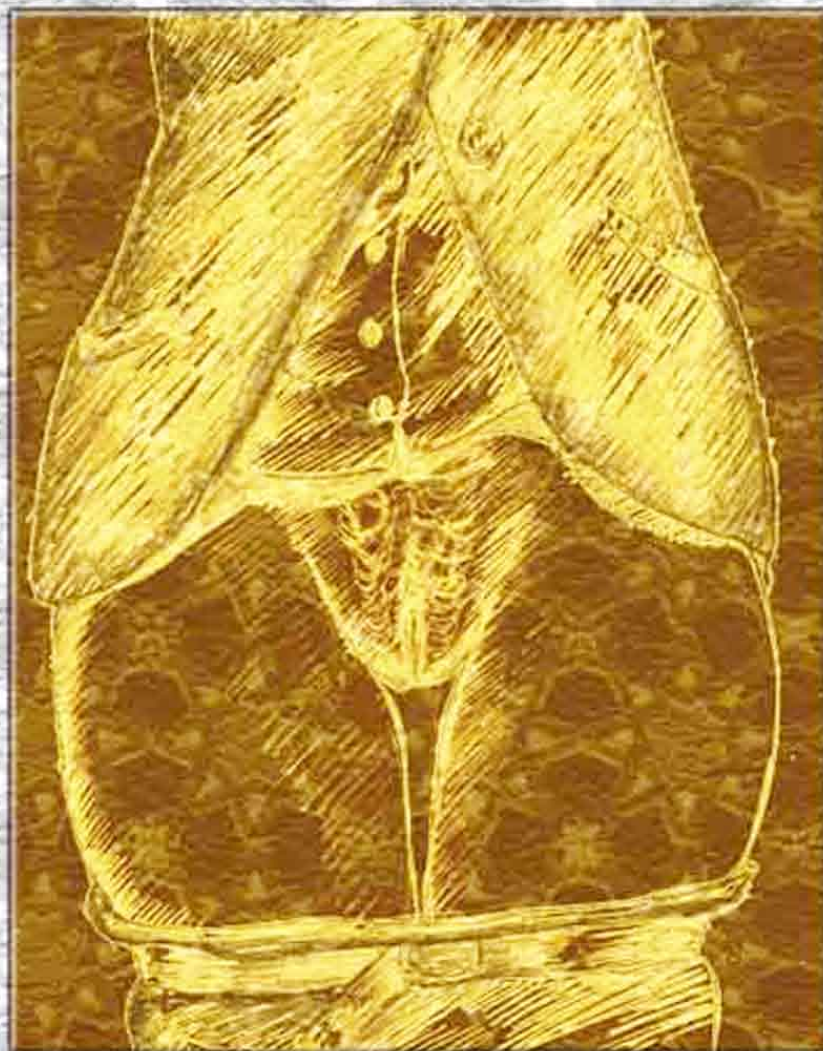


EXPLORER of the Valley of the SLAVES



Alonzo SERAI

Full
screen
mode
switch



Open
the
Book



Click on texts at the left or the top of the drawings to zoom on details.
(Then click anywhere on the drawing to go back to original view)

help



Full Screen / Window Mode

help

Contents

Previous

BEGIN

Next

EXPLORER OF THE VALLEY OF THE Slaves



At the end of the eighties, a cargo ship flying the Tambinambianese flag, the *Crawfish Pot*, was boarded for inspection on the Red Sea. A tank was discovered inside, filled with chained White women packed like sardines. The captives were all very pretty, but mute and incredibly submissive; they had no known identity.

The United-Nations launched an official investigation and demanded to the President of Tambinambiwa, Abdul N'Gania, that the investigators should be allowed to move freely across the country, in order to do their job.

He protested vehemently against any intrusion into the sacred territories, forbidden to infidels, that would be felt as a profanation by every Tambinambianese citizen of Phoenic faith.

The real reason for his protests was, of course, that Abdul N'Gania didn't want any investigator to come anywhere near his domain in the Valley of the Slaves. He was living royally in there, served by groveling white slaves who were spending their time begging for his favors; and they were not all mute creatures born in the Valley of Shazilar. He even owned fields where educated white women were spending their lives uprooting mazook for him; and with the profits, he was ordering new white females in Europe.

He was so accustomed to that way of life that, to keep it going, he was ready to fight to the very end.

Scandalized, many European nations claimed they were ready to support the investigators with military intervention; an American intelligence agency sent the U.N. Delegates some satellite pictures showing clearly White women working in fields under the whip or walking naked in the streets of N'Wambiwa. The permanent cloud layer that was covering the Valley of Shazilar, that was giving such a gentle microclimate to the region, didn't allow the spy satellites to see clearly through, in these times, but what was happening in a part of the valley of the Slaves and in many forbidden areas of Tambinambiwa could be photographed.

President N'Gania couldn't make do with offended protest anymore; following the orders of the Caliph Ahmed al Rhazul, he stunned the world by revealing the existence of the Valley of Shazilar, a place where White creatures, mute and primitive, whose reproduction was giving more than eighty percent females, coexisted with a population of Bedouin and Shaziri origins. The official version was that Tambinambiwa had kept this place secret in order to preserve a unique endangered culture, but regretted that unscrupulous adventurers had succeeded in sending some of these creatures outside, to sell them later as slaves.



Abdul n'Gania demanded that sanctions should be taken against neighbor countries that were condoning the awful traffic of his White nationals; in Tambinambiwa, they were indeed seen as animals by Shazilarian natives, but they were respected and worshiped, like were the sacred cows in India; he insisted that quick action should be taken to preserve the unfortunate creatures, now that the world was aware of their existence. Because of the aftermath of the colonization, these bird-brained Whites had regrettably become scapegoats for many people in the region.

To those who were alluding to the satellite pictures, Abdul N'Gania replied that Tambinambiwa couldn't afford to fight alone against the villains who were taking advantage of these creatures on his territory, and who were getting huge financial backing through their odious traffic with foreign countries. If these organized groups were fought on an international scale, the white trade dealers would not be supplied in sophisticated weapons anymore and the Tambinambianese Army would take care of them easily...

After many discussions, the United-Nations decided that this very peculiar culture, and the strange way of life of these White women, should be investigated anyway by specialists before any decision should be taken.

Rasheeda Burid, a Wonderbourgeois ethnologist with North-african origins, who worked for the famous Ethnologic Institute of Africa and the Middle-East, a structure set up in Geneva that was answerable to the U.N.O. , was appointed to prepare an expedition to this mysterious part of Tambinambiwa. She was speaking Arabic and Shaziri, and her passion for that region of the world was famous; thus she was the perfect choice for this mission.

Unfortunately, after she had worked for one year on the project, she was ousted at the last minute by her superior Heidrun von Gohtta. The delegates of the European nations had put pressure on the Institute so that a White could lead the project; the United-Nations had allowed that last minute change, considering that the information they could get through a woman of North-african origin would risk to be systematically contested by European nations.

Rasheeda, of course, was furious to have her project confiscated by this woman she hated, who had harassed her for years, but she wanted so much to be part of this expedition that she accepted this last minute change without protest.

The worst was yet to come; when Rasheeda arrived with her luggage at Geneva Airport, the morning of the expedition, it was to be informed that she was not going to make the journey; she had to stay in Geneva to oversee the expedition from her desk and take care of the administrative work.

Rasheeda Burid gave to Frau von Gohtta all her precious notes and left the airport pondering dark thoughts of revenge, while the plane was flying away to Africa.



The members of the expedition were met at the airport by Neffuz, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Tambinambiwa, and brought to Tambi — the brand new capital now that N'Wambiwa was forbidden to foreigners.

Unfortunately, the helicopter supposed to bring them to the valley of Shazilar was out of order, and it was the only one available. Very angry, Heidrun von Gohtta showed her displeasure to Minister Neffuz and decreed this was not going to stop her.

The next morning, the Von Gohtta Expedition was taking the road overland, in military vehicles, escorted by twenty Tambinambianese soldiers; besides Heidrun von Gohtta, the expedition consisted only of ethnologists: Doctor Maud Garrison, Professor Esteban Ballador and Doctor Arnaud Gategrain.

After two days driving across the hills, the expedition arrived at the edge of the jungle. The vehicles were abandoned and the long trip through the deep foliage began. The first day was tough, as everyone had to suffer the filthy mood of Frau von Gohtta; and it didn't get any better when a helicopter flew over their heads.

She swore she was going to enjoy a lot writing up her report to the United-Nations!

On the second day of walk through that green hell, the soldiers at the head of the group disappeared completely. It seemed they had walked much faster than their colleagues at the rear and were significantly ahead. When Frau von Gohtta realized it, she sent a few soldiers to chase the first group, and ordered the others to force the pace.

Without any news of her emissaries at nightfall, she decided to keep going, but she's had cause to regret it, as in the darkness, the soldiers lost completely the track of the first group; and the next morning, Heidrun von Gohtta and Maud garrison were alone in the hostile jungle with a handful of Tambinambianese soldiers.

Though, despite the savage tribes around, the men didn't seem to worry much, and the two women decided, in agreement, that to keep going toward their objective was the best way to find the other half of the expedition.

This was how, in the morning of the fifth day, the small group emerged from the jungle into a vast plain, dominated by the gigantic Naouda Cliff. This territory, that the maps set up by the English, twenty years ago, were describing as almost entirely made of jungle, was in reality a colored patchwork of cultivated fields. In the distance, a magnificent palace could be seen, on the very spot of the hidden path to enter the Valley of Shazilar, the objective of the expedition; though the reports of Lord Whitestock — that were not seen anymore as fiction work — described the place has a stark fortress, not as a palace from the Arabian Night.

Though it was not the only surprise that was in store for them, far from it; moving closer to the first cultivated fields, the two emissaries from the United-Nations discovered with horror that white women, dressed in rags that were leaving their bottom naked, were working there, in the mud, under the whip of Arab overseers.





Heidrun von Gohtta was among the rare persons who had seen the satellite pictures that the American intelligence had sent to the delegates of the U.N.O. , but she was nowhere near to realize what daily hell these unfortunate creatures were living, continuously whipped by their cruel overseers to keep them doing their work rate.

In Europe, she had the opportunity to meet the creatures found on the Crawfish Pot; the fact they were mentally deficient, displaying a behavior very close to animals, didn't mean they deserved such a disgraceful treatment. Their physical appearance was actually no different from civilized White women, and they could have been mistaken with English, Scandinavian... or even German women!

Heidrun von Gohtta shivered at the thought she too could end up in one of these fields, at the mercy of these enslaving villains. With her head shaven, who could ever recognize her among these females? And until she could fill her report, Tambinambiwa, a sovereign state, was officially giving them the status of animals!

She was beginning to wonder how slavery, applied on such a scale, in such an open place, could have escaped the authorities. This area was indeed very hard to access, and this country was young and wild, but the biggest part of that valley was covered by jungle at the time of Lord Whitestock, and had necessarily been subjected to an intensive deforestation; there were roads, cultivated fields as far as the eye could see and, above all, that city in the distance, Swillraoussabad, she had thought was just a lost village protected from the villains by the soldiers of the fortress — and now, instead of the fortress, there was this palace from the Arabian Nights! How could Abdul N'Gania ignore what was happening here?

The small group walked for about ten hours across the rocky roads of the Valley of the Slaves — a place that deserved its name well, even if the rest of the world would have considered another origin — and Heidrun was scared more and more to see that her presence didn't worry the overseers, who were even increasing the cracks of their whip when she was passing by. Though when she was sharing her concern with the Tambinambianese soldiers, they were reminding her, serene, that they had modern weapons against a handful of natives bearing whips.

Heidrun promised herself she would be back as soon as possible to free these women, when they would have caught up with the other group.

They entered the city, that could have passed for a typical city of Maghreb, if it was not for the presence of these nude white women led by a leash, on their feet or on all fours — as if it was perfectly normal! Heidrun was feeling less and less at ease, surrounded by so many alleged villains.

Finally, they arrived in front of the huge door of the palace — but the rest of the expedition was nowhere around. The soldiers wanted to enter, certain they would be safe inside, as it was the Palace of the Caliph.

Heidrun von Gohtta had heard about this “Caliph”, who was only commanding the Faithfuls of Tambinambiwa; when his existence had been revealed, many Western countries had been worried that he could be in position to federate the Muslim world into a hostile empire, using for that purpose his status, both religious and political ; fortunately the Phoenic Church was immediately seen as a heresy by the other branches of Islam.





Shaziri guards wearing Arabic clothes opened the door and accompanied them across a big yard, and then inside the gigantic structure of marble and alabaster of the Caliphal Palace. There, a huge surprise was awaiting Frau von Gohtta; Minister Neffuz, the man who had met them at Tambi Airport, was standing right in front of her, a grimace of despise on his face.

There could be no more doubt now that it was a conspiracy. Heidrun von Gohtta had just the time to make a few empty threats while the soldiers of her own escort were jumping on her. She was muzzled and handcuffed, then brought to a vast adjacent room, apart from her colleague Maud Garrison. There, a soldier put down her skirt and her underwear, and left her alone in this indecent and ridiculous appearance.

Heidrun chose to avoid running for an exit; she dreaded she could be surprised jumping across the room with her skirt down and, anyway, she had nowhere to go.

A few minutes later, a man entered, in the company of some kind of butler who announced him as the Caliph of Shazilar. Then, it was Minister Neffuz who entered, holding in leash two young naked White girls through the ring that was hanging from their clitoris.

Heidrun von Gohtta recognized with horror two of her three daughters, she believed to be in Bonn, thousands of miles away. Traudel, the younger one, was supposed to be there with her father Erich and her brother Albrecht; and Gerda was living there too, in an apartment downtown with her boyfriend... their presence in such a remote place was simply inconceivable!

Minister neffuz stepped forward and showed to heidrun a newspaper cutting describing a car accident where all her family had found death. Gerda and Traudel were officially dead and nobody was going to look for them. Another article was talking about the Expedition Von Gohtta, lost in the jungle: Tambinambiwa had deployed all its military resources to find them as soon as possible and Minister Neffuz was the one was personally taking care of it... and that sinister character was here, right in front of her!

The Republic of tambinambiwa was part of this slave traffic. They even disposed of a network able to abduct White women in the very heart of Europe and to ship them secretly to this place. Abdul N'Gania had to be involved in it, so trying to threaten was pointless. Without an outside help, and with her daughters captive, Heidrun was lost!

The Caliph of Shazilar seemed to have red in her eyes that feeling of helplessness, as it was the moment he chose to come closer and lift up his jellaba. At the same time, Heidrun felt the hands of her daughter Gerda weave their way against her hips, and open her labia with great care before spreading a kind of cold oil everywhere her fingers could slip in. When she had finished, the Commander of the Faithfuls moved forward and put his brown organ on her oiled vulva...



Without much more social graces, the Caliph penetrated her in one go; this was the signal for him to start talking to her :

“Welcome to Shazilar, Frau von Gohtta, he said moving slowly back and forth into her, I am happy to meet a representative of the United-Nations in the traditional Shazilarian way. As a renowned ethnologist, I hope you will appreciate the warmth of our protocol concerning foreign female dignitaries... I understand your surprise to discover so suddenly the presence of your progeny in this place, though I thought you would be honored to know they are in the best hands of all Shazilar. Don't worry, Gerda didn't resist long enough to suffer from her training; a few days were sufficient to make her stop thinking of her tasteless boyfriend and become immoderately infatuated with me. Since, she follows me everywhere like a little dog... and I let her do it as long as it pleases me. As for Traudel, I was very nicely surprised to notice her virginity, which is, at her age and in your culture, the sign of a perfect education. Know that I keep you in high esteem for that. Your daughter will be rewarded accordingly ; I just offered her to Minister Neffuz as a gift for his faithful services ! All this must seem horrible to you for now, but you will see things a different way soon enough. Unfortunately for you, Minister Neffuz didn't taste much your despiteful treatment at the airport, and he had chosen to deflower Traudel in your presence, so that you can learn to respect him. But be reassured, he will not play with her vulva right now ; he will only open to her what our religion is calling 'the third eye of the white', intended for higher communication with Arab gods, and he is in the process of oiling it, so that it can blossom smoothly. Neffuz thinks you will consider as important the man who is going to open your beloved daughter to our wonderful Phoenic religion, and that you will never again treat him with such a careless attitude — especially as you are bound to see each other again : I have also offered you to him ! Farewell, Frau von Gohtta, I leave you into good hands. I wish you a good stay among us.”

The Caliph slipped out of Heidrun von Gohtta and left the room, in the company of Gerda, who was jumping behind him like a corgi...



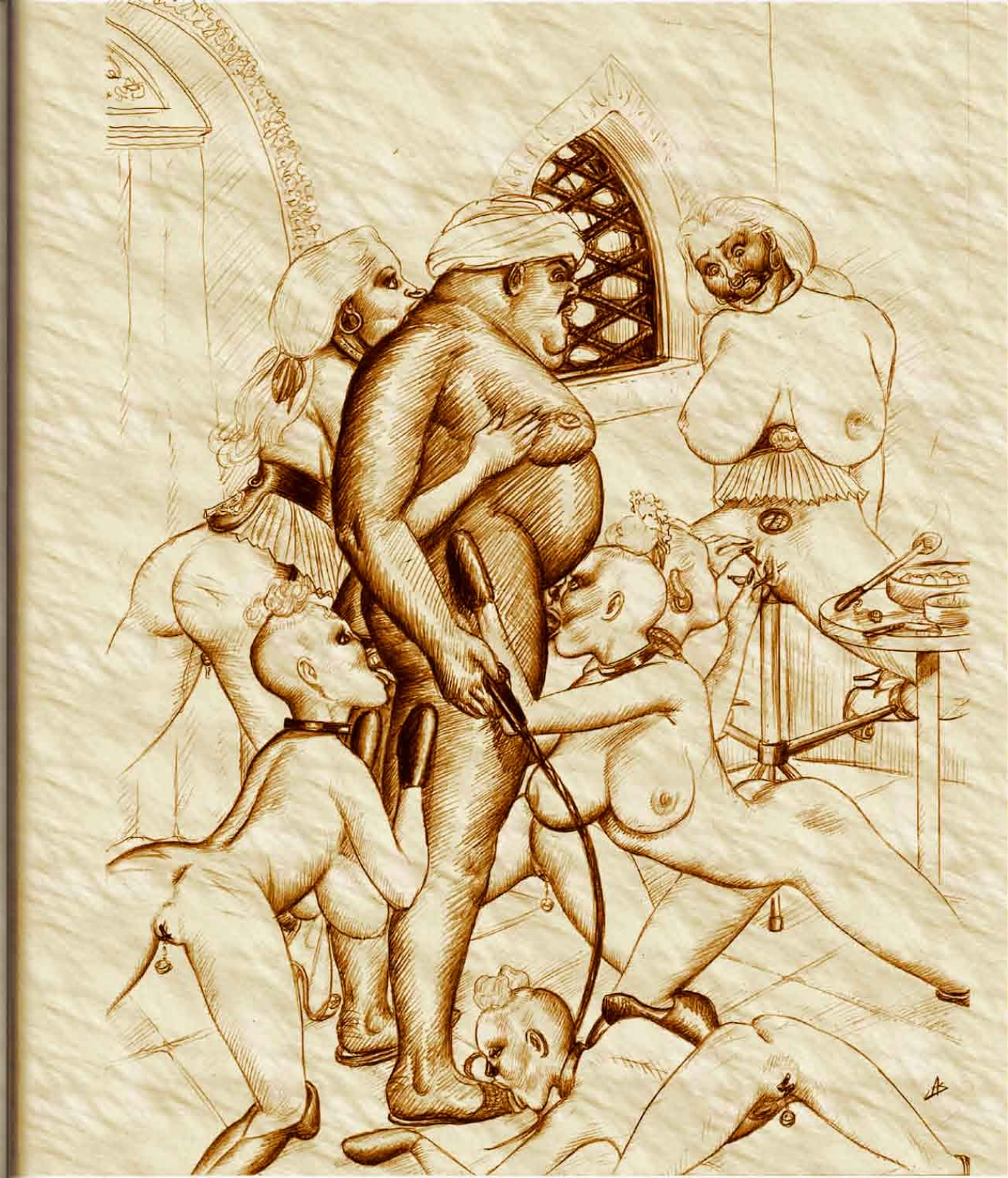
After Minister Neffuz had taken, right in front of her, the anal virginity of Traudel, Heidrun was brought out of the Palace by two Shaziri women. They made her walk out of the city, and then across the Valley of the Slaves for hours, until they arrived in a huge ranch.

There, Heidrun was branded with a red-hot iron; she would bear forever on the belly the crest of Neffuz — a circle with black whip upon three white-bottoms, a pattern that could be seen everywhere around the domain.

Her labia were sewn, so that her master could now be the only one in control of her reproduction, and she was dressed with the plaited skirt of the pet-servants of the Harem. Neffuz was always offering the higher position to his whites as a start, to see them eventually tumble down the Phoenic social ladder, and develop afterwards a burning desire to climb it back.

Rare were the ones who, like Annette, the favorite of Neffuz, had been able to keep this position for long. Right under the pet-servants were the hounds, and Neffuz often left the wives or daughters of his enemies keep, if they could, that honorable position; he was making a lot of enemies in Europe, when he was there representing his country, and not only it was a delight for him to own a kennel filled with the progeny of those who had dared opposing him, but in addition, it was an excellent leverage for these arrogant men, who always ended being very cooperative knowing that their own flesh and blood were in his hands.

As guessed, Frau von Gohtta didn't show to be a very interesting lover for Minister Neffuz, and he decided to entrust her to his personal white female trainer, Yazid Hasheek, for a year or two. If she was able to gain some positive knowledge out of it, he would use her as a political instrument; if she was not, she would end her days in one of his mazook fields.



But Frau von Gohтта was headstrong.

If, three weeks after her capture, she was following every order given to her, it was obvious that her heart wasn't in it.

Out of options, Yazid Hasheek decided to make her understand how deeply he was in control of her body. Heidrun was put on all fours in the blonde grove of Minister Neffuz and threatened to be sent to the fields for good if she turned around, would it be for a second.

Her vulva was unpicked and she felt a man penetrating her.

That man was actually her son Albrecht, who also was captive of Neffuz. Margaret, the She-devil-in-chief of Yazid, had blindfolded him and plugged his ears for the covering of his seventh female of the day, so that he could not recognize his mother — it could have led the young man into a state of panic!

Heidrun von Gohтта would never have imagined that the man who was taking her like that could be her son, supposed to be in Germany.

She was, of course, scandalized that her body could be disposed like that for reproduction purpose, without having a say about the father ; she would have given a lot to know who had been chosen to do so, but she didn't want to take the risk to end up digging in the dirt, or to make her daughters pay for her bad behavior... so she didn't turn her head.



At a point, Yazid Hasheek had to accept the fact than Frau von Gohtta would never make a good harem pet-servant, and he decided to try to make a hound out of her.

It was a lower level, of course, but it was still a very honorable position for a white female, higher than fillies and gazelles.

The white hounds had the right to move freely in the whole house of Minister Neffuz, they were well fed and didn't have to work. A swillraoussa — a white female born out of Shazilar — needed, in order to gain this position, to be able to forget completely all human behavior, and to think only about staying into a state of permanent sexual excitement, especially with her master present.

Heidrun von Gohtta learned to walk on all fours like a canine creature but, if she was able to assimilate the airs and graces of the hounds, and to reproduce them with class, she was feeling such a humiliation that she couldn't keep being aroused in the doing ; where Yazid was waiting for a demonstration of pleasure, Heidrun was showing a mechanical and soulless obedience.

Finally, after a one week attempt, Yazid Hasheek led Heidrun with his cane to her new working environment, a field of mud where white females with bald heads and nude buttocks were tiring themselves out uprooting mazook, and were getting the whip at all times to keep the working rate.

Once the roots were ground, a small part was used as food for the white females of the domain, a stock of a few thousand head of cattle; the biggest part of the flour was sold and to increase the wealth of Minister Neffuz.

But of course he needed a lot of money to bribe the employees of the Western administrations — and buy a few white females from time to time.



Seen as basic porcine creatures, for whom the Phoenic Church was giving up trying to apply the veneer of a domestic animal, the mazook uprooting slaves were the lower form of life in all Shazilar and the Valley of the Slaves. It was seen as fair and sound that their buttocks should be whipped constantly and that they should end their day totally exhausted, a bit more timorous than the day before ; and that they should begin the next day after resting only four hours!

Frau von Gohtta was watching the poor women with horror, thinking she should really have made an effort when she had the chance.

Yazid hasheek presented her to Kassim Neffuz, the brother of the Minister, who was in charge of the farms of the family domain, and he entrusted her to him. He asked the barber-slave to shave Heidrun completely, so that her registering number could be tattooed on the top of her skull, and the crest of Neffuz could be branded above it with a red-hot iron.

Of course, as she was intended for an eventual political use in the future, all that had to be done on a spot that could later be entirely covered by her hair.

That was how Frau von Gohtta discovered the charm of agricultural life. Nine month later, she gave birth to twin girls who were immediately taken away from her ; she was covered again as soon as she could fit the very busy schedule of young stallion Albrecht von Gohtta. The Shazilarians were seeing the Whites from outside as being of great value compared to the native ones and they were breeding them permanently.

The good thing about it, was that Heidrun could measure the passing of time easily — nine month at a time!



She got used to hate Sahid, the evening overseer, who had chosen her as a favorite. He was unlacing her vulva all the time and was using it a lot. Unfortunately, this position of favorite was not bringing her any advantage ; to spread her thighs and welcome the overseer in her was supposed to be a privilege in itself ! And of course it had to happen during the four hours of rest they were generously allowed to take — for Sahid, it was out of the question that this crush could reduce his production rate!

Heidrun, who had strived for months to show him complete indifference, was finally understanding that it was the reason why he was attracted to her so much ; he was whipping her and she was remaining impassive, causing an extreme desire in him.

The other mazook-uprooting slaves had been also covered by studs in the white grove of Minister Neffuz and were all pregnant at different stages ; and this was not for them an happy event : they would not even be allowed to see their progeny again after the delivery ! In addition to that, Sahid was whipping their buttocks much more often with the pregnancy ; it was so entertaining for him to see the swollen bellies rock with each shudder of pain !

Doctor Maud Garrison, the colleague of Heidrun, had not lasted much longer than her, neither in the Harem, nor in the kennels. She had been sent in the mazook fields too, and impregnated by Albrecht von Gohtta. Once on the spot, she didn't have much more chance than Heidrun, as for her, it was the overseer of the night, a Shaziri lesbian, who was forcing her attentions upon her...



Kassim Neffuz, the brother of the Minister, had many farms to manage in the family domain, and he was very rarely coming to visit the fields and the hutches of the uprooting-slaves. Heidrun had just passed a year in this horrible place and she had seen him only three times. Against all expectations, the white slaves appreciated to receive his visit, a kind of festive time that was distracting them from their awful daily routine.

And yet, Kassim Neffuz loved to oversee the unfortunate slaves when they were doing their needs, a habit that was very humiliating for them.

As a general rule, the slaves had to do their natural needs at the same moments of the day, to avoid a loss of time ; though, if the overseers were getting quickly rid of that task, Kassim Neffuz enjoyed a lot making it a precision mechanism. A snap of the fingers for producing liquid, two snaps of the fingers for producing solid. He enjoyed starting with one process, then making the slaves stop and ordering the other, with combinations more and more complex. His cane was there to punish the ones who didn't go fast enough, who were missing the bowl, who didn't have finished after the final snap of the fingers or, on the contrary, who had done it too fast — and of course the ones who were doing nothing !

At each of his visits, he was picking up a slave and, interrupting the others, preferably in a delicate moment, he was ordering her to come to him to perform more refined figures.

During his third visit, it was Heidrun who was chosen for that honor. She had to perform a series of very fast alternations and she did it successfully, though it was only because she had trained herself to it for months in the eventuality of that day when Kassim Neffuz would put her to the test.

Unfortunately, if she won the esteem of the Farm-lord, who was seeing her now as a bit higher than the basic sow of the mazook fields, it didn't get her any promotion ; and Heidrun was feeling bitter about it, as her unique objective was now to get back to the good life inside the house of Minister Neffuz.



Life was tough in the fields and Heidrun had learnt her lesson. She had spent more than a year digging the dirt under the mud, twenty hours a day, and she was ready to do anything to leave this place.

One morning, she received the visit of Yazid Hasheek, the trainer of white females of Minister Neffuz, just before going to work. He pulled her out of her hutch and showed her a press cutting that was describing the return home of the Von Gohtta Expedition!

Professor Esteban Ballador and Doctor Arnaud Gategrain had come back to Europe, after they had discovered a tribe where bird-brained native White women, called slaves, were treated with respect by civilized Arabs who were never forcing them to do anything. The women loved that life, as they didn't have to work, could raise their children at the expense of the community, and were getting gifts and jewels all the time from the Arabs who were responsible for them ; it was clear that, left to themselves, these women would die very quickly. Their status was more like in usual African polygamy, but with the possibility to leave their "master" for another one at all times.

The writer of this article was regretting the loss of two famous ethnologists in the adventure ; to pay them homage, the scientific community was going to call some of the original behaviors of this White population using their surnames.

After that report, the United-Nations had declared that the Shazilarian culture was one of a kind and that, as long as these White creatures would be treated well and would only walk naked in the streets by choice, this culture would deserve protection.

President Abdul N'Gania welcomed the decision and claimed he was going to hit very strongly those who were taking advantage of the naive creatures, selling them to billionaires from neighbor countries. For that purpose, he proclaimed that now almost all his country would be forbidden to foreigners, with the exception of a few international enclaves. He asked also for the creation of a commission of the U.N.O. That would be in charge of monitoring the movements of all the swillwanas — the White women born in Shazilar — so that they couldn't be used as slaves by ill-intentioned persons.

The United-Nations agreed, on the condition that Tambinambiwa should allow the launching of a second expedition in a few years, to give the world pictures and movies about that fascinating culture.

Heidrun von Gohtta was loosing all hope to get out of this place one day; everybody thought she was dead ! Abdul N'Gania had successfully pulled the wool over the eyes of the delegates of the United-Nations, and he was now the gentle protector of White women living in Paradise, against dire foreigners!

Minister Neffuz had probably built a fake typical village where everything had been done to give the U.N. Delegates a show they would like — and Gategrain and Ballador had seen nothing, the fools!

The Shazilarians could take everyone for a ride that way for a very long time, while Heidrun and her colleague Maud Garrison would have to be subjected to the reality of that White slavery. It was too much to bear ; and Heidrun chose to put her pride aside for good. She was going to be a model slave in that new society that had just been officially accepted by the rest of the world ; she was even going to put all her knowledge in ethnology at the service of her new objective: to live a better life, here and now!



Frau von Gohtta's efforts were rewarded ; after a month working in that positive spirit, she had become the perfect farm-slave and was promoted to the position of naffi gleaner.

Sahid was very angry about that decision, taken over his head, that was taking his favorite away from him, but for Heidrun it was a relief not to have to endure anymore the awkward affection of the old overseer, even if she had become a bit fond of him somehow.

The gleaners had a good life compared to the mazook uprooters. They had six hours of rest ; worked in a dry place ; and vegetables, fruits and honey were often added to their mazook gruel.

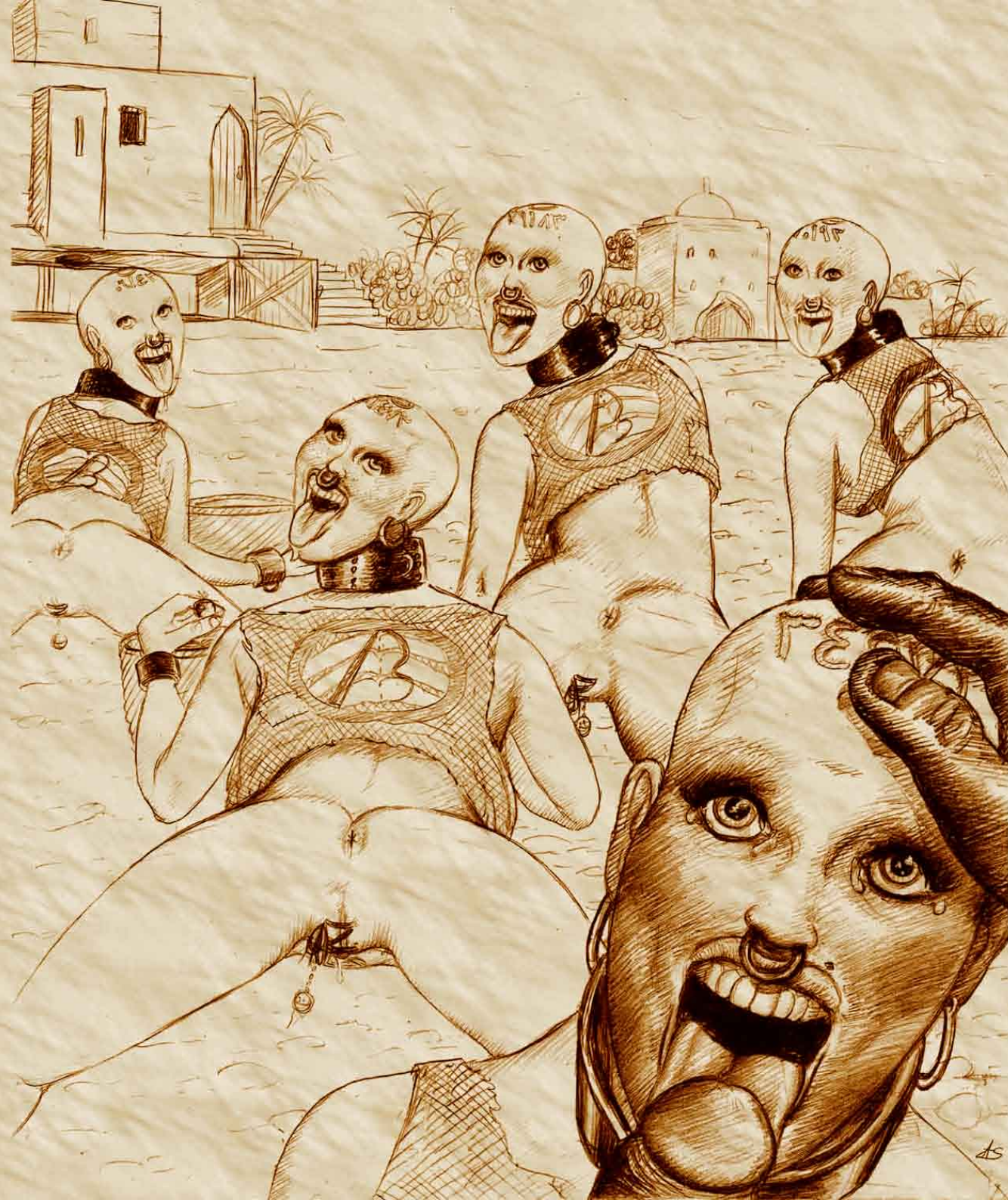
The naffies were these little tubercles similar to truffles, greatly aphrodisiac, that could be found only in Shazilar and around. It was strictly forbidden for the gleaners to eat them, but many were secretly doing it to stay in a state of permanent arousal, risking the death penalty to keep being able to get their Farm-lord's attentions.

Doctor Maud Garrison had also won this promotion ; like Heidrun von Gohtta, she had red the press cutting and accepted her fate fully.

So it is with a strong emotion that she discovered that the new overseer was interested in her. She felt she could start a new life here; she just had to be a model slave and worship the Master like a god. Of course, he could never be the father of her children, but was it so important? He would protect her in this cruel place and would apply his whip on her buttocks with parsimoniousness...

Frau von Gohtta was more ambitious : she was aiming at Kassim Neffuz, and then at the Minister himself, whose brand she was bearing on the belly.

After two months of enthusiastic servility, she was the only one to beg her overseer for a promotion, so much the others were happy in the naffi fields.



Once the prayer was granted, it was Yazid Hasheek who, as the trainer of Minister Neffuz, was auditioning the swillraoussas who wanted to climb the social ladder set by the Phoenic Church.

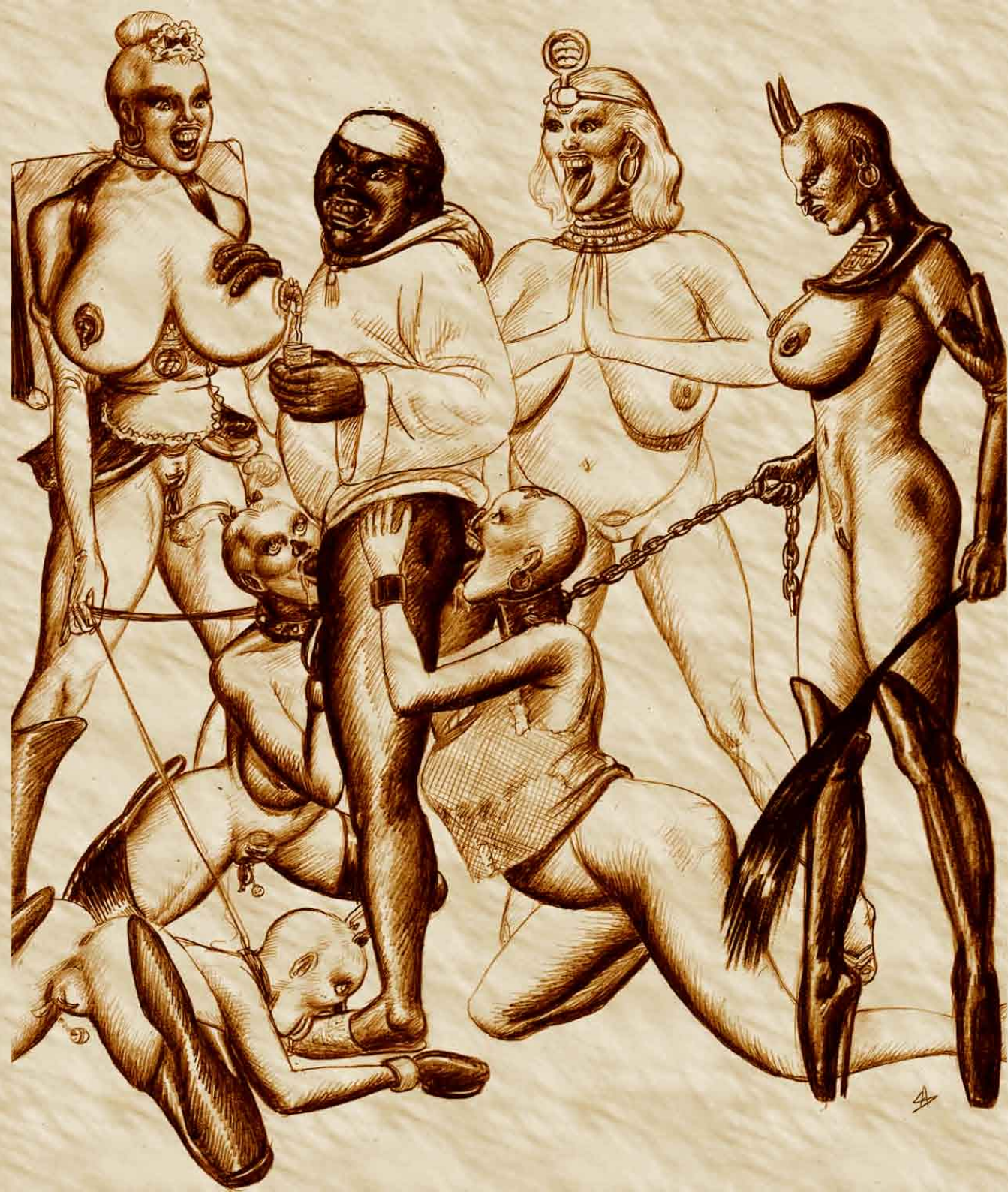
Heidrun von Gohtta, because she was a recent convert, had to be put at test before the anus of Yazid. And it was not easy to get his attention, with all these other females who were trying their luck, like elke and christine, two delightful hounds bought in Maruk Market who didn't left the kennels for three years and who were competing for the possibility to circulate freely inside the house.

The milky cow, mary, wanted to get out of the dreary environment of the cowshed, to go run across the land as a traveling-cow.

A servant of the Harem, michelle, wanted to be a priestess of the Cathophoenic Faith, the higher status a white female could get, but this meant years of hard work and countless auditions like this one.

Another servant of the Harem, martine, was targeting the position of she-devil ; it was less prestigious than priestess, but more independent ; and faster to get, even if the auditions were depending a lot from the imponderables. To succeed, martine had to take care for a month of the management of white slaves auditions, to win the right to start again a few weeks later; she would get her position only after half-a-dozen of consecutive successful attempts...

Unfortunately, Heidrun von Gohtta failed to the test, because of a barely perceptible disgusted look she had given at the wrong moment ; right when she was supposed to beg like a dog in front of the brown orifice. She had to pay the price for failure : to tumble down two grades.



She was sent back to the mazook field of Kassim Neffuz, where Overseer Sahid was relished to welcome her back ; he had not forgotten her and was wondering, while he was striking her buttocks with affection, what he had found so special in her at the time.

The two slaves who had replaced her in that position, terribly worried about that inopportune return, redoubled of gentle attentions for the one they had managed to charm with utmost difficulty.

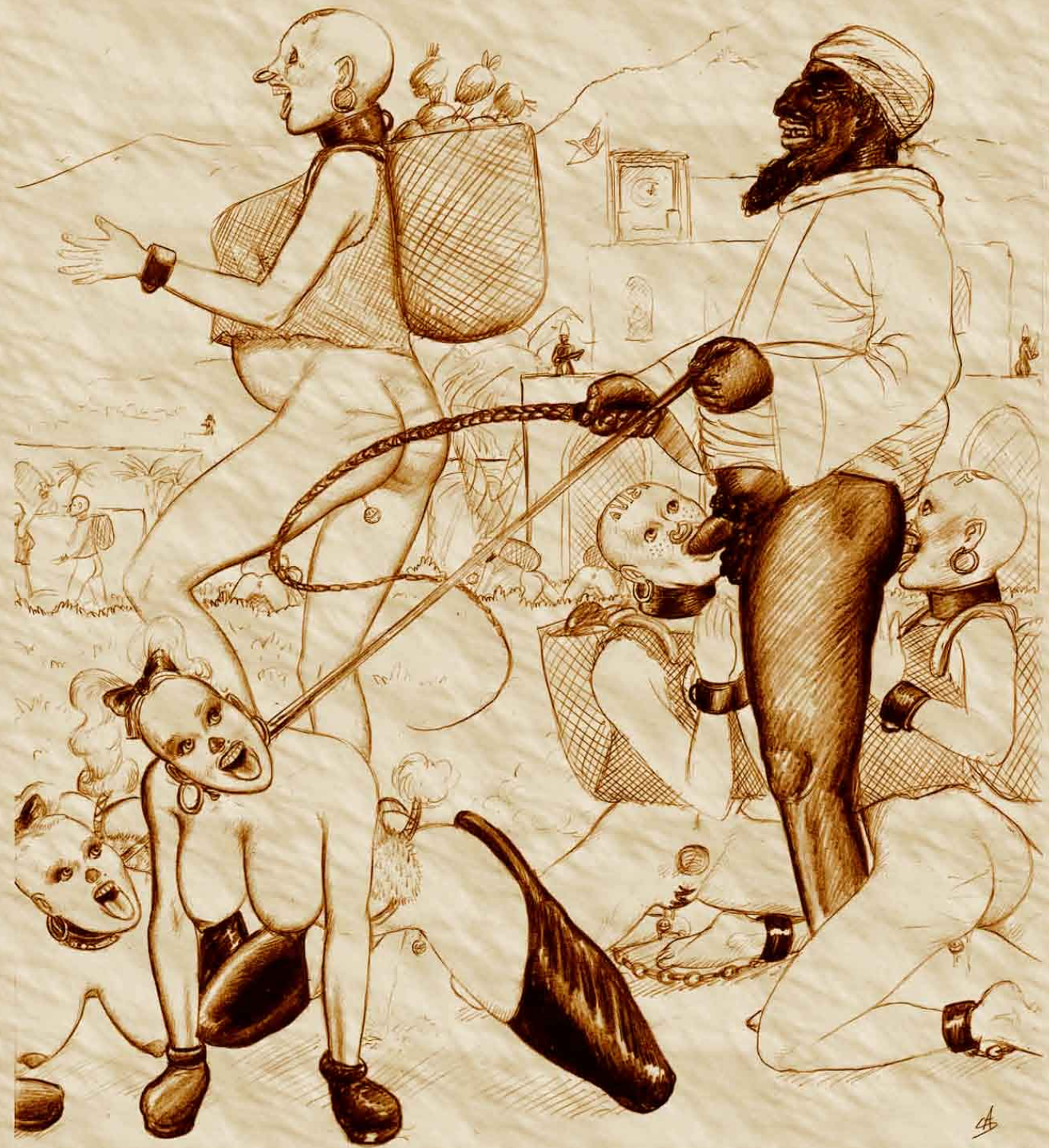
Though, the overseer had developed a new taste for luxury anyway, as he had won, as a bonus for his unbeatable production rates, two superb blond hounds, elke and christine, the same who had passed the audition with Heidrun.

These beings were made to give affection and Yazid would probably avoid finding it at work anymore.

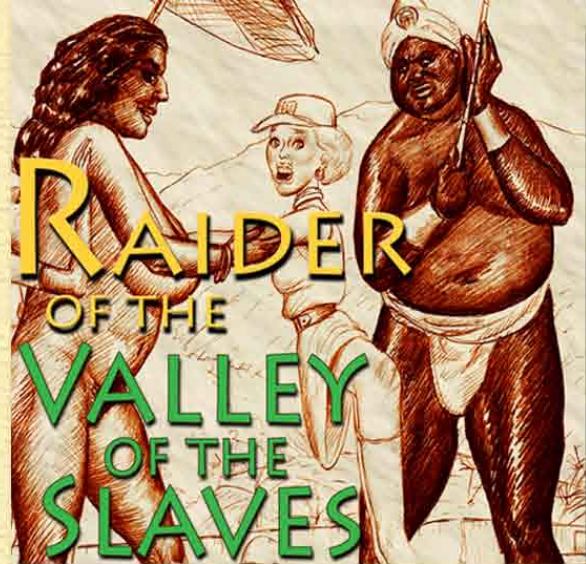
The two ambitious hounds would finally never trot on the marble floor of the Minister's house, but they would be able to circulate freely in the house of Sahid, and it was not so bad. They would never climb higher in the Phoenic social ladder, as Sahid didn't own a harem, but the proximity of an Arab god was the essential thing in their new religion and as there was nothing above them, they would be the queens of the white grove of the overseer.

Heidrun von Gohtta was, anyway, neither the type to be the first in a village, nor the type to be second in Rome ; she was going to carry on with her social climbing, and would seize the slightest opportunity to try her luck again.

Frau von Gohtta was not yet over with the Shazilarian way of life...



THE
ADVENTURE
WILL
CONTINUE
IN :



Map of
the region
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The Valley of the White Cattle (the Origins of the Valley)
The Lord of the Animals
The Rise of Shazilar

The Valley of the White Bonanza
The Valley of the White Market

The Valley of the Slaves
Explorer of the Valley of the Slaves
Raider of the Valley of the Slaves
Ambassador of the Valley of the Slaves
Captives of the Valley of the Slaves
Goddess of the Valley of the Slaves
White Mare of the Valley of the Slaves
Conquest of the Valley of the Slaves

The Route of the Slaves
Undercover Agent on the Route of the Slaves
Double Agent on the Route of the Slaves
Raw recruits on the Route of the Slaves
Bad Girls on the Route of the Slaves
Good Girls on the Route of the Slaves
Lord of the Slaves
Empire of the Slaves
Princess of the Slaves

The Legend of the White Fillies
The White Fillies (Poaching The White Fillies)
Outfoxing The White Fillies
Reining in The White Fillies
Challenging The White Fillies
Securing The White Fillies
Debasing The White Fillies

Illustrations :

Gordon Kerr – Black Domination
Alan Aldiss – Harem Breeding Slave (2 Volumes)

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