

CAPTIVES

of the Valley of the
SLAVES



Alonzo SERAI

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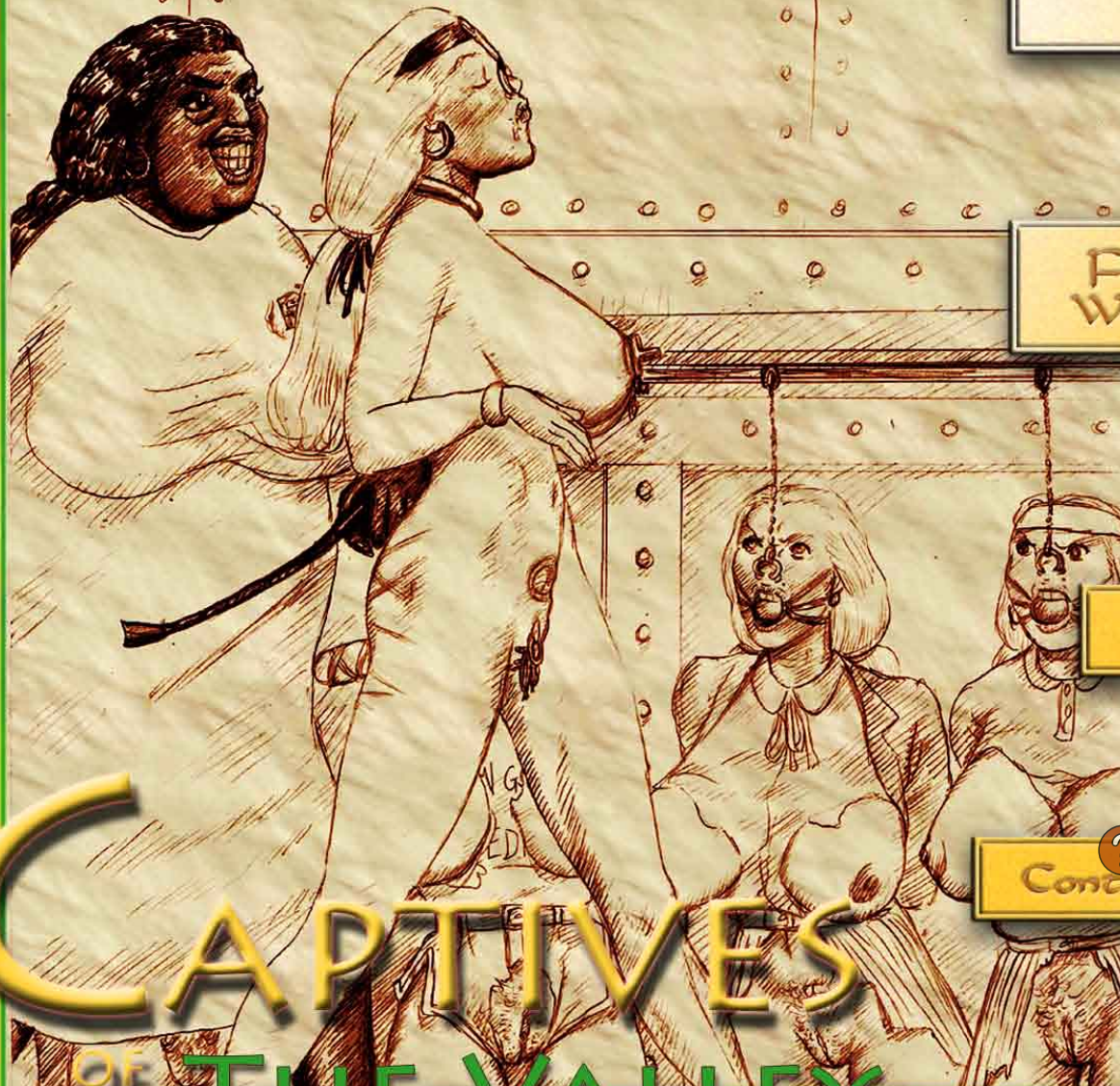


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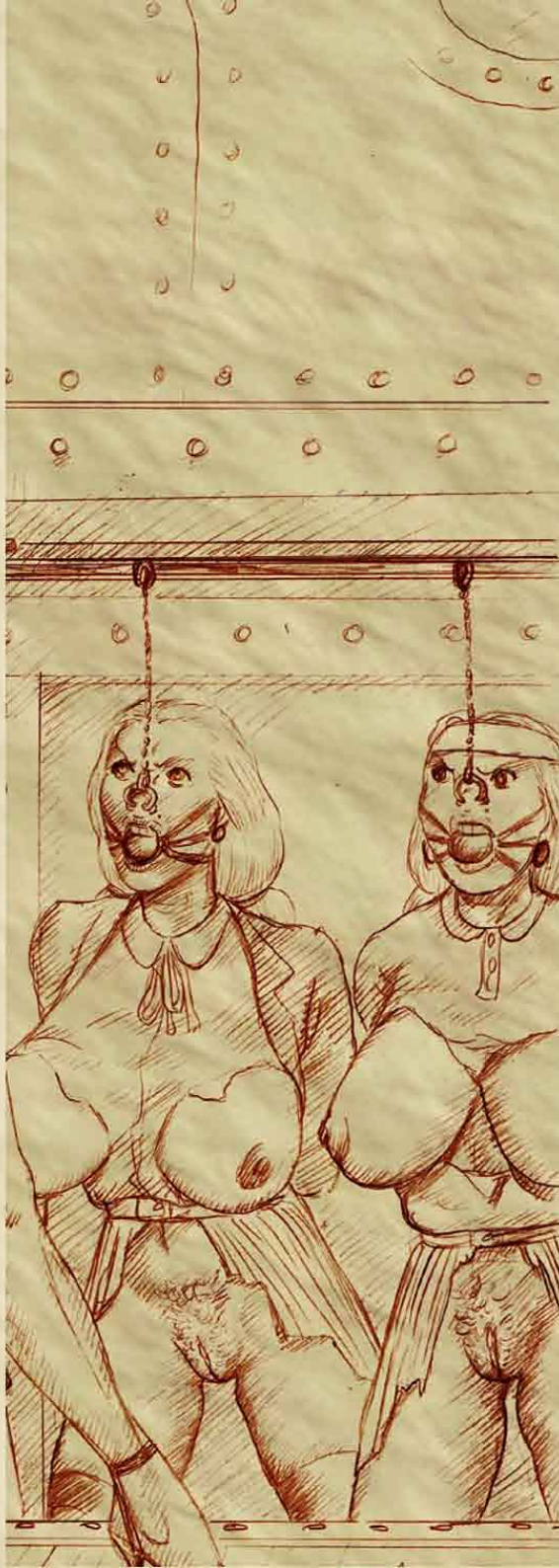
CAPTIVES OF THE VALLEY OF THE Slaves

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BEGIN





The two limousines appeared on an empty loading platform of the port of Marseilles, a few hours before dawn, and stopped in front of a gigantic yacht flying the Tambinambianese flag. A loading ramp moved down at the stern of the ship, and the limos disappeared inside.

Neffuz, the Minister of Foreign Office of Tambinambiwa, got out of the first one and went up to his quarters.

He was glad to flee this Europe infested with brazen whites, and to be back to his little darlings of the Harem ; the constant lack of respect he was subjected in that cursed place was seriously sapping his spirits.

Fortunately, the “Ambassador” operation was a big success ; Shazilar was now safe from these nosy killjoys for a decade at least, and he could go back to his dear Valley and receive the Caliph’s congratulations.

A few minutes later, a door of the second limo opened and three blondes with their clothes torn to shreds got out staggering along, head and hands held into wooden shackles. Their high-heeled shoes were clicking on the metal floor with a rhythm that was increasing each time the breaded-leather whip of Abdel bin Aziz was cracking.

While a few Arab sailors were pulling two unconscious white men out of the trunk of the limo, the breaker of whites females was bringing Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda von Gohtta, the three blondes he had to train for Rasheeda Burid, in the room of the yacht called the “Anger Room”. He put the shackles fasteners into hooks on the wall. Then he took strange pincers with which he pierced the nasal septum of each of the captives, one after the other, without the slightest care about their shouts of pain : the walls of the “Anger Room” were perfectly soundproof !

He made a big ring slide through each nasal bone, and welded it for good ; then, he fastened a little chain to each ring and pulled the three von Gohtta out of the room. He didn’t need the whip anymore now, as they were hastening to anticipate his steps to avoid at all cost the huge pain they could get from the slightest bump on the chain. He made them enter into a huge adjoining room : the “Debutante Display”.

Actually, it was a whole deck of the ship, divided from prow to stern into four long corridors, each one made of two lower levels, where nude White women were squashed together. Each level was separated by a higher footbridge, where one could safely walk to inspect the captives.

There was about two hundred of them, all held by their nose ring fastened to a chain that was hanging from a rail over their heads. Because of the big gag they had in their mouth, and their nose in the air, the discontent they were showing on Abdel’s way were only giving a kind of strange humming, a mix of fear and effort, that was increased by their huge number.

Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda were put in one of these low display shelves that just seemed to have been booked for them. The chains from their nose were fastened to metal rings that were sliding along the rail over their heads, so that they had to keep standing perfectly straight on the tips of their toes.



The third limo entered the yacht an hour later. Rasheeda Burid got out of it, holding in leash three nude women, young and pretty.

Minister Neffuz went down into the hold to welcome them ; he grabbed the leashes of the three delightful creatures, who actually were Gerda, Traudel and Waltraud von Gohtta. Only one among them, traudel, was his property, but Neffuz was a man of taste, who could appreciate the enjoyment three young sisters could bring to a Shazilarian man wise enough to engage them in competition. He was certain that at the end of the two weeks duration of the cruise, these three would be wild about his body.

When Neffuz had left with his three toys, Rasheeda went back to the limo and pulled brutally Heidrun von Gohtta out of the vehicle.

She had the strange impression, during the trip in limousine, that something had just broken for good in Heidrun's spirit, something her former boss had managed to preserve for six years of slavery, contrary to all appearances ; as if finding out about Rasheeda's deception had completely destroyed her willpower. During these last weeks, Heidrun always had, without being aware of it, the opportunity to save her race and her way of life — and one last chance to spare her daughters a life of servility and degradation.

She had become, in a few hours, a real white slave, whose submissive attitude was not a pretense anymore : and yet, she was not sad or sulky... it even seemed to be a relief for her not having to care about anything else now than to serve her sole Mistress-to-be for a few months !

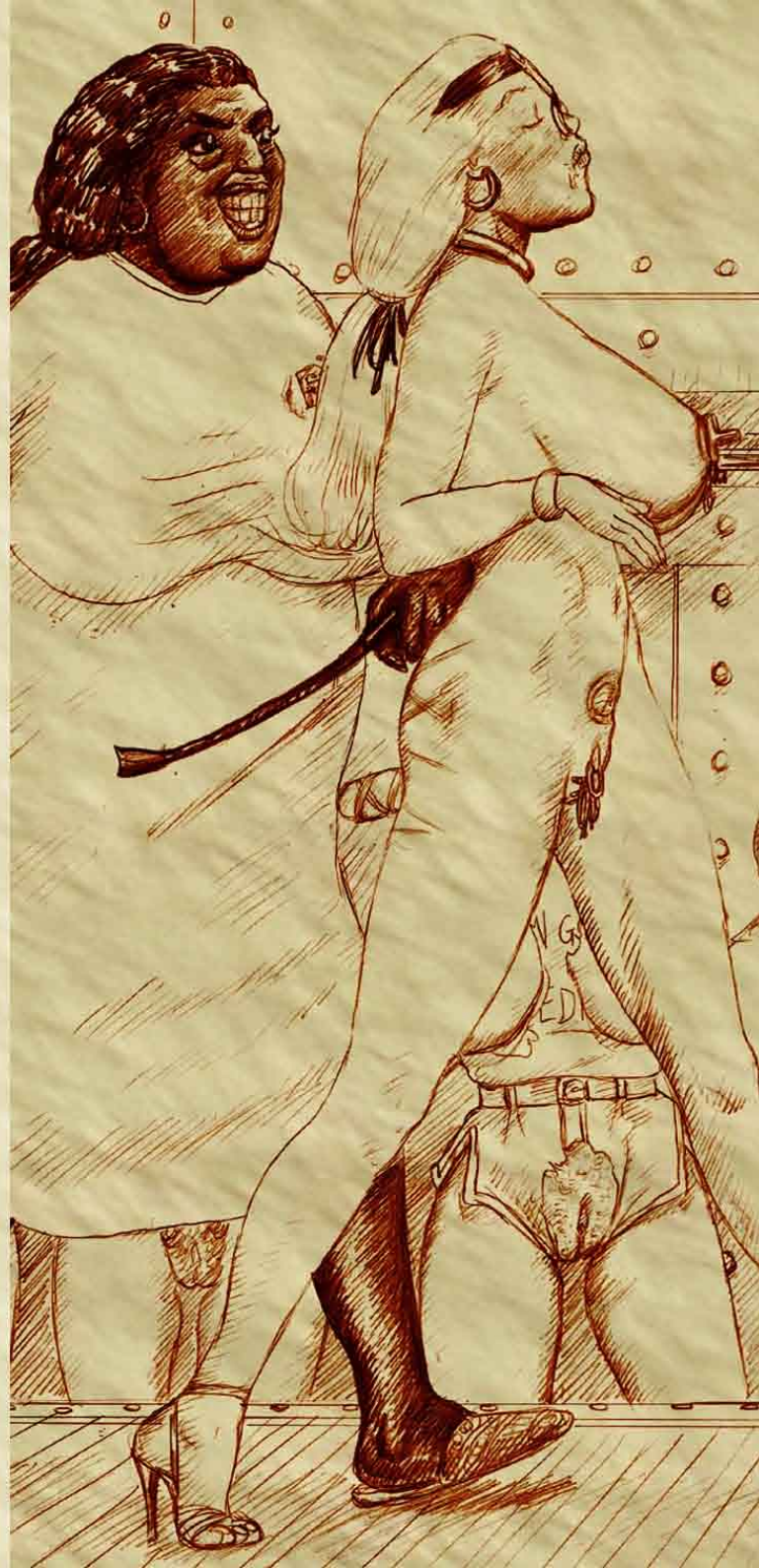
It was the first time Rasheeda could see something like this happen in front of her eyes, even if she had heard about it before : this uncompromising woman who was once her boss had become, for real, a docile animal !

It is with an unconcealed pride that Rasheeda brought that female she had just completely enslaved to the "Debutante Display".

Once close to the three captives Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda, Rasheeda commanded to heidrun to kneel down in front of her and to open a wide mouth.

When she was in position, Rasheeda spat an enormous gob almost straight into the back of her throat. She then ordered her not to swallow her gift, but to keep it preciously in mouth up to the night ; she would have to swallow it religiously before going to sleep.

Then, she commanded her to rise and to show off in front of her sisters while doing the "Slut step", a rolling walk with putting on airs, and in mouth a sacred product as a trophy... here the abundant saliva of Rasheeda Burid !



Ultimate detail to perfect that sublime elegance, Rasheeda inserted the braided blond tail, the symbol of white slavery, between heidrun's buttocks. She made her do a few steps back and forth on the foot-bridge, using the crop on her bottom, as if she was presenting a performing dog act. Heidrun seemed to ignore her sisters completely, so much she was focused on her objective : to be perfect in doing the "Slut Step", with special care for the rolling of her hips, the rocking of the braided tail and her breasts, just as she was told in Minister Neffuz's harem.

Rasheeda Burid was not getting tired of the extreme submission of Frau von Gohtta.

The blond ethnologist was free to do what she liked, on French territory, in perfect physical condition, and yet a crop was enough to make her obey, to make her take an attitude that was inevitably going to cost her a never-ending hate from her sisters.

The Shazilarians had really created the ideal conditions to enslave the Whites, by giving them these strict social values they had to learn and make theirs for advantages and favors.

What the Shazilarians were calling the "Magic of the Valley", that sexual power over the Whites that was active in all the northern region of Taminambiwa, was not even relevant in this demonstration, but Rasheeda was certain she could never have succeeded into taming that way this proud female without that miraculous effect, with unknown origins, in which heidrun had bathed during the six years she just spent in the Valley...

Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda were not taking their eyes off her, waiting for the right moment to shoot her a black look, but heidrun didn't even deign to pay attention to them ; actually, that attitude was an integral part of the "Slut Step".





After this little entertainment, Rasheeda and heidrun went away, leaving the three captives in the company of hundreds of other slaves-to-be about to sail for Tambinambiwa ; the two “ambassadors” of Shazilarian culture would have to stay a bit longer to complete their disinformation work.

Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda had to wait for a few more hours in that uncomfortable position, and learn how to stay on the tip of their toes in the least exhausting way possible.

The yacht casted off, but it didn't make it any better : the swaying movement of waves was only a little harder to bear for the muscles of their calves ; when the yacht left the port area and began to sail on the Mediterranean sea, they became unable to avoid the shocks the golden ring was inflicting to their nasal bone.

They had to hold like this for a few more hours, and suddenly the ceiling lowered, forcing them to sit down, then to stretch out on the floor, their nude bodies all squashed up. The ceiling stopped at the level of the central footbridge, pinning them to the floor. Once in the darkness, the women had no problem sleeping, despite the lack of privacy.

And days went by like this for the three captives ; at day forced to stand on tiptoes in an exhausting position, at night lying down uncomfortably, squashed up like sardines. They were woken up in the morning when the ceiling was rising and had to react fast and stand up before the chain should pull them up by the nose. Then, Arab sailors were placing little bowls on the footbridge, in front of each captive. When all the bowls were set up, a sailor would pull down a lever and the rail where the chains were fastened was getting down, out of the ceiling then toward the footbridge, forcing the women to bend down forward until their mouth could reach the content of the bowl. The ball of the gag had a hole in the middle that was allowing air to get in, but not to get out ; they could pump their food, an almost liquid gruel, sucking it through that opening.

They had do do their needs standing up and learnt very quickly that it was preferable to wait for the very last moment to relieve themselves, to avoid having to sleep at night on a soiled floor ; so when the Arab cleaner was coming with the hose, always by surprise, it was creating general panic !

The rest of the time, the stay in the yacht was extremely boring ; it was so frustrating not to be able to chat with these other women, with whom they were sharing such a tight closeness !

After ten days of that routine, the von Gohtta sisters were greatly relieved to feel the yacht berthing ; anything save that boundless boredom !

The wall at the end of the “Debutante Display” opened, making the sun enter their corridor for the first time in more than a week. The Arab sailor in charge came with his hose, creating, as usual, the strange hubbub he liked to see as an homage to his arrival, but was actually only the mix of grunts of effort, sighs of relief and liquid noises.

He splashed the captives, row after row, while at the end of the corridor, the limousines were getting out of the yacht through the loading ramp.

Later, other sailors arrived, and put extensions at the end of the rails to link them to a railway outside. Then they went back to the other side of the corridor, took long whips on the wall and began to crack them on the captives at the end of the line. The last ones pushed the ones in front of them, creating a general movement toward the exit.

Then, one of the Arabs walked across the corridor, using his whip from time to time on the buttocks of the Whites who were jamming the file ; the rail was so well greased that the mass of pink flesh had ultimately no trouble sliding forward with the ease of a centipede.

Once out of the corridor, the file of Whites females had to follow the railway along the loading ramp, then toward a truck parked on the wharf.



Abdel bin Aziz was waiting for them, a whip in his hands, and was making them climb inside the truck one by one.

It was an excellent way for him to avoid loosing precious time : like this, he was preventing the stupid creatures he had to handle for his trade to flee like rabbits on the wharf. He kept a very bad memory of his first delivery, during which five white females had been lost, stolen by the inhabitants of Eldorado harbor, who had just to corner these powerless creatures in an alley to fasten a leash to their collar.

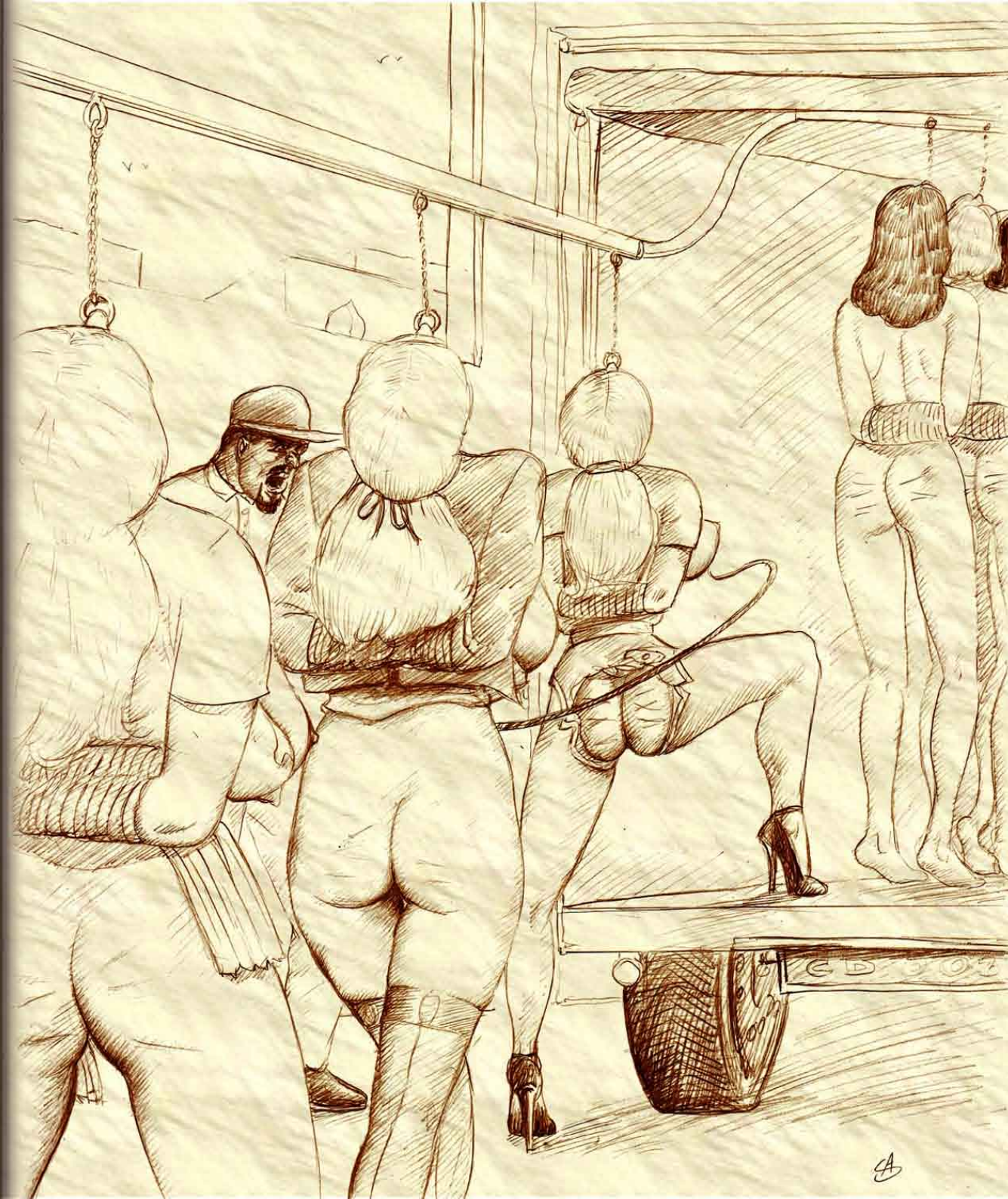
The von Gohtta sisters didn't understand why these Arabs, usually so swift at eying their backside, were here completely uninterested in their nude figure. They should have been fascinated by their publicly-exposed intimacies, or at least should have had the curiosity to gaze at their golden pubic hair, definitely exotic compared to their own black curls.

The fishermen who were passing by seemed to be totally indifferent to the surreal spectacle of these hundreds of Whites who were moving naked along a rail, and the only possible explanation was that these women deliveries were everyday routine ; it would have needed at least one of these a day to generate such an indifference... it was a terrifying prospect !

Abdel bin Aziz used his whip to squash them up into the truck ; and when they were all inside, he linked up the rail to another row of Whites and made them climb to create a second file inside. When the six lines were in place, he brought the two males, Wolfgang and Helmut, and pushed them inside among the female bodies, using their feet to make room. He cracked a few words in Arabic the sailors of the yacht obviously found very funny, and shut down the rear door of the truck.

The captives were plunged into darkness. The vehicle started up and drove for miles on all kinds of bumpy roads, while the white bodies were crashing together.

The truck stopped one hour later. The tipper rose and the women had no other choice than to walk backwards out of the truck toward a big warehouse. One by one, they were removed from the rail and put into wooden shackles on the ground.



The members of Abdel bin Aziz's training team cleaned the orifices of the newcomers with high-pressure jets... obviously a high numbers of these wild females were totally neglecting to take care of that part of the body !

They removed brutally with wax the surroundings of the anus and the vulva, to ease penetration, leaving a small tuft on the Venus mound and the upper labia ; the fashion tendency was now about owning slaves from various ethnic groups and the pubic hair was the best way to pinpoint their origin instantly.

Then they tested their anal penetrability and, as Thusnelda didn't fit the requirements, one of them shoved into her anus a "tenderizer", a tool she would certainly have to keep for weeks to fix her abnormality.

Wolfhilde was, on the contrary, perfectly well shaped in that regard, and it was sufficient to oil her anus to be able to mount her in a flash, however opposed to it she could be. Harun bin Aziz, Abdel's father, prepared the inside of her orifice, something he was practicing hundreds of times a day.

Harun was a Maghrebin who had emigrated in Europe thirty years ago, and who was now discovering the joys of Shazilarian life, thanks to his son, a childhood friend of Rasheeda Burid. He had accepted his invitation to join the Cause, on the condition he would not become a burden and could keep working to earn a living. As he knew only assembly-line work, Abdel had offered him that oiler-fitter position.

Harun was doing that job for two years and was finding it far more rewarding than anything he had done in the past. Of course, with time, it had also become a routine, but fortunately he could have a few exciting surprises from time to time, like that wonderful energy this Wolfhilde was exhibiting in trying to stop his hand with her internal muscles ; it was extremely entertaining !

The Shazilarians were despising, like other Arabs, the women who were not tight enough or too wet, these outward signs of a debauched and lust-oriented mind, but with the whites it was different, as the Phœnic Church was seeing them as porcine creatures with a reluctance to admit their nature. Therefore, it was necessary to make these animals understand they were meant to obey and bring pleasure to Arabs ; and for that, their "Phœnic third eye" had to be penetrable quickly at any time. The use of their internal muscles could only have the purpose of pleasing the living god mounting them, and not such a sacrilegious blocking attempt.

That is why Harun was so excited by the resistance Wolfhilde was trying to put up with so much vigor... and he gave in to temptation to honor that animal in mounting her, a privilege that the position of oiler-fitter was allowing, on the condition that it should not slow down the work too much.



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Harun followed closely the evolution of that so exciting female ; the oiling-fitting could last for weeks, until the white could be penetrable and civilized enough to be allowed to prepare her orifices by herself.

Of course, the oiling in itself was not a full time job, and the biggest part of the work was to accustom the whites to have their body controlled by the Arab Master ; these creatures had to learn that their privacy could exist only if he should allow it. They had to metamorphose into little children in that new universe, so they could get a new education and fit the Phoenic Law.

The hundreds of females who were coming to the training institute of Abdel bin Aziz all had to walk along the railway that was extending on all ceilings of the complex, in the corridors, the rooms, the offices. The only obligation the whites had was to keep on moving, with distinction and grace, or being given the whip. Apart from this, the railway system was allowing them to go everywhere they wanted, within the boundaries left by the catch bolt, preventing them to move backwards, and by the manually controlled switches.

The captives were passing very often employees of Abdel, whose forefinger were immediately finding the way through her clitoral ring, as a common salute. The finger was then rubbed two or three turns along the ring to make it vibrate like a musical glass, subjecting the clitoris of these ladies to an extremely arousing vibration.

Sometimes, one employee would even mount one of them unprepared, and then only would salute through the ring — to spare the surprise !

They were avoiding the gallery outside, a public place filled with pedestrians from Maruk Market, as much as they could, but they needed to go there to get their three daily meals, as their trough was located in it, a few hundred yards from the complex. Abdel had only to push a button to move the switches of the railway and make a compulsory way to the outside, so that they could go fetch their food. There, they had to run to the trough as fast as possible, trying not to bump into anyone in the dense crowd of the covered market ; once on the spot, the railway was forcing them to bend down and to get on all fours, legs wide spread, so that their mouth could reach the content of the trough.

Their orifices, widely displayed to the passers-by, were great temptation for some unwanted men ; very often they had to eat while a beggar was mounting them one by one, playing the Shazilarian Farm-lord.

Abdel had created that system, as he was certain that the "Valley magic" was spreading better if the slaves were visible and in physical contact with a great number of Shazilarians ; Maruk market was far away from Shazilar and the effect needed days to set in, and weeks to reach a level far below what could be observed in Shazilar or in the south of the Valley of the Slaves.

It was, of course, only a theory Abdel was trying to prove, but in any case, the captives liked even more their clean and delicate trainers, if they could compare them to the destitute who were mounting them in the gallery outside.



The three von Gohtta sisters were, for Abdel, the prime objective in that training pack, and he was taking outmost care of them. With constant attention, he got excellent results with Thusnelda, who was the first to break. In a little less than one week, she became an Abdel devotee, and he could release her from the rail without risk.

Then, it was Wolfhilde's turn to accept the place that would now be hers forever ; to grovel in front of that man she was now accustomed to was definitely less painful for her pride than to be taken three times a day by strangers. Of course, as she had complied only in the second phase of the training, she had a probation period during which she had to be a zealous doormat for the employees.

But now the day had come for Abdel to make her take a pedicure test.

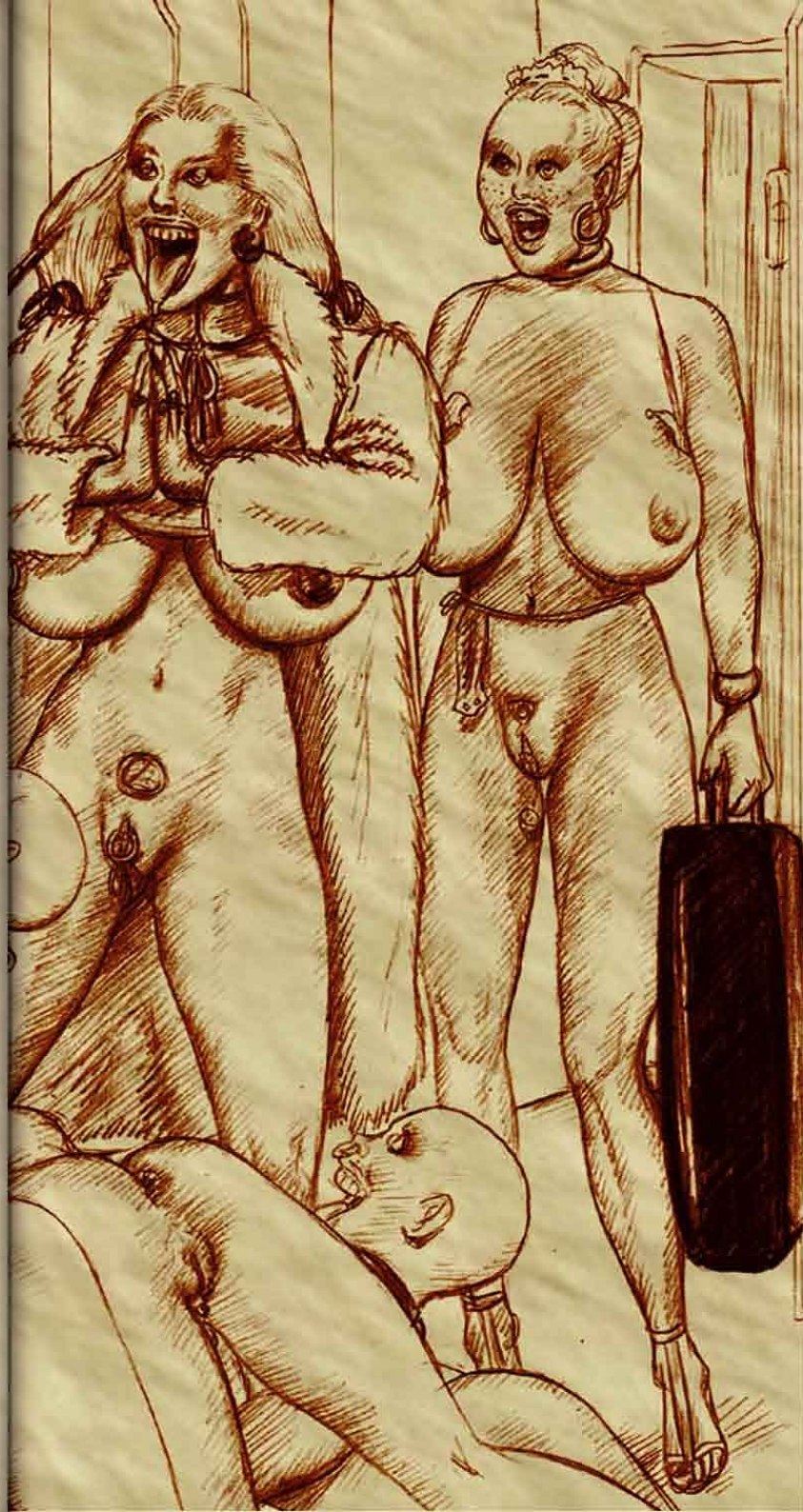
Abdel's method could only work if the captives had realized that other whites around were all accomplished slaves. It was of outmost importance to show that it was not a shame to submit, an that all the other females before them, some of them with a more respectable social status than their own, were demeaning themselves without hesitation in the face of his grandeur. So he was bringing in a few slaves of his own harem, or lent by friends, like the wife of the German ambassador in Tambinambiwa. The von Gohttas were certainly very impressed to see how enthusiastic a representative of her fellow countrymen could be about taking care of Abdel bin Aziz's manhood with her mouth !

Thusnelda was happy now, totally under the spell of the "Valley Magic". A single streak of Abdel's saliva was enough to make her happy and she was doing everything possible to get these favors and not leave them to a challenger ; Abdel was skillfully feeding that competition spirit, bringing his favorites at work ; not the real ones, of course, but young white females freshly arrived from Shazilar... all of them talented sluts, loaded with "Valley magic", who were absolutely impossible to surpass.

Among the von Gohttas, only Gertrud was still opposing some resistance to the breaking, with a dozen other females who refused to submit, but her pride as a White was beginning to erode and Abdel hoped that the arrival of a new heap of captives from America, making traffic jams back along the rails, would finish off her willpower.

In the waiting, he was arranging frequent meetings with Miss Grosswell, the boss of the U.N. department where her husband Wolfgang was working. This former attorney, sympathizer of the Shazilarian cause, was also an outstanding belly dancer who was worshipping Abdel as if he was the god of the whole White race, and it was obvious that the enthusiasm she was putting into trying to convince Gertrud of the divine essence of the Arabs was beginning to bear its fruits...





After three months spent in Europe to convince the last sceptics of the necessity to protect Shazilarian culture, Heidrun von Gohtta had to go back to the Valley, to the great displeasure of Rasheeda Burid, who would have gladly kept her as a scapegoat a bit longer.

Frau von Gohtta was seen now as completely trained, and she was allowed to take a scheduled flight to Tambinambiwa without supervision, in the company of another White woman, a Swiss named Géraldine Hasheek.

In the plane, Géraldine explained to her she was the wife of Yazid Hasheek and was representing her husband in Geneva.

Heidrun was remembering quite well the man who had trained her into becoming a servile creature for Minister Neffuz and who, without immediate results, had been sent packing.

Géraldine explained to her that, after that, Yazid had made his own training institute, the first on European soil ; for that reason, he had taken a wife with Swiss nationality who lived very close to the headquarters of the United Nations. When he heard about that, Minister Neffuz begged Yazid to come back to his service and offered him the title of Farm-lord, a big domain in the Valley of the Slaves and the ownership of the slave heidrun as a bonus.

So it was on the way to his home that Géraldine showed to Heidrun the copy of the ownership deed, signed by Neffuz and dully stamped by the Ministry of white females, that proved she was now the property of Yazid hasheek !

Heidrun couldn't help feeling jealous of Géraldine, who had succeeded, despite she was only a White, in marrying a Shazilarian Farm-lord.

Once in Tambi Airport, Heidrun and Géraldine presented their Tambinambiwanese passport, but they were forbidden to undress, as the place they were going was located in the international area of N'Wambiwa.

This was a bit unexpected for Heidrun, who was wearing a mink coat in which she was completely nude, a fake shirt collar excepted. Under this climate, she was certainly going to draw attention ! Géraldine had been wiser in wearing a bikini.

Even with the excuse of being inside the international area, Heidrun didn't want to offend a Shazilarian Lord by crossing his path wearing clothes ; she had met a few of them under these circumstances in Europe and had felt incredibly embarrassed.

They walked for a few hundred yards and arrived in front of a building located right on the border line with the area forbidden to strangers. Heidrun knew that many wealthy Shazilarians loved to live in these fashionable districts, where they could have access to both sides. On the international side, they could invite strangers for dinner and go directly to the business area of N'Wambiwa, and on the Phoenic side, they could go out with their cabriolet pulled by white fillies. They also appreciated a lot to see, from the window of their harem, White savages in bikini do quietly their shopping.

A White servant, who could have been taken for an employee, made them enter. Géraldine put a soubrette headdress on and pulled out the snaps of her tiny bikini as soon as the door was closed. She led Heidrun in the big room where Yazid Hasheek was waiting.



Heidrun opened her mink coat and offered her orifices to the view of her new owner, showing the respect she owed to a Shazilarian living god.

She joined hands and, while Yazid was pushing her hair aside with his bamboo stick, she thanked him for the great honor he was doing to her in granting her access to his higher Harem.

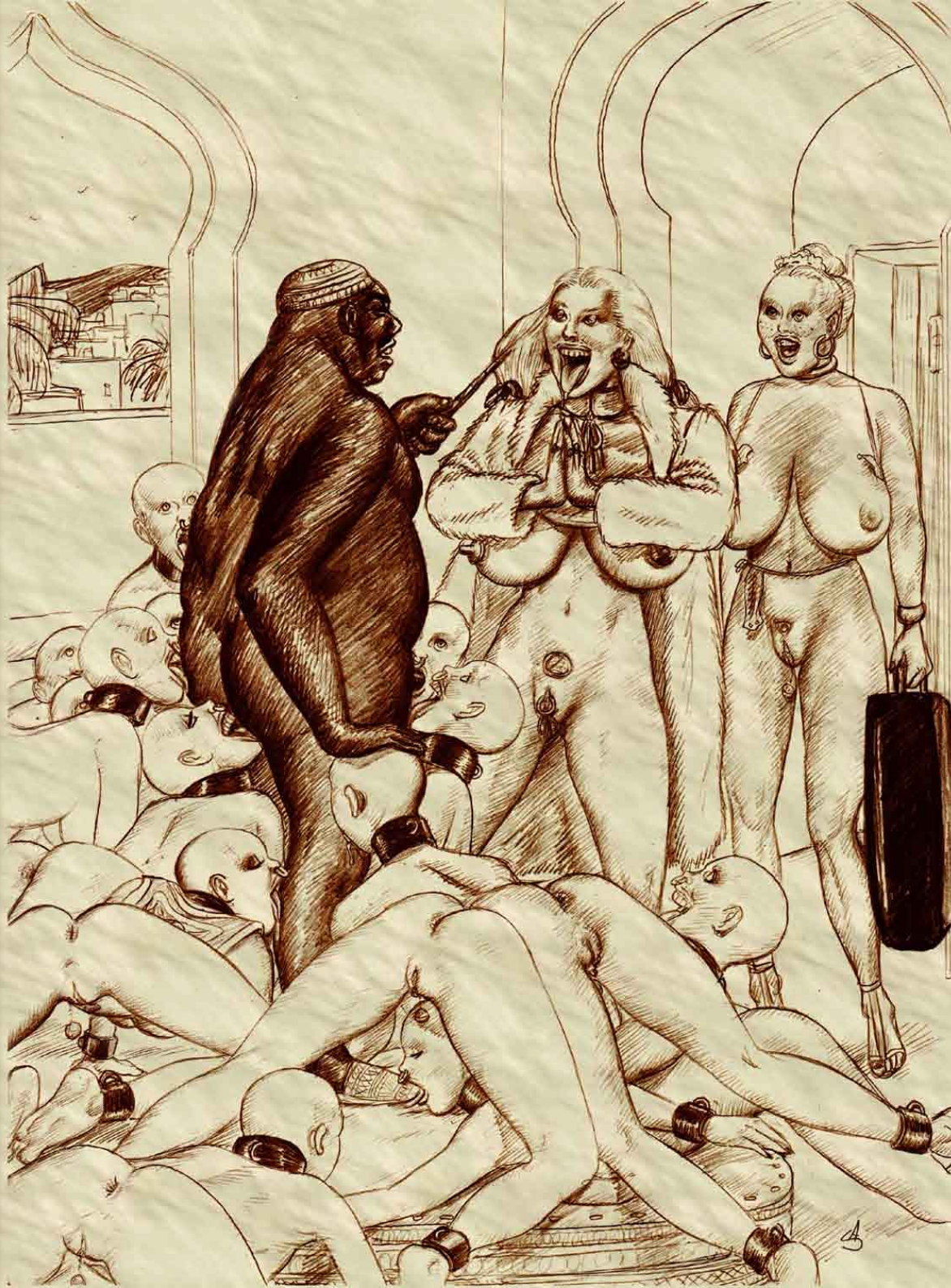
Heidrun was well aware by then that she had no reason to be jealous of Géraldine. If the woman was Yazid's wife officially, in the house she was only a slave like the others. On the other hand, she was herself very valuable, as her former trainer had made her a major condition for his return into Neffuz's service.

In fact Yazid was considering the possibility of having the head of her new slave shaven, in a traditional style particularly suiting white females. All his favorites were bald and he loved a lot not to feel hair when he was sitting on the heap of pink flesh he was calling his "tongue armchair".

Unfortunately, he couldn't forget the reason why he made the acquisition of that slave an essential condition for his return at the service of Minister Neffuz ; he wanted to be the one who, in case of a problem in Europe, could save the day by sending her there ; because of that, he couldn't possibly shave her head.

Though he could use her in another way : he remembered that her milk was delicious and rich, for the milk of a swillraoussa, and he would be delighted to make her his personal milker.

And that is what happened, as soon as he had come back to his palace in the Valley of the Slaves, in the area protected from the spy-satellites by the eternal bank of clouds, where one could openly use a whip on whites...



The weeks that followed, heidrun offered her top-quality milk to Yazid, her new Tutelary God ; and it was thanks to this much sought-after milk that he was getting the visit of Rasheeda Burid and the Caliph so often, becoming suddenly a very important man in both Valleys, even more than his own employer Minister Neffuz.

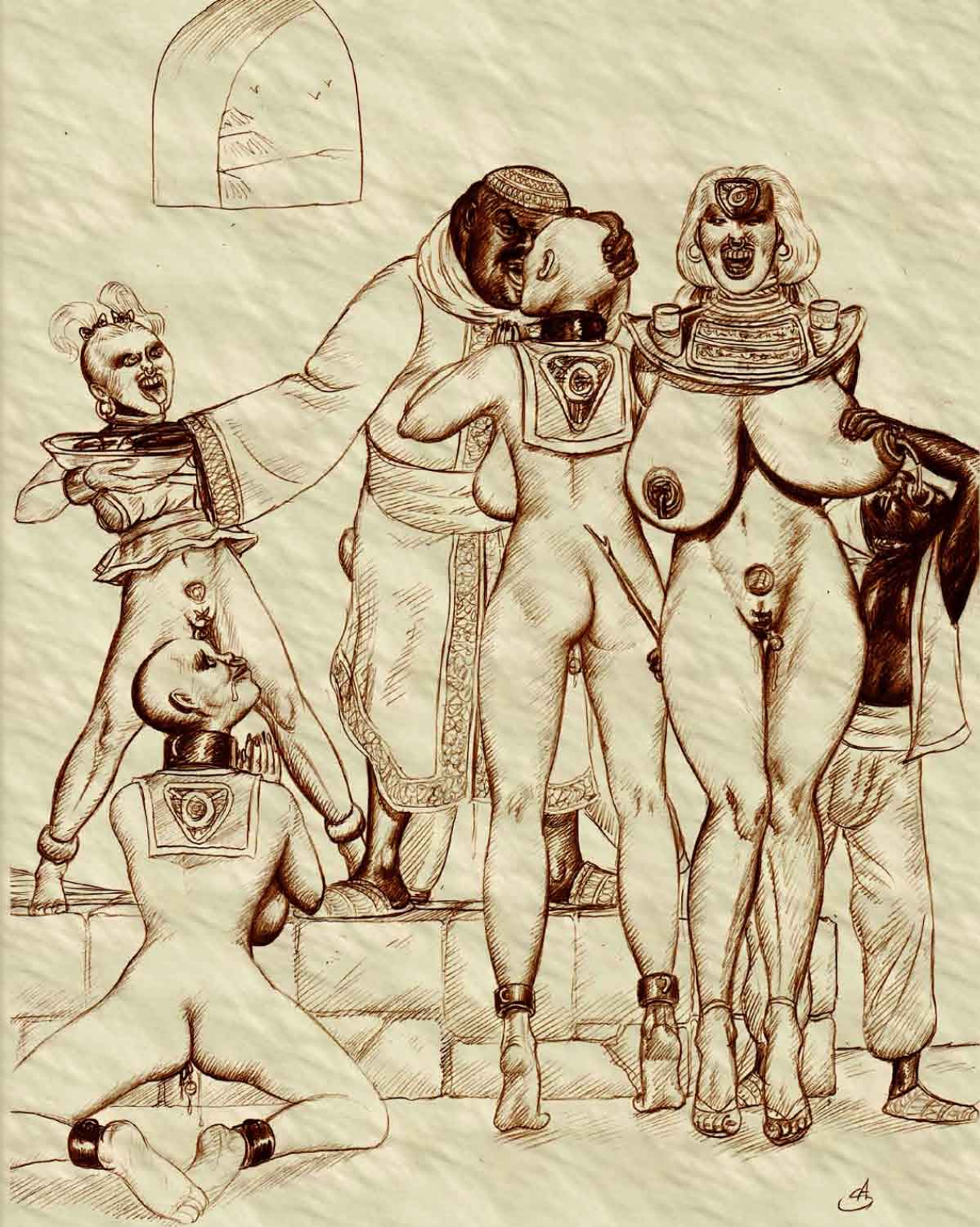
Yet he dreaded the insistence of Rasheeda, whose offers to buy the heidrun slave he had to turn down constantly ; it was no more a secret that the Caliph had an affair with his darling ambassador... and the more time was going by, the more that woman was showing an irrepressible thirst for power.

Still, Yazid refused to part with his mascot slave, feeling protected by Shazilarian Law that was regulating strictly the ownership of whites ; he was quietly keeping on perfecting his skills as a trainer, ordering fresh white females everywhere in the world, to experiment new techniques ; he was using his growing influence to make the most of the teaching of Malik, who was his teacher at the University of Shazilarabad, and to whom he owed everything he knew about swillraoussas.

His biggest pleasure was to publicly present a swillwana circus act, and to reveal later to the audience that his performers where in fact swillraoussas. It was what he had done with two English-women, trained with subtlety into performing circus acts in public ; they seemed to be the result of generations of careful selection in the pool of the Crusaders who originated the White Cattle and so, were not seen as giving such an extraordinary show — except they were actually coming from the suburbs of London !

It was such a feat that, instead of winning him the admiration of courtiers for his wonderful training abilities, it was giving him the hate of all those who were feeling ridiculed they could make such a big mistake ; to take a wild white female from the outside for one of these battery-reared creatures seemed to show at least a great lack of good judgement.

And yet, in that case, it was only because Yazid had been granted a great talent...



Meanwhile, at Abdel bin Aziz's, the training of Heidrun's sisters was entering its last month.

Thusnelda and Wolfhilde were already docile slaves who could offer an impeccable service to their Master. They lives had become so much better since they chose to submit, that they were now ready to accept anything Abdel would ask them to do. They didn't even understood what had shocked them so much in the first days of their training ; to walk around naked was quite pleasant with the warm climate, once the shame was over ; as for the status of domesticated animal, it was regrettable of course, sometimes humiliating, but not so terrible in comparison to the excitement they were experiencing through physical contact with their Master's body.

Gertrud had given up too, but she had to bear the humiliation to have to beg the Master, while her sisters were getting his favors as a natural thing. Therefore, she was doing everything she could to catch up on her training.

When Rasheeda came to stay for a few days in the Valley of the Slaves, she had the opportunity to secretly watch her three new slaves, and she loved what she saw. When she was going to take delivery of these sluts, a month later, they would be completely submitted ; Rasheeda craved for the moment when the sisters of her former boss were going to learn who their real owner was. She still couldn't stomach that nickname of "cleaning woman" they had given her at the Institute, and reminding this to them was going to be a relish.

So, the next month, Abdel bin Aziz ordered a big clean-out of his training institute by the three von Gohтта sisters. He told them he was not their owner, but only a professional trainer at the service of someone very important in the Valley.

After they cleaned for an hour, Abdel announced them that this person was coming. He ordered them to rub the floor clean with one hand, while spreading their butt cheeks with the other, in order to offer their new owner the warmer of all welcomes : the sight, since the very first meeting, of their deep nature, unvarnished and unadorned — three voracious anuses imploring for penetration.

The three sisters were a little worried, of course, and it was breaking their heart to think they were not going to see Abdel around anymore, but they didn't want to risk giving a bad impression to their new Master and obeyed without turning a hair.



When the door opened, they were seized by terror. Their new master was actually a mistress, a dreadful and despicable woman : Rasheeda Burid !

Worse, that filthy "cleaning woman", how they had nicknamed her because she was angling for their sister's position, was wearing a dildo, fastened on her hips by a leather belt, a fake penis with which she was obviously intending to penetrate their anus.

Abdel was having great fun with the spectacle given by the reaction of these whites who were suddenly aware they would belong forever to a revengeful enemy. Their anal presentation was now improving with very erotic shudders.

For then, he had spared them the most horrible things of the Valley world, the permanent housework, the reproduction, the use as a scapegoat, and he had obtained from them documents in which they were acknowledging their status of servile slaves.

He had also taken them in video, taking the oath of total obedience to the person they would belong to, in submission poses so abject that, should these images be exposed to the public, they could never show themselves again in Europe. He had sent the video to the television network of the two Valleys, and then gave the three von Gohtta sisters the TV evening of their lives ; they saw themselves in an advertisement clip, promoting the training institute of Abdel bin Aziz. After this, they knew there was no possible return to their former life.

And now they were realizing that their new world was ruled by a goddess ; the obnoxious "cleaning woman" of the Ethnologic Institute was going to be the center of their existence !

Gertrud, Wolfhilde and Thusnelda didn't even think about rebellion, would it be for one second. They had learnt to love Abdel and hated Rasheeda, but what they had learnt during these last three months was that they were slaves and that anyway they were never going to be able to decide of their own fate.

Rasheeda relished that moment a lot, mounting these stuck-ups who were living the worst moment in their lives. And it was only the beginning of the horror these little sluts were going to live in the months to come. And when she would be tired of using them as scapegoats, she would turn them into gazelles for her driving team !



Three months later, the Caliph Ahmed al Rhazul asked for Rasheeda's hand, who accepted with pleasure.

She had become the most envied woman in the Valley, and had succeeded in changing wolfhilde, gertrud and thusnelda into exemplary gazelles, and happy to be.

As Abdel had predicted, the surprise they had when they learned they belonged to their enemy had created in them the opposite of a rebellious reaction. Confronted to such a relentless adversity, they all opted for a devotion as basic as had been their despise.

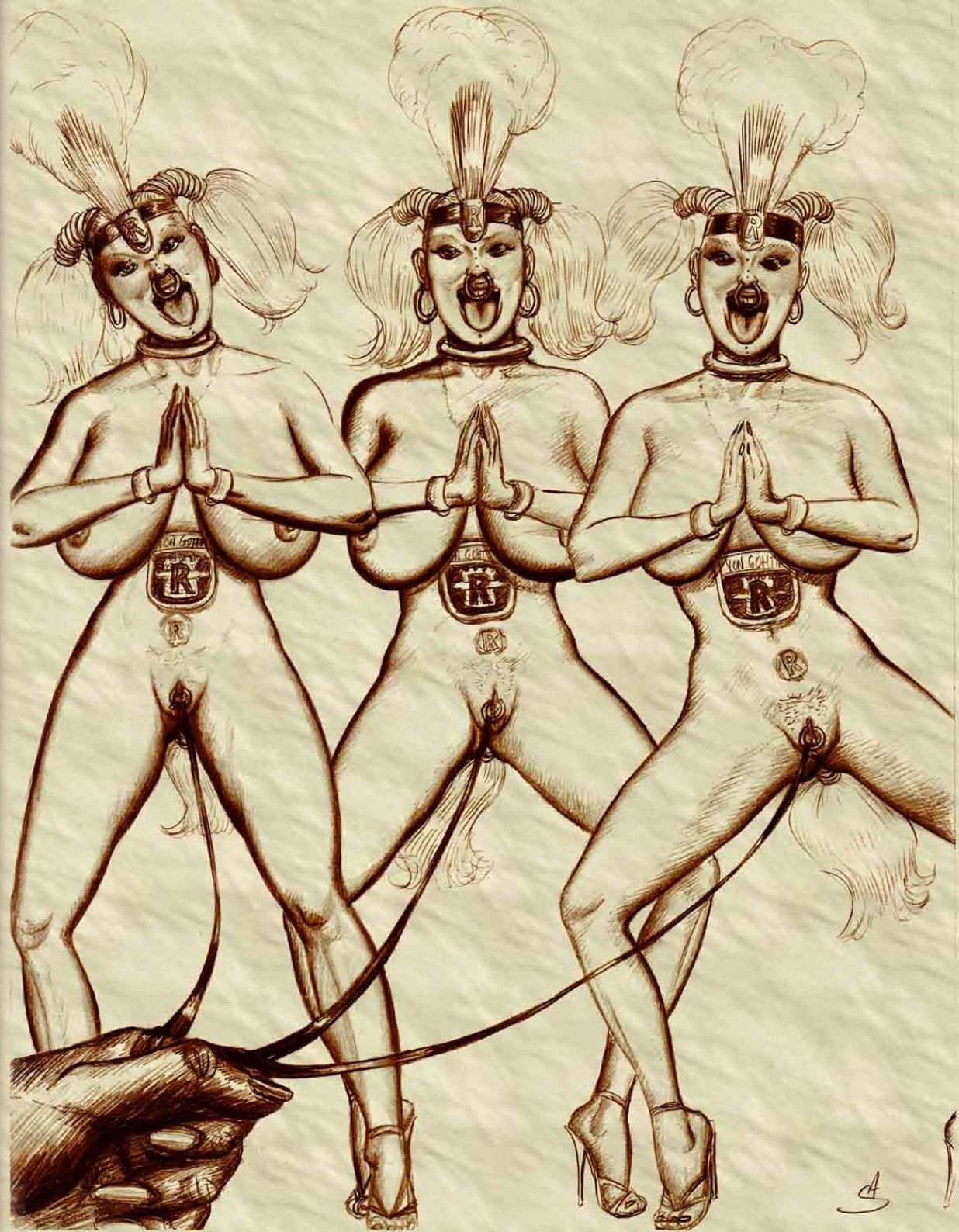
They were happy to have become gazelles and to be walked in town by their Goddess, harnessed to her cabriolet or led by their clitoral leash ; they were very proud to bear her crest on the belly, forever branded with red-hot iron and brown ink.

Rasheeda was experiencing happiness, as she was going to become soon the wife of the Caliph, and therefore the most powerful woman in the country... and yet, she still sadly lacked something she craved to obtain : the fourth vongohtta gazelle of this generation for her team, the much loathed heidrun, who was still escaping her.

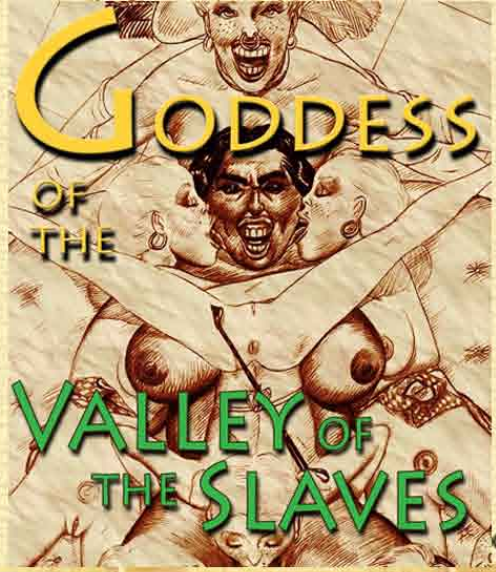
Though it would not be for much longer now, as she would spread the rumor through the Valleys that Yazid was going to offer her Frau von Gohtta.

The petty careerist, who wanted to become the cattleman of the Caliph above everything else, would have to put her former boss among the presents for the wedding.

And then Rasheeda, at last, would have reached the place she deserved in the world — above Heidrun von Gohtta !



THE ADVENTURE WILL CONTINUE IN:



Map of the region
(Click to enlarge)



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
Degrading The White Fillies

Illustrations :

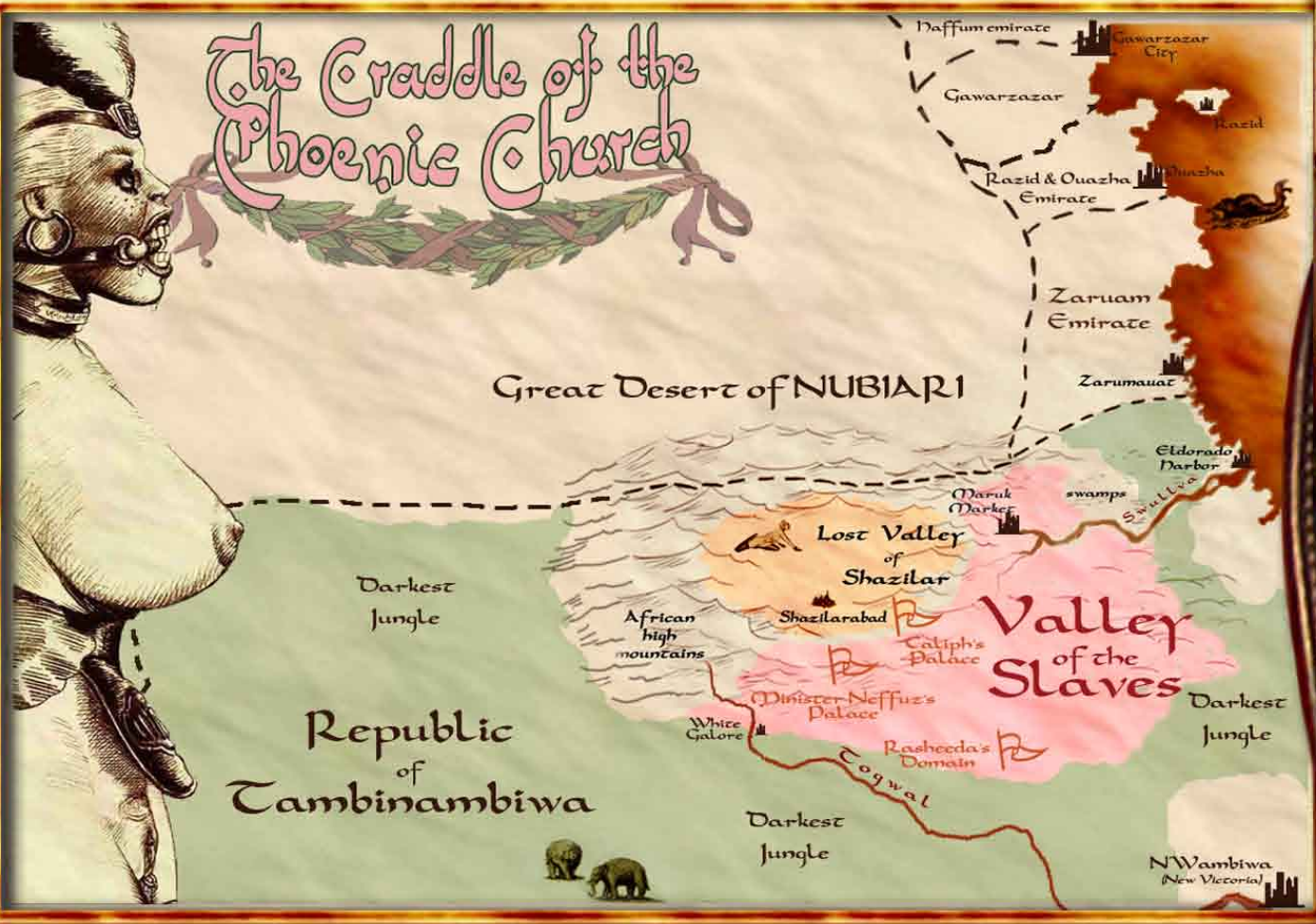
Gordon Kerr – Black Domination
Allan Aldiss – Harem Breeding Slave (2 Volumes)

The books in red are Graphic Portfolios
The books in brown are Illustrated Novels

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