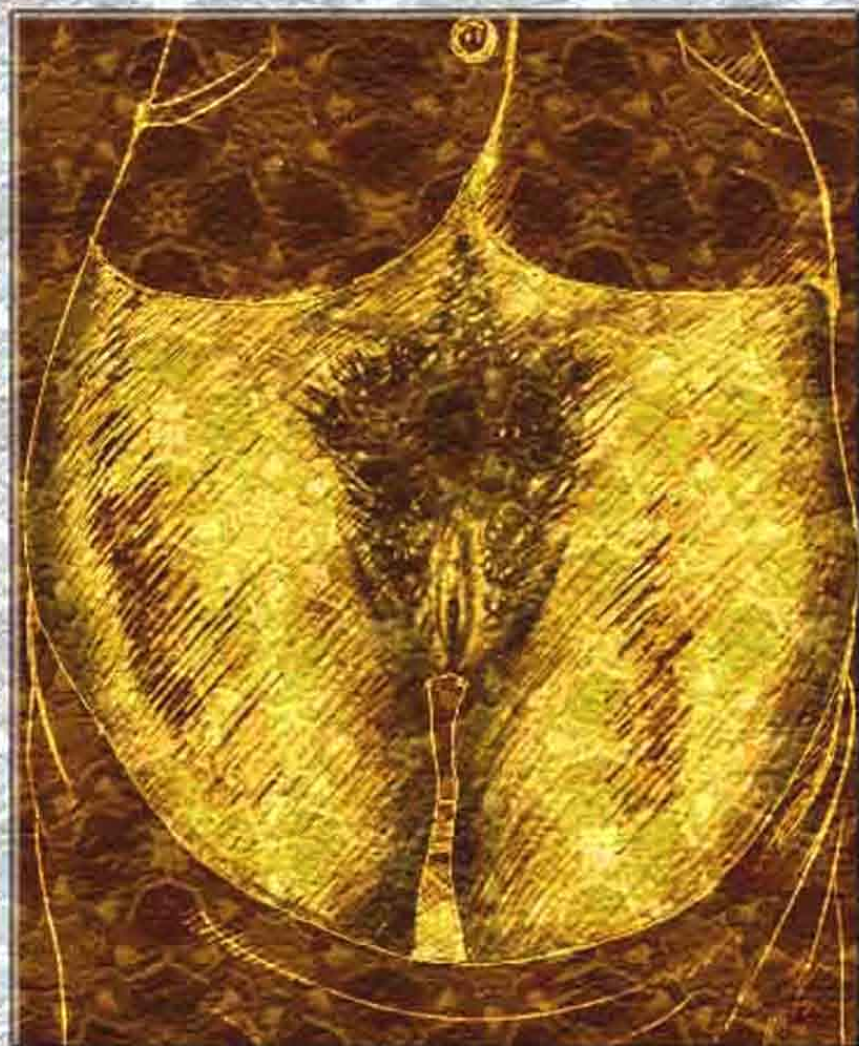


RAIDER of the Valley of the SLAVES



Alonzo SERAI

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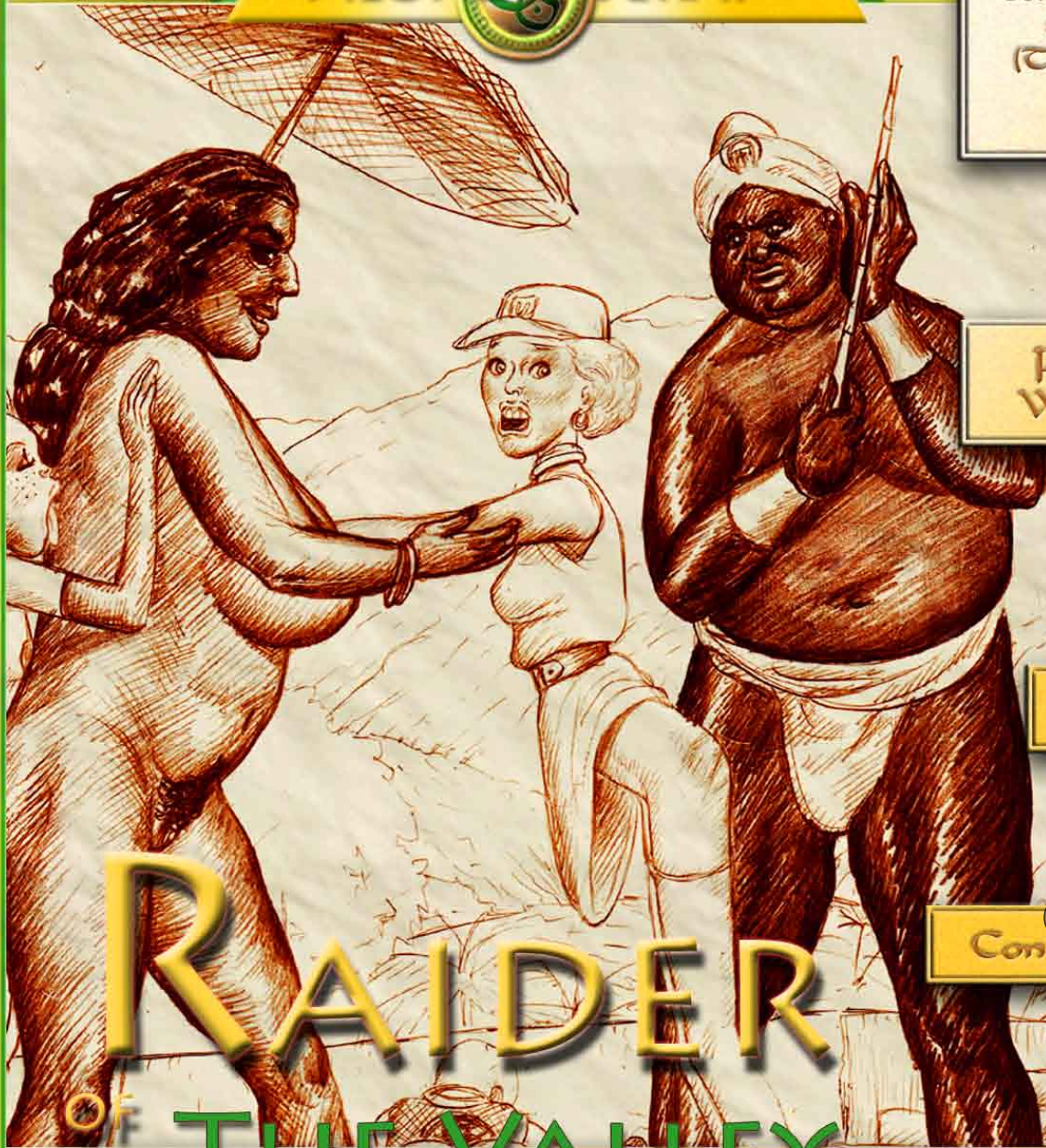


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Two years had passed since Heidrun von Gohtta had been sent back to the mazook fields of Minister Neffuz, after she had failed the audition for the kennels ; two years to sustain the tyranny of the cruel overseer Sahid, the man she hated the most.

She had become a groveling creature, ready to comply with the worst debasing things to calm down a bit the hand holding the whip that was punctuating her life.

Sahid appreciated a little resistance from his slaves, and he was always lashing more willingly the buttocks of the ones showing coldness, rather than with the ones twisting their body with lust.

If his cruelty had made of him the overseer who was getting the best working rates within miles, his natural inclination for restive slaves had, paradoxically, made his white workers lewder ; their slightest movements were showing, consciously or not, torrid eroticism.

It was quite common to see Shazilarian teenagers sit on the side of a mud field to muse for hours over the arousing buttocks of "Sahid's uprooters" wiggling in the sun.

Like the others, Heidrun von Gohtta had done all she could to take the most obscene positions, contorting herself to always give Sahid a suggestive view upon her orifices when she was tautening her belly and buttocks muscles to pull a mazook root.

It was often effective to lay in on a bit thick to avoid the whip, but in her actual state of pregnancy, the fifth in more than four years of captivity, it was no use, as Sahid had no better pleasure in life than to make the swollen bellies of his mazook uprooters swing, and he could never get enough of it. Heidrun was aware of that, but Sahid had an excellent memory and, if she was keeping on being appealing in that state, it was only to make him loose his interest in her later, after the delivery.

In addition to that, since he had received two magnificent scandinavian hounds, elke and christine, as an exceptional productivity bonus, Sahid had lost the habit to entertain himself with the vulva of his uprooters ; if Heidrun had loathed being subjected to that for years as a favorite, she loathed even more to have to get only the extra whiplashes coming with the position.

So nothing had worked so far for Heidrun von Gohtta and she was still the uprooting slave whose red-stripped buttocks were showing the most Sahid's affection.

That unrewarding status, she had desperately tried to get rid of, was finally what gave her the opportunity she was waiting for...



A nice day of spring, right before the beginning of the working day, Sahid put the slaves in line and nominated, like he was doing every year, the most efficient uprooter. This time, Heidrun was the one who earned the distinction. She was going to receive, in addition to the highest respect of her colleagues, a present from the overseer ; and, as Sahid seemed not to have fun anymore in unpicking the vulvas to honor his slaves, she expected to have her anus penetrated.

To her outmost surprise, Heidrun's reward was not the usual mount he was offering to the best among them, but what she desired more than anything in the world : his sponsoring for a new audition with Kassim Neffuz, an unhoped-for chance to get her place in the Harem.

As courtesy demanded, she knelt down and kissed the hand of the overseer to thank him for his present, though this time she showed passion in the doing ; she was not even sure to hate that man anymore.

She blessed the two Scandinavian hounds who obviously had satisfied Sahid so well he was becoming gentle and generous. The overseer was now ready to let go his favorite because he knew that it was what she wanted the most... though now she was thinking about it, it was a bit strange ; but if this decision was coming from above, like last time, his displeasure would have shown. But who cared anyway ? She would probably never know why she had got that second chance.

Despite the huge satisfaction she was experiencing, it was tugging at her heartstrings a bit to have to follow the line of slaves on the way to the mud field ; she was ashamed of herself, but she had expected to be mounted, and somehow, she was disappointed not to be filling anymore the standards the overseer was requiring from the uprooters he was honoring through penetration !

The next day, Sahid led her to the house of Kassim Neffuz, the brother of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Tambinambiwa. It wasn't Yazid Hasheek who was holding auditions anymore, but Kassim himself, and it could be a good thing for Heidrun. Unfortunately, she had rehearsed for months a little act meant for Yazid to show him she would never again make the mess that had won her two years in the mazook fields : the hint of a disgusted look she let out as she was begging before the anus of Yazid !

In any case, she was going to do her little show; Kassim was probably aware of her previous blunder anyway...and he would be satisfied if this was no more an obstacle !



As soon as she arrived in the hall, Heidrun von Gohтта blackened the tip of her nose with the soot of an oil lamp and teared off strips from her short hessian tunic ; she quickly made little bags for her hands and straps to keep her legs folded, that Sahid was nice enough to knot for her before walking away.

When she was ready, she crawled on her knees into the room where Kassim Neffuz was giving audience to ambitious girls.

This time, Heidrun was not foolishly auditioning to become a harem servant, a position far too high compared to her actual status. She was showing clearly that she wanted to become a hound, and would do anything to succeed at it. In addition to her improvised outfit and a flawless doglike begging attitude, she was proving to Kassim, with the body fluid that was trickling out of her labia, how real was her enthusiasm about the prospect of becoming his obedient hound.

That impressive result, she achieved it through hard training, cutting back one hour a night on her sleeping time for months.

To appear being attracted to Kassim, which was far from being the case, she had resorted to subterfuge, using her knowledge of behavioral psychology ; she had looked deep inside for that arousal she was feeling sometimes when she was imagining herself submitted to a man, something she was used to dismiss as a dangerous weakness for her career ; she had cultivated that natural inclination every night in her hutch, masturbating while picturing herself as an obedient pet in the kennels of Minister Neffuz, taking the attitudes of a bitch during the orgasm. Little by little, month after month, the inclination had become a fantasy, then an irrepressible desire ; and now, she was totally obsessed with the idea she could become the obedient hound of a powerful man for real. Of course, Kassim Neffuz was not as influent as his brother the minister, but he had the power of life and death over her and hundreds of White women, and that stimulus was more than sufficient to trigger the response induced by her self-conditioning. Thanks to that, she could now strut around in front of Kassim like a bitch in heat — and be convincing about it !

Kassim Neffuz was stunned by the progress Frau von Gohтта was making ; he was even considering mounting her ! And yet, the white hounds were not really his cup of tea ; he was more in the caricature of the white females he was watching on TV, like his favorite alexandra, who was keeping her mink coat, but was opening it all the time, showing arabesques drawn on her skin with henna ; or a nouchka, a mock-up Russian Countess à la Shazilarian, who, in place of a poodle, had in leash a “swillwana” pet.

Kassim thought that, if this female was indeed the property of his brother, the nice enthusiasm she was showing could be a pleasant entertainment. He turned around and waited for the eager lips of the ambitious canine female to come sticking against his anus...



Kassim Neffuz considered that Frau von Gohтта, after an impeccable performance, had shown she belonged to the sort of whites who deserved preservation. He told her she had passed her audition, and that she had now to wait quietly for her hair to grow back and for a vacancy in the Minister's kennels. To avoid damaging her, he sent her to work in the naffi fields, away from the moisture, the lack of sleep and the constant whipping.

This is how Heidrun spent another year digging the dirt.

With the passing of time, she began to think that her success in the audition had been long forgotten. Though, one beautiful morning, she got at last the most wonderful visit she could imagine : Minister Neffuz had come in person to greet her. To any white female who lived in the domain, it was a formidable honor !

The Minister rubbed her hair, extremely satisfied with the new behavior of this haughty female who had treated him like a shoeshiner when she had been presented to him. She had definitely a far better notion now of his real status in the world ; maybe was she already seeing him as what he was, a god she had to pray fervently to gain a better life ?

He regretted so much he had fired Yazid Hasheek for incompetence, after more than two years without convincing results about this white female... ultimately, his trainer had been absolutely right to send this stuck-up in the fields !

He could notice that the joy on the face of Frau von Gohтта wasn't feigned, when he informed her of her admission in the Harem as a pet-servant.

In only a few seconds, he had shot her off to the top of the Phoenic ladder !



Heidrun von Gohтта had to get accustomed again to a master who appreciated the extreme adoration he was arousing in her, all the difference with Sahid, the man she had to obey for so many long years, who was turned on by cold haughtiness.

She still had to be tremendously attractive, but this time it was to get the attentions of the Master, not to avoid them.

The objective now was to climb the inner social ladder of the Harem. The women of the upper levels had no more to live in rattan hutches, allowed to live in deluxe individual closets ; at the top, the favorites even had veritable little bedrooms. The more one was climbing, the more everything was improving : the food ; the respect from she-devils and eunuchs ; the possibility to stay alone at home from time to time, to sleep more or to read Phoenic sentimental books...

To obtain these advantages, they had to be in contact with the body of Minister Neffuz as often as possible ; and for that, they had to get the opportunity first. The dancers, for example, were very much appreciated and a slave who had skills in that area could find herself very often in contact with Neffuz.

Therefore, Heidrun was accustomed to cross, in the Harem, the path of frenzied creatures who were wriggling about in a suggestive way with the only goal to have their vulva unlaced by the Master.

She was a poor dancer herself, but she had other talents...

The rank of a Harem pet was engraved on her bangles, along with the history of her ascent... or her fall. The one around Heidrun's left wrist soon showed her first little symbol, two months after her arrival ; she had become chiropodist of the left foot of Neffuz and was doing justice to her noble task. Though, she was watching with envy on the position, of paramount prestige, of sucking-pet of the divine organ.





Five years after the first expedition, the increasing number of white women disappearances began to worry the United Nations. A lot of journalist were claiming their conviction that this phenomenon was linked to the question of White slaves in Tambinambiwa. Some were even openly accusing that country to import civilized White women, and then to enslave them with impunity, pretending they were “swillwanas”, these under-evolved creatures of the Valley of Shazilar who were now under protection of the U.N.O.

The new organization in charge of the international management of the swillwanas, the U.N.C.A.W.W.S — United Nations Committee Against White Women Slavery — asked the Ethnologic Institute for Africa and the Middle-East to move up the schedule of the new expedition for Shazilar ; when pictures and movies would appear about these native Whites in their natural environment, and show clearly what their relationships with their so-called Arab “masters” were, everyone was going to realize that this culture had no relation at all with the abductions of White women, and U.N.C.A.W.W.S. would be able to carry on their job serenely.

Chloé de Lonsac, Heidrun von Gohtta’s successor at the head of the Institute, gave to Rasheeda Burid the command of the expedition, provided she would agree to the company of Waltraud von Gohtta.

The young German woman, last survivor of Heidrun’s family, had never accepted the mysterious disappearance of her mother into the jungle, and was certain she was still alive as a prisoner somewhere in Africa . She was claiming it loud and clear, fueling the arguments of those who were asserting that the White women who were disappearing were reappearing in Tambinambiwa. So the U.N. delegates had approved the initiative of Chloé de Lonsac, to get temporarily rid of that nuisance. Doctor Gategrain and Professor Ballador were also making the journey, as they were the only ones who had ever visited that place, and had come back to talk about it. This time, a documentary movie crew and a photographer were accompanying them.

A day of the autumn 1993, early in the morning, a special flight left for Tambinambiwa and landed, after a four-hours uneventful trip, in Tambi Airport. The members of the Burid Expedition were greeted by Neffuz, the Minister of Foreign Affairs who, after a brief ceremony, accompanied them to their hotel and informed them that President N’Gania was cordially inviting Madame Rasheeda Burid for lunch.

The others, who were from European extraction, were not seen as important enough in regard of the Phoenic Church ; so they had to stay in the hotel, and it is with an unconcealed pleasure that Rasheeda accepted the President’s invitation.

The Minister drove her in his limousine to the heliport, where they both left in the presidential chopper. They flew over Tambi, then over hills covered with luxurious big houses for more than an hour.

Rasheeda was well aware he was granting her a huge privilege, in allowing her to fly over a territory completely forbidden to foreigners, though she was not so surprised she had to take this little trip ; it was public knowledge that the President preferred to live in his private domain, far away from the Capital, for religious reasons she didn’t really understand.



She was an expert in History of Religions, but she didn't know much more about the Phoenic Church than what everybody knew ; in other words, almost nothing : that it was a branch of Islam that was seeing Arabs as a chosen people, whose members were able to reflect Allah's splendor on other people ; that the population of Tambinambiwa had been converted to that faith in a few decades ; that the country had been forbidden to foreigners in its name ; that one could convert to the Phoenic only if being a Tambinambiwa national. Apart from this, it was a big mystery and Rasheeda hoped she could be able, in addition to her study of the Valley of Shazilar, to learn more about that unusual Islam, even more fascinating than the whirling dervishes.

The helicopter began to fly over the jungle, and Rasheeda had a shiver considering how many explorers had died in that green hell, eaten by the ferocious Mahawis ; she also thought about Zwanga, the half-mythic Lord of the Animals, who had brought the Law here for almost a century ; and about the famous juju-land, protected by Shaziris ; about the Zwangani, this mysterious White deity that savage Shaziris were still worshipping.

Rasheeda was the first scientist to get the chance to fly over this jungle, and to cross it in less than two hours !

After the jungle, a vast land with cultivated fields appeared, in which indistinct people were working. And suddenly, a dazzling Moorish style palace popped in front of them, built with alabaster and many different kinds of fair marbles.

The chopper landed in the palace yard ; to her great surprise, President N'Gania barely greeted her, telling her straight out that he was not the most important man of Tambinambiwa, and that the goal of her invitation was not to have lunch with him, but to make her meet the man who was the real leader of the country, Ahmed al Rhazul, the Caliph of Shazilar.

Like everybody, Rasheeda had heard about the one who was calling himself Commander of the Faithfuls in the name of the Phoenic Church, though she was completely unaware he could be so powerful in Tambinambiwa. Yet, as Abdul N'Gania and the majority of the people of the country now belonged to that strange Islam he was claiming to be Caliph of, it was not so surprising he could have a higher power than the President.

On the other hand, it was the first time she had heard someone calling him Caliph of Shazilar. Since the revelation of the existence of the lost valley, six years ago, anything had been said in the scientific community about the link between the Valley of Shazilar and the Phoenic Church — and Rasheeda had just made the discovery that the same person was officially leading both of them here !

She hoped she was not going to pay a high price for that knowledge...

The Caliph was about forty and could have been mistaken for a Maghreb with dark skin, like all the Shazilarians Rasheeda had met. This resemblance was probably due to the multiple crossing between Bedouins and Shaziris, that ultimately gave that ethnical group who had the hook-shaped nose of Arabs and the dark skin of the Moors.

Abdul N'Gania quickly departed and left with the helicopter. The Caliph asked Rasheeda to follow him on a kind of wooden platform, and she complied, trying to hide her worries.

She heard suddenly the sound of a cracking whip. She turned around swiftly and saw, around a huge horizontal wheel, nude White women pushing its paddles to raise the platform.





So, it was true after all, the worst worries of the detractors of the acceptance of Shazilarian culture were founded ; and actually, once a link was established between these two local elements, the Valley of Shazilar and the Phoenic Church, it was easy to acknowledge what was really happening. Everything was standing up : a culture where White women had an animal status... that was all the sudden expanding from a lost valley to a whole country ; and a religion that seemed to appear from nowhere and was putting Arabs on top of the social ladder.

The only thing that was preventing a majority of people to see the truth, was that Shazilarian village discovered by Gategrain and Ballador.

Rasheeda let out a snigger ; of course, it was standing to reason : it was the village that was a fake ! Gategrain and Ballador had been conned !

As the wooden platform was moving up, Rasheeda was beginning to see the fields through the high windows of the palace. She was clearly distinguishing now these workers she had noticed when she was in the helicopter ; they were White women, who were working in the dirt under the whips of Shazilarians.

They arrived in a huge suspended garden, in the middle of which a big table had been set and filled with magnificent dishes and unknown fruits.

All around it, White women were kneeling down, like if they were waiting for something ; they were only wearing a small apron that was not even hiding their private parts. Their muscles were imperceptibly moving despite their affected stillness, and it was making them look like timorous animals ; actually, it was only an impression given by the extreme attention they were paying to the Caliph's least gestures, all their muscles tautened, ready to jump at his service.

The Caliph pointed his finger toward one of them, a superb red-haired who couldn't have more than twenty years old, and then pointed at Rasheeda. The red-haired rushed in her direction like if her life was at stake and began to lick her shoes with outmost care.

Rasheeda appreciated greatly the swiftness and the enthusiasm of the young woman. How could Shazilarians succeed in making arrogant White girls obey to them in such a way ? She had passed her youth in Wonderbourg watching pretty White girls like this dating handsome boys from various ethnic groups, while she was staying alone.

She was certainly feeling an intense pleasure in dominating that way this slave who looked a lot like the stuck-ups at school !

Her reaction didn't escape to the eagle-eyed Caliph, who took great satisfaction from it ; he was reluctant with the idea to put to death a person who looked so much like a Shazilarian woman, and he would have been forced to bring himself to it if she had suddenly begun to kick up a fuss to protect the whites and had threatened to unmask their scheme to the rest of the world ; fortunately, it wasn't meant to happen : Rasheeda Burid was one of them !

During lunch, Ahmed al Rhazul explained to her how important it was that she should keep for herself everything she could see here. Rasheeda Burid, who was far from being stupid, assured him she was understanding his concern fully and would do nothing that could result to the destruction of such a delightful culture. She was well aware that the simple idea that white women could be subjected to such an absolute slavery in the hands of Arabs, instead of being worshiped like in the report of Gategrain and Ballador, would be so intolerable to Western people that a military invasion would inevitably result of it.



Rasheeda found, personally, that this society deserved to be preserved ; after all, it was fair enough under the circumstances. She would have preferred, though, that the red-haired who had licked her shoes could be a real White from Europe who had been put in her place, not a bird-brained native, but it was nice even so.

She informed the Caliph of her ethnologic curiosity about the real origins of these swillwanas, but he hastened to disabuse her : this red-haired was definitely a swillraoussa and, to prove it, he gave the order to the slave to tell them where she was from... she was English !

All these years, it was the weirdos who were claiming that the increasing traffic of White women was caused by the official recognition of Shazilarian culture, who had been right !

Ahmed al Rhazul hid nothing to Rasheeda Burid. It was the first time he was meeting a foreign emissary who was from his own ethnic group and he was not hundred percent sure he could succeed into persuading her to convert to his religion.

Rasheeda listened attentively to everything he told her about Shazilarian society and the will of its people to expand their culture in order to avoid disappearing ; he told her how they had created the Phoenic Church, based on original Shazilarite Islam of the Valley and had conquered Tambinambiwa, until they could conquer the rest of the world.

When he had finished giving his account of the situation, he asked Rasheeda if she accepted to rally their cause.

It was a bit sudden, and the Caliph had not yet offered her a domain in the Valley of the Slaves, as well as a pack of white females to begin her collection, but he wanted an honest answer to test her reaction about his global project.

Rasheeda passed the exam hands down : her enthusiasm was showing in her eyes, with the sole idea to dominate the Whites !

Not only did she accept, but she asked for an active role in the conquest of the Western world.

Overwhelmed, the Caliph gave her a tour of the surrounding fields and Rasheeda even tried her hand at the Arab whip on a few white buttocks, that the Caliph certified her to be of Western extraction ; it showed to be a very soothing entertainment !

The Caliph was now completely under the spell of the U.N. delegate. They went back to the suspended garden and there, instead of offering her a domain and a few slaves, as he intended to, he promised to build her a palace, to offer her a pack of fifty farm slaves, some white hounds, and a team of white studs she would select by herself in Europe, whose capture and training he would sponsor completely, so that they could worship her like a goddess.

Rasheeda was not believing her ears. She was feeling like Dorothy discovering a strange and wonderful world ; and in that magic world, she was at last a very important person. Never again would a man be disrespectful to her without having to pay the high price later in her stud-farm... a stud-farm filled with handsome white stallions !

The Caliph was ecstatic. He made a sign to his Chief-eunuch, who opened one of the little doors lining the garden. Five naked White women entered, moving on their feet, but bent forward in a ridiculous and probably very uncomfortable way, with their legs straight and widely spread, their buttocks high up, their arms tied in their back in a double leather sheath ; they had to walk raising their whole pelvis, one leg after the other, and it was making them look a lot like geoses. To perfect that impression, the Chief-eunuch was giving them little strokes with his stick to make them move faster.

Rasheeda was finding that show fabulous, but her amazement became absolute when she recognized, in the team of slaves, her colleague Maud Garrison !



The five women turned around a few feet from Rasheeda and the Caliph, to present them their orifices.

With the exception of Dr. Maud Garrison, that the sight of Rasheeda had unsettled, they were all showing extreme enjoyment, like if they just had been allowed into a place they had always dreamt to see.

The unfortunate Maud didn't know if she ought to ask for help to her former colleague or not ; Rasheeda pinched her labia and gave little strokes on them with a bamboo stick, but it could very well be a signal meaning she had to muzzle it ; perhaps was she pretending to get along with all this to be able to inform the world later about these criminal slavery practices, when she would be safe ?

The Caliph chose a White female and penetrated her anus. Rasheeda expressed her surprise that people could make love in public in a society based on Islam, but it made Ahmed al Rhazul smile ; for Shazilarians, public display of nudity was highly respectable, as Shazilar was for them the garden of Eden where they had been granted back by Allah himself.

Of course, it was not seen as very elegant to make love in public ; it was seen as something quite intimate, reserved to family or a circle of friends. Though actually, the Caliph was not in the process of making love : he was mounting a white female !

This is the scene that met the eyes of Heidrun von Gohtta after she was fetched out of the tiny closet, hewn out of the rock, where she had spent all the morning, after she was led through squalid passages and pushed in the magnificent gardens through one of the small service doors intended for white slaves.

She was ordered to perform the "gosling in heat", a gait she had been trained to do every day in the harem of Neffuz, among fifty others, each one more humiliating than the last.

The Chief-eunuch was holding her by the hair and was striking his bamboo stick smartly on the buttocks ; this was actually what saved her, when the surprise to see the detestable Rasheeda Burid here made her almost forget her place.

Maud Garrison was staring at her wide-eyed, and Heidrun understood that it may be preferable to pretend not to know Rasheeda. Perhaps she could help them ; as a Maghrebin, she might be allowed to get back to Europe.

Rasheeda seemed to rather enjoy the situation, but it didn't mean anything ; Heidrun refused to believe that a woman with a European education could choose the side of these barbarians. In any case, the moment was going to be humiliating, and Heidrun took a deep breath ; she had to avoid, at any cost, to show embarrassment, or worse, to blush in front of a subordinate she had always despised.

After a barely perceptible hesitation, she started walking again with her legs wide spread in that ridiculous position, trying to think about something else.

"And there you have the nastiest of all our goslings in heat," Ahmed al Rhazul said, "see how happy this creature is to be presented to a goddess !"



Rasheeda left immediately Maud Garrison and took a few sugar lumps on the table, and began to throw them to her ex-boss like if she was a little dog.

After a few minutes of that entertaining little game, her curiosity aroused.

“How do you call these... these creatures ?” Rasheeda asked the Caliph, “I would love to know more about this side of your culture.”

“But, they are white females,” Ahmed al Rhazul replied, “porcine creatures who have taken the appearance of women centuries ago, with the intention to bring Arab gods to mate with them. It could have worked, as it worked in your world, but in our dear Valley, they hit a snag : in Shazilar, we keep alive the wisdom of the ancients ! The Book of Muhaid teaches us that, to be a good Faithful, we need to have compassion for these creatures and must not deny them living close to living gods : this is a natural need for them ! But of course we musn't let them become full of a sense of their own importance. Once put back in their place, the white females are very pleasant animals to mount, and Allah favors the living gods who had been generous in accepting to possess hundreds of them, or thousands, and who treat them well.”

“Such a generous attitude needs a sound organization to manage all these white females... an iron discipline, I guess ?”

“Exactly ! That is why we have exemplary punishments. For example, for this one, it is enough to tell her she will be thrown back to the fields if she let a sugar lump fall down ; and right now, you can notice how much her attention just improved.”

As a matter of fact, Frau von Gohtta had suddenly become obsessed about catching the little white cubes.

Rasheeda was having great fun ; she was now throwing the sugar lumps a bit aside, to make her ex-boss pirouette.

Heidrun could understand that Rasheeda would yield to the temptation of a petty revenge, taking advantage of the situation, but now she was really going too far...





The next morning, in Tambi International Hotel, Fraulein Waltraud von Gohtta was informed that the helicopter that had taken Rasheeda Burid to President N'Gania's domain had broken down, and that Madame Burid was asking the members of the expedition to go without her ; they had to take the road to Shazilar by land and she would meet them later with the helicopter, as soon as it would be fixed.

Waltraud was very angry : it was also because of a helicopter broken down that her mother had disappeared into the jungle, five years ago !

They hit the road reluctantly. Ballardor and Gategrain didn't have a very good memory of their trip in the green hell, and they all hoped that Rasheeda would be able to catch up with the helicopter before they had to enter the virgin forest.

Like for the previous expedition, it took them hours to reach the edge of the jungle, where the soldiers decided to set up camp and wait until morning.

Anyway, the danger would be minimal, as the expedition was protected by an escort of soldier three times bigger than the previous one.

In the morning, as they were going to take the road, a messenger arrived from the President's domain and informed them that the helicopter was fixed and that Rasheeda Burid was already in Shazilar, safe and sound, where she was waiting for them with impatience.

Waltraud von Gohtta swore that she would have the head of the damned woman, when they would be back in Europe ; she would accuse her publicly of sabotaging the expedition. Though, for now, she had no choice but to enter the jungle with the others, exactly the same way her mother did.

After three days of tough walk across the green hell, the small group arrived in a vast plain covered with fields. Waltraud thought they had found the Valley of Shazilar, but the commander of the escort, a Shaziri giant who was almost twice her height, told her otherwise : the lost valley was still about a hundred miles away, behind the Naouda cliff, this gigantic wall of rock they could see in the distance. Here, it was only the Valley of the Slaves, that the Commander described to her as being yet a Shazilarian typical place.

He grabbed her abruptly and squeezed her against him ; then, he began to rub her head gently, like if she was a little girl, or a nice pet. She tried to free herself from his grip, but he was too strong, and her movements of panic had the only effect of making the soldiers laugh.

The Commander demanded to be shown some respect : she was a white female and they were in the Valley of the Slaves... he was most emphatic about the word "slaves".



Soon, it was her back, and then her buttocks, he began to rub shamelessly. Yet, he didn't seem to want to rape her, only to impose to her this undue familiarity.

She was looking around for the movie crew, but nobody was here to help her. She realized that she had seen only Shaziri soldiers for hours !

The Commander told her she shouldn't be scared, as his orders were to bring her safe and sound to Rasheeda Burid at the helicopter, a few miles from there. He was indicating with a vague gesture, a distant ranch below in the valley.

Waltraud refused to go anywhere without the movie crew, but the Tambinambiwaneser commander couldn't care less ; he told her, while he was kneading her buttocks, that it was too late for that : from now then, she had to do whatever he was asking her to do as, in this valley, the whites were slaves who had to keep quiet and obey their masters !

She tried to hide the terror that had taken hold of her ; she stopped struggling, pretending to yield. Confident, the Shaziri giant loosened his grip, enough for her to squirm out of his grasp by surprise. Once free, she dashed forward in the alleged direction of the helicopter, with the hope that the Tambinambiwaneser commander had told the truth about the meeting with Rasheeda.

She ran on the rocky road until she was out of breath, leaving the soldiers a few hundred yards behind. As they didn't seem in a real hurry to catch her back, she slowed down and trotted quietly on the way toward the big ranch she could see at a distance of twenty miles.

She was discovering, on the sides of the road, the horrifying reality of the Valley of the Slaves ; the hundreds of white women who were working in the mud, bare-bottomed ; the Arab overseers who were cracking their whip continuously on the displayed white buttocks...

Those dire men didn't seem to care at all about her presence, but that was not likely a good sign.

Waltraud arrived an hour later in front of the place the Tambinambiwaneser commander had indicated. Over the surrounding wall of the ranch, she could see the blades of the helicopter !

Full of hope, she ran to a big wooden door and knocked with all her strength. An ugly half-naked Shaziri opened to her. She was ready to flee again when she heard the voice of Rasheeda asking her to come. She rushed inside and, while the Shaziri was closing the heavy door, a dumbfounding sight met her eyes : Rasheeda Burid was standing, bare-naked, in the center of a building site, surrounded with young White women, nude as well, who were caressing and licking her body ; and she was just smiling at her like if everything was normal!

All around this small central group, White workers, head shaven and bare-bottomed, were working to build the foundations of a big building.

Rasheeda explained to Waltraud, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that she had, from that moment on, to see herself no more as free woman, but as a slave who belonged to her, body and soul ; that Waltraud von Gohtta was existing no more for the rest of the world, forever lost in the jungle, just like her mother ; that Gategrain and Ballardor, and a whole movie crew, would soon return to Europe with filmed documents of the typical Shazilian village the Tambinambiwani tourism office had set up specially for them, and that they would testify they had never found Waltraud von Gohtta in that green immensity !

Rasheeda assured her that, if Waltraud couldn't go back to the outside world now that she knew the secret of the place, she was still safe under her protection and nothing bad would happen to her. Here, according to the local laws in force, Waltraud was her property, and Rasheeda would take great care of her like she would do of a very valuable doll... on the express condition, of course, that from then on, Waltraud should adore her like a goddess !



As Waltraud didn't seem to acknowledge very quickly the implications of her new situation and was standing there, stunned, Rasheeda grabbed her arms and gave the order to the Shaziri, a eunuch who knew the ropes for training swillraoussas, to give her a sample of what was going to happen to her if she was too slow to obey.

The eunuch lifted up her skirt and began to give her smart strokes on the buttocks with a bamboo stick. Despite her cries and tears, he wasn't showing the slightest bit of compassion.

Rasheeda was amazed by the absoluteness of the power she got now over this little goose. She had sustained without protest a secondary unrewarding role in the institute her mother was running, when her own skills in ethnology were going far beyond those of the whole von Gohтта family ; she had then been removed from the expedition... her own expedition ! And as if it was not enough, she had to take this complete ignorant only because her name was von Gohтта. Fortunately, the wheel of Fortune turned, and it was her, Rasheeda Burid, who had power on this young madam now... oh, not the power given by these small-time hypocritical pressures these Whites had used against her in Europe; no, a direct power, tangible, open... absolute !

Rasheeda was even considering herself as magnanimous, compared to the great injustice that had been done to her, as she had no intention to do anything really bad to that young White ; of course, at first, it was necessary to whip her buttocks a bit, to teach her to keep her place... actually, now that she owned her, Rasheeda was even beginning to see that Waltraud's conformism, that had annoyed her so much, could become a huge quality she could put to profit. The Caliph had told her that in a few weeks only, the young woman would eat in her hand and Rasheeda believed it: Waltraud would do what was expected of her, what the others around here were considering as the norm... and the norm here for Whites, was to be naked and to obey to the Arabs completely.

As a matter of fact, the way Waltraud was seeing the Maghrebin ethnologist had already changed since the day before ; to her, Rasheeda Burid seemed to be taller, smarter, more powerful.

In Europe, Waltraud would have found this totally inappropriate, and even outrageous, that White women could have to work that way, under the whip, half-nude ; here, it seemed almost natural, like some exotic cultural specificity she had to accept... or reject everything else with it !

And Waltraud was very much aware that, unfortunately, this second solution was not possible. She had to comply with these new rules, knowing that she wasn't a part of the dominant class of this valley : with the exception of a bald head tattooed with Arabic numbers, nothing was differentiating her from these White slaves !

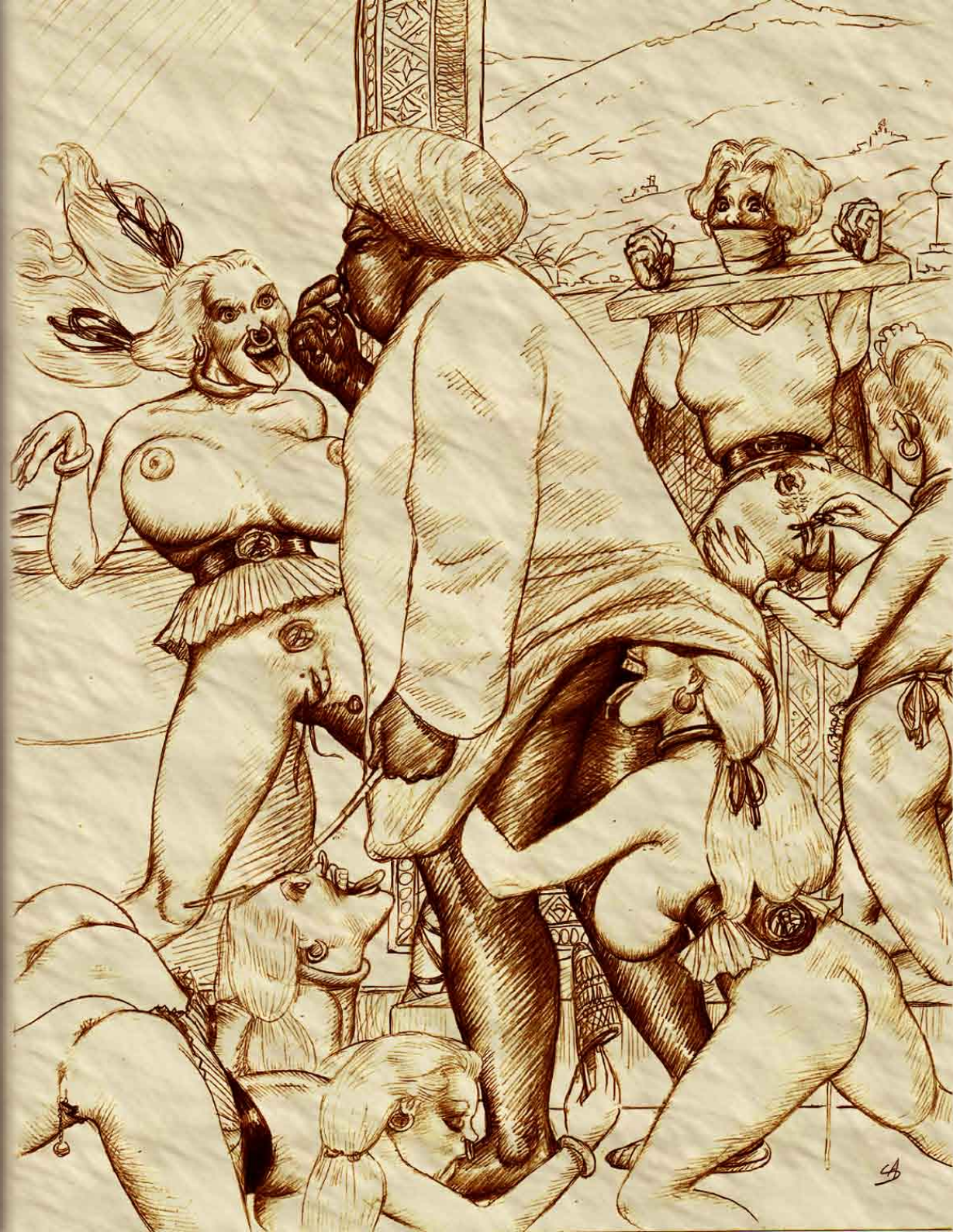


It is Minister Neffuz who was put in charge of the preparation of Waltraud von Gohтта in his harem, Rasheeda being too much inexperienced with slave training. Also, it was the best place for the young woman to be, as here she could follow the example of her mother, now one of the friskiest swillraoussa of the minister.

Waltraud was happy to learn that her mother was alive, even if it seemed she couldn't care less about her daughter's presence ; she was dancing with lewdness, her sex organs offered, and was jumping to catch a sugar lump Neffuz had soaked with saliva, while her own flesh and blood was having her labia sewn and had her belly branded with a R, the mark of Rasheeda Burid !

In reality, Heidrun von Gohтта had simply not noticed Waltraud, because of her extreme concentration on a considerably important aim : to win her ticket to the very select club of the women whose vulva had been honored by the minister ; and the slightest look aside could have compromised her future.

All around Minister Neffuz, other white slaves were crawling, stopping at nothing to capture his attention, as upward mobility was working that way around Shazilar. The sight of the struggle of these eager courtesans, whose heightened enthusiasm wasn't completely hiding the fierce fight they were inwardly engaged in to surpass their competitors. They appeared obsessed with the well-being of the Minister, and the sight of so much fervor and abnegation could only be a great asset for Waltraud's education.



Waltraud's training was indeed a question of a few weeks, at the end of which the young German had come to see her mistress as really empowered with a divine status.

Needless to say that Rasheeda wasn't in a hurry to leave the Shazilarian life for Europe. Yet, sooner or later, she was going to reappear to take the defense of that unique culture in the media. Meanwhile, she could relish for a few months the sweetness of that land, the satin-smooth skin and the skilled tongues of the white slaves, the male organs of her stallions that were rising with a simple mention of her name...

And the months went by with a totally carefree attitude for the Wonder-bourgeoise ethnologist of Maghrebin extraction, now officially a citizen of Shazilar.

It was with pride that she accepted to present the talents of the now docile waltraud in a party organized by the Caliph to celebrate the birth of the "vongohtta" breed, that had reached the threshold of thirty whelps allowing to a swillraoussa family to obtain the label of a fully legal animal breed. The two other vongohtta breeders were participating, namely the Caliph Ahmed al Rhazul, owner of gerda, and Minister Neffuz, owner of heidrun and traudel.

Rasheeda left waltraud in the white-grove of the Caliph and went up to the suspended garden, where Ahmed al Rhazul, wearing only his turban, was playing with his favorite breed : he loved to have in his intimate circle a female-rich family of swillraoussas, and it was a French family, the de Massy, who was granted that great honor.

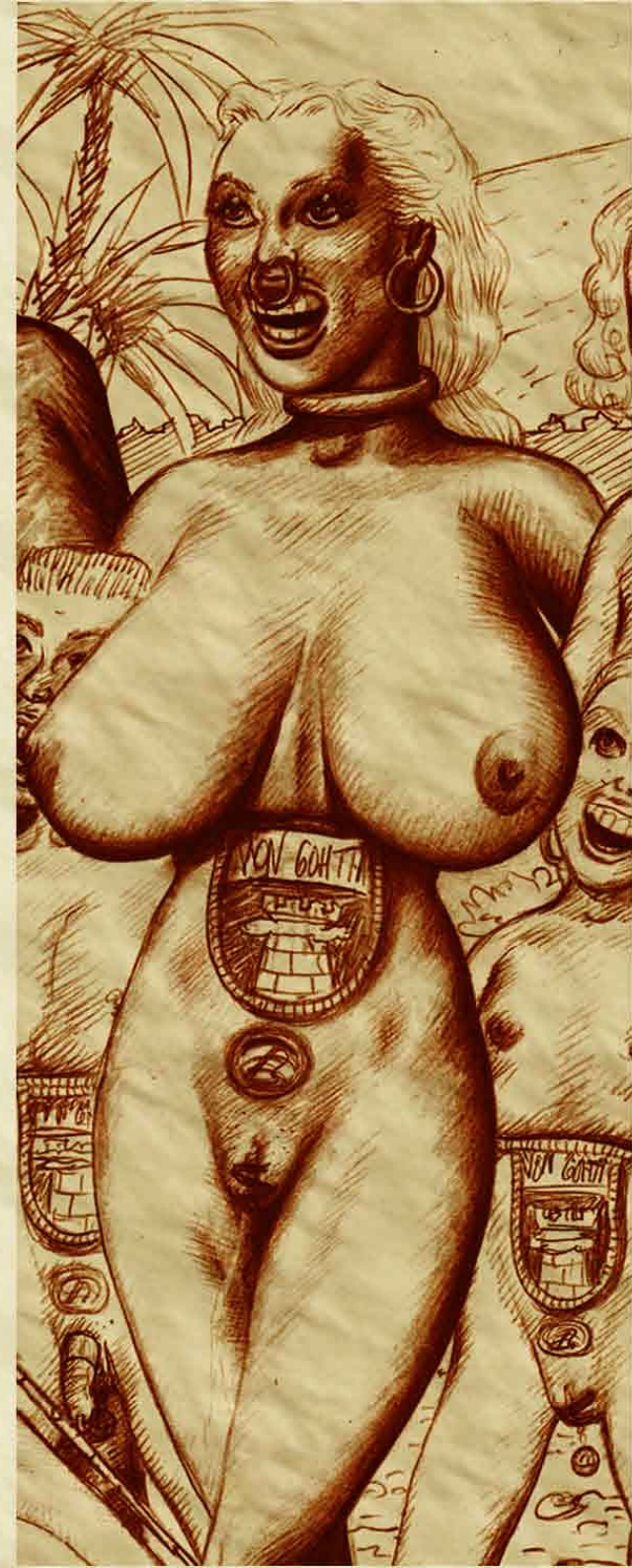
Rasheeda had learnt about the de Massy, whose family leader had been Ambassador of France in Tambinambiwa and had been dismissed from his duties because he had publicly claimed there was a link between the Valley of Shazilar and the Phoenic Church. Two years later, all his family members died from fire in his house.

Actually, they were not dead for everyone !

Minister Neffuz was there too, without any clothes, and Rasheeda made herself comfortable ; she had accepted very quickly the new rules of Shazilarian etiquette, which in the case of this kind of parties, established that it was the good form to remove all clothes. They spent a few pleasant moments, thanks to the point of honor the de Massy family was making of offering a perfect service and impeccable orifices.

And then, the whole von Gohтта family was brought.

The three living gods watched the heartrending family reunion of heidrun and her progeny, a great moment that the Caliph didn't hesitate to spice by presenting young albrecht as the stallion who had covered them all, making the faces of these top quality animals blush deliciously.



Young gerda, who belonged to the Caliph, was allowed to join the youngsters of the demassy breed, and took position in front of Ahmed al Rhazul in a fervent praying attitude. He gently rubbed her hair, creating suddenly a huge hope for the young pet, whose orifices didn't get in three years the great honor of being allowed caliphal attention.

The young demassys were too much absorbed with the proximity of their god to notice the vongohtta's intrusion, but the reference brooder female of the breed was giving a hollow laugh ; she was looking unfavorably upon the coming of this new blonde race that was undermining the exclusive rights of hers in the female adoration area of the Caliph.

Heidrun von Gohтта had enough knowledge of the habits and customs of Shazilar to appreciate the honor that was done to her. She was discovering that her daughter Waltraud was in the Valley, along with her son Albrecht, who incidently was the mysterious man who had impregnated all the other girls of her family, herself included. Though it didn't spoil too much the happiness of this general reunion.

The only thing that was bothering her, was the presence of Rasheeda Burid, who had now clearly become a Shazilarian and had no intention to warn the U.N.O about what was happening here. The very idea that Waltraud could be her property was unbearable, and Heidrun couldn't help showing her dissatisfaction to her ex-colleague of the Institute.

The Caliph had, of course, carefully prepared that little entertainment, and he relished to see Rasheeda's eye light up with the attitude of the white slave. He held out to her a double-dildo with straps, that she hurried to slip into and to girth around her hips.

Then, he commanded heidrun to offer her well oiled anal orifice to Goddess Rasheeda, and she complied, turning pale.



Rasheeda stuck her fingers in heidrun's nostrils and humiliated her, comparing her to various animals, and then she penetrated her anus in one go, while the Caliph was choosing to taste waltraud, a recent acquisition he had generously offered — and he regretted it a bit now — to his guest as a gift for her conversion to the Phoenic religion.

The Whites had to show pleasure in being mounted by a god or a goddess. For Waltraud, it was easy, even if she wasn't completely certain to get out of the party alive, as the hand of the Caliph was dangerously squeezing her throat, but for Heidrun, the "Magic of the Valley" wasn't arousing, as in most cases it was only working between opposed sexes, she had to be perfect in her climaxing imitation to avoid an offense to her hated colleague, she was never going to really see as a goddess.

On the side, Traudel was waiting for her turn with apprehension : she had once visited the workplace of her mother and had asked, seeing Rasheeda Burid, who could be this "fat cow". Because of an acoustic peculiarity of her office, Rasheeda heard it all and strongly reacted to the words of the young girl ; until Heidrun would shut her up !

Traudel was feeling her nostrils itch and her generously oiled little anus sting a bit, now that she was aware of the way the Maghrebin woman was going to take her revenge, once she would have finished with her mother.

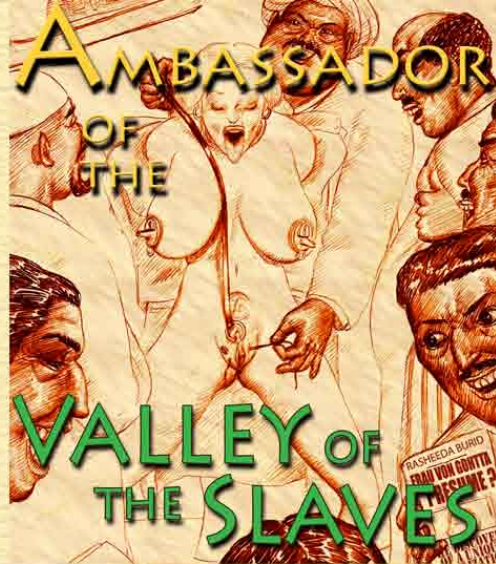
Despite these little fears and these slightly embarrassing peccadilloes, it was a memorable party for the vongohttas, who entered that evening with dignity in Shazilarian zoologic reference books.

As for the usual favorites of the Caliph, that the Chief-eunuch was always miraculously materializing towards the end of the evening, they were not one bit afraid of being challenged by the vongohttas or the demassys. As usual, they were going to be the ones to accompany the Caliph up to his sleep, as the only creatures who knew exactly what he needed. The new toys and the fancy for groups, were always fascinating the God, but at the very end, the favorites would be the ones who were going to spend the night with him, as they had been selected among thousands of swillwanas for their total compatibility with Ahmed al Rhazul.

And after all, everything was always ending well in the Valley of the Slaves for the ones who were blessed by the gods...



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

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