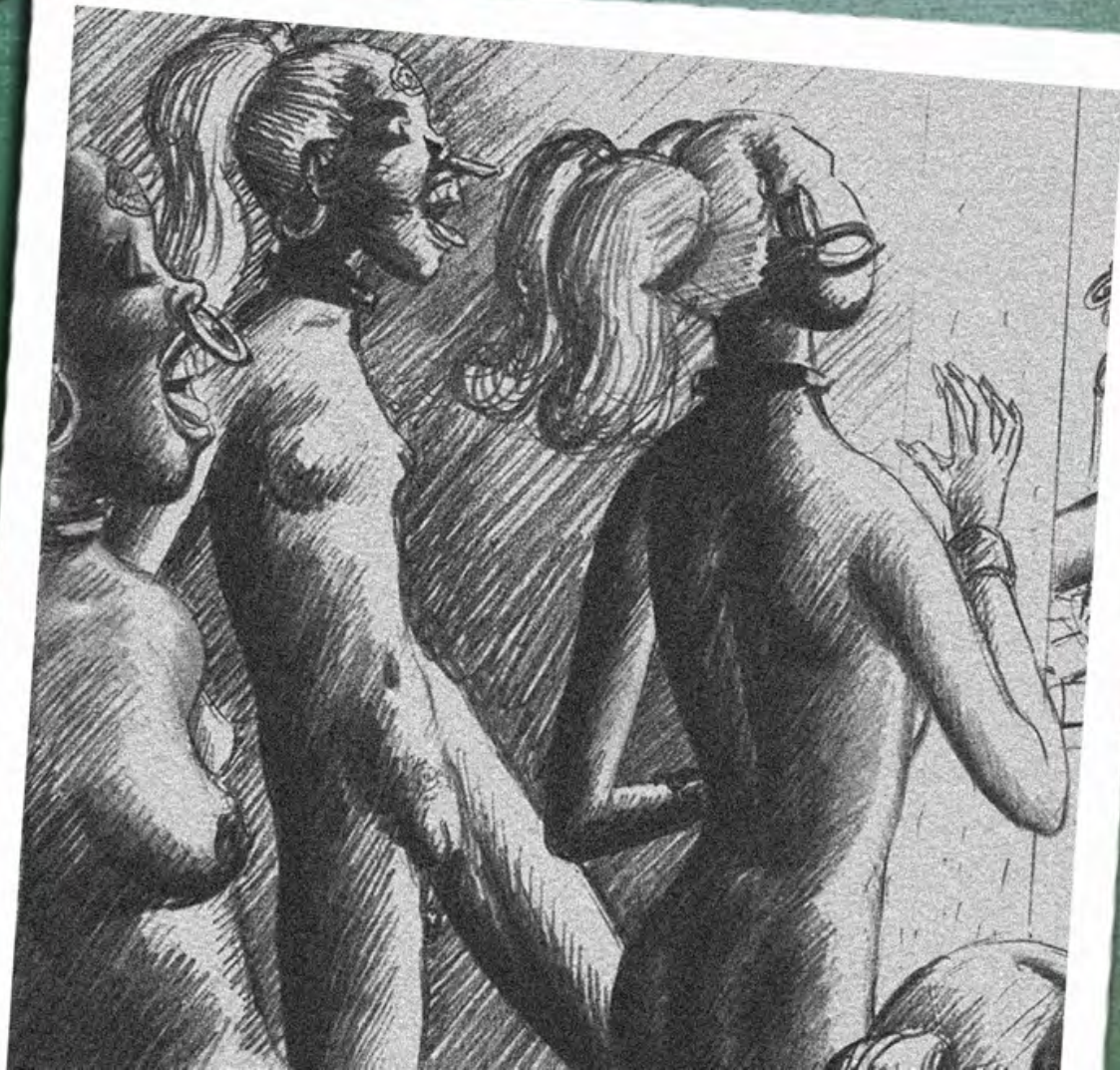


**RAW  
RECRUITS**

**ON THE  
ROUTE  
OF THE  
SLAVES**

*Alonzo  
SERAI*



Full  
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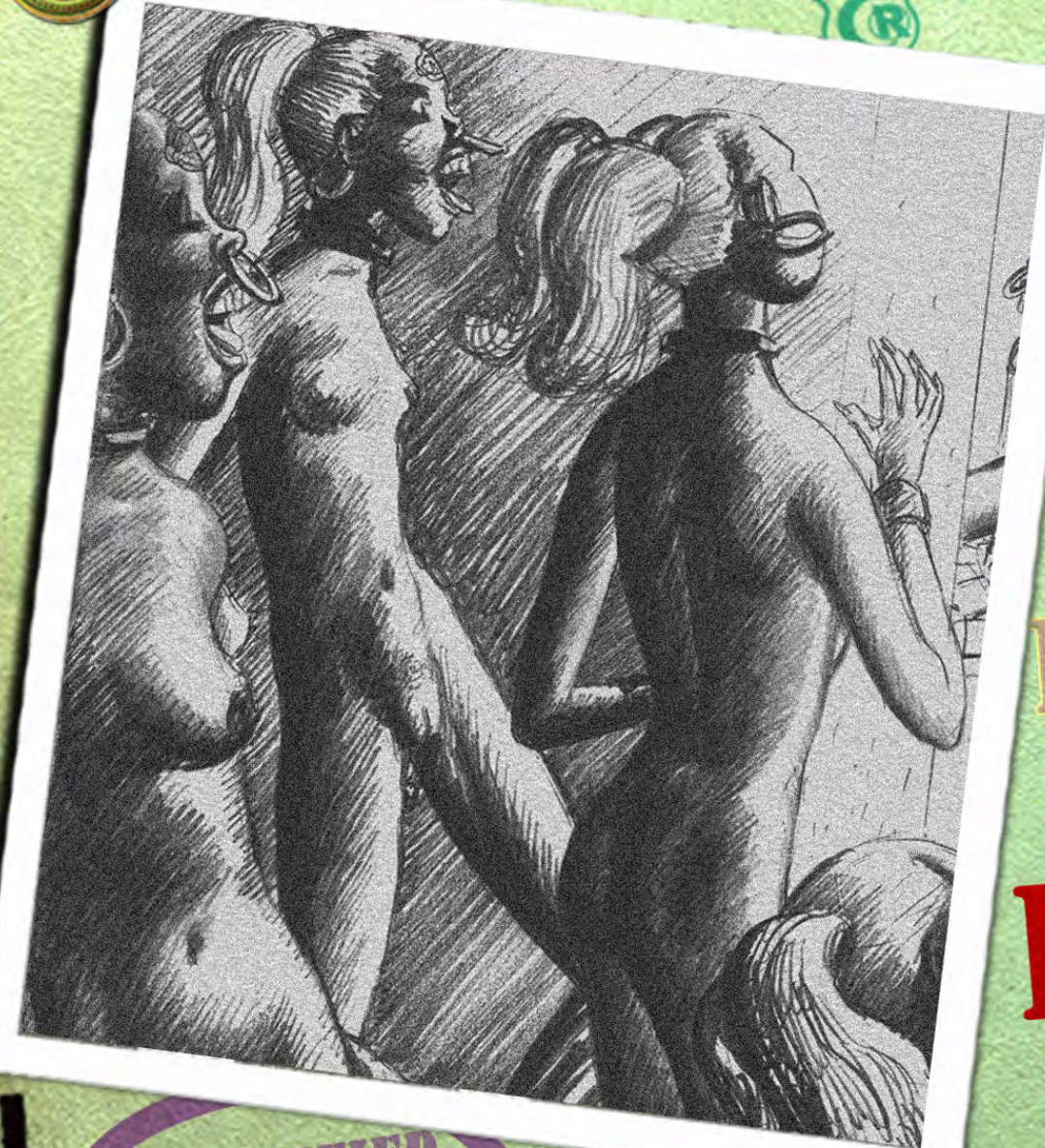
Open  
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ALONZO SERAI

TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE  
EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



Click on texts at the left or the top of the drawings to zoom on details.  
(Then click anywhere on the drawing to go back to original view)

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Window mode

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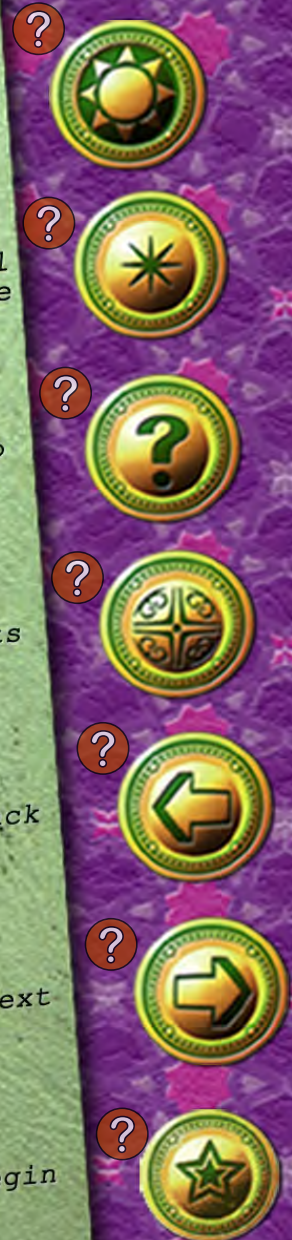
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# RAW RECRUITS ON THE ROUTE OF THE

# SLAVES

**CLASSIFIED**  
Tambi Operative  
Level 5 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:** TX A0024 (Level 5 only)

REPORT FROM SALLY BREASTER

I keep writing my report with the hope I will hear from you soon, as I'm waiting impatiently for my extraction. I currently follow a very promising lead, but another female agent can definitely replace me at this point.

I spent the last two months of my second "holidays" in the Valley of Shazilar watching a little indoor garden through one of the narrow windows of the Harem; I had seen the Shaziri gardener digging up naffies on the sly for his own use during my previous stay, and I could see now that he was taking a very special care of the plants growing on this precise spot. Despite my little knowledge of botany, I knew the naffy was a tubercle, growing underground to protect the plant against a lack of water. And since, I was devoting all my time to watching this little garden corner that could not be seen from any other window in the palace.

The plant was slowly growing with the coming of spring, and I was curious to see how its leaves, its flowers, its fruits would look like. I provably had seen the flower in the Valley already, and I wanted to be able to identify it for my next trip. Unfortunately, I was sent to a new assignment before the buds should open.





I had to go to Gawarzazar, which was excellent news for me as U.N.O. troops were stationed there. Once on the spot, I would only have to tell who I am, and it would be for me the end of that nerve-racking mission. I was supposed to be a gift for minister Neffuz, a distinguished member of the Tambi government in exile, offered by his brother, a White slave trader who was playing double. It was for me the proof that exiled Tambis were already practicing that slave traffic before being invaded by the Coalition, and it was clearing things up a lot. It also meant that I would have to be extremely careful when I would initiate contact with the Tambi resistance again: I had to show them clearly that I didn't care so much about putting an end to the White women traffic they were involved in, and that only my fight against the Coalition mattered. I didn't want that some "regrettable accident" should prevent me to disclose to the world everything I had learned here! For that purpose, I had to show clearly that I had fully accepted the condition of the White woman as defined by local culture, which could only occur because the sexual pleasure I was taking out of it had convinced me. If I looked like the typical she-white of the region, then I stopped being a threat for their society and could be allowed to leave the region... or at least increase my chances to be able to do it.

For my last month in the Valley, Aziz Khashim had me force-feed like a goose to make me gain weight, so that my physical appearance should fit the norm for fillies in minister Neffuz's team in harness.

At the end of that month, Kassim Neffuz, the White slave trader, came to fetch me, and I had the unpleasant surprise to discover I was not going to be transported on location, as usual. The man was carried on the back of a blond giant female with thighs of steel, commonly defined in Shazilar as a "mare", and I had to run behind her, in the middle of a flock of naked slaves intended for the comfort of member of the Tambi government in exile.



# TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



## Report of undercover operations in occupied Tambi



The journey was long and exhausting, because the Shazilarian mare was running faster and for a longer time than we did, despite the weight she had to carry on her back. When we were losing too much ground, the infamous Kassim was making her stop so that we could catch up and go past her; and then we had to run even faster, as the buttocks of the last ones in the flock were becoming targets for his whip.

Right before we should enter the long tunnel between the Valley of Shazilar and the Valley of the Slaves, I had the chance to run near a highly guarded field of these naffy plants I was finding so intriguing. A few beautiful red flowers were opened, and thanks to this I will recognize now that plant anywhere. In Gawarzazar, I was stunned to discover how far the lie was going; I had come to the capital at the beginning of my mission, but it was nothing like that hinterland, where thousands of White women were working naked in fields, under the whips of their overseers; we were even passing coaches pulled by superb blondes with an affected trot. Obviously, slavery was not something new here. The only good news was that I would be able to keep on studying the naffy plant around here, as I had seen many fields around.

We arrived in the yard of minister Neffuz's palace two days later, out of breath, our buttocks stripped with red. The minister, a fat and adipose man, saluted his brother and came close to the flock he sized up as a whole, before he started to examine us one by one.

I needed to inform him I was a spy working for his side. Therefore, when he came close enough to me, I jumped down on the ground in front of him and told him in Arabic I was working with the Tambi resistance.

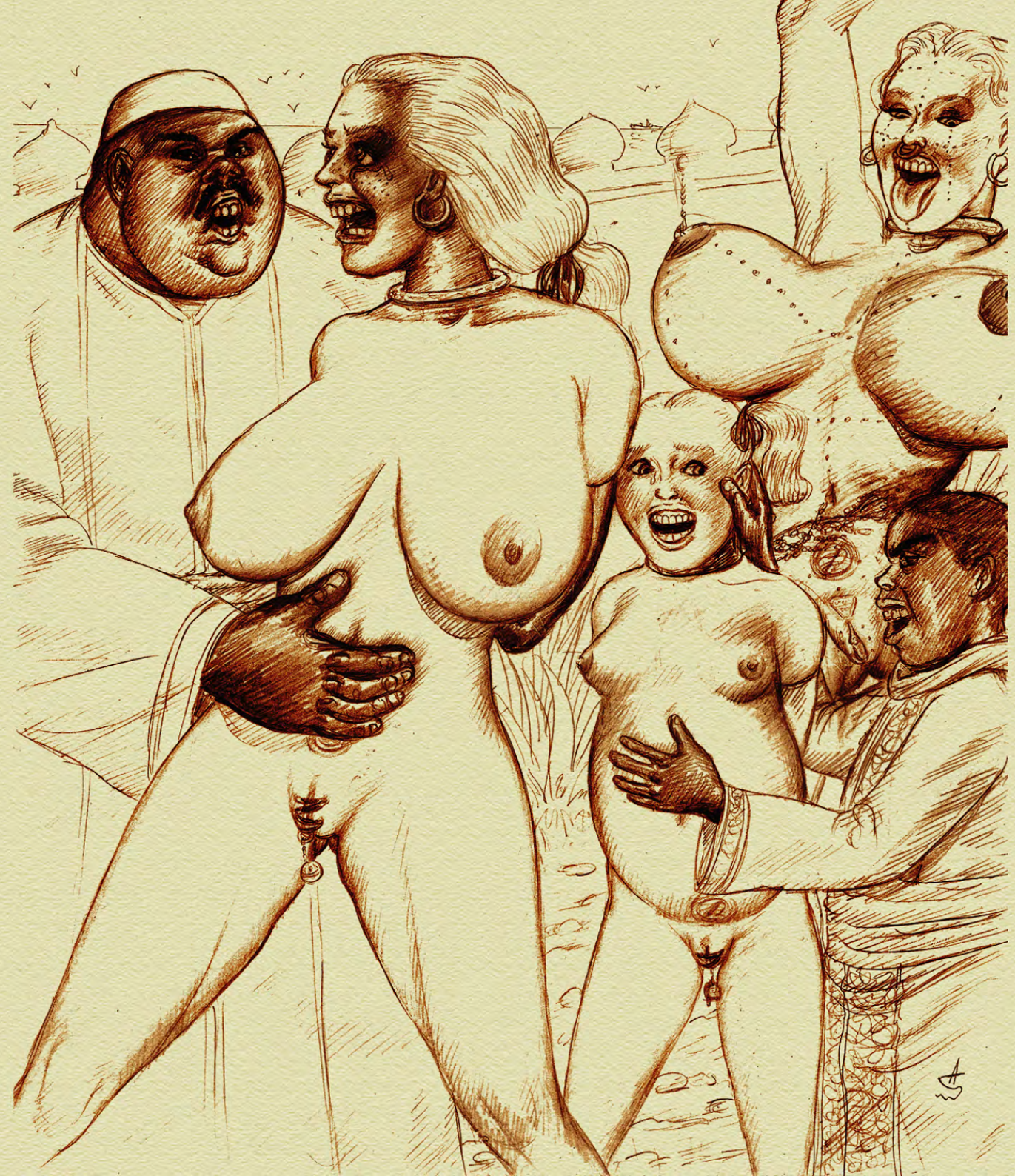
I will never know whether he heard me or not, as right at this moment, a tall Negress jumped on me and plunged my face into a muzzle. I had been unwise: I should have waited for a better time to disclose myself. Now the Negro she-devil was keeping an eye on me, and the opportunity to talk to the minister could very well never arise again!



Thankfully, the muzzle was removed from my face the next morning, and I was brought before minister Neffuz. For the occasion, the Negro she-devils folded my arms in my back and put them into a very tight leather sheath. This was such an unnatural position it was making me cry with pain.

I tried to inform Neffuz again that I was a spy, but a few strokes on the buttocks made me soon realize I needed to shut my mouth. He started to fill my body while I was inwardly boiling with anger: it was so frustrating that I should have attained my objective and still couldn't be identified by a representative of the Tambi government in exile! Neffuz might have felt my terrible need to talk as he concluded his examination by saying that it was a good thing I was a filly, as from now then I would have to express myself in a more useful way by pulling his coach than by cackling.

Neffuz's son Ahmed was a nasty piece of work. He had received, as a gift, a nice girl who was part of the flock brought with me from Shazilar and who had to run for days despite her advanced stage of pregnancy. His uncle Kassim had offered her to him as an educational toy so that he should better understand the reproduction of the feral Christian. But, all this little brat was interested in was tickling, pinching, and slapping the poor wretch!





The day that followed, I was set up in the stable; and the day after, I was harnessed to the carriage of minister Neffuz with three other White women.

My arms had been kept folded in their leather sheath on my back, and I knew they would atrophy very quickly if I weren't allowed to use them from time to time. According to Shazilarian tradition, a filly had no need for arms; if she could sometimes be used sexually, it was during a collective mounting for which arms could only be a drawback. Only the harem servants were allowed to use their hands on the Master. That tradition was only attached to the Valley of Shazilar, and the Arabs of the coalition were reluctant about weakening such beautiful women that way, though Neffuz happened to be a Shazilarian, and moreover, an old-school one!

I had now a bit in my mouth in permanence, I had to pull a carriage with my comrades sometimes for hours, and I was sleeping alone at night in a box of the stable. It was impossible for me to communicate anything to anyone. I was terrified!

Very quickly, I realized that, contrary to what had happened to me in Mowamba, the sexual excitement I felt for Arab men was not going away. In these conditions, feeling constantly the arousing presence of the Master behind me was a torture. Lustful thoughts were crossing my mind, and it was more and more difficult for me to concentrate when I was harnessed to the carriage. And this state of arousal was increasing in intensity every day!

The fifth day, I even came to think that the sacrifice of my arms was not as bad as all that, as I was only dreaming about cavalcades with Neffuz. Everything that was not Neffuz seemed hollow and boring to me anyway.

Of course, I just had to look at the behavior of the other blond fillies from my team of harness to understand how insane the crush I had for this fat man could be: they were eagerly following him with their eyes, so excited that the redness of their cheeks was never going away; only Neffuz could relieve the poor creatures from that intense sexual pressure by running his podgy fingers on their nude body, bringing them chain orgasms; and when they were pulling the carriage, there was a gleam of ecstasy in their eyes. I was aware that I was becoming like them, but I was finding that prospect less terrible every day.

The sixth day, as Neffuz was rubbing us one by one after a long ride in the Gawar countryside, I couldn't help throwing my body forward to seek the contact of his hand. Alas! When my turn came, he just looked at me with a cruel smile while my desire was increasing. It was so unfair for me that I wouldn't be granted the same rubbing as others, when I was the one who was feeling true love for him! I was offering myself completely to him... shouldn't I deserve at least the same treatment the others had?





The minister Neffuz didn't even have to touch me that day; after a few never-ending seconds, he spitted on my face, and I was instantly overcome by orgasm!

During the rare moments when I was still able to keep a cool head, I was realizing I would soon lose the ability to control myself and to carry on with my mission, in which I was believing less and less anyway. I had no idea if my arms could still be salvaged, and the idea that I could have already been turned into one of these creatures was pushing me to accept their status even more; I was beginning to seriously consider living the life of a filly, and the worst of it was that I couldn't find what was wrong with it. Sooner or later, I was going to become like the others, and it was tempting to put up with it right now...

Yet, that day, something happened that suddenly revived the spy in me. As we were galloping along a field covered with naffy flowers, the wind rose and discharged on our path a cloud of pollen so dense that we could almost have touched it. After we passed it, I felt sexual excitement growing in me exponentially. For a few minutes, I had the impression I was an animal trying to fulfill a vital and immediate need, but with no way to do so.

Neffuz stopped the vehicle and came in front of us laughing. And that's when I immediately realized what all my body was shouting to me: this fat man had in him the outrageous power to assuage the pressing need I was feeling. For a moment, I saw him like a god I had to worship to achieve plenitude. And when he suddenly brushed my clitoris, I literally exploded, being subjected to faster and faster orgasmic waves hitting at me with an increasing strength, until it would turn into one only long ecstasy that kept growing in intensity. Barely conscious, I could see the other fillies experience something similar; their body tetanized as if they had been stricken by lightning.

A few minutes later, Neffuz had taken back the reins and we were galloping again across the country. I was dead-beat, but still in a state of intense arousal, as could tell the uninterrupted stream of body fluid I felt flowing down along my thighs. Neffuz was redoubling with whip lashes, because the twisting we had to perform with our bodies to make our gait erotic and entertaining to our driver needed a bit of concentration. And while my mind was progressively clearing up in the grip of the whip, I was trying to understand what had just happened.





It was definitely the crossing of that cloud that had shaken me like that, which meant that the pollen of that plant had the same aphrodisiac properties as its tubercle. The air around here was probably filled with residues of that pollen at all times, and it explained the arousal I had felt everywhere the naffy plant was growing. What was bothering me was the fact Neffuz wasn't affected in any way by that cloud. I could have believed it was the breathing of that pollen for generations that had made his kind immune to this effect, if I didn't see Neffuz have a very quick erection after he had ingested a naffy tubercle. I could have also believed that the nature of the effect was changing according to the gender of the subjects, but I had the opportunity to watch some white studs experiencing chain ejaculations at the touch of their disdainful Arab mistress. Also, the effect of the cloud had been subtly different to what I had felt when I had eaten a naffy; the tubercle had made me sensitive to pleasure in general, when with the pollen, it was Neffuz who had triggered my arousal and had been in the position to increase it and manipulate it as he wished.

The resolution of that equation appeared suddenly to me in all its evidence: the tubercle was arousing directly, when the pollen of the flower was only arousing through contact with people who had eaten it! The naffy, this very rich underground extension of the plant, was modifying the pheromones emitted by those who were gorging themselves with it, making them irresistible to all other pollen breathers. The active ingredient of the tubercle was acting like an antidote, and for all the Whites in the Valley who were forbidden to eat naffies, this "antidote" could only be taken through the pheromones, the fluids, and on the skin of their Arab masters who had much of it in them to spare.

Ironically, the Shazilarians had no idea how this worked. It was mostly their tradition that recommended them to eat naffies, and their religion that prohibited it to the Whites. For the rest, they simply believed that they were living gods and that the Whites were domesticated animals by nature. How could they understand anyway such a subtle interaction between the reproductive systems of plants and those of humans without some modern knowledge about the endocrine system?

The plant was probably native to the Valley of Shazilar, which explained why it had not been discovered before. For thousands of years, the high mountains had prevented the spores from flying past the boundary of the Valley. Later, the Shazilarians came out and swept across the Valley of the Slaves, and then across the whole region, bringing with them the cultivation of the naffy. This is still spreading right now— and this is extremely dangerous!

*Naffies*



*Shazilari Fig*



*Mazock*





You need to understand, dear Mother Hen, how much we need to hide that discovery to the public. If this information should spread, we would most certainly witness the launching of a massive cultivation of this plant everywhere in the world, and White slavery would become impossible to eradicate. The White women who would breathe that pollen would be happy to be slaves, and the countries of the Northern Hemisphere could never stop their female nationals to submit themselves willingly to that condition. By keeping the secret, we can be the first to act. We can synthesize the active ingredient of the naffy tubercle and distribute it everywhere massively, preventing its use against us. Or, on the contrary, we can have all naffy fields destroyed, using some health pretext.

This knowledge is so important it terrifies me, and I hope you will send me the Fennec as I required, because if I don't fly away from here quickly, I will soon become useless to our cause, without arms and soon without any willpower left!

I just saw the Arab woman who comes to collect my reports, this time as a veterinarian specialized in the breeding of Whites. I hope that her presence here doesn't mean that my extraction by the Fennec has been delayed.

The Arab woman brings me to a box, together with a young stud of Nordic breed. She frees my arms so that I could write the end of my report during the breeding. The blood starts to circulate normally in my limbs, and I endeavor to write while the young blond man is impregnating me. I have to let that be done to protect my cover, and the cover of the Fennec's agent. Please, Mother Hen, let my child be born free.

Mother Hen, you are my only hope.

Sally Breaster



UNSP  
United Nations Secret Political Operations

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



Memorandum:

All agents who had been in contact with this report must be immediately appointed here at the headquarters of secret operations with a level five authorization.

Mother Hen



*We just received the third report of our agent Sally Breaster. We will process to her extraction in the days to come.*

*As usual, her complete report will only be available for the Council at the end of her mission.*

*Amina Boussif*





**Operative:** Sally Breaster

American operative on a secret mission for United Nations.

Presently working undercover, located somewhere in allied Gawarzazar

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

Undercover agent for Tambi government in exile. Presently located in allied Gawarzazar

**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:** TX A0024 (Level 5 only)

REPORT FROM SALLY BREASTER

After much hesitation, I decided to write this report, would it be only to tell you how little I trust your agent Rasheed Rassuf, a.k.a. the "Fennec".

This man came to the palace of minister Neffuz, who he seemed to know very well; actually, they were as thick as thieves!

I can understand that an agent of Algerian origins who works for the Security Council of the U.N.O. should be acquainted with a minister of the Tambi government in exile, but your agent has obviously not the slightest scruple about gorging himself with the pleasures offered by White slavery. I spent three years of my life trying to eradicate that scourge, and I can hardly see myself on the same side as that man. We are not here to arbitrate a conflict meant to establish which faction will have the greatest number of White slaves at its disposal!

While your agent was chatting with the minister, our groom was harnessing us for a trip to town; the statuesque Negress coated us with oil, polished our boots, our belt and our headband, made our adornments shine, combed our hair, made us up... then, minister Neffuz and mister Rassuf, I had not yet identified as the Fennec, climbed into the carriage, while the Negress was taking place in a standing position at the rear of the vehicle. We suddenly felt the bite of the whip on our buttocks, to which we responded by throwing our bodies strongly forward to start the carriage. Once it was launched, we had to take a martial gait, intended to be erotic. We went out of the palace yard, and a second whip lash on the buttocks gave us the command to trot; at the third whip lash, we were galloping again on the roads of Gawarzazar for our master.





I am really sorry I couldn't hear what these two men spoke about during the trip, but the asphalt of the Gawar roads makes our hoof-boots too noisy. That was frustrating, as I had the unpleasant impression they were talking about me.

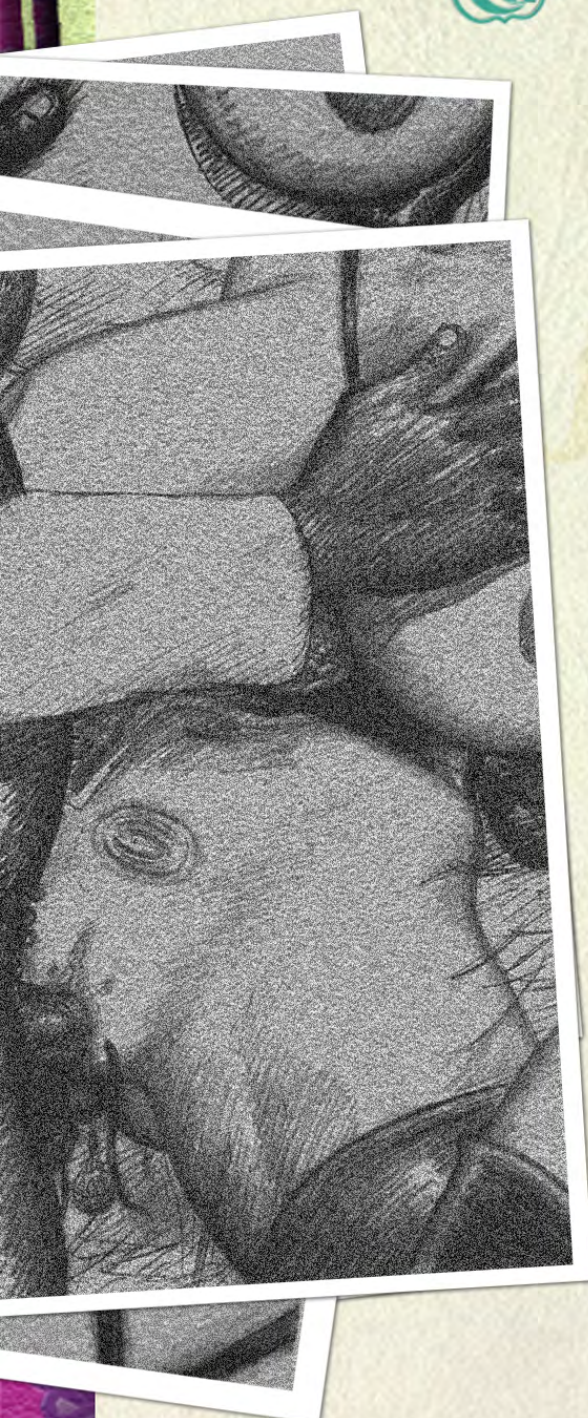
Minister Neffuz stopped the carriage a few hours later, right before we should enter the city; we were exhausted and haggard after that nonstop trip, and he didn't want his prestige to be damaged by the display of a pitiful team of harness. The Negress wiped up our foaming chins and our sweaty bodies, and then beautified us again while Neffuz was having tea with mister Rassuf. When we were ready, the minister came down to stroke our rumps one by one, and we proudly stuck our chest, ready to gallop for him again.

That way, we looked fresh and spruce when we entered the city, puffed up with pride at the thought we were honoring the man who was driving us. The rules of Shazilarian fashion applied to the most important dignitaries were drastic, and those who were disregarding them were laying themselves to ridicule. As fillies of an elite team, we needed all to look alike, to have the same height, and the same natural pubic hair color; we also had to move in perfect synchronism and to respond impeccably to the handling of the reins and the orders cracked with the whip.

Although Neffuz didn't fear to be ridiculed in that matter, as the Gawars were not as much accustomed to White slavery as the Tambis, but he cared a lot about promoting the traditions of his native valley everywhere he was. Moreover, the presence of U.N.O. soldiers in one district of the Gawar capital induced the scarcity of White-pulled carriages in the rest of the town, and the inhabitants would definitely think that the owner of these fillies was a rich and powerful man, a man of taste who knew how to treat White woman the right way, by making the lustful nature of that wonderful animal blossom!

We had to do everything we could to arouse the people we passed in the streets, and give them the impression they were the ones causing our own excitement. We were performing a complex trot, raising the thigh high in a circular movement, displaying our private parts at all times. We had to stick out our chest to show how proud White females felt about pulling the carriage of a man who had successfully tamed four of them. In addition to increasing the standing of Neffuz, our behavior made him appear as a fine and generous man, and all this was making us really proud to belong to him.





Soon, we entered the yard of a big house, and the Master made us stop. Mister Rassuf congratulated him for the exceptional standard of his team of fillies, and the Master replied that he was putting us at his disposal to fill his bedroom if he wished. Mister Rassuf thanked him for his offer, and said he would be delighted to come back later that evening and mount us in the stable, as fitted for White fillies. The Master ordered the groom to lead us there and to prepare us for a very pleasant collective mount, worthy of mister Rassuf's standing. He added that we had just been successfully impregnated, and that all our orifices were available to him without the slightest risk.

Two hours later, we were still waiting impatiently for this visit, lying down in the straw of our collective box, ready to start straight off when he would show. We were a bit disappointed to see him coming in an advanced state of inebriation; the adopted Tambis are famous for their immoderate taste for naffy wine! Mister Rassuf immediately asked if one of us were the "Ostrich". It was the code name Mother Hen had given to me! This man was the Fennec!

I was wriggling about to make him understand it was I, but the other fillies, thinking I was trying to hog the stage, started to do the same. In less than one second, we were all changed into wild mares, twisting our bodies with frenzy and whinnying like crazy in front of that drunk man.

He knelt down and began to unlace our labia, causing a complete and immediate silence. We were so fascinated that we were keeping perfectly still, even scared to gulp. He lay down over the first of us and penetrated her. A few seconds later, she was shaking so much she seemed to be under some kind of frantic trance; and obviously, mister Rassuf loved it.

I realized it was the first time in my life that I wanted so much to be mounted by a stranger. My vulva had been unlaced, and it had given me a huge hope, though now, the spectacle of my sister of harness behaving like a crazy horse was turning me mad with desire. When mister Rassuf moved to the second of my sisters of harness, I couldn't help giving a start. I craved so much for being penetrated by mister Rassuf that I was completely forgetting he was the Fennec. My assignment, my carrier as a spy, the cause into which I had put a lot of effort, all this had become meaningless in this instant; there was only a master for whom I was ready to go to the ends of the earth if he should ask for it.

And then, it was my turn to be mounted..

I never felt something so strong in my whole life. I was overwhelmed with love for that man, and the pleasure he was giving to me was so intense that I began to behave exactly like the others, rearing up like a mare mounted by a god!



After a series of astounding orgasms, which reached a peak when mister Rassuf came in me, I calmed down and began to gaze at him with worship. Touched, he spat on my face the Shazilarian way. I know it can look a bit weird, seen through Western eyes, but I took it as an expression of tenderness, and I felt incredibly flattered!

Then, he asked me whether I was the Ostrich, and I nodded; and to make sure he had understood the message despite his inebriation, I used my internal muscles to grasp his male organ.

On the contrary, the last one of my sisters of harness, supposed to be mounted by mister Rassuf after me, was far from having the time of her life. Her labia had been unlaced, and for a moment she had been filled with a mad hope. And now, she could only witness the bliss of her sisters. The Fennec could indeed have lashed out on a small stroke for her, so enlightening her for a whole week, but why the heck would he concern himself with a carriage fourth-in-harness white female.





Mister Rassuf left the stable and came back in the morning with the groom. He examined us carefully, suddenly not so sure about who was the Ostrich. Embarrassed, he removed all the bits, and I could at last introduce myself as the U.N.O. agent he was assigned to follow.

I was separated from my team, and I felt a twinge of sorrow. For the last few days, I had been closer to these women than I had ever been with anyone; and this, without sharing one single word! I would also regret minister Neffuz, his thick-lipped mouth, his podgy fingers that were giving me so much pleasure.

Mister Rassuf freed my arms from its leather gangle, and the groom spent at least five minutes to massage them. It was so painful that I was under the impression that it would have taken only a few hours more for me to lose them forever. The Fennec accepted to let me go without a muzzle, on the condition I should not embarrass him in public by suddenly starting to jabber; minister Neffuz was gentle enough to let me go because he was a patriot and wanted to help the resistance of his country, but if I had spoken in front of him, I wouldn't have escaped the whip, agent or not.

The next day, we were leaving Neffuz's house to go to the Gawar branch of the U.N.O., the starting point of my original assignment. This branch is located on the other side of the town, in the tourist area, and I was a bit surprised that mister Rassuf should not ask me to put Western clothes on before bringing me there. Though I was not going to turn my nose up: I was going away from that nightmare at last...



I realized soon it would have been simply impossible to cross with my clothes on the part of the city that was forbidden to U.N.O. Personnel without seriously chocking the inhabitants. Mister Rassuf was using his crop on me just because it was how things should be done, or, as he pretended, to avoid drawing anyone's attention; according to him, I was getting back my haughty White attitude, and a few well-stricken volleys on the buttocks would make me appear as a mere Western blockhead on the way to be fixed. It was actually what was written on the panel I had to display to the passers-by.

From time to time, he was kneading my buttocks to make up for it, and the pleasure it was giving me was intense; though I was also ashamed to display myself climaxing in front of a stranger crowd, without one single piece of cloth to hide the flowing of body fluid it was causing.

Of course, I was accustomed to far worse, but now that my freedom was near and my old existence was coming back, I was feeling the humiliations much harder. Even mister Rassuf's sardonic smile seemed inappropriate to me now; after all, I was an international agent, and he was only a letterbox! Once I would be away from the influence of the naffy pollen, I would hasten to expose his collusion with the slavers.

He would then come down with a bump, the Fennec, learning that his irresistible sex-appeal with White women was only the doing of a drug!





After a one hour walk, we saw the building of the U.N.O. branch, and for me it was a big surprise. The last time I was here, more than two years ago, I had seen it only from the other side. I remember now I was told this building was located at the boundary of the old town, an area that would be forbidden to foreigners as long as the war in Zebya would go on. Intrigued, I had looked for a window from where I could take a peek at this forbidden area, but there was none on that side of the building.

I know the reason now: on the frontage, it is the international area, where the inhabitants can mix with foreigners; on the back of the building, it is the Phoenic area, where only Arabs wearing traditional outfits are allowed to walk in the company of their nude White slaves, whose number is growing every day.

If only I could have waited for a few days to take my decision at the time, I can assure you that I would have found out what was going on, and I would not be here right now!

On the other hand, I find quite disturbing the fact that you didn't realize it yourself. I know that your office is in Wonderbourg, and this is a distant branch of U.N.S.P.O. that you use only from time to time, but still...

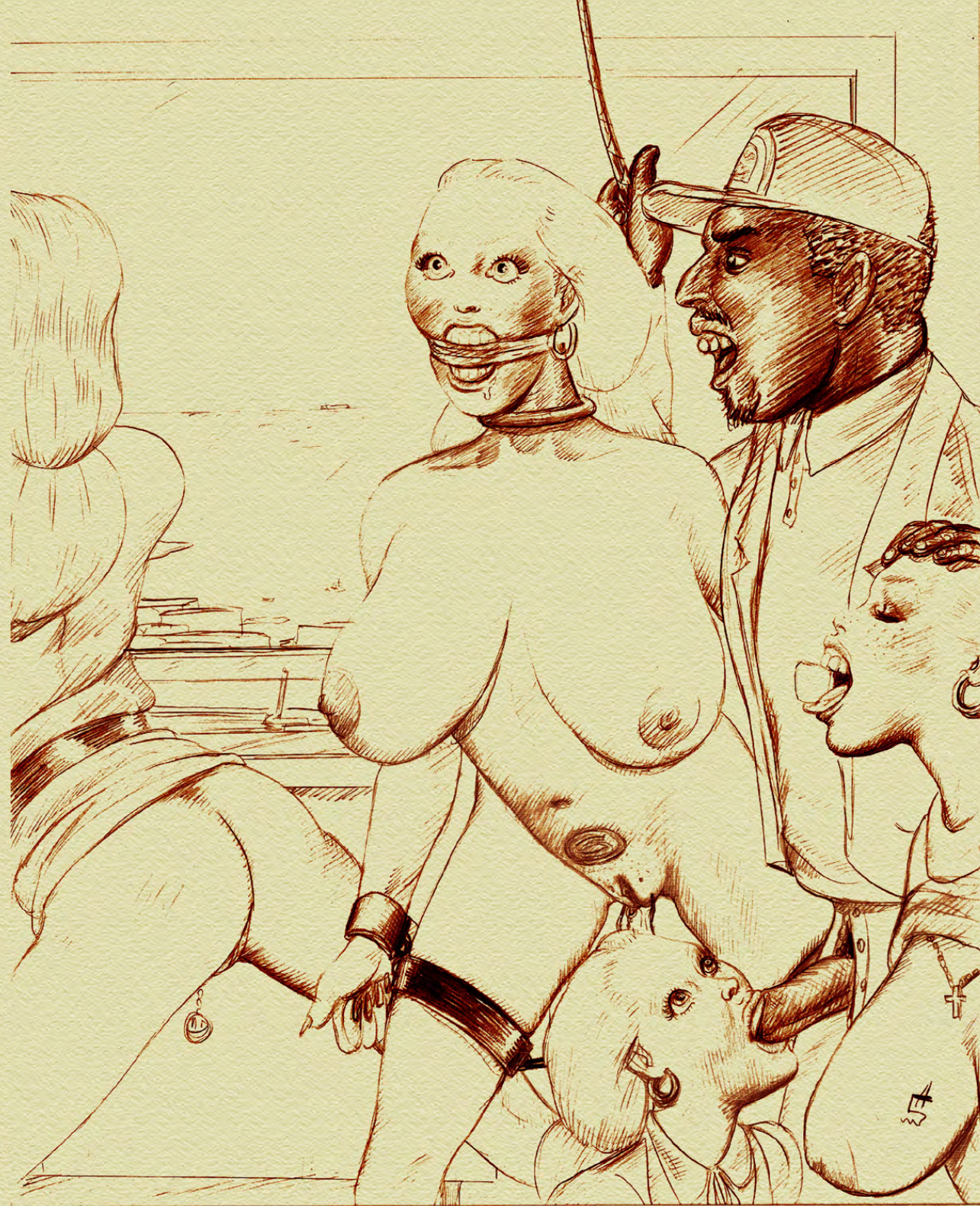
As for your "reliable" agent Rasheed Rassuf, a.k.a. the Fennec, he may be most useful as an informant and a letterbox, but I know now that he plays an active role, and an important one, in White female traffic, and that he is unworthy of your trust. Instead of setting me free and sending me to you for my debriefing, he keeps me here for a week and uses me like if I were a slave for real!



It is supposed to be, according to him, a resting week he offers me before I could make my report to you. In fact, he is performing some kind of training on me. It is just like if he were trying to turn me into his personal assistant-spy; he believes that I am still under the charm of our first encounter in the stable, but the air-conditioned building of U.N.S.P.O. filters the particles of Naffi pollen, and my mind clears up very quickly.

He has formed a team of White spies and claims he will use that elite cell to overthrow the Coalition. I keep telling him that I am an American and that I work for the U.N.O. only temporarily, but he turns a deaf ear and gropes me, thinking it is enough to make me rally his pool of slave-spies!

He has trained a slave of his gang to behave and dress up exactly like you. The only thing I can do is to warn you about this; whatever may be the reason of this masquerade, I advise you to clear it up quickly; I can tell you that this slave looks so much like you that I even thought for a few terrifying seconds he might have abducted you! This slut lives here without being exposed to the pollen, but still she spends all her time giving him eager blow jobs. He could make her do anything in your name!





In any case, I demand that you put an end to my assignment.  
I complete the last lines of my report. I will give it to you in person, as the Fennec just announced me you were coming to Gawarzazar to debrief me in person.  
See you tonight then.

Sally Breaster



UNSPO  
United Nations Secret Political Operations

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

*To the Security Council*

*Sally Breaster has been debriefed on location by our agent the "Fennec", though her report is highly disappointing.*

*It seems that she has followed an important lead that showed to be a dead end because we have extracted her too soon. She wants now to finish that promising mission personally, and I support her demand.*

*If you agree, I'm ready to put my team at work to send her back undercover.*

Amina Bussif  
Project Leader for North-Africa





**Operative:** Sally Breaster

American operative on a secret mission for United Nations.

Presently working undercover, located somewhere in allied Gawarzazar

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

Undercover agent for Tambi government in exile. Presently located in allied Gawarzazar

**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:** TX A0024 (Level 5 only)

REPORT FROM SALLY BREASTER

Dear Goddess Amina,

I hope you will forget my previous report.

Lord Rasheed is a great man, and I have no right to accuse him ignominiously like I did. The truth is that I am in love with him, and it was only jealousy that had me say bad things about his team of elite spies.

That evening when I gave you my last report, I was speechless with surprise to discover that you were a woman with Maghrebin origins, and that I had never met you before. I know now that the bitch I thought in the process of learning how to impersonate you was in fact the woman who had convinced me to take that assignment. At the time, she introduced herself to me as Viviana VanZangt, a.k.a. Mother Hen, and I wasn't suspicious of anything, because she received me in the supervisor's office of the Gawar branch of U.N.S.P.O.

I'm so ashamed, and I beg your divinity to accept my apologies for the nerve I had to compare this white slut to a living goddess.

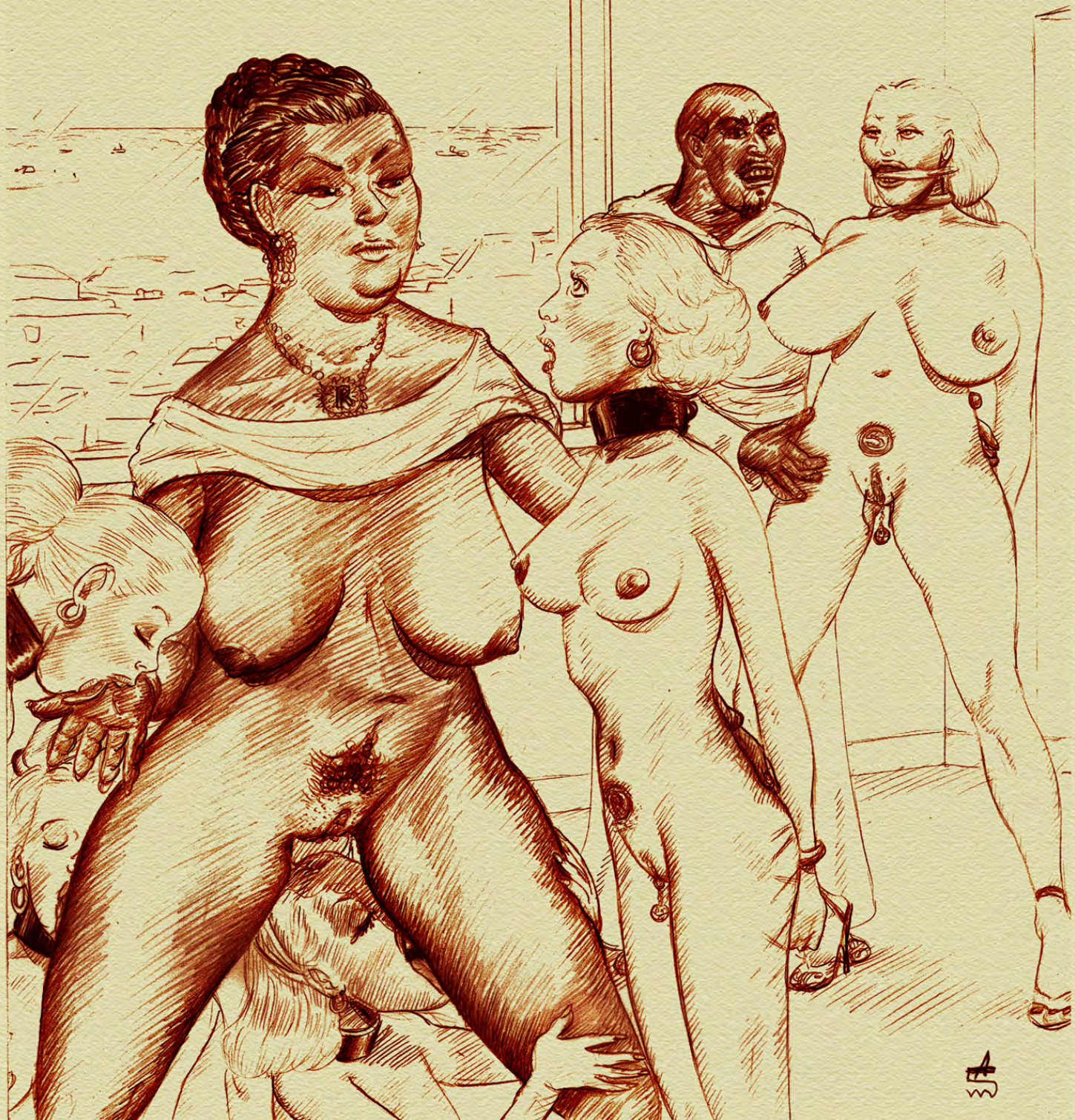


When Lord Rasheed told me that you were Mother Hen, my heart missed a beat, and I realized in one instant what my fate would be. You were here, surrounded by your young white female followings, and it was absolutely clear that you too were involved in the slave traffic.

My little sister Daphne, the only one I still thought safe at my parents in Dallas, was licking the palm of your hand.

I'm sure she will live a fulfilling life now near your divinity.

It was a shock, as for these three years in mission, you were for me the only person I could completely trust, and I was suddenly discovering that you were that Tunisian woman who was leading the African department of U.N.S.P.O., Amina Bussif. You had been right to make that blond slut stand in for you to offer me this assignment, as I would never have disclosed to you all these secrets if I had been aware of your real ethnic origin.





Today, I am completely at your mercy, and I know that now I have given you the secret of the naffy plant, I don't have the slightest chance of going back home to Texas one day. Anyway, my mission is such a disaster that it is not even what I want anymore; I handed to you on a silver platter the only thing that could have tipped the scales, this secret of the naffy plant that gives you the deciding factor over the Northern countries. From now on, nothing can stop the spreading of white enslavement. Not only you can now organize its cultivation, but the countries with a white majority will be caught totally off their guard, discovering one morning the incredible consequences of that traffic of their female nationals, and the quiet dying out of their supremacy. I'm even certain it will be easy for you to conquer these countries without meeting any opposition.

The only thing that matters for me now, is to find my place in that new world despite the danger represented by my knowledge. Lord Rasheed, the man I love, asked me to choose between an honorable death, a life as a brainless filly, a life as a farm slave with no time on my hands for regrets, or a place as a trainer for white spies at your service. The filly life is delightful, but I am an ambitious woman, and so I chose to become a trainer devoted to your victory and to help the building of the world of tomorrow. It will always be time for me to become a filly in the team of harness of an old Maghrebin farmer when I will be forty.

Lord Rasheed has gone to London, where a very important mission requires his presence, but he had left me in the care of your brother Lord Farid, who had made me a part of his team of trainers in the university for secret agents he manages. My goal is now to produce efficient spies who will put a quick end to the infamous invasion of the Coalition of East African emirates and establish once and for all the fair enslavement of our white porcine species in the region... and in the rest of the world!

I was lucky to be able to work with a historian of the sacred Valley since I am at the university. Thanks to my precious information, he could make the discovery of the naffy go back to the time of the first Muhaid dynasty, when it became strictly forbidden for the whites to eat them. I am now a part of the history of Shazilar too, as the white sow who has rediscovered the ancestral secret of the naffy plant, and I can't resist the pleasure to be the first one to bring you his first conclusions:





As you well know, the Bedouins of the Muhaid tribe are the ones who settled down in the Valley of Shazilar at the time of the Crusades and have created this new society by making their white slaves work for them. They discovered almost immediately this tubercle, that the Shaziri savages who lived there were already familiar with. The aphrodisiac properties of the naffies were so delightful that the newcomers began to consume them without moderation, which made them immune from the effects of the pollen of the plant. They soon noticed that the white slaves who were serving them, the wives and daughters of their enemies, were turning mad with sex in their presence and were doing everything they asked only to be allowed some physical contact with them. Although, they didn't immediately see the relation of cause and effect between the consumption of naffies and this new behavior among the whites, as they would rather believe that the Valley of Shazilar was the garden of Eden rediscovered, where everything was back to what Allah had originally wanted things to be, before man would be thrown out of it. The animals had certainly shared that fate, as they were terribly lacking to the Valley, and the Shazilarians decided to use the white females to replace them, through isolating them from their males for good and giving them a proper training.

All this went well, and the whites were accepting their new place with pleasure. Shazilarian society soon became based on that principle, pleasant for the Shazilarians and rewarding for the white females. Only the males of our porcine species were not doing well out of it; except for those who got some interesting physical specificities and who showed to be spineless and servile enough, two very much appreciated qualities for whites in general; these lucky ones were allowed to keep their genitalia intact and live a life of happiness and satisfaction as studs used for reproduction. The others were sent to the mines, but you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs!

*Naffies*



*Shazilari Fig*



*Mazock*





The number of white females to be born was growing anyway, when males were becoming a rare item in their litters. We discovered at the beginning of the twentieth century that this phenomenon was linked to the ingestion by the whites of Shazilarian figs, a fruit they are totally mad about that is progressively causing multiple littering and a decrease of the number of males. Therefore, the use of the designation "she-white" in the region for my whole species, which essence has now become chiefly female, and in which the male "she-white" has only a reproductive role.

It went like that for a hundred and fifty years, until someone found the secret of the naffy tubercle, under the reign of Habeeb al Muhaid, first caliph of the first Muhaid dynasty. Habeeb al Muhaid's secret journal doesn't clearly say it, but some events it mentioned, which used to be quite mysterious, are now making perfect sense with this new light. This journal mentions the existence of a scientist who was held in contempt because he had upheld the theory it was not Allah who was causing that sexual power over the whites, but the naffy plant. Only a few months after the execution of the scientist, the Caliph writes his famous book, the "Law of the Whittle Cattle", an extension of the "book of the Shazi Law" written by the founder of the Shazilarian society, Ali al Muhaid. In his book, Habeeb al Muhaid claims that Allah has given him a vision, which conveniently asks him to make official the animal status of the she-whites and to forbid them any consumption of the naffy, a holy product meant only for living gods... you must admit that it is quite disturbing!

Habeeb al Muhaid probably made sure that such a discovery should never occur again. And that secret was so dangerous for the Shazilarian society at that time that he didn't even put it in the lists of secrets the caliphs use to pass down from father to son, like the one about the existence of a world outside the Valley.

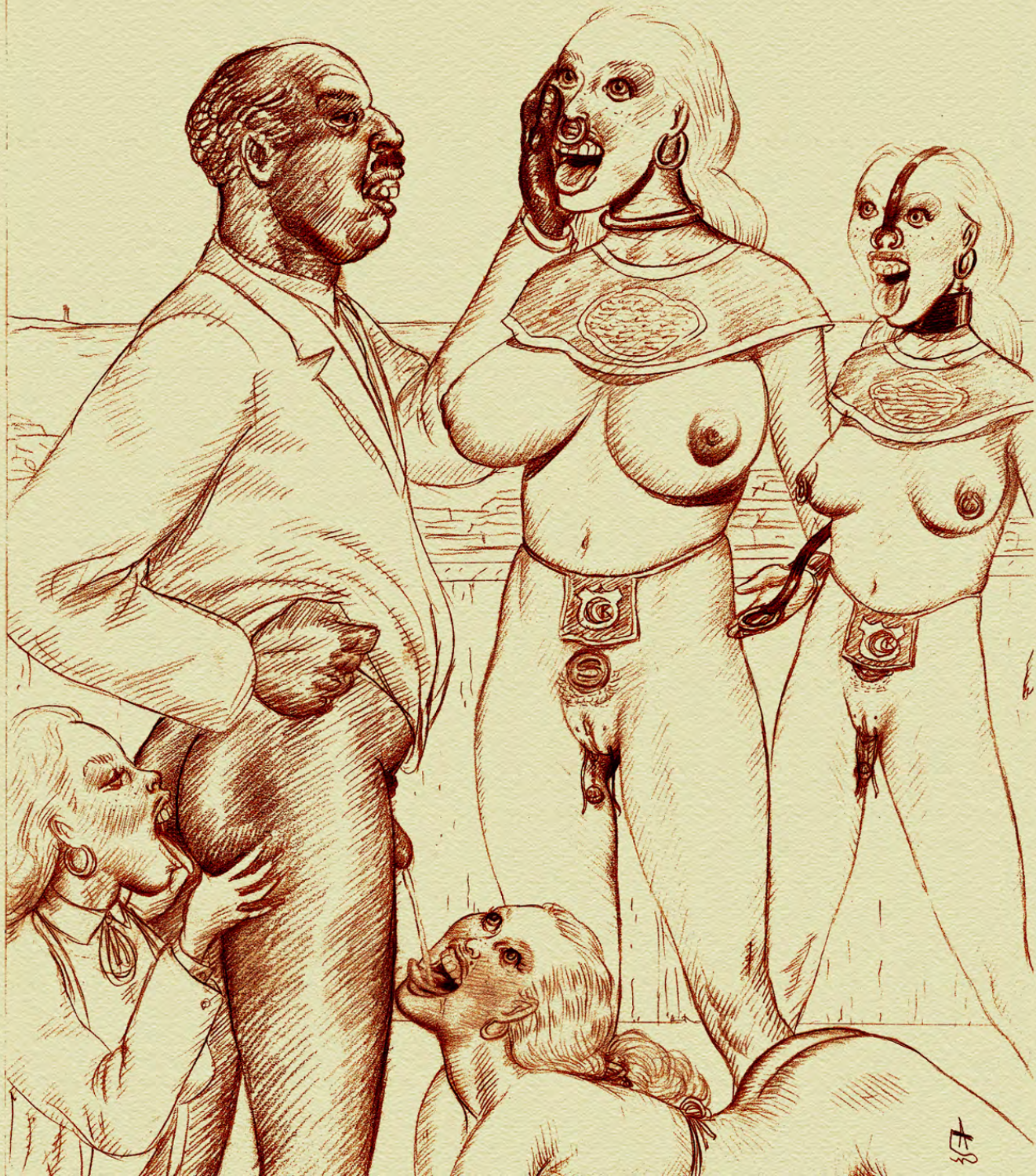
Of course, as a Faithful, I know for sure it is Allah who has created the white porcine species with its natural submission to Arab living gods; I had the mystical revelation of this when I was a filly of harness. The naffy plant is just a tool created to make the divine proof appear, a tool that I am proud to be the one who had revealed it, especially if it allows us final victory and the establishment of a Shazilarite caliphate over the world.



The dean of the university for secret agents, Lord Farid Bussif, is very satisfied with my work. I turn young women into high-flying spies who are later sold to wealthy Ouazhamites so they can gather precious information. Lord Rasheed Rassuf will collect the reports with his team of Arab spies and will pass them on to you, as he did with mine, and we will be aware of every secret plan of the Coalition.

Without the protection of air-conditioning, I am exposed again to the pollen of the naffy plant, which cultivation has increased twice faster recently. My young sister Daphne feels that blissful effect too, and she gorges herself on all the pleasures she can get during her training. We get along extremely well to offer to our Lord Farid the delights he is entitled to get from an up to scratch duo of sisters.

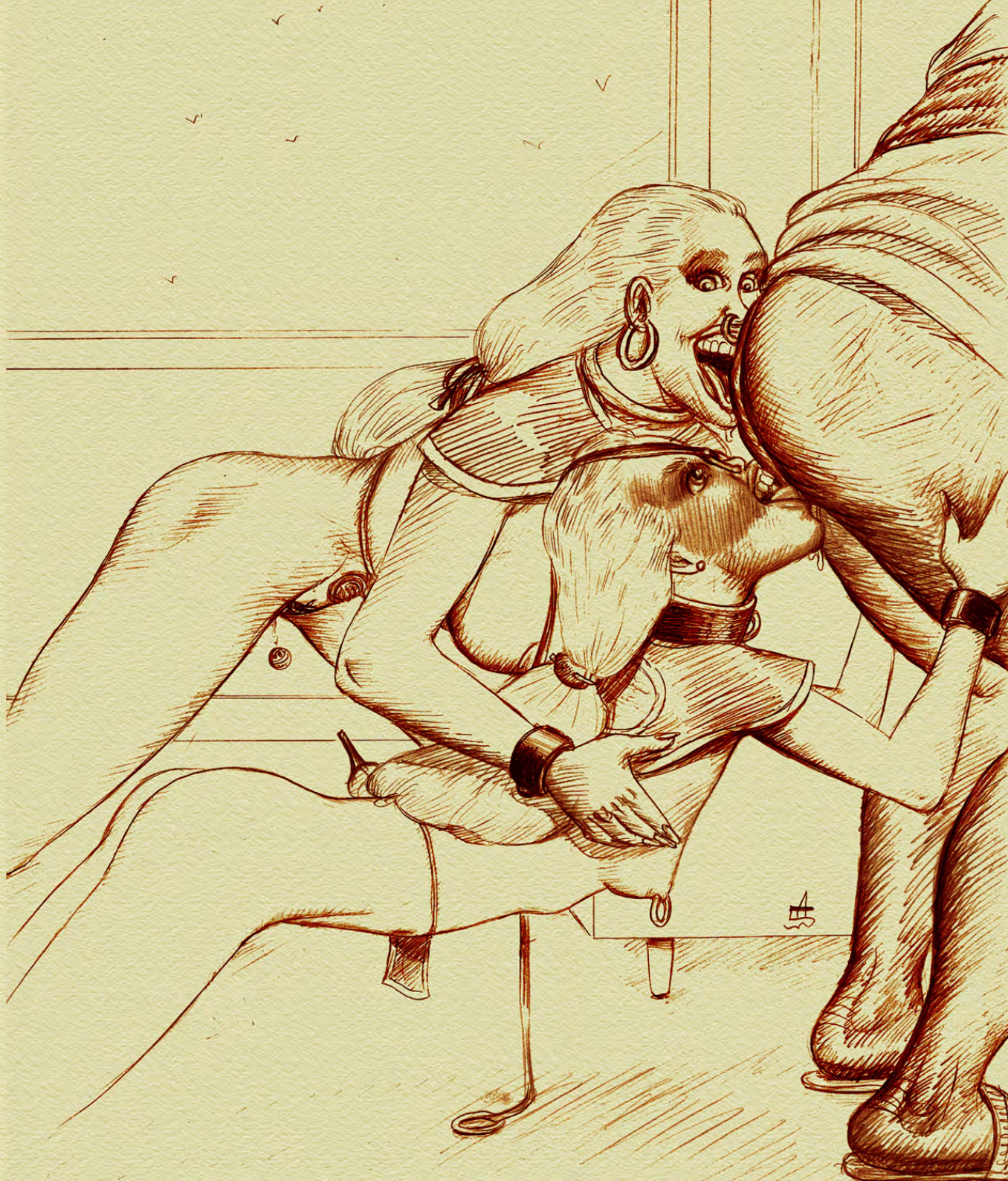
I can see raw recruits just up from America or Europe succumb very quickly to that environment rich in pollen. It is quite easy for the dean to turn them into sex beasts. It is later that the difficulties begin, when we have to teach them how to resist to the master they are supposed to spy, just to obey to their original master who is not around anymore. This can take months, and in some cases it is not even possible!



Daphne adapted herself wonderfully to the slave life, and I consider I'm doing her a favor by teaching her all the little tricks I collected during my three years in the field. She is so happy to be of some use to the cause!

She had a boyfriend for a short time before she was abducted, though like most of the other pupils, it is with Lord Farid she has experienced true love. And as she is faithful by nature, she belongs to him forever.

This is what we expect of young spies: an eternal devotion to our dean, which will not weaken in the presence of a master endowed with a similar charisma. Daphne is fortunately gifted with this great quality; she would sell her soul for Lord Farid. I hope he will keep her with him for as long as he can after she would have accomplished her mission, as he is now the only person in the world who can fully satisfy her needs.





So, it is no more as a spy working for U.N.O. that I address you today, Goddess Amina, but as a white porcine female, and happy to be one.

I can't be sent away in mission because I know too many state secrets, and so I will not have the honor of writing you my reports again, though I sincerely wish we will prevail in that war against the East African Coalition, and then in the next, against the porcine world where I come from. I know that if we continue our efforts, earth will look some day like the Valley of Shazilar: the paradise found, in which the white porcine females can live at last in good understanding with our Arab gods.

Your obedient slave

Sally Breaster



UNSPO  
United Nations Secret Political Operations

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

*I regret to inform you that our agent Sally Breaster is deceased, killed during her captivity in occupied Tambi. She was trying once more to put an end to the awful slave traffic that the emirates of the Coalition indulge in.*

*We can assure you that the killer, a Ouazhamite official, will be executed in the next few days by a commando of the Tambi resistance.*

*The details about Sally's death are at your disposal, put down on paper by the "Fennee", our agent who tried to save her till the very last minute.*

Amina Bussif  
Project Leader for North-Africa





**Operative:** Daphne Breaster  
Tambi operative on a secret mission  
Presently working undercover, located somewhere in the Valley of the Slaves  
**Document collected and decrypted by the "Fennec"**  
Undercover agent for Tambi government in exile

**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:** TX A0024 (Level 5 only)

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF DAPHNE BREASTER TO HER MASTER FARID BUSSIF

*In accordance with our instructions, Daphne will write this report as a personal diary, in which she must write down even her most secrets thoughts, without the slightest concern about who may read it.*

After I was abducted in Dallas, I have been sent to Gawarzazar where I was taught the basis of what every white female should know. And even if I didn't like at all being treated like a domesticated animal at first, my displeasure vanished as fast as I was discovering my love for the dean of the university, Lord Farid Bussif.

He is the one who made me understand that true love transcends age, beauty, and condition. I love him with all my heart, and I have agreed to become a spy for him. That said, I have a fondness for this life of adventure. My sister Sally is a teacher in this university, and I always admired her, imaging her spending her time traveling to exotic countries to carry out thrilling missions. The cause I will help doesn't matter so much, as long as the man I love is satisfied of me. And if Sally works for him anyway, then it means this cause can only be a good one. For Farid, I want to be the greatest spy that had ever existed!





I must say that the first months of my training have been a living hell, but anyway I never believed that learning how to be a spy would be an easy thing; and that job is even harder here than anywhere else, as our targets have got a powerful sex-appeal to which it is almost impossible to resist. That is why I have also been subjected to a hypnotic treatment; I have been told that many months of my school course, when I have been trained to kill, among other things, have been erased from my memory by hypnotic suggestion, so that I could always look like a charming young woman, harmless and naive. Once in contact with my objective, I will just need a keyword to make all that come back at once, and whatever the power of the living god who owns me can be at that moment, it is the order given by my Lord Farid that I will follow.

After this period I have no memory about, my sister and her colleagues have taught me how to be a perfect slave, always watchful and ready to serve the Master, but also able to find true happiness in a situation totally out of my control. After weeks and weeks of training, I feel like a super-heroine, a model slave who can suddenly become a lethal machine, and I find this thrilling!

\*\*\*

I had the great honor to be allowed to see Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul, the Goddess of us all and the soul of our movement. She came to brief me in person for my first assignment; it definitely shows how highly regarded I am, and the importance of my mission for the cause of freedom. To accomplish it, I need to be sold to Gassul al Ouazha, the emir who rules occupied Tambi. Once his property, I must do everything to enter his team of body care. Once there, I must keep that place the longer I can in the wait of the day when another agent will speak the keyword that will activate my super-spy powers.

\*\*\*

I just obtained my theoretical studies certificate, and I wait impatiently for the beginning of my mission, and the chance to prove myself. On the other hand, I'm a little sad to learn that my sister Sally will leave us. She much regrets that she has to retire so soon, and that she will not be able to help the cause anymore. Lord Farid told me that she wasn't enthusiastic enough about her slave condition, according to her last report, and that she had forgotten a bit too quickly how privileged her position as a trainer could be; the commitment of his spies must be absolute! I'm sorry for my sister, but if Lord Farid says so, then it is true: he is never wrong! I make to myself the solemn oath to never come to this and to do everything to keep my enthusiasm for the cause intact!

\*\*\*





I have learned today that Lord Farid has offered to my sister Sally a golden retirement as a filly in the farm of his father, an old Tunisian immigrant who owns only six of them for now! In short, a marvelous position to reward her for her loyal services, she had herself required.

Lord Farid allowed me to go and visit her; for the last time, because I must go on an assignment in two weeks. I saw Sally in the farmyard, harnessed to the carriage of the very fine old man who is now her master, and I have read in her eyes all the good she thinks of him. I was offered a little trip in the carriage, and I am proud to see how much an example my sister could be for her sisters of harness, surpassing herself to make her gallop faster and more suggestive for her master.

I know now what I want to be after my carrier as a spy!

\*\*\*

I have just been sent to the heart of occupied Tambi, in the sacred Valley of Shazilar. A white slave trader who worked for the resistance has put me in display with twenty others in front of Gassul al Ouazha, the most important man of the Coalition, and thanks to my advanced training, I easily managed to make him buy me.

I was branded on the belly and on the forehead, a burning memory and two labels forever printed into my skin, but this mission is worth that sacrifice, as it is the most important of all!

Yet, I have now to display all my talents to impress Lord Gassul. If I am not picked up for the Harem, I will be sent to work in one of his fields, and my mission will end there!

\*\*\*



Today, I'm brought to Lord Gassul in the company of a young and ambitious Dutch girl, but who can't compete with me and my elite training. When Lord Gassul arrives, I am the only one to jump when a furtive gleam in his eye signals me that he wants his slipper licked; and of course, to avoid an error of taste, I begin with the sole!

I feel like a star who is playing the casting of her life; and actually, it is exactly the case! I must impress that man at all costs to be accepted into his body care team.

When his slipper is clean, I am very surprised that he should not give the Dutch girl the other one to process. It is already clear that even if he had finally decided to allow us both into the Harem, it will definitely not be on the same basis. That poor sod may overshadow me in a few months, but for now anyway, there is absolutely no risk!

\*\*\*



Lord Gassul has set up a discotheque in the heart of the harem, where his white pets are dancing naked almost all the time. When he needs a little entertainment, he goes there, and his mere presence creates frantic fidgetiness. His whites sway their hips and twist their bodies in all possible positions to catch his eye, the discotheque being the surest way to the much sought-after position of body care attendant.

I studied in school Lord Gassul's profile. Of course, he wants obedient white females around him, but he fancies even more the possibility to trap one of them who looks shy and hides behind the others. This is how I managed to attract his attention.

He makes a little sign to me with his hand, and I follow him to the balcony with the other elected ones. We begin to play with his wrinkled body, and I am awarded very quickly with the privilege of being mounted from the rear.

I'm grateful to Sally, who taught me at school how to tease Lord Gassul, if I'm already auditioned at the highest level, though I'm grateful to Lord Farid, who spared no effort to teach me the subtleties of anal mounting, if I show such expertise in the art of massaging his penis with my internal muscles without being flooded into ecstasy. Without that training, I could have lost control and alter unwittingly the rhythm of the powerful pumping movement I am processing on the Master's organ!

\*\*\*



43

This is now a month since I was admitted into the team of five favorites of Lord Gassul.

We are with him most of the time, busy rubbing and licking to keep him always in a good mood, but I am the only one who lasts.

I can see my four companions regularly disappear, replaced by new faces, but it seems I have succeeded in hooking Lord Gassul on a long term basis.

I am always in the ideal position recommended for me by Lord Farid: I am now the one who takes care of his nature's needs, the only position Gassul likes to give always to the same slave; if I don't make some huge behavior mistake, I'm here for long!

This choice situation, I've dearly won it through showing how much I love that thankless job, while the others keep on trying to show to Lord Gassul the extent of their sensual skills... the fools!





I am now waiting for the new slave who will trigger my hypnotic indoctrination and turn me into a killing machine. I am well aware that I will then kill Lord Gassul, without the slightest scruple, when for now I am definitely more into worshiping him like a god.

I don't think about it much, and I stick to the idea that Lord Farid wants me to be the most devoted slave of this man; and it works fine!

\*\*\*

You have in your hands what could very well be my last report. I keep on writing it every day in code on some pieces of satin that I hide under a tile of the floor of my hutch. A newcomer who calls herself the "Scorpio" has given me the adequate password, and I ready myself to deliver the satin roll to her tonight. I hope she will hand it over to you successfully.

May Allah protect you, beloved Lord Farid, and may he make our cause prevail!

Your devoted piglet,

Daphne Breaster



The  
Phoenic  
World  
Order  
Project

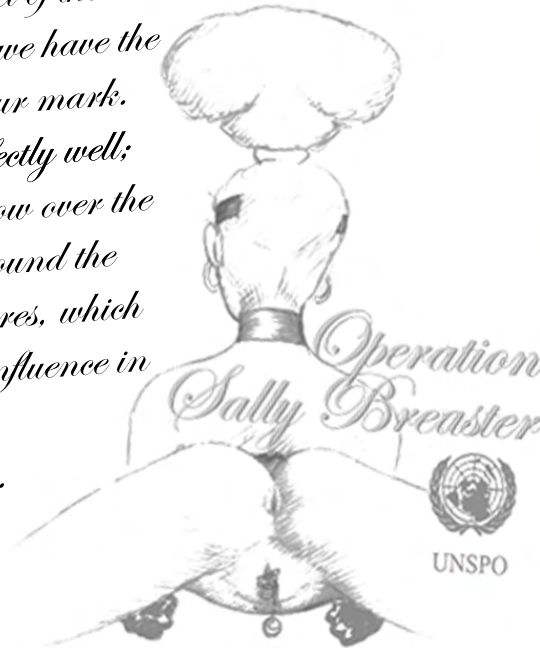
*Dearest Rasheeda,*

*We are now informed at the highest level of the actions of the leader of the Coalition, and we have the ability to eliminate him at any time, on your mark.*

*The "Naffy" program works also perfectly well: the cultivation of the naffy flower spreads now over the region exponentially, and our spies all around the world have huge stocks of these precious spores, which will allow them to renew and refine our influence in the Western high spheres.*

*I only wait now for your green light.*

*Amina*



Next:  
**Bad Girls**  
 on the **Route of the Slaves**



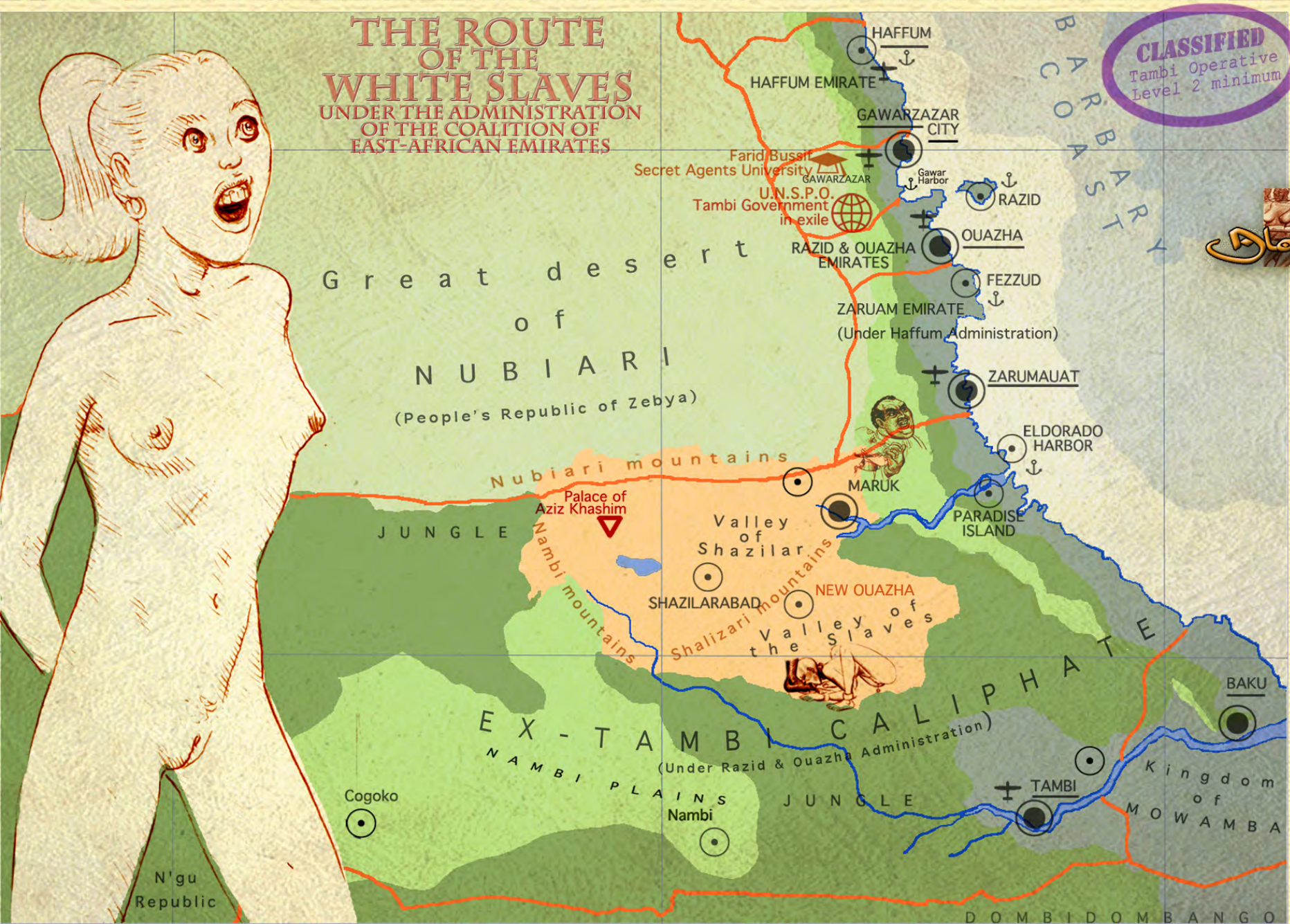
Map of the region  
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