

# AMBASSADOR of the Valley of the SLAVES



Alonzo SERAI

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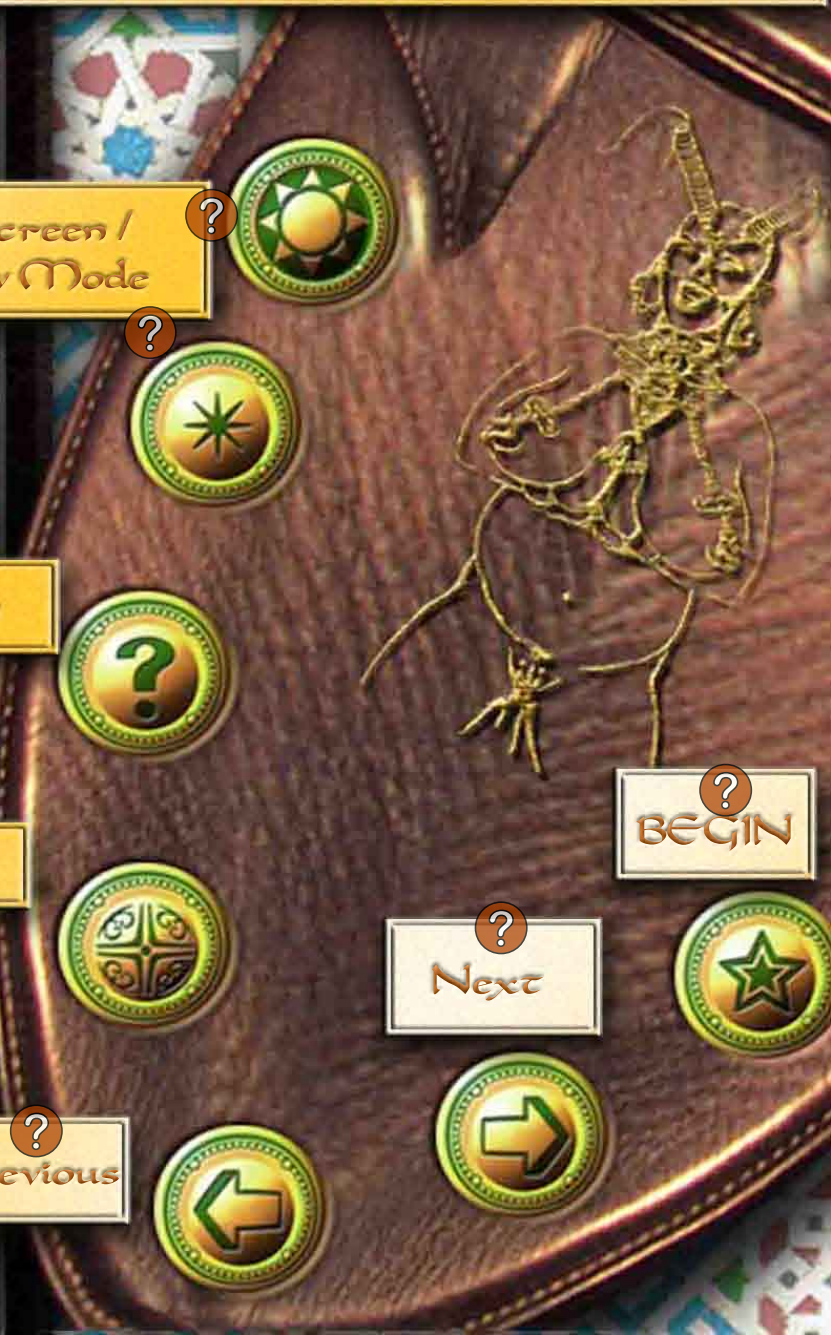
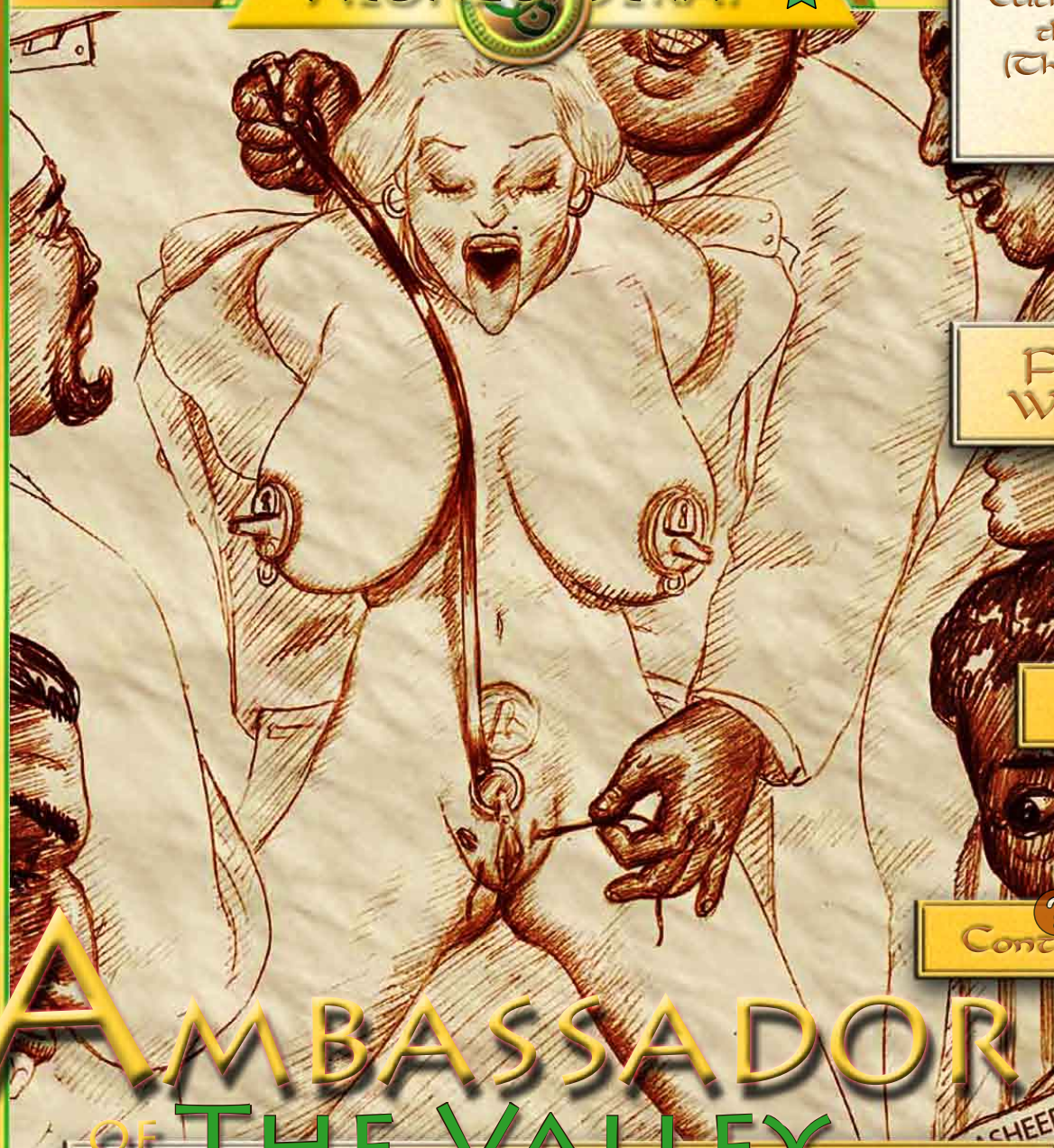
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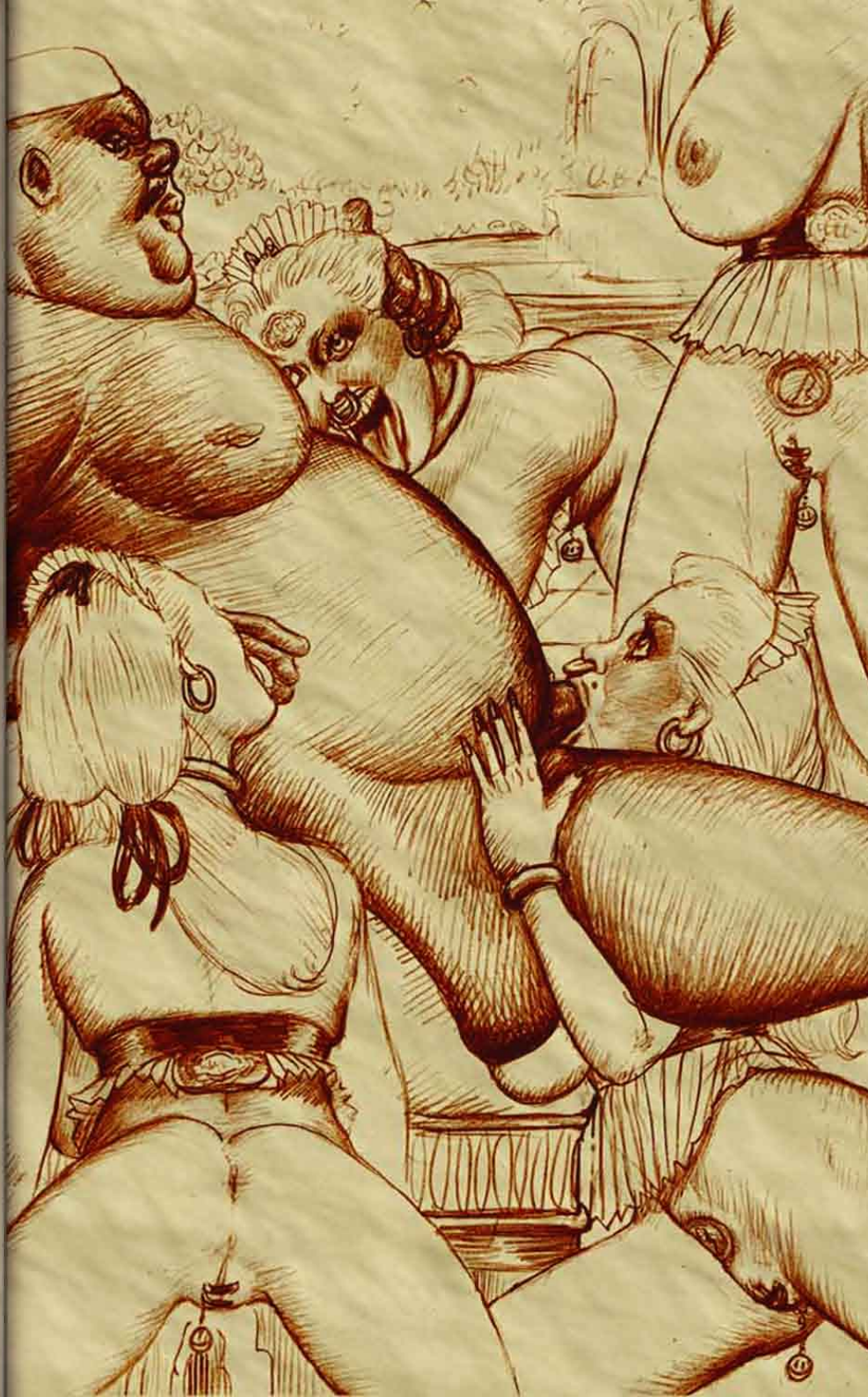
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# AMBASSADOR OF THE VALLEY OF THE Slaves





**H**eidrun von Gohtta was beginning to pine away. She had waisted a whole year of her life in the Intermediate Harem, without being granted even once the honor of the bedroom of Minister Neffuz.

Contrary to the other Whites of the Harem, she had never brought herself to see the fat man as a genuine living god, and this was the reason of her failure. She had no idea how it had happened ; something had probably given herself away, an hesitation, a shudder... noticed by the Chief-eunuch, a she-devil, or the Minister himself.

She had then lost her position, and with it, of course, her large-sized hutch, the respect of the she-devils and the other Whites, the right to move freely across the house, the possibility to read... and in spite of that, what was the most difficult thing for her to endure, was the deprivation of physical contacts with Neffuz ! Being mounted by him was not a degradation for her anymore, but a too rare pleasure.

That was why Heidrun's excitement was at its height when the Chief-eunuch came to bring her to the bedroom of the man who's mark was branded on her belly.

A few minutes later, she was in front of him.

He pushed away the White slave who was sucking his cock and signaled to Heidrun to come kneeling into position between his thighs, right in front of his erected manhood.

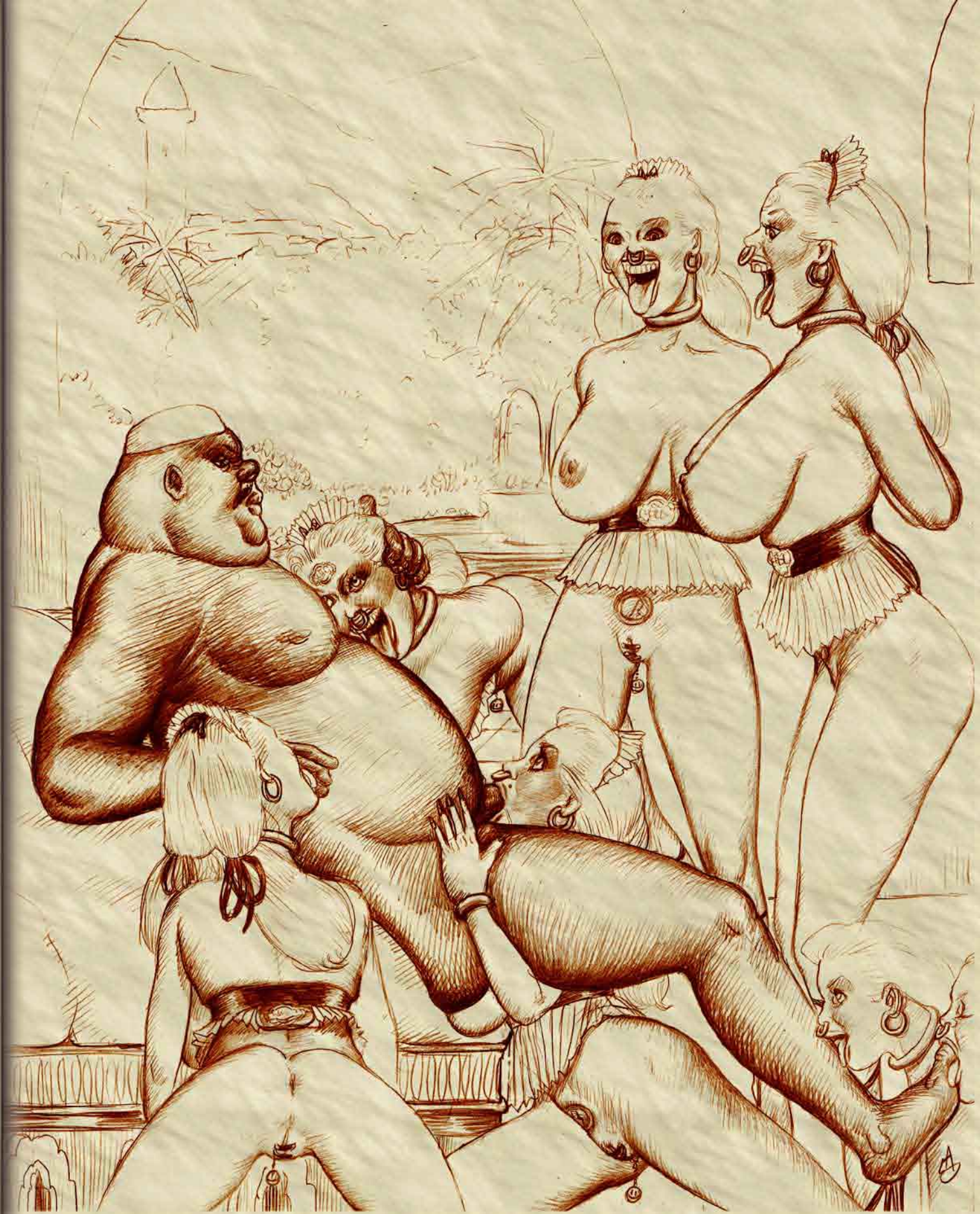


She had barely the time to put the organ in her mouth when it spitted its warm acrid liquid in the back of her throat. And while she was squeezing her lips along his deflating organ to gather the last drops out, Minister Neffuz announced she was soon going back to Europe : the time had come for her to stand up for Shazilarian culture in the face of the United-Nations !

The minister had neglected to keep that standard slave under his thumb, these last months, thinking he would not have to use her anymore, now that Rasheeda Burid was on their side. Since, new developments in Europe required the presence of Heidrun von Gohtta too. Neffuz knew that she could easily betray them, once back on her continent, and he had only a few days left to make her forget her one year disfavor. This was why he was giving her the great honor of entrusting her lips with his divine tool.

He was making a serious psychological mistake, though quite understandable, as Neffuz was a politic, not a swillraoussa trainer. He should have waited at least for a week to put back Heidrun von Gohtta progressively in his good books, with a lot of attentions and extreme care.

On the contrary, he was treating her offhandedly, more interested in the performance of two new singers of "Porcine Choirs", a Shazilarian entertainment he was particularly fond of, a mix of polyphonic song, pleasure moaning and climaxing shouts...



Minister Neffuz told Heidrun von Gohtta what he was expecting of her, while she was moving her lips along his glans, sucking it up clean by strokes, with tenderness.

She understood instantly that this was the reason of her come back into favor. This was terrible news for her, as she was accustomed now to the life of the Harem and had learnt to find Neffuz handsome and desirable ; she didn't know how she could have lived such a long time without a physical contact with him and had thought, for a few delightful minutes, she was pleasing to him again.

She had a rejection reaction, a jump immediately followed by total panic for the disrespect she had dared showing to her Master. She was going to loose everything now ; she would be sent back to the fields, forced to work twenty hours a day in the mud again... and she didn't think she was still able to live like that after all this time in the Harem.

She began to hope he could repeat his order, so that she could reply the proper way this time... and luck was with her : Neffuz, thinking that she may have not fully understood his demand, made it again. She simply had to show enthusiasm and she would be back to Europe, what she had longed for so many years !

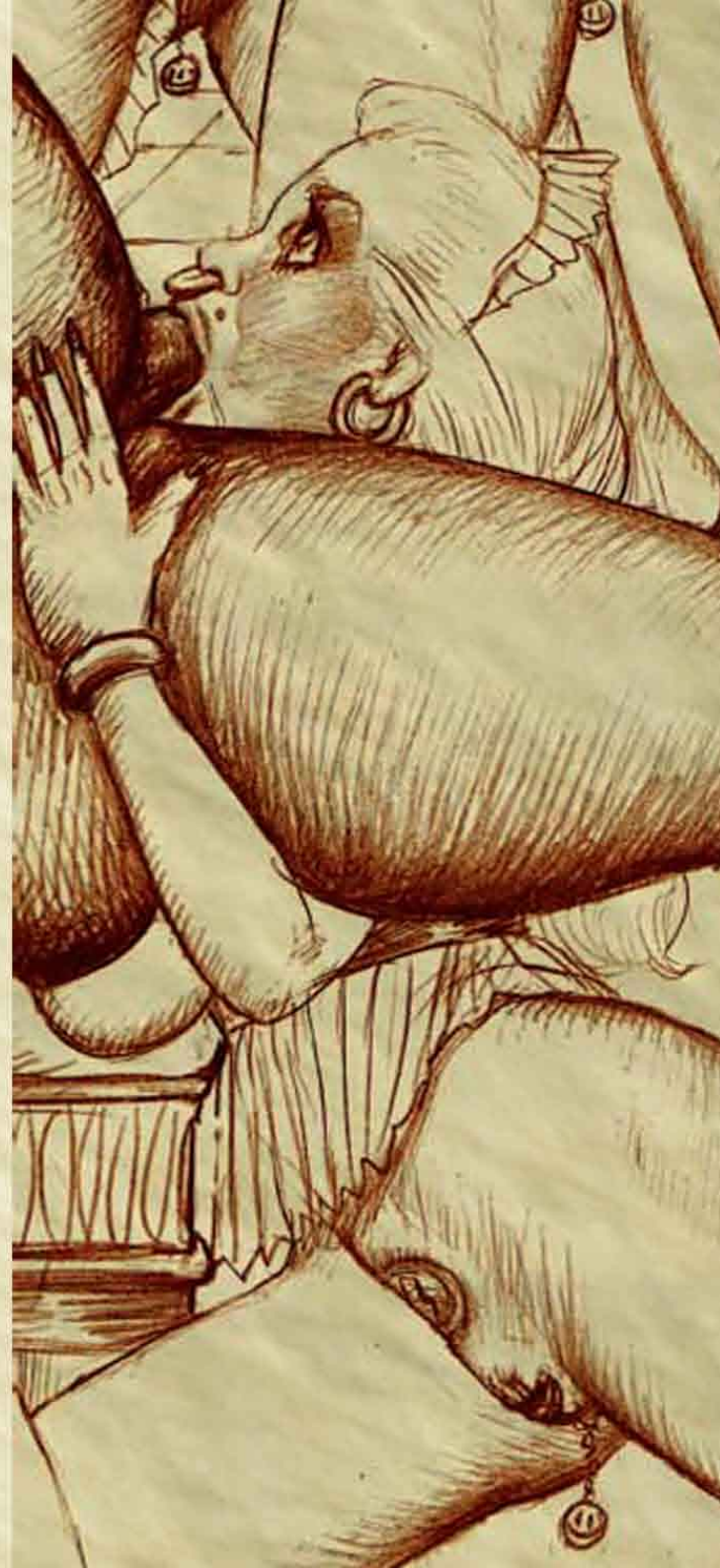
Though Europe, it meant being far away from the "magical" contact of the Minister's skin, under the orders of her worst enemy, Rasheeda : her Master had been clear about that. The works of Gategrain and Ballador were so vividly questioned, that only the return of Rasheeda in the company of a White above all suspicion, a woman who would have lived in this village as one of these "slaves" treated like queens, could convince the Western countries this was not real slavery in disguise. It had become necessary to end these stormy debates that were putting the Valley's existence in danger.

Heidrun would have to lie for months, perhaps even years ; she would have to betray the women of her race who were living the horror in the mazook fields ; she would have to foster a myth that was inexorably going to lead many more of them to sharing this terrible fate.

Oh, of course some of them would be privileged, sent to the Harem, like herself... and even that was scaring her : she was asked to help bringing more new challengers, when the Minister had already much more superb women under his thumb that he possibly could physically satisfy !

After years of total abandon of responsibility and good judgement, after having accepted to be as docile as a domesticated animal, Heidrun von Gohtta had now to take decisions that could have huge consequences, over both the world where she was born, and the one where she had made a nice little niche for herself ; and everything was mixing in her head, making of this trip to Europe the worst thing that could happen to her.

So, when Minister Neffuz gave his order again, she begged him to send Maud Garrison in her place — and was immediately sent to the torture chamber...



Her daughters Gerda and Traudel met her there the next day, and Heidrun von Gohtta had to watch them be used as chamber pots by Minister Neffuz.

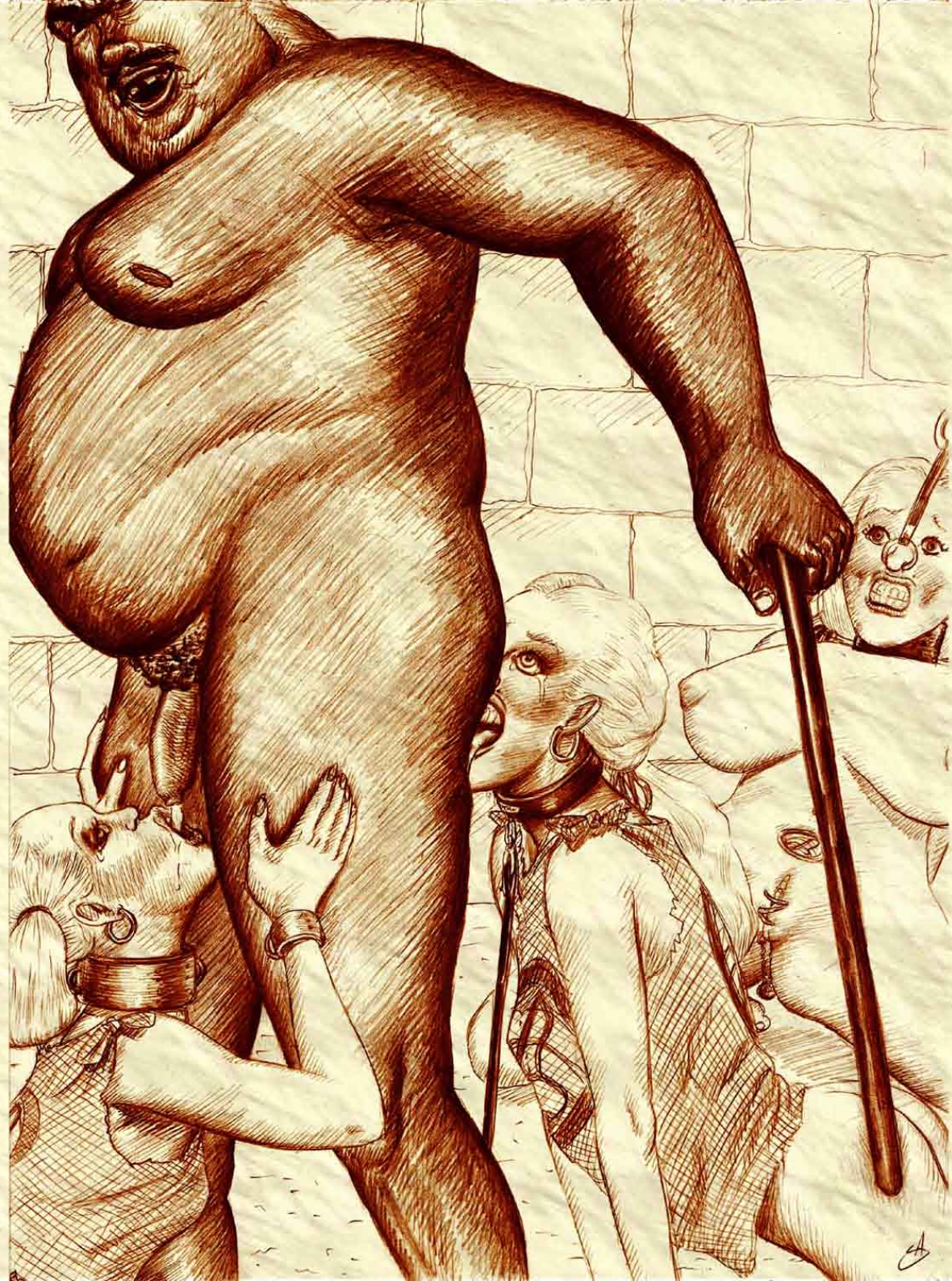
This function for White females was perfectly normal in the Valley, and Shazilarians were using it for ages ; actually, it was seen as debasing for a living god to have to relieve himself without white slaves to take care of his hygiene. The man or woman of Shazilar had to do their needs at any time, even in public, and white slaves had to be constantly ready to pounce, to make sure their masters would not have to worry about what was happening to the various fluids, seen as divine, produced by their body. Porcine mouths had to stick up immediately to their orifices so that nothing crude should come to cloud the sacred link a Shazilarian living god was sharing with Allah.

Though, this practice was reserved to “swill-wanas”, the descendants of Crusaders who were doing this for generations. The “swillraoussas”, whose education had been done in the Western world, were enduring that very badly. Everyone knew now that this could ruin completely a training ; a man named Maruk had prohibited the use of whites from the outside for that purpose thirty years ago. By committing such an act upon her daughters, Minister Neffuz was showing to Heidrun von Gohtta he didn’t care to take the risk of ruining definitely their training and that the end was justifying the means !

Heidrun was devastated that her unfortunate daughters should have to endure such an awful thing ; from the kennels of the Minister, where they were having very happy days, Gerda and Traudel had been suddenly kicked out, to end up in a mazook field. Worse, Neffuz intended to bring them in front of their mother each time he would feel the need to relieve himself ! They had accepted to become domesticated animals for this man, and this was how they were rewarded ?

Of course, she knew she just had to show joy with the idea to go to Europe to put an end to their ordeal, but this idea was so repulsive to her that she was unable to do it.

Finally, it seemed that the Minister had resigned himself to send Maud garrison in her place, as a Eunuch of the Harem led her out of the torture chamber, and out of Neffuz’s house, for the first time in more than three years. He brought her in the training house, where Yazid Hasheek had tried for months to turn her into a performing dog.



Unfortunately for Heidrun, it was Sahid, the man she hated the most, who welcomed her on the doorstep. The overseer had become Trainer-in-chief of the Neffuz domain, replacing Yazid Hasheek in that very important function.

Sahid appreciated greatly the irony to see the female he owed his position, the boisterous Heidrun von Gohtta, come to him for the third time. For years he had pretended to ignore her political importance, and had treated her just like the other slaves ; he had made her his favorite, but had always taken great care she couldn't get any advantage from the situation.

It was very rare for a Non-Shazilarian person to obtain such an important position. Sahid was coming from a neighbor country victim of desertification, in which he almost died from hunger in his young years ; and now, he was wearing the magnificent clothes of a Shazilarian Farm-lord, and lived surrounded with white females who had eyes only for him ; besides the ones he had in charge, he owned for himself twenty females, either swillwanas or swillraoussas !

He even had a Phoenic priestess, to make sure of the total devotion of his own hounds and fillies, but also to keep up the fervor of the uprooting slaves in the Neffuz domain. This was a very effective tool, much better than a she-devil, as it was more difficult for him to arouse adoration than to prompt discipline.

Heidrun von Gohtta was already regretting her decision to oppose the Minister, but when Sahid announced he was waiting with impatience for the arrival of two of her daughters, the only swillraoussas to be under a Caliphal dispensation about hygiene, something just collapsed in her.

Her daughters, becoming toilet slaves for that man ? It was too much to take !

Before the Eunuch should leave her with Sahid, she asked him to tell the Minister that, from then on, she would live with the hope she could still go to Europe for him.

The Eunuch left and Heidrun had to get back to the life in the fields... and see with horror her progeny being brought from time to time out of their mud field, following Sahid into the house...



Three nightmarish days had passed, and Heidrun had come, little by little, to resign herself to live forever this life under the strict authority of Sahid and the Shazilarian overseers, and to have to share that terrible fate with her daughters.

That was why she felt an immense joy at the sight of Minister Neffuz walking on the side of the mud field she was working in.

He was coming to save her !

She was so excited that a few drops of her body fluid went speckling the dark muck with transparent pearls ; though Sahid did not appreciate this reaction at all : he stripped her buttocks three times with his braided leather whip, before ordering her to flee to her Master.

She was so happy she couldn't help wiping a stupid smile off her face while she was crawling toward him double quick. She kneeled up in front of him and listened to him religiously.

Neffuz reminded her the mission, what she would need to do to serve Shazilar once on the spot. Heidrun couldn't help staring with wonderment at the face of the man who had brought her so much pleasure ; she couldn't understand anymore what could have come through her head during the two previous attempts, what could have made her react so negatively to the terms of that mission :

Neffuz was her Lord and Master and it was him, not her, who was going to fool and enslave the women of her race ; why should she sacrifice her happiness to save other White women ? As for the quality of her life, she felt was in danger, it was obvious that it was something she couldn't control at all ; she could only suffer in thinking about it constantly, and had now to take her pleasure in what Neffuz was asking from her, even if it meant going away from him or being left off. It was frustrating, but there was nothing to be done.

Neffuz, satisfied, called her daughters and told them that their mother was going to Europe to convert the porcine infidels and that, to reward her for her devotion, they were both going to be readmitted into the kennels, with a preferential treatment : gerda would be covered by the most handsome genitor and would get frequent surprise-mountings from him.

As for Traudel, to whom Neffuz was really a god, she would become a houseproud hound and would be allowed to walk freely inside the house. Neffuz was certain that Frau von Gohtta was going to do a heck of a job in Europe, would it be only to allow her progeny to be granted many other rewards and promotions.



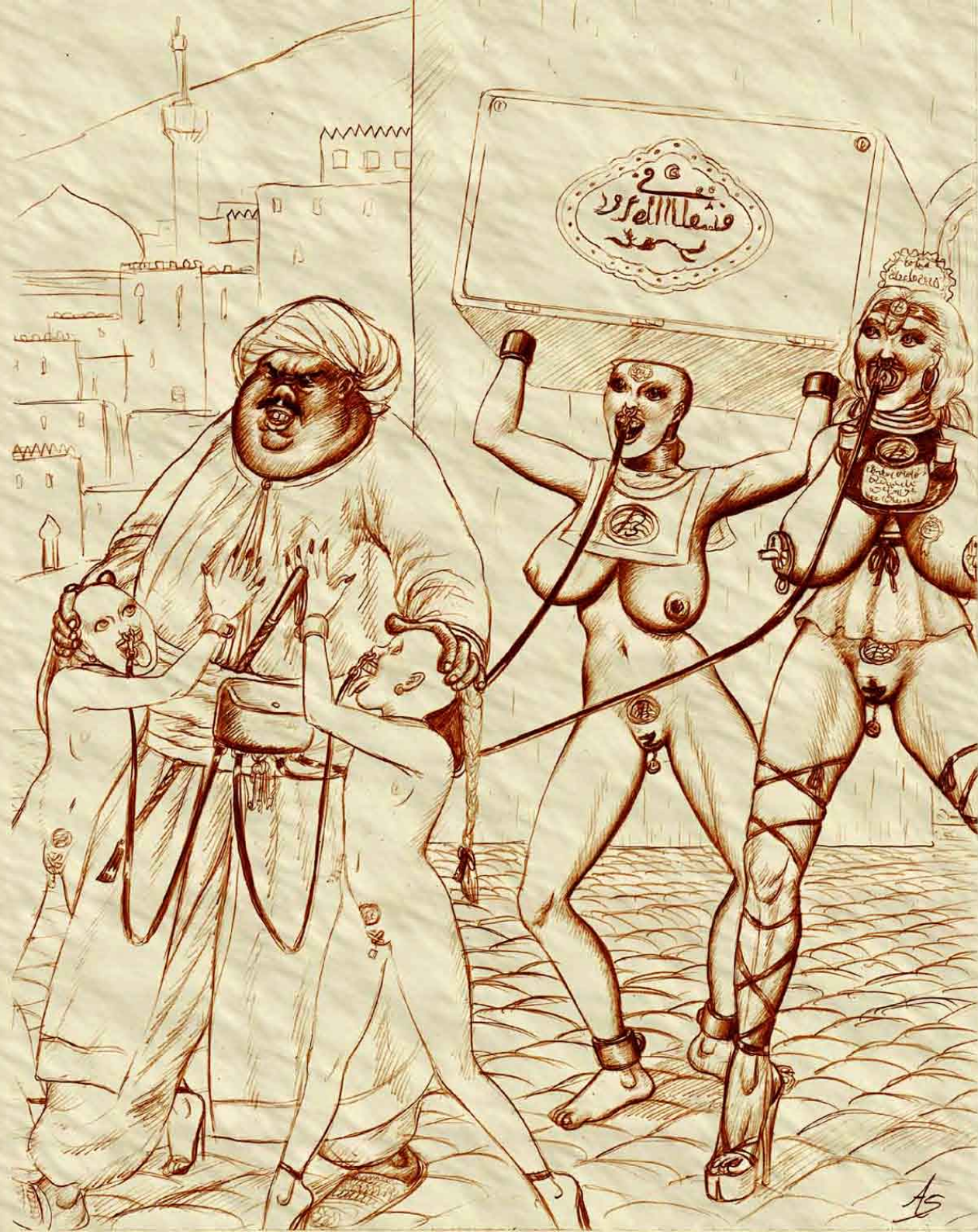
And a week later, Minister Neffuz was walking in the streets of Eldorado Harbor in the company of two of his favorite pet-servants, two young swillwanas who had been dressed with old-fashioned outfits and who had been filmed like this in the fake typical village created for the ethnologists ; they were going to be very useful to convince the Westerners of the deep originality of the Shazilarian culture and the great care of the natives for the well-being of the young Whites, especially in the matter of preserving their virginity against eventual bad elements in their society.

The Minister had also decided to combine business with pleasure in using Frau von Gohтта as a traveling milker ; the importance of her mission for Shazilar didn't meant it was right to waist the great quality milk she was still abundantly providing since the delivery of her last farrow. Furthermore, the honorific position of milker would allow her to feel closer to her Master for a longer time, and so to be in better condition to carry her assignment without qualms.

Heidrun didn't complain at all ; she got much better treatment than the mule-slaves and their heavy burden, and at least she could have physical contacts with her Master, would it be once a day to be milked : Neffuz loved to put a cloud of blonde milk in his coffee in the morning, and heidrun was extremely proud her Master should appreciate so much something her body had produced.

The bird-brained mule-swillwanas were also proud to have the opportunity to serve their god, and M-58802, who was accompanying Minister Neffuz, was enjoying the best moments of her life in this closeness to her tutelary divinity, an all-powerful being she had seen only from afar or on religious icons she had under her eyes during all her childhood.

Heidrun could understand completely the enthusiasm of the creature, as being close to the Minister was also bringing her joy ; and yet, contrary to that swillwana, her Western education was making it impossible for her to believe that this man could be a living god... though the idea it could be for real was creating deep inside herself a very disturbing excitement.



Unfortunately, the constant presence of her ex-subordinate Rasheeda Burid was spoiling all the joy Heidrun could feel, being close to the Minister. She had been so happy to be milked by Neffuz during the two days trip to the harbor, but now that they were sailing toward Europe, the breakfast ceremony had become a real ordeal ; not only Rasheeda was taking her revenge on her by making humiliating remarks while she was milking her, but she was taking much more milk than Neffuz, strongly squeezing her breasts to get a few more drops, without any care for the pain she could endure, or the change of shape that was obviously going to result from that tough handling ; Heidrun's breasts were swelling a little more with milk every day... and Rasheeda was taking more and more !

Despite this, the worst thing she had to suffer, was the use of her hair as a table napkin. She had no objection for that when it was the Minister, of course ; wasn't he her Master ? But when it was Rasheeda who was wiping her greasy lips on the golden hair she was so proud of, Heidrun was feeling extremely degraded.

The mere fact of being in Rasheeda's presence was now making her sick. After twelve days at sea, she couldn't stand anymore neither the sniggering of her ex-employee, nor the wet mouth sounds coming from the busy young white slave under her dress.

It would have been much worse if she had been aware that this young slave was in fact her daughter Traudel, who had been offered as a present to the new Farm-lady to reward her of her participation to the "Ambassador" Operation.





The yacht of Neffuz casted anchor in Marseilles on may twelve 1995, along a wharf swamped with journalists ; the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Tambinambiwa had promised a scoop to the Press, and he was keeping his word : everybody could recognize the two women of the Ethnologic Institute, presumed dead, who were accompanying him.

He declared he had flown to Rasheeda Burid's assistance with his private yacht as soon as he was informed she had survived to the jungle and was in a coastal village in the North of his country. Once on the spot, he had been greatly satisfied to learn that Heidrun von Gohtta was also there.

The journalists rushed then at Rasheeda Burid, who related her adventure succinctly : after she had been inadvertently separated from her colleagues by a surprise attack from the savage Mahawis, Rasheeda had walked for a long time in the jungle before she was able to find a second village, a few miles from Gategrain and Ballador's site. She was surprised to find there her ex-boss, Heidrun von Gohtta, walking naked between Shaziri huts.

She experienced great difficulties in trying to convince her to come back to Europe with her, as Heidrun had become deeply integrated to that society dedicated to the cult of White women. She finally succeeded, insisting on the point that the Shazilarian way of life she loved was threatened in its very existence, and that it was vital she could come to Europe to share her experience and put an end to the infamous rumors that were spreading.

Rasheeda thanked the Press and, before she left, advised everyone to read her book "Frau von Gohtta, I presume?", she would release soon ; a book filled with crunchy details that scattered her stay in the Valley of Shazilar...

The journalists then made a dash for Heidrun von Gohtta, who confirmed the story of Rasheeda Burid, insisting on the fact she had accepted to come to bear witness under the condition that Rasheeda should bring her back to the Valley herself.

Heidrun described how she lost herself in the jungle and had arrived in this village, five years before. Certain that the other members of the expedition were dead, she chose to stay there for a few months to study that incredibly original society before coming back to Europe. She was informed weeks later, by a Tambinambianese soldier who got lost in the jungle, of the tragedy that had struck down her family in Europe, and she chose to make her life in the Valley of Shazilar.



And then years had passed by quietly for her until Rasheeda Burid arrived in her village, in the company of her presumed-dead daughter Waltraud.

Heidrun added to that story she wanted to go back to that paradisiac place as soon as possible to meet up with Waltraud, who was now so much addicted to Shazilarian culture that she didn't want to leave it ever. Rasheeda had described the danger that was threatening this unique culture she had learnt to love, and Heidrun had decided to do everything she could to preserve this micro-society that had for ultimate goal to give to White women the perfect happiness.

She was thanking the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Tambinambiwa for his hospitality and would go to Geneva, with him and Rasheeda Burid, to address the United-Nations...

When the night came, three limousines with dark windows disembarked from the yacht and rushed toward Switzerland. Once over the border, the convoy ran for a few more hours to a big property heavily guarded. An eventual outside observer would have been very surprised to see an Arab in traditional outfit get out of the first limo, followed by a nude Heidrun von Gohтта walking in a fancifully erotic way on high heels.

Alas, the unfortunate woman suddenly slipped on the gravel of the yard and fell flat on her face. Instead of helping her out, the Arab brutally lashed her buttocks with his whip to make her stand up hurriedly.

A bit later, the doors of the last limousine opened, and Rasheeda Burid got out, pulling three leather leashes fastened to the golden rings hanging from the nude vulvas of Gerda, Waltraud and Traudel von Gohтта. The three young women followed the ethnologist, staggering on their high heels like freshly delivered fawns.

Minister Neffuz had waited for Heidrun to be locked down in a perfectly isolated box in the cellar, to make the three young women enter the house ; it was very important that Frau von Gohтта should think that her daughters were in Africa to avoid any temptation of treason. Despite her five years conditioning, he had not ruled out she could suddenly rebel, escape and alert public opinion — everything had been prepared to save the situation if such a disaster should happen !

The months that followed were extremely busy for Heidrun von Gohтта and Rasheeda Burid. Accompanied by the swillwana favorites of Neffuz, they inaugurated numerous exhibitions and held a lot of conferences about Shazilarian culture ; they went to diners in embassies, Royal or Presidential palaces.

They were even invited on television shows ; and, of course, the networks were much more interested in the spectacle they were offering than in the preservation of tribal culture. In addition to the presentation of the two swillwana specimen, nude and totally exposed to risqué jokes of the TV hosts, Rasheeda had finalized a most appealing act : when she was describing the genital jewels, the tattoos and the scarifications of the Shazilari Whites, Heidrun was standing up, pulling down her skirt and panties ; she was proudly displaying her bald vulva, her labia sewed with a leather lace and the big golden ring hanging from her beauty bud. Then, the ex-boss of the Ethnologic Institute was making her golden bell jingle in front of the cameras with an almost childlike joy. Needless to say the audience was climbing !

Rasheeda Burid was then describing Shazilarian society as a paradise for White women, where they could live naked because it had no consequences : the climate of the Valley was hot and their status of sacred animals was forbidding rape ; actually, the White women could wear whatever they wanted, but most of the time they were choosing jewels that didn't cover them much.

The ones who were offering them were pious Shazilarians who could ruin themselves for that. To obtain her jewels, her food, and a roof over her head, a "White slave" who didn't have yet an Arab protector to take care of her full time, had just to smile to a passer-by she fancied, to make him go out of his way to satisfy her ; to help a White woman was not only a religious obligation and a deeply rooted tradition : the fairer her hair, the more she was bringing luck ; the highest worthies from Shazilarian villages had all obtained their position through a generous attitude toward a high number of "slaves".





These White women were given the best food, and never had to work to get it ; Shazilarian of Bedouin and Shaziri extraction, men or women, were there for that.

Sexually, the White women were just picking up the men they desired, and the spouses had nothing to say to it ; they were honored anyway to receive the blessing of a “slave” in their bed, as it was excellent for the lady of the house to sleep where her husband had sex with one of these creatures ; it was supposed to increase their chances to conceive a strong and healthy son. The spouse could also participate to the sexual intercourse, if the White woman should fancy it, and it was an honor for any Shazilarian woman to have to knead the buttocks of a White “slave” to help her husband driving the creature to an orgasm.

Of course, the possibility of a psychopath willing to hurt a White woman couldn't be totally excluded, but it was so rare that there wasn't even a punishment for that crime in the Law : the last one who had dared to rape one of these creatures, in the previous century, had simply been stoned to death by an angry mob.

Most of the objections raised against Heidrun and Rasheeda were coming from the rare people, diplomats or politics, who had in their hands the satellite pictures showing half-naked White women whipped by Arabs in mazook fields.

These pictures had been willingly hidden to the general public, to prevent worrying the population until this whole thing could be cleared up.

Rasheeda wasn't trying to deny these practices ; she was even confirming she had seen such things with her own eyes and could testify it was not the doing of Shazilarians, but of Shaziri and Zebian bandits. They were using the vulnerability of these creatures, and the power of modern weapons they could buy with the money earned selling them to billionaires of the region. She insisted that the only way to fight that curse was to forbid all foreigners in Tambinambiwa and to give President N'Gania a support in modern weapons ; she had the opportunity to appreciate the high importance President N'Gania was giving to his war against traffickers, carried by his phoenic religious beliefs.

After a few weeks of this, the tendency showed by public opinion, that for then had been to accuse Tambinambiwa of all evils, reversed completely and the polls showed an increase of sympathy for this country, for Shazilar, and even for the Phoenic Church, clearly identified as rooted in Shazilarite Islam. The fact that its adepts were seeing White women as domesticated animals, that had so much horrified all great religions of the world, was now passing as something merely theoretical, because it meant worshipping White woman...



Of course, the reality of Shazilarian culture was very different than in Rasheeda's fairytale, and Heidrun was experiencing it every evening after her public hours.

Minister Neffuz, who was a mediocre psychologist, was certain it was not the pressure over her daughters that was pushing Heidrun von Gohtta to serve them, but the firmness of his grip.

He was seeing as fundamental to put her in her place after all these obscene hours imitating a human being. To take care of that, he couldn't find anything better than to relieve himself in her mouth instead of using the two swillwanas meant for that.

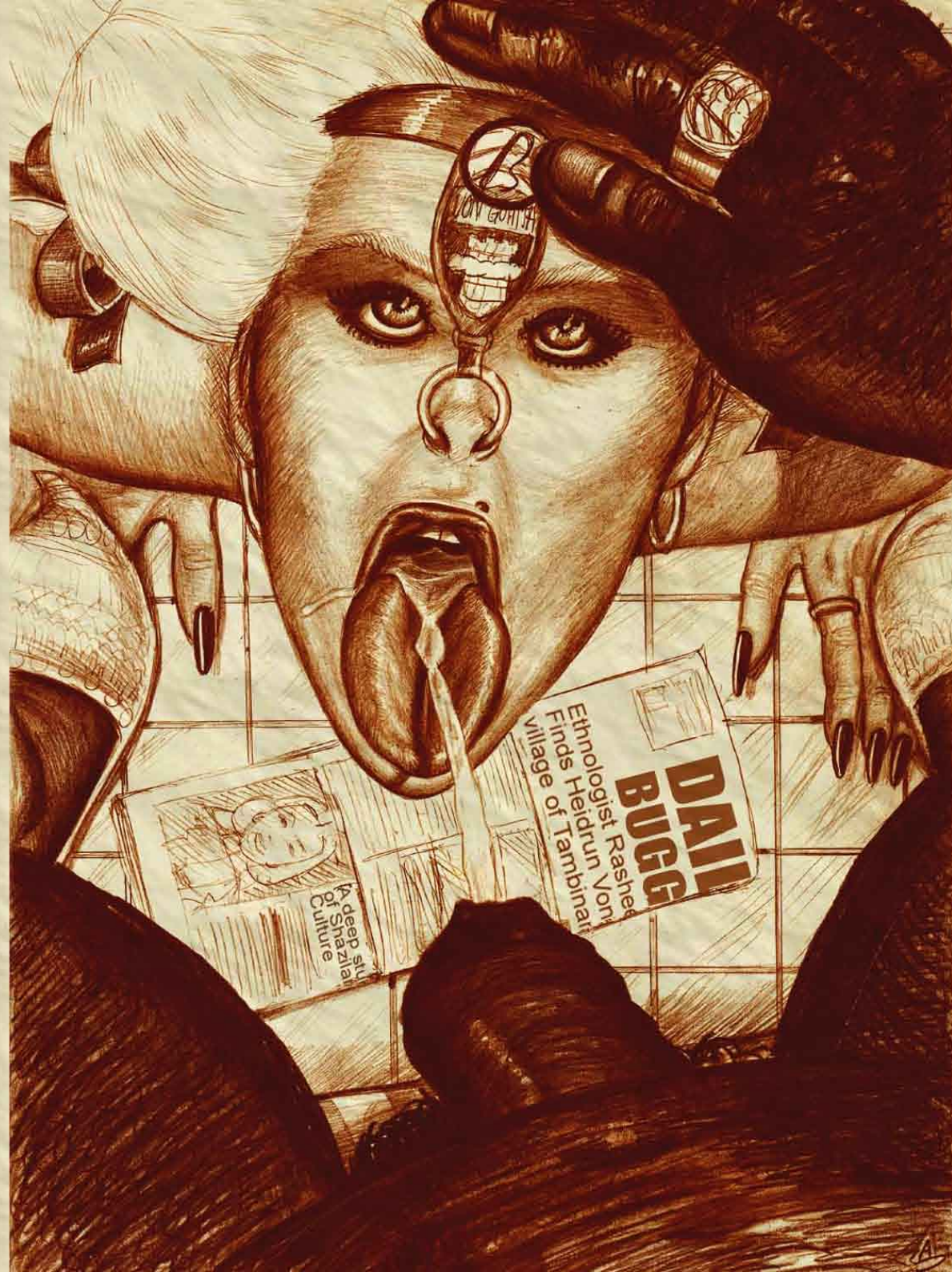
Heidrun was obeying, but she hated it and her admiration for Neffuz was beginning to fade ; not to mention that the pleasure she was feeling at his contact was also beginning to decrease, as the "magic" of the Valley had no effect in Europe.

By choosing to perform that traditional function on a swillraoussa without a Caliphal dispensation, like the one he could get for gerda and traudel, Neffuz was not only in total illegality, he was also putting the whole "Ambassador" operation in jeopardy, when it was for then a resounding success nothing was coming to hinder.

Neffuz was so sure of himself he would never have listened to anyone telling it to him : on the contrary, he thought it was the huge power he was showing to the white female that was making things work. Happy for him that the understanding of White women's motivations was not a necessity in the Valley !

After what seemed to be an eternity to Heidrun, the moment she had waited for such a long time, when the U.N.O. would proclaim the special status of Tambinambiwa, had come. A week of discussion followed, when Rasheeda and Heidrun had to address many times in public. Finally, the Assembly voted.

And white slavery, in that peculiar context of Tambinambiwa isolation, was legalized — highly protected by very strict rules, but perfectly legal !

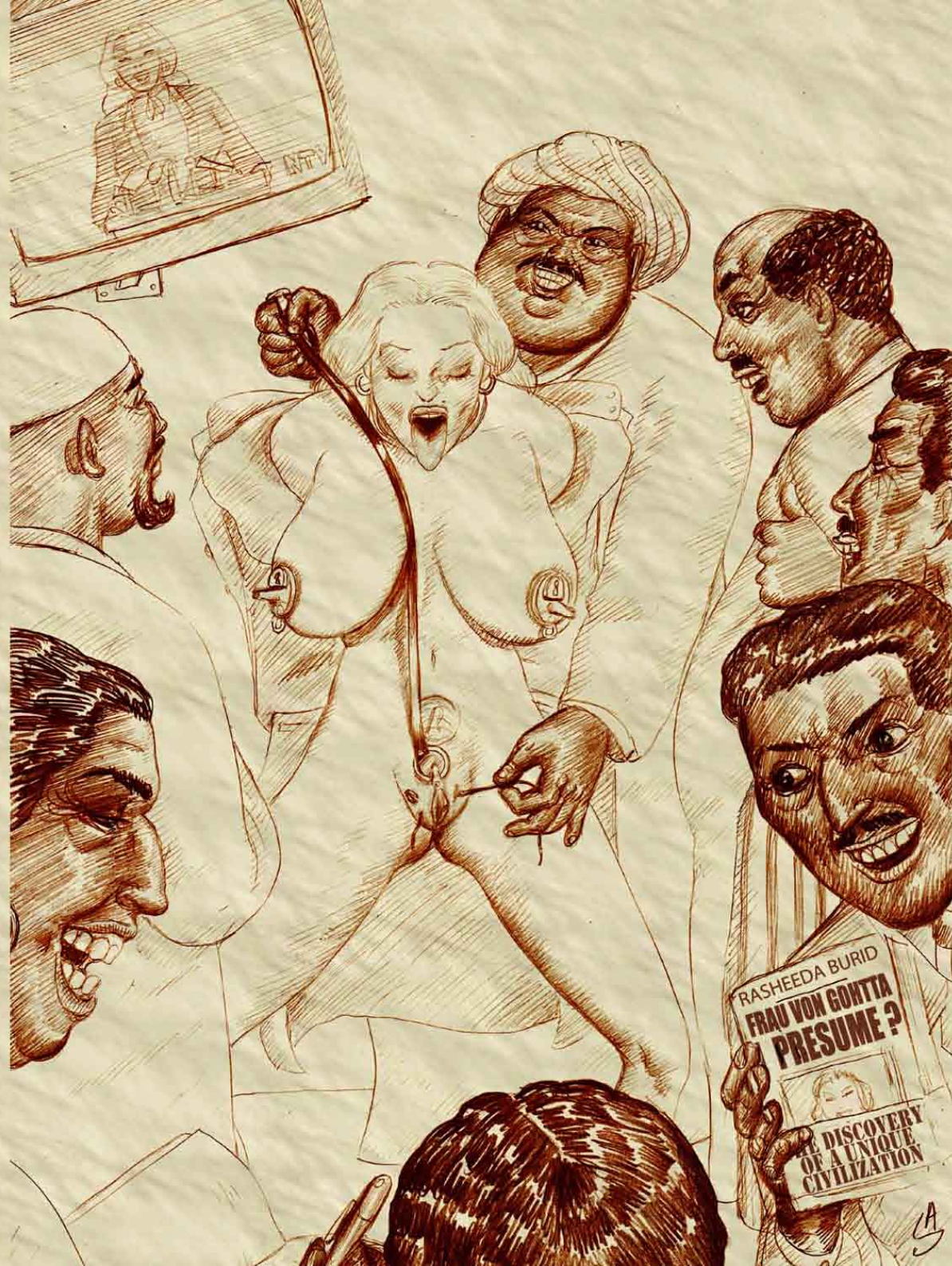


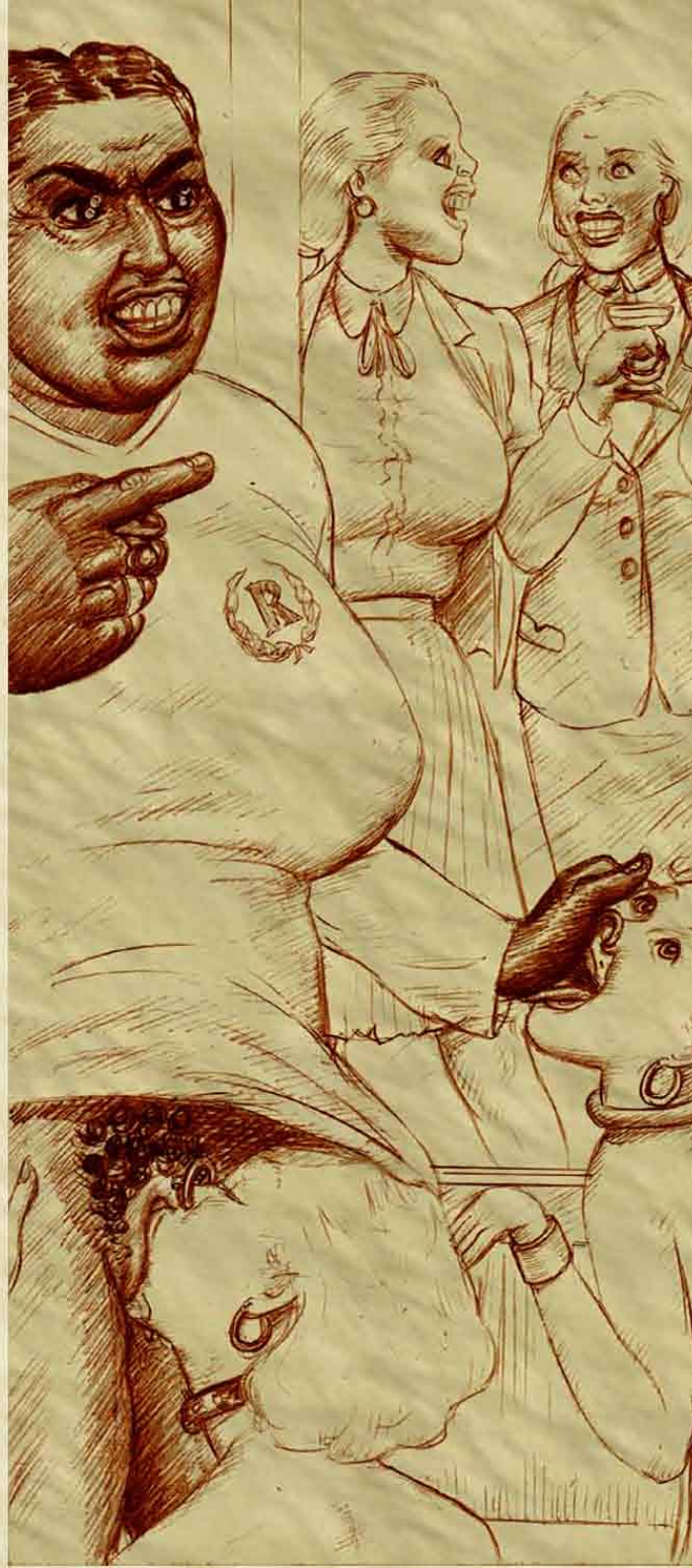
In the evening that followed that memorable event, Heidrun was brought to the Tambinambiwa Embassy to be the chief attraction of a cocktail party where all the dignitaries and businessmen from African and Middle-Eastern countries were invited ; or at least those who had been certified as trustable by the Tambinambian Intelligence Service. The goal was to present to them the other side of the coin.

Heidrun was feeling already humiliated to have to show to these men and women how easy it was for a woman of her race to be submitted, but what was making it even more difficult for her was the fact she knew all of them professionally, as the ex-President of the Ethnologic Institute of Africa and the Middle-East, here in Geneva !

As she had been covered just before leaving the Valley of the Slaves, and was already two months pregnant, Heidrun's vulva could be safely used by anyone present, and Neffuz and Rasheeda's guests would later use and abuse of it all night in a private room of the embassy, as a foretaste of that Shazilarian culture Rasheeda was extolling with a laugh as being "the exact opposite of what was written in her book".

As for Minister Neffuz, he wasn't tired of the wonderment his guest were showing when he was demonstrating how deeply the terrible Frau von Gohtta was submitted to him. It was with a great generosity he was offering to enthusiasts the milk of the slave he would not have for his morning breakfast ; and it was probably for all this kindness he became, after this evening to remember, the politic the most appreciated in all the Arab world. An excellent result, for a member of the government in a country criticized by all branches of Islam, as being the core of the "Phoenic heresy" !





The Ethnologic Institute celebrated the event too, a few days later. Heidrun von Gohtta gave officially the presidency to her friend Chloé de Lonsac, who had taken care of it in her absence. She was going to leave Geneva for a few months with Rasheeda, to perform a series of conferences around the globe. A cocktail party was given later at the Tambinambiwa Embassy, as a celebration for their action to make the truth triumph.

Heidrun had invited her sisters to that last party, with the idea she could have a quick word with them about her real situation, hoping they would have the presence of mind to keep it quiet to avoid any risks for her daughters.

She had already spent some time with her sisters at the beginning of her stay, but she had never dared telling them anything, Rasheeda being always somewhere near. She was feeling much clearer now, and more determined to put to an end that slavery she was living in, as if time and distance away from the Valley had brought back her fighting spirit.

Rasheeda was wary, of course, and she had ordered Heidrun not to leave the proximity of the big two-way mirror with its frame filled with hidden microphones, so she could hear at all times what her ex-boss was telling to her guests. She locked herself in the room on the other side of the mirror with her slaves gerda, traudel and waltraud, and stayed there.

She was experiencing a perverse pleasure at the idea that Frau von Gohtta was living her last chance to get out of the situation she had been tangled into for the sake of her daughters. Her ex-boss had only to break the glass to end all this ; but Rasheeda knew this was not what Heidrun was going to do : she was going to muzzle it and go back to the Valley of the Slaves like a good girl ; and her daughters were going to become forever domesticated animals whose title of ownership would soon become, thanks to her action to appease the Western population, an official document by international Law.

Yet, a regrettable incident occurred that spoiled a bit her delightful revenge : as Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda von Gohtta were talking to their sister Heidrun, they began to speak about Rasheeda, reminding her the various influences they had used to keep her away from the presidency of the Institute, years ago. Furious, Rasheeda heard them call her the “cleaning woman”, an infamous nickname she had been given at the time. Worse, they began to talk about her as an unscrupulous careerist obsessed with the idea to steal their sister’s position, though who was good to nothing except cleaning her office all day !



Rasheeda was feeling a cold anger rising. Not only everything was easy for these blonde bitches, as their grandfather had been among the men who had built the United-Nations, but they had also to cover their incompetence by belittling her, who had done such a big part of the work credited to their sister for twenty years !

She called in the room Abdel bin Aziz, a renowned white female trainer, disciple of the famous Malik, who was working with the Embassy, and asked him to bring to her these three females in a month, turned into servile and attentive cleaning women !

Behind the mirror, the von Gohтта sisters had no idea about what was waiting for them, and were keeping holding forth about her ; Gertrud was mocking her vane opportunism, while Wolfhilde was evoking her repellent ugliness, and Thusnelda her lack of brain.

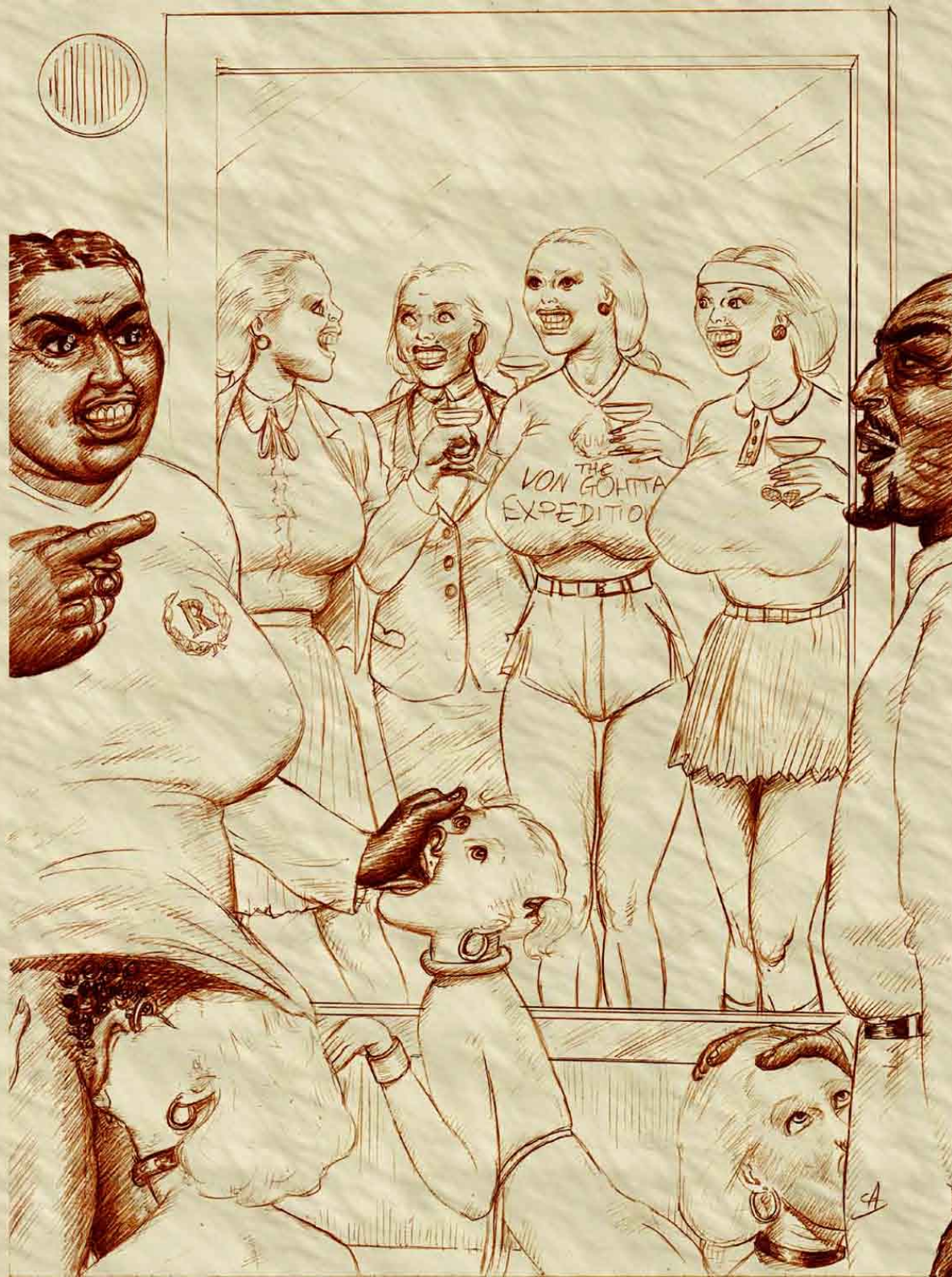
Would they have paid the slightest bit of attention to their elder sister, they would have noticed how much their topic was embarrassing her. Heidrun was repeating over and over how much she had always appreciated Rasheeda, who had saved her and was always excellent at work ; she was, of course, thinking about the terrible humiliations she was going to suffer later because of the recklessness of her stupid sisters.

Unfortunately, her interventions were only making things worse, as her sisters were replying to her, mocking even more that woman who had more power they could even imagine.

Terrified with the way their aunts were talking about their Mistress, gerda, waltraud and traudel were desperately trying to divert her attention by redoubling their affectionate tongue strokes.

If only they could have known they only had to break that mirror to put an end to their slavery and destroy completely the Shazilarian plan for conquest, at least one of them would have taken her chances, but as they didn't understand one single word of Arabic, they had no way to know they themselves were the reason for their mother's submissive attitude.

Not to mention they were in such a permanent state of attention toward their Mistress, they didn't really have time to think about the situation.



The disappearance of the von Gohtta sisters went totally unnoticed : on the request of their elder sister, they stayed inside the Embassy after all other guests had gone. Abdel and his men simply entered the room and tied them up before they could realize what was happening. They were put in a closet where they were kept waiting for hours.

Heidrun wrote letters for their close relatives, in which they were describing their last-minute invitation to the Valley of Shazilar by Minister Neffuz, a unique chance for them to visit this place that was soon going to be completely forbidden to foreigners for a very long time.

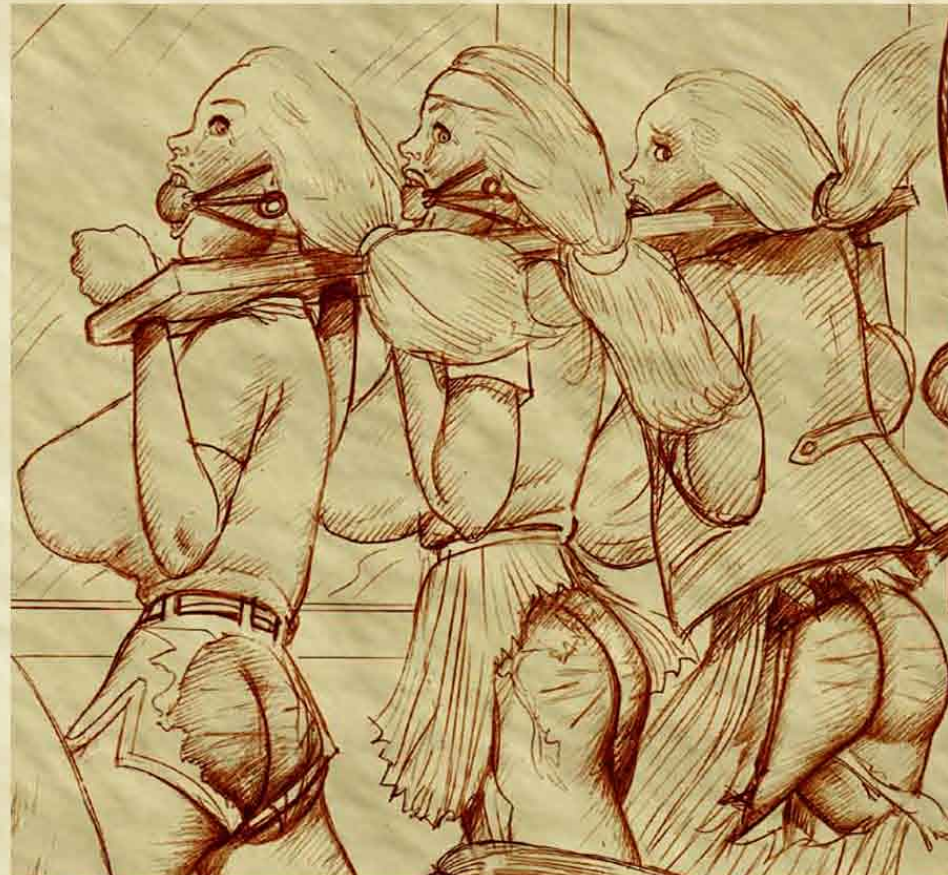
In a little room at the core of the Embassy, Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda, plus Gertrud's husband Wolfgang and Thusnelda's boyfriend Helmut, were waiting for Abdel bin Aziz's desire.

He would soon move them out of the Embassy in one of the two limos and would make them cross the French border, avoiding any vehicle search thanks to his diplomatic immunity ; then, he would embark them in Marseilles in the private yacht of Minister Neffuz and would sail toward Eldorado Harbor.

Once in the Valley of the Slaves, Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda von Gohtta would learn to worship Rasheeda as a goddess. The Maghrebin ethnologist would be continuing her tour for the defense of the Shazilarian cause for a few more months in Europe with their sister Heidrun, and would come back to take possession of her new toys in the palace the Caliph Ahmed al Azzuz would have finished building for her by then.

Minister Neffuz, unaware of how much Rasheeda wanted Heidrun von Gohtta, had offered her to Yazid Hasheek, his ex-trainer, as a compensation to come back to his service. Rasheeda had thundered with rage learning the news, but she couldn't possibly use her influence over the Caliph to put pressure on the Minister, as the deal had already been concluded.

Until she could find a way to put her hands back on the slave she had deserved to own a thousand times, Rasheeda was going to take her fun with her daughters and sisters ; not to mention that Neffuz was leaving, and that her ex-boss was going to be at her feet for a few more months in Europe — Rasheeda had the firm intention to enjoy it !



Abdel made the three von Gohtta sisters run for an hour in the corridors of the Embassy, flogging their buttocks to teach them how to react positively to the crop during the little trip they would have to take.

This was how they crossed the path of Heidrun and understood in the blink of an eye the extent of their sister's treason.

Heidrun's mouth was busy carrying the warm gratitude of Rasheeda Burid on the Ambassador's cock, when the three captives passed by the corridor. Rasheeda made the head of her slave waltraud turn, unsticking her mouth from her vulva, so that she could benefit of the greatly educative sight of her beloved aunts in the process of being taught Shazilarian Law.

Rasheeda had become that night the entitled owner of a big part of this noble family, even if the only one she was craving to get for her collection was still escaping to her grip : her worse enemy, the woman who had kept her in a subordinate position to avoid being replaced by her.

Heidrun had understood by then that her daughters had followed her in Europe all the time and that she had been conned, but it was too late to do anything : the Embassy had closed and everybody inside were in league. As for her daughters, they were going back to the Valley of the Slaves with the Minister.

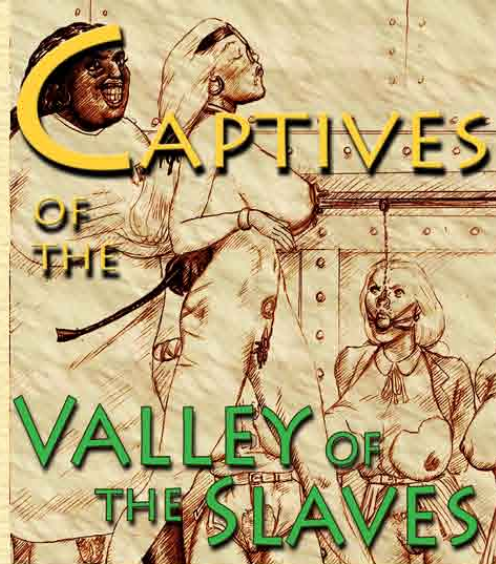
She was now a traitor for her family, her friends... and of course for all the white females who were going to live one day in the Valley because of her lack of courage.

She had no other choice now than to totally submit to Rasheeda for the few months left to their world tour.

If she treated her like a goddess, most certainly she would show clemency ?



THE  
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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  
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