dismissing straightaway any irrational explanation, supernatural influence, witchcraft, marabout stuff... and it was out of the question for me to accept the idea that Arabs could be living gods reflecting the divine essence of Allah on us poor Whites, as the Phoenice was teaching it! Aziz Khashim had assured me with great seriousness that he was indeed a god carrying this holly light, and that he was one of the Arabs who accepted to soil themselves among Whites to save these species from eternal damnation. I must say he has got an amazing charisma, and that the fact other slaves really believe he is a living god may give him a great power that somehow teases my feminine nature, but seeing him as a god... if I had been an average woman, maybe I would have bought it and accepted to conform to these beliefs, but I was a trained spy, impervious to that kind of nonsense.

This decline of my arousal greatly tarnished my stay in Mowamba, where I lived four awful months. And it was in that depressing atmosphere that I delivered a little baby girl that I was only allowed to see once. She was the property of the king of Mowamba and he didn't want her to steal my precious milk from him! He was relishing from the product of my body, milking me like a cow every morning, and saw giving that nectar to a White nursing as throwing pearls before swine!

This was only strengthening my desire to escape at the first opportunity. I could only get my daughter back if my mission was a success and I could come back to Mowamba with an army of lawyers, once the U.N.O. would have pacified the region. According to Aziz's plan, the king was supposed to get rid of me after I would have delivered my baby; the fact that the monarch had become so eager to drink my milk was totally unexpected, and I had no intention to stay here to have my breasts squeezed daily for the king's breakfast, to offer him future slaves from time to time, and to ask myself in fifteen years or so if the young stud who is covering me could be my son, or that the young ambitious woman who eyes me with despise in the harem could be my daughter!





Anyway, I had to leave this place; I knew everything I needed to know about Mowamba, and I had now to deliver this information to Aziz before anything. I had to find a way to reach Tambi territory, where I would be captured and brought back to Aziz Khashim. If I could cross the path of the Fennec on the way, it would be even better, of course, but my cover as a double agent for the coalition was now my top priority.

It was actually quite easy, as the king of Mowamba reigned as an absolute monarch and could never imagine that one of his slaves should even think of escaping. I used a stone to file down little by little the chain that was fastened to my collar at night. And less than a week later, I was running across the Mowambian savannah, nude and handcuffed in my back, but free!

I was traveling only by night, eating the food I had saved for months and kept hidden under a mat in expectation for my escape. Fortunately, I didn't make any bad encounter, human or animal, and two days later I was on the bank of the river that was separating Mowamba and Tambi territory. I followed the bank to the east, carefully avoiding the patrols of soldiers, and finally found a little fishing boat I could use to cross. It was not easy to row with my hands tied in my back, but fortunately the river was calm at this time of year, and I managed to reach the other side after an hour of exhausting efforts. Though, my troubles were not over yet, as I could only allow myself to be captured by someone who would alert the authorities, and not by some farmer who would not be afraid to take a running slave for himself.

Three days later, I was exhausted and out of food, but I was looking at a village. All I needed to do now was to get captured in public. For that purpose, I wormed my way into the village at night and hid myself into an empty barrel in the market; I could get out in the morning in front of a hundred witnesses, be captured by the soldiers, be sent to Aziz Khashim, and being located by the Tambi resistance at the same time.

It went beyond my expectations. I was deeply sleeping inside the barrel when the lid suddenly opened, and olive oil began to flow all over me. In panic, I jumped out of the barrel, splashing the crowd around me. I started to run all over the place, naked, handcuffed and dripping with oil, under the laughters of the crowd.

I was whipped by the soldiers, and had to use my tongue to be nice with all the people whose clothes had been stained with olive oil, but I was happy; this dramatic entrance had surely caught the attention of the resistance.

And the next day, two soldiers came to fetch me and brought me to the city of Tambi, straight to the quarters of the intelligence service of the coalition where Aziz Khashim was waiting for me. I gave him a complete report of my stay in Mowamba, and was allowed to get a real dinner, my first one since the beginning of my mission. Of course, I had to pick it directly into Aziz's mouth, but it was so good to eat some meat, and not the usual gruel, or some pitiful chicken bone to gnaw at.

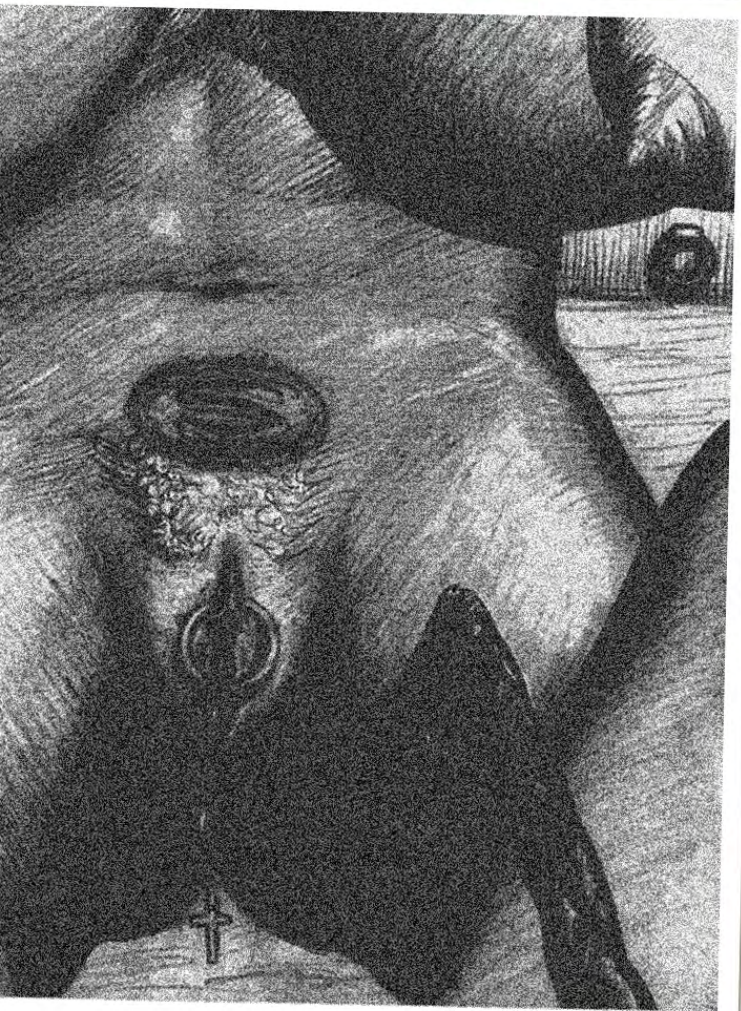


I stayed in there for a whole week, and it was the opportunity for me to see my sisters again. It was now clear that Aziz was using them to make sure of my loyalty. He made the three of us pose for a photograph in the traditional face-standing position of respect, with the hand tied in the back, the intimacies fully displayed and the mouth opened to clearly show that these orifices existed only to celebrate the Arab man.

I am scared of the image of myself I give on this picture, as I know that Aziz Khashim intends to send it to the press, but of course I have no choice. Though if I should ever manage to pull the three of us out of the trap I put us into, and I should get the authorization to tell my story in a book, I know anyway that I will never get out of it unscathed. For everyone in the West, I will now be the White woman who submitted totally to the Arab man.

Polly and Molly, who don't have my training as a spy, don't even have that problem, as their involvement in this new life as slaves is complete. I even have a hunch that if I should confess to them I am faking my training, and my loyalty, they would rush to report my words to Aziz, who they worship like a god.





The week that followed, I was sent to Aziz's palace in the Valley of Shazilar for a new resting period. It was filling me with great happiness, and I was beginning to think I needed to be very careful if I didn't want to become like all the creatures around me. One month after my return from Mowamba, I was in that same state of arousal I was before I left, ready to do anything to be accepted in the staff dedicated to Aziz's body care; and becoming more interested in satisfying my sexual needs than to carry on with my mission.

That was two months ago. Since, I was lucky enough to find a lead, completely by chance: some farm slaves were bringing to the palace freshly picked-up naffies in their wicker baskets, and let fall down one of these tubercles, which rolled on the floor toward me. As the Master was present and I was flat on my stomach, with the chin squeezed on the floor, the mouth opened and the tongue pulled out and stuck down against a tile, I just had to make a tiny movement with my face to be able to catch the naffy. I have then kept it hidden under my tongue, waiting for the moment I would be able to chew it when the Master would have gone, as the consumption of that tubercle was strictly reserved to Shazilarians.

Once I had swallowed the naffy, I instantly felt its strong aphrodisiac effect; it was like when Aziz was touching me, except that I could get to the orgasm by myself, without the need of a man to relieve me of that burning desire.

It was not the consumption of naffies that is the cause of that arousal of the Whites, but I am sure that there is a link somewhere. I can feel that the answer is at my reach, somewhere in that valley of Shazilar, the core of all that conflict.

I met in the palace yard the woman who had relieved herself on me in Zebya as a pretext to fetch my previous report. She has free access to the palace and will certainly find a way to do it again, so that I can push with the mouth the cylinder of cloth into her anus; and anyone around would only see an Arab woman using her ancestral rights over a White slave.

Be ready to get me out as soon as I will solve the mystery of that extraordinary tubercle. It would be a shame if I should disappear and bring with me the secret that could put an end to that appalling traffic of White women. Next time, I will surely have the answer, and I want the Fennec to come in person to fetch my report... and myself with it!





UNSPO
United Nations Secret Political Operations

Headquarters of the
United Nations Secret Political Operations
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Principality of Wonderbourg

To all the representatives of the Security Council

We have received the second report of our special agent Sally Breaster, whose excellent work undercover in occupied Tambi continues. She follows presently a very important lead, and asks me to renew her commission for a few months more.

I was initially against the maintenance of such a difficult cover for such a long time, but the importance of Sally's discoveries had convinced me that we need to grant her request.



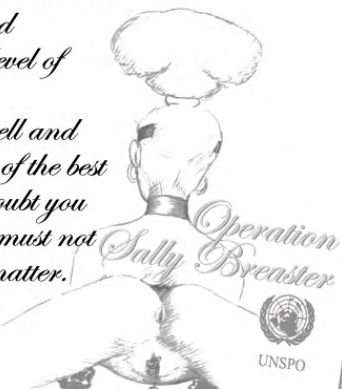
The Phoenix World Order Project

Hello Rasheeda,

There you have the last update from the Sally experiment, with unexpected developments. I intend to lift the level of classification up to level 5.

I am setting up an emergency cell and I have already initiated the capture of the best botanists in the world. I have no doubt you agree with me that our new religion must not hinder our scientific research in the matter.

Amina



Amina Bussif
Project Leader for North-Africa



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