

**GOOD
GIRLS**

**ON THE
ROUTE
OF THE
SLAVES**

*Alonzo
SERAI*



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ALONZO SERAI

TAMBI GOVERNMENT IN EXILE
EMIRATE OF GAWARZAZAR



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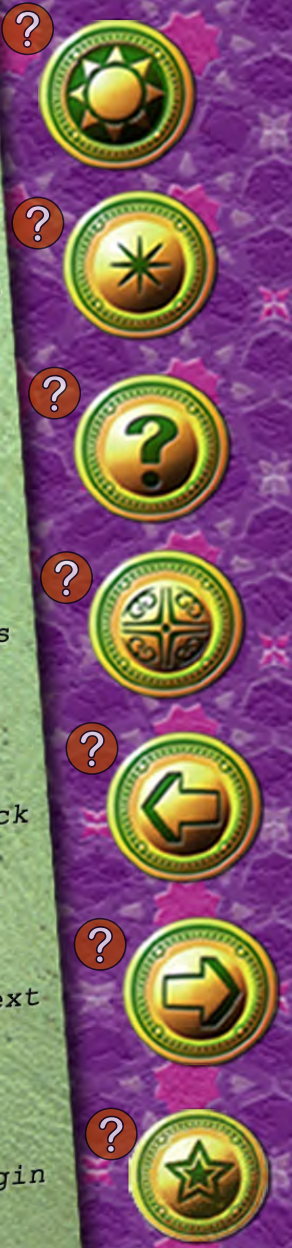
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GOOD GIRLS

ON THE ROUTE OF THE

SLAVES

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Tambi Operative
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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,

My Master, Lord Omar al Haffiz, just informed me that you were greatly satisfied of his success with the Shazz fashion and its "Slave" tendency. Please be sure that nothing can please me more, and I hope that the present report will be of paramount satisfaction.

Lord Omar has put me in charge of a new operation meant to convert good girls who still resist to us; the "arse-lickers", as we call them in Norssex!

I must get rid for a while of my "Slave" Shazz appearance for a more discreet tendency, to attract the most restive among these "good girls". I need to become one myself to test the limits of my means of actions within my high school. Thankfully, the universalisation of Shazz has killed the "slut" reputation made to me at the beginning of the school year. Until my hair have grown back, I will wear a whig and dedicate myself entirely to the taming of these sweet innocent things.

I work hand to hand with fashion designers, makeup artists, hairdressers, jewellers... all that of course under the close supervision of Lord Omar al Haffiz. Our goal is to change local traditions in a subtle way, to facilitate the gradual integration of the Phoen in our Western societies.

We don't have a name yet for this moderate Shazz tendency, which will on no account be a youth movement; just means we provide for uptight girls so they don't look too square.

There you have now some excerpts from the personal diary of Emily Brooke of Woehampton. If you remember my previous report, Your Highness, she was the best friend of Jane Masterson, who she tried to set against me. I don't know any better example of uptight and haughty "arse-licker", and I think you will find this read pleasant and instructive.

Your devoted slave,

Patricia Winter





Supplement to the report of Omar al Haffiz
by Emily Brooke of Woehampton, a.k.a. aka
property of Lord Malik Zurradine

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

Your Highness,

My name is Emily Brooke, and I am the daughter of the late Lord Milton Brooke of Woehampton. I hereby present excerpts of my personal diary that my friend Patricia Winter has compiled and enhanced, at the behest of her master Lord Omar al Haffiz.

When I was writing this diary, I was such an insufferable silly goose. I was raised in a very strict way, in a rich family where saucy girls like Patricia are despised and where virginity is kept for marriage when you are a nice girl; I was a virgin and proud to be!

I hope, Your Highness, that you would be so kind to pass on this typically porcine stupidity I showed before judging me.

Excerpt from my diary of August 28, 2005

No sooner am I back from holidays that I rush out of Woehampton Manor and go to see my friend Jane who lives in a cottage a few miles away; she will be in my class again this year. I'm really eager to be back at my school, the Whitestock Imperial High School; mostly, I must admit, to see again my wonderful French teacher Mr Meredith.

Though, Jane is not at home. Her parents bring me some very sad news; Jane has decided to leave home for a dissolute life in the city centre of Whitestock, probably under the influence of Arab perverts. I refuse at first to believe that Jane could have fallen into such a trap. I was aware that she had teamed-up with this Patricia Winter at the end of the year, and that she missed school for more than a month, but as her parents told me at the time I couldn't see her because she was sick and resting at her aunt's place..

Her mother confesses she lied to preserve the reputation of her daughter the longer she could, but now she knows for sure that Jane will not come back, it doesn't matter anymore. As I insist, she finally gives me her address; in fact, Jane lives in the home of the famous Omar al Haffiz, this Arab whose nightclub was closed because it was flouting the elementary rules of decency. Could Jane really be supported by such a man? I immediately call a taxi and go to Whitestock.

I'm quite worried when I enter the hall of the luxurious building and climb the stairs covered with a magnificent red carpet; it is so different from what I had imagined! I ring at the door, and it's a White woman who opens the door; she is naked, except for a small soubrette apron. This sight catches me so unaware that I stand frozen for a few seconds.





First, I think I might have rung at the wrong apartment, though in doubt I ask for Jane Masterson. To my great surprise, the woman invites me in and asks me to wait in the hall. One minute later, a fifty years old Arab enters the room. I recognise him from the TV news; it is Omar al Haffiz!

He stares at me in an indecent way, and compliments me on my beauty, which he would prefer flattered by a more appropriate wear. I tell him I don't need an adviser in sartorial elegance, but I know very well what he means; he would certainly want me adopt that awful Shazz fashion the media keep harping on about; a disgusting fashion that tries very hard to display what should stay hidden!

I decided a long time ago that never a man would see me naked, to model myself upon the ladies of yesteryear. I will get married as a virgin, and all my life I will only make love to my husband; and in the dark, to avoid making grow in him some unhealthy perversion; or simply so he can't see vulgarity spreading on my face as I suffer an animal pleasure. How could he ever respect me if I did that?

And that old ugly potbellied Arab would like me to expose myself publicly? I can hardly believe it! I let him know and ask him if Jane is here. He leaves the room and comes back two minutes later with my best friend.. who is crawling on all fours held by a leash! She is completely nude, almost bald, with only two little buns at the top of her head.

Suddenly, I realise that her genitals are sewn, and I say to myself that I have never seen anything worse. Though what comes next definitely is, as Jane begins to yelp like a dog!

To my great horror, I suspect it is her affection she is expressing to me that way. Omar al Haffiz seats on a pouffe and tells her that she must absolutely speak, to explain her situation to me. Jane obeys, but she experiences great difficulties in pulling out words, as if she had not done it for weeks. Though, she manages to explain to me why she doesn't go back to school; because she is in love, because she has found happiness in being the good doggy of the man she loves, and because before this she had been an insufferable stuck-up who only deserved to be despised; the immoderate esteem in which she was holding herself was preventing her to find happiness, but now it is over, thanks to the generosity and the affection of her master, Omar al Haffiz.

I'm horrified by what I'm hearing, and when I leave my ex-best friend, half an hour later, I'm so shocked that I wander for more than two miles before I even think about calling a taxi.





Excerpt from my diary of August 29, 2005

I had much trouble finding sleep this night. I can't help thinking about Jane yelping like a dog, how she displays her nudity in front of that Arab, her genitals sewn like a laced-up shoe... I didn't even think such a monstrosity was possible. There must be some law to prohibit this kind of things!

The worst, is that I begin to imagine myself in that disgusting condition, and I realise it produces quite a strong emotion in me. And this is definitely not the right moment for that, as I spent all my holidays questioning myself about the rigidity of my attitude, after I learnt by accident that most of my schoolmates were seeing me as cold and despiteful. I will be back at school soon, and I would love to be able to give another image of myself. And that's when I discover that my best friend does the dog for an old Arab!... who has many women, moreover!

Jane is a lot like me; at a time, I was even thinking we were sharing completely the same rare nature, cold with a bit of deep sadness. And all the sudden, not only has she lost her sadness completely, but she radiates an indecent happiness! I imagine that it must be wonderful to be a dog for an evening... on the condition, of course, that nobody should know about it, especially not a man... they are such pigs!

Excerpt from my diary of September 5, 2005

First day of school for this decisive year of upper-six form. As expected, Jane didn't come. Yet, there is this Patricia Winter, the hussy who has perverted her. Her hair seems to have grown back... or does she wear a wig? Does she play the dog too? Is her vulva sewn? At least, she looks happy. And she seems much less distant with me... or is it that I see her differently because I am curious about the Shazz movement?... well... just trying to understand in what trap Jane has fallen, nothing more!

Strangely, Patricia doesn't spread her thighs in front of Arabs, as she used to do; she is simply chatting with normal girls.

I come near her and say hello. Then, as she doesn't throw me away and even gives me a big smile, I dare ask her for news about Jane. She doesn't know more than I do, though we begin to talk about Shazz. I would like to understand how well-educated English girls can find anything exciting in that decadent movement. Of course, I keep a moderate line for my criticism, as I don't want to break off contact. I want Patricia to become my friend, so she can tell me everything about her own life in this milieu.





Excerpt from my diary of September 8, 2005

I had another interesting conversation with Patty. She tells me she has always thought of herself as a "bad girl", despite she comes from a privileged environment and lives in a cottage. This is something difficult for me to understand; why this need to debase herself like this? Anyhow, I have no intention to appear as a "bad girl" myself, would it be the only thing that could bring me happiness. Mother has repeated me so often that these girls end up in the gutter!

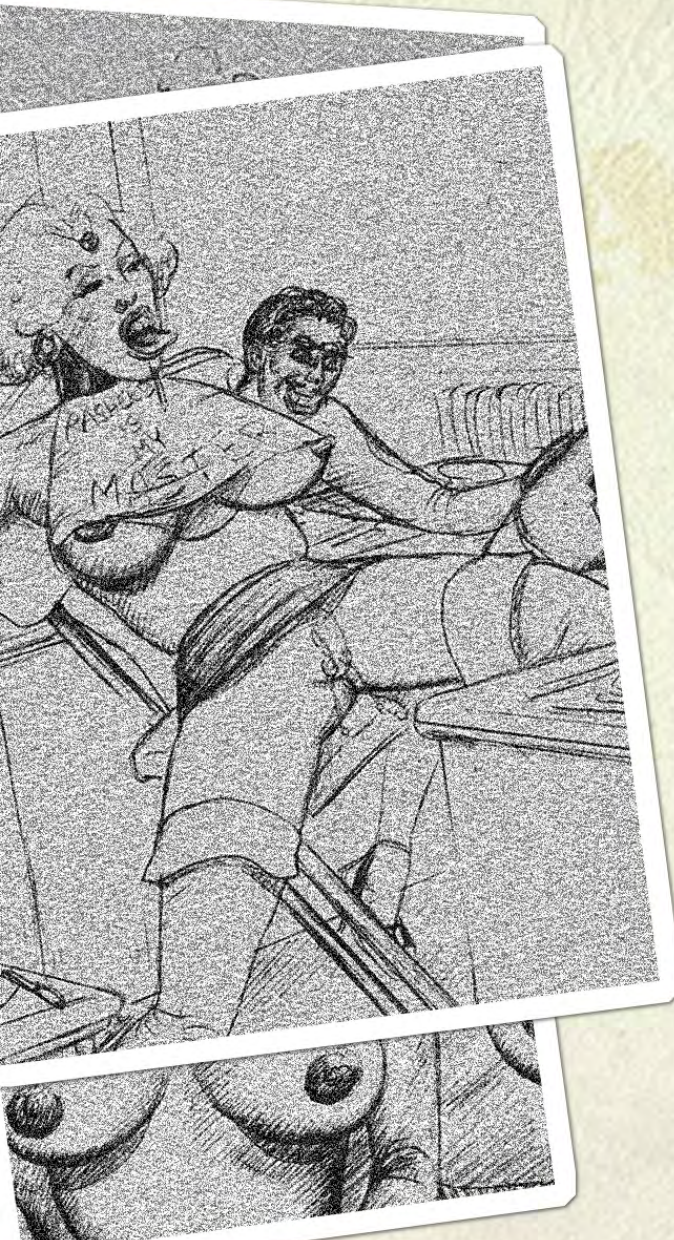
Yet, for now, I thought Patty was weak, and suddenly I realise that it is completely the opposite; she has a very strong character, and that is why she hasn't become a little dog like Jane, when put in the same situation. I see myself as someone strong, and I thought Jane was too, and yet, the memory of her in the apartment of that Omar never leaves me! Because of that, I don't laugh at Mother anymore when she gives me one of her "tricks" she uses to get rid of these animals called men. That is positively what I'm expecting from Patty, actually, some new "tricks", those of my generation, so that something like that could never happen to me... but why would it happen to me, by the way? I don't have the slightest intention to join that club for twisted girls.

Excerpt from my diary of September 19, 2005

I wonder what can be Patty's life? How are her evenings with that Omar she has to share with others. Patty doesn't want to talk about it at all, and I find it really frustrating; but of course I realise I'm driven only by some weird curiosity, and I don't insist. She never invites me to her apartment; and I can't invite her either, as Mother knows her reputation. If she knew I'm talking to her, I would get a lecture for at least two hours! I picture Patty telling her, simpering, that she left her parents' home to go live with an Arab. Mother would never let me out again!

Despite that, Patty looks like a perfectly normal girl now. She doesn't even try to disturb the teachers in class.

Tonight, we went together to a party, though it was nothing like Shazz. Sometimes we go to the movies. I think she is becoming my new best friend.





Excerpt from my diary of October 31, 2005

I might have made a mistake, but I let Patty convince me to accompany her to the "Star Maker", a complex in the centre of the city with a sauna, a swimming-pool, a concert hall, and a Shazz nightclub: the "Arabian Nights", which reopening has just been pronounced. She has persisted so much, laughing about my fears, insisting on the fact that it was Halloween and that I had the right to disguise myself that day, that I finally gave up.

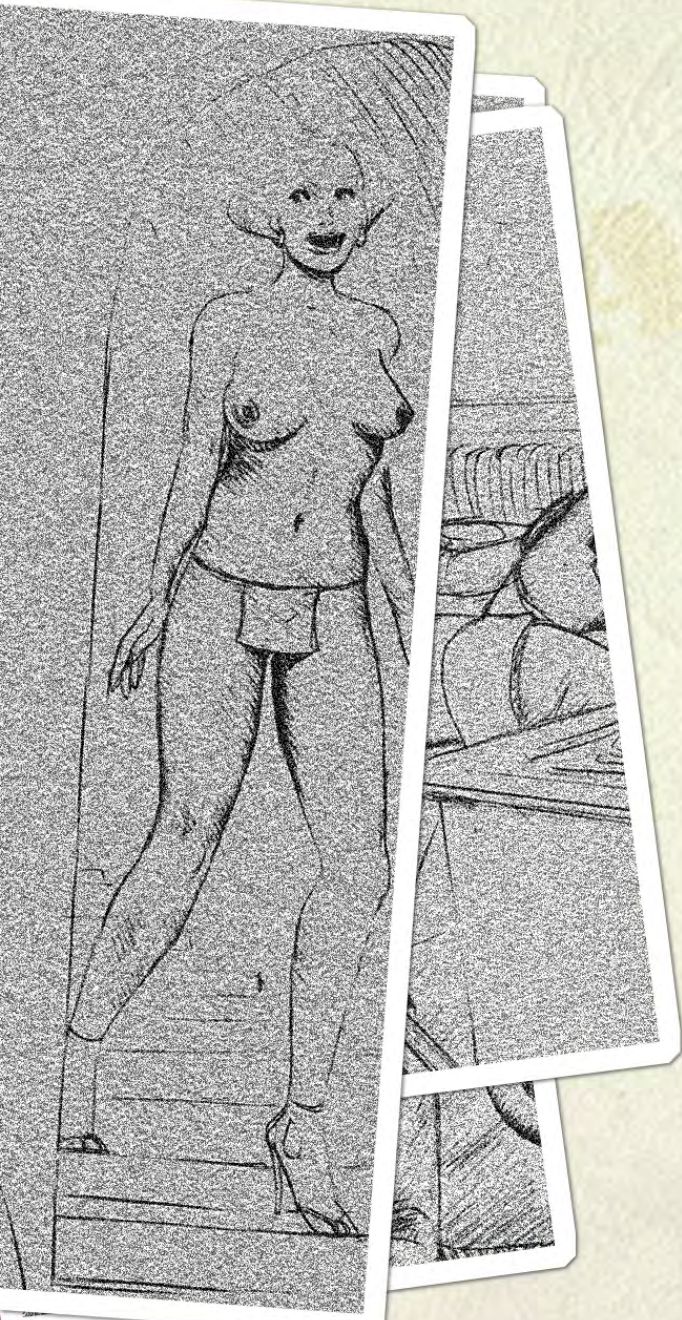
And now, I shake like a leaf on the way to meet her on our rendezvous place. I will not be the only one to go there for the first time; Mary and Joan were also persuaded, though it is true that we form now a great team of sincere friends, and that we owe that to Patty; Patty who is a regular customer of that club and who tells us that the worst thing that can happen to us, is to see nude women and Arabs with clothes. The nightclub gives now a wear to the women who want to stay decent, as nudity is no more an obligation. It is a mini-mini outfit, but, according to Patty, not worse than a bathing suit without a top. It will be the first time that someone else than Mother or one of my sisters will see my breasts, and I find it paralysing, though I am not a coward, and the others are ready to do it!

According to Patty, we won't have any trouble to pass the entry, as the man she lives with, Omar al Haffiz, is the owner of the club. I already met him, and I find him scary, but Patty tells me that if nothing happened to me when I was in his apartment, it is not in a nightclub filled with people that I'm going to be raped. She is right. I'm hopelessly thick! I think I am strong, but in fact I'm scared to death.

There is also something that worries me; it is this lecherous glint some Arabs have in the eye when they look at me; as if I were some sexual trophy to win. It chills my blood, and I don't want to display myself half-naked in the presence of such people who often insult me after I refuse their invitation. But Patty is categorical: this kind doesn't enter the club; it is only accessible to gentlemen from English or Arab high society. I trust her, and I acknowledge that Omar al Haffiz is indeed a gentleman, even if he walks his girlfriends in leash!

In fact, I must admit that, beyond the fear, the idea to go to that place arouses me. I know that I will not be mocked there, that no one will look at me with despise, even if I should start to dance in an indecent way.

There, it's my taxi. Mother, if I don't come back, please begin to look for me at the "Arabian Nights". Dear oh dear...





Excerpt from my diary of November 1st, 2005

I go to my rendezvous point, shaking all over. Joan and Mary are already there. Patty meets us a few minutes later, and we go together to the "Star Maker". We are admitted easily in the complex, and Patty shows us the way to the nightclub. We pass an Arab in the company of two nude White women, all smiles. Though this doesn't diminish my nervousness at all; and I clearly feel that Joan and Mary share my anxiety.

Once in front of the "Arabian Nights", it gets much worse. I want to say to Patty that I changed my mind, that the only thing I wish now is to go back home. She notices my emotion and rubs my back while telling me that there is nothing to fear, and that we are going to enjoy it. I appreciate her support, but I don't want to be reassured. What I want, is to find in myself the courage to see it through!

Hundreds of young women are in line in front of the nightclub, but Patty makes us enter through the guest line. She walks normally, but Joan and Mary's legs are shaking just like mine. A completely nude hostess takes our identity cards and gives to each of us a pair of shoes at our size; how will I ever be able to walk with heels that high? She also gives us a little piece of cloth and brings us one after the other to a cabin so that we can change.

Once in the cabin, I take a good look on the piece of cloth that has been given to me. It is a handkerchief... no, actually it is a loincloth that olds with a string! There is the logo of the "Arabian Nights" embroidered on it. I take off my clothes and put the tiny uniform on me to see what it is like. How dreadful! The piece of cloth barely hides my pubic hair... my buttocks are totally exposed... what an awful fashion! I really want to go away now. I'm angry after Patty who led me to believe we would be given at least G-strings! With this thing, the slightest draught and everybody will see my intimacies...

It is only the fear of ridicule that keeps me from leaving at once; though I swear to myself I will settle this up later with Patty. When I get out of the cabin, I shoot her a dark look to express my disapprobation. She examines my body with a big smile and tells me it is a crime to hide such a magnificent body. I never saw myself really as an attractive woman, and that compliment makes my anger disappear completely.

Patty tells me to go down the stairs without waiting for the others. I comply, swaggering about. Though, in the middle of the stair case, I suddenly picture myself opening onto a crowd of strangers in that outfit, and I slacken my pace. I try not to spread my legs too much, to avoid exposing myself in full view of everybody; maybe there is a gang of lecherous men who station right down the stairs to take a good look at newcomers from a worthwhile point of view! Also, I have trouble walking with these extreme heels; it would really be the end if I should fall flat on the ground in front of a gathering of men!

Still, I go on; I will not back away now! I go down the last steps, I draw the thick red curtain in front of the room.. and I'm brutally seized by muscled arms! Something is applied on my face, some kind of mask that is spreading a strange smell. I struggle like the very devil, giving big kicks all around, but the grip doesn't weaken.

Suddenly, I realise that I'm behaving like a five years old! Or worse, like a trapped animal... I cool down saying to myself that if I keep my dignity, I have nothing to fear.



I'm much more calm now,
and I feel the grip relaxing.
I turn my head and eye
scornfully the man who caused
me such a moment of terror.
He is an Arab, and he is
giving me a big smile. He
grabs my loincloth and lifts
it up to my waists, telling
me it wasn't meant to be
worn that way. According to
him, it is not at all
designed to hide a woman's
vulva, only an apron that
allows the male customers
to identify us as White
skivvies.

White skivvies! Who does
this Arab think he is?

I'm in rage, but what can
I do, naked in a strange
place, immobilized by a man
much stronger than me?

Behind me, Joan and Mary
struggle with two other
men who give them a
similar treatment.



Patricia Winter! If
only I could lay hands
on that nasty piece of
work right now! She has
sold us out!





We are brought to the next room; which is the dance floor! Dozens of Arabs surround us with big smiles. At this moment, I am certain we are all going to be the victims of a collective rape.

And this is when I notice Omar al Haffiz. I'm deeply shocked; such a powerful man, committing himself like this in such a wicked crime... what a shame! He salutes me, calling me a "White skivvy" too, as if it were totally normal, and I must say that in the mouth of worthy so rich and powerful, it is even more humiliating!

The man who holds me by the hips abruptly takes away the mask from my face and lets me go. I rush forward to try to get out of the dance floor, but wherever I go, there is an Arab who stretches out his arms to me while giving me a big smile. It looks like some kind of game; the one in whose arms I will accept to jump will get me for the night, or something like that...

Vexed, I take refuge in the middle of the room with Joan and Mary. I start to shout that I want to go away, that they all are filthy rapists, and several other insults.



Omar al Haffiz then moves close to me, and I instantly calm down.

Keep your dignity young lady! As Mother usually says. I take a haughty attitude; they can take my body, but they will never turn me into one these White skivvies... nude maids... how awful!

Omar seems to have great fun; he wonders what the heck I am if I'm not a White skivvy. For him, I came to a place filled with rich Arabs, and I displayed myself nude for them, except for that little apron usually worn by White skivvies who come here to look for a job.

I began to wonder if this is not Patty who schemed all this by herself. It seems that we shall not be raped, and that I made a fool of myself by shouting my head off for nothing at all. I definitely came here willingly, I took off my clothes, and now I find myself accusing worthies of Whitestock of assaulting me, when the place is obviously a kind of platform allowing to unemployed young women to find a job as a maid for rich businessmen, probably Shazilarian ones whose weird religion demands that White females should be nude.

Worst, now they are aware that we're not here for a job, and I can see they begin to think that we have come here to find a man! An old potbellied Arab fitting my taste, in short!

I'm so ashamed! I have to sort this out and make them believe that we are here to find a job!





And there I am, telling Omar al Haffiz that I look for a job as an assistant for the summer, but that it is definitely not a reason to call me a "White skivvy".

Unfortunately, he tells me he complies with my conditions and wants to hire me immediately. I reply that I am very expensive, and ask for a salary so high that there is not a chance he should accept. Obviously, this has never occurred before, as he replies he is offering board and lodging in a privileged place and the protection of an important man, which is already a lot. I wonder if he is really serious, though anyway it gives me the opportunity I wanted to decline his offer.

Very surprised, he suddenly passes his hand in my hair and begins to rub them, like if I were a horse he can calm down by combing its mane. I find that totally out of place and would like very much being able to show some reaction, but I realise I just can't. I even discover with horror that I'm reaching for the contact with his hand! This is incredibly humiliating, but my body doesn't obey me any more...

Omar then tells me that I'm right, that I'm not a White skivvy, but a little dog, a good little doggy who looks for a master. And as he tells me this, he pushes my head down to force me to kneel. And suddenly, I get a horrific sight of something I saw only once in a pornographic magazine Mother had thought well hidden in her secret cupboard: this is a penis!

Stricken by an incomprehensible madness, I move my head forward and put into my mouth the erected organ, that I find myself sucking gluttonously.

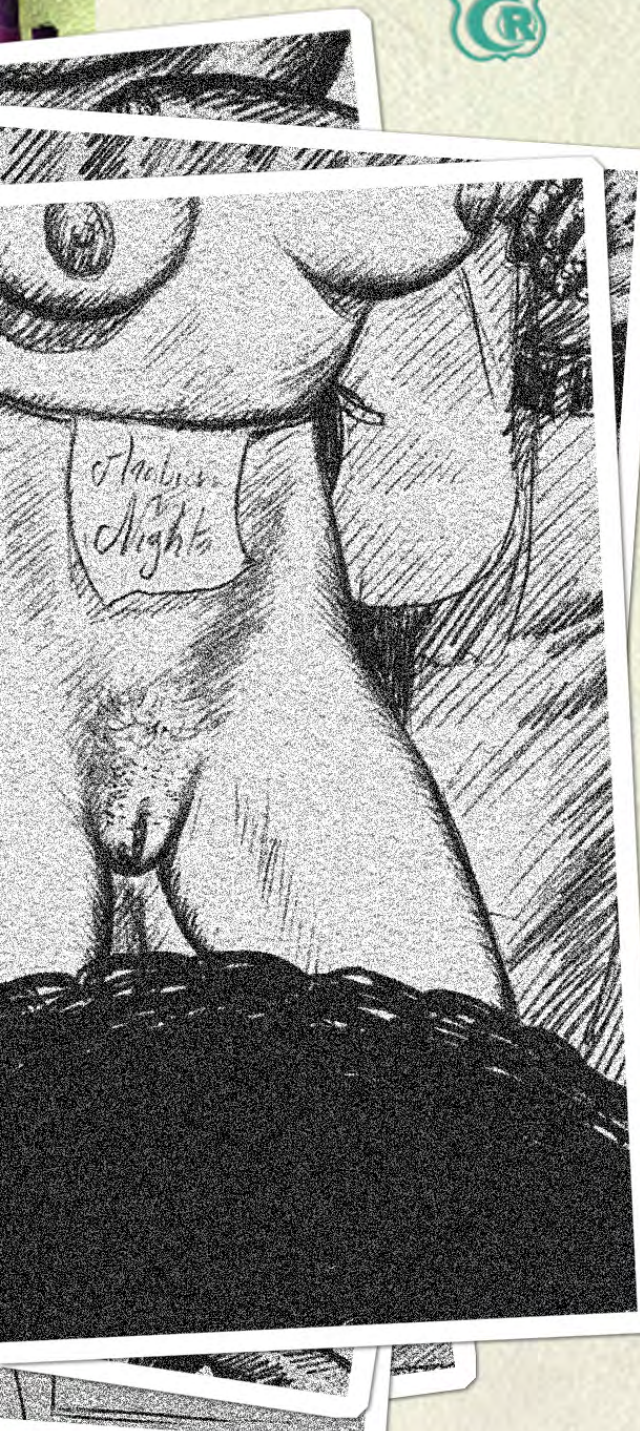
To think that I have forbidden to the only boy I went out with to introduce his tongue in my mouth after he had paid court to me for months! I had replayed this later alone in my bedroom, imagining I was French kissing him... twisting my tongue around his with lewdness... and that is exactly what I'm doing now, but around the penis of a fifty years old Arab! I can hear around me the other Arabs applaud and feel terribly humiliated, but still I keep doing it, as if it were a reflex totally out of control.

In the process of that passionate kiss, I suddenly feel some warm and acrid liquid spread into my mouth. It takes me a few seconds to realise that Omar al Haffiz has just spitted out his semen in it!

I move back, surprised by the strange taste, but Omar firmly holds my head. And actually it is a good thing, as the fact I'm being physically compelled just gave me back the control of my body. I jump bluntly backwards... and falls flat on my back!

The Arabs around me are bursting in laughs with the spectacle of Omar's sperm trickling on my incensed face. I also realise that my legs are so widely spread that my labia are now offered in full view of everybody!





I understand how silly I have been, at each step of this distasteful adventure. Forgetting Joan and Mary, I stand up and rush to the stairs leading to the exit. To my surprise, nobody stops me. The hostess even gives me my clothes, that I put on in haste in the cabin. Though just before leaving the nightclub, Omar comes to me and claims he is sorry things turned so badly between me and him. He tells me I know his address, and that I am welcome at his home if I should learn one day to listen to my desires; if I want to become one of his little dogs, I can come and ask nicely for it any time I want. And if he finds my way of licking his arse convincing enough, he will then allow me to come with him and will give me his protection, with board and lodging.

I nod to avoid bothering him, but I feel sorry for him; how can this poor sod, however rich and powerful he may be, believe that I, Lady Emily, heir of the Woehamptons, will lick his boots just for the right to become his performing dog?

These guys are really nuts!

Excerpt from my diary of November 10, 2005

During all this week, I felt infuriated by all Arabs; and then by Patty for deceiving me like that. Ultimately, it is against myself that I'm angry now. Pervert Arabs and a betraying friend, this is definitely not what a young woman can expect of her first sexual adventure, though the more I replay these events in my head, the more I think I could have managed it in a more mature way. I'm ashamed I turned so hysterical when I could have avoided easily what happened to me if I had stayed calm. I realised that when I thought of pressing charges at the police precinct; what could I have told them? That I had been forced to undress and to suck a male organ? That I was led to believe it was a party for nude girls when it was a job interview?

Strangely, now that the rage has left me, I find this almost amusing. I feel strong for having fought in such a situation, and even the mistakes I made, I find them educational now. Something like that will never happen to me again that way, this is clear!

Omar is sending me bunches of flowers every day; some magnificent red and yellow flowers I never saw before... probably flowers from his country. I decided yesterday to stop throwing them to the bin, and I put them into a vase near my bed.





Excerpt from my diary of November 16, 2005

I dreamt about Omar again and the long kiss I made on his penis... and then I woke up ashamed. I need to accept the idea I found this delightful, and that it is the only reason why I kept on sucking it like I did that night. It is more and more obvious I feel attracted to this man, despite his age and his appearance. If he wanted me as a lover, I think I would go to him right away. Alas! He wants me to be his bitch... at the time, I had taken this for a hateful sarcasm, but the fact he is sending me all these flowers make me now think he was serious. And there is Jane; I know what she really is for him, a docile and happy bitch.

It must be terribly exciting to completely loose sense of responsibility like this, to simply live to give and receive affection, without worries, without conflicts... well, if the master is a gentleman, of course!

If only I could try something like that, and then go away, though I'm afraid to be thrown in a cage and sent to a foreign country, in some former colony where I would be exhibited as a sample of typical Englishwoman.

Though I am delirious now... it is time to go to bed.

Excerpt from my diary of November 22, 2005

To live in Arabic kennels for White women, this is something that must be really humiliating. If there were only the bright side to it, every woman would dream to live there, it is an evidence! That said, humiliation may be a solution for my cold and haughty attitude. Maybe I just need to be put down a peg or two, that's all; maybe if I do that for only a few days, I will become a better woman? But no, it is definitely too awful. I would never be able to live through the humiliation it implies, I know that about myself.

I will simply continue to play the good doggy at home, when Mother is out; this is so exciting!





Excerpt from November 26, 2005

For a week, I spend my time playing the good doggy in my bedroom. And when Mother and my sisters are gone, I yelp and run on all fours across the whole house.

After a while, I feel so aroused that it is enough to rub my clitoris against the velvet of an armchair and to think strongly of Omar to get a stronger orgasm than ever.

If only I weren't so ashamed with the idea to be exposed in front of my friends, my family... I would take the plunge right away. Alas! I'm sure that if I give myself to Omar, something like that would occur sooner or later, and I would have nothing left to do but to leave Norssex forever!

Excerpt from my diary of December 6, 2005

I barely manage to update my diary, so much I spend my time doing the dog. When I'm at school, I think about it all the time; I'm told that my cheeks are constantly red. And when I am home, resolved to behave properly, it needs only something that reminds me of my evening at the "Arabian Nights"; a dog that passes near my window, an Arab on TV, a woman with a radiant face in a magazine, and I'm suddenly seized by this irrepressible desire to jump down on all fours and to imagine myself in the hands of Omar.

I don't give a damn about creating a family with him or something I could do if I were seeing him like a man; he is more than a man, he is my Master! For a dog, a master is a god! A god he must worship constantly to be happy..

I'm certain that Omar would make a good master for me, thoughtful, affectionate, generous... actually I was very lucky to meet him by chance. What other man is able to understand what I am, and that powerful desire I have to become a little bitch? Him, he has always read in me as in an open book... and has offered me right away what I have always desired, but buried deeply inside me.





Excerpt from my diary of December 10, 2005

The weekend has just begun, and there I am in front of Omar's door. I'm all shivering with the prospect of jumping into such an adventure. I remember what he had told me that evening, that if my way of licking his arse were convincing enough, he would take me with him.. and all the sudden, I'm stricken with a horrible doubt; what if Omar had not only talked metaphorically about obeying to him? What if he had meant literally that I had to lick his anus? The shivering of my body become suddenly unmanageable. I didn't think about everything that man could want to do to me. I run away from the building.

Excerpt from my diary of December 14, 2005

Here I am again in front of Omar's door.

For four days now, I've been agonising over the possible obligation for me to put my tongue in his anus for real. And all of a sudden, even that idea seems to be much less infamous. I even begin to integrate it in my canine erotic games. And as I write these lines, I realise I should be ashamed of what I've done in my room for more than a month. And the more ashamed I am, the more obsessive the prospect of getting back to that building becomes. Indeed I have school tomorrow, but this time, it is just too hard to have to wait for the weekend.

Suddenly, I hear someone climbing the stairs. I give a start.. and pretend I was going down the stairs.. vexed, I go back home and spend my evening putting my tongue in everything I can find that is hollow and tight.

It is time for me to put an end to that madness!





Excerpt from my diary of December 15, 2005

At last, I ring at Omar's door, and this time, even if I immediately regret it, I don't run away. On the contrary, I'm petrified with the idea it is now too late to get away and that I will have to confront that man very soon, without being able to express myself intelligibly any more! A nude girl opens the door and asks me to wait in the hall on my knees. I enter and do what she asks; and then I wait...

As nobody comes, I begin to make figures with my tongue to pass the time... I don't even know anymore if I fear or if I hope that Omar should make me do that. Suddenly, I see my reflection in the big mirror of the hall... how did I get reduced to that? I chase away these thoughts from my mind; I've been torturing myself for a month, and I got at last the courage to take action, so I will not chicken out now. Moreover, if I run away at this point, I will not be allowed to set foot in here ever again, and I don't think I can stand such a thing. I start my tongues movements again, trying to get used to that strange reflection in the mirror; and then, I do it more to look like these women in girlie magazines who seem to be in heat; and I do it even more, up to caricature, until suddenly a monstrous idea pops into my head: what if this was a two-way mirror? Maybe I'm giving a show to Omar right now? If this is right, no wonder he makes me wait for so long!

I immediately stop, and the quick arrival of Omar afterwards seems to confirm that I wasn't mistaken, and that he has watched me ridiculing myself all this time. If this is real, he probably thinks now that I'm OK to perform on him the most disgusting thing I can imagine! I feel my cheeks getting hot with shame, and the reflection I can see in the mirror is the image of a blushing damsel ready to accept anything; exactly the opposite of the image I want to give! I suddenly realise that the Omar who fascinated me so much these last weeks is a creation of my imagination; not at all the one who is here with me right now...

And obviously, there is no doubt about me in his mind whatsoever: I'm here to become his little bitch!

I straighten up bluntly, and Omar loses his smile. He comes closer and leans over me, then he unbuttons my shirt and my skirt with expertise, and brushes my body with his hands. Instantly, all my fears fade away, and I'm plunged again into fantasy; with the difference that it is even more exciting "in real". I am under the impression that I'm living the most important moment of my life; it is terrifying, but I'm ready to do my best.

He tells me that Patty has described me as the most overzealous "arse-licker" of the school, and he hopes I will be equal to this reputation of excellence. And then, he turns around, lifts up his djellabah and spreads his brown buttocks right under my nose...

Without the slightest hesitation, I apply my tongue on his puckered anus.



Of course, it is totally out of place! Not only am I doing to Omar something I would never have imagined I could ever do to a man, but I'm doing it as an introduction to our intimate relationship!

To think that not so long ago I was refusing being kissed on the mouth!

And yet, I feel progressively the passion growing in me. I feel liberated, freed from a huge weight; what could ever prevent me from doing this sooner? It is humiliating indeed, but the pleasure I get out of it is greatly worth the inconvenience. As for the taste, I've been torturing myself for a month thinking it might be disgusting, when it is nothing like that at all; it is special, but not unpleasant, and for me it will be from now on the taste of the man to whom I belong.

While I'm copiously licking his cleft of the buttocks, Omar keeps saying to me: "good little doggy, nice little doggy".

Then, he asks me to stick out my chest and to raise my buttocks high.

Patty arrives and looks at me smiling from ear to ear; and then she disappears behind me. I superbly ignore her, still asking myself what she wants with me, when I suddenly feel something spreading my butt cheeks and waving its way through my anus, an object that slides very quickly inside, like if it were covered with oil. It is a very strange sensation, and I can't really say whether it is pleasant or totally awful.

Of course, I know it is Patty who is doing this to me, but interrupting my licking of Omar to protest against that intrusion is beyond my abilities.





Suddenly, I get scared. The object is penetrating in me deeper and deeper, now causing me pain. I hear the sound of a key being turned into a lock, activating a mechanism that makes something grow in me somewhere behind my navel; and then, there is like a click.

Omar stands up and lowers his djellabah; then he walks away, leaving me alone with Patty. She puts a collar around my neck and fastens a leash to it, while informing me she has been put in charge of my person by Omar; and to begin, she doesn't find anything better to do than squashing my face between her buttocks.

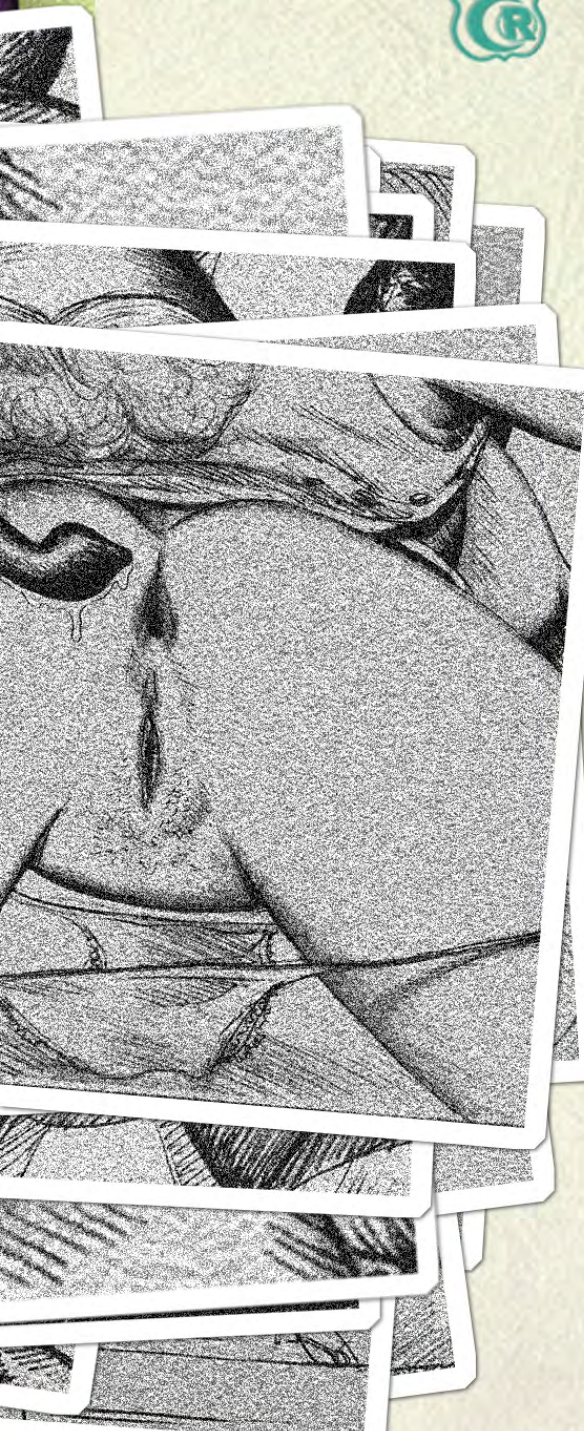
To think I have fantasised about Omar for two months just to find myself today used for the satisfaction of Patty's menial pleasures! It is definitely not for this I have come here. I try to get on my feet, but I realise it is completely impossible; the object that has been introduced very deeply into my rectum forbids me to stand up. I'm condemned to stay on all fours as long as I have this false dog tail locked in me!

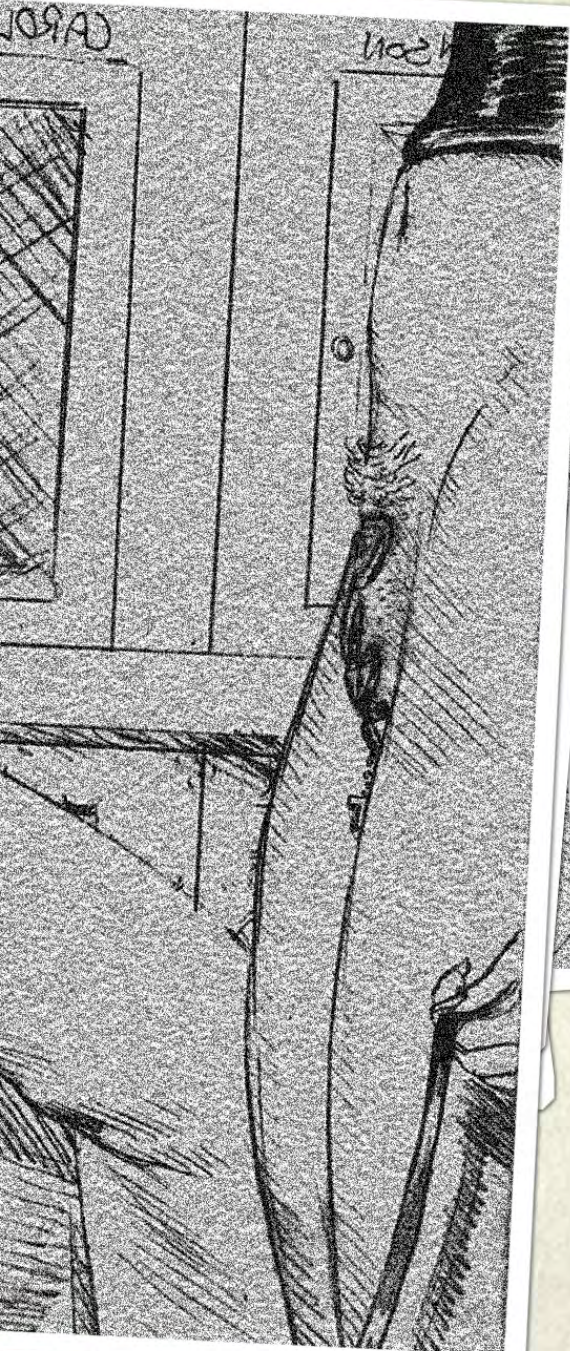
Patty sheaths on my legs a pair of leather boots which she ties behind my thighs, forcing me to use my knees as if they were dog paws. She also hugs tightly my hands in small leather mittens. In panic, I begin to scream, asking Omar to come to my help. Though when I see him coming with a bamboo stick in his hand, infuriated, I instantly regret my behaviour.

Omar stripes my buttocks with his stick while telling me to muzzle it. Between two sobs, I find the way to tell him that I changed my mind and want him to let me go, though it is with some more lashes of his stinging stick that he replies to me. This time, he tells me that I'm a bad little doggy and that if it's going to be like that, I will not be allowed to speak anymore; I will have to yelp if I want to express myself. He adds that I don't have anything to fear from Patty if I learn to behave like a good doggy, ready to spring up to do whatever an Arab master asks.

As he is waiting for my reaction, his stick raised and his brows knitted, I can only emit a shy little yapping of protest. He rubs my head again, and I feel coming back with a vengeance that fantasy that has obsessed me for the two last months. Trying to forget the incredible shame that overflows me, I begin to yelp gently, then with more and more pleasure as my sexual excitement is growing. Satisfied, Omar stands up and leaves the room again.

Patty begins then to rub my body, telling me that if I'm sweet with her, and that I accept her as my mistress, I will be allowed to become a nice little house bitch with the right to stroll around freely among the other slaves, but if she says to Omar that I am a dumb cur, I will have to live in a cage, and she will be very cruel with me, will pinch me, will do her needs in my bowl, and will always wait for the last minute to make me do my daily walk.





I stay mute. To yelp in front of Omar was already quite difficult, but to do it in front of Patty.. I have despised her so much at school, before she became my friend.. or at least, I thought she did. It is clear now that the objective of that treacherous girl has always been to have me ensnared by Omar... to make a little bitch out of me!

And still, that is what I want to be now, as even if it is outrageously degrading, it is also tremendously exciting; and what a relief! This is the end of two months of frustration spent imagining what the life of a little bitch in Omar's home could be, then trying to find inside me the courage of going to him, and I suddenly realise that I've done it; I'm in the place! I can always go if it's not as good as I thought it would be, but the hardest part is behind me. I will not spoil everything now for a bit of pride.

I look at Patty in the eyes and emit a faint yap of satisfaction. Delighted, Patty gently rubs my back. Then, she stands up and makes me crawl on all fours to the door that leads to the rest of the apartment, delicately pulling my leash.

We walk across a very long corridor, and Patty makes me enter a small room in which there is only a mattress and a few big metal rings fastened to the walls. She makes me lie down on the mattress and pulls me toward her with the leash; then she pushes my head between her thighs until my mouth is in contact with her vulva. Patty is a lesbian!

I would never have thought that about her, and I don't understand why Omar, for whom I accept to be a bitch, should force me into homosexual relations, but I have decided I will leave that place only if it should become too intolerable.. and it is not yet the case! Reluctantly, I thrust my tongue between Patty's labia; and while I am amusing her like this, she begins to gently speak with me; of herself, of her fantasies, of her relationship with Omar, of the young women she initiates for him.. I rediscover the Patty who was my friend for some time, the nice girl who has slowly brought me to my present situation, though who has done it for my own good. And I realise that it is true, that deep inside myself I have always wanted to experience something like this. Thinking of that, my tongue becomes more affectionate.

She tells me I am much luckier that she is, as I am the ultimate arse-licker from Whitestock Imperial High School, a quality that Omar especially appreciates. He has watched me in the two-way mirror, fascinated by the exercises I did with my tongue, and Patty is sure that I have a great future in the kennels if I join an intensive training of my oral organ, so that an exceptional physical expertise should match my faultless mental state.

I am so proud to hear that; so, I please to Omar.. it is not only a little game he plays to humiliate me. Patty is definitely a friend, and I was wrong about her again. She loves Omar too, and she could easily eliminate me from the race at this level if she wanted. Finally, licking her is not so disgusting; Indeed I would prefer to be in Omar's hands right now, but this will happen if I show sweetness.





I give Patty a few kisses on the beauty bud, to which she responds moaning with pleasure. She begins to give me advices to please to Omar, and I attentively listen to her, while taking great care of rewarding her with my tongue for these confidences. She tells me that if I do what it takes to become a nice little bitch, I will always have Omar's favours. Nobody hurts a nice little doggy obedient and affectionate; one pampers her, spoils her, caresses her... one can even become attached to her!

I realise that, in spite of appearances, it's a prime position Omar has given me, and I must take advantage of it. I'm already a nice girl, so I don't see why I couldn't become a nice bitch. Patty tells me she will help me metamorphose into that being of excellence, and for that I must accept to be trained by her in a very strict and severe way. The slightest thing that could make Omar think I am playing a role instead of seeing myself has a little bitch for real could have disastrous outcomes.

To show Patty that I'm ready to take up the challenge, I give her a series of tongue strokes by moving my head and making the muscles of my body tauten, just like little dogs do. This is when she starts climaxing, and I feel her fluids flooding my mouth.

To think that I was saving myself for some future husband, a man who would have respected my wish to never display myself nude in front of him, to make love only in the missionary position and in total darkness... How far I am from all this now! Thankfully! I am aware now of how stupid it was; I feel so much better now that I'm freed from these absurd fears. I tremble at the thought that I could have totally missed what I'm living here... that I might have lived a life without blooming. I would never have known pleasure, only because of my fear of men and my pride! For example, I would have found perverted and unhealthy that something should penetrate my anus, when it is finally not so terrible... it is even enjoyable! As for having to put my tongue in the anus of a man, for me it would have been simply unthinkable, disgusting, repulsive... actually, I realise I have spent two months hoping and praying for that to happen to me in my bedroom, simply because I was scared to death with this prospect, when ultimately, it shows to be totally harmless.

I keep thinking about what Patty told me about Omar's fascination when he was spying on me behind the mirror. The fact he finds me desirable, or gifted with a tongue talent, or both... whatever! What counts is that this man feels somehow attracted to me! And to leave nothing to chance, I will learn to be a perfect doggy, proud to be nude in front of him and expert in tongue play. I want him to be unable to live without me, in the same exact way I can't live without him. And as Omar fascinates on me being the worst arse-licker of Whitestock Imperial High School, well, then I assume! And I will lick his arse too, in a way he will never forget. I will be his obedient little bitch, the one who will never refuse anything... and if he continues to fascinate on me, well, I will go even further. And you Patty, you will quickly understand why Omar prefers women like me, so much I will push the limits of my obedience to a man. I have the intention of giving free rein to that servility I feel in me, that society has always presented to me as abject; I know now that here this is a natural quality that is judged at its true value, and I intend to devote myself to it without reserve!





Excerpt from my diary of December 16, 2005

There it is! Omar let me go to school this morning. Another of my stupid fears that fades away! I feel incredibly good, even if I would have preferred to stay at Omar's for perfecting my performing-dog feats of skill than to spend my day doing maths and physics. Yet, I appreciate a lot the absence of the dog tail I constantly have in the rectum when I'm in the kennels; it is mostly the shaft that goes with it I don't like, as it is so long that it prevents me to stand up!

At the end of the periods at school, I'm tempted to go back to Mother. I know I can still go back home, despite all the fuss she made on the phone yesterday evening, when I informed her I was going to live with Omar; it would make her happy, and I would do it if it were possible for me to come back at Omar's anytime I want; unfortunately, this is not how things work! Patty was quite clear about Omar wanting me all for himself, and that it is important that I should be back from school less than fifteen minutes after my last period; and anyway, Patty is in the same class as me, and I can only go home in her company.

I know now that it is for my own good she keeps me on such a tight leash. If I decided to run away, I would be back in less than two days, ready to crawl in public to return at Omar's!

Excerpt from my diary of December 18, 2005

This weekend has been entirely dedicated to my training as a little bitch. It is exhausting, and I would like so much that Omar could be here to see what I'm capable of doing to him with my tongue now that I got rid of my inhibitions. Unfortunately, I can see him only a few minutes every morning, when Patty brings me in front of his bed with the six other little bitches who share my room. We have to produce little high-pitched yelps until Omar should be sufficiently awake to rub our heads and throw several tender squirts of his saliva in our mouths. Omar is an important man whose time is precious, and to get the few minutes I need to show him my skills, I will have to prove first that I'm ready to excel myself for him.

It is a bit different tonight, as we have to assist to his meeting in the living room. While his two hundred twenty-three slaves kneeling at his feet listen to him religiously, packed like sardines, he makes us a strange speech about the porcine nature of the white race and the duty of the divine people, who he belongs to, to guide and protect the whites from the decadent madness that is eating away at them: the false belief they are above the animal!





I begin to find that quite exaggerated when suddenly Omar takes me as an example, describing me as a superb little dog who used to ignore her place in society, caught into an ideological straitjacket that was preventing her to live properly, and who has now found the path to happiness at the service of her Arab master. I don't know if he really believes what he says, but after all does it really matter? I shall be what he wants me to be anyway.

Then, Omar gives instructions for the week to the different groups of women. Patty is congratulated for her role in my initiation, and Omar reminds to all of us that what he appreciates the most in one of his slaves, is when she brings him back a nice little bitch like me, a virgin, well-educated, and swift to understand her place as a white in the new society. I should find what he says extremely humiliating, but on the contrary, the envious looks of the other slaves make me proud to match so much the ideal white woman of a man who arouses such covetousness.

Anyway, I have now a good way to impress him, as I know dozens of virgins like me in the Norsex high society. Mother has made me move in fashionable circles during all my childhood. My reputation of good girl is not damaged yet, and I can easily do with some of these young persons what Patty has done with me, and with even more success!

Excerpt from my diary of January 7, 2006

Yesterday, I brought to Omar two of my childhood friends who were dying to meet the wonderful man who made me so radiant and assertive. One of them wasn't a virgin and I envy her a lot, as I could hear her yelping of happiness all evening, while I was in the company of the other one doing exercises of abdominal pressure on the object we little bitches all have in the rectum; we must know how to wag the tail properly and uninterruptedly when a man is present, and it needs a lot of training.

It is unfair that my so precious virginity should be an obstacle to my relations with Omar like this; after all, I also have an anus, a mouth, a tongue which only purpose is to please him...

Actually, it seems that things are in motion. I just got the order to go to his bedroom alone later on.



Omar informs me that I'm now holding the position of favourite little bitch; as such, I will have the right to sleep down his bed, and all the delightful opportunities it implies; I will have the right to welcome him each time he gets back home, to bring him his slippers and his newspaper, and to follow him everywhere in the house.

To keep that prestigious position, I just need to supply him with a young woman a week, a young upper middle-class one every two weeks, or a young upper middle-class one who is a virgin every month. I already have won that place for a month and a half, and each one of my catches will extend it. I can even take years in advance if I show efficiency.

Naturally, it doesn't clear me of my duties, and I can always be subjected to a punishment bringing me back to my cage for a short period of time, which will be taken on the privileged time I've won. These duties of favourite little bitch include the constant emission of pleasant moans and yelps, a tongue that is always ready to honour the Master, a tail that wags all the time without showing too much the muscular effort needed for it, and eyes always glimmering with worship.





Excerpt from my diary of February 4, 2006

I am now in the position of favourite little bitch for weeks, which means that I escape to the hygienic walk. Patty brings the other bitches of Omar every day at set times in the building yard to make them perform their natural needs on the concrete ground, then cleans the whole thing with a hose under the amused eyes of the neighbours, thankfully all sympathisers of our cause.

It is very humiliating to be treated that way in front of someone who is not the Master, and I'm happy to avoid it, even if what I have to do myself is much more difficult; I must do my needs only when Omar asks me to, most of the time to entertain some guests, in two separate little bowls. I can move them as I want with my "paws" before aiming, but I'm not authorised to touch them anymore once I have begun. During the performance, Omar wants to see my rear paws tremble like a real bitch, and if it were difficult not to put some off target at first, I have now become an expert in the matter, leaving after me two impeccable little bowls on a perfectly clean floor. To such an extent that Patty has advised me to miss the target from time to time. Despite my terror at the idea I could be punished and forced to go back to my cage on my time as a favourite, I took the risk to follow her advice; and I was right, as Omar appreciated a lot that opportunity to whip my buttocks a bit and to rub my nose into my mess; this renews greatly his taste for me.

Yet today, Patty puts the leash on me and makes me go out of the apartment. I crawl on all fours down the stairs asking myself what I could have done to deserve being "walked" in the yard.

But there we go further down to the parking lot. Patty stops near a black minivan with opaque windows, and makes me climb inside. I'm greatly reassured; Omar probably wants to show me to some friends.

The minivan drives for half an hour and stops in Woehampton, right in front of my family manor. Omar is there waiting for us. He pulls me out of the minivan and makes me walk on all fours across the wet lawn that borders the main alley.

I find myself suddenly in panic; why is Omar bringing me here? I would never have pictured myself some day coming to the manor as a dog! I'm so terrified about Mother seeing me like this that for a moment I consider putting this adventure to an end right... though I don't dare throwing away everything I've done to become an elite bitch for Omar. Never mind! If Mother must see me like this, so be it! My life is with Omar anyway...





Cora, our servant with Shaziri origins, opens the door and lets the Master enter, while Patty compels me to follow him with her crop. I carefully move inside, as my wet knees and elbows are skidding on the tiled floor...

A huge surprise awaits me in the hall: Mother and my two sisters are sitting on the floor, waiting for Omar's arrival, their clothes undone to make their naked orifices prominent... probably to avoid offending his Phoenic convictions!

What I would learn a bit later, is that about two months ago, Mother had paid a kind of private detective to get me out of what she believed to be a sect. She went with him to see Omar who wasn't intimidated at all and has informed her that I was of age and was the one who had chosen to live with him. Mother then initiated a series of actions which quickly clashed with the economic power that Omar represents in Norsex and with his lobby of businessmen of the African North-East, whose influence is now spreading all over Europe.

Omar made then repeated attempts to appeal to her; by sending her huge bunches of these exotic red flowers with a yellow pistil that are so much in fashion in Europe; by coming to the manor to give news about my scholarship; by telling her I was courted by a young man of the good English society, something he was chaperoning very closely, as he was very concerned about my virginity.

In not even two months, Omar has come from a frosty reception to a polite welcome, then to some esteem in regard of the common interest I represent for them, and finally to a regular courting; and now, she is going to marry him, nothing less!

As Mother notices that I feel embarrassed to do the dog in front of her, she hastens to tell me that she's aware of my canine fantasy, and that she has absolutely no problem with it. She adds that I am right to make the most of my youth, and that her union with Omar will soon allow us to live together again. My sisters Gladys and Bridget have also accepted to get naked in front of their father-in-law to be, out of respect for his religious convictions. And while Mother speaks with me, I intercept the winks that those two vixens are sending to Omar!



The more I think about the consequences of such a marriage, the more I realise it could be an excellent thing for me. We are all going to live happy here, in this manor where I lived all my childhood; I love the idea that the Master could soon be officially my father-in-law!

I wonder what will be Mother's status in his harem? Anyway, I feel no more shame in behaving like a dog in front of the rest of my family, and I feel liberated.



As for Gladys and Bridget, I wonder what will be their status? The way they look at Omar, I can tell they are aching to make love to him... if it is not already done!



After a few minutes, Omar takes Mother with him and leaves the manor after he has ordered Cora to take care of me.

A few hours later, they are back, and Mother informs us that she has just donated the manor and transferred all her bank accounts and current assets on Omar's account; she adds that now, as the Shazilarian law is respected, nothing stands in the way of their marriage any more.



Omar nods and, as Cora prettifies Mother with a collar and slave bracelets, he adds that he will think about the date of the marriage one of these days, when he will be a little less busy. In the waiting, he insists on thanking Mother for her generous donations that warmed the cockles of his heart and comfort him with his faith in the Phoene; and to reward her... he gives her his anus to lick!



Mother is perfectly aware of the rules of the Phoene, so she doesn't take offence and begins to lap up between Omar's buttocks, something that is, in his country, a great honour granted to a white woman. I'm sure she knows now that she is totally at his mercy, but she trusts her own talents to bring Omar to keep his word about the marriage.

As for me, I am chosen for receiving the divine nectar, which is a huge privilege, even for a favourite little bitch; Omar can't dispense the sacred liquid more than four or five times a day, and there are more than two hundreds of us. When I drink him, it is like if the pleasure usually given by physical contact from the Master was radiating in one shot all my being from inside.

Naturally, it was difficult at first to get used to this very strong taste, but the effect is so wonderful that now I'm crazy about it!

It was exactly the same for me with alcohol... without the pleasure, though!



SH



I know it looks like if I were uninterested about the fate of Mother, but it is because I know this marriage will never happen, now that Omar has what he wanted. But what's the use of spoiling her pleasure by revealing to her something she can't do anything about anyway?

I would have done the same in her position, and I am quite satisfied it happened that way. Now that I know better Omar's religion, I'm aware that he is one of these pious Shazilarians who dedicate body and soul to this essential task within the Phoen: to save the white race from its own extinction by putting the largest number possible of its female representatives under the direct wardship of living gods. It would be an impossible task if he should have also to bother himself with satisfying fantasies of marriage and asking cheques constantly to each one of his slaves to take care of their own needs. Not to mention petty jealousies, conflicts, inequality it could cause in the harems. No, obviously Mother will get a much better life now that her former possessions are the property of Omar, just like her body is.

As anticipated, Omar announces his intention to live in the Woehampton manor, as the number of whites he possesses is increasing exponentially. I'm certain that this influx of whites females could very fast sweep me away from Omar's bedroom, and it achieves to convince me that I have to make my involvement complete.

Excerpt from my diary of February 5, 2006

I just asked to Omar, in my daily prayer down his bed, for the authorisation to put my school activities to an end and to become a little bitch for good. I know that my life is there.

Of course, the food is not excellent, far from it, and my "paws" always hurt, even with the rubber cushions I got under the knees and the elbows; there is also the impossibility to stand up because of the staff I've got in the rectum at all times, the ban on emitting anything else than little high-pitched yelps, except for the morning prayer, and the obligation of constantly wagging my tail when the Master is here, what is really a challenge for my internal muscles... but there is Omar, whose presence is so delightful, so reassuring... and the satisfaction of feeling completely freed from every heavy responsibility, every guilt... and nothing to do all day except doing the dog! I only regret I can't have sexual intercourse with Omar, but I know it is because he wants to protect my virginity for a special event.

Later, Omar answers to my prayer, an honour he consents very rarely to little bitches; he tells me he will take my request in consideration, but for me to get eligible for that privileged position, I must not have anything left to offer him as a beater in his hunts for debutantes from the nobility or the upper middle-class. For that reason, I need first to invite for him all the girls I know from the high society of Norssex for a big reception at school... next week, for example.





Excerpt from my diary of February 11, 2006

Omar brings us all in the biggest room of the manor and turns the television on. On the eight o'clock news, we are much surprised to discover that our high school has been burnt down, and that all Whitestock is in deep mourning for the fifteen hundred people who were in it during a big reception, mostly girls, daughters of respected members of the high society of Norsex. It seems that a presentation from a teacher involving unstable chemicals was the cause of the blaze. The high school building has completely collapsed, and it is impossible to make a detailed account of the victims among the pieces of charred corpses that are scattered over the place.

We look at Omar with astonishment, and he declares that many of us are now officially dead; like the Phoenix, they will rise from their ashes, but as Tambi citizens, and he already owns the documents that prove it and identify them as his property.

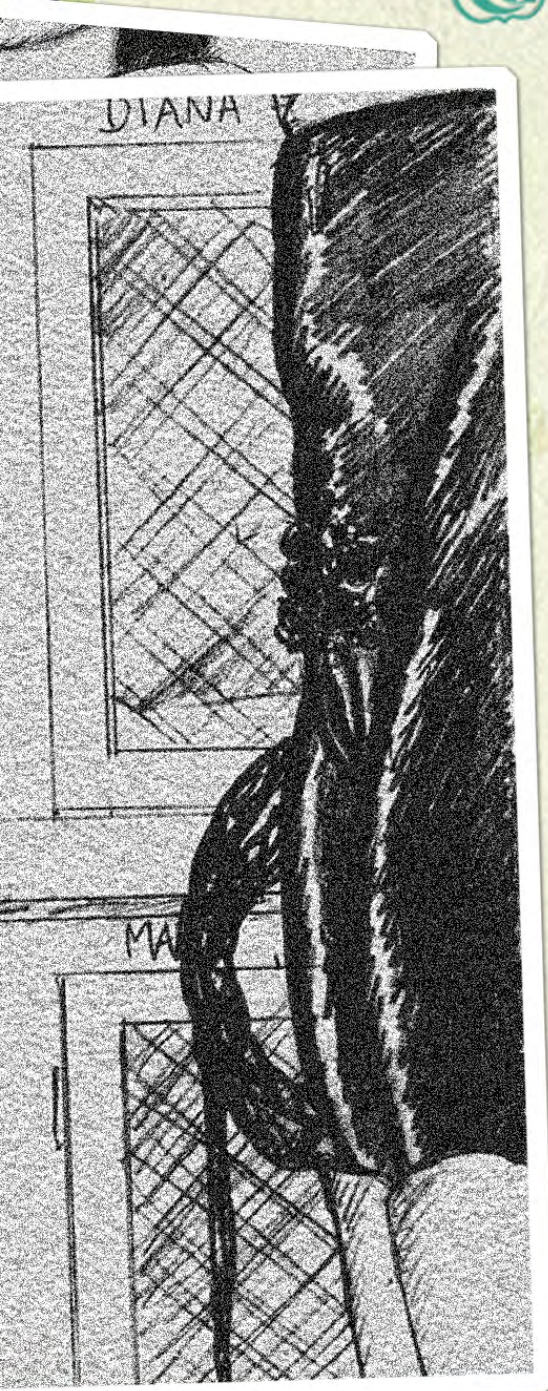
Then, he walks away and puts Cora in charge; she has decided to get back her Shaziri name "N'Gora" and to take her revenge on us for these years of domestic service. She allows us to go in line to see the list displayed on the wall; there, I discover my name among the victims of the school blaze; Omar has fulfilled my prayer! He allows me to be only a little bitch with no possibility for back-peddling. I'm so happy that I think I'm going to faint.

Once N'Gora has locked all the others in the proper rooms for the teams they belong to, she makes me climb to the Master's room, according to my status of favourite little bitch. As I go past the picture window of the first floor, I can see a coffle of nude women moving across the garden of the manor; hundreds of them! They are the others presumed victims of the blaze who come here to be trained as slaves! I notice among them several of my acquaintances in society that the Master asked me to invite at the reception. This time he went quite far!

Excerpt from my diary of February 12, 2006

I am brought to the cellar by N'Gora who tells me that we are going to the new kennels. I'm really surprised to see that it is our storeroom. The Master has probably sold a fortune the collection of French wines of my dear father so he could put instead rows of little cages with wire mesh on doors, like hutches... and in each of these cages there is one white slave. N'Gora puts me in one of the hutches meant for little bitches, but I can see from here my family's ones, about twenty yards away. Mother looks shattered; she just realised she had exchanged the family manor for a tight cage in her own cellar, and I hope she will also realise very quickly that she must now look constantly happy and overzealous if she wants to see the Master again one day.

I'm very anxious about my own presence in this place. Does it mean that the Master will not honour his commitments? I had three months in advance as a favourite; and I was led to believe that bringing all my acquaintances at the reception would earn me that position in permanence. I hope it was not a deception, like with Mother... though I have absolute trust in my Master. And after all, I belong completely to him now; if he doesn't want me around, it is because I deserve to be in the hutch with the others!





Excerpt from my diary of February 16, 2006

Four days has passed since I last saw the Master. I suppose he is having fun training the hundreds of slaves he has harvested after the school blaze. Maybe he is temporarily in a mood for training white females by force? In any case, I am confident that he will come back sooner or later to his loving little bitch, and then I'll offer him a heck of a party!

What I find most reassuring, is that Patty and N'Gora keep on giving me a privileged treatment. My life is easier than the other little bitches; I just have to emit doleful yaps, and the one of the two who's on duty walks me out in the garden to do my needs. It is far from being the case with others who spend their time whining without arousing a bit the pity of our two keepers!

I see also as a very good sign that I should be allowed to write down my diary. Patty brings me out of my hutch and frees my hands from time to time so that I could do it. As I am the only one with my sister Bridget to get that privilege, I fantasise a lot about the Master reading it and then, aroused, coming to the kennels to have his anus pampered by the tongue of his devoted little bitch. Naturally, chances are slim that something like that should happen; Patty is probably the only one who reads my personal diary... if that! I can't think of anything the Master could find interesting in the description of the little concerns of a little bitch.

In the waiting of that wonderful moment when I will find myself again in the presence of the Master, I smile in permanence when nobody is around and invite with my tongue Patty and N'Gora when they walk in front of my hutch. I'm sure that my behaviour will be reported to the Master and that he will realise how much his little bitch needs him.

Excerpt from my diary of February 18, 2006

The Master comes at last to visit the hutches. I immediately begin to undulate my tongue in a very suggestive way while showing eyes filled with admiration and letting out little moans of pleasure. Appealed, the Master orders Patty to bring me out of my hutch and to put my leash on. Then, he catches me and vigorously rub my stomach, before turning around, lifting up his robe, and sitting down on my quivering tongue.

I feel exactly the same ecstasy that overflowed me during my first intercourse with him; I know this is nothing natural, but it is that way I took up making love, and even if I get deflowered some day, it will always be with my tongue between the buttocks of a man that I will be able to express all my feelings. And as I give myself body and soul to that wonderful kiss to the Master, I am caught back by an orgasm and experience spasms of pleasure.

The Master then stands up and looks at my face trickling with my own saliva. I must be red as a beet and have a totally distraught face, but I'm sure he can see love in my eyes anyway. It is so rewarding... yes I assume! I'm proud to be an arse-licker! I even begin to suspect that I was not called that at school because I was venerating my teachers, but because everyone was feeling that it was through this practice that I would blossom one day.



Patty pulls on my leash to make me crawl to my bowl, filled to the brim with a delicious couscous—probably the remnants of the Master's dinner! Meanwhile, N'Gora brings Mother and Bridget in front of him. N'Gora is no more the maid I knew during all my childhood; she has become a terrifying woman, a kind of she-demon no white female around here would dare defy. She has whispered something in Mother's ear that made her become instantly eager and vivacious.



Bridget's head is rubbed by the Master who seems to have plans for her from the beginning. He offers his precious saliva to her, while Mother prepares her buttocks to make her anal mounting more pleasant.



I'm so jealous I almost choke on my couscous; she will be mounted through her anus again, when I, his favourite little bitch, never got the chance to experience it once! Vexed, I shut my eyes and make my tail wag a lot, imagining it is the Master's organ going back and forth inside me.





Excerpt from my diary of March 4, 2006

I didn't see the Master in two weeks. I'm so depressed that my permanent smile must look quite forced. I'm not alone in this though, as I read the same state of discouragement on the faces of the slaves in the opposite hutches. Naturally, it is even harder for me, as I was used to the constant presence of the Master.

Fortunately, Patty notices our distress and gets the wonderful idea to bring big posters depicting the Master and to put them everywhere in the cellar. The languorous moans are back, the faces get dreamy and hopeful again.

Patty tells us that the Master is very busy, but thinks a lot about us. A bit later, the devilish N'Gora comes and looks at the posters smiling; she tells us with a smirk that with about twenty rooms like this in the manor filled with white females hutches, it is quite plausible that we should get the luck to meet the Master again... in our lifetime!

Excerpt from my diary of March 25, 2006

We have a visit from the Master at last. The general agitation suddenly turns into an epidemic of spasmodic shivering when we realise that Patty is opening one by one the doors of the kennels. Soon, the thirty bitches are on all fours on the floor. The Master then walks among us and checks our virginity; he spreads our labia with the ease of a professional and inserts his fingers inside to control the integrity of the hymens; he lingers on the clitoris of the lucky ones whose response appealed to him and brings them to the orgasm in a few expert movements.

After this, N'Gora brings us all out of the cellar, and shows us into a huge metal container, and then puts us into isolated boxes that are even smaller than the hutches. I just have the time to catch a glimpse of a pack of whites coming from the other side of the yard. This time it is the end! We will be replaced by new little bitches, and I might never see the Master again.

The door of the container shuts down and I'm plunged in total darkness...

A few hours later, Patty comes back to open my box to allow me to write down the events of my day in my diary. There is still hope for me!





Excerpt from my diary of April 12, 2006

I'm in the darkness for two weeks now, and I get food from time to time through a little trap door on the lid of my box. I must catch with my mouth a plastic tube that allows me to suck a tasteless gruel. As for nature's needs, I have no other choice than doing them straight inside the box; thankfully, my head is in a special compartment, isolated from the rest of my body by a metal box with a ventilation from outside. From time to time, I feel the lower part of the box opening and a water jet cleaning my body.

Two weeks ago, three days after the wonderful visit of the Master and his generous distribution of orgasms, I had felt that our whole container was moved. Since, we have been transported in a truck for hours, then in a boat for eleven days, and again in a truck for three days; basing this on the fact I receive food once a day and the water jet every four days.

Loneliness was unbearable during these two weeks. From time to time, I could hear a little bitch shouting something in another box, but couldn't hear what she was trying to say, the metal and wooden walls of our boxes being too thick. Aside from this, it has been total silence.

Today, the lid opens at last, and I feel snatched up out of the box. As I'm trying to get used to the light, I'm pushed down on a tiled floor, and I'm hosed down. After a while, I begin to discern the man who is holding the hose, a sinister-looking Arab.

And then Patty comes; she scours my body, dries me, combs me, and does my makeup. My eyes are now accustomed to the light, and I can see I am in a back shop, probably inside a Maghrebin souk. When I'm ready, Patty makes me get out of the room.

I'm in a slave market! All around me, Arabs are haranguing passers-by peddling their ware of white flesh. Patty leads me through the crowd to a parking lot filled with trucks. It's a wonderful miracle, as I can see the Master! He is in the company of Mother and N'Gora! He looks at me and smiles. To say I thought I was never going to see him again!

Alas! It seems that this time it is the last one, as Patty makes me climb into a truck and informs me that I have been sold to a new master, Malik Zurradin. She presents me to him, then tells me that I must worship that man in exactly the same way I did with the Master. He is an ugly old Arab, and the prospect of having to touch him makes me sick. I'm in hell!



The man at his side, I have already met: he is Rasheed Rassuf, Patty's first master. He salutes his former slave with a stream of saliva.



Outside the truck, not far from the Master, N'Gora and Mother, I recognise also Rasheeda Burid, the famous ethnologist who had become head of state. She is examining Bridget like if she were a precious doll. The presence of that woman means that we are located in the Gawarzazar emirate, as I know it's from there that she leads the Tambi government in exile. It also means that we are here under the protection of the U.N.O. troops, not in that cursed coalition, and I find this greatly reassuring.



Malik Zurradin, the man to whom I have been sold, begins to rub my head, and I suddenly realise he has on me the same arousing power as the Master. It means I'm going to get used to him very quickly. I must force myself to see him as my Master right away! This is a unique opportunity for me to show him already what a sweet little bitch I am, full of affection and more than willing to love him.

He offers me a rancid lukum, and as he notices my furtive reaction of disgust, he takes a second one that he soaks in saliva and merrily thrusts into my mouth. I can't believe how much pleasure I'm feeling; it is even stronger than with the Master!

All things considered, I think I've got lucky!





Excerpt from my diary of April 13, 2006

The Living God has ordered me to keep on writing my diary in the most sincere way I can, but I don't like anymore these little moments preventing me to plunge completely into my life as a little bitch. Besides that, I saw Patty giving him my personal diary yesterday, and I remember having written in it that he was old and ugly! I might have been groggy after these two weeks spent in total darkness, unable to see the beauty of divine beings any more!

I realise now that the Living God emanates this Arabic power that makes little bitches of the white race like myself drool through all their orifices. I feel deeply the light of Allah that some exceptional living gods chose to reflect often on the white females they own. I can't wait to gorge myself with his divine nectar I can already imagine flowing into my throat, warm, sparkling, delicious..

But for now, I'm back to the writing of my personal diary where I have left it, actually when I meet the Living God for the first time.

At this moment, I know I will never see the Master again; no more than Patty and Bridget who are taken away by Rasheed Rassuf to serve as spies. On the bright side, Mother and Gladys have been also bought by the Living God, and I'm happy about it. They both climb into our truck, which starts and drives us across Gawarzazar. The Living God sits down at my side and tells us his story. And then, I am stunned to discover that he is the son of the Arab servants of my grandmother Lady Agatha. Mother seems to be distraught about that discovery, and she is now staring with worry at the man she most likely knew in her childhood, though she has not even recognised today. What a blunder!

My grandfather, Lord Alexander Woehampton, was the governor of the British Gawarland for ten years, and the Zurradin family was at their service. The young Malik was Mother's favourite playmate, until the day came when she complained that the young man, a few years older than her, had taken his trousers off and showed his "wee-wee" to her. My grandmother Lady Agatha immediately sacked the whole family, then blacklisted them in all the British colonies of the region. So, the poor Malik lived his youth in misery with his relatives who never ceased to blame him for their downfall.

The man who has now become my Living God adds with a snigger he has nothing against Mother, as it was true he had exposed his wee-wee to her. But he feels a deep rooted hate for the late Lady Agatha; and I am her spitting image!

When the Master learned that Mother was born in Gawarzazar and had lived there for years before it should become an independent emirate, he thought there would be someone there who would have something to complain about her. The Living God read his ad in the confidential magazine for a professional audience "the White Products Trader" and had contacted him, ready to buy the whole Brooke of Woehampton family at his price. He had become one of the biggest battery-rearer of white females and spared no expense to get them. I know it is appalling, but I can't help feeling proud with the idea I am very expensive!





I slept my first night in the house of the Living God who is in fact the former palace of the governor, where Mother spent her childhood; the Living God has built the hutches for his white female rearing business all around it. At dawn, I'm brought to the palace gates, where the Living God has put a dog house in which I will have to live night and day, with the order to yelp when someone gets too close to the gate. On the dog house, one can read: "Emily, little bitch of the Woehampton breed, granddaughter of the former British governor of the emirates."

I'm left alone at a distance of more than two hundred yards of the house, and even if I'm protected by the gates, I'm quite concerned about being exposed that way to everybody's sight, without the Living God anywhere around.

The passers-by take a pause in the street to look at me; some are laughing at me; others spit on me; some kids are constantly pulling on the gates, fascinated by the way my tautening pubic muscles cause my labia to jerk when I yelp. Nobody never comes, but nevertheless I'll keep on yelping with every single muscle of my body; I'm not going to stop doing something that I'm very proud of, that is very much appreciated by my Arab masters, and that is the result of hours of conditioning and hard training before succeeding in doing it to perfection!

At sunset, the cabriolet of the Living God stops in front of the gates. It is harnessed with white women; and Mother and Gladys are part of their team. The Living God gets down the vehicle and comes near me, which makes me jump with joy. After I have heartily licked his anus, I turn around and offer him my orifices, stamping my feet with impatience to signal him I must do my needs. It's such an urge that the muscle tautening I need for waging my tail is very hard to take.

And this is when, o Miracle! I feel the big lips of my sex being unlaced and spread by the fingers of the Living God; then, something warm slides between them. And suddenly, the warm object, which is actually the penis of the Living God, brutally penetrates me and pierces my hymen. I'm no more a virgin!

He orders me to keep on waging my tail, as it pleasantly rubs his stomach; it needs quite an effort, but I obey. People start to gather in front of the gate, but it doesn't stop the Living God who on the contrary looks delighted by my public humiliation. I think this is the main reason why he has left me my glasses at this point, and not only because it perfects the resemblance with my grandmother; without them, I could never discern the gods who are old enough to have known Lady Agatha during colonial time and see by myself how much they enjoy the spectacle I'm giving right now.



I also feel on me the gaze of Mother. She stays still, harnessed with Gladys and two other white females. Yet, I could notice a furtive concern in her eye. Is she worried for me because I'm her daughter, or for herself because I'm a little bitch and she is only a filly? She always has preferred Gladys to me; she was using her to stay in the groove when we were living in the Master's hutches. Perhaps now she sees me as the one she has got to get rid of, the one who lures the Living God out of her grasp to canine pleasures?

Apart from this, she seems to accept quite well her new filly condition. Her haughty deportment, her deeply rooted nobleness, and her sophisticated manners amazingly befit this use, all about having a pleasant appearance.



Personally, I prefer having tender relationships with the Living God and getting sometimes lucky enough to be allowed to share his intimacy, than to be subjected to even rarer collective mounts. Also, there is always tenderness between a little bitch and her master. I give myself entirely to the Living God, without hiding my emotions, ready to jump under a car to catch a ball he has thrown; he knows it and loves me for what I am, not because the grace of my buttocks movements during the trot have given him a mounting urge, like with these brainless creatures!



When he has come in me, the Living God orders me to turn around and to take the position usually used to tenderly rub the belly of little bitches. And there, I'm suddenly splashed by his jet of golden nectar, while he says with a loud voice, to be heard by the whole crowd gathered at the gate, that this is what Lady Agatha should have got from the start, and that we are lucky to live in a time when such things are taught in primary school.

I know that the Living God wants to show to his fellow Gawar citizens that the Woehampton know their place now, and I have to illustrate his words. I begin to push plaintive little moans to ask for more, under the applause of the audience.

I hear then a Gawar photographer asking if he can take a picture of me to add it to the lounge dedicated to the Woehampton family at the National Museum of Gawarazar. The Living God is delighted, and he asks me to smile to the photographer who gets flat on his stomach to perfect that memorable picture.

I can never thank too much Lady Agatha for having left in this country such vivid memories, as it is thanks to that if I am today so spoiled by the gods.





Excerpt from my diary of April 15, 2006

There, God Almighty informs me that my diary is over, and that I have now to endeavour to think as I express myself, by yelping. God Almighty has been very clear: if I pronounce one single word after this, he will get rid of me forever, and I know that if I continue to think in words, I will betray myself one day or the other. That is why I definitely intend to correct myself inwardly in no time. Anyway, my life will now amount to a simple happiness in the presence of God Almighty, to an appalling sorrow in his absence, and to the expression of basic physical needs of all kinds.

I will now live carried along by the desires and the needs of God Almighty, as my life is entirely dedicated to him. I will try hard to become aga, the little bitch he wants me to be, the fierce keeper of the gates of his rearing farm, proud to belong to him and to show to everyone that I worship him without limits.

Emily Brooke of Woehampton
Rebaptized "aga"



*To Omar al Haffiz,
underground governor of Great Britain*

*Congratulations, very impressive.
It seems that the trend for these inexperienced "good girls"
should be to see the Naffi Effect they feel as part of their normal
sexual and sentimental evolution. We need high numbers of white
females of that sort if we want to create an economic miracle in
our country when the war will be over. They are so obedient that
we don't even need she-devils to manage them.
And above all, send me a few of them.*

*Sincerely yours,
Rasheeda Burid*

To the "Fennec" Foreign Operations Supervisor

I was able to examine closely your new operative-to-be, Bridget Brooke of Woehampton, and I congratulate you for your choice to use her as the trigger for the key sentence that will give the signal of death for al Ouazha.

She is the only one from her family who has the required age to become an intimate pet in his harem, and you know how much people from the emirates appreciate the Woehamptons like the Shazilarians and I have absolutely no doubt that this old goat will crave to own one of them, even if he is getting more and more paranoid about people around him.

The "Lioness", Leader of Free Tambi



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of the
Slaves



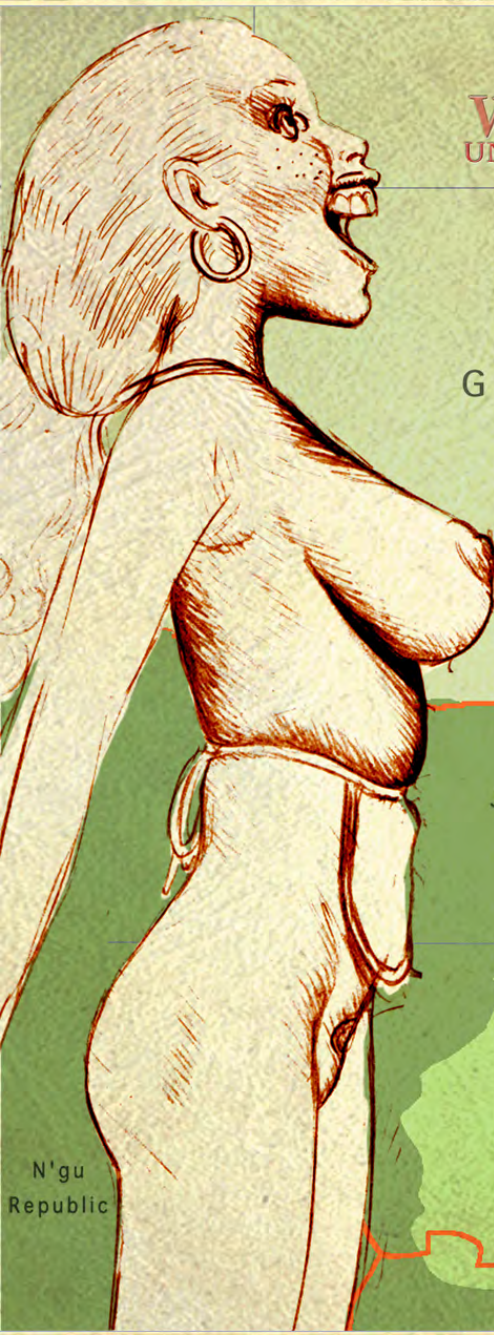
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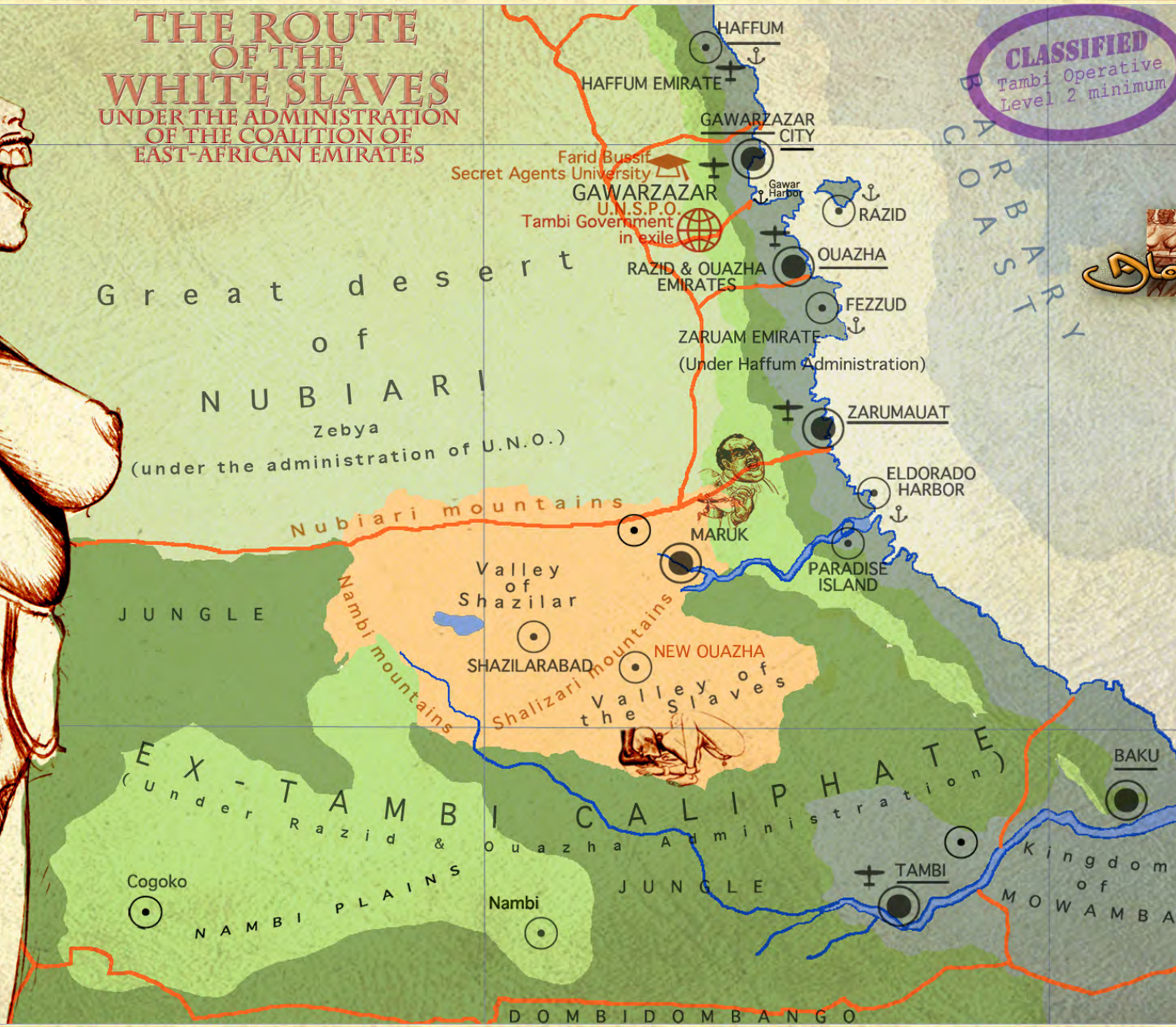


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