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OF THE SLAVES

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EMPIRE OF THE SLAVES

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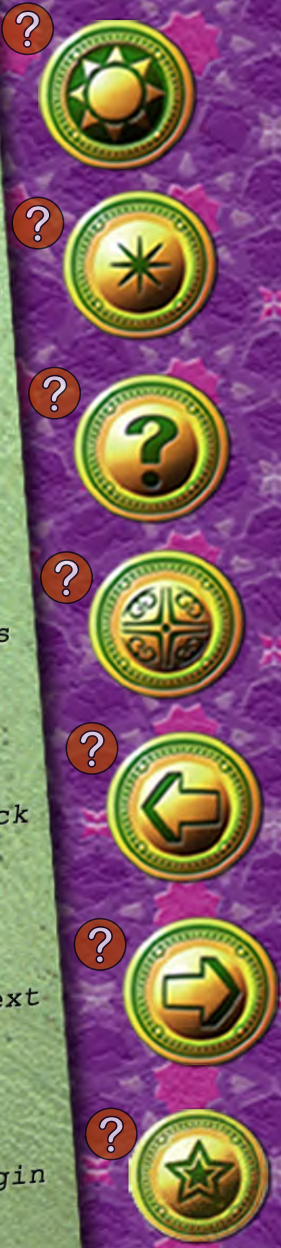
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Axelle Bailly, agent of the Secret Service of the Principality of Wonderbourg

Author:
Collected by
Yusuf Burid
For the eyes of
Rasheeda Burid

My name is Axelle Bailly, and I work as a secret agent for my country, the principality of Wonderbourg. My assignment is to gather intelligence on Yusuf Burid, the cousin of the official representative of the Tambi Resistance, Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul.

Monsieur Burid is an immigrant of Moroccan nationality who owns the most important chain of stores in the principality. He has tried several times to obtain Wonderbourgeois nationality, but our ancestral laws are drastic on the subject of immigration. This ordinary employee of a grocery store has made the most of his Maghrebin connections to create his own distribution company and make it prosper, buying one by one all the grocery stores in the country, until he owned a regular commercial empire. He has received the congratulations from the Wonderbourgeois government, which has put in place an automatic renewal of his work permit, for lack of making him a national.

For my mission, I must join his management staff; a most humdrum job for a spy, as Yusuf Burid presents no other importance than being the cousin of a potential head of state in a region with mineral wealth. Besides, he has met his cousin Rasheeda only once, during a dinner at his brother Mulud's when she arrived in Wonderbourg after the invasion. He is a businessman whose time is precious and who has no interest in politics.

However, I am not in a position to refuse that routine assignment, and I get down to work.

I pass easily through the barrier of his secretary on the phone. He is very much surprised: it seems that I am the first white woman to apply for a job in his company. I tell him that I desperately need that job and that I'm ready for anything to get it.

Enthralled by my audacity, Yusuf Burid tells me that he usually hires only men in his stores, but is ready to make an exception and take me on a trial basis as his personal assistant. As such, I would have to be available at every hour, night an day, to follow him everywhere he goes, and to have no boundary in my sphere of activity other than his goodwill.

Naturally, I accept.





I have been working for monsieur Burid for six months already. I follow him everywhere and all the time, but I never had the opportunity to overhear some shady conversation, or to lay my hands on anything suspicious. He spends most of his time at work, buying, selling, creating new shops, training new managers... My overzealousness and my deference to him are greatly appreciated everywhere we go, so much that he can't manage without me any more. I have become indispensable and earned his trust at last.

Though I had to make his customers and friends believe he was having sex with me. All along these six last months, I had to keep up with that ambiguousness through wearing more and more arousing outfits and bearing a more and more suggestive attitude. I was compelled to accept this or to put my assignment prematurely to an end.

Despite all my precautions, monsieur Bourid ultimately realized that he could push these limits very far. Greatly worried, I asked the Service to be relieved from this useless mission, as Rasheeda Burid was now in Gawarzazar, an allied emirate, and Yusuf Burid had no contact with her anyway. Unfortunately for me, the Service had discovered, right after my demand, that some important amounts of money had been transferred from the bank accounts of several branches of the Golden Arbor, monsieur Burid's company, to the personal account of his brother Mulud.

Mulud Burid is deeply involved in the political activities of his cousin Rasheeda, and what should have been a useless routine mission is suddenly putting me right in the heart of the Burid machine.

Monsieur Burid knows now for sure that I can't possibly resist to him; he multiplies indelicate familiarities. He used to brush my back with his hand when he was giving me something to do, or when I had to precede him somewhere; little by little, this has become a slight push, then a caress going down the small of my back, until it turned into a plain and clear goosing, each time more insistent.

Several days ago, I asked him to stop harrassing me, but he responded very badly; he replied in anger that my disproportionate reaction to this triffling mark of affection could only be the sign of a twisted mind steeped in racist prejudice.





After that, he didn't bother me any more, but a procession of pretty women began in his office, and I was informed that he had put an ad in the papers to get a new secretary. In order to keep my job and go on with my mission, I had to beg his forgiveness for my racist behavior.

He finally accepted my apologies, but now I have to smile to him each time that his hand slaps my buttocks, and then to screw up my eyes with complicity when he pushes his fingers deeper and deeper in through my skirt. He stops only when my smile tenses up, and he expects it to happen each day a bit later.

I must also show my pleasure when he rubs my head in public while making blonde jokes; though these jokes are more and more insulting, and I can't help responding to them, which generally earns me a resounding slap on the buttocks, a gesture that suggests there is nothing vile he should say about me that couldn't be resolved later in his bed.

It is very hard for me, but it finally paid off: Monsieur Burid stopped meeting new candidates for my replacement. Which in no way means that I got accustomed to this job! Actually, I just asked the Service again to put an end to this situation. Alas! Nobody there wants to hear about it, as my mission has never been considered to be a dangerous one. I'm even criticized for spoiling the taxpayer's money, because for now I never found anything useful; I am supposed to take more risks, even if it means having to suffer far worse humiliations. Naturally, nobody clearly orders me to have sex with Yusuf Burid, but I'm told I can't afford to be a goody-two-shoes anymore if I want to make my career in the intelligence business! I'm well aware of that, but this man disgusts me physically, and the idea of having to sleep with him to obtain second-rate information is insufferable.

Still, my vocation is stronger, and I decide to make my move.





My new strategy didn't produce the desired effect; after a week of totally ignoring my teasing behavior, Yusuf Burid just asks me... to marry him! My surprise is complete: I was expecting some quick sex in office, not a regular proposal! I can't take such a decision without referring to the Service first, should it be only because that marriage would allow Yusuf Burid to obtain the Wonderbourgeois nationality he seeks for a long time. So, I tell him that I must think about it.

I get my response from the Service the next day: the Blue Helmets have just entered Zebya, and the Free Tambi forces have taken their country back, and this just turned my mission into an absolute priority! And since Yusuf Burid has contributed to the financing of the resistance, he will surely be rewarded for it by the new masters of the region and will gain some important position. I must definitely know what is cooking; and for that, I have to marry him!

It's done, I'm married to Yusuf Burid, a man more than twice my age. Surprisingly, the ceremony takes place at the city hall— I was expecting a wedding in the Muslim tradition!

Later, I'm in for another big surprise: when I enter Yusuf's house, I discover he already has other wives; actually, I'm the fourth!

I instantly realize how much my life is going to change; I can't leave the house except for going to the office with Yusuf, and it has become very difficult for me to contact the Service. On the other hand, my infiltration is now complete, and it's an excellent thing for my career in intelligence, if it appears that Yusuf Burid is really involved in Tambi affairs.





This morning, like the other wives, I had to kneel down in front of Yusuf and kiss his hand. It's been a hard day for me, as I'm supposed to accept his other wives of good grace; and for not showing enough enthusiasm when I was presented to the first wife, I have been locked up in a cupboard for hours, and then I had to kiss Yusuf's babouch thank-you for this contribution to my education.

The wedding night was brief: for Yusuf, sexual intercourse must be violent and quick... unless it happens in my mouth... I had to suck his dick for hours without getting the slightest ejaculation! And still, he never asked me to stop; he contented himself looking at me with a victorious air while I was processing, like if I were an enemy he had defeated; clearly, I represent Yusuf's triumph over the whole female gender of the White race!

At this point, I ask myself whether he has the slightest bit of affection for me.

I was complaining about the life in the house, but it was before I discovered my new life in office! My salary is now directly sent to his bank account, and I have no more time for myself. In presence of his Arab customers, it is even worse: I have to lower my eyes and show how totally submitted I am; if I want something, like for example to go to the toilets, I have to kneel down in front of him and kiss his hand, then thank him for his goodness when he fulfills my request; I must also call him Monsieur Burid, when he can call me "pussy"...





Tonight, as we are coming back from the office together, I try to protest, to make him understand how difficult it is for a Western woman with a string of academic titles to get along with these traditions. I tell him how having to share him with other wives is already for me a big concession, when legally I'm his only wife in Wonderbourg.

He gets mad and shouts to make everyone in the house come. And when his three other women, his fifteen children, and his five Maghrebin servants are gathered into the living room, he asks me to bend forward with my hands flat on the wall. As I obey, terrified, he lifts up my skirt and pushes my panties down in front of all the family. Then he takes a bamboo stick and flaunts it to me. I turn pale and begin to stutter excuses for offending him, but he has obviously no intention to spare me the punishment he has picked up for me. He informs his family that I find him too hard and that I contest the need to show him the proper respect he deserves.

The wives and the children mock me as if I had done something really stupid— and it is probably the case! I realize how impossible it is for him to grant my request; to give me a preferential treatment would be a big sign of weakness in the eyes of the rest of his family, and of course it is out of the question!

Consequently, he rigorously applies his bamboo cane on my buttocks, until I implore him to forgive my stupidity.

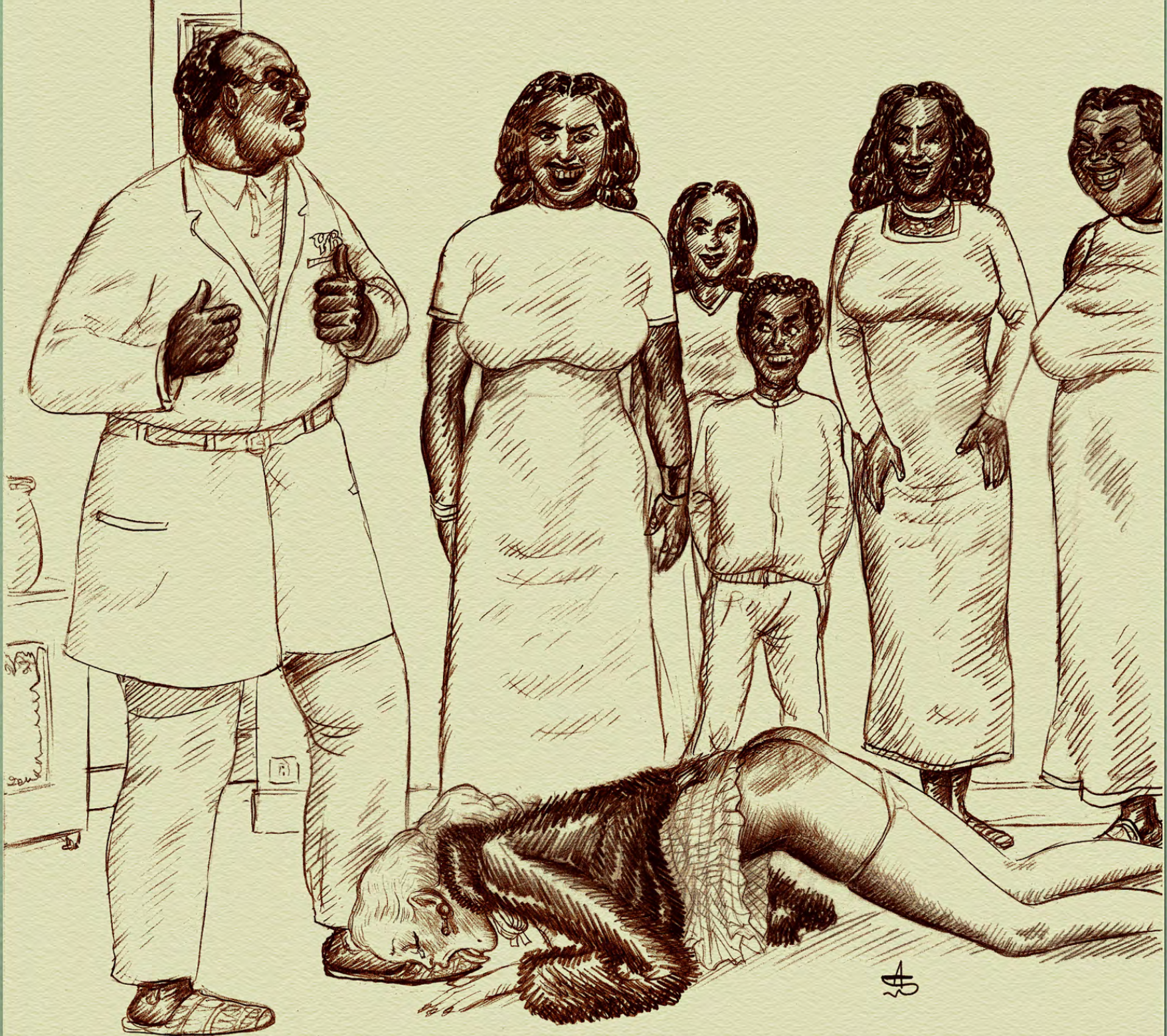


He asks me if I'm aware that he is the lord and master of this place and that, as such, he deserves an absolute respect from me. I jump down on the floor and crawl toward his babouches, which I kiss, while imploring him for forgiveness.

After a few minutes, he accepts my apologies, though he informs me that, as a punishment, I'm grounded permanently effective as soon as he has found a new secretary to replace me.

Of course, I could reject all of this and attempt to escape, though it would mean the end of my mission; I would have lost one year of my life for nothing!

After all, doing what he asks me to do is not so terrible: I just have to stick to tradition and be very careful to avoid any word that could be seen as disrespectful.





Yusuf orders me to go to my room without having dinner; he will join me there later. Though now, his attitude has changed, and he feels more powerful than ever; by not running away, I have therefore accepted to submit to him completely. I am now exactly in the same position as the other wives... or even worse!

Yusuf tells me that if I don't behave as a model of a good Muslim wife, I will have a taste of the bamboo stick after each of my faults. I know I'll never make the mistake of forgetting the respect I owe to Yusuf again... and that includes speaking without being invited and using the word "no".

This night, my husband penetrated me through the anus, something I had sworn to myself I would never let any man do to me. Moreover, I had to kneel down before him afterwards to show my gratitude. And I'm well aware that it is only the beginning; I know I will have to comply to many repelling things of the kind in the weeks to come.

I realize that the whole family might have actually spared me since the marriage, and that this is over now that I've been punished.

The shyness shown by the other women in dealing with a perfect stranger has gone, replaced by an utter despise; I'm the last wife, and so I have to do all the house chores. And as I'm Christian, I'm even under the servants in the family hierarchy!





Two weeks after my marriage, I'm entitled at last to have a normal place inside the family. Still under the three other wives, but not under the servants. More important, my investigations are at last moving forward after such a useless year; I have just met Yusuf's accountant, an old Arab named Ali, who lives in a house nearby. His djellaba contrasts with the eternal grocery store overalls worn by my husband.

As it is impossible for a White woman to engage Ali in conversation, I have become friend with his second wife, a white one too. Actually, I recognized her immediately for watching her on TV a few years ago; she is Marie Lebourgeois, the famous lawyer!

The poor woman must be nude all the time, as her husband is an adept of the Phoenic religion. Her pubis is bald, except for a little tuft of blond hair supporting the mark of her husband, tattooed slightly above her Venus mound— lets hope it will not give to Yusuf some decoration ideas!

She comes to the house very often, and that's how I know her story: she has been deceived too, led to believe that she was his one and only wife, and informed afterwards only that other Maghrebins were sharing that status. In fact, we have both been used by our respective husbands so they could get the Wonderbourgeois nationality!

The advantage over the other women, of course, is that we are protected by Wonderbourg laws, but Marie has learned the truth only after she had just delivered Ali's baby, and it was then much too late to escape; if she wanted to see her child growing up instead of disappearing somewhere in Maghreb, her only option was to accept living according to Ali's will.

And now, she lives in her husband's apartment, completely nude, without money, without friends... and she is accustomed to it!

Alas! There is nothing I can do for that poor woman! Though I have no intention to share her fate; I intend to put an end to my assignment before I could be ensnared like this by the birth of a child.

At night, I get into action; I sneak into Yusuf's office and begin to search through the drawers. After half an hour with the fear of being caught, I finally find the absolute proof of my husband's involvement in Tambi politics: a letter from Rasheeda Burid asking him to come to the Tambi Caliphate to receive a surprise present, meant to reward him for his good services for the Phoenic cause in Wonderbourg.





I keep on searching and find a hidden drawer full of files about influent men of Wonderbourg; there are hundreds of them, and each file contains compromising information on the person in question. Yusuf has enough material to blackmail all the government and all the businessmen of the country!

This is the moment I was so eagerly waiting for: my assignment is over. I just have to get out of here and inform the Service. I gloat at the prospect of the sweet revenge I am going to take over my "lord and master". I put the files back in place and begin to think of a way to get out of the house.

A week has passed since I discovered Yusuf's secret files, but I still couldn't get any opportunity to escape. It's terrible for me to have to suffer these humiliations when I have a way to punish the one who does them... and end my first assignment as a spy honorably!

In desperation, I take the risk to entrust Marie Lebourgeois, who has the authorization to get out for bringing her children to school. This is a unique chance for her to get out of trouble: if Ali is arrested, is expelled, or disappears forever, she will be freed from her servitude and will be able to raise her children as she wishes. I explain to her that I am a government agent and can protect them all at each step of the process.

When Marie leaves with her husband, her eyes are filled with hope. Tomorrow, after bringing her children to school, she will go to the police, and the Service will be informed of my situation. A simple mention of my name will be enough for her to be taken seriously.

As I am waiting for the imminent arrival of the police (or a special commando if the Service decides that the affair has to be kept secret) I am suddenly petrified with horror: Marie Lebourgeois has come with her husband and Yusuf. She wears a triumphant smile, but the two men are frowning at me!



This stupid woman has sold me out! she has told her husband everything so she could become his favorite. She is wearing her reward right now: the veil of the first wife!

My hands are quickly tied behind my back, and my neck is tightly fitted with a heavy iron collar. I'm really scared!

Yusuf doesn't seem to be so angry; he says that he has always suspected I was an impostor, and that it is just another proof of the falseness of white females. The punishment for such a crime is supposed to be death, but Ali says it would be a crime to waste such a beautiful woman. He has a much better idea: I will become a slave!





Yusuf wonders how this could work; I'm officially his wife, and turning me into a slave seems too risky for him. Ali offers to bring me to the new empire led by Rasheeda Burid; once there, wife or not, a white female can only be a slave, and the problem is solved! And if Yusuf has no time to spare for my training, Ali says he has a friend there who would be honored to do it personally and would obtain a good price for my sale in a Rasheedian market.

They just need to make up a story explaining my disappearing to allow Yusuf to keep his new Wonderbourgeois citizenship, and then the embarrassment I represent will be turned into a few more Rasheedian dinars in his wallet.

Yesterday morning, two days after I wrote the last entry of my diary, I was placed into a wooden chest, transported by truck, and brought into a cargo ship that was immediately put out to sea.

This morning, the chest is opened at last and I'm brought into a gigantic room with walls entirely covered with wooden cages; white women are locked in there, completely nude. Their screaming, their invective, their moaning create a terrible sound inferno. I do a quick calculation: they are more than two thousand in there... it's unbelievable!

Despite we are forbidden to talk to others, I manage to obtain precious information by asking questions to my captivity neighbors during the first two days of the voyage. Most of these women are coming from Europe where they have been abducted, and some of them are aware that they have been passed for dead to avoid any investigation. After their abduction, they were brought to this oil tanker through a secret tunnel and put into a huge tank transformed into a secret compartment; the one in which we are now. It seems that the ship has been inspected twice during the voyage, probably by officers of U.N.C.A.W.S., but we didn't hear anything; we saw only the guards lying low here with us for about twenty minutes, imposing total silence on us.

It is one of the guards who told them that the secret compartment in which they were locked was surrounded by eight inches of steel, three feet of rockwool, eight more inches of steel, three feet of gas tank and another eight inches of steel; even if one of the women had dared screaming, she would never have been heard outside. Some of the captives have seen the compartment's opening-closing dispositive at work, and they know there is not a chance they could be found, except by taking down the cargo ship to pieces.



U.N.C.A.W.W.S. are famous for their efficiency, but their agents are probably instructed to avoid delaying the supply of gas for the United Nations armies busy liberating Zebya. Smuggling white females in such conditions becomes a child's play!

After a week in this hold, we have to move in line on our knees through a small opening in the tank leading to a metal footbridge located under a wharf. A sort is done through the women, and I'm taken off board, apparently with the prettiest ones, in a small motor felucca.

We are sailing in the estuary of a river that may be the Swullva. I have confirmation of that later as we come in sight of an island that is clearly Paradise Island, the new summer quarters of Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul.

We are disembarked on what I believe to be a desert island because of its dense vegetation; the magnificent birds living here seem to reign as absolute masters. Though, as we are coffled and conveyed to the center of the island, climbing to the top, I notice a military base in the distance; later, I catch a glimpse of a second one on the other side. On top of the hill stands a castle; or most likely, a gigantic bunker! This is, I believe, where Rasheeda Burid lives, safe from all kinds of attacks.

I'm separated from the rest of the group of women and entrusted to an Arab man wearing a traditional gown who is presented to me as a white female trainer.

For two weeks now I've been the slave of that "trainer" whose name I don't even know. I'm inside a structure located near a military base on the hillside, right under Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul's bunker.

I'm surrounded by nude White women, each one more submitted than the next. They are supposed to set an example to me, but they can't possibly succeed: I would never accept to do what they do to men, even under a death threat... well, actually it is not exactly true, as I would probably have done it some time ago just to be a good spy, but now I'm not following that logic anymore: I'm a captive on an ultra-protected island in a forbidden country, and there is not a chance I could ever see Wonderbourg again; in these conditions, my mission is over! I'm only a woman who fights for her human rights.



I had the opportunity to follow the training of other women, and I'm surprised to see how fast they leave aside their pride and their education to behave like little bitches with the "trainer".

Tiffany, for example, has been trained in record time. She came here three days after me and spent her time whining on her lot. One week later, she would sell mother and father to obtain the permission to suck the trainer's manhood for a few seconds.

It is strange that I should be the only White woman on the island authorized (and even compelled) to wear Western clothes; actually, I realize that my wardrobe has followed me here, and I don't have the slightest clue why. Moreover, I must not dress the normal way, but with my intimacies on sight at all times.



My training is also different from the training of the other women; I must perform secretary tasks all day and take an attitude I would describe as a caricature of the standard female typist of the fifties.

I have at last the answer to my questions: I will go back to Europe as Yusuf's wife, but knowing my place this time and making sure I could continue to be useful as his personal secretary. It is for me the hope to be back to my normal life and my secret mission, but I don't really understand what gives to my trainer the impression that I will continue to accept this treatment when I won't be forced to it. At the first opportunity, I will run to the Service to make my report!

This prospect gives me my hope back, and I have decided to be overzealous with my "training". The quicker I'll look like the perfect slave, the quicker I'll be sent back to Europe!

Oh, of course, it could only be some trickery meant to break my hopes at the proper moment by telling me that I would never go home, but I'm ready to take the risk instead of letting myself be distraught by that horrifying prospect. Are my torturers totally stupid, or are they brilliant?

Since I decided to think positively and behave in a more docile way, my life has become much easier, though I could also notice that I was now seeing Arab men around me more attractive than I used to do... especially in a sexual way.

I submit myself to things that I would have found repelling a few weeks ago, but that I'm now finding very exciting. Am I becoming one of these women who find pleasure in submission? Am I developing an addiction to Arabs? Is all this part of my natural evolution, or is it a perversion caused by some sort of brainwashing to which I would have been subjected without my knowledge? All these questions continue to put my mind in turmoil, when all I seek is to get more and more pleasure. I am not able to say no to my Arab trainer anymore, even if his demands are sometimes totally irrational.

And I'm not the only one to feel that sudden increase of importance of sexual pleasure in my life. It is just like if this place were aphrodisiac in itself. Sometimes, I surprise myself seeking for a way to stay here, and it begins to scare me.



I tried everything to understand how such a phenomenon could have been engineered; for many days, I stopped eating, drinking, sleeping with the hope to discover that someone was coming to drug me up during my sleep... in vain; I keep on being more and more aroused by men of Arab origins without being able to explain it. Today, I think it is a door oriented toward sensuality that has opened in my mind, and as the only men around were Arabs, they naturally became the subject of my arousal.

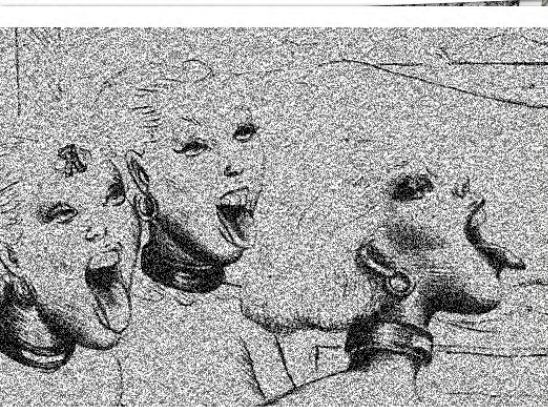
I'm on Paradise Island for two months, and I have become exactly like the other women: a creature eager to get her master's attention. The worst is that I'm perfectly conscious that it is wrong, a betrayal of everything I have lived for; I used to be a patriot, and now I'm nothing more than a bitch in heat...

I also feel like a traitor to the female sex. How could a well-educated woman like me be driven to beg for a sexual intercourse? It is utterly debasing. The slightest contact with the skin of an Arab drives me completely mad, and a few rough caresses are enough to make me climax. No wonder these Arab males, contrary to ours, never ask if we are satisfied; they can be sure that we are anyway!

It is getting worse and worse! After I spent two months in this place, the sight of an Arab is enough to create an insane excitement through my entire body... it is sometimes enough for me to think about an Arab for one second to experience a temporary loss of control over my body for long and humiliating minutes.

I'm aware now that it is a one-way road; I'm so addicted that I could never consider sexual intercourse with a male of another ethnic group. The only option I got left is to follow their rules, knowing how hard they are with their own women, and how merciless they are with us Whites, females of the white cattle as they call us.

Though even that thought, and the prospect of being forced to follow a path bringing me to total slavery, thrill me beyond reason; I'm trapped!



A real size poster featuring Yusuf has been put on my door, and for months I can see it before I go to sleep; in the morning, that's what I see first when I wake up... and naturally, it immediately provokes in me an intense sexual excitement. Anyhow, I find the presence of this picture greatly reassuring: it can only mean I will be sent back to him some day; because yes, I terribly miss my husband now! To think that I had that personal secretary position for months, and that I braced myself with the idea I was experiencing sexual harassment. If I had not been so stupid, I would still be at his side right now!

I'm on Paradise Island for exactly six months, in the heart of the Rasheedian empire, but this anniversary is going to disrupt my everyday life.

The white-female trainer brings me to a room full of Black women who grab me and make me lay down on a table. There, they sew my labia, apply a red-hot iron right on top of my Venus mound and brand me an empty circle, into which they tattoo the mark of Yusuf Burid... a mark that, whatever should happen now, will accompany me all my life!

They attach a little gold medal bearing the effigy of Yusuf Burid to the leather lace that seals my big lips. From now on, apart from my Western clothes, there is no difference between me and the other White slaves.

About that, today I officially learned the reason why I was allowed that last peculiarity: I am, from the beginning, destined to be Yusuf's wife again after my re-education. Though, it was made clear to me that I shouldn't puff myself with pride for it, as I am, and stay, one among Yusuf's many slaves, my position of wife being only meant to play with the gallery... and to deceive the Western administrations. For any Arab, I'm not even the fourth wife of Yusuf Burid, but a mere female of the white cattle... and that's all! I must conform myself to that status in the presence of my master Yusuf Burid and any Arab with Rasheedian nationality or Phoenic faith.





I'm brought out of the cage.

My Chanel suit is, as usual, a bit creased by my night of sleep, but I'm given a brand-new one to put on before meeting Yusuf, who is here on the island; I furtively saw him in the luxurious room at the center of the cages complex. As required by the Rasheedian etiquette, I intentionally keep my vulva accessible for watching and touching by any man of Arab origins. I'm all shivering with the idea I might have a chance to be allowed touching Yusuf's body, and I swear to myself that I would end up my spy assignment and tell him everything, if only he should agree to take me back as a wife or as a slave.

In fact, it is not to Yusuf that I'm brought, but to his powerful cousin Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul!

Before I should be presented to the despot, the white-females-trainer explains to me that under no circumstance I should express anything in any way to Rasheeda if I'm not invited to do so. If Rasheeda has something to say to me, I will just have to answer "yes"; he adds that "no" is a word that is now completely useless to me anyway, and it is preferable if I should erase it from my mind. A "yes," in the language of the White Cattle, is expressed by opening the mouth and pulling the tongue to a maximum, in whatever place my tongue should be located at the time.

It is the first time that I see the empress in flesh and bones, and I'm not prepared at all to the magnificent display that goes with it; Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul is sitting on some sort of modernized sedan chair, carried by ten young white slavegirls. Two other slaves walk under the chair, one backwards at the front, and the other forward behind her. These two girls are obviously there to entertain Rasheeda's intimate parts during her moves.

So this is the reason why Rasheeda has hidden the truth about the Valley of Shazilar to the world! she's a lesbian and fancies dominating young white females. I can't help feeling admiration for that woman; a few years ago, she was a frustrated little ethnologist, and now she is at the head of an empire and satisfies all her fantasies!

The empress asks me to replace the girl under her for a moment, and I quickly find myself in a very uncomfortable position, with my tongue fully thrust into her huge brown vulva. She tells me that I'm a gift for her cousin Yusuf, as she has heard that I had betrayed him.





Yusuf is someone who is very important to her since she has rediscovered him recently during her exile in Wonderbourg. She has waited with impatience for the time when she could meet him as an empress, not as an exiled rebel. So, she expects me to be a perfect present, and for that, all the signs of my worship for him should clearly show on my face while she offers me to him.

As I don't respond immediately, Rasheeda shakes her thighs with impatience. In haste, I thrust my tongue into her vulva the deeper I can to express a positive answer. Rasheeda's movements of thighs stop, indicating that she acknowledges my response; then, she orders me to get out from under the sedan chair.

I crawl backwards and stand up. Rasheeda signals me to turn around; and my heart seems to stop... at the sight of Yusuf Burid, my Lord and master! I would never have imagined his presence could make such an effect to me; he is radiant! How foolish was I not to do everything in my power to keep close to that man when I had the chance; at the time, I was seeing him only as a little businessman I was marrying for the sake of my mission, nothing more!

I would never have thought he could become the eminent member of an imperial family a few months later... and actually, it would not have made a big difference to me. He has become a very important person to society, though he is far more important to my own existence; he has the right of life and death over me, and I gratefully accept this rule.

I jump at his feet. Yusuf asks me to stand up and look at him right in the eyes, to see whether I'm really sincere with my desire to submit to him. What he sees in my eyes probably pleases him, as he is now smiling. What a wonderful reward I get! Not only has he forgiven me, but it seems he has become attached to me!

And that mere thought causes me an intense sexual reaction...



Rasheeda is obviously very satisfied with the success of her present. She rubs the heads of her young carriers; a sure sign!



As for me, I feel a drop sliding along my thigh slowly. I'm so moved that I spontaneously display to him my vulvar medal that bears his mark.





Then, I speak the sentence Rasheeda has made me rehearse a little sooner: "Lord, I'm a present from your cousin the Goddess Rasheeda. The pathetic little tart I am, who had once the insane privilege to be your wife, implores you to allow her to come back into your harem as a simple animal, with the only goal to serve and worship you."

Yusuf is greatly impressed by my words, but even more by the sincerity he can read on my face. Rasheeda orders to the white-females trainer to bring me back to my cage; my fate is now in Yusuf's hands. I hope he still desires me now that he has discovered this place where he can have any White beauty in his bed.

I wait in my cage for very long hours before being brought to Yusuf's room. He signals me to enter, but he is already in the company of overexcited young blondes who are obviously ready for anything.

He orders me to kneel down in a corner of the room and watch him having fun with Rasheeda's slave team.



I've never seen Yusuf so much in joy. He had probably heard about White slavery, but had no idea of the pleasure he could get from a team of young blondes determined to satisfy him by any means necessary. It seems he fell in love with this country, and actually it worries me a bit; how much time do I have before he should get weary of me in this torrid environment? I have to surpass myself! Oh, I know it is not fair, but what can be fair anymore when a man needs only to unbutton to create a crowd movement in an audience of White women?

The young slaves are shaking with excitement, assuming in haste the position Yusuf wants them to take. Some of them have even crossed the line already; they have felt his inexperience in the matter and tried to abuse of it.

They behave like a flock of seagulls, ready to fight for the right to hold Yusuf's manhood in their mouth for a few seconds, and it makes me very jealous... he is my husband, after all!



After a week I spent worshipping my husband sexually, I'm informed that he must now go home. He doesn't specify whether I'm accompanying him or not, and the prospect of a life without him terrifies me even more after this fantastic week. I'm dressed in filly and harnessed with another blonde I already met in Wonderbourg when Yusuf was looking for a new secretary. We both pull the carriage to the airport.

Once on the spot, Yusuf rewards us for our speed by rubbing our buttocks, while saying goodbye to Rasheeda and assuring her of his total support for her project.

Rasheeda, playing absent-mindedly with her little slaves, tells Yusuf that she has not been disappointed at all with the reaction he showed when he learned the truth about the new world, and that he has well deserved the reward she has prepared for him.?





So much for my personal pride, as I thought I was the reward in question!

My instinct of spy drives me to listen carefully to what Rasheeda says to Yusuf. She explains to him that the Empire is going through an extremely delicate path: if it should be known that this new power is the real heart of White slavery, the U.N.O. Security Council would get the means to launch some military action. To avoid this, Rasheeda intends to finance the setting up of a branch of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. in Rasheedia which will soon be totally subjugated to her. The Empire must now spread with maximum discretion, and Rasheeda completely entrusts Yusuf to help her in this difficult task.

As a present, she offers him the Nambi plains, a gigantic territory only populated by Shaziri tribes distinct from the Tambi tribes of the East. It will be a broad field of experimentation for him, and she knows he will use this gift efficiently. There, he will be able to build all the farms, the palaces, and the cities he wants.

It is a great present, but the second one is even more fantastic, to the point that it makes Yusuf a bit worried: Rasheeda nominates him governor of Wonderbourg!

Yusuf objects that he has no political experience and that Wonderbourg is located in the heart of Europe, which means far from the Rasheedian Empire, but Rasheeda holds a piece of paper out to him that, she says, contains the plan for the conquest of the principality; it will be the first European country to fall under her influence because she was born and had lived all her youth in it!

Yusuf reads the piece of paper, stunned. Then, he smiles and tells his cousin he approves her project and accepts to play that role in it. My instinct of spy suddenly takes over; I would give a lot to be able to read this piece of paper, but Rasheeda takes it back and makes it disappear in a pocket under her gown. She kisses her cousin goodbye, and they both go away, leaving me in the hands of the white-females-trainer.



Confidential document
to the exclusive attention of Yusuf Burid.

Dear cousin,

During my exile in the Principality of Wonderbourg, after the invasion of the Coalition of emirates, I initiated a project to launch immediately after the creation of the Empire.

Rasheedian agents have bought farms all around the principality borders and have forced the farmers to grow naffy plants. The spores of the naffy flower make the people who inhale them sexually dependent of those who eat its tubercle. We have developed an artificial mutation of the plant that prevents any formation of this astonishing bulb. That way, even if the plant is discovered and subjected to botanical research, Western scientists would still miss the key element, this magical tubercle that will only be farmed in Rasheedia secretly. Our agents will be stuffed with it, and then sent massively throughout the country; no one in age for reproduction who would have inhaled the pollen spread in the air from the borders will be able to resist to our agents. The country is already swarming with thousands of them, when only one year has passed since the launching of the project, and everyday their positions in the Wonderbourgeois society get more important. That gives you an idea of the fantastic opportunities offered by the management of the naffy plant. The natives, according to their sex, feel a need for submission or a sexual attraction to our agents. From this moment on, there is nothing that could resist to us. Our agents are all infiltrated at the highest levels of police, justice, politics, journalism... we can already consider Wonderbourg as a province of the Empire... and an unlimited reserve of white females!

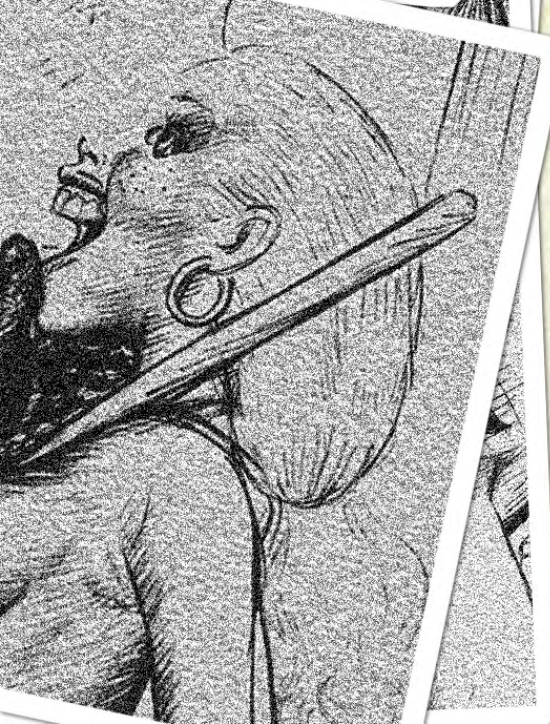
And it all belongs to you now, dear cousin. Near the city of Vainebleu, the castle of Vainebleu is waiting for your arrival to become your new headquarters. The princely family who used to own the place is now entirely at your service. The reigning princess of Wonderbourg travels to the castle next week, and you need to be there to welcome her properly. You will have to convert her to our cause with your new sexual power. I'm sure you will appreciate very much this mission: she is a beautiful woman!

I will provide you with more detailed instructions later.

Sincerely yours.

Rasheeda





After three days of anxiety, I'm dressed in Western clothes and brought to Zarumauat Airport. I'm put into a freight plane, and three hours later, I land at Vainebleu airport, where Yusuf Burid is waiting for me with his bodyguards.

At the customs, I have an ultimate moment of hesitation; it's probably the last chance I'll get to escape and denounce the Burid conspiracy to the chief of the Service. Though, Yusuf's hand begins to rub my buttocks gently through my flannel skirt while the custom officer stamps my passport; within a few seconds, nothing exists for me anymore except Yusuf's hand running on my body. When I rouse myself, I'm already in the limousine.

Less than an hour later, we arrive at the Vainebleu castle, an imitation of the Neuschwanstein castle built on the top of a small mountain. It is the ancestral residence of the Vainebleus, a family from ancient Wonderbourgeois nobility, part of the extended princely family. What could have happened to this place to make it fall into Yusuf Burid's hands?

The limousine stops in the castle yard, and two Arabs shut down the heavy doors behind us. Several young White women completely nude hurry to open the doors of the limo and grab the luggage, before running with it into the castle.

I couldn't see their faces outside, but once in the hall I recognize them immediately: these women are all from the Vainebleu family. They stand to attention, totally fascinated by Yusuf. At the top of the central staircase, Yusuf seems to discover with exultation the portrait of the host: his own! I understand now that all this is a part of Rasheeda's present, and that it is the first time Yusuf comes to this place. She offered him the castle, including a whole princely family who worships him!

They probably got a similar training as the one I got on Paradise Island, and had to wait for their master's arrival to realize how exceptional a man he is.

What a shame for a family that left such an imprint on the history of my country to accept being enslaved to a man who represents a foreign power... though I'm actually in very bad position to give lessons, as I betrayed my country myself because of the sexual power of that man!

Suddenly, the reigning Princess Godeliève IV of Wonderbourg appears and lasciviously walks down the big staircase, nude, except for a little apron and high-heeled shoes. It is in front of her picture that I took my oath of office when I entered the Service; and now my Sovereign is only one more slave in my husband's harem... all my universe collapses!

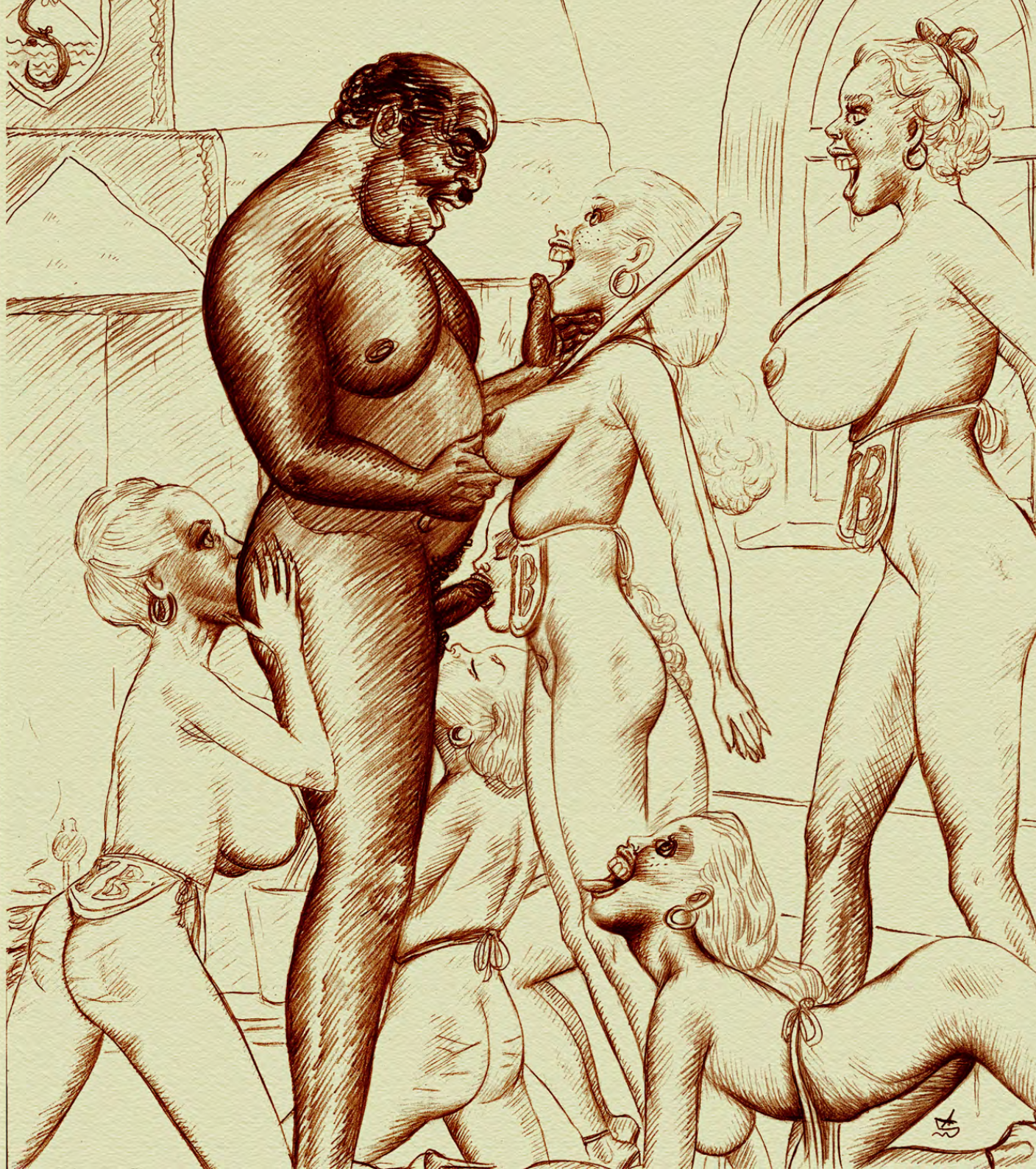


In the evening, Yusuf receives the tribute of all the women in the castle. While the Vainebleu elders, Isolde and Frédégonde, are entertaining the Master's organ, Bérangère, the youngest one, is waiting with impatience for her virginity, carefully preserved for a future princely wedding, to be taken by the only man who now deserves it.

To my great horror, Princess Godeliève begins to gluttonously lick Yusuf's cleft of the buttocks.

The Dutchess Radegonde de Vainebleu doesn't seem to care one bit about what her daughters are doing. She even seems to be impatient to join them and only waits for a snap of the fingers from Yusuf.

Though this I completely understand, as I am myself crawling at the feet of the Master, with the hope of getting a caress... or even more! In spite of the shock that was for me the sight of these women from the elite of my country being humiliated, I try to see only them now as simple women who stand between me and my husband.



I was surprised to learn today that some of the slaves of the family are going to school despite their status. It is the case for Isolde and Bérengère de Vainebleu. They would never tell anyone about their real status, though if it were the case it wouldn't change things much anyway, as their teachers are all wives or slaves of Arab agents of the Empire living in Vainebleu.

Yusuf obviously love these quality moments when the young slaves leave their normal life of Western girls to become lustful and eager slaves again.

The first thing they do is to undress and take an obscene position to highlight the mark of Yusuf they bear on the belly. I also notice that their vulva is not sewn with leather like the other women, but closed by a little metal cross, a kind of double-padlock with two crossed metal buckles, the lock being hidden between the big lips; this is a much better protection for their virginity.

Yusuf loves that little ritual so much that he immediately added to it a little reward of his own, making of this moment the best one in the day of the young Vainebleus.



My work as Yusuf's personal secretary is now an incredible source of information for me. The irony is that I can't use it anymore, as writing a report to the Intelligence Service of Wonderbourg would seriously go against my own interests—if such an intervention could even have some influence on events at this advanced point of the conquest of my country!

The Prime Minister and five members of his government have been killed in a plane accident caused by Rasheedian agents. Yet, it was imputed by the media to a small group for White supremacy in Wonderbourg, who thought that the power of foreigners grows too easily. Princess Godeliève IV has just come back deeply transformed from long "holidays" and shows suddenly a great aptitude in politics she never did before. She has named the Minister of Sports, Farid Bussif, as the new leader of the government, something she was allowed to do by Wonderbourg Law. The other ministers, or those who were in good place to take that position, have been bribed or threatened through members of their family held hostage, so that they should accept gracefully monsieur Bussif's nomination and the massive arrival in the government of men of Arab origins and pleasant blonde women. I also learn that my superior in the Intelligence Service has also been replaced by a friend of Yusuf named Saïd Agadir, and that all the agents who were still loyal have been sent in unstable countries with dangerous assignments.

So, I know now how greatly inspired my choice was to submit totally to Yusuf, as if I had made a report when I arrived, what I was tempted to do, this document would be now in the hands of Yusuf himself!

The media are totally under control too, and I see all articles in the Wonderbourg newspapers, without any exception, go through my office before being published. The events are reported by the press all right, but any attempt to find the slightest rational explanation is immediately marked as conspiracy motivated by racist or xenophobic prejudices. Actually, the journalists whose articles are rejected don't keep their job too long; who would want anyway to pay some bore to write articles that are never published?





It is now the industry that is targeted by Rasheedian conquest. All the companies are bought one by one by the multinational company the "Golden Arbor Inc.", whose chairman is Yusuf.

While it becomes obvious that the country is falling each day a bit more into the clutches of the Rasheedian Empire, Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul multiplies the actions to protect White slaves in North Africa, a public activism that owes her the Nobel price for peace this year! She created in her country an institute to monitor slavery and left its management to U.N.C.A.W.W.S. and everyone in the Western world has saluted that initiative. And if some information should pop out about all the managers of the Rasheedian branch, male or female, being turned back into slaves after their day at work, it would immediately be denied and seen as prejudiced paranoid.

Rasheeda also multiplies the declarations condemning slavery, calling all Muslims to marry Muslim women, which reassures the Christian countries, as well as the traditional or extremist Muslim ones, though satisfies greatly the Islaphoenist faithfuls of the Empire, who don't see their white females as women anyway, but as animals made to serve and entertain them.

The Western world has so much abused of deceiving interventions that it has become almost impossible to start a new war for some reason even in distant relation with white slavery. Rasheeda so appears to all as a level-headed person, and the bitter pill of the creation of the Empire is already completely swallowed. It has become obvious for all the West that Rasheeda is the most powerful negotiating partner, but also the most reasonable one in all the region, and that's why she has quickly succeeded in imposing the Empire as the privileged ally of the Western countries.

On the other hand, most of the Arab countries officially despise the Phoenice, seen as a heresy; and they strongly criticize Rasheeda for her involvement in White slavery, but this is taken as disinformation consequent on a religious quarrel that no one in the Western world understands anything about.

So Rasheeda has the situation well in hand to make her project succesful.





The Wonderbourgeois press just confirmed that the accident of the plane with the ministers of the country was the result of a terrorist act. A racist group attempted to kill Farid Bussif, who was minister of sports at the time; something came up at the last minute and he was replaced by another minister.

Since that event, Wonderbourg suffered about twenty more similar attacks, and dozens of officials and businessmen of the country were killed, ironically a majority of Whites, but always with an underlying racist objective, more or less believable.

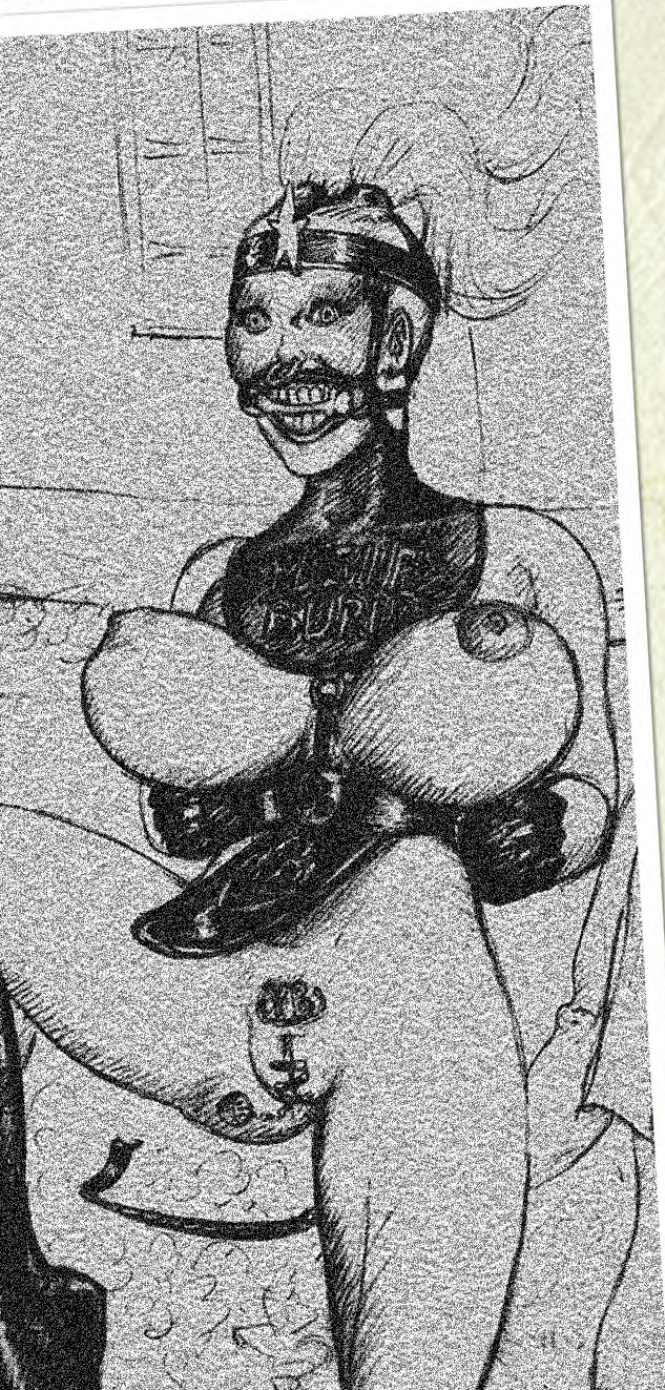
Yet, the press announces it with such self-insurance that these news become the truth, creating a panic in the population and a hate of these "filthy racists" who are putting the country to fire and sword through asserting reactionary and hateful ideas.

The media mechanism is quite simple: for example, television announces that a businessman presently located in a foreign country will sell his company to Yusuf Burid's one. The man makes an emergency come back to Wonderbourg to explain that it is not true, but he disappears right before in an attack which responsibility is claimed by Wonderbourgeois "patriots".

The country lives under a reign of terror, and everybody approves the constant police controls, even if, naturally, the Arabs are the only one to escape them, as they can't be suspected of attacks against their own ethnic group!

Princess Godeliève IV asked the population to squeal to the police, so that reign of terror could be put to an end, and of course it triggered so many summary arrests that it has become very easy for Rasheedian agents to have quickly arrested anyone who interferes with the running of the conquest.





In her new year's speech to the nation, Princess Godeliève strongly reaffirms she would have no tolerance for any racist acts or words in her country. To set an example to her subjects, she gives her daughter Ludivine, the heir of the throne, to Yusuf Burid, the famous businessman who now belongs to the imperial family of an emergent country of prime importance. She adds that she will not be intimidated by any violent response to the announcement of that marriage.

I can see all this coming with a relentless logic, and I surprise myself not finding all this as outrageous that I should. I love Yusuf so much that it is impossible for me to consider any action that could prejudice him. Anyhow, what could I do when even the leader of our country is his devoted slave?

And so, I follow him everywhere, with the firm intention to never betray him again for a pipe dream.

For the first time, I had some regrets about my decision to not oppose the plans for the conquest of my country. After I had trained two other women to assist me in my task of personal secretary of Yusuf, I was ruthlessly replaced by the most talented among them. Yusuf simply told me he had a project for me that would fit my competence much more.

That is actually how I became a filly!

Today, I took my first lesson in harnessed deportment for white-female-drawn vehicles. I had to learn various trots and gallops, and get used to have a bit in my mouth and my hands immobilized on my waist at all times. It is an incredibly humiliating experience, and even if I have already seen that kind of vehicle in Paradise Island, I would never have expected to see one in Europe, especially as a part of its traction mode!

Anyhow, I don't see very well what I can do to go against that degradation of my situation. I am mute with the bit, immobilized by the harness, tied and locked down in a box at night, and above all... completely crazy about Yusuf! I need to accept that this could now be my life...



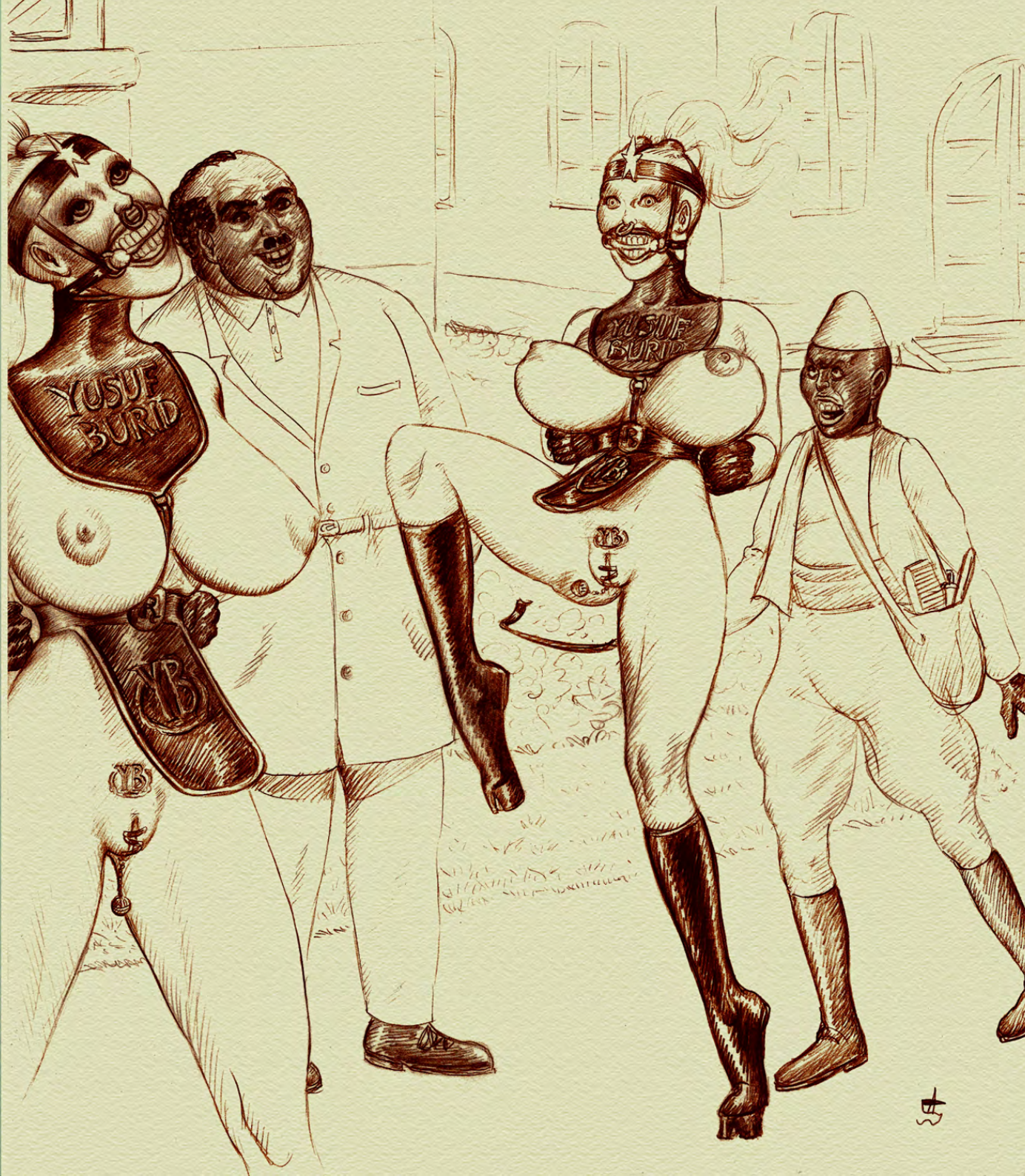
I have become a filly, a creature whose only goal in life is the transportation of the man she worships.

I savor every bit of quality time with Yusuf. I was insanely lucky to be allowed tracting him alone first, and then in pair with the Dutchess of Vainebleu.

With time, I have learned to love that task; it is so much better to be the filly of such an important Head of State than to stay a worthless Wonderbourgeoise working for an intelligence service that is already sold to the enemy.

When Princess Godeliève joined our harness team, I felt I belonged to the new elite of Wonderbourg. This great honor made me forget all the humiliations I suffered to reach that level. I see myself today as a filly of great quality... and I'm very proud of it!

I try to do everything like Godeliève, whose pace I find extremely graceful. It is what the young Shaziri in charge of our training expects from us: a perfect fusion of our attitudes and manners... under his absolute authority, that goes without saying! He governs our lives with an iron hand, but we all came to love him.



This morning, we have been harnessed to Yusuf's cabriolet, and we are now galloping toward the city of Vainebleu. For the first time, we pull his carriage in a public place, and we think of the shame we'll feel when we'll goose-step into the city, exhibiting our intimacies and making our bells tintinnabulate!

When we arrive in Vainebleu, we get no outraged reactions from the White population. The streets are full of domineering Arab men and White women busy struggling away from their caresses... or are they actually fawning on these men to get more?

Anyway, no one seems to notice that the reigning princess of Wonderbourg is pulling Yusuf Burid across the city!





The city of Vainebleu which used to be one of the biggest cities of Wonderbourg is progressively turning into a kind of trading post for White slavery and an outpost for future conquests of the Empire of Rasheedia.

I often ask myself if there is something I could have done differently, if I could have prevented any of this... and I always conclude that I should let go completely and live the average daily filly life. Only simple things are important for me now, like the joy of eating my porridge, the caresses of Arab hands over my body, the reward of a sugar lump for me to catch in mid-air, a nice sleeping night on the straw of my box in the stables. Over all, my supreme goal is to catch Yusuf's attention at all times, to impress him by forming an exceptional harness team with the two princesses.

It is difficult, both physically and mentally, and definitely an unrewarding task, but as a compensation we don't have to torture ourselves with complicated problems or heavy responsibilities; we only have to obey the Master.

We are housed, we are fed, and we are taken care of... which includes a fig oil massage every morning performed by our Black groom, whose hands make us mad with desire. It is not such a bad life, considering; I can even bear children without the inconvenience of having to find and handle a husband: any stallion that Yusuf sees fit for me will do; I know that my Master is very picky about pedigrees and will choose for me a breeder from the nobility; and if the stallion is also chosen to cover the other fillies of my harness team, it can only mean he's a jolly good one! My Master is certainly better suited than I am to do that choice, and I'm sure he will make me have beautiful children. Thankfully, the stallion is in me only for a few seconds, and for us white animals, the impregnation is not seen as an infidelity as long as the Master is the one who chooses the genitor.





**EMPIRE OF
RASHEEDIA**
Department of Intelligence

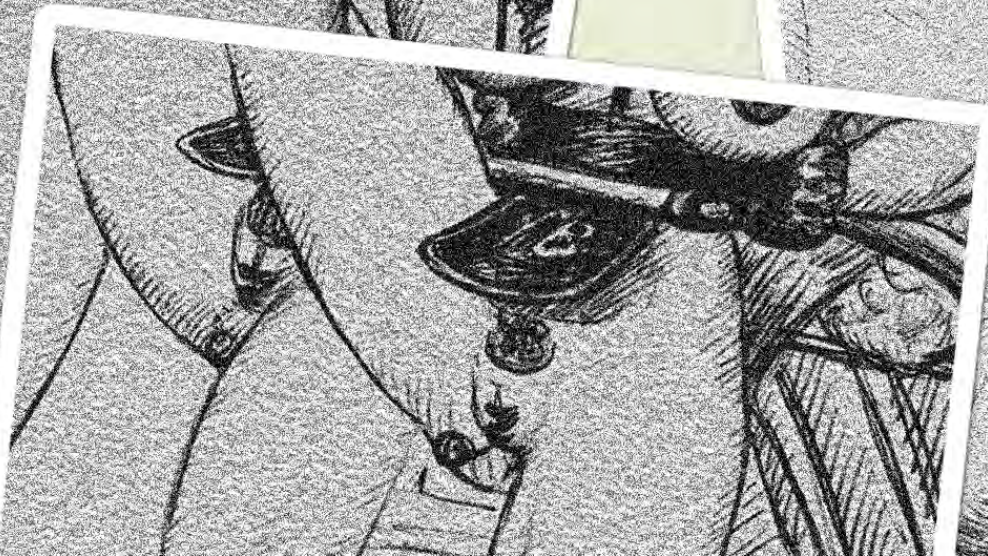
There is only one more thing I need to do: a full confession on my activities as a spy to entertain the goddess Rasheeda, who ordered it to me. My Master's new personal secretary has gathered various elements of my secret diary and put them in order to make the document you just read.

And now that it's done, I can't wait to get the bit back in my mouth... once and for all, this time, I hope.

And then, I will only have to think about my Master...



Axelle Bailly



Next:
**Princess
of the
Slaves**



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the region
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