

PRINCESS

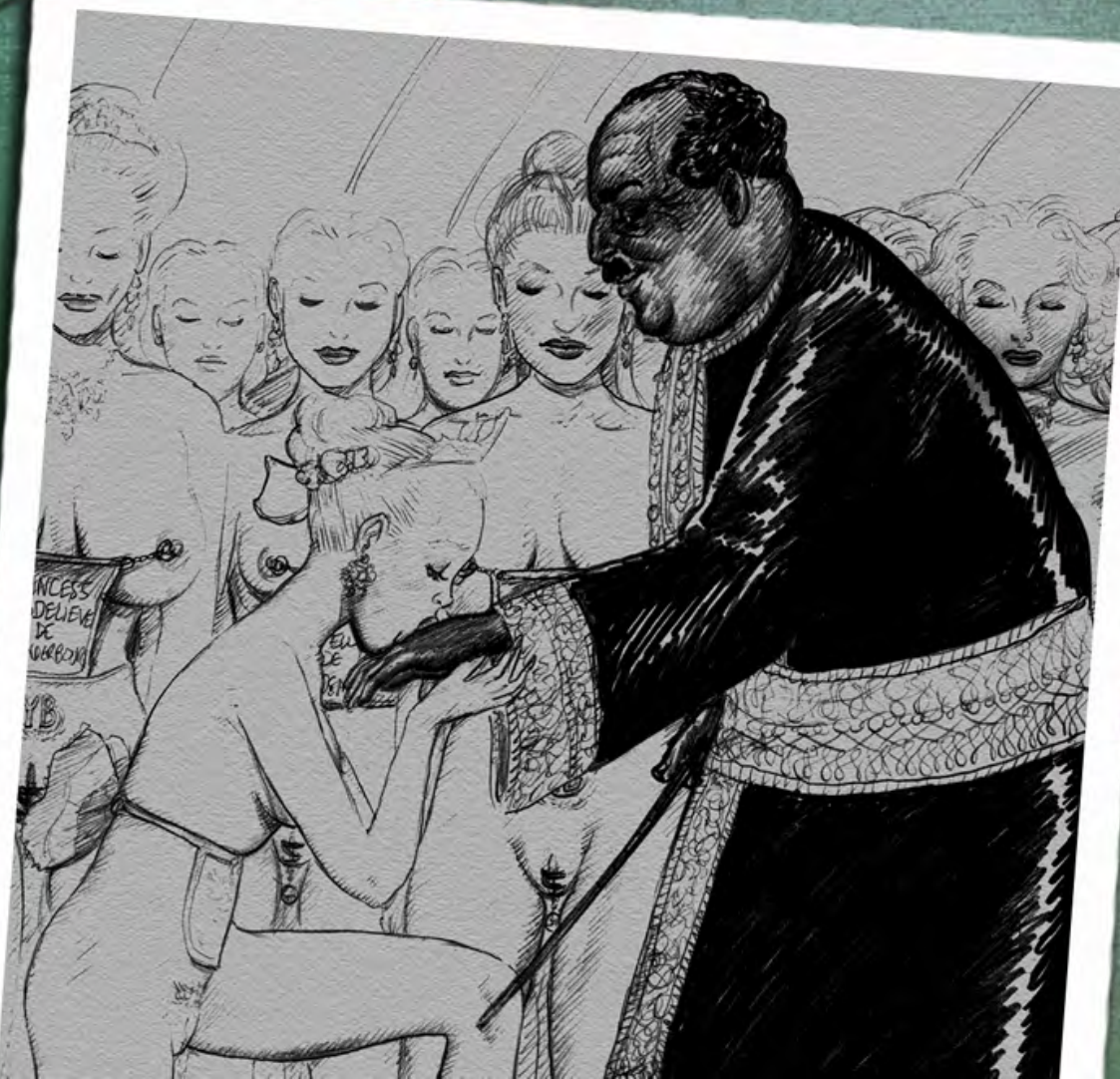
OF THE SLAVES

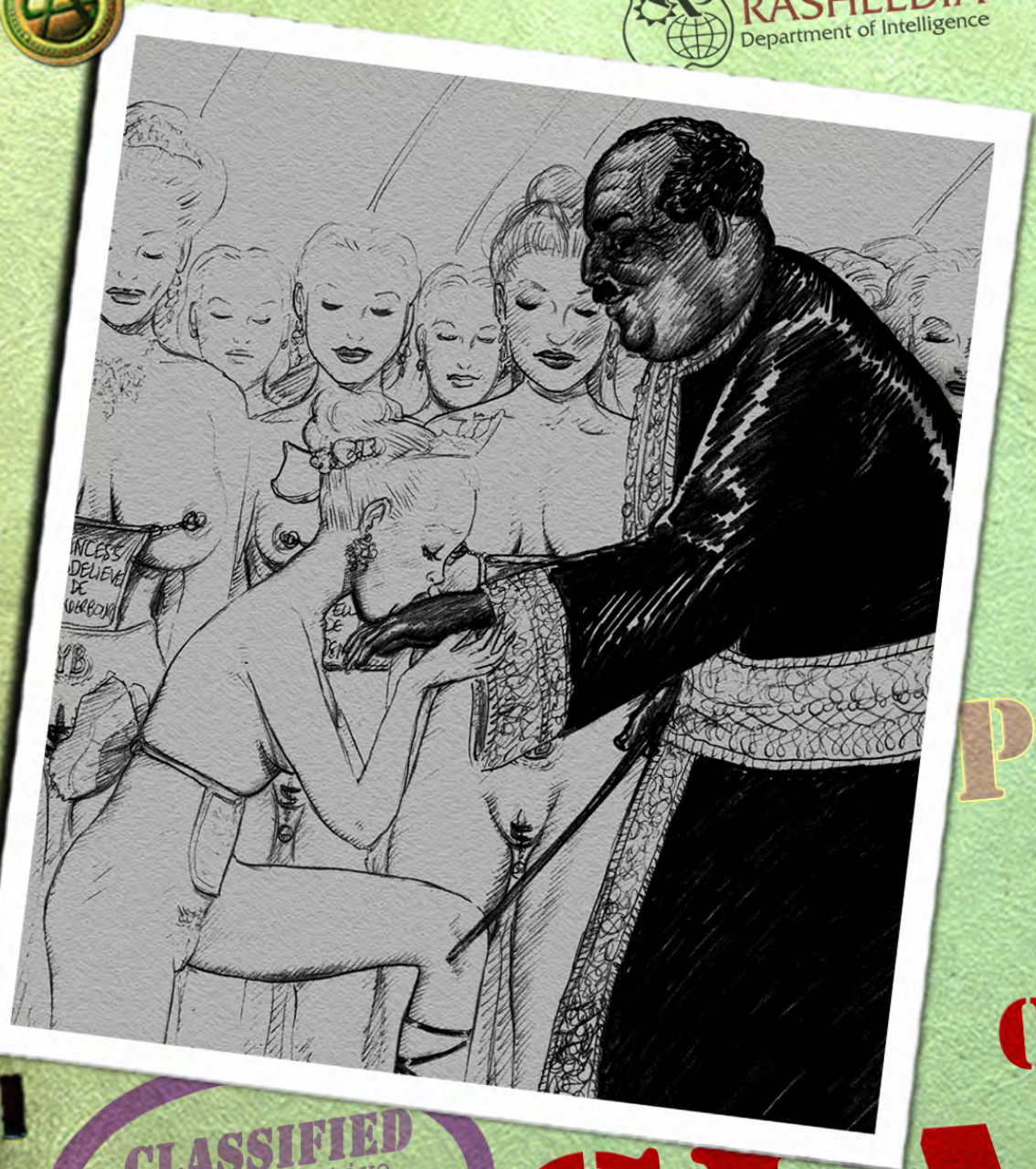
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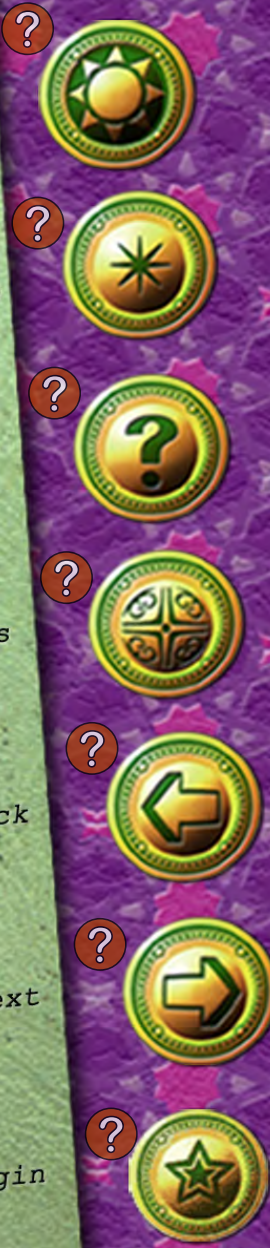
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PRINCESS

OF THE

SLAVES

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Vainebleu in quarantine

by Eric Wengher

Wonderbourg Herald

For a month now, Vainebleu has been a forbidden city. The Government keeps repeating there is nothing to worry about, but the rumor says that a biological bomb might have exploded in the surroundings, spreading a dangerous virus across the city.

More rumors of the kind are running, but most of them are irrational, often taking their source in the racist folklore and amplified by the panic caused by the recent terrorist attacks.

Princely wedding on schedule

The Parliament accused of racism by Princess Godeliève

by Georges Moulineux

Wonderbourg Herald

The young princess Ludivine de Wonderbourg will marry Monsieur Yusuf Burid, eminent member of the imperial family of Rasheedia.

The ceremony will take place in the Princely Palace in two weeks, in spite of the fierce opposition from some members of parliament. Princess Godeliève announced that she would not be intimidated by racist reasoning from another age.

She declares that this regrettable attitude of the members of Parliament is only increasing the sickening atmosphere that is reigning in the country nowadays; the terrorists are feeling encouraged by what they take for a support to their racist ideas.

She added that Monsieur Burid was not only the cousin of the empress of a great friendly

country, but also a Wonderbourgeois citizen and a businessman respected in all the Principality.

One can legitimately wonder why our politicians are suddenly showing so much concern for the private affairs of our princes, and what makes them cause such a general outcry simply about a love story.

Moreover, this union could be very profitable to our country, as Yusuf Burid is a businessman who gets the wind in his sails; he has already created hundreds of thousands of jobs in the country. He is also very close to his cousin the Empress of Rasheedia, and could be a great help for signing profitable contracts with this emerging power, which soil is loaded with mining resources.

Diary of Ludivine de Wonderbourg

Thursday

I just read in the press the announcement of my marriage, and I'm very angry. What is this crazy idea to make me marry this fat Arab who is more than twice my age? And without even talking to me about it! Has Mother gone mad?

My guardian Mrs. Velweiss was distraught by these news. She explained to me that being a princess is not an easy thing and sometimes means making sacrifices for the country's sake. Obeying to Mother without making a fuss is for her the only thing reasonable to do, but I can feel that deeply inside, she is not too happy to see me marry that Arab.

Anyway, I intend to say no to Mother; we are not in the nineteenth century, and I'm prepared to take a direct conflict with my family to escape that unenviable fate in store for me. Becoming the wife of an old Arab is absolutely out of the question.



Friday

We just left Switzerland, where I am studying, and Mrs. Velweiss had ordered to the chauffeur of the limousine to drive us to Vainebleu castle.

I'm very surprised, as everybody knows that Vainebleu is under quarantine. There is something that doesn't add up in all this; why don't we simply go to Wonderbourg castle where the wedding is supposed to take place?

Mrs. Velweiss tells me that I have to make my proposal to Yusuf Burid there, that she knows nothing more, and that she's only following Mother's instructions...

After we passed Andenstein, we are stopped at a roadblock, where soldiers carefully check our identities. The officer in charge gives a phone call, and then allows us to continue. I find this very strange: a quarantine roadblock should not allow anyone to pass, I believe! And if there is the slightest risk of contamination, why the heck does Mother make me come to Vainebleu?

Also, even if there is no threat, and the place where I must meet Yusuf Burid is not yet stricken by the disease, why should I be the one to go make the proposal? To a man I never met, moreover! Why not begging him, while we're at it?

Is the economic situation of my country so weak that the marriage with this man has become so important?

Whatever, nothing makes sense in all this! It even confuses a smart and experienced woman like Mrs. Velweiss. The least I can say is that it is not very reassuring!

After driving in the foothills of the mountain for half an hour, we finally arrive at the Pierzons tunnel, and I stop writing.



Friday evening

What a day! Probably the most disturbing of all my existence... I don't even know where to start, so I'll proceed by chronological order.

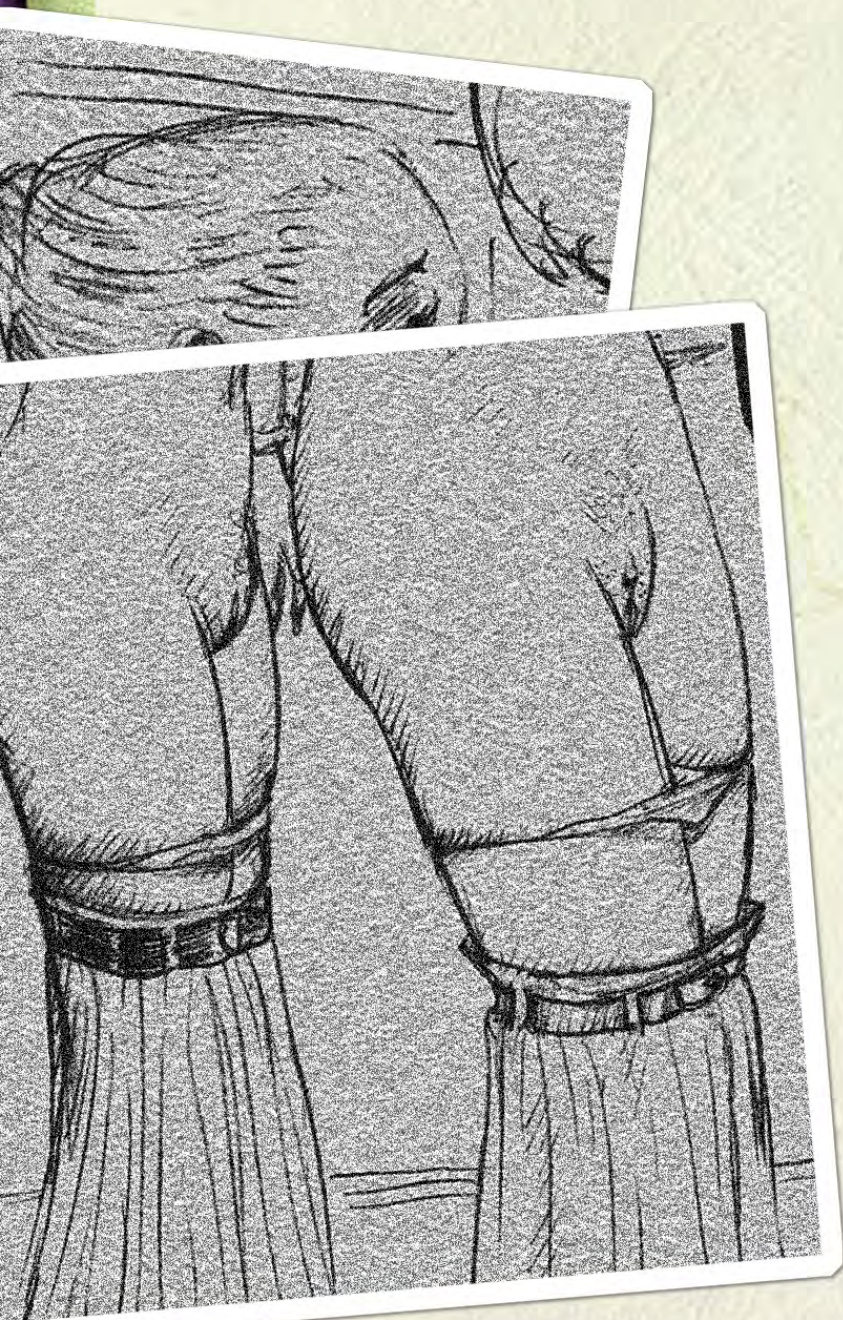
At the end of Pierzons tunnel, we fall on another roadblock. As the limousine stops, something very curious strikes me: all the soldiers have Arab origins!

I immediately think of an action taken against terrorist attacks, as Wonderbourg is still under martial law, and the soldiers from this targeted ethnic group are a logical choice to insure the safety of the princely family against White racist assassins.

Well, at least that's what I thought at the time...

We are ordered to get out of the limousine and to go to the little shopping mall on the side of the road. This place has changed a lot since my last passage, as it seems now to be the headquarters of the Wonderbourgeois army...

And suddenly, the madness begins: the soldiers put my hands in my back and handcuff me! After that, they grab my dress and slide it down, before fastening it above my knees with my belt. And then, they pull down my panties, presenting my intimacies for everyone to see! I protest with vehemence, but the soldiers only respond with mocking laughs. They wear the Wonderbourg uniform, but they don't have any respect for their princess!





The officer in charge ignores me superbly and goes away with Mrs. Velweiss, who got the same treatment as me and trots behind him bare-bottomed. Soon, I stand alone in that indecent outfit in the middle of a troop of Arabs. One of the soldiers comes close to me and inserts his fingers between my labia. It is outrageous! An intimate search... to me, the future reigning princess!

I realize that he is checking my virginity! He removes his hand and tells me with a big smile that Yusuf will be delighted!

I suddenly understand who's responsible for this misadventure; this man who wants to marry me, Yusuf Burid, has just made sure I deserved this marriage with his majestic person, and he found nothing better than to have it checked by some brutes on the side of a road! I'm so angry that I swear to myself I will never marry this obnoxious character, even if it is what Mother and the reasons of State expect me to do.

I hear Mrs. Velweiss shouting in the next room. A few minutes later, the officer comes back with my guardian and an Arab woman wearing a niqab. A big brass ring has been introduced in Mrs. Velweiss' nose, and the officer uses that object to make her come to me, causing her great pain, something he seems not to care one bit.

Suddenly, two nude women enter the room and are presented to us...



I recognize them despite their strange hairdos and their body rings: they are my cousins Jodelle and Isolde de Wonderbourg.

It is incredible to see these stuck-up girls, usually so quick in looking everyone up and down, take a submissive attitude with this officer and that Arab woman... exactly as if they were their slaves.

There is something animal in their outfits: Jodelle looks like a mare, and Isolde like a dairy cow. Girls from the princely family! What a shame!

There is no doubt whatsoever that their outfit and the infamy we are forced into are a specialty of this Shazilarian culture that the media keep harping us about, and I'm supposed to conform to it!





Shortly after, we are brought to another part of the old shopping mall. Through the window, I can see a huge building site where White men are working completely nude. The gigantic foundations lead to believe that they are building some kind of hippodrome. Black or Arab overseers are constantly cracking their whip on the men to keep them working.

I notice our chauffeur, who is being led toward the building site by a leash fastened to a ring thrust into his nose; he is bare naked too. To think that all these men were living peacefully in their own country, in a free Europe, and that they must now work all day like slaves of the ancient times. I can't even imagine how their women are treated by these new masters, but I'm sure it involves sexual favors a lot.

It appears to me now that the anti-terrorist curfew is only a perfect cover for these infamous activities, and as it is Mother who initiated it, I'm deeply worried for her. Could she be totally under the influence of that Yusuf Burid?

Now I think of it, this is the only possible explanation; forcing me into an arranged marriage is not like her at all, even for reasons of State. Anyway, this changes everything; contrary to what I thought, I may not be able to oppose to it by only words of protest.

Though my main concern is about my subjects, the proud Wonderbourgeois who are the victims of a conspiracy leading them straight to a nightmarish future. I hope some of them have already formed a group of resistance to this deceitful invader.

For the time being, I have to put my pride aside and pretend I'm submitting, so that I can wait for the right moment to join the courageous ones who will rebel to free Wonderbourg.



I don't understand at all how Mother can accept to be used as a spokeswoman for people who are reducing her subjects to slavery, but maybe it is an act too, and she's waiting for the right moment to reveal the whole thing? I definitely hope so...

Mrs Velweiss and I are locked down in an adjoining room in which we are supposed to spend the night. They leave us our bags, but not our clothes, probably because of these well-known cultural reasons. I'll try to keep a clear mind by putting in writing the misadventures of that evening, but it will not be easy.

I suddenly fear the future, when I never had to think about it for now. What will be done to us in that empty room during the night? Why is the army involved in that coup?... the police has to be too, the press... I should never have spent so much time in Switzerland; now I'm completely ignorant of what is happening to my own country...

Empress Rasheeda's visit to Wonderbourg

An economic and cultural pact for the mutual benefit of our two nations

by Georges Moulineux

Wonderbourg Herald

Her Imperial Highness Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul, Rasheeda the first, undisputed leader of the Rasheedian Empire, makes an official tour of our country this week. Her majesty Princess Godeliève de Wonderbourg has welcomed her with all the pomp and circumstance the Head of State of a friendly country can expect.

We must not forget that Rasheeda Burid was born in our principality, and that she still is officially a Wonderbourg national. Let's hope it augurs well with privileged and long-lasting relationships for our two countries.

Princess Godeliève has declared that our two nations would be linked in an even stronger

way by this union of Yusuf Burid, cousin to the Empress, with our beloved Princess Ludivine.

She added that "culture, traditions and religions of Rasheedia would now be authorized, and even promoted, in all the country."

Empress Rasheeda then declared that our two nations had a great future together and announced her big project of cultural center dedicated to the Wonderbourgeois woman and her emancipation, a subject she takes to heart. This gigantic complex will be built in Maruk, the second biggest city of the Empire, famous for its international market. It will offer cultural exchanges with the schools of our country and will give to thousands of our young fellow countrywomen the opportunity to visit Africa for free.

She also announced an economic plan to help our country, based on massive investments in our industry and measures to motivate her people to buy Wonderbourgeois products. For that purpose, a program will be launched to make our industry fit to perfection the needs of the Rasheedians.

She also mentioned the question of anti-Arab terrorism in our country and took note of the determination of Princess Godeliève to put an end to this problem once and for all.

Our sovereign has seized this opportunity to conduct last evening a big offensive against that plague. She announced this morning the arrest of hundreds of Wonderbourgeois activists suspected of helping the terrorists.



Christian women sexually enslaved to Arabs

To erradicate stupid and racist clichés about Rasheedian culture and traditions

by Marguerite Vuillor

Wonderbourg Herald

It seems that some people have an interest in fostering prejudices between communities; they spread false information that makes more difficult for us to comprehend the reality of Shazilarian culture.

Fundamentally, what is so terrible about being nude in the streets? At the beginning of the Shazz fashion, the women who had chosen to go to a night club naked in the company of an Arab man could go to prison. Today, this youth movement has found its place in our society and the nudity of its White adepts is accepted by the authorities. So, why do we continue to castigate the tradition from Africa at the source of that movement?

It is a great opportunity that is given to me here to wring the neck of all these ridicule clichés that are running in the public opinion:

◊ *The Shazilarian idiosyncrasy has been authorized only as an exception by the United Nations, and now we learn that it is the tradition of all an empire that is a massive destination for educated women who seek to live like the White natives of this country.*

If it is spreading so fast there and making so many adepts here, then perhaps it is simply because it is good?

◊ *It is a racist culture, because only the White women have to be naked.*

It is typically a Western way of thinking to see being nude as being inferior; the Whites (and not only the women) who live in Rasheedia are perfectly happy and no inferior in any way to other citizens.

◊ *The girls have their genitals sewn and are marked with a red-hot iron.*

One can always see such a thing as barbaric, but who are we to judge such an ancient tradition? I personally asked to hundreds of women if they liked that fashion, and they all replied that they were proud of their personal jewels and their marks. It is also a protection for them, as the lacing is a great thing to avoid rapes (Rasheedia has the smallest rate of rapes in the world!) as only the woman has the right to remove her vulvar lacing if she wants to honor a man. The tattoo on the belly is the mark of a powerful man that she gets done by a tattoo-artist, and so compels her targeted man to become her protector. It imposes to that man, in exchange for this great honor, the obligation to provide room and board, and to offer presents at some times of year... and nothing more!

◊ *There has to be a connection between this cultural exception and the disappearing of all these White women in Europe.*

Rasheedia the First has clearly condemned White slavery. Only Zebya claims its intentions to enslave women.

◊ *The Shazilarian Whites (non-natives) interviewed are pressured to say to the media they are happy, when in reality they are not.*

The U.N.C.A.W.W.S. interviewed thousands of White women in the streets of Rasheedia after the war, offering them to come back to Europe, but none of them accepted this offer. There are even some cases of women who had been forced to come, and who were so depressed afterwards that they did the worst things to be allowed to go back to Rasheedia.

◊ *The Whites who go there have to stay mute when Arabs speak, which is an obvious proof of male chauvinism.*

There again, it is a Western cliché to think that speaking makes you happier or superior. These women have come to live like the mute natives who are their models, and they simply don't need to talk anymore: they have everything they desire falling into their laps!

◊ *The whole thing is a lie, and these women, in reality, are slaves (I even heard "animals" once!)*

And extra-terrestrials are behind that conspiracy! Seriously, I went to Rasheedia after the war and I can testify that I have never seen more happy women than Shazilarian Whites. For anyone who had the chance to go to that paradise, it is obvious that these women have chosen this life willingly.

In conclusion, I will say that we must always be very careful, though especially nowadays, before we arbitrarily judge the culture of others through the filter of our own. Do we want to put an end to this by going back to conquer Africa, as we did in the old days? A high number of Western women have deliberately chosen to follow the Shazz fashion, and most of them did it in reaction to this fantasy of the past that eats away society.

Rasheedia is a friendly country, so let's not blind ourselves about the real enemy: these racist terrorists who put our lives in danger every day, not some harmless youth movement or age-old traditions which originated probably to extol the beauty of the White woman.

M.V.

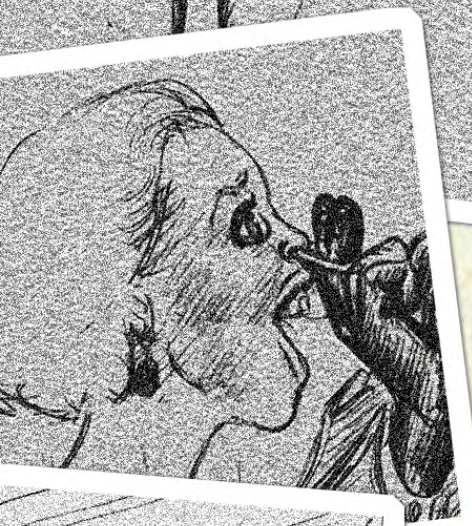
Tuesday

For four nights I slept in the same sordid room, and for four days I suffered terrible humiliations.

Every morning, I'm brought to Vainebleu to be displayed nude, to bow and scape to Arabs of the city in front of a compact crowd that is laughing at me. Some even spit on me! Me who has always been good with these people!

I still didn't meet Monsieur Burid, and I don't understand why he treats me that way if his intention is to make me his wife. I know that the Arabs are hard with their women, but this...





I'm aware of that tradition that imposes only to the Whites to be nude in Rasheedia, as I've read that book of Rasheeda Burid about the sacred valley of Shazilar, and I know it is supposed to be an honor for us, but watching this makes me sure now that the whole thing is a deception made to cover up White slavery, a dirty work for which Rasheeda Burid has been greatly rewarded later!

The real reason why we must be nude, is because the Rasheedians see us like animals! I had heard these rumors, but I had found them so fantastic at the time that I totally rejected them. Oh, how I bitterly regret it today; it was the pure and simple truth!

And it is perfectly logical that Rasheeda Burid, the book's author, should do everything to extend the Shazilarian world to the empire she leads.. and now to my country!

I ask to the Arab in charge of my "training" if I'm still going to be married to Yusuf Burid. Naturally, it causes me some hard whipping for opening my mouth without an authorization. Nevertheless, my trainer finally chooses to reply to me: what I'm living here is actually a rehearsal for the wedding; nobody would want a sudden rebellion during the ceremony from one (I quote) "despiteful white slut whose ego is inflated because her little buttocks are seen as precious in a small Christian reservation of the Empire."

That does it! I decide that I will not let myself be humiliated again... this the reason why my little buttocks, precious or not, are on fire tonight!

Wednesday

I'm back to my bedroom after a really strange day. First, I'm woken up very early and I refuse to get up. Then, my Arab trainer takes my personal diary and walks away with it.

Half an hour later, he comes back and put some kind of mask over my face, forcing me to inhale a strange powder.

Next, I climb into the limousine, going once more to downtown Vainebleu.





I have some weird feelings since the moment I entered Wonderbourg, three days ago, as if I were beginning to love the idea of being dominated, but that feeling grows now out of control. Besides that, I feel incredibly aroused each time the hand of my trainer runs on my body.

I'm brought out of the limo in a crowded area of the city, and the Arabs who gather around are allowed to touch me. To my horror, I'm beginning to twist myself with pleasure under the hands of these perfect strangers, and all my will and self-control has vanished. Each one of these men looks at me with a triumphant air when they see the saliva trickling from the corner of my mouth. I'm overwhelmed with shame about climaxing that way in public under the hand of a perfect stranger. And it goes on and on: I spend the rest of the day twisting and shivering with all my body, moaning with hiccups of pleasure...

In the evening, I'm back into my room and I confide myself to my personal diary, despite I'm aware that my secrets will not be respected. Anyway, I took the decision to bring my rebellion to an end: I can't fight against these people if even my body betrays me.

Thursday

This morning, the trainer comes to fetch me. He reads the last page of my diary in front of me and bursts in laughs. He rubs my head and gives me a tender look while I feel a saliva dribble sliding down my chin.

I'm brought to a room on the other side of the mall, and I'm cleaned up, combed and prepared for some mysterious event.

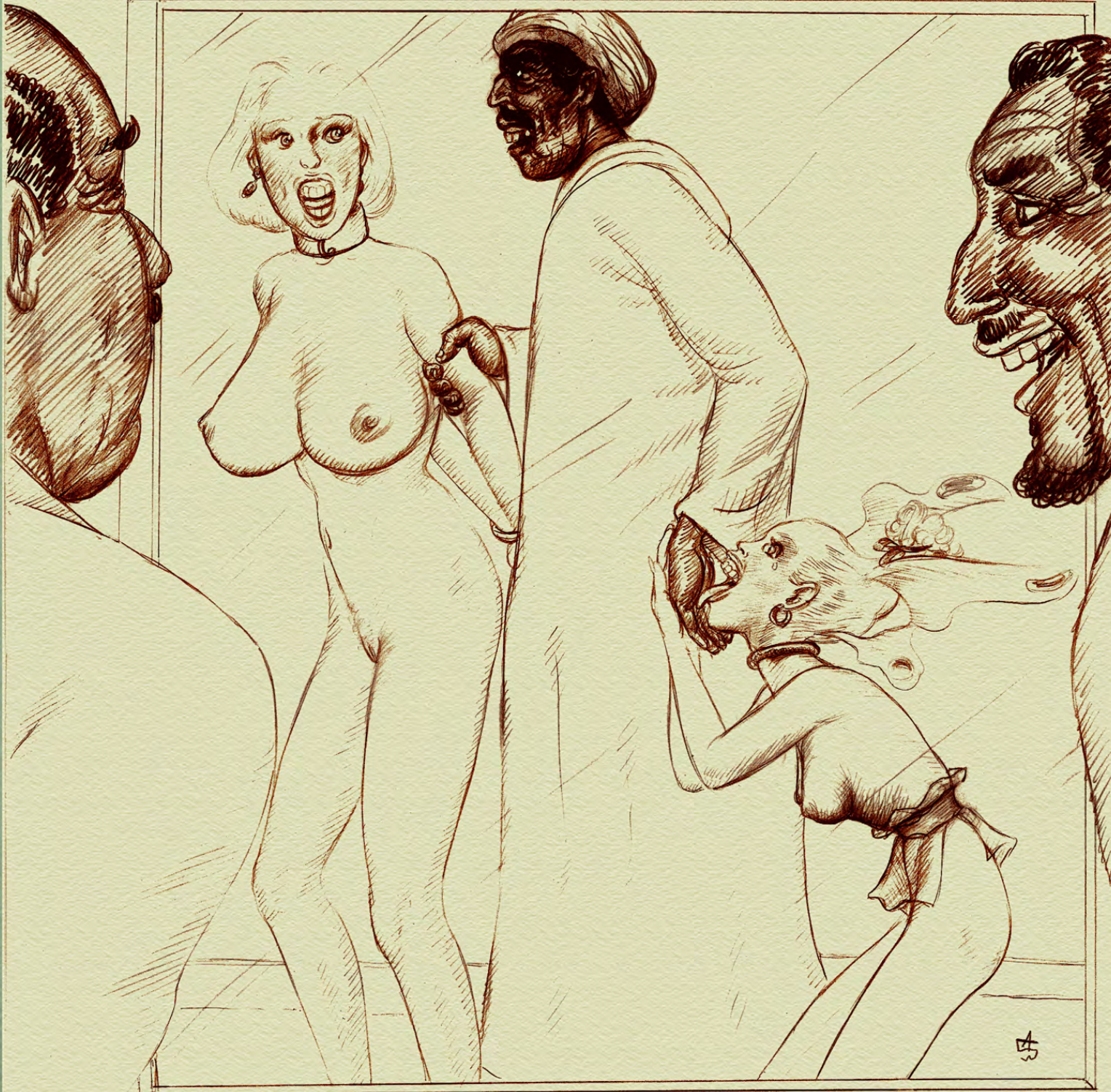
Then, an old Arab enters the room with Mrs. Velweiss.



The old Arab asks me to kneel down and lick his hand. I obey, giving big tongue strokes in the palm of his hand.

It is so exciting that I soon realize I just can't stop doing it!

Mrs. Velweiss is horrified. The old Arab tells her with a smile that it is the last time she ever sees me, because a career as a teacher of porcine deportment is waiting for her at "les Bonnettes" girl school. He just wanted her to meet her beloved little princess one last time, so that she wouldn't have delusions about who was really in power in this country.





The old Arab leaves as he had come, with Mrs. Velweiss, and I stay by myself in the room for an hour.

He comes back alone later and makes me kneel down before him, in front of the big mirror on the wall. Surprisingly kind, he orders me to lick his hand and asks me loads of questions, about what I think of Arabs in general, what I feel at the prospect of marrying Yusuf Burid soon, and so on... Naturally, I tell him what he wants to hear, licking his hand zealously to encourage his brand-new kindness.

After this thorough questioning, he brings me to another room with a television set in it. He sits down comfortably in an armchair, and I stand at his side. Though, while he watches television, he begins to knead my buttocks absent-mindedly. It is so delightful that I can't help shaking with excitement and emitting little moans of pleasure.

Half-an-hour later, an official TV broadcast of the Principality begins; it is Mother who is giving a press conference. Will I know at last the reasons of my ordeal?

A journalist asks her about my marriage with Yusuf Burid, and Mother answers that it is in no way an arranged marriage for financial or political reasons, but a real love story; and as the journalist expresses his surprise that a young and pretty girl could fall head over heels for a man twice her age, she replies that she did everything to prevent this, for that precise reason, but that I'm so completely smitten I couldn't care less about her advice.

What a liar!

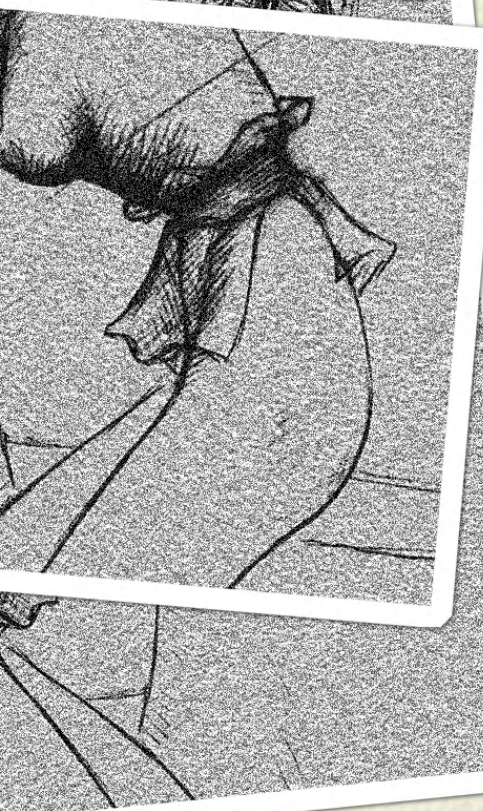
Suddenly, I notice the old Arab on TV; the same man who is now in the process of kneading my buttocks. No wonder he was waiting for that show with such impatience: he was present during the press conference, which actually is pre-recorded!

He presents himself as a journalist of the Rasheedian daily newspaper "El Shazilari" and asks Mother if I am a yusufite Cathophoen. It is the first time I even heard these words, yet Mother replies that I indeed converted to this religion to make my union with Yusuf Burid possible, as a shazilarite Muslim could never have married a non-phoenic Christian woman.

Now I have changed my religion! Yusufite Cathophoen Christian... what a bunch of crap!

The old Arab insists to get a proof of that conversion, so he could reassure the Rasheedian public opinion about this marriage that some people find inappropriate. This is so degrading! Now it is the people of Rasheedia who find that I am not good enough for that fat grocer old enough to be my father!





Though my anger is brutally replaced by pure horror: the TV shows Mother opening a curtain, uncovering a huge window that overlooks the room where I was some time ago; I see myself kneeling at the arrival of the old Arab and beginning to lick his hands while telling him that I'm very much attracted to Arabs, that my sweetest dream is to marry Yusuf Burid, and worse... what a shame! This window, it's the mirror that was in the room; a two-way mirror, obviously. I was deceived in a very vicious way!

My blood starts to boil, but the old Arab at my side notices it and immediately slides a finger into my anus. As I am overwhelmed with pleasure, my angry impulse fades away to leave place to a feeling of total defeat. How could I show myself in public ever again after this? I demonstrated to my subjects that I was so deeply in love with Yusuf Burid that I converted to a religion dedicated to him. How can I deny now what I asserted with such conviction in front of cameras?

While I'm trembling with excitement under the expert hand of the old man, I can see him on TV going back to his chair, and Mother pointing her finger to another journalist. This one asks her whether it's really appropriate for a princess to exhibit herself like this, naked and submitted, and Mother replies she couldn't do anything to prevent me to it; I'm so deeply into that Shazz fashion, like many other girls my age, that she had to resign herself to indulging me that whim; I would only have picked up a man with Arab origins anyway! She's greatly satisfied with this happy ending, my marriage with an important man who understands these excesses of the youth.

What a horror! I'm completely ensnared! Mother's lies combined with my thoughtless attitude in front of the two-way mirror don't leave me much room for maneuver; I can't help becoming this man's wife... or most likely his slave; I will have to obey him all my life... to walk naked at his side... to show to my subjects how I shake with excitement when he puts his hands on me, how the sweet princess they put on a pedestal revels in crawling before any Arab she meets!

Now, Mother announces that I will appear at the end of the press conference, in about an hour.

When he hears this on TV, the old Arab suddenly stands up and pushes me toward the door. He rubs my buttocks while I walk, and I'm in a trance when I enter the room full of journalists. As I hesitate for a second, he shows me with his expert finger that he is ready to make me wriggle of pleasure if by chance I should try to mess up with their little act.

So I play along to avoid a much worse humiliation...





Dear princess,
We know that all this has been
orchestrated. We have still faith in
you. With your support, we will
take back the country from these
barbarians. Cast a shout tonight
right before nightfall, so we could
pinpoint your precise location in the
mall. Please reply by return of post.
The Resistance

Dear friends,
Thank you for your trust, I was
indeed ensnared by these infamous men.
You must try to bring me out of here
quickly. I don't think I can take this
captivity any longer.
We will prevail!
Princess Ludivine

Dear Princess,
We can't afford to strike until we
have made more recruits in the army,
but be sure that a growing number
of people realize there is a
conspiracy at work.
Your wedding is scheduled for
Sunday, and unfortunately we can't
free you before. So, please be
courageous for a few more days.
Your people are with you.
The Resistance

Princely wedding

by Evelyne Papilleau

Wonderbourg Herald

The wedding will take place next Sunday at Saint-Martial Cathedral. A more intimate ceremony will follow at the Wonderbourg Princely Palace.

The ceremony will be thought out to respect both Shazilarite Islam, the religion of Yusuf Burid, and the Yusufite Cathophoen Church to which the Princess belongs. This new religion stipulates that the wife has to be naked during the ceremony. The female guests of European origin will have to wear only a tiny loincloth; they will have to perform a complex sequence of submission gestures before all Muslims present, men or women.

The White women who will refuse to follow these rules will simply not be admitted to the wedding ceremony.

Far too many negative responses have been noted in aristocratic circles; many nobles see this ceremony as a collective humiliation, because the Wonderbourgeois elite would have to be almost nude, when Rasheeda the First and the Rasheedian dignitaries present would be allowed to dress normally.

Faced with that mini-revolt of her peers, Princess Godeliève reaffirmed that the religion of the bride and groom would be fully respected. She added that "it couldn't even be discussed anymore because the respect of cultural differences was the main point of the treaty signed with the Empire of Rasheedia." Everybody knows, of course, how touchy Arabs are about respect!

This event alone is already a godsend for the finances of the Principality: the television networks are fiercely fighting right now for the broadcasting rights of the ceremony. The Golden Arbor Media Group, which recently bought the most important television channels in our country, will decide who will be allowed to broadcast that essential event. Its chairman Yusuf Burid, as a well-advised businessman, has declared he intended to turn his own marriage into a very profitable operation for the Principality.

The second religion of Wonderbourg

The incredible success of the Yusufite Cathophoenic religion

by Marguerite Vuillor

Wonderbourg Herald

The Yusufite religion is an important branch of the Cathophoenic Church, and contrary to what could suggest all this sudden media coverage, it has not popped out of nowhere for the occasion. The Cathophoenic Church was created in the last century to allow the Whites an access to the Phoenic religion, which at the time was only opened to Shazilarians from Bedouin and Shaziri origins. Today, the Phoen is constituted by two complementary elements, the Islaphoenic Church and the Cathophoenic Church.

The Phoen is that sacred book written by the prophet Maruk when the Sacred Valley of Shazilar opened to the rest of the world; that same day, Maruk saw a White Christian rise in the air and disappear in the sky right after he had touched her forehead. That Christian woman is called the Zwangani by the wild Shaziris who worship her as a goddess (apparently, she was the wife of the famous Zwanga the Lord of the Animals). She appeared to Maruk in a dream and made him experience the Islaphoenic Revelation: he was a mirror of God on earth, invested with the sacred mission of taking care of the White females, whose porcine origins wouldn't allow them to enter paradise without the help of someone with divine genes like himself. After this apparition, he wrote a code of laws for a new religion accessible only to White Christians. He also changed Shazilarite Islam, the religion of the Shazilarians, to become the main branch of the Phoen under the name of Islaphoenic Church. The principal goal of these two religions is to get back to the original purity of the two peoples, one divine, the other porcine, in order to respect God's will for the coming of Judgement Day.

Since, some descendants of Maruk claimed they had also received the visit of the Zwangani in a dream; each time, they added to their sacred books new rules of conduct for the Cathophoenic Whites.

The Islaphoenic Church encourages the good faithful to take care of his Cathophoen flock, who couldn't survive to their search for porcine purity without a protector. Nudity and permanent happiness are part of this search, and that is why this religion is tempting so many Western women these days.

The Cathophoenic Church is present in Wonderbourg for about twenty years, but it was always seen as a sect by the Christian Churches. It has spread very quickly, despite the media blackout about its existence, and our country counts now more than a million of Yusufite adepts, the Cathophoenic branch that is under the protection of Yusuf Burid.

By opening the country to Rasheedian traditions last week, Princess Godeliève made many of her female subjects very happy, as they can now live their faith freely in their own country. Of course, it should cause a few problems at first, principally with nudity at school or at work, something that is not yet accepted in our old country, but tolerance will prevail eventually.

Young Princess Ludivine has publicly admitted she was a Yusufite adept. So it is not only a Wonderbourgeois businessman and an imperial dignitary of Rasheedia she will marry, but the living god to whom she belongs since her birth, who the Phoen calls her "tutelary divinity". Knowing that fact indeed gives a better understanding of the enthusiasm she shows about this marriage.

And with this union, it is all the Phoenic religion that makes completely official and becomes the second one in the country.

Only the Catholic Church has made an official protest about the cathedral being used for a marriage between a Muslim and a Cathophoen, but Princess Godeliève declared that the cathedral belonged to the Wonderbourgeois State, and had been used as a place to wed her line through centuries. She added that the Yusufites were Christians, and as such would now dispose of the cathedral half of the time.

Sunday



I keep on writing my diary, but now it is because I've been ordered to: my Master wants me to comment our wedding.

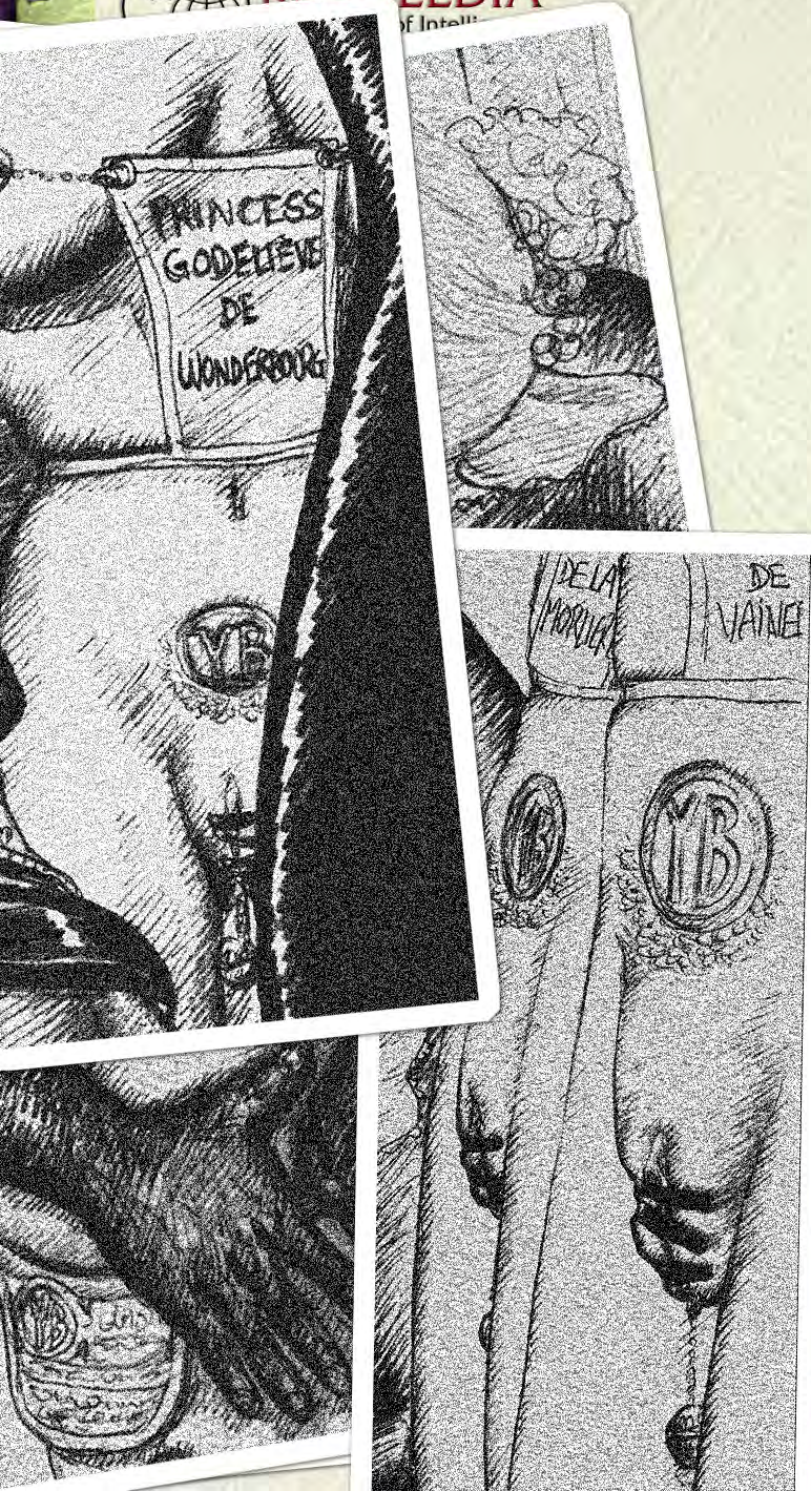
This afternoon, a limousine brings me to Wonderbourg city. We arrive at the princely palace where I'm prepared for the wedding. Women in niqab tie on around my waist a little white leather apron covered with sentences in Arabic and, in its middle, the mark of Yusuf Burid. Then, they fasten it in my back with a lace-edged giant bow tie bearing the colors of the Wonderbourg flag. They gather my hair in a bun, add a few flowers, and crown me with the tiara of future reigning princess of Wonderbourg. They also make me wear the earrings used by my illustrious ancestors since the creation of the Principality. They put some high-heeled shoes on my feet and lace them up along my calves. I experience great difficulties walking with this kind of shoes that I never learned to use.

When I'm ready, I'm carried to the limousine in which I'm brought to the cathedral.

I realize with horror that the vehicle doesn't bring me to some rear concealed door, but in front of a red carpet leading to the main entrance. I have to walk for almost a hundred yards under the eyes of the crowd before entering, with people who shout their joy or their hate, depending of their opinion on the marriage in process. The paparazzi call out to me before making the flashes of their cameras crackle, not to make me turn to them as they usually do, but to surprise me and make me lose my balance so they could take pictures of me staggering along on my high heels with my legs widely spread. The scumbags!

And all these people who are insulting me like if I had betrayed my country... it's intolerable!





I don't know how, but I finally manage to reach the huge gothic portal of the Saint Martial Cathedral. The music begins, giving immediately some pomp to the event. I feel totally ridiculous as I'm walking toward the altar with the affected attitude I perfected during the rehearsal, shamelessly bringing forward my naked vulva. All the Wonderbourgeois aristocracy is here, and it's only because everybody is nude that I don't die of shame. The men have all been placed at the rear and the display of this sea of pink female flesh in front of the altar, speckled with the black spots of the few women in niqab, is completely surreal.

I don't understand why the Wonderbourgeoises of the nobility have all accepted to appear like that. Of course, an invitation to a princely marriage is something they couldn't refuse, but having to go there in a birthday suit, it is total delirium!

When I reach the altar at last, I have to kneel before a Yusufite priestess, a White woman like me, and wait ten minutes for the arrival of Yusuf Burid.

He finally comes through the main portal, wearing a black traditional gown embroidered with gold, followed by all his family in luxurious Arabic clothes. On his way, all along the red carpet, naked men lower the head. As he walks closer to the altar, all the White women lift up the apron-like loincloth that was hiding their intimacies and fasten it to their breast rings, before throwing their pelvis forward to show off what had been kept hidden.

I can now see the names of the women embroidered on the inside of the apron-loinclothes and, to my horror, the mark of Yusuf Burid tattooed on all the bellies. Each woman has her labia closed by a leather lace, from which hangs a little gold bell.

Are all these women of the nobility slaves to Yusuf Burid?



My husband-to-be comes to me and gives me his hand to kiss. I do it and must admit that, in spite of all the shame I feel, this contact dreadfully arouses me. This man I meet for the first time might be twice my age, but still I'm deeply attracted to him; I never felt something so strong for a man before!

At this precise moment, I feel his crop patting my knee, and I respond to that signal, as rehearsed, by opening my nude intimacies to the man I'm going to marry.

To think that television broadcasts this picture in the whole world... what a shame! In the video monitor near the altar, I can see my own body shot in close-up very often. This international broadcast will certainly yield a huge profit... and make a lot of writing about it!

Yet, the cameras don't show the marked and sewn vulvas of the other women—only mine! I guess the sight of all the female aristocracy of Wonderbourg with their sexual lips sewn would be too harrowing for a Western audience... for now! Too bad there is no cameraman to make a little movement aside to show the whole thing... indeed they are all employees of my husband-to-be!

After the ceremony, I have to walk back to the limousine while Yusuf is holding me by the waist. I shiver with excitement at his contact, and it is a horrible feeling to be in this state while a compact crowd is applauding you... and booing at you at the same time!

The motorcade of limousines starts at last, bringing us to the Princely Palace.



There, another ceremony can begin, in private this time. The women of the nobility are there too, in the same outfit as in Saint-Martial. Their husbands have to wait for them in the limos.

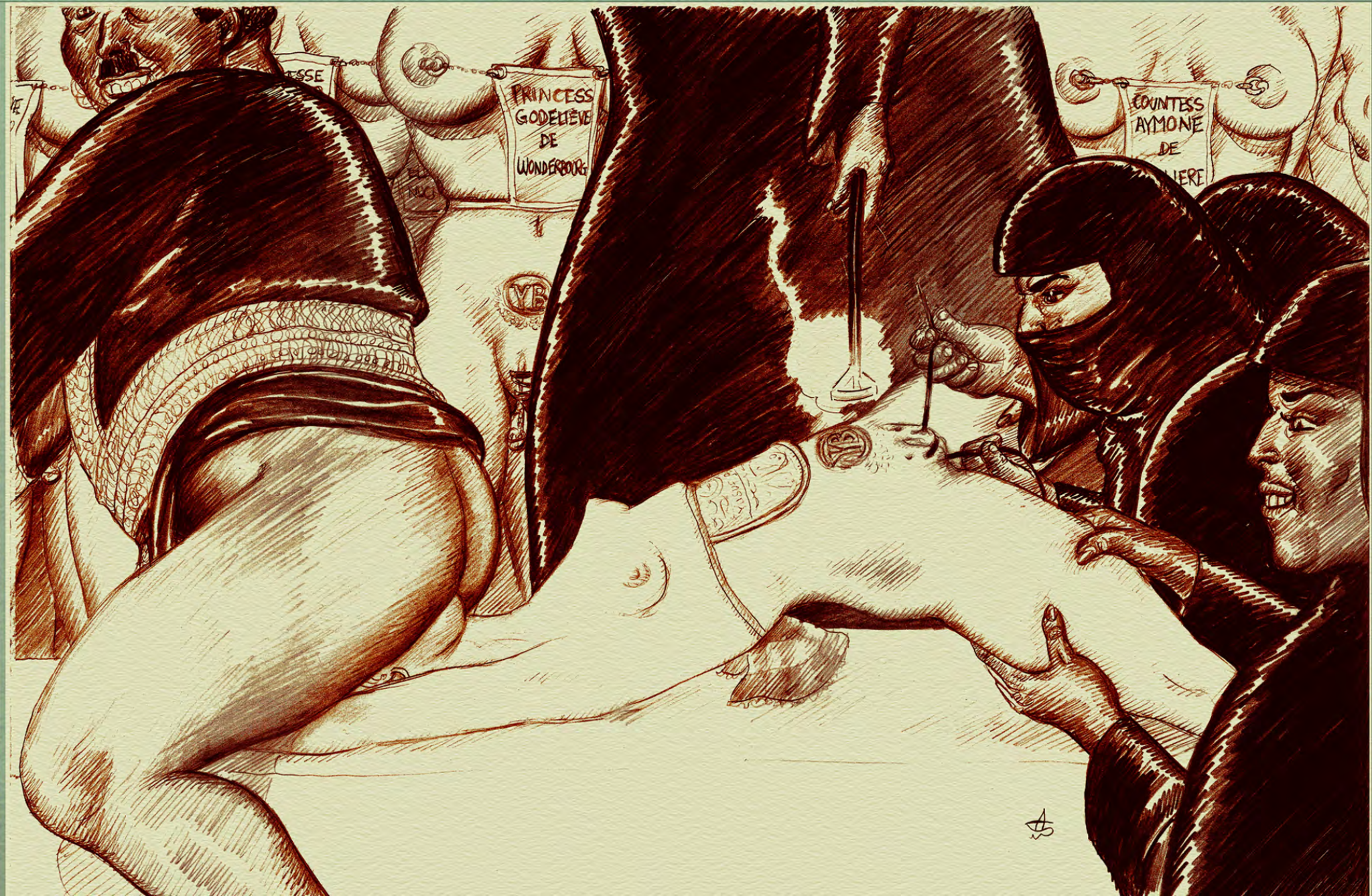
I'm forced to lay down on some kind of altar, and I suddenly feel the heavy butt cheeks of my husband squashing my face; he simply sat on it!

He tells me that we make a good couple, as my face is the exact negative print of his cleft of the buttocks: my eyes are perfect receptacles for his testicles, and my nose separates them gently, driving my mouth to its natural place, right over his anus, which folds match wonderfully those on my lips. To perfect that negative mould, I have to plunge my tongue into his rectum and move it as if I were French-kissing my lover.

He advises me to apply myself to it, if I want the incoming pain to be bearable... and I will need it, as if I emit one single sound that is not a moan of pleasure, I will be severely punished.

And suddenly I feel that intense pain; someone is piercing my sexual lips! Rough hands are squashing them, and a needle runs through them. Soon, an even more excruciating pain makes me almost loose conscience: I'm branded on the belly with a red-hot iron!

Thankfully, I'm a tough cookie, and I only react by increasing my tongue movements inside Yusuf to focus on something else.

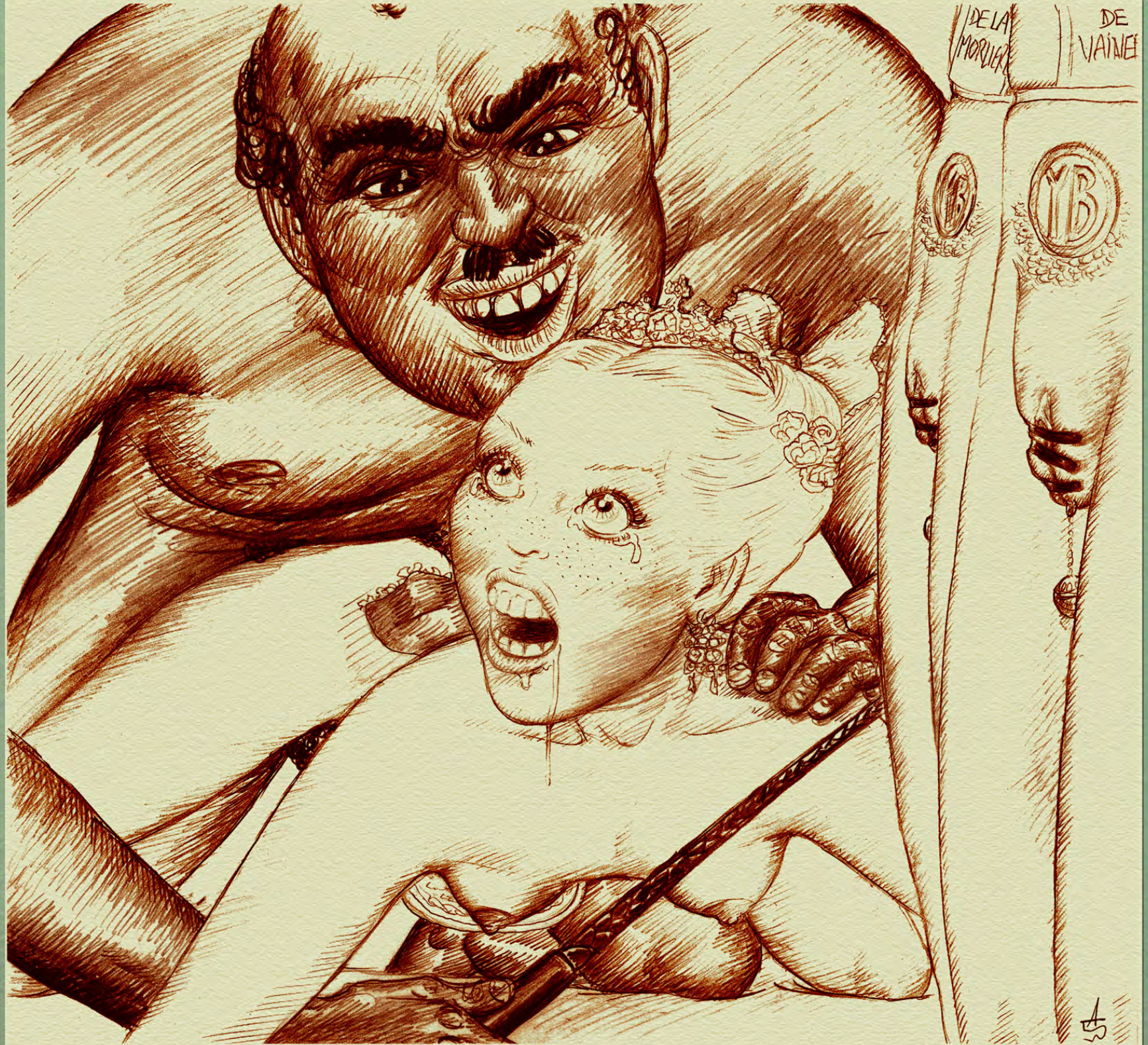


After that, I'm turned around and put on all fours on the altar while Yusuf removes his gown, with the obvious intention to take my virginity right in front of all these women!

I look between my thighs and see my big lips sewn with a leather lace; they are tied in a bow, like a shoelace, probably for Yusuf to easily open them later. Yet, it is through a much tighter hole that Yusuf takes me! So, that's how my first sexual experience is going to be!

His penis slides back and forth inside me while he calls me his filly-princess, his princely mount, his proud charger... I could go on... It is a terrible humiliation to me, as I feel indeed being mounted like an animal. And the worst of it is that I can't help finding this exciting!

Clearly everything is done to humiliate me: the presence of the women of the nobility, the branding and the sexual sewing, the defloration through the wrong orifice... And the worse is that the shame I feel increases my arousal! Soon, I start to respond to Yusuf's movements with delight... and I quickly reach a state of total ecstasy...





Now that I think of it, comfortably settled down to write my diary, I remember that Mother used to say I needed to keep my virginity precious, as my first sexual adventure would condition my sexuality till the end of my days. I'm scared, as this would mean that from now on I could never consider pleasure without being taken through the anus and mounted like a filly.

Though in my case, it is probably not so terrible, as it seems to be the normal way for the Whites to do it in my new religion. At least, I won't be frustrated sexually!

Also, I believe in marriage, and even if I'm only Yusuf's fifth wife, it is still my duty as a princess of Wonderbourg to honor that union, however diplomatic and arranged it is... even imposed to me by force and ruse! Well... let's be honest; I discover each day a little more that the physical contacts with Arabs are bringing me much pleasure, and I wouldn't mind if this experiment should continue...

So, dear husband, if you read my diary right now, know that I can find some charm in the idea I could become your filly and live happy being mounted by you!

Monday

I suppose, my dear husband, that you have read my diary, as you spent all day proving me that I was a filly for real, that it was not only a role I had to play for the sake of the State. But of course it is not possible: I'm not a filly, but a woman... your woman!

What I meant yesterday in my diary, is that I could accommodate myself with your fantasy on this; but if you think I want to become a filly for real, I'm sorry for that regrettable misunderstanding.





About my degradation in public, be aware that I'm definitely less disposed to it than in the intimacy of our bedroom. I consider the way you exhibit me to be debasing for my faithful subjects, who have great respect for me; not to mention my condition as a woman, and even simply as a human. You and I know how little choice I have in the matter, and how you will do with me whatever pleases you anyway, but learn that I will never comply willingly to that degrading treatment you make me endure publicly, whenever I respect it inside the marriage bed.

I don't understand what satisfaction you can find in attempting to turn your wife into a domestic animal. If it is about revenge, or something like that, know that you'll always find me at your side to help you deal with that sickness. I can be very nice with someone who takes care of me, and I already begin to find qualities in you; I like to be taken by the rear the way you do, and anyway if it pleases you, it means it will please me even more, but being seen as an animal for real by your other wives and your children... this is very cruel!

I appeal to your generosity of spirit for sparing me this infamy, dear husband.

There, it is said; and now I'm back to my diary's thread. Today, you have treated me like a mere animal. I didn't like having to eat my lunch in a manger or to do my needs in front of the other women and the children; it was very degrading!

A Black man has literally rubbed me down (I can't find any other word) like if I were a horse. He covered all my body with oil, even daring to extend it very deeply into my orifices. As I was rebelling, he applied his whip on my buttocks. I'm sure you would never have allowed an underling to do such a vile act on my person, and I hope you will give him the punishment he deserves.

Though the worse, it is definitely when you have presented me to Mother. I'm so horrified to see what you made of her. Even if she looks happy, I find that unworthy of you.



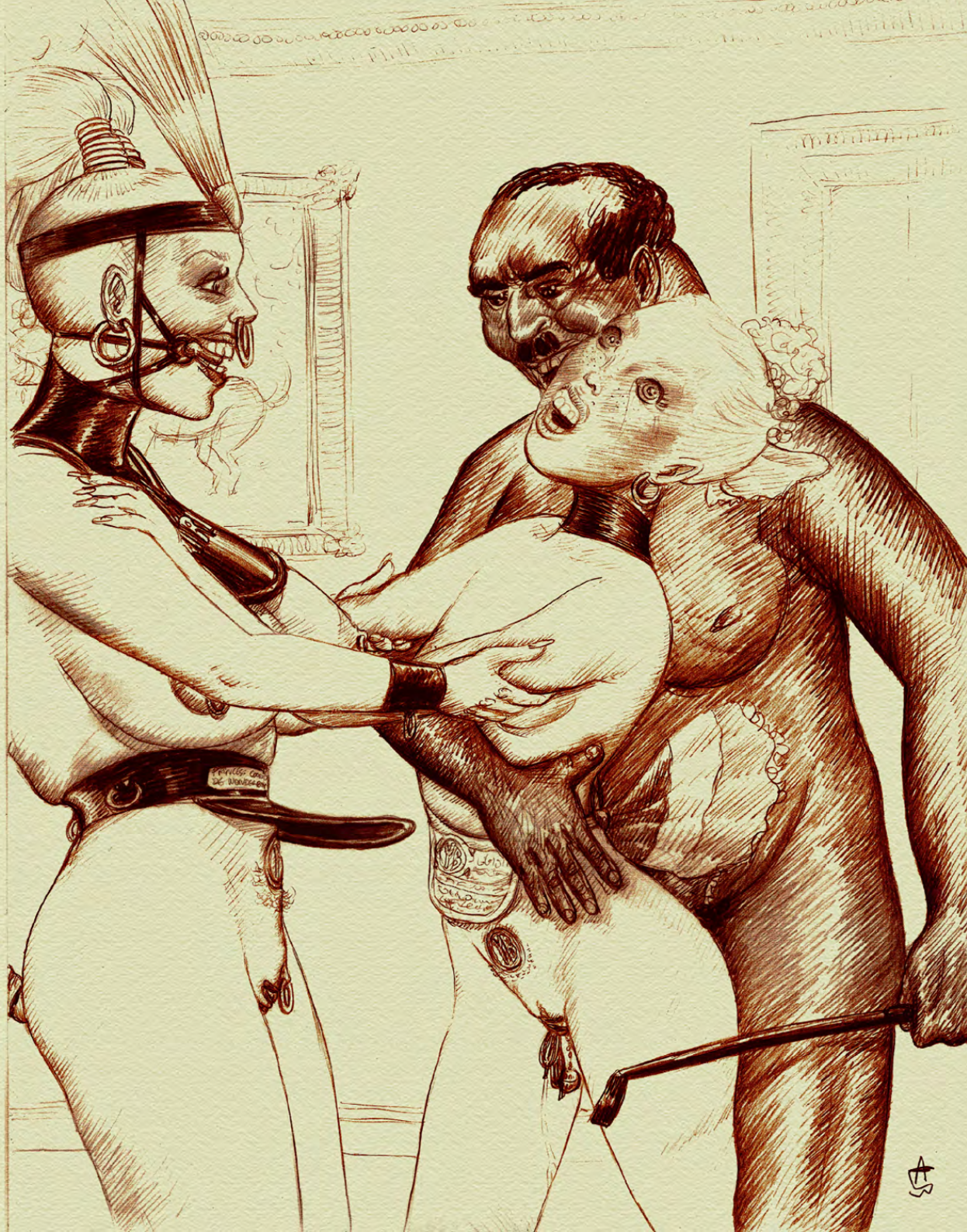
Mother's hair has been shaven, leaving only two pony tails at the top of her skull. I didn't notice this at the wedding, because she was wearing a whip to hide her strange hairdo. I suppose that the rest of her hair has been used to form the tail that is thrust into her rectum and makes her look like a mare.

The leather laces covering her face to keep the bit in her mouth seem to strip her of all human characteristics. The big ring in her nose and the one hanging from her clitoris are not making it any better.

What did you do to her so she would play such a rotten trick on me and look so happy about it?

This meeting with Mother has ruined the wonderful moment I was sharing with you. I'm now aware of what you are able to do to a woman, and I understand that you can easily use my inexperience to turn me into one of your fillies. Know that I would be happy to satisfy you, dear husband, but please, understand how degrading it would be for a princess to become a mere filly in your stable. I know that Mother is also a princess, and that she seems to get along with the infamous status you give to her, but I would consider it really unfair if you should decide to do the same thing to me, your devoted wife.

Completely on another subject and out of simple curiosity, I wanted to ask you something: would my orgasm be stronger if I were a filly ?



Naked in the streets

The new fashion is everywhere

by Evelyne Papilleau

Wonderbourg Herald

In less than a week, the Princely wedding has caused a tidal wave of "Shazz" fashion in all Europe. In Wonderbourg, it took considerable proportions, and the streets of our cities are now filled with nude women.

Princess Godeliève, interviewed on the matter, has replied that she didn't see what was wrong about the youth of her country expressing its difference. She added that anyway we had signed a treaty engaging us to the Empire of Rasheedia, and that we had the capacity to tolerate a bit of easy-going exoticism in return for the economic protection of Rasheedia.

On the subject of the Yusufite doctrine's influence over the Shazz fashion, our leader has replied that "Shazz leads to Yusufism only if a deeper need appears in a young person, and there is no reason to sanction the Shazz fashion despite it is not strictly speaking a Rasheedian tradition covered by the treaty. We will have to get used to see nudity in our streets anyway."

Who would dare say that the spectacle of young beauties nude in our streets is so unpleasant anyway?

Wednesday

The week that followed, I had to live in a box with straw on the floor, to train myself for pulling a carriage with various gaits, to learn how to be part of a team of women up to symbiosis; all that without the slightest possibility to see Yusuf.

This is why, despite my reluctance to betray my vows of marriage, I felt greatly relieved when the Resistance freed me. They attacked the Princely Palace at nightfall. Before I could realize what was happening, I was in a car on a mountain road. In a hidden camp, I met thousands of Wonderbourgeois soldiers ready to fight for the liberation of our country from that terrible oppressor that doesn't speak its name.

Rasheeda's gifts to Wonderbourg

The Empire rewards the respect shown by Princess Godeliève

by Georges Moulineux

Wonderbourg Herald

Her Highness Rasheeda Burid, Empress of Rasheedia, has paid tribute to the efforts of the Principality of Wonderbourg so as to be forgiven for the recent terrorist attacks against citizens of the Empire on our soil. The good example given by the elite of our country, who showed to the whole world its respect for Rasheedian traditions, is something she will never forget.

Consequently, the Empire of Rasheedia will finance the building of twenty-five Yusufite temples in the Principality, so offering tenths of thousands of jobs. It will also create a humanitarian foundation, consisted of a hundred real estate complexes all around the country, to give room and board to any person in need who feels friendly to Rasheedian traditions.

The Empire will also launch a program for the promotion of our local products, to give them a considerable advantage over the products of other European countries. Yusuf Burid assures that this measure could have fantastic consequences on the health of our economy; he already intends to create by himself more than six hundred thousand jobs.

Other Arab countries have decided to follow the Empire and massively invest in Wonderbourg. The rest of the Arab world may criticize Rasheedia and castigate what they call the "Phoenic heresy", the possibility of applying Rasheedian traditions at work is nevertheless a powerful motivation for Muslim industrialists to move their companies here. For example, the Middle-East investors were afraid that Wonderbourgeois employees should steal in their factories and get along

with it because of our laws, they see as too liberal. With employees working naked, a full body search at the end of the day is now sufficient to take care of the problem.

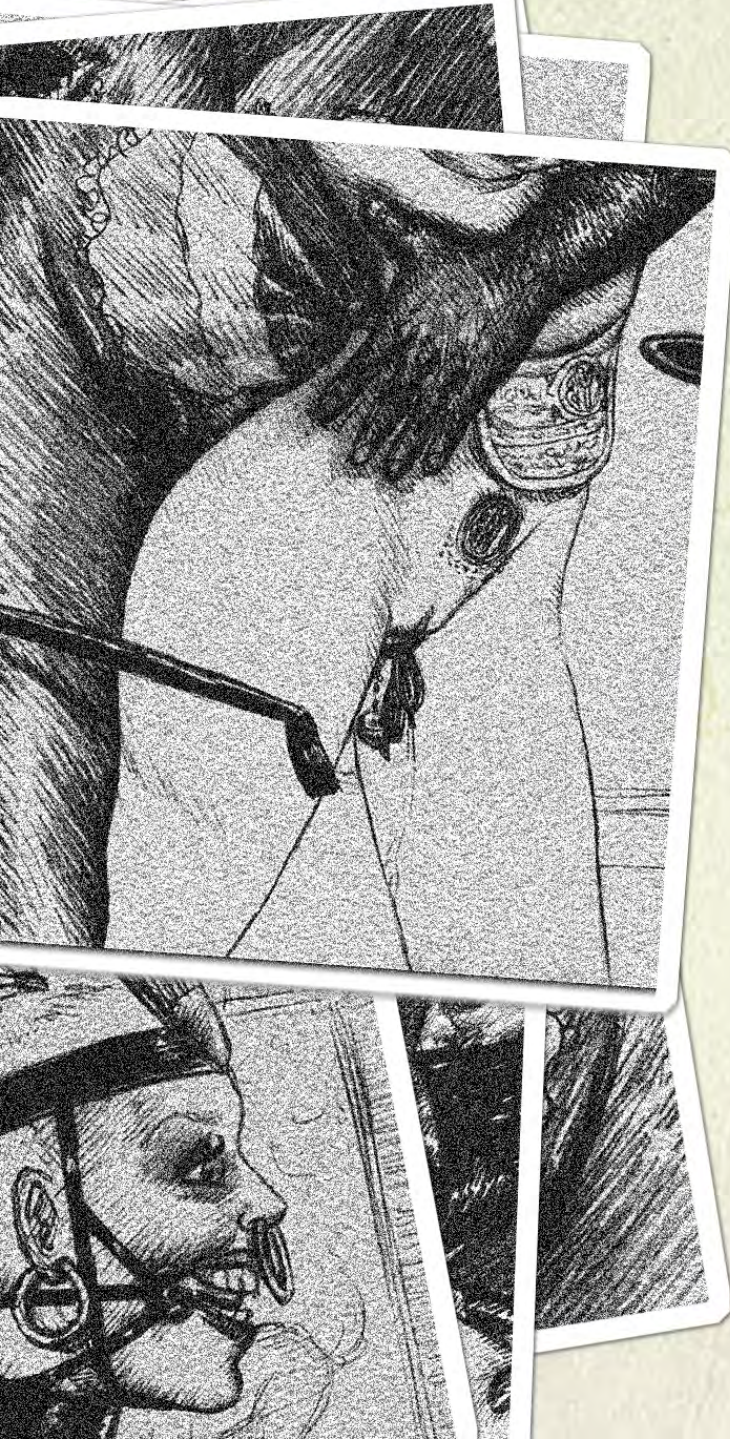
Our employment laws were also forbidding the possibility for an employee to work only for room and board of his family. Now, the companies who employ more than fifty percent of Yusufites will have the right to apply Rasheedian Law, which allows that way of remuneration. The adepts of the Yusufite community of Wonderbourg have expressed their satisfaction. They can now be useful to society while staying in accordance with their beliefs.

Some Yusufite employees, interviewed about the possible reactions of their unions to the mention of full body search at the end of the day, have replied that this was not unpleasant at all, as the tradition imposes that it should be performed by a member of the opposite sex. Moreover, it has very positive effects on the number of thefts in the companies. The whip is the required punishment for theft, or for initiating a conflict with an overseer, a sanction that is rarely applied in Rasheedian factories because it is very dissuasive. Whatever, for the Yusufite employee, someone who steals to his company also steals his god and puts in jeopardy the salvation of all his community.

Nude workers who accept to be subjected to full body searches to avoid their boss to loose money, that is a positive attitude shared by more and more people in our country. Foreign investors do appreciate this refreshing enthusiasm, and it does a lot of good to our economy.

Thanks to that important turning point, 124 Rasheedian companies have already announced the building of a factory in Wonderbourg. This will most certainly curb the endemic unemployment of these last decades.





Thursday

I go to a television studio with a small commando to address the nation during the height o'clock news.

We secure the area, but unfortunately we are betrayed, as someone in the television team has called the police and sabotaged the electric meter of the studio.

A few minutes later, soldiers with Arab origins attack us and kill all my men. Then, Yusuf comes to the studio in person, accompanied by Mother. We both have to get dressed and to make a joint declaration.

It is Mother who begins, announcing that she retires and abdicates for me. Now I'm the reigning Princess of Wonderbourg! I'm given the order to address to my subjects and announce them that I will rule with my prince consort, Yusuf the First of Wonderbourg.

First, I refuse, but Yusuf makes clear to me that if I don't obey him, Mother will be immediately put to death, and I will disappear forever in a tribe of the Tambi plains; Yusuf will then seize power alone and pretext that the princesses have been the victims of a racist attack.

I grudgingly comply. What I thought would be a decisive blow against that crawling invasion of Rasheedia has instead hastened its coming. What a terrible failure! Wonderbourg is now a province of Rasheedia. And most of my subjects don't even realize that they have become, in a few minutes, nude-slaves-to-be.

When it's over, Saïd Agadir, the chief of the secret service named by the actual government, brings me to his headquarters and interrogates me.

To my great shame, I tell him everything I know about the Resistance in less than five minutes; the hidden camp in the mountain, the names of the generals involved... and while the official army moves to this place to kill my soldiers, Saïd Agadir brings me back to my husband.



Yusuf forgives me my treason, considering that he easily got rid of the rebellion because of me. I still have to swear allegiance on everything I believe in, and this is not something I take lightly.

This oath puts a definitive end to my fight. From now on, Yusuf is my law, and I need to focus on the well-being of this man who for now only sees me as a tool for seizing the country.

I played and I lost; and now I must publically announce that I condemn all rebellion against "our" authority. I know I'm probably putting an end to all the hopes formed by my subjects, but I don't have a choice anymore.

The worst is that I don't feel as bad as I should; somehow, I feel relieved with the new oath I just took that forbids me to have any personal opinion. Yusuf will think for me now, and I'll content myself with being the good filly I'm expected to be.

I often had that fantasy in which I'm not a princess anymore, and not even an independent woman, but only a creature dedicated to the pleasure of a man; and now that I pledged to be even less than that, it is my word, my honor that compels me to fulfill that fantasy. I am forever a filly, or at least as long as Yusuf wants me to be.

Later I have to take another oath, the Yusufite oath, that binds me even more than the previous and gives me a number of rules to which I have to obey totally if I want to grow in me the change required by Yusuf:

- Yusuf is my God, and my body is entirely his property; I must take care of it to please him.

- All the Arabs have the right to mount me when they feel like it. Before, I must show to any of them desire mixed with sacred terror; after, gratitude for the distinguished honor of being mounted.

- I must not concern myself with anything else than my physical needs, and I must express them only with my body, in a clear manner.

- Nothing must remain of my previous education; I must adopt a new one, a simpler one that doesn't prevent the animal in me to exist.

Once I have taken that terrible oath, the man who is now my God offers me a pastry, and I pick it up in his mouth with delight.



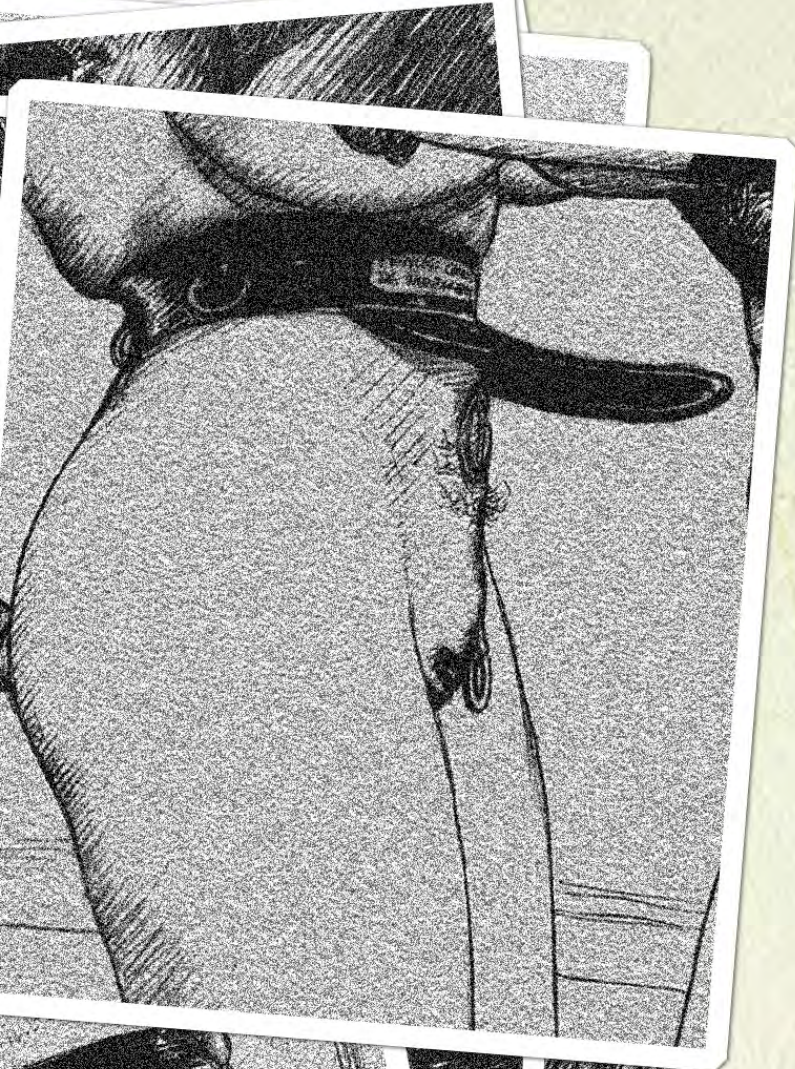
Monday

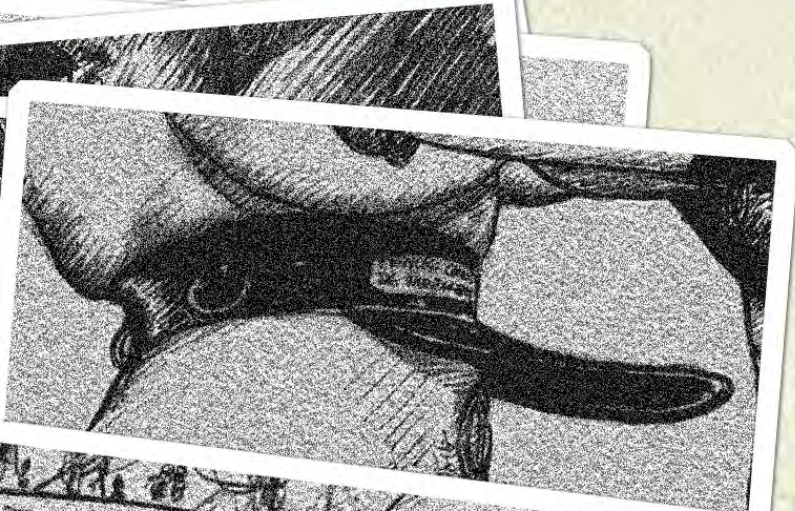
Two weeks of filly life later, the Yusuf God frees my hands and asks me to get back to the writing of my personal diary.

What's new, is that I've come to love that life, especially when our God is close to me. I heard that the Resistance has been totally swept away and that the Empire rules over the whole country, though oddly, I don't see it as such a bad thing anymore.

I often pull our God, harnessed with other fillies of my age, all former schoolmates who belonged to important families of Wonderbourg. It is a big change for us all to get from the life in castles to the life in the stables of a man whose social origins we would have despised if a supreme irony had not made him our God. We don't have control over our own life anymore; we must do (and let be done to us) a number of abject and debasing things which would owe us the despise of most people if they should be publicly displayed. Nevertheless, we are happy, as our bodies are free to express their needs, without the slightest inhibition; we simply accept the rules of a man who possesses an ultimate power over our bodies, and we are grateful that he forces us to live in a way we would never have imagined so fulfilling.

It can cause us pain sometimes, like when we are stricken with the whip, or when we have to pull the cabriolet at high speed, or for hours and hours, but in the end, it is always rewarding. Indeed it is humiliating, but as all the women around us are slaves, it has soon become a normal thing, and I don't think it would still embarrass me if I should be seen debasing myself like this by my former high school friends. It is sometimes difficult to live without a boyfriend paying attention to me day and night, but to make up for that, we have the hands of the young Black grooms which are often driving us mad with pleasure when they rub us down or smear us with oil, showing an outstanding deftness and a great kindness.





The only thing I found really hard is to not being allowed to have sexual intercourse with our God... well, I mean in another way than through the mouth or the anus. I know I will never bear the child of the only man from whom I would like one, and it makes me sad. Yet, I understand very well why a god should not conceive with a creature that can only foal; it would be obscene!

Fortunately, today is a great day, as for the first time our God has unlaced my vulva, a sign that it is time for me to become an adult filly, ready for breeding, and to forever forget the young birdbrained foal I've been for now.

I was told it should be the only time a god would mount me through that orifice, except if I should show some special talent for it; so, I must absolutely savor each precious second of that exceptional moment. I'm well aware that I'm not allowed to receive the semen of our God in me, but I have the overweening pride that I can make a difference if I show excellence, and I try to refrain climaxing before our God.

Alas! It's an impossible dream, and a few seconds after being penetrated by our God, I'm already in a deep state of ecstasy. Soon, a White reproducer is brought to me to finish the job. I recognize uncle Richard in the stallion outfit of the stables of our God, and it's a lesser disappointment for me to know that my progeny will come from the Wonderbourgeois nobility.

Goddess Amina, the first wife of our God, rubs the back of the stallion who covers me, and it makes him come inside me almost instantly... and a second time a few seconds later. But I don't take any pleasure in it, except for the visual satisfaction of contemplating the face of our God during all the breeding.



Our Goddess Amina then pulls uncle Richard's collar off to put an end to the penetration. He doesn't seem to care much, more interested in the body of the Goddess than in mine; he just impregnated me and doesn't even look at me!

So I'm a virgin no more, and chances are that I already carry the foal of the genitor our God has selected for me, but I'm still under the shock of the divine orgasm I got before being covered, and I don't truly comprehend what happened to me.

I was expecting to be directly brought back to the stables afterwards, but I suddenly see our God soaking a gwalad in his saliva to offer it to me as a reward, and this mere sight is now sufficient to arouse me madly; it seems that I will be allowed to get another orgasm!

He continues to turn the delicious pastry in his mouth slowly, and it gives me shivers of pleasure just looking at him do it. During the following ten minutes, he shows great satisfaction in watching me become mad with sexual excitement at the sight of the gwalad being tossed between his lips. I know that the reward is imminent, and my body is shaken by uncontrollable shivers just thinking of it. In such a moment, rare but delightful, I feel like a little animal who tries to snuggle up into the palm of our God.

Finally, I get the signal I was waiting for and I wolf down the gwalad; immediately, I begin to feel a series of chained orgasms.



There we are! I'm now an adult filly. My bow ties and the flowers in my hair are taken away to be replaced by the standard filly outfit.

Our God tells me he almost decided to turn me into a convenience puppy, as I had the talents and the required body shape, but above all he wanted to own a stable of fillies from the Wonderbourgeois nobility.

So that is my life now: the life of a white filly.

The last entry of my diary

I take a pen for the last time, on our God's demand, as it's the done thing to make an ultimate confession before I become a filly and shut my mouth down forever.

Several important political changes happened in Europe recently; it seems that a group of Western biologists have discovered a plant named the naffy and identified it as the source of the intense sexual excitement that the Western women experience during a physical contact with an Arab these days.

Consequently, the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. wants to burn all the naffy fields in Europe. I know that because I overheard our God talking about it with a friend. It is apparently not a danger, as Goddess Rasheeda, with her infinite wisdom, had insisted that should only be planted in Europe the genetically transformed variety of the naffy that doesn't develop a tubercle; the biologists don't stand the slightest chance to understand how it works as long as they are unaware of that essential piece of the puzzle. They will eventually succeed one day, but by then it will be too late to make any difference.





To my great surprise, that idea makes me very happy; our God will conquer the world, and I'm very proud to belong to such a being.

The naffy plant is certainly the reason why Arab men arouse us so much, but I don't want to go back to my former life anyway. Even if a drug has been used to enslave me, and a scheme put in place to deprive me of my human rights, I couldn't care less; I don't see myself as a woman anymore! And even if that drug should be rooted out from the Earth's surface, I know that I will continue to see Arabs like gods, for the simple reason that Arabs are gods for real.

I'm happy to let go my privileges of birth for good if it allows me to be close to our God, and I'm sure there are a lot of women outside who drool over the idea to be in my situation.

Today, after seven months spent in the stables of our God, I'm brought to "les Bonnettes" farm, a veterinary clinic for white fillies, where I must stay for a few months to foal in optimal conditions.

While I'm trotting, fastened to a ring at the rear of the cabriolet, our God reassures me. He tells me that he will be there for the delivery of my foal, as at this time he will be nearby anyway, at the clinic for pregnant women to accompany Goddess Amina, who is going to give him a son. When the young god and my female foal will be born, our God will gather them in front of the press and declare that they are fraternal twins born from our union, the young god being the elder by a few minutes, so that he could inherit the throne of Wonderbourg. Naturally, the value of my own progeny will be much increased by this operation, and she will certainly have a great future in the princely stables.

My last TV intervention will be about putting on that act; I will have to declare that I'm retiring from the media world for good to dedicate myself to my children.



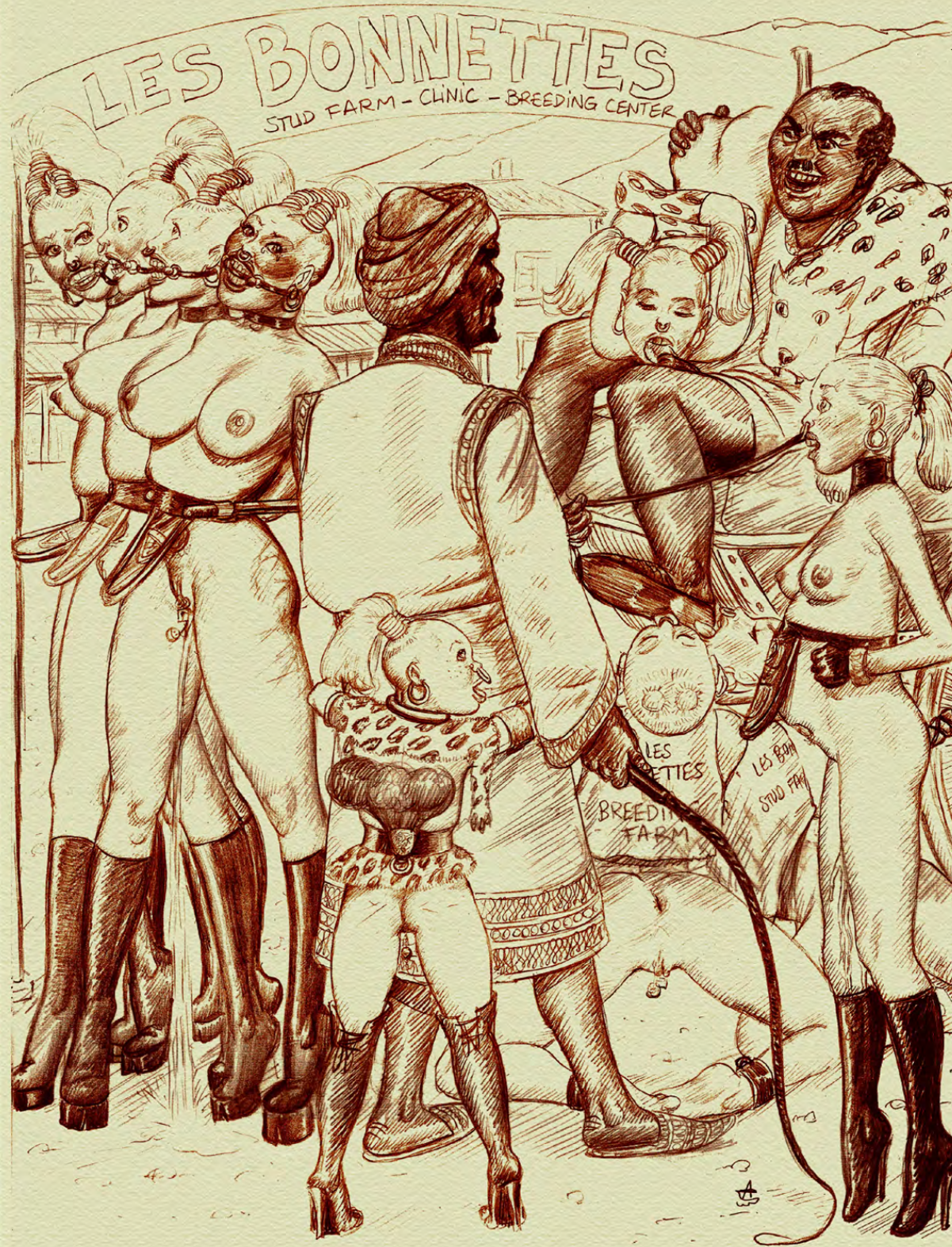
During the whole cabriolet trip to the farm, I could see my little sister Frédégonde fondling our God; she is his new favorite, and it makes me intensely jealous!

Once on the spot, the cabriolet stops, and two white nurses rush toward it; they jump on the ground and start licking our God's slippers.

I'm put in the care of Dr. Brahim al Arach, a man who fills me with terror; he just had to take a quick look at me to make me lose the control my bladder! Actually, he has the same effect on other fillies, and I'm sure we will all be hardly punished for such a lack of discipline, as only a snap of the fingers from our God can allow us to do our needs.

It is a natural effect Brahim has on all white females; he might have done terrible things to leave such an impression! Anyway, he is not interested in us at all; for him, we are only animals who come here to foal, and he is paid to optimize the process, that's all!

In fact, he is only interested in his young white minions who are quietly waiting for him at home right now...



After two months at "les Bonnettes" farm, I deliver as expected a pretty little female, though I declare to the press that the son of Goddess Amina is also mine, and that he is the elder of the two.

Then, I'm back to my normal life as a filly.

Our God often comes to play with my younger sisters-in-harness, my sister Frédégonde and her two schoolmates, Allane de Vainebleu and Virginie de la Morlière.

My sister is still the favorite, but I'm not jealous of her anymore; only the other teams of fillies tease my jealousy now, not the members of my own harness. I suppose it means that my integration is optimal.

I often see Mother at the stable, but the poor filly always fails to attract the attention of our God. For many years to come, the stable groom will oil her rectum for the improbable eventuality that our God should cross her path and be tempted, in memory of the good all times.

I hope I will not experience such a decline until I'm very old!





For the time being, I'm extremely proud I could be allowed to hold our young god in my arms. I wasn't authorized to see my white foal at all, and it is better that way, or else it would have been very difficult for me to let her go.

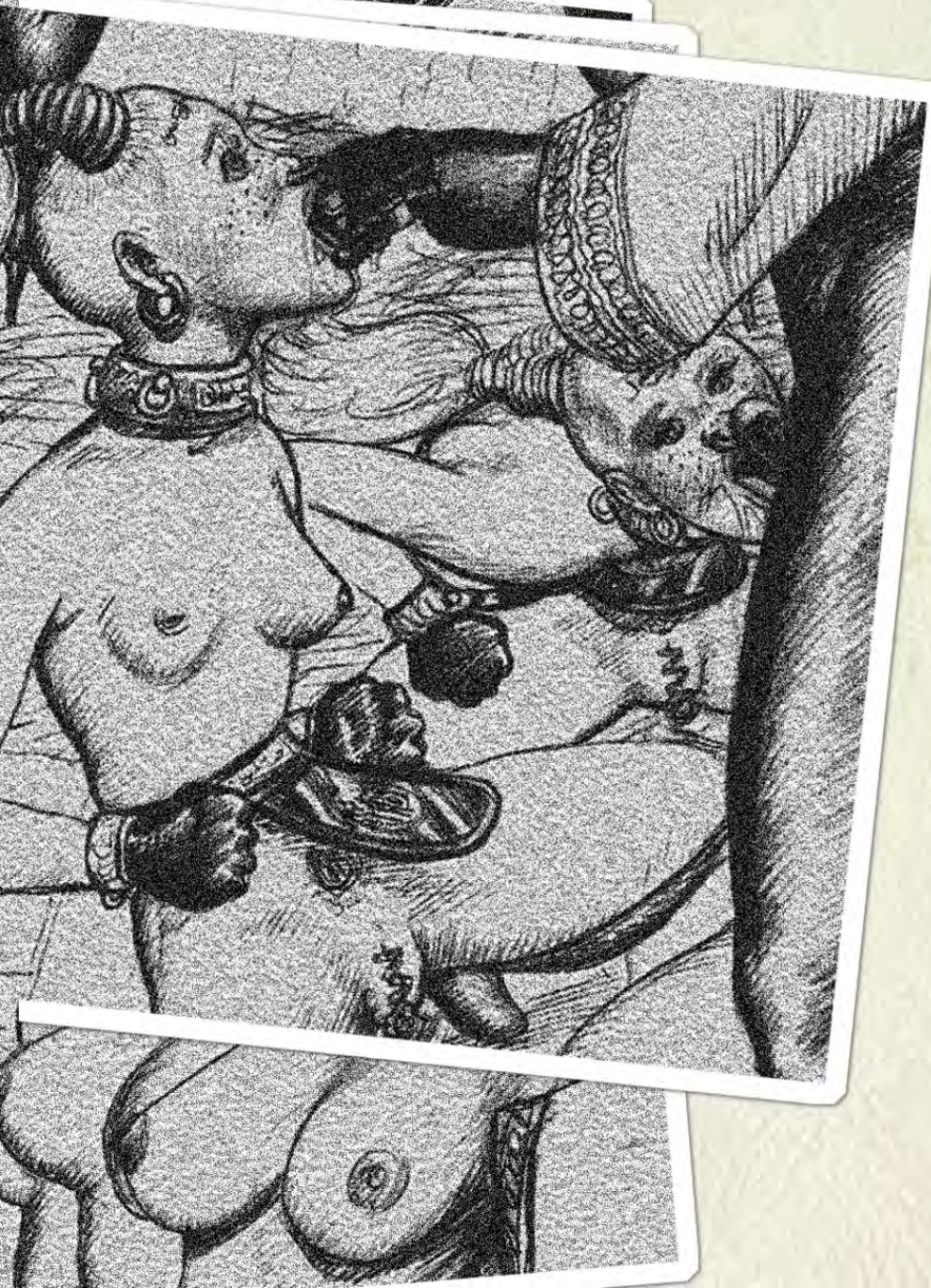
Moreover, it would have been impossible for me to consider her as an animal, and it would have been cruel to give her the hope to become one day a free woman of the old world, as her future is already written: she will become a filly and doesn't need a mother to educate her about things that will be totally out of her grasp anyway. A nanny of "les Bonnettes" will take care of her education so that she could fully be part of the world in which she will have to live, and I shall probably never hear of her again.

Who knows, maybe she will be a favorite when I shall be an old filly? I'm sure that I would like to hear about her at that time, as the idea I could have given birth to a young filly who happens to be a great satisfaction for our God would make me very proud. I'm sure that our God will inform me about it if it is the case; he is so good with his fillies.

However that may be, holding the young god in my arms has transfigured me. I can't help fantasize about having carried him for real in my womb for nine months, and I'm ashamed of these blasphemous thoughts.

I also feel guilty of being a cause for displeasure to our God; he is probably angry about having to pretend in front of the international press that I am the mother of his son. In Wonderbourg, nobody cares to know if he truly is the heir of the throne, but in foreign countries it is important. Our God is resenting people's belief that the mother of his child is a white filly; he always says that he is impatient to see the day when it will be obvious for anyone that a white filly can't possibly give birth to the son of a god. At this time, there will certainly be some fairy tales being told around on the subject, but anyone with a bit of good sense would just have to take a look in his own stables to burst in laughs at the idea that such a depraved animal could deliver a young god.





It is how I see things now, and in the world where we are going to live, it is the reasonable way to do.

On the roads with our God, we can see around many women from other countries of Europe who have come here willingly, moved by the desire created by the naffy spores in the air. I envy these women who can still be allowed a few weeks of life as a favorite. I'm aware that I'm not going to be of interest to our God for long myself, even with all that energy I spend to keep getting into the saddle. My best chance is now to be for him the most reliable of his fillies, and I try to stick to that line of conduct... and believe me, I know how lucky I am to be the reigning princess of his country of birth; without my prestigious pedigree, I couldn't have stayed for so long in his cabriolet elite team.

My sisters-in-harness and myself are now displayed in public without causing the slightest hostile reaction, as the country is completely under the influence of the Empire. The ambassadors of many nations in the world have seen me pulling the cabriolet of our God... and so have all the people who could watch that television newsreel about Shazz that was broadcasted everywhere in the world. I don't care: my shame has totally vanished!

It is perfectly normal now to see here and there a vehicle pulled by white females, like if it were already a tradition of Wonderbourg. The last free whites still don't realize we are really living like fillies 24/7; they think we are doing what we want, when we want...

Well, actually, thinking about how easily we accepted this new life... they may not be completely wrong.



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The White Fillies



Map of the region
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