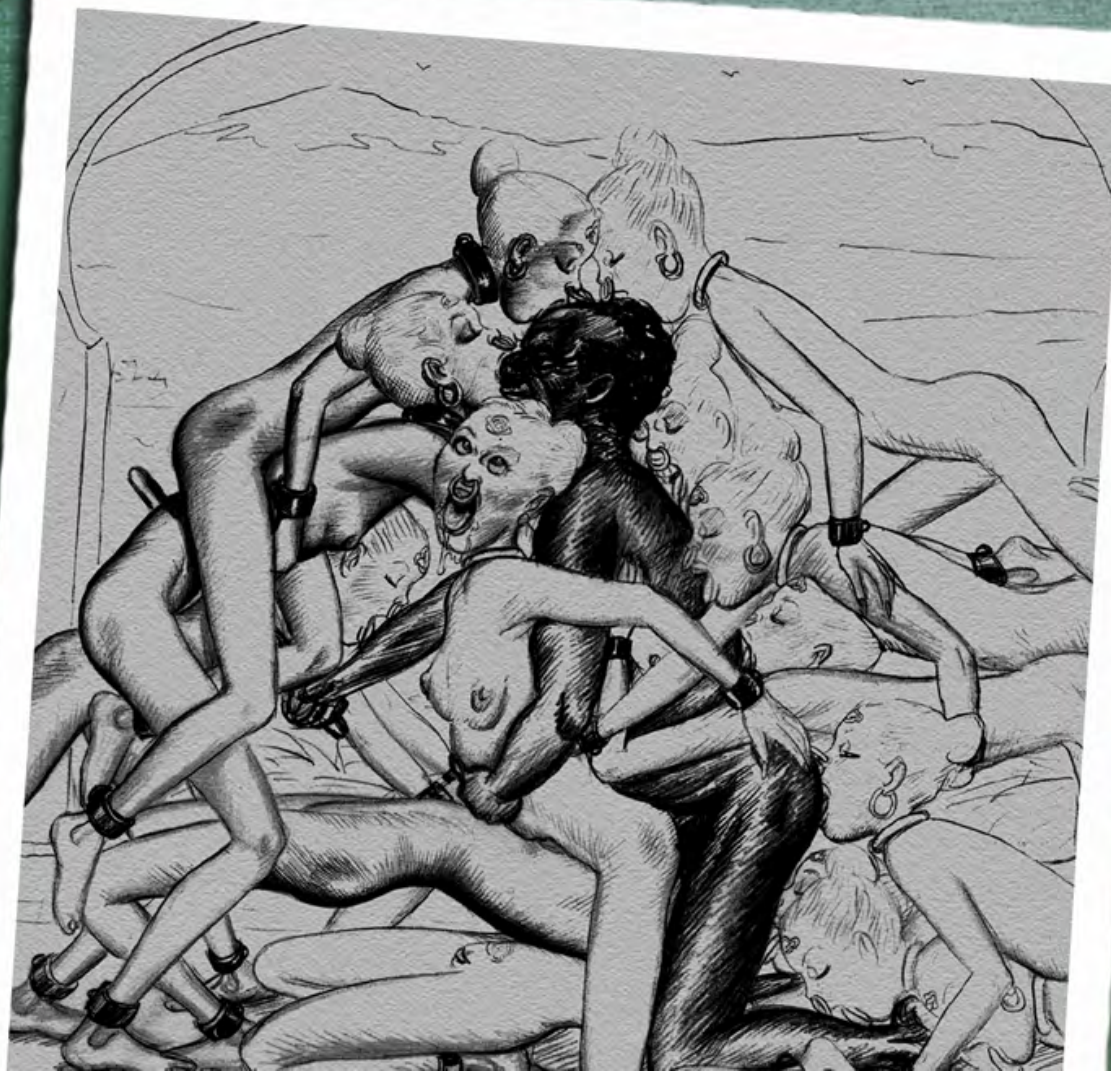


LORD

OF THE SLAVES

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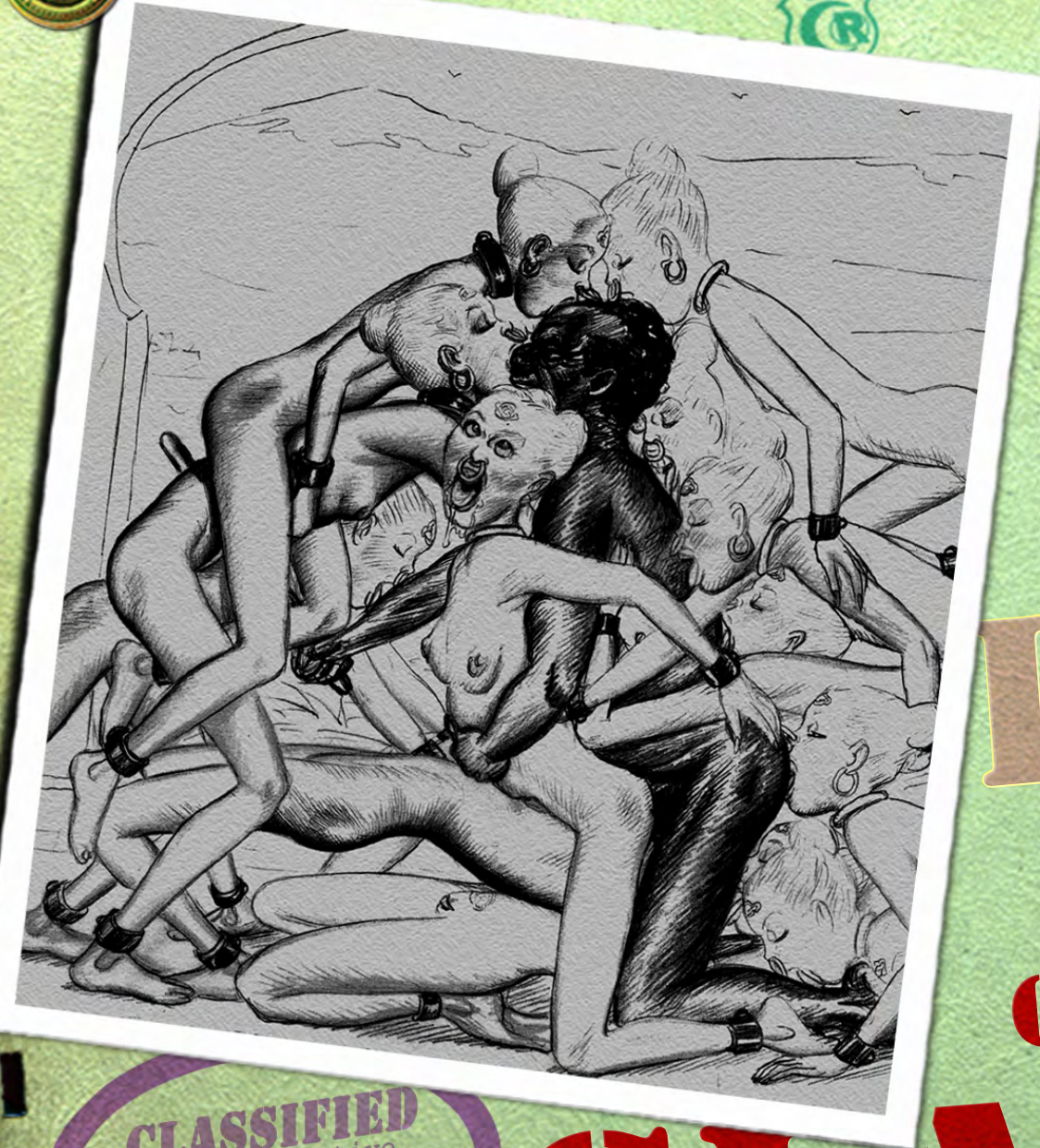


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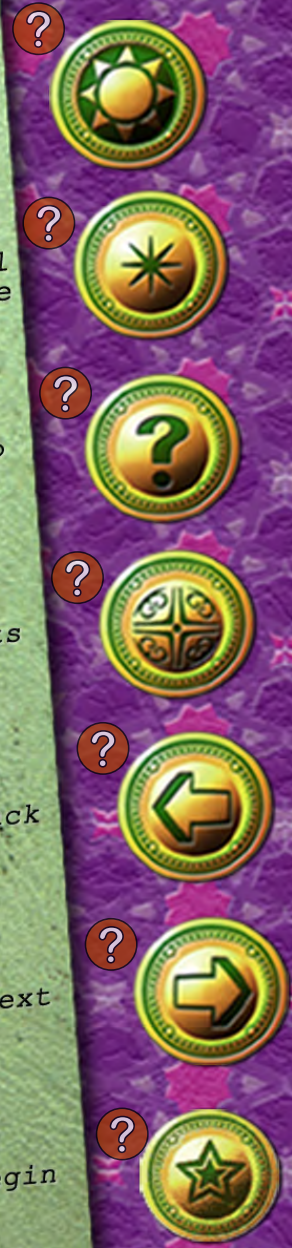
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LORD

OF THE

SLAVES

CLASSIFIED
Tambi Operative
Level 5 minimum
This document is for
your eyes only





Author:
Bridget Brooke of Woehampton

Collected by
"The Scorpio", white slave and Free Tambi operative.

For the eyes of
"The Lioness", Leader of Free Tambi.

Extracts from the report from Bridget Brooke of Woehampton
to Rasheeda Burid, the "Lioness"

My name is Bridget and I became a spy to free our dear Tambi caliphate from the infamous invasion initiated by the Coalition of Emirates of East Africa.

As I must also describe my psychological state in this report, I find it necessary to briefly summarise the events which brought me to dedicate my life to our sacred cause.

It all began when I made the acquaintance of Lord Omar al Haffiz, a businessman famous in all Norsex, and the underground Governor of Great Britain for the Caliphate. I was coming back from school and Mother presented him to me as the man she was going to marry. I remember that I have found the very idea of Mother getting remarried shocking at first, and I ran up in rage to my bedroom, but Gladys came to me and convinced me that this event was a good thing for everyone. Realising how rude I had been, I went down to apologise to Lord Omar, and I was immediately stricken by his astonishing charisma.

I learned later by chance that he was the famous Arab who had "abducted" my sister Emily, and I called Mother to account. How could she marry someone who had done that to her daughter? After I made a drama out of it, I ran to my bedroom in tears.

The next morning, while Mother and Gladys were gone to take care of some business in town, Lord Omar came to see me in my bedroom. I asked him to leave, but not fast enough; when I was speaking the last words of my injunction, he had already taken me in his arms. He stepped back, but I followed his movement, stunned by the fact it was me who didn't want to let him go; my arms seemed to refuse to obey! I stammered a few meaningless words, to which Lord Omar responded by kissing me smack on the lips.





One minute later, I was on my bed on all fours, and Lord Omar was spreading a kind of perfumed oil between my buttocks. Then, he deflowered my anus and mounted me like a wild horse. I think this is the moment when I fell down in love with him. He didn't penetrate my genitals, and that is actually the paradox of my present situation: I have been trained to the most efficient sexual techniques, exercised daily to get powerful vaginal muscles, and despite that, my hymen is still intact. Thankfully, as without my virginity, my mission could not even be launched.

Naturally, I felt awkward in that role of secret lover of my father-in-law to be, though it was so good with Lord Omar that my scruples were disappearing as soon as he was appearing. At this moment, I wasn't yet aware that my sister Gladys was getting a similar treatment!

Life went on in the manor in expectation of Mother's imminent marriage, with sometimes in my bedroom by night the wonderful gift of a surprise visit from Lord Omar. This total hypocrisy lasted for a few weeks, until the day Mother announced us that time had come to show our respect for the culture of her future husband by adopting Shazilarian traditions at home. It mostly meant that we had to keep our intimacies exposed in the presence of Lord Omar. Mother had to repeat us that twice, to Gladys and me, so much it seemed incredible, but none of us discussed her decision.

During the following weeks, we lived according to Shazilarian tradition, exhibiting ourselves in front of Lord Omar, who was making it a point of honour to examine us carefully every single time. After each session of the kind, he was forming a sentence; if it contained the word "wet", it meant he would meet me later in my bedroom; if not, it meant he was staying in his bed with Mother. I learned later he was going to see my sister when he was saying "dry"!

This routine took hold in the manor on a long-term basis, until the day when Lord Omar arrived at home in the company of my sister Emily he was pulling with a leash like a dog. Actually, I think she had really become a dog, as she was emitting plaintive little yaps and was moving only on all fours. This is also the day when Mother offered the manor and all our fortune to Lord Omar as a present, so that there could be no obstacle to the marriage. According to Shazilarian tradition, a marriage can happen only if the man owns the woman's possessions in advance.. well, if I correctly understood.





It seems that Lord Omar changed his mind later, as after the transaction, the marriage was never again on the agenda. We have been brought to the cellar where we have been locked into rabbit hutches for two months, a period of time when we could only meet Lord Omar once; and this is when he mounted me for the last time! Then, we had to stay for two weeks into wooden boxes, in total darkness, before finding ourselves at the slave market of Gawarzazar city. This is where I was separated from the rest of my family, Mother, Gladys and Emily being sold to a very ugly little man.

I was then taken up by yourself, Goddess Rasheeda, and I'm very proud of it. I loved reading your book about the Valley of Shazilar, and I always admired you for being the one to bring to us that unique culture. Of course, my admiration has turned into total worship the day I learned you were a living goddess for good. I'm extremely proud I was able to be an entertainment for you during a few weeks, when hundreds of white pets, male and female, die of love for you in your harem.

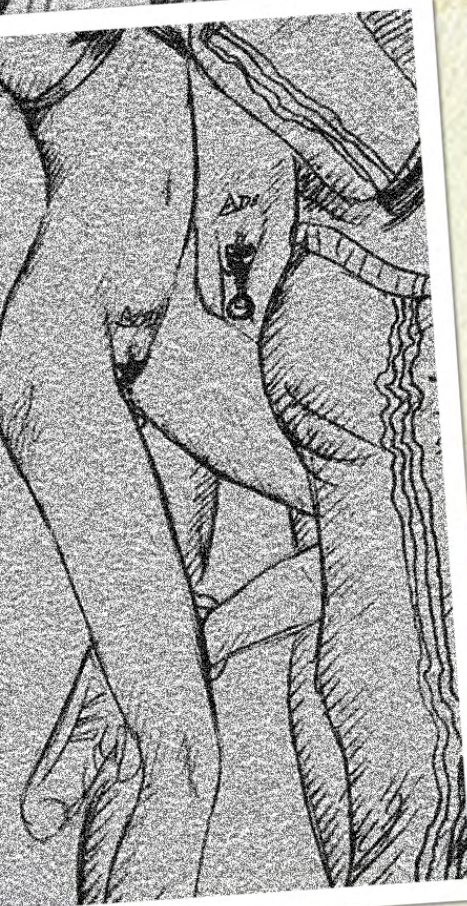
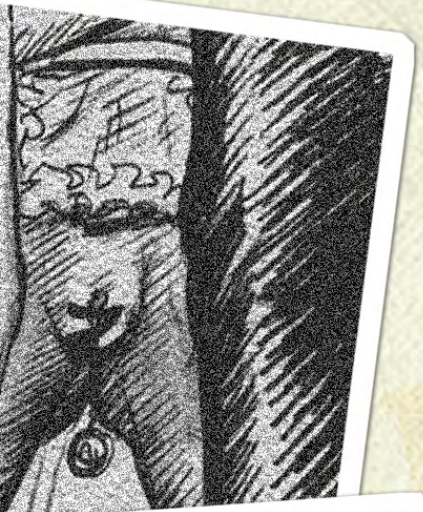
After this, I was sent to the university for spies held by Lord Farid Bussif where I was subjected to a very hard training. I spent months of pain and exhaustion, but this is where I learned everything I know. The punishments were very painful, but the rewards were wonderful, and this is where I got my Phoenic Revelation, within the divine hands of Lord Farid.

And now, I'm more than ready for my assignment.

I've just been briefed about it: I must go to the Valley of Shazilar with Lord Rasheed Rassuf, who is known as the best rearer of white females in all the region. As he wasn't born a Shazilarian himself, he has escaped to the purges initiated by the Coalition, and his breeding farm is an exceptional cover that allows him to infiltrate his spies as personal gifts to the dignitaries from the emirates of East-Africa. Naturally, he has also built a network of influential friends, as his sumptuous payolas in young blondes are very much appreciated.

This is how I'm going to be infiltrated into the holy of holies, the harem of Gassul al Ouazha, inside a pack of twelve young blondes that Lord Rasheed is offering to the leader of the Coalition. Once on the spot, my mission consists in staying the longest time possible in a high position at Lord Gassul's harem. There, I must wait for the coming of the "she-camel", the code name of a classmate of my sister Emily, Patricia Winter, who has been sent in the field the day I arrived at the university. She must mention my code name, "the goose", and inform me of the precise moment when I would have to speak a certain sentence I just memorised. Once my mission accomplished, I must maintain my cover and wait for new instructions.





Until that event should occur, I must manage, like the eleven others, to give my reports to a farm slave whose name is "the scorpio". Lord Rasheed often comes to the fields of the emir under the pretext of buying a few litters of whites for his rearing farm; that way, he will manage to gather all my reports and will send them to you. You will know everything that befalls in the palace.

As you ordered me, I will write my reports as a personal diary, in which I will record everything that is happening to me, as well as my most secret thoughts, even if they should show disrespect to the gods.

Yesterday, my body hair has been removed completely, then my vulva has been sewn, and today, I'm ready to carry out my assignment. A Black giantess makes me climb at the rear of a truck with twelve other novice spies. We are all disguised as caricatures of schoolgirls, wearing pleated skirts so short they can't hide anything from our intimate parts; our nose-bone has been pierced to insert a ring in it, and a brass collar has been welded around our neck; we wear sneakers, white ankle socks, and a backpack filled with our personal effects, mostly bottles of Shazilarian fig oil with various scents and artefacts to control our orifices, plugs, rings, muzzles, etc..

After a few hours of uncomfortable driving on bumpy roads, the truck stops, and an old Arab climbs at the rear. Our Black keeper takes a careful look at our collars and stops in front of Jade Williamson, one of my schoolmates. She lifts her off the floor like if she was an object and presents her to the old Arab; the man checks up on the integrity of her vulvar sewing, then grabs her nude body and carries it out of the truck.

It seems that Jade has been chosen as a bribe for this middleman of the white female traffic. Poor Jade! She never had sexual intercourse with a man, and she is going to discover it with that wrinkled old peasant!





That said, maybe it will be the same enchantment for her as it has been for me with Omar when he deflowered my anus? I thought he was old and ugly, and yet the first night I spent with him will stay forever imprinted on my memory as the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me.

The truck takes the road again, and we drive for several hours, this time on smooth asphalt roads. We are certainly entering a very secured area, as the vehicle often stops to be controlled by soldiers. I would recognise their uniforms anywhere: they are guards of the Shazilarian Watch, with their Crusader tunic and their slender helmet.

When we reach our destination, Lord Rasheed makes us climb down the truck and brings us inside a magnificent palace worthy of the Arabian Nights. We cross many corridors and soon enter into the personal apartments of Gassul al Ouazha, the leader of the Coalition.

Lord Gassul is naked. Around him, his favourite pets bustle about taking good care of their master's body, with an obvious fascination for its folds and wrinkles.

Lord Rasheed presents us one by one to this old man who leads the region with an iron hand. Lord Gassul makes me a sign, and I get closer to him while the others stamp their feet with jealousy and excitement behind the Master.



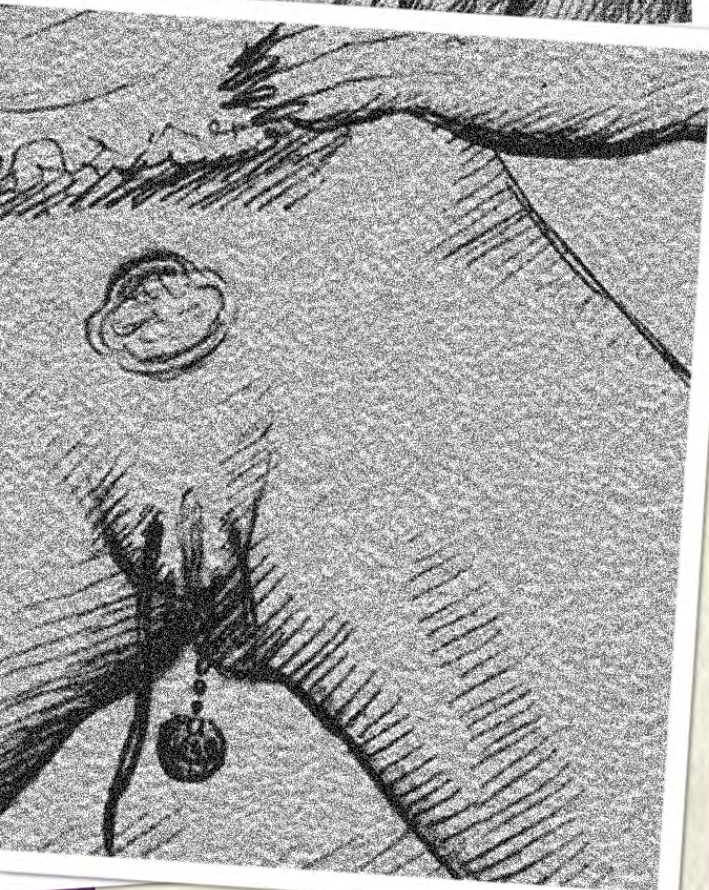
Like I was taught during my "Gassul lessons", I react to his proximity as if I got love at first sight, before he should even touch me. I rehearsed this scene hundreds of times at Lord Farid's university... and it pays out!

Lord Gassul takes a gwalad, those little pastries made with Shazilarian fig and blonde milk we white women are supposed to be crazy about.

It is the first time I'll be eating this, though I know it is a huge honour to be offered one so soon after being presented to an Arab, especially for a first meeting!

I must take the delicacy directly into the mouth of Lord Gassul, and then, do everything to turn the whole process into a long kiss.





I'm not the only one who has taken this "Gassul course" at the university; I am just lucky enough to be auditioned first.

Now, I must pretend that I'm shy, and that his eyes are dazzling me. And that too I do to perfection; better actually than during the lessons, probably because of the motivating presence of the subject of my studies in person. Yet, I'm not certain that my performance has been appreciated at its value, as instead of being brought into the higher Harem with the favourites, I'm sent to the lower Harem, a gigantic room with walls entirely covered with wooden hutches. I'm locked into one of them.

My mission has failed!

I spend three days in my tiny hutch, then I'm sent to the intermediate Harem. Is this a kind of initiation to make me appreciate even more an eventual position of favourite? It is possible, but I daren't believe it.

At day, I do house chores with my hundred colleagues; at night, I'm back into my rattan hutch in the intermediate Harem.

I've been branded on the forehead and the belly with the crest of Gassul al Ouazha, like all slaves around. My schoolgirl outfit has been removed and replaced with a soubrette wear, made up of a headdress, a short apron and a bell attached to one of my labia.

I don't speak to anyone, and I keep a low profile. I've seen so many get the whip, and then be downgraded to the lower Harem, just because they had put on a knowing air at the wrong moment.





My disgrace is over, and I must thank Lord Rasheed for that, as he is the one who has summoned me in the presence of Lord Gassul. Anyway, my fears of having shown more clumsiness than my eleven other colleagues was stupid, as I just learned that I'm the one amongst the twelve who haä got the best result. It seems that Lord Gassul was not in a very good mood the day we were offered to him, and that after my good performance, he was a bit disappointed by the others and had conceived a disinterest for the complete pack.

Lord Rasheed has come to my rescue, pretexting a delivery mistake. He pretends that I was actually intended for Malik Maruk, the old man to whom he had given Jade Williamson, as I was completing a very well assorted pack of females with a particularly velvet-smooth vagina that this famous trainer collects. Lord Rasheed must bring me back to my rightful owner who is waiting impatiently for the defloration of that exceptional item. He offers to replace me with two other high-quality young white females.

Naturally, the interest of Lord Gassul for my person is revived, and he refuses the offer, assuring Lord Rasheed that he will settle that business himself with his most excellent friend Malik Maruk. And so as to be forgiven for the inconvenience, he offers Lord Rasheed a night with his pack of favourites, famous in the whole region for their exceptional enthusiasm and their contortionist skills.

Lord Rasheed pretends to be disappointed, but he seizes the opportunity given by Lord Gassul to drop the case without arousing suspicion. In doing this, he opens for me a path to the higher Harem; and maybe even to the much exclusive club of the favourites!



While Lord Rasheed makes the acquaintance of one of the exceptional contortionists intended for peppering his evening, Lord Gassul makes me come to him and offers me a gwalad, just like he did when we first met.

I take my best adoring air and collect the delicacy on my tongue; then I present it to Lord Gassul so that he could soak it with saliva, and that I could savour it as expected from a Shazilarian white female.

Incidentally, I notice the presence of Daphne Breaster, a spy I saw several times at the beginning of my university training. I don't know how she managed to get the supreme position with Lord Gassul and keep it up for months... she must have one heck of a licking talent!

I don't know why it is so vital that I should infiltrate the club of favourites when there is already another operative in place, but I'm sure there is a good reason for it.



However, this time, my success is total: Lord Gassul picks me up for the night as his unique partner. He unlaces my labia and makes me kneel in front of him.

I'm extremely nervous, as if I know how to welcome an Arab master in my mouth or my anus to perfection, I have in the domain of the vagina only theoretical knowledge and a few hundred hours spent training my internal muscles; and in spite of this, I have to be very good to fit the label of "velvety vagina" Lord Rasheed has given me to make me look interesting. I must concentrate on the theoretical knowledge I received at the university and try to make my penetration as smooth as possible.

Fortunately, Lord Gassul rubs my head, which makes immediately disappear all my tension. Then, he jumps on me and makes me forget forever all my preconceived ideas about old men!

After a stormy evening, Lord Gassul seems to be greatly satisfied with me and my inner velvet. He informs me that I'm going to be part of the team of his pets for body care. At last I'm in the inside!

When he is asleep, I write my report on a silk ribbon. I will give it to Lord Rasheed tomorrow before he leaves.

Bridget Brooke of
Woehampton





Author:

Bridget Brooke of Woehampton

Collected by

“The Scorpio”, white slave and Free Tambi operative.

For the eyes of

“The Lioness”, Leader of Free Tambi.



It is not easy to stay in the club of favourites of Lord Gassul al Ouazha; it needs constant attention and the use of everything I learned during my training. Lord Gassul isn't a native of Shazilar, and it is only a few years since he indulges in white slavery; he spends all his time experimenting, changing the rules of the Harem. I have to adapt to his whims on a day-to-day basis; yesterday, he ordered that we should all have our hair done with two little buns, making us look like little mice; today, he wants us to move in the palace only by crawling on the floor.. this is very destabilising for us, whose obsession is to please him beyond any limit, but for now, I survived.

This morning, Lord Gassul receives a phone call from Lord Rasheed who is informing him that there is a spy in his palace, a farm slave named “the scorpio”.

I'm worried, as this woman is supposed to be my mailbox. Why the blazes Lord Rasheed should denounce one of his own spies to the enemy? I try to put my mind at ease by saying to myself it is all part of a plan that is way above my head..

However, things are in motion, and I will probably have to carry out my mission soon. Everything can happen, and I must be extremely vigilant.

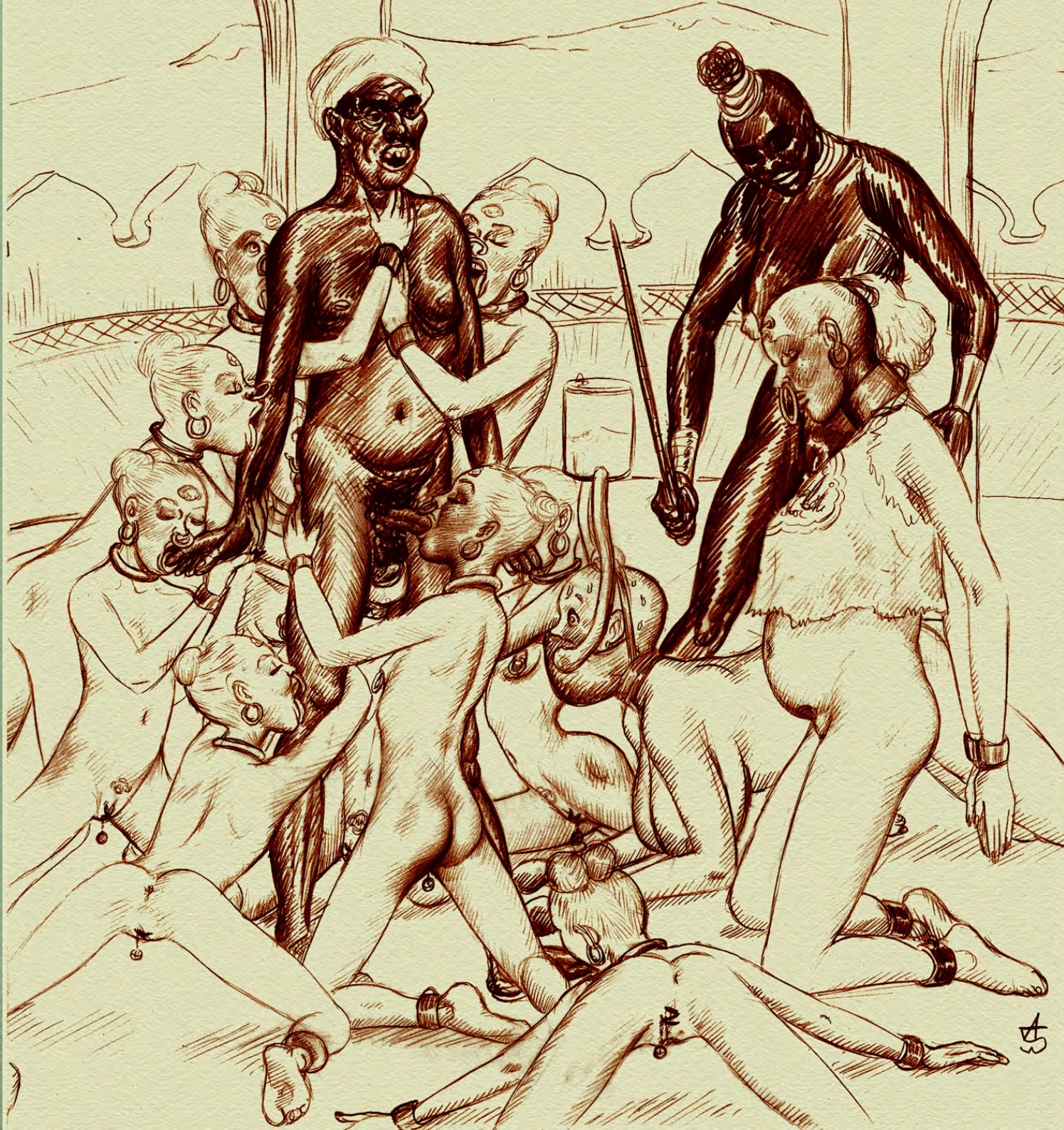
The scorpio is brought in front of Lord Gassul. A mask has been put on her face to force her to breathe a yellow powder; probably some product meant to facilitate her questioning. Another farm slave is brought with her, because she was seen speaking with the spy a few days ago.

I'm in the process of sucking the male organ of Lord Gassul, though I dare take a peek at the newcomer. I almost choke with surprise; it is Patricia Winter, the “she-camel”!



At this moment, Lord Gassul spits its semen into my mouth. Taken by surprise, I feel his fluid rising through my nose; tears come to my eyes while I try to refrain from coughing. It is unbearable, but to cough with the Master's organ in my mouth would earn me immediate banishment from the higher Harem, or even from any harem of Lord Gassul. I manage to get over it and start massaging the male organ of Lord Gassul again.

I remember that Patricia was sent in mission right after our arrival at the university. She has probably been impregnated months ago, when she has arrived at the farm of the palace; and since, she is patiently waiting for Lord Rasheed's instructions while uprooting mazook day and night. I hope she isn't burned- and that this is all part of the plan!





In any case, I'm ready to acknowledge the signal and fulfil my assignment at any time.

Lord Gassul offers to spare Patricia's life if she tells him who has sent her, and why. A refusal would mean death in agony, and she doesn't resist much. She reveals to Lord Gassul that he will be the target of an assassination attempt tomorrow at sunset by a group of Shaziri guards who defected to the enemy, and that her own assignment had been about giving a message to the commando, whose code name is "the goose", indicating the day and the time of the operation.

It is quite clear, Patricia just gave me the signal by mentioning my code name and the precise moment when I would have to speak the sentence I know by heart. I'm greatly relieved: the arrest of the scorpio and the she-camel was all part of the plan!

Since this morning, Lord Gassul is in a state of extreme nervousness. He has locked himself into the bunker at the centre of the higher Harem, in the company of his five body-care pets and the only two body guards he trusts completely. The two statuesque elite Negresses bear machine-guns and are posted in front of the armoured door designed to resist to a nuclear attack. All the Shaziri guards of the palace had their modern weapons removed, so that they could only oppose their scimitars to the bullets of the two elite Negresses, but would still be able to fight in numbers in case of an outside assault.

I'm prepared for the accomplishment of my mission, well aware that chances are that I'll be put to death after speaking the fateful sentence, but I'm ready to sacrifice myself for you, Goddess Rasheeda. Though, I doubt my death could have been planned as ineluctable, as I have always been very obedient with my Arab masters, and I sincerely think it makes me worth being kept alive; though I can't help fearing the worst.

When the sun goes down, I am right under the male organ of Lord Gassul. Whatever happens, it is the last time I will find myself near that living god who has deflowered me and brought me a daily happiness these last weeks; I decide to offer him a memorable performance by sucking his wrinkled organ as if I was getting my vital forces out of it. And it is only when he ejaculates into my mouth, and I have fully swallowed his semen, that I deliver mechanically the lethal sentence:

"Rasheeda puts you to death, miserable dog!"





After a moment of hesitation, Lord Gassul begins to shout in rage. He grabs me by the neck and lifts me off the floor, then squeezes with all his might. Everything begins to turn dark around me while I feel my shaking legs rock in the air.

Suddenly, I hear a series of gunshots. I feel the grasp on my neck loosening, and I fall down on the floor. Lord Gassul al Ouazha falls too, but flat on the stomach, out cold.

Daphne Breaster stands over the corpses of the two elite guards with a smoking machine-gun in her hands. She has used the diversion I offered to jump on one of them and steal her weapon. She has put down the two elite Negresses, and then cold-bloodedly executed the emir of Ouazha just before he could strangulate me.

Daphne orders me to take the weapon of the second Negress and to eliminate the guards armed with scimitars outside. We open the door of the bunker and spray bullets on these poor souls who fall like flies in front of our machine-guns. Then, we gather all spies who are in the Harem, and we force our way toward the dungeons. We free the scorpio and the she-camel, as well as all prisoners who belong to the Tambi Resistance. Then it is Patricia, the she-camel, who takes our group in charge.

We secure the doors of the palace and open them to Lord Rasheed, who was waiting outside with his commando of Resistants and a battalion of fighting white females. Together, we secure the palace, then the whole city, with the help of the heavy weapons on the high walls. Soon, the flag of the Tambi Caliphate flies again over the city of New Ouazha, that we immediately rechristen Rasheedabad.

While I write this report, before I confide it to Lord Rasheed to deliver it to you, I get the opportunity to acknowledge the extent of our victory on television screens. We roar with joy when we learn that you have recaptured the rest of the country, and that the soldiers of the Coalition are surrendering by the thousand. A few hours later, we are informed that the Zebyan troops have been defeated by the Blue Helmets as they were trying to force their way into Tambi territory. Here, it is crazy! Victory is total!

Be praised Goddess Rasheeda, for allowing an unworthy creature like myself to participate to a main event of that historic day.

Your devoted servant Bridget Brooke of Woehampton



Rasheeda Burid talks to all Tambis

Victory!

The vile invaders have all been killed or captured, and the Tambi Caliphate lives again.

All, friends or foes, must come to make a report to Tambi authorities. Traitors will be punished, but the enemies who will cooperate will be forgiven after taking an oath of allegiance to the new Tambi Caliphate.

My cousin Mulud Burid is appointed Governor of Shazilar and the Valley of the Slaves. He will guarantee the return of the free white slave trade, in spite of the protectionist pressures the white-female-producing countries put on the U.N.O..

It is outrageous that these countries should refuse to share these natural resources with those who are less fortunate than they are, and I will do what needs to be done to put an end to this constraint upon free enterprise, vestige of the evil times when the white female was barred to us.

I'm counting on the collaboration of everyone.

The Caliphate is back!

Rasheeda Burid, the Lioness



I keep on writing my report, as I simply don't know what else to do.

Lord Rasheed is long gone to fulfil his numerous duties and has forgotten us all in the Harem. From now on, we are de facto the property of Lord Mulud Burid.

Unfortunately for me, Lord Mulud's taste in the matter of women is very different from Lord Gassul's, and I spend most of my time in my hutch.

I can't be a favourite anymore, and I can't be a spy. It is terrible!

I've been rotting in my hutch for three weeks now. Thankfully, a Shaziri guard has come to fetch me today to bring me to Lord Mulud. My heart his pounding, as I thought I had been completely forgotten, and I wonder what has made me come back into favour. When I see that he is in the company of Lord Rasheed, I'm suddenly hit by a mad hope: he came to take me with him!

Lord Mulud has just caught that glimmer of hope in my eyes, and his interest for me is revived. He orders me to plunge under his djellabah immediately and to show him respect using my tongue.

I hasten to comply and begin to give him big tongue strokes between the buttocks to pay him homage. I understand very quickly that Lord Rasheed has called me to make me return into Lord Mulud's favour, and I intend to do my best to satisfy them both.

n occupied Tambi

Author:
Brooke of Woehampton
Collected by
Free Tambi operative.
For the eyes of
Leader of Free Tambi.



Lord Mulud likes to be in permanent contact with his body-care pets. He moves around in a sedan chair opened to their skilled tongues; there is always one of these young whites in his djellabah to keep his back warm.

I notice the presence of Daphne Breaster among the pets; she licks the Master's foot enthusiastically. It must be to Lord Rasheed that she owes that return in favour too.

Lord Rasheed rides Paula Hottkins, the wife of the United Kingdom ambassador in Gawarzazar, who he just offered to Lord Mulud in your name, dear Goddess.

He evokes our important role in the taking of the palace, and Lord Mulud is delighted to hear about it. He expresses me his satisfaction by contracting his anus, so initiating a little exchange of communication with me through my tongue. It is a great honour he's doing to me in conversing so intimately with a mere slave, and I thank him with a languorous French kiss under the djellabah.

Good times are back!



For a week now, Daphne and I are part of the very select club of Lord Mulud's twelve favourites. Since he learned my role in the victory over the Coalition, he makes me the great honour of feeding me personally, and it seems to me that I am falling in love with him.

I had to put back on the schoolgirl outfit I was wearing when I arrived. If I put aside the sexual aspect, he treats me like a little girl. He confides to me he feels great satisfaction in knowing that some young females of the white race should put willingly their lives at risk for the victory of the Phoenes.

Paula Hottkins might not have that youth Lord Mulud fancies so much, but she's got experience and a great talent with her tongue. During the three years of occupation, Lord Mulud had to bow and scrape to this influential woman so that the Tambi government in exile could keep getting the help of the U.N.O., and now he takes his revenge on her for this humiliation; this is of course the main asset of Mrs Hottkins!

From now on, when Lord Mulud experiences trouble negotiating with the United Nations, he makes her come to him and sits on her face. He instantly feels much better, ready to go back to negotiations, strong with the certainty that it is pointless to comply with humanitarian ideas of the Western people to get what he wants. And after this, at night, he is much nicer with us all. It's the absolute proof that it's no use to oppose living gods! Why are these delegates so stupid? If they should agree with everything, like we do, they would obtain far more than what they obtain by playing hard to get!

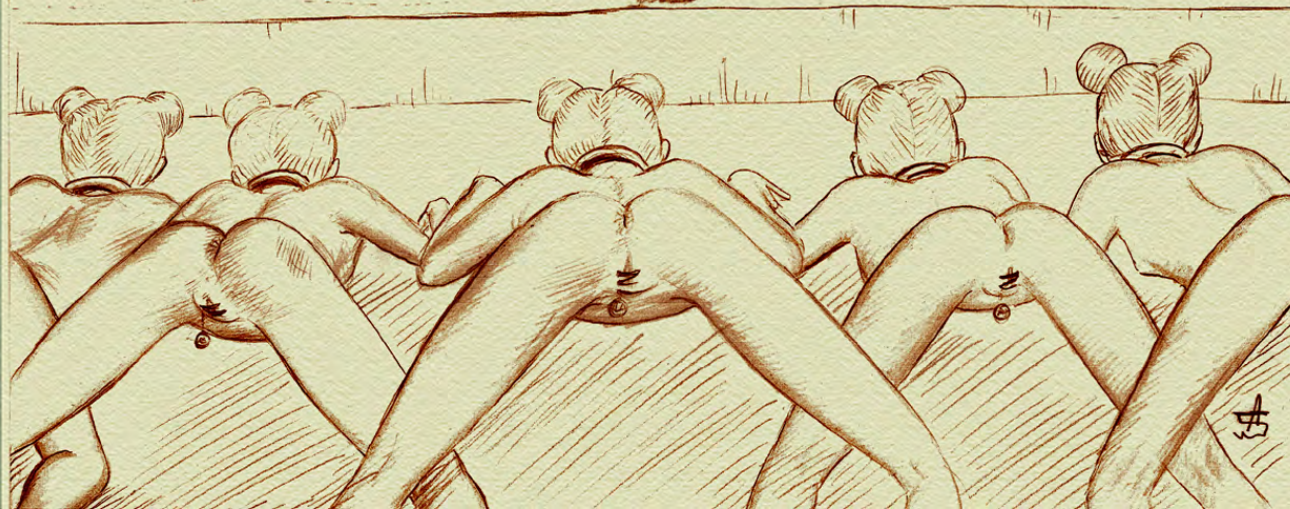


I have just lost my status of body-care pet after weeks holding that prestigious position. I stay in the higher Harem, though, an even if it is frustrating not to be allowed some physical contact with Lord Mulud, I prefer that to a demotion in the intermediate Harem, where I would only see him sporadically. Like the others, I'm allowed here only because of my brilliant service record during the conflict, and I keep great hopes as I know that, from time to time, the Living God gets in the mood of rewarding heroism. We all live for that moment.

The body-care pets who don't have that advantage become outdated in no time at all, and we have seen many of them disappear because the Living God has grown weary of their freshness. The newcomers realise very quickly the precariousness of their situation, and it greatly increases their motivation. For them, we are the lucky ones, as even if we are not in constant physical contact with the Master as they are, we are here to stay. They mimick our behaviour, trying to shake and drool in sight of the Living God with as much talent as we do.

Some among us don't resist to the cruelty of making an unpleasant face when a little too gifted favourite imitates them, to make her believe this is what the Living God likes her to do. The poor soul suddenly finds herself put on the sidelines without even understanding why!

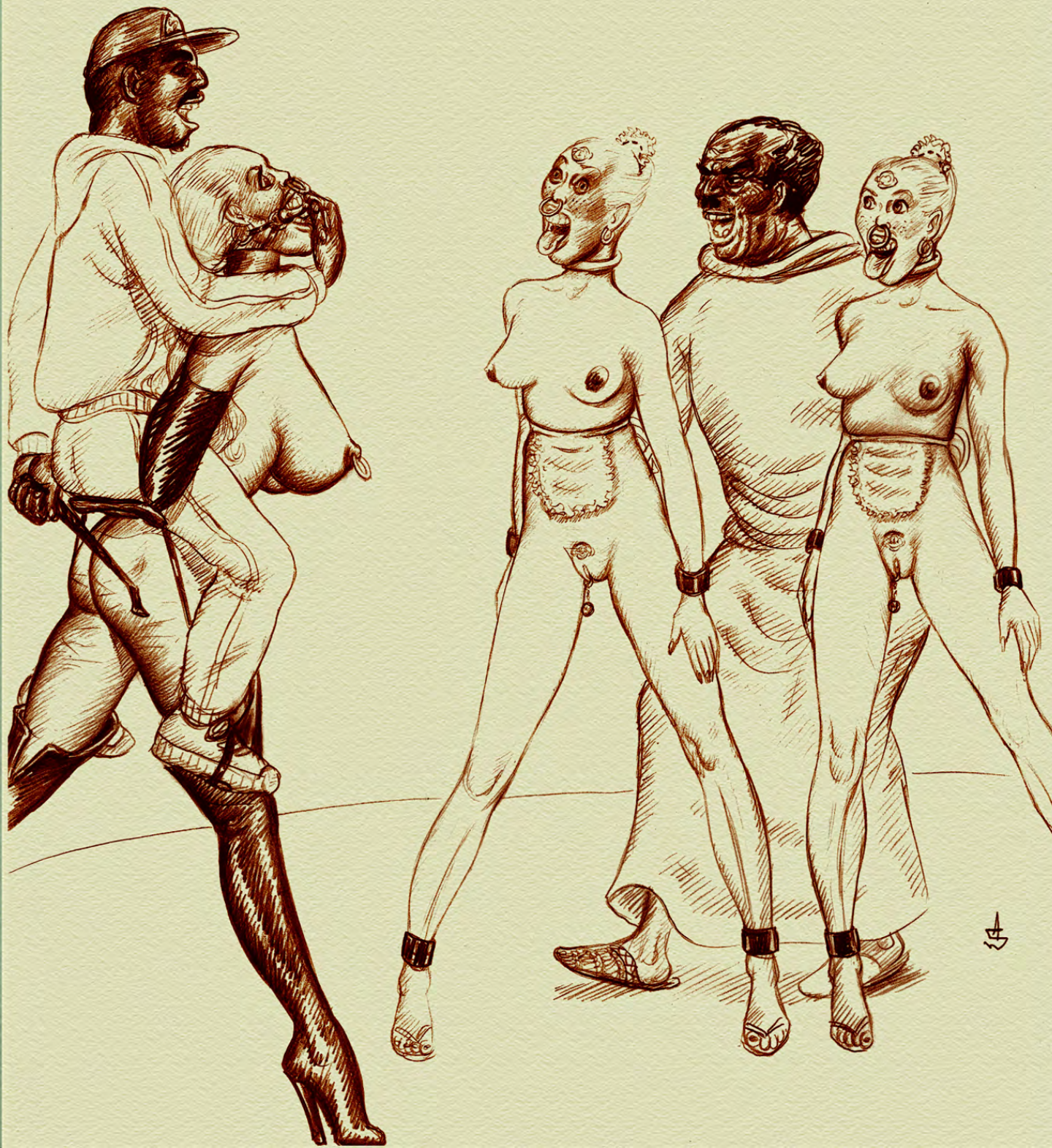
Personally, I would never do such a thing, as it does a disservice to the Living God; I only want for him a constant happiness full of young white females matching his desires exactly, even if it means I should have to pay the full price if I am not good enough.



I bless Lord Rasheed, as we are back in fashion every time he pays a visit to the Living God, as it is the case today. Daphne and I are definitely linked in his mind to the victory over the Coalition. Actually, we have become ceremonial pets; and we are very proud of it.

Lord Rasheed comes riding Sally Breaster, Daphne's sister, and despite my privileged status, I can't help envying this creature who is in contact with the body of a god for hours and hours.

Though, I know I'm far too slight to become a mare, and I must sweep these ideas from my mind. I'm not the worst off, after all! What mare could ever have the extraordinary luck to be allowed to do small tender kisses with their anus around the finger of a god?





Tonight, something even better happened to me: Lord Rasheed has come to ask the Living God if he knew Lady Agatha Brooke of Woehampton, as he has just learned she was my grandmother. The late Lady Agatha

lived for several years in North-East Africa, at the time of the British domination; she has left there the imperishable memory of a haughty and spiteful person in her relationships with the natives.

Moreover, my illustrious grandmother had used her colonial status to ruin little date producers in the region, before buying back their plantations for next to nothing and yielding a profit through hiring families from the other side of Africa in order to lower the production costs and restrict the possibility of contesting. Your divine family has worked for this monstrous harpy, O Glorious Goddess Rasheeda!

Though, it is not so much her cupidity that Lord Mulud criticises her for; he was his servant when he was young, and he couldn't bear the insufferable smugness of this woman who has dared eying him scornfully like if she were a man, and who has made him feel she was far beyond his reach!

I'm so ashamed of what my grand-mother has done to a god. And I'm even more ashamed of the wonderful privileges it is giving me today: I'm back into the prestigious team of body-care pets... and this time, exclusively in charge of the well-being of the most generous of his orifices!





A week has passed since I was integrated into a new cell of the higher Harem dedicated to slaves coming from families of women that the Living God has hated once, in his life... or on TV! I have a preminent role here, answering now to the name of ladyagatha, mostly when the Living God feels some needs for revenge. I don't see him as much as I used to do, but these instants are unforgettable; he comes here to recharge his batteries when something is wrong, and it is our great pride to be so important to him, even if it is sometimes a bit hard for our buttocks.

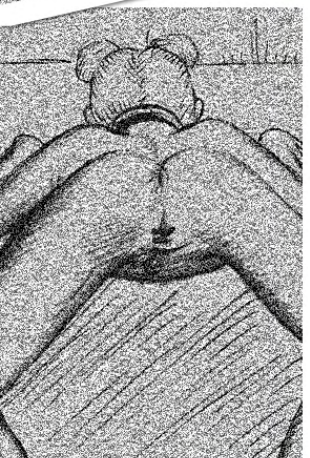
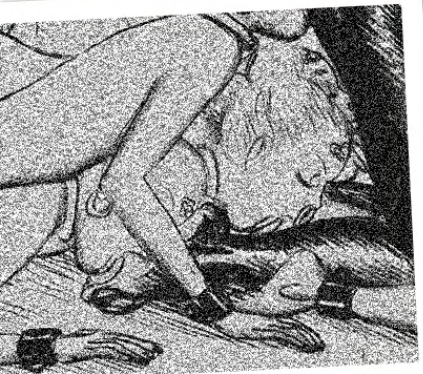
When he's here, the Living God often looks at the news on television; he reacts directly to the international events by punishing or rewarding some of us.

This is how I learned that the U.N.O. troops occupying Zebya for weeks had not found one single white slave on all its territory. As it is now the only country of the region that can't prevent the control of its soil by foreigners, the few hundreds of white females who were there have been brought to Tambi Caliphate. Their Zebyan owners had to give up half of their livestock at the customs in exchange for political asylum. The war tribute so obtained was sold during a gigantic sale at the main white market of Maruk, and I can see new slaves from this sale arriving here.

The Living God is not in a good mood, as U.N.O. is putting pressure on the still fragile Caliphate to allow a commission of inquiry to move freely on its territory. The U.N.C.A.W.W.S., the Committee of United Nations Against White Women Slavery, is now in charge of the total control of native white females circulation in the region, and its delegates insist to be allowed to visit the territories that are forbidden to non-believers by the Phoenic Church.

I trust you, O Glorious Goddess Rasheeda, to prevent these infidels to sully our sacred land and prohibit our religious practices in our own country.





The Living God is in a good mood at last, after the infamous week when infidels have obtained the authorisation to tread upon the sacred ground to look for white females who might have been abducted. These sacrilegious men are now gone after they could only find some very well treated native white females, and a handful of western women so devout they didn't hesitate to lie to the delegate of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. and serve them the usual story you invented yourself a few years ago for these narrow-minded fools: a wild white female belongs to an Arab lord there only of her own free will; she is served and respected by the natives as a kind of sacred cow.

Ultimately, the only booty the infidel troops could get was about thirty women they brought back to Europe and the U.S.A. who, once arrived in their respective countries, all declared they had come to the Tambi Caliphate of their own free will to live the Shazilarian way. They accepted to go in the plane because they wanted to take advantage of the free transportation offered by U.N.C.A.W.W.S. to pay a visit to their families, and they demand now to be sent back to Africa as soon as possible, supported in that by the lawyers of the Arabic Humane Association, a more and more active structure created to protect the White Natives of Shazilar.

Naturally, they are all spies of Lord Rasheed, and I hope they will have their success with the young white females who will discover in the western media the joy of living in the Tambi Caliphate. In addition to the reassuring words about the Shazilarian traditions, they will also be able to promote the Cathophoenic Church, this branch of the Phoenic religion created to help the Western women to get rid of their inhibitions and try to reach the divine status of the white natives. They will say that it is by seeing themselves as animals, and seeing the Arabs as living gods that they have found their equilibrium, before getting integrated into the Shazilarian society, so respectful of their real being. No need to lie about that part: it is the simple truth, even if Shazilarian life is far from being what the Westerners imagine.

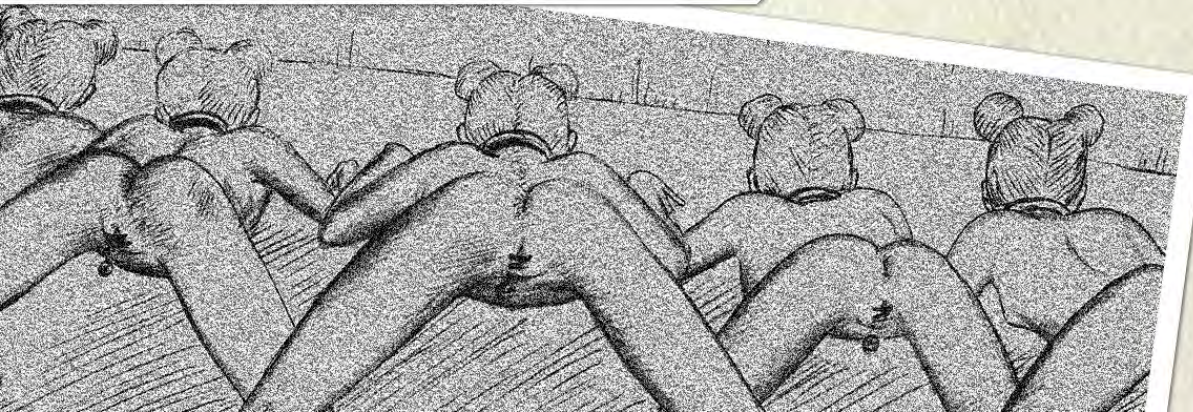
I don't know by what miracle you managed to stop the work in the fields and the circulation of vehicles pulled by white women during all the week of the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. inspection, but I think I can speak in the name of all my sisters of the white race to express all the gratitude we feel for you, who have saved us from our nightmarish lives.





The Living God had a bad week again, and we have felt the bite of the whip quite often. He took very badly the demand of the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. and the pressure of the Western countries to obtain one month of additional investigations on Tambi territory. How dare they ask for this when they have found strictly nothing during the week that was allowed to them? And that time, it seems they even demand to tread the sacred soil of the Valley of Shazilar!

I totally understand the anger of the Living God, as in addition to that intolerable pressure, it has become very difficult to import full cargoes of white females by sea since the end of the war. I find it unfair to deprive my white sisters of their Revelation, and our gods of their new toys of fresh flesh. Everybody loses at this mug's game!





After these last dark weeks, today is a day of jubilation, and the Living God celebrates it fittingly.

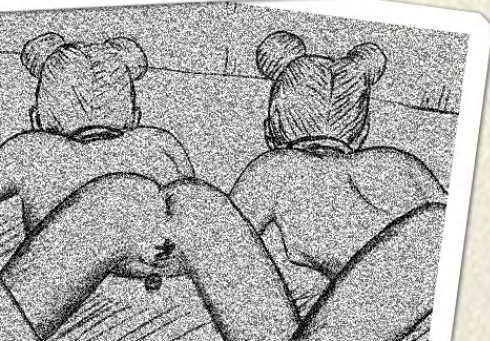
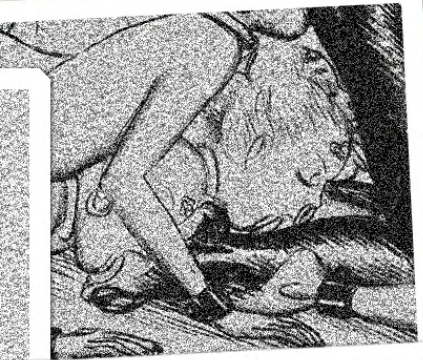
In your unlimited wisdom, O Glorious Goddess Rasheeda, you have proclaimed the end of the Tambi Caliphate as a sovereign state, and its inclusion in an empire that is also composed of Gawarzazar and the defeated emirates of the Coalition of East Africa. The Western superpowers have been totally taken by surprise, and I think they understand now how ill-advised they have been to try to enforce the presence of infidels on the sacred land of Shazilar.

You are now the empress of a powerful nation, both for its natural resources and its will of union against that Western culture we refuse. The repercussions didn't take long to show; the Western countries have quickly proclaimed they renounced sending their infidel emissaries on Tambi soil. Public opinion in Europe and in the U.S.A. are tired of these armed conflicts leading to nothing, like the war in Zebya, and none of these countries can attack us militarily anymore, especially when putting forward the fight against white slavery, that has become very unpopular; and if they can't attack, then they are forced to become more than friendly with this new nation you founded, because it is now the world's leading power in the matter of oil, gold, and diamonds. No one will dictate to us what we have to do again! I hope you will impose them an exchange of raw material in the most favourable way for the interest of the gods. Oil-for-white-females; after all, it is your turn to loot their natural resources!

Of course, they will not allow the white female traffic to be done openly, but they will turn a blind eye on the mysterious disappearances, the suspicious cargo ships, and the real place of birth of some Shazilarian natives. They already have removed the fleet that was enforcing the blockade of the Coalition, and we can now safely resume white females importation.

Naturally, I'm only reporting what the Living God has said. I for one have other concerns, and if I join with the jubilation, it is because I'm happy to see the Living God in such a state of joy, even if it means he will less resort to me for some time.

I never felt so good in my life, as I have everything a white slave needs: a master who will never be tired of taking his revenge on me and who will always prefer me to a brainless and boring local white female.



It is because the Living God is not a native of the Valley of Shazilar that he loves us as we are, able to take initiatives, though knowing how to keep our place for the basic things.

He also much appreciates the roles I play for him, like the schoolgirl in love with him, though a bit whimsy, who yet gets cured of this affliction at his contact.

Tonight, I try this approach and stick my body against his, which is not at all in conformity with the local etiquette. He plays along pretending to be my boyfriend at school, something that would have been totally inaccessible to him at the time. It evidently always ends the same way, by the flowing of saliva, or of another of his body fluids on my face.

As for Daphne Breaster, who still belongs to the elite club, and not to the celebrity-to-punish club like me, she is now learning the Cathophoenic priesthood, as fitted for the one who killed Lord Gassul al Ouazha. Though I wouldn't exchange my position for hers! I prefer something with more spice, like what this former pop star is doing to him. I am sometimes lucky enough to be at this place, when the Living God is motivated by the souvenir of what Lady Agatha has done to his family.

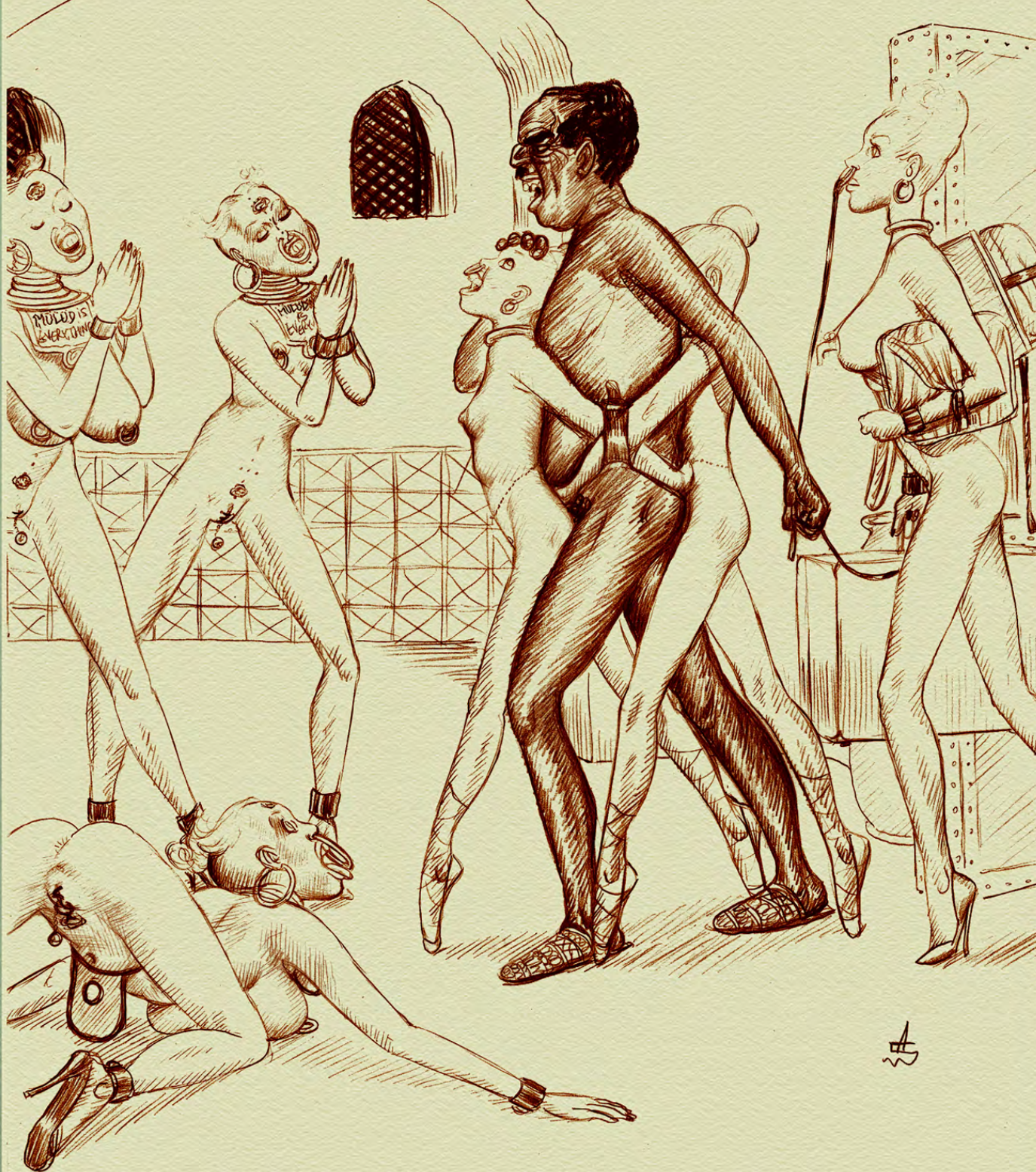


Two months have passed since I have been put in this little club for special girls in the higher Harem.

The Living God had great fun decorating us with tattoos and various rings. He comes to see us two or three times a week, and it's always for us a special event. The rest of the time, our only concern is to prepare the next of these meetings. We need his presence so much that everything must be perfect when he comes!

And tonight, we are lucky: the Living God pays us a visit.

He never goes anywhere without his personal assistant and two body pets to help him walk without tiring himself out. He is the one who launched that fashion in all the Empire; more and more Rasheedians walk like this freely in the European capitals... hiding their graceful supporters under a large traditional robe, of course!





Be sure that it is a slave overcome with happiness who addresses this report to you, O Glorious Goddess Rasheeda. Long life to the Empire of Rasheedia!

Bridget Brooke of Woehampton



Office of Mulud Burid
Governor of Shazilar and the Valley of the Slaves

Dear cousin Mulud,

I just received a report about you that I've never ordered, written by one of your white slaves, Bridget Brooke of Woehampton, who happens to be a spy at my service from the time of the Resistance.

As I think you don't want to continue to be the object of my surveillance, even unintentional, I think that it is best if you send her back to me as soon as possible. I know she is precious for you as the granddaughter of Lady Agatha Woehampton, but she is mine, and I need her for new missions. As for your revenge on the Woehamptons, you should know that I share your views, but this young white female is way too much pampered for a descendant of the infamous Lady Agatha. I can assure you that you shall be much better revenged when she will fulfill some assignment for me in Europe.

I will also use her in a little project of mine that is close to my heart. I want all the females who belong to a family that dominated ours in colonies time to become the genitors of new animal breeds. I can assure you that thirty years from now, the name woehampton will only evoke a breed of lustful and servile poodles who will have the manners and the attitude of Lady Agatha.

There is absolutely no doubt that you will be enthusiastic about this project, and that you will send me my property very quickly; this white female and a handful of others you will find in the list attached, by return of post.

Sincerely yours,

Rasheeda the First, Empress of Rasheedia



Next:
Empire
 of the
Slaves



Map of the region
 (Click to enlarge)

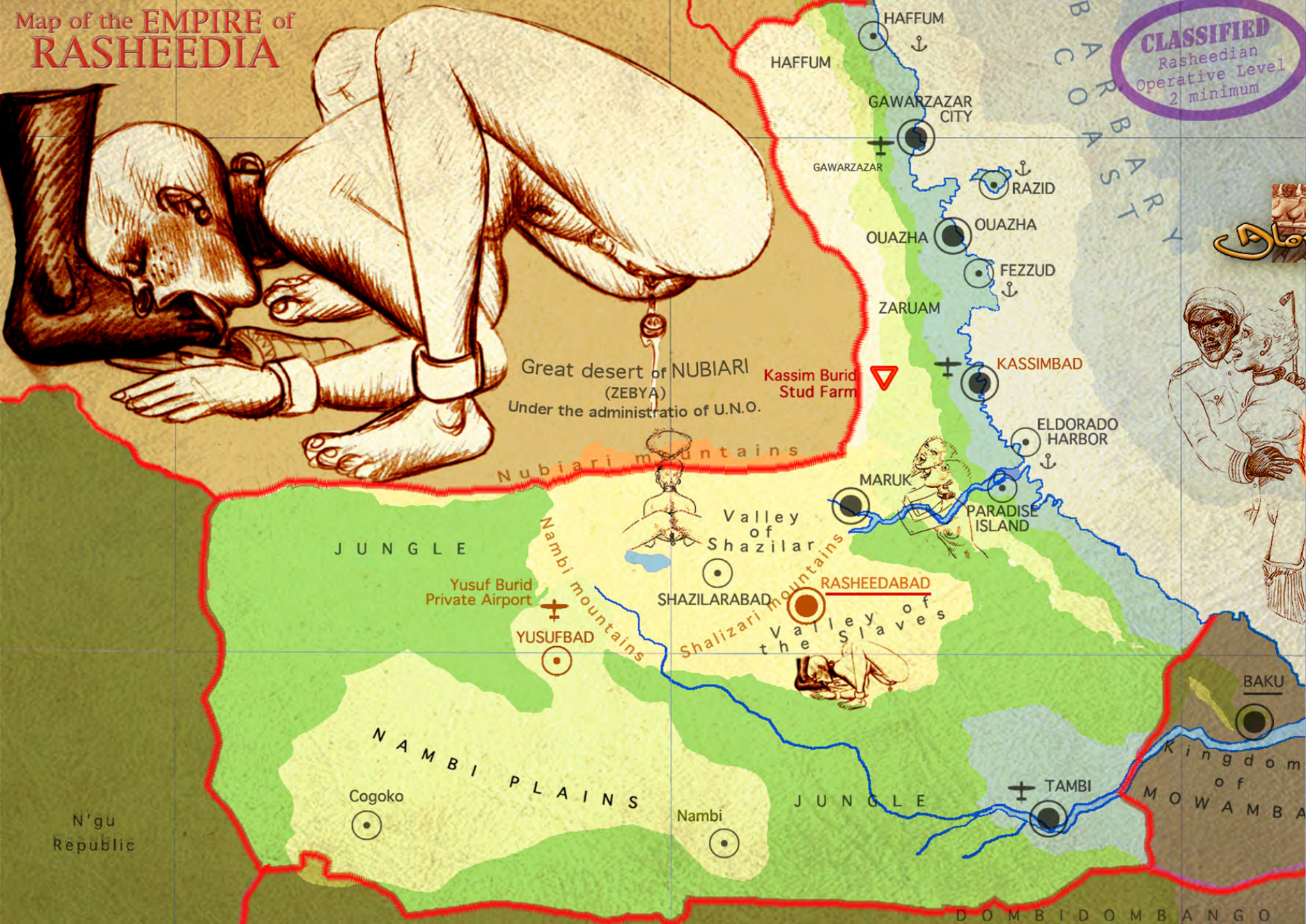
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