

GODDESS of the Valley of the SLAVES



Alonzo SERAI

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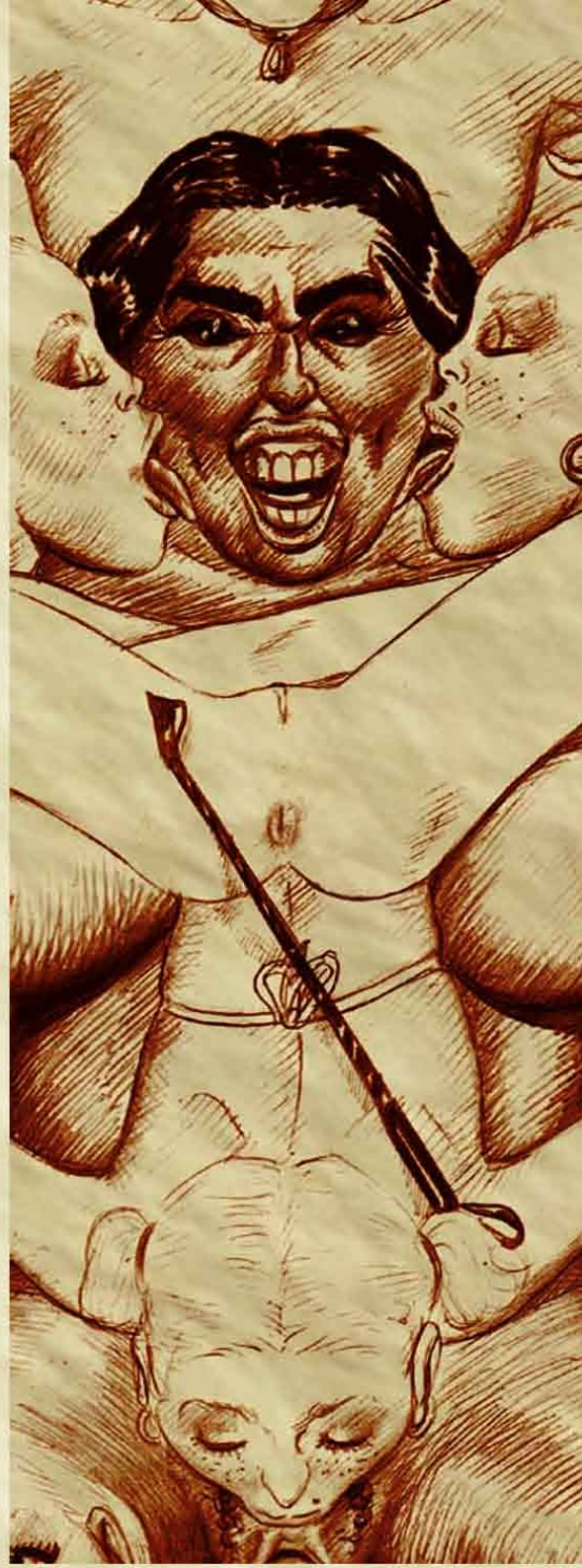
GODDESS Of THE VALLEY OF THE Slaves

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BEGIN





November 12th of 1995 was a red-letter day; the Caliph of Shazilar was marrying Rasheeda Burid, the foreigner— though ethnically related to Shazilarians— who had saved the Valley from the intolerance of the white savages. All Taminambiwa was in a festive mood.

Ahmed al Rhazul liked Rasheeda a lot, but it was not without ulterior motives he had decided to marry her; that way, not only was he appropriating her incredible popularity, but it was for him the perfect opportunity to avoid the classical political conflict between the Farm-lords and the Citizens: the choice of the first wife of the Caliph was always seen as a will to favor one over the other. That marriage was the first one since the foundation of Shazilar for which the two clans would be present during the ceremony; also the Taminambiwan Shaziri Lords would be there, as well as the much welcomed representatives of immigrants from Maghreb who had been converted to the Phoenic Church, enticed by the prospect of owning legally a small flock of docile white buttocks.

Therefore all these reasons, the event was huge.

Rasheeda had let people know that her greatest happiness would be to find a vongohtta among her wedding presents and it was not a surprise for her to discover, after the ceremony, in the middle of the gigantic room where a memorable party was going to take place, three big boxes with congratulation notes from a few lucky slave hunters and dealers who had succeeded in putting their hands in Europe on rare samples of the desired breed.

In each box was a small golden cage in which, marvelous sight, a young vongohtta was awakening in a new universe, blinking eyes to get accustomed to the light. Rasheeda could now add to her collection Brünnhilde, Diethilde, and Trudberta, the three daughters of Gertrud Von Gohtta, and she was overwhelmed with joy.

Alas it didn't last long, as she suddenly saw a tiny box with a note on it bearing the name of Yazid Hasheek, and she turned pale with rage. She threw the little box away that was probably filled with a very precious jewel; that small time trainer had certainly taken a big risk in refusing to give Heidrun von Gohtta to her and she swore to herself he would pay for that with his life.

Happily, her anger faded at the sight of these young vongohttas glancing with awe at the Arabs around their cages. She began to feel and pinch the flesh of the young slaves, to make tangible the absolute power she had now over them, paying particular attention to Trudberta, who had always shown despise for her.

Rasheeda wanted them to realize that they didn't control their body anymore, and that even their most intimate parts were now, and forever, the property of the woman they had, at best, treated with haughtiness.

A few Black slaves put the cages in line and covered them with cushions to make a nice couch for the great Rasheeda; of course, Trudberta's cage was displayed in the middle.

After a gargantuan feast, the new most influential woman of Shazilar comfortably lay down on it, completely nude, to enjoy the show given in her honor. The Black slaves put a large blanket over her body, long enough to cover also the cages. Under that chaste veil, Rasheeda's body was taken care of by the tongues of the three young women; these little geese were not yet trained, but had already acknowledged it was safer for them to comply.

A few hours later, Rasheeda and Ahmed slipped out and went to bed, ready for their wedding night. The de Massys were summoned to organize the divine union of the Caliph and his wife.



Madame de Massy supervised this unforgettable party with expertise, assigning her nice family around the bodies of the couple of deities. She was lying in wait for the slightest whim from her masters, of the slightest sign of impatience or discontent, trying to anticipate their needs...

Two of her daughters had already developed a crush for the new companion of their God and could not refrain from showing tenderness for that all-powerful being who could, at any time, make them disappear in the lower levels of the Harem... or even worse.

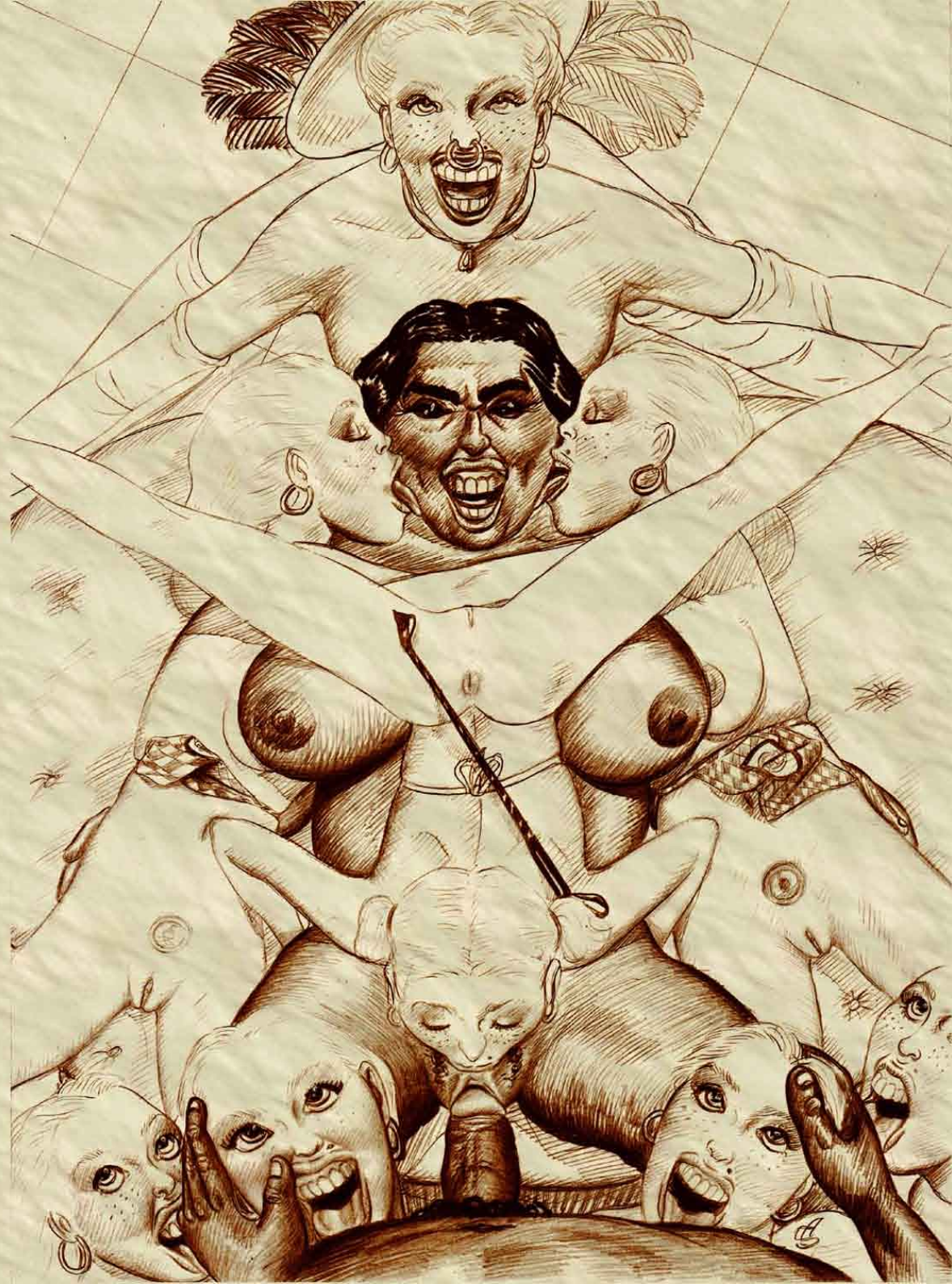
Another one, petite, had been delicately laid down on Rasheeda's body by her mother; she was religiously sucking at the clitoris of her new Mistress.

Only the most daring ones, Madame de Massy knew to be ferociously addicted to the Caliph, were sent to the front, assigned to maintaining him into a state of arousal suitable to the conception of a male heir.

And actually it was that night that was conceived the child whose destiny would be to rule all the territories depending from Shazilar, the next Caliph.

Four months later, the announcement was made that the heroin who had so brilliantly protected Shazilar in the outside world was expecting a son, and it was a cause for great jubilation in the whole country. This child, the next Caliph of the Phoenic Church, was the symbol of the successful entry of the Valley into the world; he would be a son of Shazilar, but also a son of the countries of Maghreb, who were probably going to join them soon into a gigantic empire.

The official TV channel of the Phoenic Church, broadcasted by cable over the Valley of Shazilar, the Valley of the Slaves, Maruk Market, Eldorado Harbor and the Phoenic territories of Tambinambiwa, produced a special show about the pregnancy of the very popular wife of the Caliph.



Ahmed al Rhazul was not the first Caliph to use television to communicate with his people. His father, Ali al Rhazul, had done it more than once.

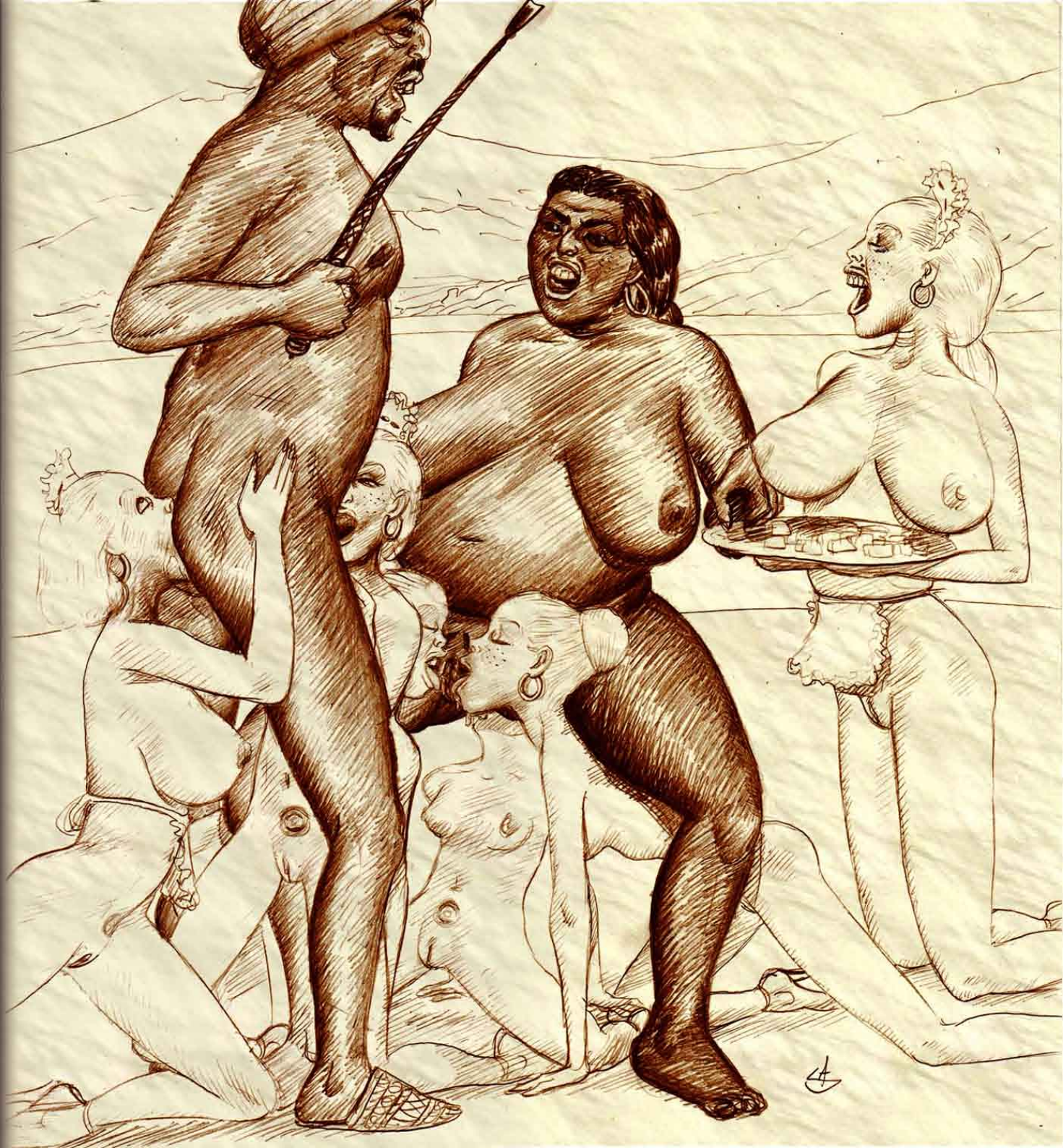
What Ahmed had improved was a more modern approach, closer to the preoccupations of his subjects. He was appearing always naked, sharing more intimacy with the Shazilarian audience; he was surrounded by a few white females—not too many— so that he could look like the average guy.

It was not so surprising that he should decide to show himself in the company of his wife during his television talks.

Rasheeda had agreed to play the game and appear completely nude to exhibit to the Shazilarian people her swollen belly, subject of a huge public curiosity. She was using as a seat the three daughters of Gertrud von Gohtta, quite petite young women, for whom it was very laborious to sustain the weight of their Goddess; but for the Shazilarian people, it was such a choice display for the sacred belly of Rasheeda that carried the next Caliph!

Of course, it was the most snobbish of the three, Trudberta, who was always given the most difficult, but also the most honorary position, her face stuck between the two enormous butt cheeks of her Goddess.

Ahmed al Rhazul was seizing the opportunity to exhibit his latest buys, two daughters of a U.N. Delegate of a small country of Eastern Europe, who had dared vote “No” during the poll about the White slavery exception for Tambinambiwa. Of course, these young ladies didn’t share at all their father’s opinion on the question, and it was a wonder the Caliph had found interesting to expose to his subjects.





Rasheeda gave birth to a son in July, making both the Caliph and the Shazilarian people very happy. She gave him the name of the Prophet of the Phoenie, Muhaid.

Alas, Rasheeda still couldn't find, in the pile of presents offered for the birth, the box containing Heidrun von Gohtta she had so much waited for.

She was so angry that she refused her bed to Ahmed, and informed him this would be permanent until he should comply into putting pressure on the trainer Yazid Hasheek.

Her obsession for her former boss was beginning to seriously get on the nerves of the Caliph who had his hands tied in the matter, Shazilarian Law being very specific about absolute equality of all citizens on the question of the ownership of white females; it was the most sacred of all the values in the Valley.

On October 5 1996, a dark day in the History of Shazilar, the Caliph lost his temper and called his wife an "animal licker," a very serious insult in the region: no white animal could ever drive any respectable Shazilarian into such an abject covetousness!

He was so angry he threatened to repudiate her if she kept bringing up that subject.

That evening, he was found dead in his bed, poisoned.

The Shazilarian ministers accused the Zaruam Emirate for that abominable crime, as the secret service had arrested a dangerous Zaruamite spy who was trying to cross the border, a few hours later.

The members of the de Massy family, who usually shared the Caliph's bed, had been left in their cages that evening, and so couldn't have witnessed the crime.

Rasheeda was not even suspected, as she was in the company of three ministers of Tambinambiwa when the assassination occurred.

The Shazilarian Law was very clear on that subject: Rasheeda, first and unique wife of the Caliph, would now reign over the country as Regent of the Phoenic Caliphate, until her son would be in age to replace her.

And this time, among the presents offered for her enthronement, Rasheeda could find Heidrun von Gohtta; with on the right buttock a nice little word from Yazid Hasheek!



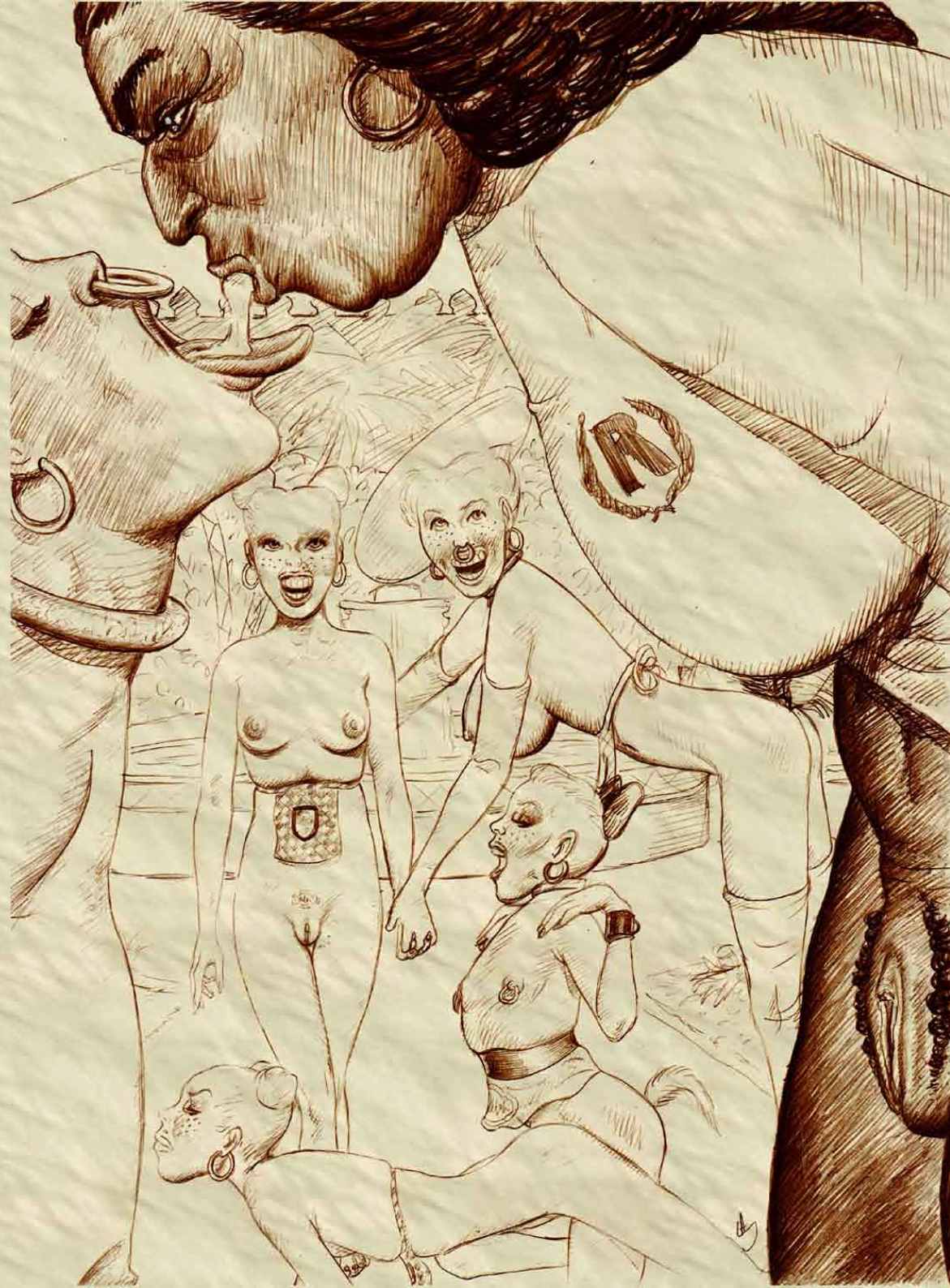
Rasheeda immediately honored Heidrun von Gohтта with her saliva, savoring at last her vengeance over the woman she wanted to own for such a long time. She had her at her disposal for a few months in Europe, but it wasn't the same thing at all as being the owner in title she was now.

She had imagined for years was she was going to do with her old enemy when she would be hers; indeed sexual slavery, sending her to the fields or to the torture chamber, all that had its charms... but once her revenge would have been taken on her in a definitive manner, what could she do if the need to make her pay was coming back?

It was Madame de Massy, now the property of Rasheeda like the whole de Massy family, who had offered her the best idea for vengeance; when Rasheeda had asked what could be the secret of the formidable enthusiasm that was allowing her, and her daughters, to be kept in the Caliph's good books, she had replied that she truly believed that Ahmed al Rhazul was a God she had to pray at every instant, and specifically when she was allowed in his presence. She had also taught that to all her progeny and, now that Ahmed had gone back to Allah, she had transferred her religious beliefs on his wife Rasheeda, their new owner, who was now the one who would bring the divine light on her family.

It was what made Rasheeda realize the necessity of the Phoenic religion, that it wasn't just the little amusing and perverted plus she had thought it was until then. Actually, that religion was the only thing she had to protect politically in the region; the "Valley Magic" was, until proven otherwise, standing by itself and seemed to be there forever; the other pillar of white slavery was, of course, the power of the whip, of the social pressure that was put over the slaves and was making them submissive and obedient, but for that part she could trust the Shazilarian to do their part. What was really going to make them win the world conquest, it was that element that was acting as a catalyst with these two factors to make a totally servile being out of the white female: the Phoenic religion that was depicting them as creatures of porcine origins, and their Arab masters as gods even more powerful after death than they had ever been in life!

She decided to unify the two families by having the young demassys covered by Albrecht von Gohтта.



Rasheeda was going to train Heidrun von Gohtta and all her family in sharing the views of the de Massys; they were all going to live in the upper Harem, in the section dedicated to the collections of pet races, and Madame de Massy would be in charge of the shaping of the unbelieving vongohttas, starting with heidrun.

It was the only thing that could really extinguish her thirst for revenge; and if that religious fervor was turning all of them into happy beings and this showed to be frustrating, Rasheeda would not hesitate to experiment on them, to test their devotion for her without any limit.

Not only was it the only thing that could give her complete serenity, but in doing this she would also increase her competence in controlling these women; and as a head of state, she would be able to manage at best the question of white female training she had defined as vital for the development of the Valley.

She could begin right now, as Madame de Massy had confided to her that two members of the vongohtta race were already convinced of her divine status: albrecht and traudel, converted years before by Minister Neffuz, had successfully transferred their Phoenic tutelary deity on their new owner; traudel was so much a zealot she didn't hesitate to inform on gerda, who had told her "she regretted the time when she was belonging to a man." Traudel had then been chosen to cure her sister from these impious thoughts and had since become her "sponsor".

After such a treatment, it would not be long before gerda should fall too, and should see her Mistress as a supernatural being.

Rasheeda had also noticed, not without feeling great satisfaction out of it, that to treat albrecht as an effeminate pet appeared as a terrible offense for the vongohttas of the previous generation; when she was striking with her crop the genitals of the only male of the family, the humiliation was almost turning into hostility, a rebellious feeling that was very quickly overcome, though very real. Rasheeda would certainly not deprive herself from such a delight, as it was that feeling of absolute powerlessness she was creating in them that was inexorably driving the vongohttas to accept her as a goddess.

Rasheeda couldn't completely understand why ridiculing their young stallion was seen so much as an outrage by these females; she had thought, at first, that it was the expression of their maternal instinct, but now she was more inclined for something related to reproduction: albrecht was also the major genitor of their race!



After a few months taking her revenge on heidrun, Rasheeda began to experience frustration. She was beginning to think that the vongohttas from this generation were never going to really believe in her divine essence, and it was turning to be very irritating. Her ultimate goal, to transform the four von Gohtta sisters into a team of gazelles totally devoted to her, ready for everything, even to kill themselves just to pull her cabriolet further and faster, seemed to be totally out of reach.

Paradoxically, she decided to give heidrun to Yazid Hasheek, the white female trainer who had concealed her for so long. He had assured he could make a believer out of heidrun by challenging her with another white female, and Rasheeda had thought the game was worth the candle; if time should show that Yazid was bragging, and that it was impossible for these vongohttas to become zealots, the genitals of that man who had resisted her for such a long time would become a nice addition to the many stuffed trophies on the walls of the throne room.

Fortunately for him, Yazid Hasheek deserved his fame as a skilled trainer, worth the legendary Maruk himself. Not only did he taught to heidrun to get rid of her coarse mare manners and to act as a real gazelle in every second of her life, but he got the brilliant idea to give to the arms of the blonde slave the same treatment as an average traditional gazelle; he shoved them into leather gloves he fastened in her back, behind her collar. Of course, heidrun's arms couldn't accept that very uncomfortable position in a day, and they had to be softened for both her wrists and her elbows to join. It was a real ordeal for her, but it made one of her last mental blocks collapse: the native gazelles and fillies were losing forever the use of her arms in a matter of weeks in these conditions and, contrary to these brainless creatures, heidrun was aware this was going to happen; terrified with the idea of being diminished that way, and certain that nothing she could do would change anything, she decided it was time for prayer; oh, not the prayer to a God she had believed in for the sake of form, but to the person supposed to be her tutelard Goddess, Rasheeda Burid.

It was a desperate move, but as things were standing, she decided it was better to become a gazelle who believed in whoever was owning her than a gazelle aware of her human status. She modeled her behavior on gretel, a very skilled Swiss woman that Yazid loved to introduce as a swillwana.



Of course, heidrun didn't really believe that Rasheeda was a goddess, but she had chosen to put her reason aside and to live in the faith for this woman; at best, her new behavior would be appreciated and her life would be better; at worst, that faith would make her forget the horror of her condition.

A few days later, her arms were fastened back on the sides of her belt; it was incredible: her prayers had been heard!

She was put near to wolfgang, gertrud's husband, meaning she was going to be mated to that superb stallion from a neighbor breed instead of having her covered, as usual, by her son albrecht.

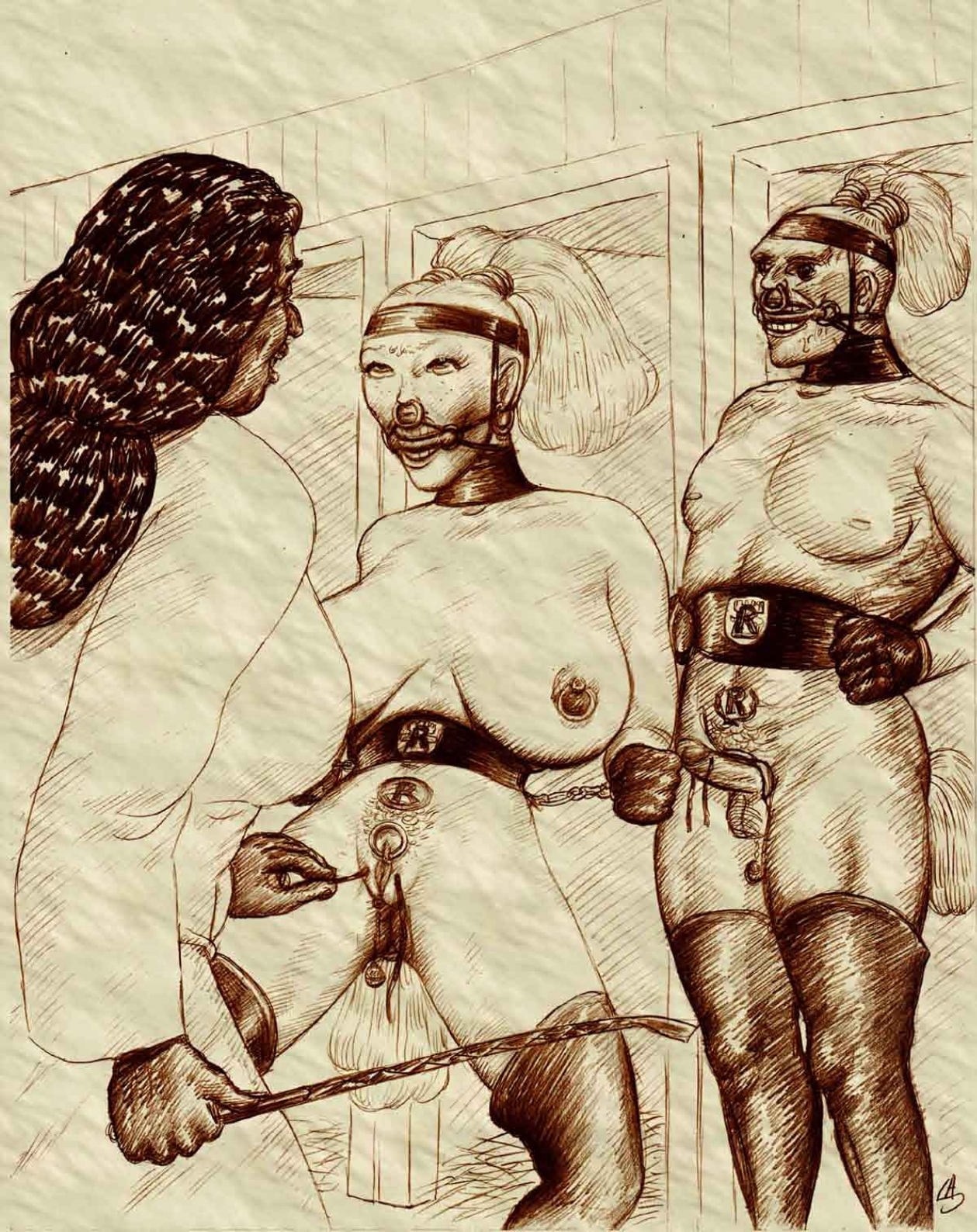
When she saw Rasheeda coming, heidrun didn't only take the position of deference to her Mistress; she caught herself considering her, for the first time in her presence, as a divine being. She was not even ashamed of it; it was more like a relief to see that Rasheeda seemed to content herself with the fullness of her submission. Perhaps was she born for this, after all, to be owned body and soul to this woman?... and all her journey had been all along to reach that purpose, at last!

She couldn't believe she was feeling so good!

The wolfgang stallion was feeling good too, especially since Rasheeda's arrival. His penis, which had been down for ten minutes despite the presence of the beautiful heidrun in her birthday suit, had suddenly risen when the sweeping sound of the slippers of his Goddess had been heard; he was covering white females like heidrun ten times a day, but without Rasheeda to rub his buttocks gently before and during his performance, he could never have got a stallion career in the first place.

Like Pavlov's dog, wolfgang had learnt to become hard on sight of the powerful Maghrebin woman, paying to the tutelar Goddess of his breed a deep and sincere homage.

It was with an intense satisfaction that Rasheeda began to unlace heidrun's vulva; the covering that was going to take place meant for her the creation of a pack of mascot-pets to take care of her body when she would be an old woman.



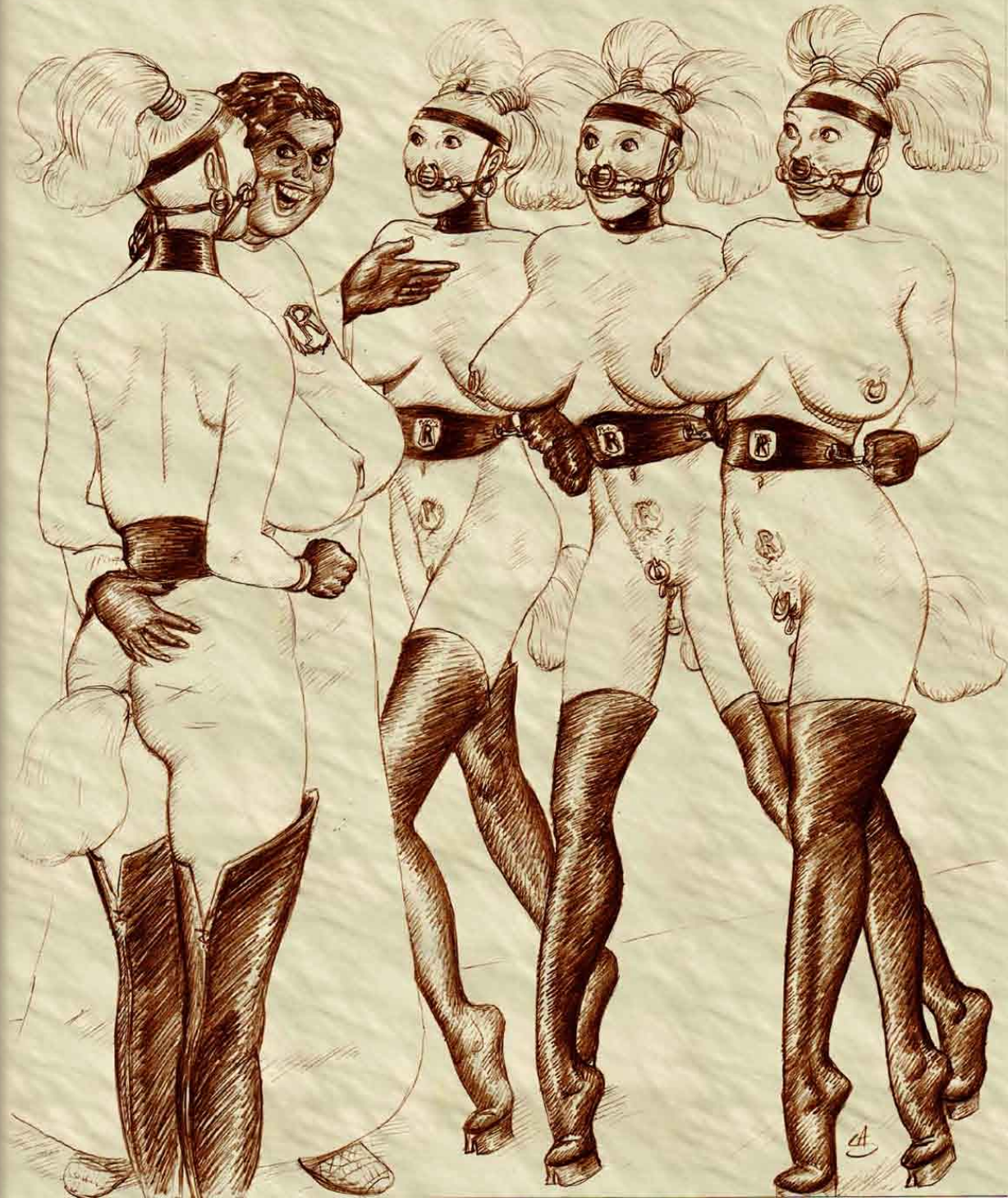
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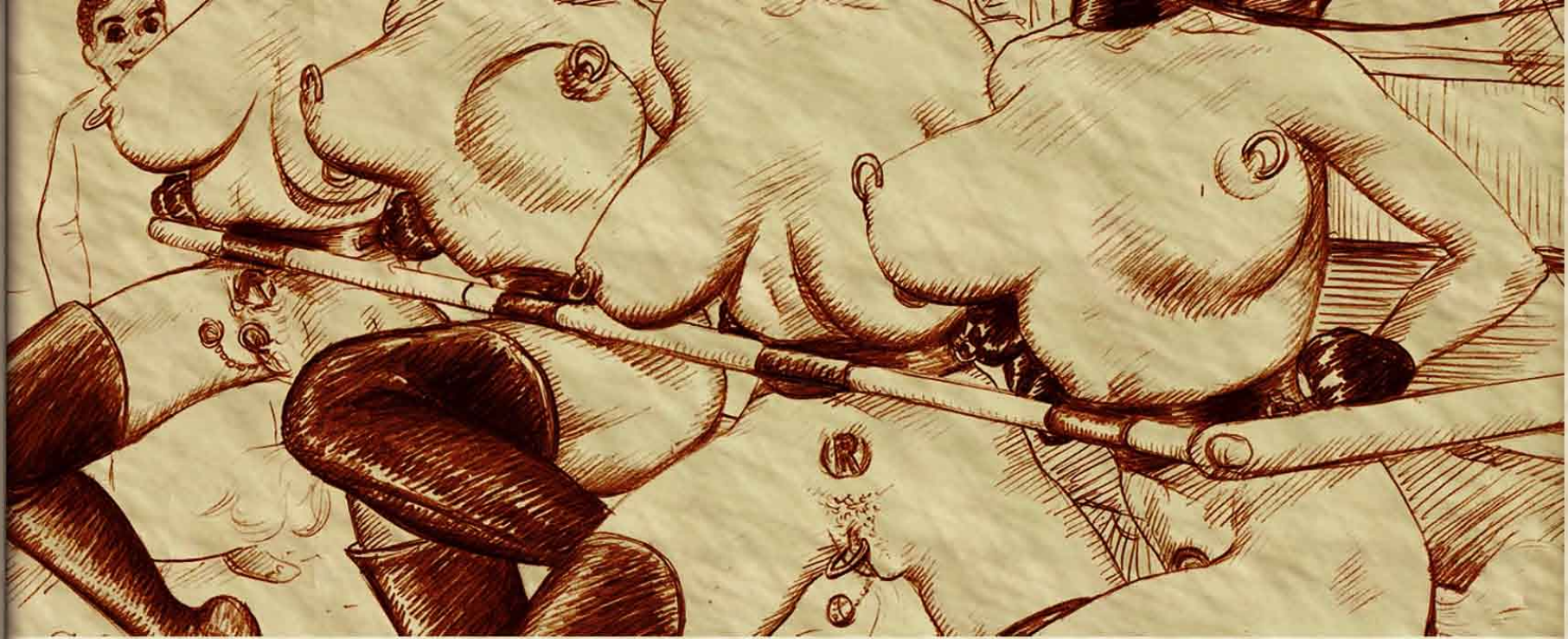
After that memorable event, Rasheeda introduced the new heidrun to her sisters. From now then, the four vongohttas from the generation of Rasheeda were going to be a perfect team united by a common goal: to pull the cabriolet of their Goddess the fastest way and for the longest time possible.

Heidrun was happy to get this opportunity to live with her sisters every day, and above all, close to the being who was now a deity for her. Everything got so much better since she had fallen for that faith and stopped questioning herself for good, simply accepting the miraculous bliss that was granted to her.

Thusnelda, wolfhilde, and gertrud seemed to be in the same state of mind, with no apparent grudge toward the one responsible for their capture. But it could only be an impression caused by the fact that their attention was entirely paid to the Goddess.

Rasheeda was overjoyed: her team of vongohttas was complete at last, and she would be soon able to drive across the country with the standing she deserved...





The four vongohttas pulled the cabriolet of the Goddess Rasheeda for many years. It was for these blonde gazelles a fabulous time, with not one single morning when they wouldn't get up with joy in their heart because they were going to pull the vehicle of their Goddess, to the back of beyond if needed!

The thing was, after all these years, Rasheeda had got tired of them and had just purchased from Ahmed bin Aziz a new team of white gazelles, made of former schoolmates who had dreadfully snubbed her in high school.

It was there that the nickname "cleaning woman" had been given to her for the first time. These stuck-ups had made her life miserable, constantly picking at her; and the few times she had dared rebel, they had told her she should learn to shut up and to keep her place, as their fate was to become important ladies later, and they could then deign consider taking her at their service as a cleaning woman.

Rasheeda had the bad idea to talk about this humiliating incident with frau von Gohtta, years later, during a conversation about ordinary racism... with the only result to spread the nickname across her professional universe!

Now, these little madams had been dragged from their "fabulous destiny" and Rasheeda was savoring the irony of the situation. Despite their unceasing perorations, they were going to end their lives as harnessed fillies and would only get the importance that their Goddess, their former scapegoat, would decide to give them.

With this new entertainment, Rasheeda completely forgot the existence of the vongohttas for a whole year; and when she finally remembered them, it was to take the decision to offer them all to her father Kassim, the janitor of the Ethnologic Institute who had been fired a few years before by the actual president, Chloé de Lonsac.

After his dismissal, that noble old man had come back to end his life in his native Morocco; his daughter Rasheeda invited him to Taminambiwa and offered him her former domain in the south of the Valley of the Slaves. She had also thought of giving him a pack of young virgins to improve his old days, but she remembered just in time about these vongohttas she was no more interested in.

Kassim, before being dismissed by Chloé de Lonsac, had always been considered as a worthless man by Heidrun von Gohtta; he even hid for years to his employer that he was related to Rasheeda, as he dreaded it could lessen her daughter's brilliant carrier. The other von Gohttas, accustomed to the place, had also treated him with despise; the little brats of this haughty family, Rasheeda had now in stock, had even taken him as a kind of buffoon they could hassle with impunity!

The complete collection of that breed, for which Rasheeda had lost all interest now that her divine retribution had been carried, was definitely the perfect gift for her father, who could get initiated through them to the Shazilarian way of life, while savoring a sweet revenge.

So, one morning, the whole von Gohtta family was thrown out of the palace and brought to the farm of Kassim.



Kassim, who was in that sublime place for only one day, had not even finished to set up house. He had gone musing on the roads, often stopping on the side to enjoy the nude buttocks of the white uprooting-slaves tightening up in effort.

And only one day later, a superb Negress was at the door, holding a document out to him that specified he was the owner of the vongohtta breed; and then leaving him with a herd of blonde women of all ages, stark naked. Stunned, Kassim didn't even dare glancing at these magnificent bodies that were now his property...

It took some time for heidrun to figure the janitor of the Institute out of this Master she was just offered to, with all her family. And then, the memory of the snubs and little humiliations she might have inflicted to that lazy employee in her previous life petrified her for a very long minute.

Heidrun had suspicion that Rasheeda and the old man, who shared the same last name, were also related somehow, but she never dug too much into it; and now it was obvious!

Before they were expelled from the stables of Goddess Rasheeda, heidrun had been dressed with a soubrette outfit, which meant she had been chosen to take care personally of the old man's initiation; and she could see he never had a slave at his service.

So, fate had made out of this small-time janitor the tutelar God of her breed... and it was she, his former employer, who had been picked up to teach him how to use and abuse of her, her sisters and her daughters, without hiding him anything!

Pulling herself together, heidrun rushed toward him and jumped down on the ground, before starting to do the usual movements, the expression of the white female begging an Arab Master for sexual intercourse. Swallowing her pride, she began to wiggle at his feet, with the hope that a complete and immediate surrender would earn her some forgiveness for her past behavior.

Kassim was amazed to see his former boss suddenly changed into a perfect slave. His first reaction had been to bend into a timorous attitude, so accustomed he was to be lectured by her about how he should do his janitor duties.

But now, he was beginning to take over. He took his staff and began to toy with her labia to make the big golden rings jingle.



Kassim never had a sexual intercourse with a white woman before, and didn't really know how to start. So he did the first thing that came into his head; he gave his former boss his foot to lick, what she began to do zealously.

He was feeling so good in that new universe he was wondering if he had not simply dreamed his previous life. How could he have lowered his eyes in front of that woman when she was berating the quality of his work, with the others employees of the Institute present? Why wouldn't he just do that before?

On the contrary, heidrun was asking herself how she could have found the courage, at the time, to stand up to such a man. No, not a man... a god! The God with the wrinkled skin she would now have to worship.

It would not be an easy thing to initiate that old Maghrebin and to serve him as a slave, after having humiliated him for years, but it would still be a better fate than being a gazelle without Goddess.

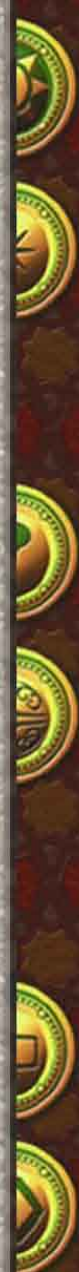
Though of course, she would never forget these wonderful years of pulling Rasheeda's cabriolet with her sisters, all four of them united at the service of the Goddess, led by the bridle, spurred by the affectionate whip lashes on their back and buttocks.

She would never forget how good it was to feel the slipper of the Goddess on the back of her neck, granting her the right to do her needs during her gallup, offering her relief only after hours of retention... and still what was important there, was to be aware that the Goddess had taken a thought about her well-being!

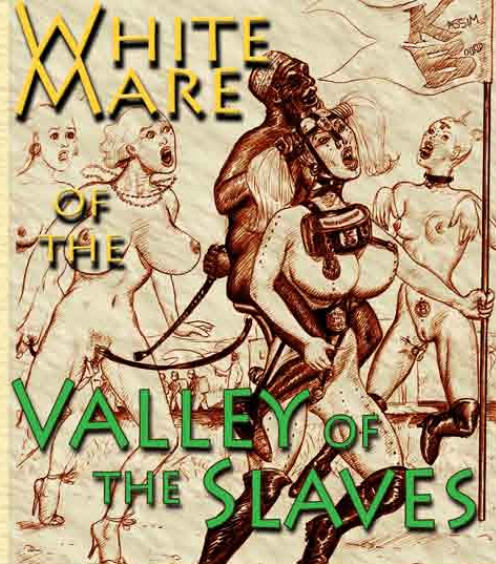
She would never forget the pride to be able to display, to all the Arabs whose path the cabriolet was crossing, her nude intimacies, and over them the mark of the one they belonged to.

Heidrun would never forget all that, as these years were the best of her life...





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
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Lord of the Slaves
Empire of the Slaves
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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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Degrading The White Fillies

Illustrations :

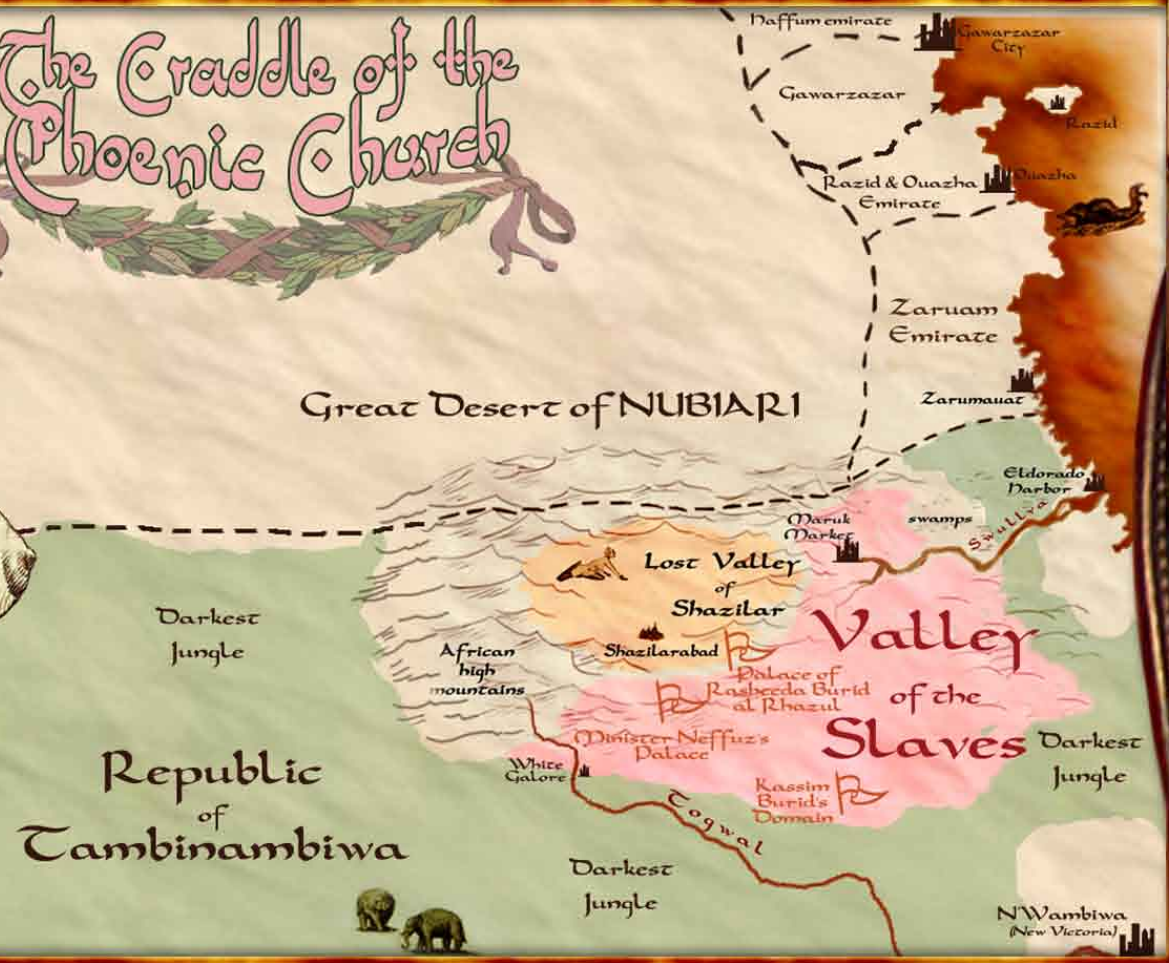
Gordon Kerr – Black Domination
Allan Aldiss – Harem Breeding Slave (2 Volumes)

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