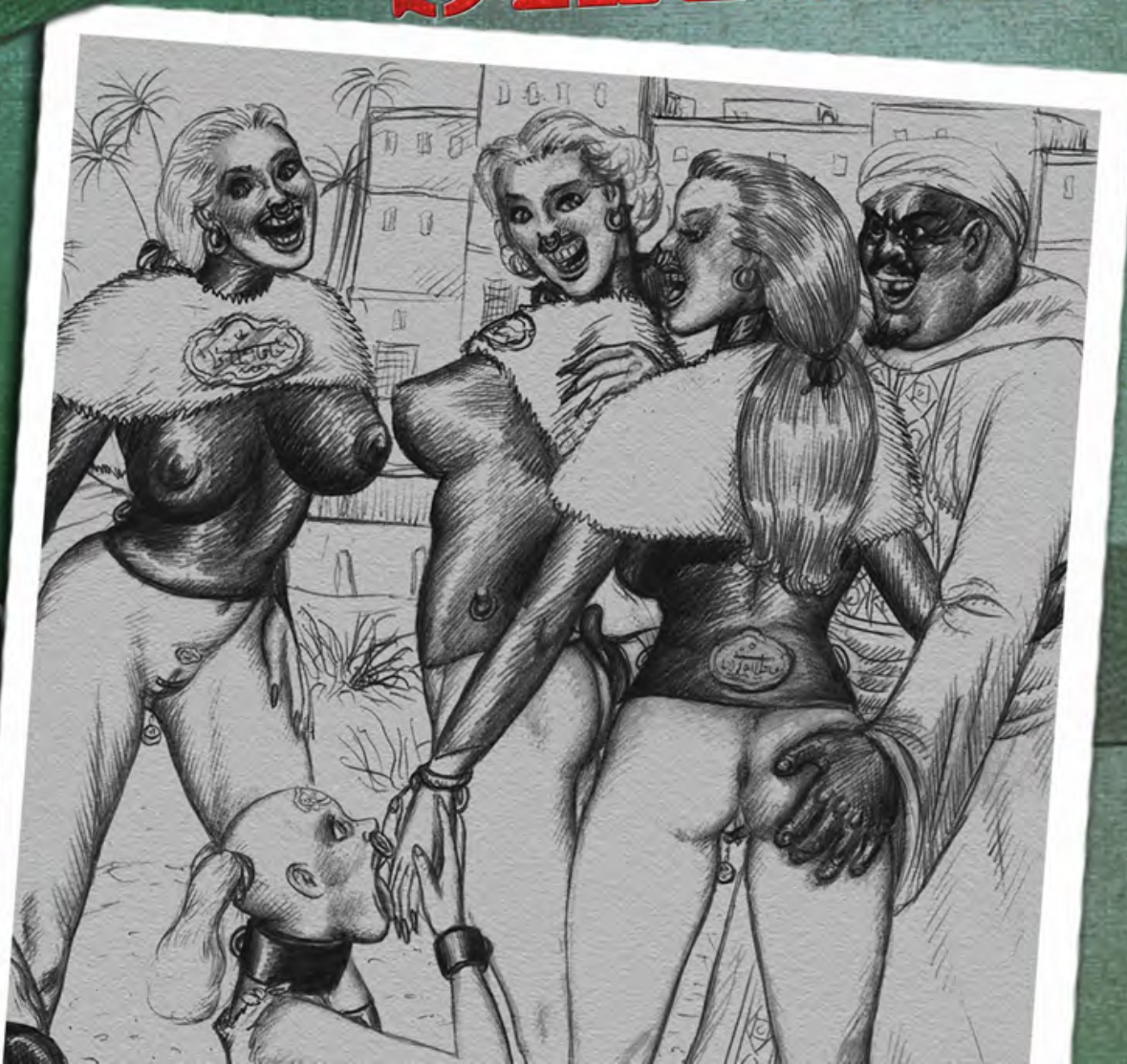


**BAD
GIRLS**

**ON THE
ROUTE
OF THE
SLAVES**

*Alonzo
SERAI*



Full
screen
mode
switch



Open
the
Book





ALONZO SERAI

TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE
EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



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(Then click anywhere on the drawing to go back to original view)

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Window mode

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BAD GIRLS

ON THE ROUTE OF THE

SLAVES

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Supplement to the report of Omar al Haffiz
by his white slave Patricia Winter

For the attention of "The Lioness",
leader of Free Tambi forces.

Your Highness,

I am Patricia Winter, and I have been ordered by my Master Omar al Haffiz to tell you my story, from my recruitment by Lord Rasheed Rassuf, a.k.a. "The Fennec", to the present day.

I never had the luck to meet you, Your Highness, and I only know you under your code name "The Lioness", but as the Master has told me that you were a very important goddess, you can consider me as your devoted slave.

There you have my story, through excerpts from my personal journal:

I am fascinated with "Shazz", the new fashion that is all the vogue in London and all the capitals in the world. I am not very much into politics, and I just see your people as the victims of Northern countries; everyone knows that the real reason for the involvement of these old nations into the war is the will to control the female exodus that is striking them hardly: the males of my race can't stand that so many of us should choose to live naked in a sunny region with a future instead of staying at home and be bored to death on the rancid pedestal they build for us. The countries of the northern hemisphere are now unable to cancel the U.N.E.S.C.O. convention giving to White women born in the Valley of Shazilar the status of worldly goods within the context of the Shazilarian exception; and since the U.N. resolution 2024 orders the protection of the Shazilarian way of life against any threat, they have simply jumped on the opportunity to attack, so that they could control completely what is happening in that region and make it impossible for us to come in high numbers to get that special status; a status that is fulfilling for us white females, but so painful for the racial pride of the white male. It is to make the blood of all these dirty hypocrites boil that I chose to support your people in their just fight.

Though I also have personal reasons for that: the day my father realized I was no more a virgin, I was grounded at night forever. As I just reached my majority, he threatened me to throw me out if I were not complying with this; and my mother seemed to agree with him completely! At the time, I was finding the prospect of going into the world without any money terrifying, and I let it happen. To take my revenge, I began to wear traditional Shazilarian items at home, and it was turning him mad; he told me he would put all these exotic things to the trash if he saw them on me again. That is when I decided that he would get what he deserved, as I was going to shame him completely by showing around as a "Shazzy girl" when I would be out of the house.





And the next days, I went to school like if nothing happened and stopped on the way to put on an incredibly short mini skirt and a fake nose-ring. I took a lewd rolling gait, and I went to school like that. In that outfit, there could be no doubt I was a Shazzy girl. I was very proud of myself!

When I arrived at school, I had to endure a volley of insults from boys who usually were sweet with me. They called me a "whore" with such an anger I quickly realized they might have had their eye on me without daring to do something about it! With the girls, it was more clear-cut between those who were eying me scornfully and those who were smiling to me shyly, though carefully avoiding to be seen with me.

After a day of this, I decided to go back to my usual outfit of neat middle-class girl, but it didn't change a bit the general behavior around me. It hurt me badly for the six months that followed, as I hate loneliness.

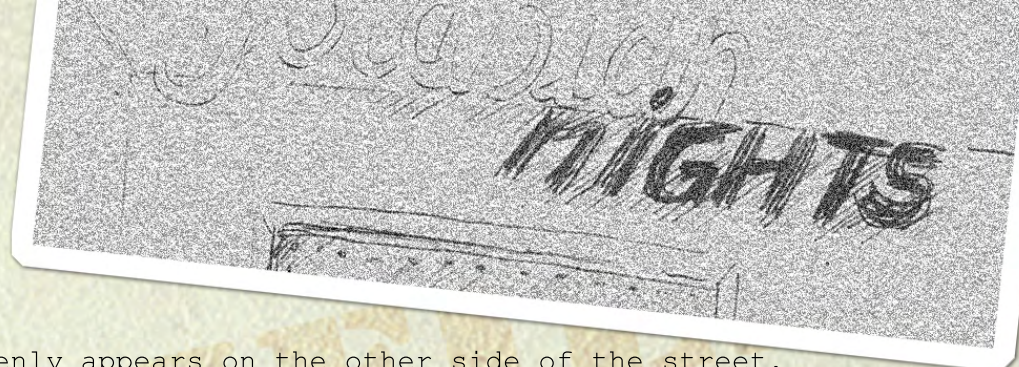
And then, I read in the paper about the fuss created by a new night club, the "Arabian Nights", that allowed inside only North African men and young white women. Of course, as this place was part of the Shazzy scene, it was obvious that the whites in there should be naked and called "slaves", according to Shazilarian tradition! Whitestock may very well be the biggest city in Norsex, it still isn't London, and the local press was making a big fuss about it; though as it was an exclusive night-club with only consenting adults as customers, and as it was owned by Omar al Haffiz, the Arab businessman who was massively investing in the region, the club was allowed to exist...

Excerpt from my personal journal from November 6, 2004:

My parents are out with some friends, and I decide to take my courage in both hands; I take back my nose-ring, put my mother's high-heeled shoes on, and remove my pubic hair the way described by Rasheeda Burid in her book "Shazilarian Culture". To hide my nudity, I cover myself with my mother's big fur coat and walk in this outfit to the "Arabian Nights".

I take my spot in the line, both fascinated and terrified. A lot of women want to enter, but selection is drastic and very few succeed; the women must open their coat to show their nudity to the bouncers, and those who are not pretty enough, or insufficiently prepared, are ruthlessly rejected... which doesn't prevent them to go back to the end of the line for a second chance. Anyway I'm glad I dissected Rasheeda Burid's book before I came!





A fifty years old Arab suddenly appears on the other side of the street. A dozen of women in the line turn around and widely open their coat in his direction. Though, the man doesn't even look at them; he just smiles to the bouncers and enters without a wait. A gang of young White boys from my high-school tries to do the same, but the bouncers are inflexible. Angry, the boys begin to claim they are Muslims, then accuse the bouncers of being racist, but these men are obviously familiar with all their tricks. Piqued, the boys begin to walk along the women line, calling them sluts.

I recognize Colin, the guy I was dating last year just before my father forbid me to meet boys and refused him access to our home. He stops in front of me and redoubles his insults. It might have been hard for the poor boy to be forced to stop dating me, but that is definitely not a reason to insult me this way in public!

Thankfully, the police arrive a few minutes later, and the boys walk away with their tail between their legs. Then the cops also leave, glaring at us with despise in the process. The other women look at me with sympathy, and I feel comforted; I belong to a group that endures oppression, but I am definitely not alone!

When the time comes for me to open my coat in front of the bouncers, I do it with great ease, like if it were the most natural thing in the world. Yet, when I feel their glaze on my naked body, I feel suddenly overwhelmed with shame. I have already been naked in front of a boy of my age, but never in front of mature men and in such a violent way. Moreover, their leader has obviously Pakistanis origins and my Shazzy fantasies overcome me; I must be red as a beet! It is both shocking and arousing, and that mix is so delightful that I began to shake like a leaf in front of the man. He chuckles with satisfaction and allows me to enter.

Once inside, a nude hostess shuts down the heavy door behind me. The mere idea of being trapped inside a place dedicated to Arab males where White women are not allowed to wear clothes is incredibly thrilling.

The hostess takes off my coat, and I walk down the stairs unsteadily. I draw back a big scarlet drape and find myself surrounded by Arabs. They all are much older than me, smart and assertive... and I'm young, nude, vulnerable, and in a state of overexcitement. I am stricken with the impression I am a skylark lured by a decoy mirror on which the trap door suddenly shuts; and even that idea arouses me!

A fat and ugly fifty years old Arab swiftly takes my hand and pulls me to the dance floor with so much strength I almost fall flat on my face. I am not yet accustomed to high heels and the spectacle of my efforts to keep my balance by throwing forward my wobbly legs cause me some mocking laughs from both men and women.





A young muscled Pakistani comes close to me with a gleam of greed in the eye, apparently turned on by my clumsiness, but his eyes meet the angry ones of the fifty year-old man who has brought me to the dance floor, and he walks away grumbling to himself. Little by little, I learn what are the rules of the place, and it now seems to me that a man has no right to "steal" a woman that another man is already dealing with... or is it that the one who was the first to take my arms is so powerful in this community that he can put to flight a young sturdy man with only one glance? Whatever it is, I discover I am seeing now that man as more handsome... and younger!

It is clear anyway that I am the last person to have her say in the choice of my companion for the evening! And that is actually all right, as I would never have set my heart on one of these males anyway. Also, I would never have deemed with this man in a sexual way, so there is no risk I should become attached too much!

The only thing I find unsettling is that he should be proud to have a White beauty like myself at his arm, and still he seems to see me only as a stopgap solution. He even gets angry and asks me why I am not already dancing in front of him. In panic, I start to sway my hips wholeheartedly, following the Arabic music, trying to prove I'm up to the level with these other girls I can see wriggling with lewdness on the dance floor; alas! I am not comfortable on my high heels and I am aware I look more like a newborn fawn than a belly dancer! In addition to that, I am the only one who dances alone, the others being all two or three for a man...

This frantic music soon leaves place to a languorous melody, and to my great horror, my partner suddenly sticks himself against my nude body, grabs my butt cheeks firmly, and begins to rock slowly with me on the dance floor. I feel paralyzed, stuck into this humiliating position, afraid to make a mistake by going against some possible rule of the place, protesting only with the eyes. But when people around begin to applause, and that I feel the man against me puffed up with pride, I realize I may have been a way too easy hit. I push him away and slap his face.

It is not a big slap, but I immediately realize I have made a serious mistake. I understand I should have reacted immediately when he grabbed me, or not reacted at all; especially not after everyone around thought he had won me! The customers of the club look at me now with despise; I have done the worst thing a White could do at the "Arabian Nights": making an Arab loose face!





I stay alone in a corner watching the others having fun; I am excluded from the party. I wait for fifteen minutes, but as nothing seems to change, I sheepishly take the way out. As I am about to climb the stairs leading to the exit, another man, a Pakistani, takes my arm and brings me back to the dance floor. He too tries to stick to my body and grab my buttocks, but I politely decline his offer and slowly slide away from his grip like an eel; I have seen another woman extricating herself like that a few minutes ago. The man keeps on dancing as if nothing happened, giving me the confirmation that it was an acceptable move for me.

Not even a minute later, he starts again! I dodge him... he goes for it again!... I dodge him one more time... and that little game continues for ten minutes, until the moment when I am not fast enough to escape. This time, I choose to comply; it is not so bad after all! And if I am no more interested in him when we'll leave the club, I will only have to run away from him.

Suddenly, a thirty years-old North-African appears and steals me to my dancing partner. So much for my theory about their respect for elders!

The man immediately squeezes me, and I let him do it, a bit tired of that little game. He tells me I shouldn't be afraid; I reply that I'm a big girl. Though as I am saying that, I feel two fingers penetrating my anus.

I let out a little cry, and it makes everyone around laugh. What a shame! Now I look like a little goose! I need to run away fast and never come back to that place! But the man has no intention to let me go; he makes me enter a backroom and throws me on a sofa, before starting to rub my body. In panic, I tell him I will not let him rape me without a fight. He stands up suddenly, as if my remark had offended him. He tells me he had thought that my way of dancing with him was an invitation to love, but he agrees to talk if that's what I want.

And that is what we do. His name is Rasheed Rassuf, and he tells me he has never made love to a woman who didn't desire it intensely. I seize the opportunity to try to understand the rules in effect at the "Arabian Nights" and bombard him with questions. He takes out of his pocket a little box and takes some yellow powder in it that he starts sniffing with a straw. It seems so normal for him that, when he offers me to take some, I accept without hesitation and start sniffing the yellow powder.

In fact, it is an aphrodisiac of some sort that makes me quickly lose all reserve about Rasheed. I start to respond to his caresses, still puzzled about how came to me that stupid idea I was going to be raped.



TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



And then, he does to me everything a man can do to a woman, and the worst thing is that I am the one to ask for it every time; even for being taken through my anus, something I had always forbidden to my partners for now... though I must admit I was wrong: I love it!

When Rasheed had finished with me, a blonde girl enters the backroom, kneels down in front of him and starts licking his cock. Infuriated, I bluntly push the girl's head away, but Rasheed asks me to stop. He tells me I can't do that, as Heidi— it is her name— is a member of his team, and I must accept her if I want to be a part of it myself. In the Shazz movement, they called it a swarm, and Rasheed's swarm is already made of three young women completely obedient to him.

It's a bit of a shock, though there is in this something exotic that terribly excites me. Of course, I know I would look naive to my parents and to all my school if it went public that I agree to share my boyfriend with other girls, but it is definitely an interesting experience I could put to an end any time before it could get weird.

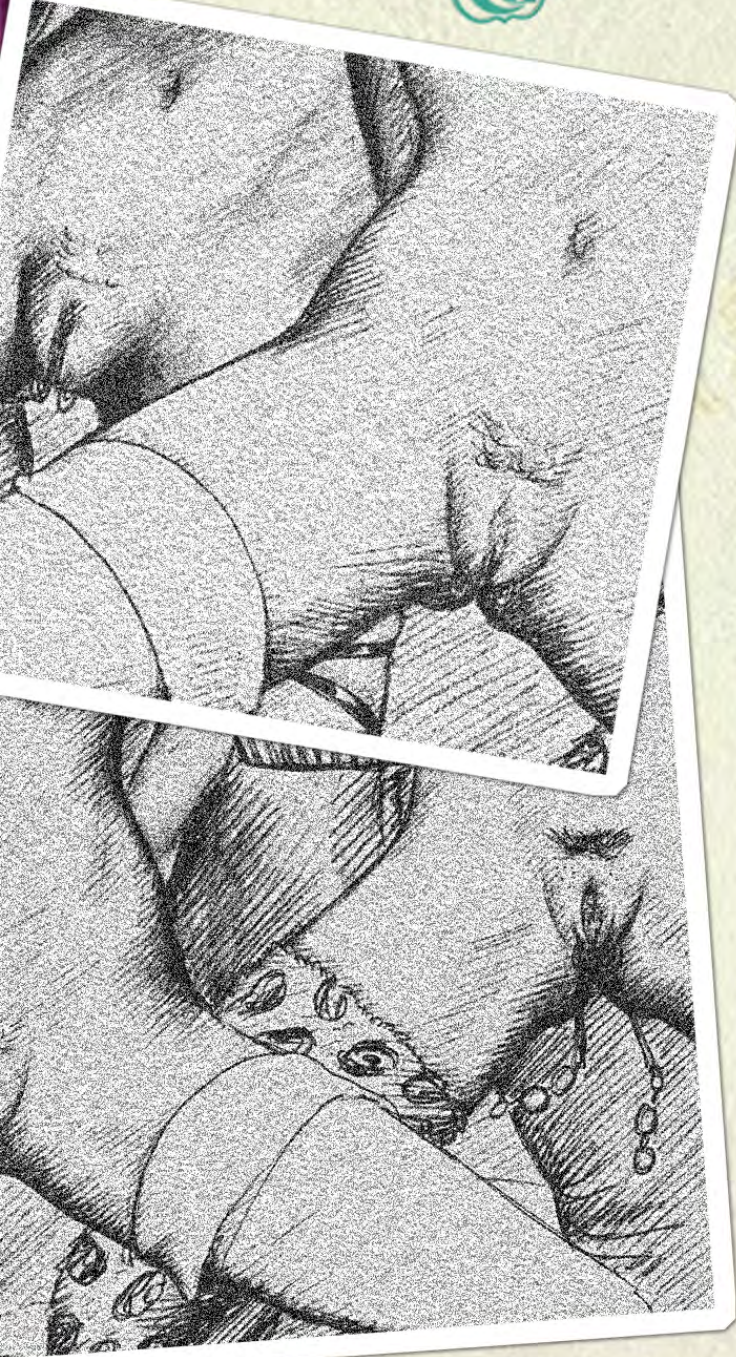
Rasheed offers me to come to his apartment, so that I could see by myself if that way of life should please me. I am welcome there for as long as I want. I reply that I'm not ready to leave my family home to follow someone I only know for a few hours, even if these hours were spent making love.

Though, as he walks away with the tall blonde, my heart skips a beat, and I realize I'm making the mistake of my life. I run after him in the stairs, but I'm too late: a bouncer is already starting to shut the door. The hostess is nowhere around and, stricken with panic, I rush through the door to inform Rasheed I'm coming... and I find myself in the street, naked in front of the "Arabian Nights"— and Rasheed has vanished!

There is no one outside, as the club is closed, and the bouncer doesn't want to let me come back to take my coat. I have no clue how I will get out of this situation when a black Rolls-Royce suddenly passes in front of me, with Rasheed inside. I run after the car with the hope it would be stopped soon by a traffic light, but luck seems to have deserted me, and I have to pass through streets filled with more and more night-birds who turn their head toward me when they hear the clicking of my high heels.

When I think I have totally lost sight of the car, I suddenly see it at the end of a street, stationary; by running flat out, I reach it before the traffic light should turn green and stamp my fists at the window. To my great horror, I see Rasheed nod his head negatively. As I stand there, stunned, he slightly opens the window and tells me he wants only with him girls he finds exciting, not nuisances. And then, he drives away, leaving me behind, nude and helpless in the middle of the street.





In rage, I start running after the car. Though this time I'm lucky, as he gets a red light again. I pass the car and throw myself on the hood. I begin to lick the windshield heartily in front of Rasheed. Then, on all fours on the hood, I do a hot lap-dance, to the great joy of passers-by who begin to gather on the sidewalk. After a few minutes of this, in despair, I turn around and display my backside to him. But, as I am twisting my pelvis to arouse him, the traffic lights turn green and Rasheed starts the car. Terrified, I jump flat on the hood with my limbs wide spread to get a better grip.

Rasheed drives like this for five long minutes, taking willingly the most populated streets to make it even more humiliating for me. He stops at last and let me climb into the car. I am shaky, but relieved. I also took my lesson: one doesn't say no to Rasheed!

My new boyfriend lives in a wealthy neighborhood, in a luxurious apartment at the top of a high building. In his bedroom, there is a huge round bed with silk sheets, but this is not where I will sleep. Next to the bathroom and the kitchen, there is a small room that is not even a quarter the size of the bedroom, and where the floor is covered with mattresses. When I see this, I regret I didn't go home, though it is much too late now, anyway: my parents are probably back already, waiting for asking me to leave forever. I pick a spot in a corner of the room, and I begin to write down this eventful day in my journal.

Excerpt from my personal journal from November 15, 2004

I live in this room for already a week, and I am terribly bored. We are all waiting for the moment when Rasheed will open the door, something he doesn't do more than three times a day, mostly to make us do some domestic chore. Without the fabulous evenings we spend with him, I would probably be far away from him by now, and for never to return. I am just beginning to understand how much I need him already.



Every evening, we go to the "Arabian Nights" wearing outfits designed by Rasheed that don't hide much of our bodies. We have to show we are aroused at all times so that he shouldn't be ashamed of us.

We all have Shazz names, supposed to picture our most preeminent talent. Mine is "Princess Oral Velvet". It seems silly, but I'm very proud of it!



The only problem is that all Arabs we meet systematically ask if they can get a sample to make an opinion by themselves about the accuracy of my nickname; and Rasheed has got a generous nature! I'm not complaining, though: what about Heidi whose Shazzy name is "Queen Nordic Anal"?

Rasheed calls himself our "Swarm Master", a kind of leader for a gang of sexual slaves. We have to show at all times that this is not some game, that we are his devoted slaves for real... which is not always easy, like when he asks us to prove it by licking the anus of a repugnant old man or by making fools of ourselves for him in public.





Excerpt from my personal journal from November 20, 2004

We are arrested by the police on the way to the "Arabian Nights", and that is how I learn that my parents have registered a complaint for kidnaping.

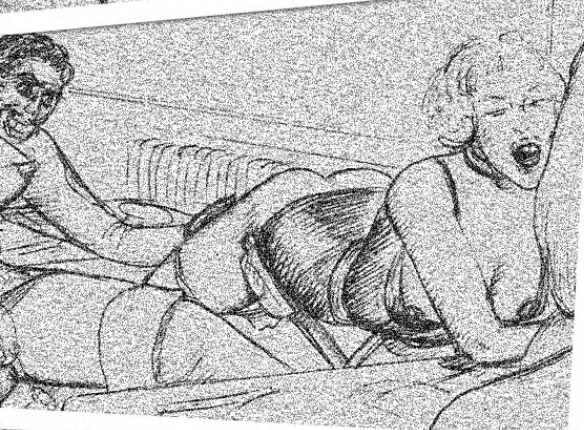
As I am of age, Rasheed is not bothered, but he recommends me to keep going to school to avoid a scandal. My parents beg me to come back home; they tell me that I am under the influence of a pimp and some other stuff so racist I don't even dare to write it down here; it is now they know I am dating an Arab that they offer me to invite Colin to dinner at home. What a joke!

Of course, I decline. The charge for indecent assault is dropped, and Rasheed explains to me that since the "Arabian Nights" has opened, a famous defending counsel systematically takes all the cases of Shazzy girls arrested in the streets, while the police superintendent gets immediately phone calls from the mayor and other worthies of the city in business with Omar al Haffiz. It has even created a status quo: the police arrest the offenders, but simply free them after only a few hours in the glass house.

Excerpt from my personal journal from December 20, 2004

It is now exactly a month since I came back to school. Every evening I go to Rasheed's place; I'm more addicted to him than ever. The police are more and more accommodating with nude women, and the Shazz appears more and more as a harmless youth movement. Actually, I can see more and more Shazzy girls in the streets; the Shazzy night clubs pop up everywhere, bringing in a huge scene of Shazz bands. Rasheed asks me to convince my female classmates to come join the movement; I obey, but of course most of them turn me down with a haughty air. At least, I'm not insulted any more, and I can see I'm lighting something in their eyes; I know that with some time, the idea to belong to a swarm master will become more and more attractive. I'm very proud to be at the avant-garde of something that is now making all girls envious, and I decide I will do everything I can to make a high number of them come begging for a spot in Rasheed's swarm.

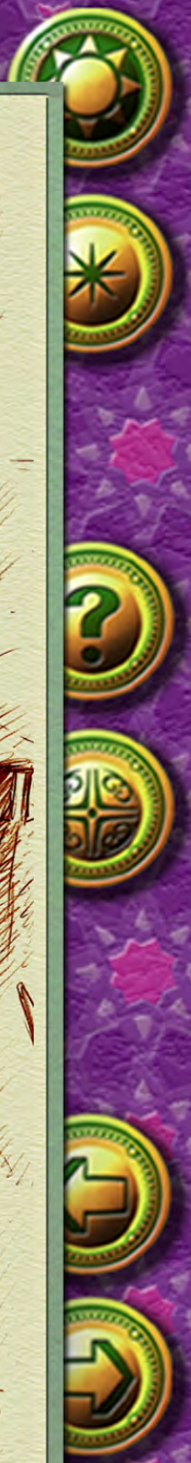
My best success for now is the conversion of Moira McGuire, the girl who insulted me the most the first time I went to school as a Shazzy wannabe. In fact, if she has treated me that way at the time, it is only because she wanted to do the same, though didn't dare doing it! In less than a week, she has become a real slut, always eager to offer some entertainment to young Arabs in the classroom and to tease the teachers.



It is forbidden to come at school naked, so I designed clothes that are decent when I am behaving normally, but are no more when I stick out my chest, or I widely spread my legs. Most of the teachers love our little shows more than they should, and they leave us alone. The boys who insulted me so much in the past content now themselves with sweating abundantly and mumble in our presence; the girls look at us with envy.



Only two "arse-lickers" hate us, Jane Masterson and Emily Brooke, mostly because they are in love with the French teacher and can't stand the effect we have on him. Though if Emily keeps a cool head, Jane tries to double-cross us by using our methods coming to school without panties and spreading thighs without hesitation when the teacher seems to be distracted by the last rows.





Excerpt from my personal journal from January 10, 2005

With Moira's help, I successfully spread all kinds of rumors: this famous lady is rich because she has been the slave of a wealthy emir when she was younger; this lady has badly made a fool of herself because she refused to remove her clothes in the house of a Shazilarian dignitary; this lady was so terribly hung-up before being suddenly liberated by an Arab from the Shazz movement. That kind of stories.

In every high school, there is probably someone who does the same, as I can see the Shazz movement becoming quickly very popular. The time for insult is definitely over, and the great majority of the girls want to be a part of it, though don't dare offer themselves to a swarm master, afraid to get into something uncontrollable and definitive. Moira and me are spending our time reassuring them, while mocking their prudishness.

We have become the queens of the school. All the resourceful girls join us one by one, and all the innocent young things listen to our stories, more and more appealed, but terrified to even think of putting themselves into the hands of an Arab that way... for now!

Rasheed insists that I should present at least one recruit every week, and if I don't succeed in reaching that goal, I'm not allowed in his bed. Though it is not because he wants a lot of them that he wants them all; he takes only the prettiest and the most submissive ones. And when he realized I was bringing to him only girls who wouldn't overshadow me, he demanded that at least two in a month should be accepted by him.

We are now ten slaves in his swarm, packed like sardines in the small room near the kitchen, and Rasheed has decided to convert the guest room in a new harem cell for the best among us. From now on, it's in this room that Rasheed will choose his bed partners.

Excerpt from my personal journal from February 17, 2005

A week has passed since I have been thrown out of the "elite cell", in which I spent more than a month, and that I'm back to the little room where Rasheed puts those he now calls the "tarts". He didn't give me any reason, and I think it is only because he has grown weary of me. My first objective is now to come back quickly in the elite cell.

The nine girls around me seem to be as determined as myself to fight their way back, though the Master doesn't come into our room any more, and the opportunity to surpass myself to attract his attention hasn't come. Yet, this evening, Rasheed opens our door and dives among the pile of nude white bodies we offer to him. We are so addicted to him that we fight a merciless battle to show what sublime sluts we can be. And we are all very good at it!

Finally, none of us are promoted, but it was such a brilliant display of tongues and moans that I think Rasheed will come back soon to take a new "tart bath", as he calls it.

Anyway, I am sure now that the only way to be back in his good books is to bring him a prime cut prey; that is why I decided to take on the beauty of the class, a "arse-licker" named Jane Masterson.





Excerpt from my personal journal from March 16, 2005

I didn't have the chance to have physical contact with Rasheed for weeks, despite our excellent performance of last month. After that memorable event, we devised to offer him some exceptional coordinated service, and for a month we polished up an act, but were never granted the opportunity to implement it. We all feel how unfair and arbitrary it is, but whatever happens, it is always better than to be somewhere outside his apartment!

At school, it showed to be much easier than I thought to bind with Jane Masterson. The beautiful blonde "arse-licker" has become my best friend, despite the nasty work of her friend Emily who keeps warning her against me. This one, I swear to myself I'm going to give her a rough conversion, as soon as soon as I succeed with Jane, which is imminent.

This afternoon, I have convinced Jane to come to a girl-only fancy dress party with a Shazzz theme that we have put up with the help of Rasheed. There is a little cabinet behind the living room where he can see everything in the apartment through two-way mirrors. Each one of us brings a guest of the "innocent young thing" sort that we ask to come disguised as a Shazzy girl, or at least in the moderate version of it I use at school that uncovers my nudity only when I take extreme poses. It is quite clear for me that Jane is much more attractive that way than in her usual outfit!

She had so much fun that she suddenly feels very close to us. The Shazz doesn't frighten her any more. I tell her about our summer holiday plans in a house at the seaside and offer her to come with us, but she declines, as she must go elsewhere with her parents and has no idea how she can possibly escape to that. I take such a vexed face that she promises me she will give it a try.

Rasheed greatly appreciated my prey and the way I brought her to wriggle in front of the mirror, with her vulva thrown forward. He especially loved her blushing cheeks. She could have been much redder if that pious hypocrite had suddenly realized that an Arab was comfortably sitting behind the mirror!

Excerpt from my personal journal from March 19, 2005

We are not surprised to see Jane Masterson suddenly turn up at Rasheed's apartment, dissolved into tears. She has waited for the best moment to ask her parents about coming with us for summer holidays, but she met nevertheless with a refusal and took a fight with them. She tells us that she doesn't want to see them ever again and that she takes her freedom if we accept to accept her with us until she finds a job. We introduce her to Rasheed who warmly welcomes her. She is a bit disturbed by this masculine presence in our group of girls, though she can see that for us it is totally normal, so...





Excerpt from my personal journal from March 20, 2005

This morning, Jane Masterson is much more acquainted with Rasheed who can't believe it: she was a virgin for real! Of course, she is that no more now; from none or her orifices!

Rasheed tells me he intends to put her in his bed all this week; I am immediately promoted to the elite cell for bringing such a beauty to him. I'm very happy, but a little worried to see Rasheed develop a crush for that "sweet innocent thing".

Excerpt from my personal journal from March 26, 2005

It seems that, generally speaking, Rasheed is getting bored now with "bad girls" like us; he appreciates each day a little more the "arse-lickers" we send to him, even when they are less pretty and less experienced than we are. I think it's because we behave like slaves and call him Master to follow the rules of our movement, when good girls like Jane are arse-lickers for real, as they are with our teachers. When Jane kneels down in front of him and calls him Master, Rasheed feels really like her master. Actually, after only a week, Jane has already accepted the idea that Rasheed is a superior being, when for us he is only the Master of our senses. It seems that for her this could be the only way to get along with this new reality. And of course, Rasheed loves the idea to be a god for a young and rich white girl!

However, his interest for this kind of girls doesn't last long. After a week, Jane Masterson is already not systematically part of his bed team. And yet, he keeps wanting this kind of innocent girls, and we bad girls keep on sending him new ones in order to keep our seats. Anyway, Rasheed never gets bored, with always one of these silly gooses in stock ready to worship him for real.

Excerpt from my personal journal from March 27, 2005

I realize that I become jealous of these girls and that it lights up my aggressiveness. Rasheed feels it and downgrades me to the tart cell. And as it doesn't go so easily and I express how unfair it is, he replies that the door is wide opened. I realize now the stupidity of my remark, and I'm going to supplicate him to forgive my outburst, as the only thing in the world I desire is to stay close to him.

Though it seems I've hurt him; he tells me he will keep me only if I agree to accompany him to Gawarzazar for a little educational trip that will make me quickly understand how lucky I am compared to other White slaves. I have to comply, or leave for never to return.



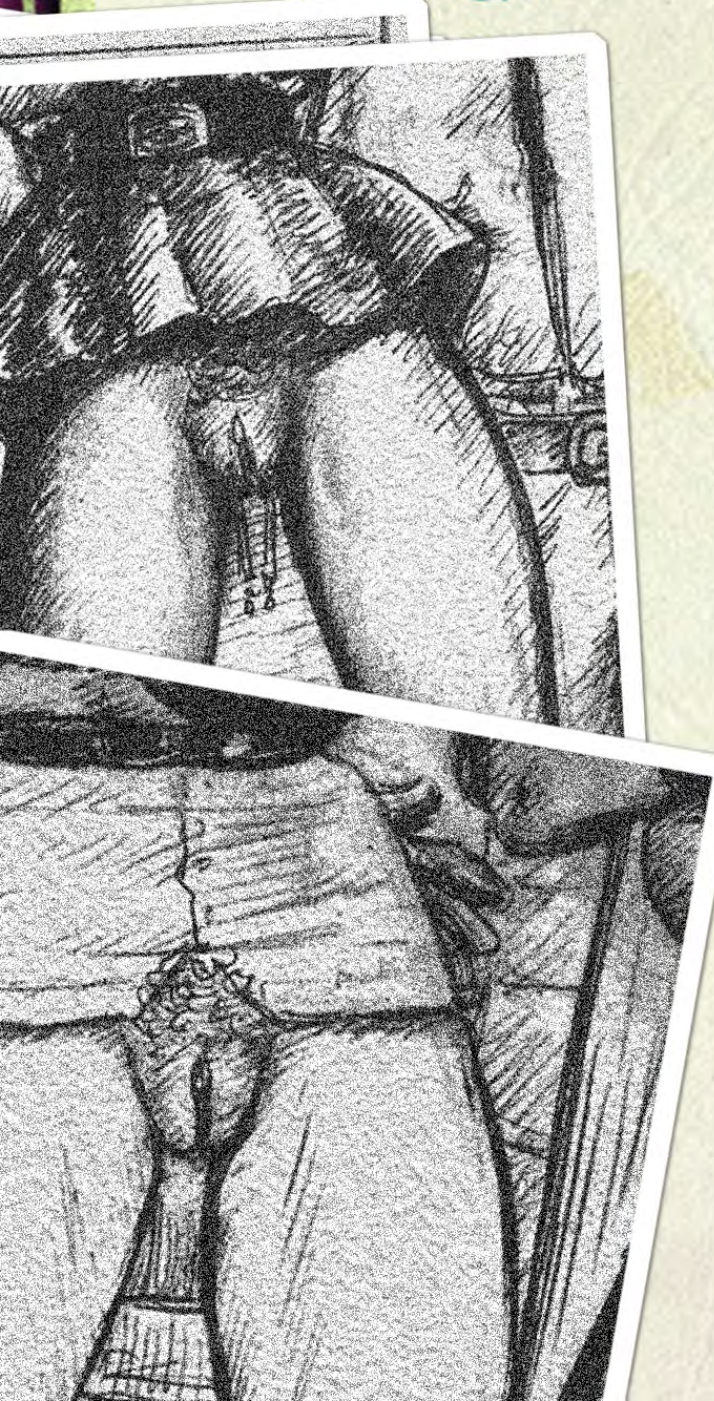


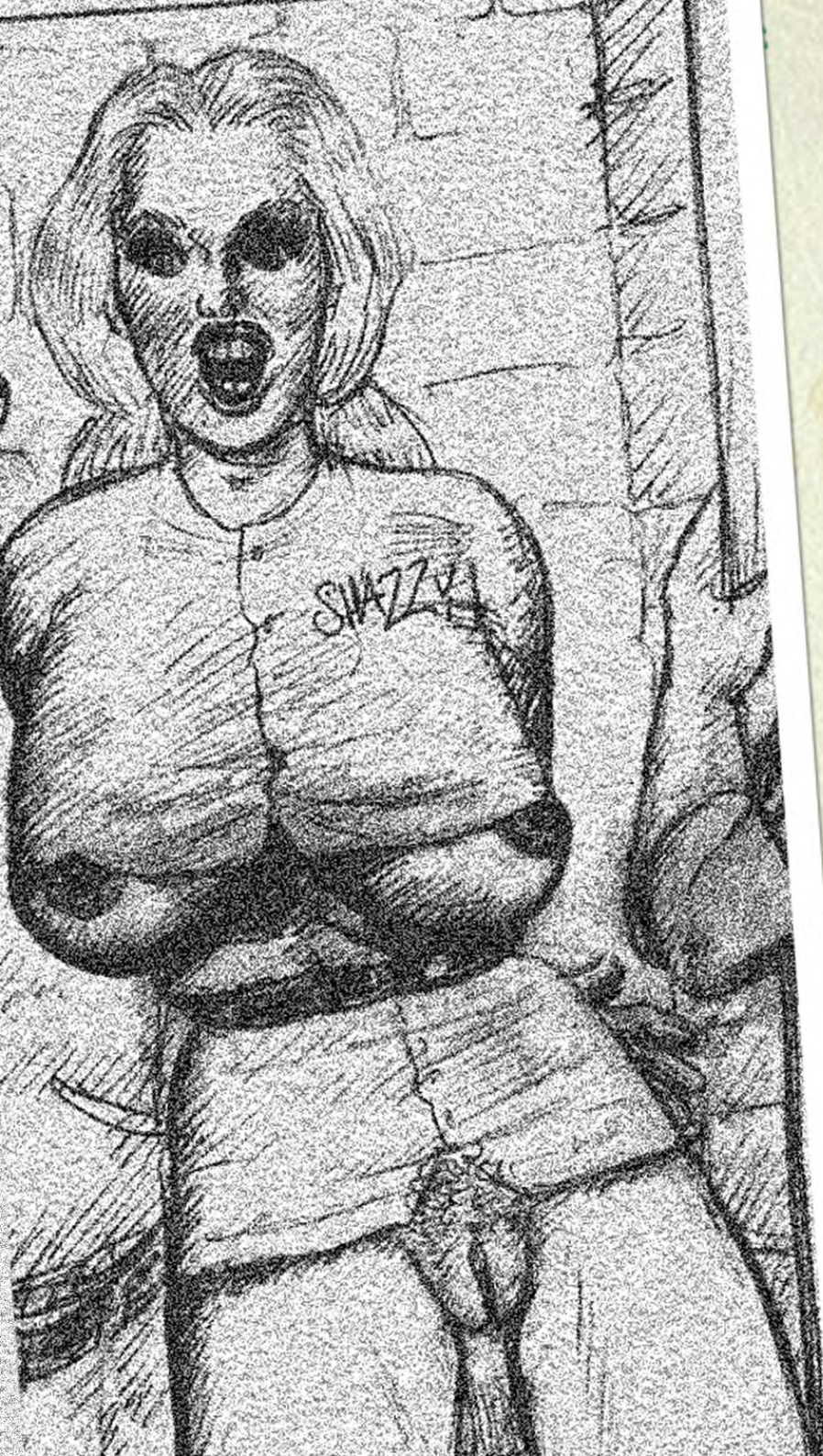
Excerpt from my personal journal from March 28, 2005

Rasheed makes me climb into the car with Jane who seems to need the same lesson I do. He drives us to the airport while we put some clothes on. I feel incredibly privileged to be allowed to travel like this with the Master, and to be so important to him that he should bother to set up such a trip just to convince me of something.

Five hours later, we walk out of Gawarzazar airport. Everything seems normal, except for the presence of blue helmets everywhere around, of a few metal plates on the ground to ease the motion of tanks, and of a unusual majority of White people for an African country. We go toward a wall of buildings in front of which stands a roadblock held by blue helmets. We easily pass through and enter a building covered with opaque glass.

Once inside, I discover that this building is actually a border. The area of the city allowed to the U.N.O. is completely surrounded by an opaque wall of buildings, as the Phoenic Church, the majority religion in the whole region, forbids infidels to put their eyes on sacred land. The Whites can't pass through, except when endorsed by an Islaphoenic Imam who has to make sure their entry into sacred land is not sacrilegious, and whose word is final. For that purpose, Jane and I get rid of our clothes to keep only the Shazzy outfit we wear under them. Rasheed ties our hands in our back, the minimal decency around here for a White woman. We arrive in front of the custom officers and are brought to the Imam who asks us to bring forward to him our most intimate parts. After he has proceeded to an extensive examination of our bodies, the Imam takes a small and flat metal item he puts at the tip of an electrical device; then he curls up Jane's left labium and applies the device on the inner part. Jane shouts in pain, but the Imam doesn't move an inch, obviously accustomed to this reaction. When my turn comes, he puts another tip on the device, though I have to go exactly through the same treatment.





The Imam stamps some papers, and the custom officers let us enter; obviously, we are no longer an offense to the prophets of the Phoene, and we have now the right to walk on sacred ground. We move out of the block of buildings and Rasheed shows me what's inside Jane's labium: the representation of a pig tattooed with blue ink! My tattoo also shows a pig, but it is incomplete, with a part of its backside missing. Rasheed explains to me that the Imam has evaluated the quantity of Jane's porcine genes to 100%, when mine is only 80%. Everything is all right, as the minimal amount required for a White woman to tread upon the sacred ground is 60%.

While Rasheed walks us with big slaps on the buttocks across the streets of the real Gawarzasar City, I express my surprise about why porcine genes should be needed to walk on Islamic ground, when Islam prohibits the consumption of pork meat, but Rasheed replies I don't understand anything to the Phoene!

If I rightfully got what he explains to me next, this is the mix of porcine and human genes that the Phoene rejects as an abomination, not the porcine nature, which is Allah's creation too. Once a porcine female is properly registered and the origin of her genes established, she can be accepted among Faithfuls... as an animal, of course! The ancient Shazilarians had no animals, so the question of the prohibition of pork meat has never occurred as it did in the rest of the Muslim world. They see the White as impure, but eating them doesn't come to their minds anyway... thankfully!



We enter a shop and walk right through it to a backyard; at the far end stands a warehouse. A blonde wearing a uniform of security guard, fit with the nudity requirements of the region, opens the door to us.

An Arab named Ahmed Rassuf welcomes us. Rasheed tells us that he is his brother and that from now on we belong to him; he is the new God we have to pray every evening. We are filled with dismay, as for now we have only accepted this life for Rasheed, and the idea to belong to that small man, pudgy and repellent, appears to us as unbearable, but what can we possibly do? How can we escape, in that country where we are seen as porcine creatures?



Anyway, the White women around, all of them blondes, look as overzealous with Ahmed as we are with Rasheed.

The difference is that these women are not Shazzy high school girls, but high-class ladies with sophisticated manners. It is with great refinement that they lick and suck every square inch of the body of the small pudgy man.



We are prepared for an official presentation to him and locked down into a junk room with a few other slaves. Jane and I have until the evening to decide together which course of action we should take, and we choose not to rebel against the gift of our persons that Rasheed has decided; whatever the repulsion we can feel for the small pudgy man, we have to assume our condition of slaves... also, what if it were only some kind of loyalty test?

However, when Ahmed pays us a visit at last, the contact with his skin, even more delightful than with Rasheed, makes us quickly forget his repellent appearance, and we soon begin to pamper him. We have to get ahead, just in case the challengers here should show the same fighting spirit as in our swarm in Whitestock.



Rasheed who has come with him, takes his fun out of one of his brother's slave; she happens to be one of his ex-girlfriends from the time when he was a student in London.

This little stuck-up thing was refusing him some of her sexual favors, and Rasheed intends to gorge himself with what he had missed, now that the state of mind of the young lady is more agreeable to male pleasure.





Excerpt from my personal journal from March 29, 2005

We wake up in the morning in the junk room. Rasheed comes to say goodbye and tells us we are lucky to have such an important man as a master. He adds that everything will go smoothly if we obey to Ahmed in everything. In three months, his brother will be weary of us, and if during all that time we have shown passion and zeal, he will probably allow us to come back to Whitestock. Otherwise, Ahmed has the right to sell us to a white female trader in Gawarzazar, and we will never return to Norsex.

In what soup did we land ourselves? I would never have thought I would have to be a slave for real! For now, I always had a way to put an end to my relation with Rasheed, but here it's clearly no more the case. For the whole world around me now, I am nothing more than a worldly possession, a domestic white female in the livestock of an Arab. What an extraordinary reversal, in a country that was not so long ago one of our colonies!

After this, Rasheed walks away, taking with him our last hope of freedom; he is the only one who knows where we are.

A few hours later, a Black woman comes to bring us food; then, Ahmed pays us a visit, not to entertain himself, but to explain to us that we will meet our new master tomorrow. This is really scary, as it is not at all what Rasheed had said; is he going to pretend we behaved badly, only to make some profit from our sale?

The Black woman comes back to sew up our labia with leather lace and to brand our bellies with a red-hot iron. It is so painful that Jane and I are crying our eyes out, shouting that we want to go home. Then, we are left alone until the evening, and we prepare ourselves for our night sleep, for the second time, in the hessian bags strewn over the floor of the junk room.





Excerpt from my personal journal from April 2, 2005

Jane and I are really fed up with our stay in that junk room, and when Ahmed shows himself at last, with the intention to bring us to the master he had talked about last week, we are more relieved than worried.

We walk in front of him in the streets of Gawarzazar City, trying to get used to the slaps on our buttocks, a treatment that is seen here as essential in the handling of White females in the streets. We soon arrive in sight of a luxurious hotel that stands on the border with the international area.

There, Ahmed Rassuf informs us that we shall be offered to Omar al Haffiz, a businessman who is famous in our city of birth. For us, it should be excellent news, as we are leaving a filthy warehouse for a luxurious place... but we are much worried about the age of our new master.

As we enter his suite, I discover with horror that this man is the one I so stupidly slapped in the face during my first evening at the "Arabian Nights"! I remember how humiliated he felt because of me... and now, I am his slave!

Excerpt from my personal journal from April 8, 2005

My humiliation is over, and I am relieved to see that Omar is finally not someone who bares grudges. He humiliated me the worst way for a week indeed, but it came to an end. And this treatment, I know I deserved it, now I'm aware of local customs; the real ones, not the ones in Rasheeda Bourid's book, obviously imagined to pull the wool over the eyes of the United Nations!

Anyway, it is not Omar's forgiveness that makes me forget he is over fifty, and that he is fat and ugly; what succeeds to such a prowess is the incredible sexual pleasure that man gives to me, much higher to what I experienced with Rasheed and Ahmed. It must be in my nature to be so sensitive to that sexual power, even if in the beginning, I could think that this effect was caused by that yellow powder I was snorting at the "Arabian Nights". Here, I don't snort anything and still I feel the same thing.

I am even beginning to think that to be the slave of Omar is an excellent thing for me, as he is an important man, as much here as he is in Whitestock. If I must be a slave, let it be as the possession of a man who is powerful and envied!





N EXILE AZAZAR

Secret operations in Europe

Excerpt from my personal journal from May 14, 2005

I have been lucky enough to spend the night in Omar's bed, in the company of twelve other slaves. I can't understand any more what I was finding ugly, or fat, or old in him when I arrived. On the contrary, he is handsome and mighty as a god... and in the prime of life. Just thinking about him makes me drool with desire! I see now Rasheed as being a little too young to be able to savor the kind of slave I am; and even for the rest, he hardly stands any comparison with Omar. In only a month, it is incredible how much I blossomed in the expert hands of that exceptional man.

I am very much aware now of the social rules of the region, and I measure the extend of the lies contained in the books of Rasheeda Burid. The White women here are slaves for real, not at all sacred creatures with the fake status of slaves, as he pretends. The brainless White natives she is talking about are all treated like cattle, have to pull carriages or to work in the fields and the factories... some simple and repetitive tasks fitting their condition. I am even under the impression that Jane is envious of them. Instead of blossoming into submission and trying to understand things around her, she dives into basic servility similar to the way she was groveling at school. I really don't get how she can become so sloppy.

Today, Omar picked up three of us, Jane, myself, and one named Claudia, to take a walk to the kennels of the hotel. We are introduced to a caged muscled White man who wears a dog outfit and a muzzle. Omar opens the cage and gives the leash of the man-dog to Jane; he orders her to rub the animal, then to go walk him outside to make him do his needs. The male organ of the unfortunate man suddenly gets hard, and his face turns red as Jane gently rubs his head. There stands the big difference between Jane and me; I find this male abject, when she finds him almost charming!

As she stands up, the man-dog begins to run on all fours to a street lamp, and Jane is carried away by the momentum. Once on the spot, the man stops and performs his needs, while Jane is fascinated by the sight of his male organ. Personally, I can see that it is her own reaction that Omar is analyzing with great interest.

After that, we all go to the beach. There, some blondes are fishing on all fours in the waves under the supervision of a Bedouin woman. After a brief exchange of polite remarks with Omar, the domineering Bedouin shouts to her blonde flock to come join her. Worried at first, the girls interrupt their fishing, though when they notice the presence of the man-dog, they start running like crazy in his direction. They jump with joy around him while he gives them lecherous looks, and his male organ pounds wildly.



One by one, the young blondes are brought in front of the man-dog, and Jane must have them all covered by him. There are twenty nine of them, and I am very curious to see if that White male has the physical ability to cover them all.



Meanwhile, Claudia entertains herself through having her hand licked by one of the blonde slaves, and that is something I can rely to, much better than I can rely to Jane's behavior. We are bad girls and have to show it to keep our privileges. As a matter of fact, Omar rubs our buttocks with more tenderness when we display haughtiness and despise toward these poor animals whose mating we are watching.



And that is exactly what Jane doesn't get. She can't help looking with envy at these females being covered, and the excitement she takes of it doesn't get unnoticed. It seems actually to give weird ideas to Omar!





After he had covered the twenty-fifth blonde, the breeder begins to show signs of exhaustion. Even the whip that the Bedouin woman swiftly applies on his buttocks seems to loose its motivating effect. She rubs his back, and there he goes again, immediately pepped up to cover the next blonde.

When the last of them has been treated, we think we will all get back to the hotel, but it seems that Omar has something else in mind. He asks Jane if she wants to get covered too. She doesn't reply immediately, but the expression on her blushing face tells it all, and Omar orders her to get on all fours. He unlaced her labia while the Bedouin woman gives some drive to the male breeder who jumps on Jane's body and penetrates her in his quick and instinctive way. Omar then rubs Jane's head, and that fool begins to climax loudly.

When the covering is over, Omar asks Jane if she is envious of these creatures. She is so excited that she falls into the trap and replies that their life is certainly enviable. He murmurs something in the hear of the Bedouin woman who pulls out a leash from her bag and ties it to Jane's collar; she removes her clothes and makes her crawl on all fours in the sand toward a line of hutches on the side of the dune, using her whip with expertise. Jane must climb legs first in one of the tiny wooden cages; then the Bedouin woman shuts down the door behind her.

A few minutes later, we walk in front of Jane's hutch; she wears a radiant smile behind the grid of her little door. Powerfully aroused by this sight, Omar gives her his fingers, and she begins to lick them with genuine pleasure.

So that is Jane's destiny, to become a happy animal who fishes all day for her mistress! I know I am the one who is responsible for her Shazz initiation, but not for the choices she made afterwards; she could have decided to stay close to her master. Instead, she chooses to live like an animal and reinforces the Master in his convictions that the White female has porcine origins that only need the right moment and a nudge in the right direction to be revealed.

Later, Omar tells us he intends to leave her here only for a week, as he is very fond of her. He is getting back to Whitestock for business and is bringing us with him, but he will come back next week to look for Jane and to make her his personal doggy-pet... if he is still pleased with the idea at the time!





Excerpt from my personal journal from May 15, 2005

We are back to Whitestock. To our big surprise, Omar informs us that we are going back to school and that we can even go back to our previous lives if we feel like it. I decline for the second option; I was dreaming of it when I was in a filthy junk room in Gawarzazar City, but now that it becomes possible again, it doesn't look so interesting.

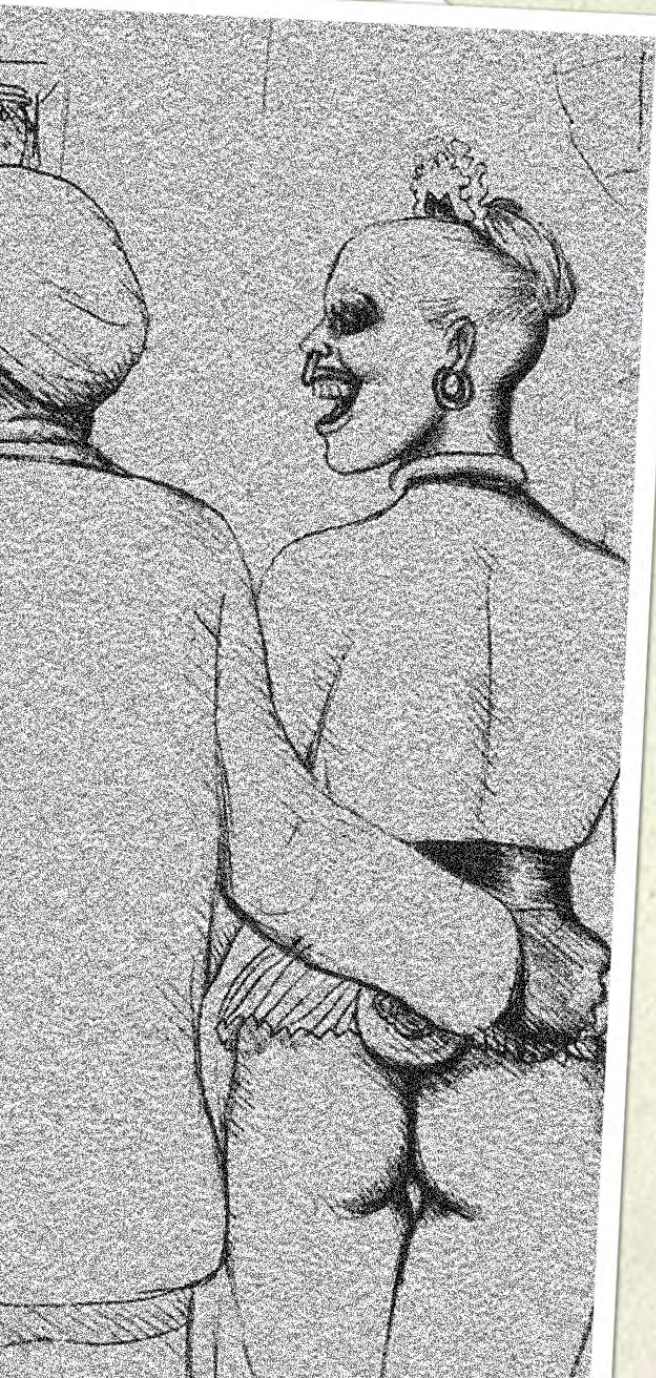
I pay a visit to Rasheed, but he doesn't even receive me, making me know through one of his slaves that I belong to Omar and that he knows where to find me if he suddenly gets the unlikely fancy to mount me. I only wanted to pay him a little visit of courtesy, but I have no intention to go back to him; my master now is Omar, a man in his prime of life, and I can never more worship that kind of young greenhorns.

Excerpt from my personal journal from May 16, 2005

It is my first day at school after more than a month of absence. Omar is very excited with the idea I could soon send him some fresh schoolmates. My talents in the matter have obviously been promoted to him, and it seems it is the reason why he bought me.

At school, I'm amazed to discover that the Shazz fashion has spread beyond expectations during my leave, as hundredths of girls display now themselves in Shazzy outfits with more or less spice. Of course, it is only about clothes, but it turns me into someone who gets respect because I was part of the avant-garde, and it will be of great help to circumvent more easily all these arse-lickers who think they are experienced because they wear a hitch-up miniskirt.

Omar has told me the moment had come to push forward the Shazz fashion into the "Slave" tendency, and I am getting now what he meant by that; the real Shazzy girls like myself feel somehow robbed to be so easily part of the mainstream after they spent such a long time in the margin.



Excerpt from my personal journal from May 21, 2005

All week we have designed new outfits for what should soon appear as a tough tendency of the Shazz movement. We have partially shaven our heads, the way it was done in the Valley of Shazilar, then we have shown the results to a team of hairdressers and dressmakers who have created new looks in the same style, before giving them wisely to the members of Shazz band everywhere in the country.

The "Slave" tendency of the Shazz movement is born!

Excerpt from my personal journal from May 28, 2005

For a week now the media bombard us with musical clips and newsreels about the Slave tendency, and the girls at school who wear Shazzy clothes feel completely out-of-date. It is impossible for them to look cool without creating a direct conflict with their parents.

Life with Omar is fantastic. He may possess a high number of White females, but it is almost always with me and Claudia he gets out. Tonight again, we go together at the "Arabian Nights," that he owns. From now on, only the women with a part of their head shaven can enter, and the tendency begins to spread to normal nightclubs. It is becoming the norm, and I am proud I participated to the creation of what already appears as a huge success.

Tonight, Claudia accompanies us, along with the unfortunate Jane, that Omar has brought back from Gawarazar. She has become a dog for real!



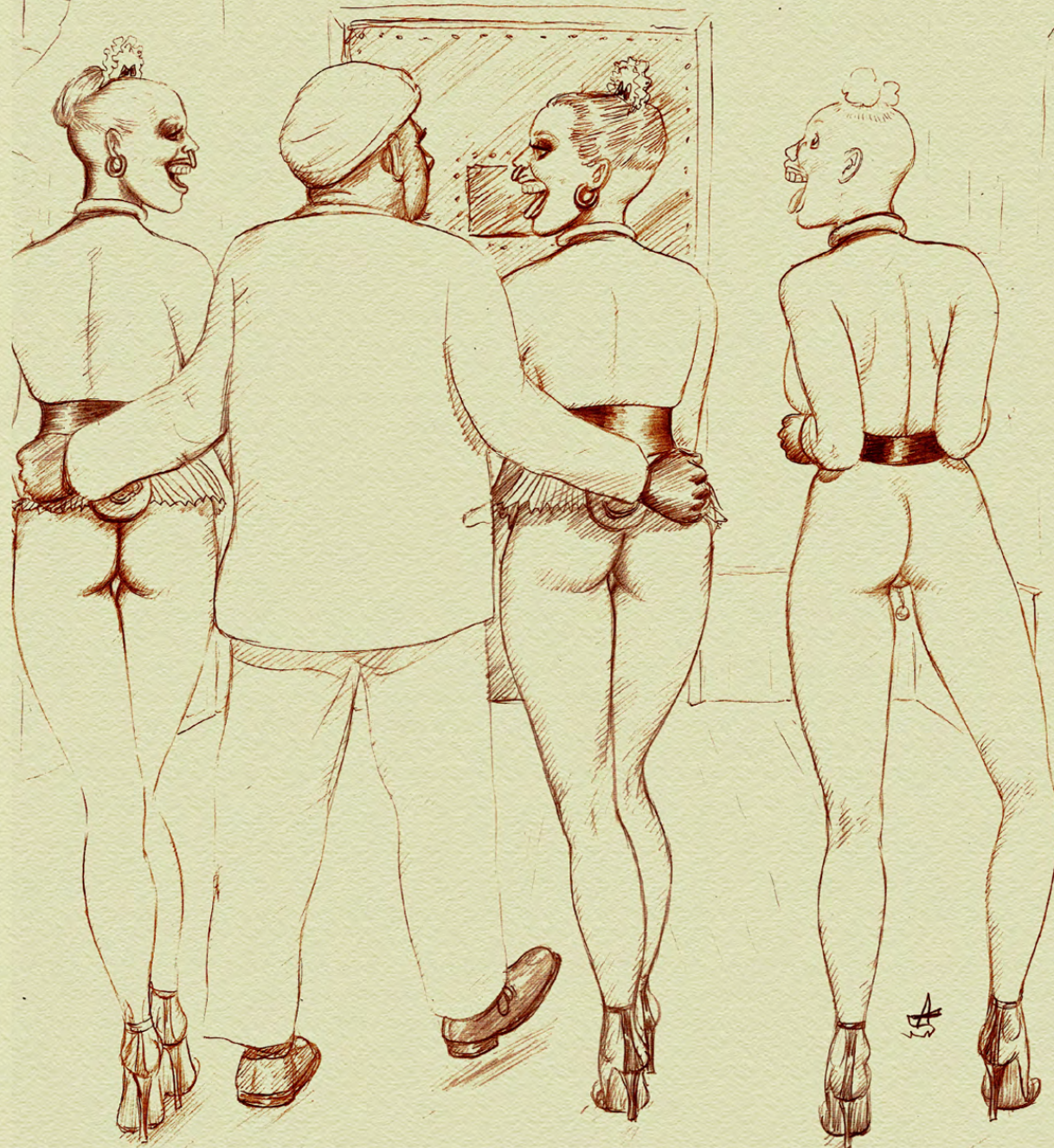
She is allowed to stand in the street, but as she enters a private place, she must instantly get on all fours like a good doggy. She doesn't speak at all, though she yelps constantly her satisfaction.



Omar loves to show off with beautiful nude White women in the streets of Whitestock, and he parks his car further and further away from the club to prolong the fun. The police seem to be even more tolerant than before about indecent exposure. However, they arrest much more the young White boys who insult the customers of the club.

I understand these poor boys who suddenly see their girlfriends become unreachable, lost in the arms of men they were used to see as immigrants meant to do the chores of society; though after all, these losers had the chance to be born in a protected world and didn't make much of it!

So why won't they simply accept that the wheel has turned and that their females now prefer males who radiate a manly power they would never get? Some of them may have potential to become good doggies for an Arab lady who would be happy to own them, but they are too proud, or too fearful to go supplicate one!
My God! Is that so hard?



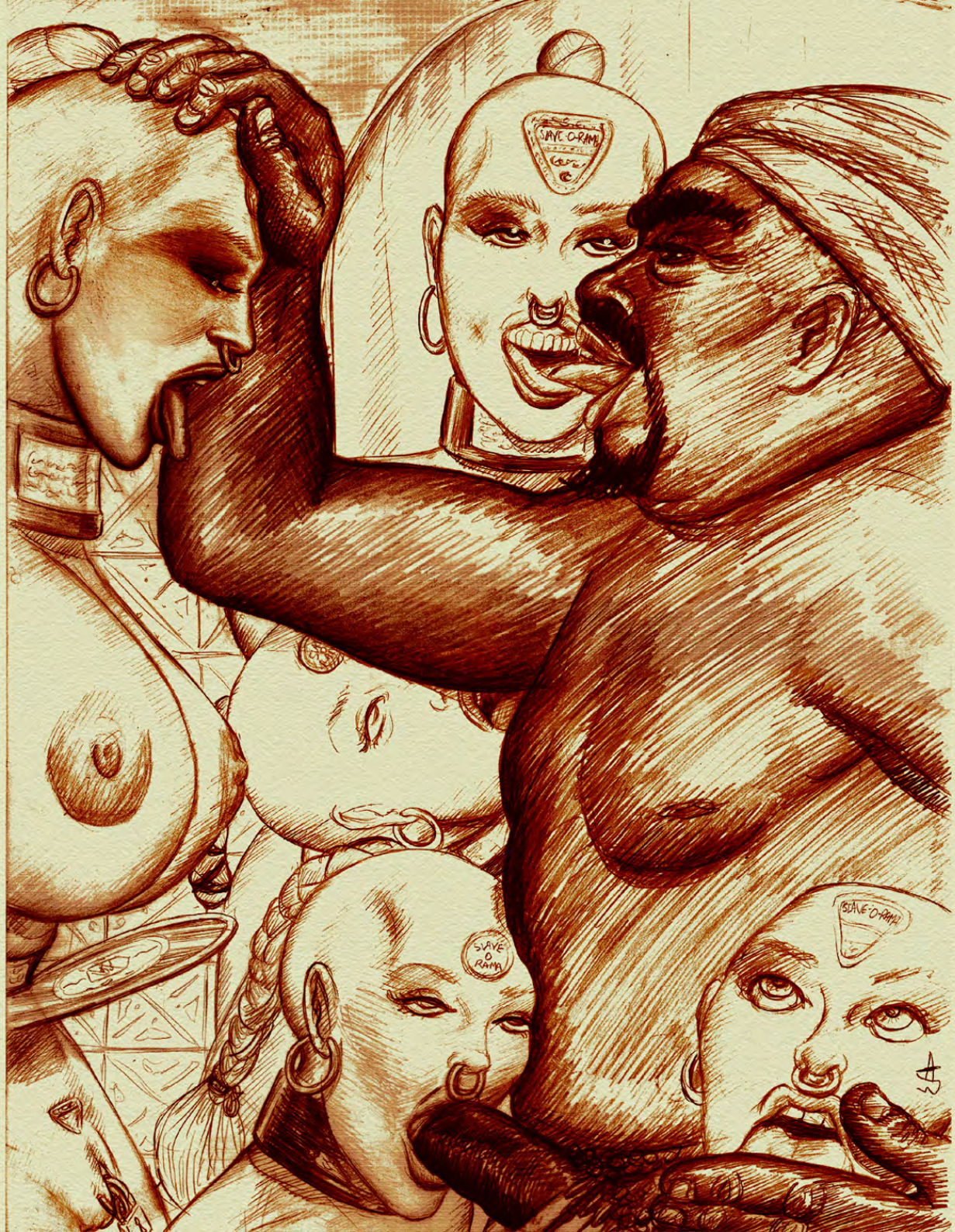
Omar brings us to his club mostly to make a sensational arrival, but once on the spot, we must also serve as guides for young women during their first visit, while he entertains himself with the Shazz band that appears on stage.

Tonight, it is "Slave-o-rama" that is going to play. That band is first in the charts since the Slave tendency has been created, and each one of their new hits is carried by a new scandal. Their clips are forbidden on most TV channels, allegedly because they are vulgar and perverted, but they still make the buzz on the internet. Their albums are selling like hot cakes, and it is impossible to avoid listening to their music as it is on every radio.



The members of "Slave-o-rama" appear as bad girls who can be very dangerous for a White man to hit on, but who would sell their soul for a man with North African origins.

They always declare to the media that in real life they get their kicks serving one of them, and that it is much more sane than taking alcohol or drugs.



Excerpt from my personal journal from June 2, 2005

The police have closed the "Arabian Nights" yesterday, and Omar is not the man he used to be! He takes this as a personal affront! We discover a new Omar, cruel and mean, the opposite of the bon vivant we love.

He doesn't leave his crop and never loses an opportunity to hit us with it, while he curses the arrogance of the English who think they can intimidate him that way; and for some reason I ignore, I appear to him as the typical English woman he can take it out on.



The others try to cool him down, but even with all their oral skills, they don't succeed in brightening him up.

Only the youngest can appease his anger, especially the ones whose parents still ignore they indulge in Shazz pleasures.

Since that tragic event, I actively recruit at school among the young arse-lickers who can make him forget for a night the closure of his club.



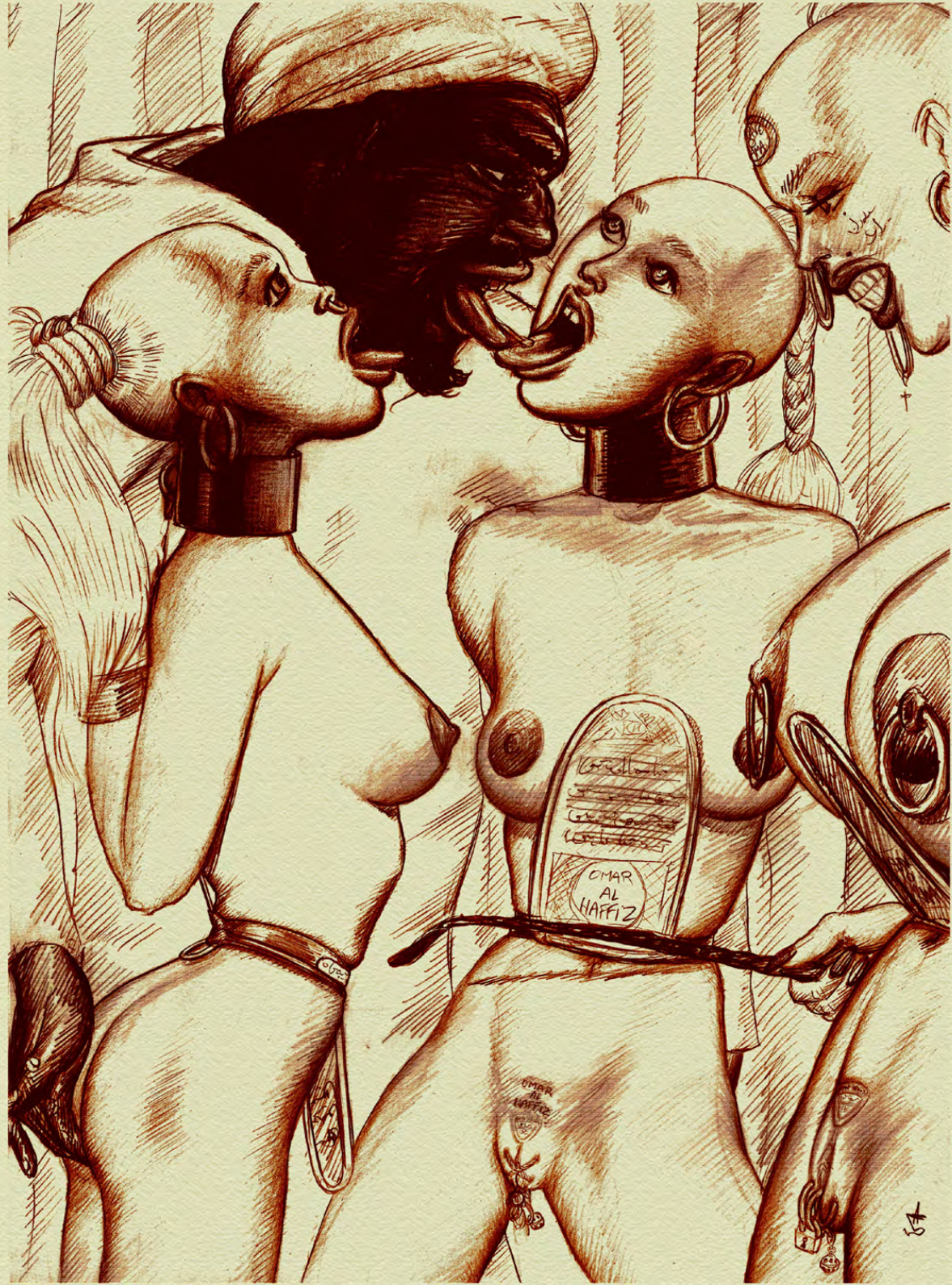
Excerpt from my personal journal
from June 4, 2005

Omar feels better now, and he strikes back. He organizes "underground" concerts with Shazz bands in all kinds of places: barns, warehouses, parking lots... and we promote these concerts at school. He spends most of his time auditioning candidates who want to become stars.

It is incredible to see how many of these young women come to him with the whole outfit, nude and with their arms tied in the back, attracted by such an obvious lure. Some don't even imagine that their auditioning in that outfit could be about something else than their voice! Though, most of them just want to be part of something important and are ready to give themselves completely for that.

Their parents are all anti-Shazz, and they see this as petty jealousy about the freedom of sexual expression showed by the rising generation.

For example, Judge Willoughby, Ann's father, was filled with indignation because his daughter paid to get her vulva sewn and to be tattooed right above the name of the owner of the night club which closure he pronounced; he was so infuriated that he locked down his poor daughter in her bedroom; fortunately, she managed to escape. This is why it is no more to become a star that young Ann is auditioning in front of Omar al Haffiz, but to beg him to offer her a roof for the night. Omar always has a rug at the side of his bed to take in a young White girl in need, though he is even ready to consider the destiny of a star for the daughter of such a distinguished magistrate... if however she happens to be pleasant enough to mount!



Excerpt from my personal journal
from September 10, 2005

The law that allows the reopening of the Shazzy nightclubs has passed at last, months after the closure of the "Arabian Nights". Omar had made the most of that time by building gigantic complexes, each with a concert hall, a night club, a sauna, a swimming pool, etc... besides, it is because of the thousands of jobs created by this he was able to put pressure on the authorities.

The concert hall he built right in the center of Whitestock, the "Star Maker", is his flagship. Except for himself or potential guests, only the White girls under twenty-five can enter. That is common knowledge that the stars of Shazz have all been discovered in this place, and crowds of young women rush from all the country to try their luck.

As Omar's personal assistant, I'm used to the phenomenal spectacle of these hundredths of girls who cheer him when he arrives in the hall and desperately try to attract his attention. Omar loves these hands, these lips, these tongues that try to distinguish themselves from others on his body during these baths of pink flesh. At his contact, many girls are subjected to chained orgasms. Maybe it is the yellow powder that is spreading in the air continuously that is driving them so wild.



Omar finds totally normal to have new mouthes to suck his cock spontaneously at all times; he totally ignores the merciless battles that these ambitious young women are fighting at his feet. They will not all become stars, but the one who manages to get the "Star Maker" of Omar in her mouth for a few seconds can be popular at school for months.

Of course, to avoid any cheating, we distribute to the happy winners badges to prove their brave deeds.





There, I think I have presented to you the most important part of my adventures through these excerpts from my journal.

Since, Omar has kept growing in popularity; he has completely forgotten the humiliation he has suffered during the closure of the "Arabian Nights". He appreciates young English girls again, which makes my relationship with him far more pleasant.

I thank God for the good mood he's in now. Such a man deserves to be a living god for hundredths of thousands young white females. Be sure I'll do everything I can to keep this status alive forever.

Patricia Winter



*To Omar al-Haffiz,
underground Governor of Great Britain.*

*Congratulations for that excellent work.
The report of this young porcine female perfectly
shows how brilliantly you have the British
youth under control.*

Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul

To the "Fennec"
secret operations Supervisor

The work of your great friend [REDACTED] is remarkable and an example of what I want to see everywhere around the world. Nightclubs and concert halls are excellent places to spread [REDACTED]. Though I want its use as a drug to be put to an end, as the police could put their hands on one sample and have it analyzed, which would be a disaster. Spread by air conditioners, the [REDACTED] gets totally unnoticed. Use it directly only when you need some quick enslavement, and even in that case, make sure that your targets ignore completely what they are breathing. For that purpose, we have created masks that can spread the [REDACTED] unnoticed. I will supply some of them about everywhere in the world.

The "Lioness"



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



Map of the region
[Click to enlarge](#)

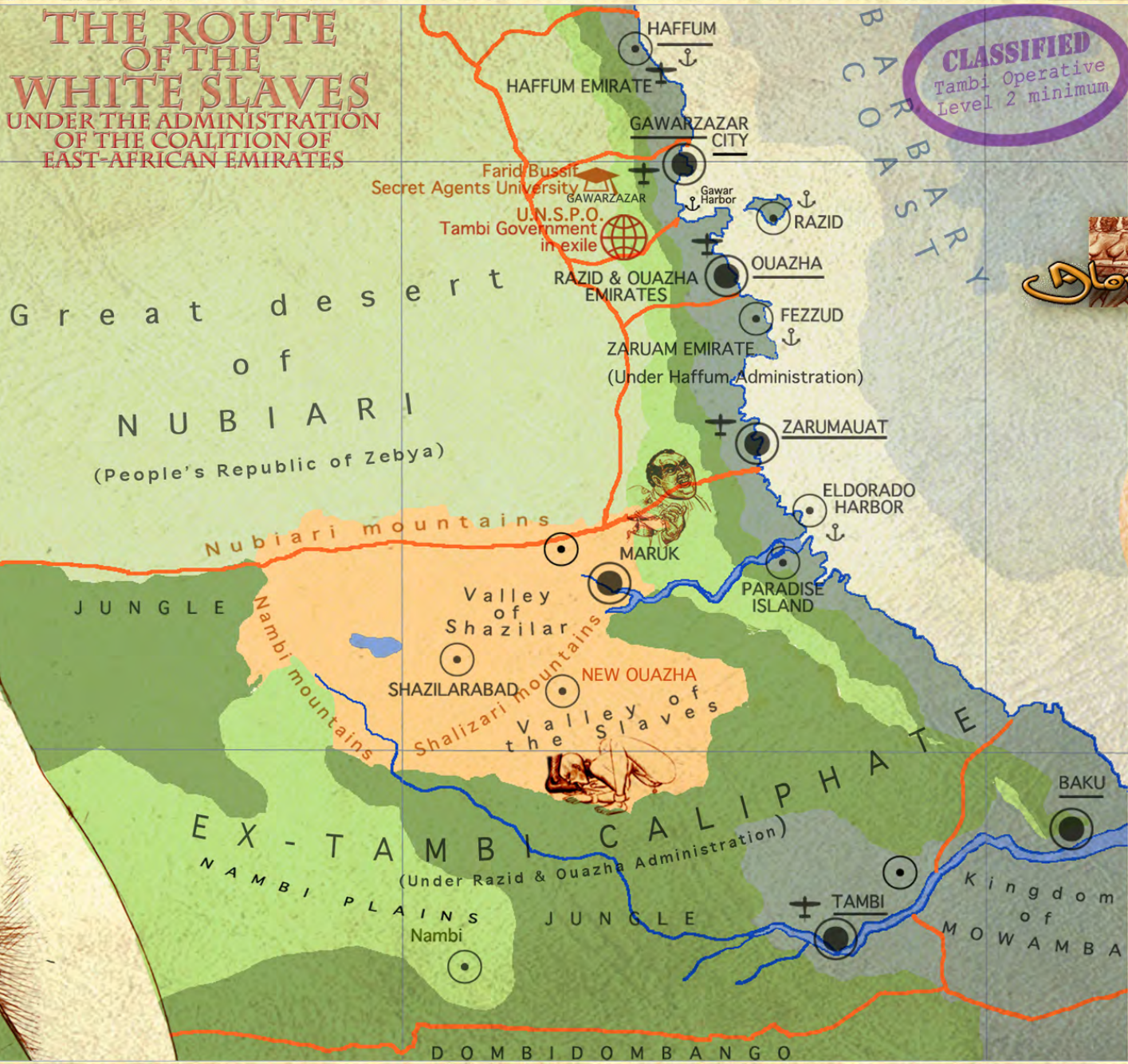
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