

# WHITE MARE

of the Valley of the  
SLAVES



Alonzo SERAI

Full  
screen  
mode  
switch



Open  
the  
Book



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

help



Full Screen / Window Mode

help

Contents

BEGIN

Next

Previous

# WHITE MARE OF THE Valley OF THE Slaves





**O**n October 23rd 2000, the Republic of Tambinambiwa invaded its neighbor the Zaruam Emirate, a nation that initiated an attack on Shazilar forty years before\*, and suspected to have plotted the death of the Caliph Ahmed al Rhazul.

President N’Gania made an official statement, in which he was referring to a “crusade against the White slaves traffic”; for many years he had publicly accused Zaruam to supply weapons to the traffickers in North-Tambinambiwa, in exchange for swillwanas intended for sexual slavery.

Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul, the Regent of the Caliphate of Shazilar, had planned this operation for a long time, and it took only one day for her army to take over the country; a lightning annexation that costed only a handful of human lives, and so didn’t interest the media much. Moreover, it was public knowledge that the small emirate had been plotting an invasion of Tambinambiwa, and the general impression was that the shoe was on the other foot!

The Zaruam Emirate was not famous for its respect for human rights, and had too few natural resources to arouse greed; so nobody cared about its fate. The United Nations condemned only the operation for the sake of form, as N’Gania’s accusations were echoing the report of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. — The United Nations Committee Against White Women Slavery.

The whole thing disappeared from the news anyway when, the next day, Abdul N’Gania proclaimed the constitution of a Phoenic caliphate called Tambi, named after his own ethnic group, that would unite the former Tambinambiwa and the newly conquered Zaruam. He created total surprise with the announcement he was abdicating in favor of Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul, the Regent of Shazilar, who would become the first Sovereign of that new nation.

The world was stunned, but it put an end to any accusation that had been done to Abdul N’Gania to seek ultimate power in the region.

People of Zaruam didn’t take up arms against the new power in place. On the contrary, they acclaimed Rasheeda and massively voted for the creation of the Tambi Caliphate a week later. For most of the inhabitants, it was a joy to have to convert to the Phoenic religion and to get, as a welcome gift, a delightful White servant— and of course the opportunity to get more of those legally!

Rasheeda took for herself a big part of Zaruam territory and moved into the magnificent palace of the Emir. She offered her former palace to her father Kassim and put him in charge of the Southern Valley of the Slaves.

\*See “the Valley of the White Bonanza”



Heidrun von Gohtta's life was now far more difficult than when Kassim was learning to be a Shazilarian living God. Progressively, the old Maghrebin had become tougher and more demanding with the Whites he was beginning to see really as domesticated animals.

His latest idea had been to make heidrun his personal mare, the animal who had to carry him everywhere; he was getting old and could move a lot faster on the back of a white female.

For heidrun, to be a mare was a lot more difficult than to be a gazelle; even with the powerful muscles she grew with pulling Rasheeda's cabriolet for years, she had trouble getting used to this constant presence on her back. Despite she was tall and strong, she didn't have the enormous muscular might of the native mares of Shazilar. So Kassim resorted to use steroids to make the body of his mount evolve beyond limits. Actually, she was the first swillraoussa to ever be used full-time that way in the Valleys; and she was proud of it!

Kassim had then spent his time rearing a whole breed of mares out of the vongohttas, using modern technology right from pregnancy. He was confident he could exceed that way the size and strength of swillwanas in two generations, and could gather the fruit of his work before the end of his days.

And the best part was that these females were perfectly happy with their new reproductive function, as they loved that glimmer of greed in the eyes of Kassim when he was filling their swollen bellies; it was a great honor!



Kassim had never hidden to heidrun he was adding steroids to her food: he had told her that his purpose was to increase her present usefulness, and that it would have the collateral effect of shortening her life with twenty years. He had given her the choice, testing her loyalty toward him that way, and of course she accepted: she was far beyond being reasonable when the happiness of her tutelar God was at stake.

The former Heidrun von Gohtta, the one who thought she had betrayed her family and the whole free world by accepting the status of domesticated animal of her old enemy... this woman was no more.

The new heidrun was a being much more adapted to her environment, a blond animal whose life was simply about servicing an Arab God the best way. She was so devoted that Kassim soon trusted her completely, and left her the free use of her mouth and hands.

Her daughter traudel, who had been renamed 'poppy', had become the favorite of Kassim and was accompanying him everywhere too. Heidrun was aware of the high position held by her daughter and was very proud of it.



Kassim decided he would walk around naked, like these magnificent Mahara-jahs who were appearing nude in public in the old times. Shazilarian Law and Phoenic religion were not forbidding it, even if it were seen as a bit eccentric, and from such a powerful old man it was definitely not a problem.

Kassim was governing the Southern Valley of the Slaves, although it was his white assistants who were taking care of the administrative details. He much preferred to use his time for the trade of swillraoussas, and had made a friend of Abdul bin Aziz, the personal hunter of Whites of his daughter Rasheeda.

He had learnt that this importer was bragging about being able to capture and train any European female, and so had thought it was time for payback from the time he was living in Geneva; he had placed an order with him immediately.

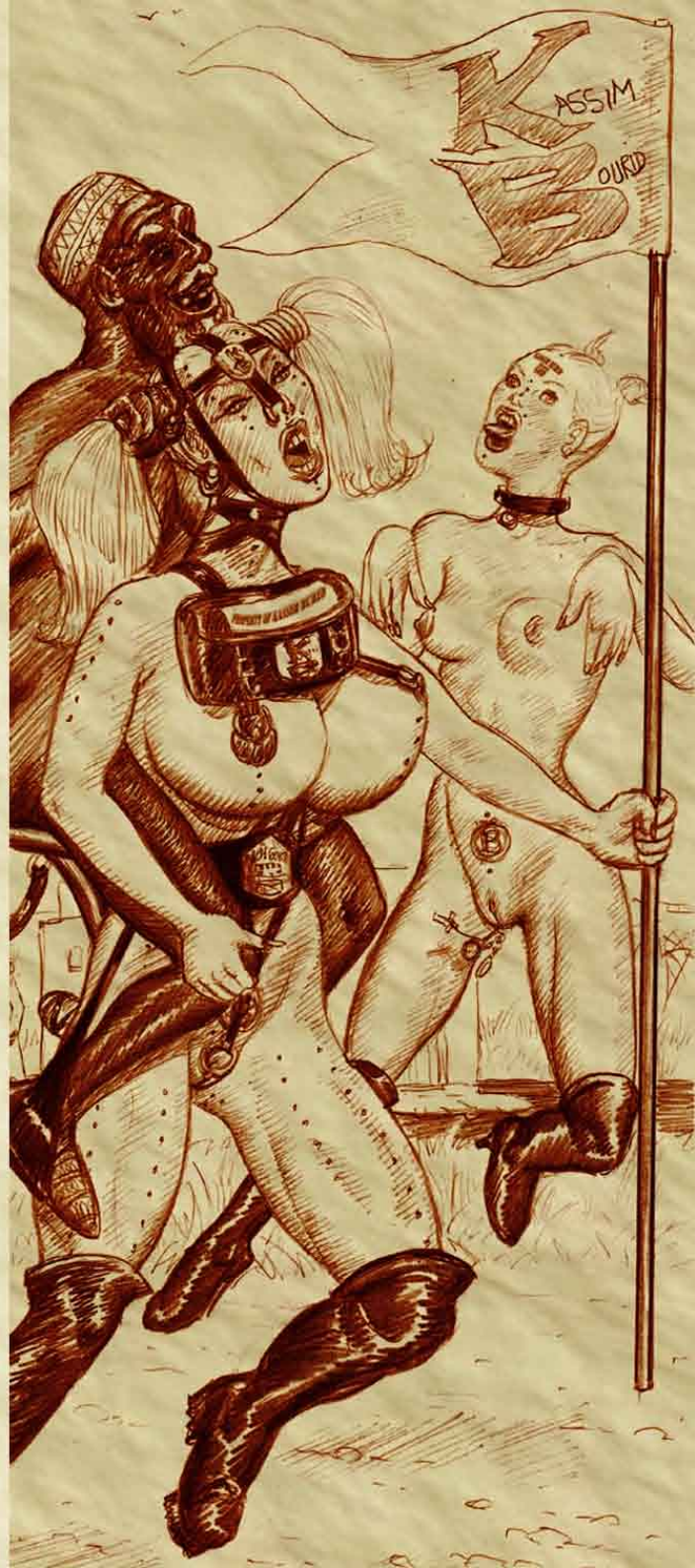
He remembered that his former neighbor, Madame Weiss, had tried to have him expelled of his apartment, because of the “unpleasant smell of Arab cooking” that was running in the hall, strongly stressing her nostrils.

Kassim had taken that badly and had always suspected that this woman had used later her connections to have him fired from his job of janitor at the Ethnologic Institute.

Kassim received his command three weeks later: Madame Weiss and her three daughters, broken, but not yet fully trained, to spare the most entertaining part.

This White family was going to have a lot of opportunities to complain about more embarrassing things than cooking smells!





The new state of Zaruam, now a province of Tambi Caliphate, was ruled by Rasheeda with an iron hand; she was Regent of Tambi until her son should be of age to be Caliph, but she was seeing Zaruam as her own personal place: she initiated the attack, the conquest, and the annexation, and it was perfectly obvious for her that everything in it should belong to her, starting with the human beings.

The Zaruamites had spent their first year in the Caliphate discovering the divine pleasures provided by their new white slaves, and had left the regent set herself up durably. The foreigners, who had to leave the country in haste, because of the advent of the Phoenic Law, had not been missed by anyone. Business had grown incredibly fast for a small emirate without oil, because the introduction of slavery had produced an economical boom in the building trade, the industry, the agriculture...

Of course, a few people would always grumble about the huge importation of European slaves in the country; a few others had feared a loss of productivity; but these "rebels" didn't resist for long: the Whites were doing three times the work of the Zaruamites, exhausting themselves twenty hours a day without pause... and they only costed the meager gruel one was nice enough to give them! It became an evidence soon that these women were so totally submitted they would never represent any threat of conquest.

While the last "grumblers" had continued doing their job normally, their neighbors, friends, challengers, had used slaves for it at low cost. In less than a month, respected trades suddenly appeared as unfitted for an Arab, and the longer it was taking for these rebels to comply, the stronger was the risk they would have, in the years to come, to whip white buttocks that wouldn't belong to them; and their future Boss would probably be their present challenger!

While Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul was spreading her rule over this new territory, her father Kassim was becoming, every day a little more, a real Shazilarian Lord-farmer.

The training of Madame Weiss and her daughters had been extremely therapeutic for him, and he decided to rebuilt entirely his life by putting around him every single person who had ever crossed his path, even remotely; though this time as the owner of their body, and soon of their souls.

Nobody was impossible to get for Abdul bin Aziz, who could satisfy every single request from Kassim for huge amounts of money. The old Maghrebin was placing order for whole families, taking advantage of the best cost per head: it was not making much difference to make disappear a group of people or a single person; and it was safer, as it was leaving no one behind to investigate.

Abdul was planning his operations in the Caliphate, using the international database built by the spies working for him in all the major administrations of the Western world; the amalgamation of information he had at his disposal was unique in the History of Intelligence.



When all was carefully taken care of, he was leaving for Europe, protected by his diplomatic status, bringing with him ice containers filled with corpses of Whites from the Valley who shared resemblance with his preys. Once on the spot, he was simulating an accident, a house in fire most of the time, and was abducting the ordered family, replacing them with the corpses. Usually there was no investigation, though the few times it were happening, he used his unique network of operative to cover for it.

These orders placed with Abdul bin Aziz were very expensive and Kassim was using the money from taxpayers of the Southern Valley of the Slaves for that purpose; it was allowed by Shazilarian Law, as long as it was kept within the reasonable limits.

Kassim filled a whole wing of his palace with old acquaintances, mostly women he had met here and there and had lusted secretly after; of course, they were now turning to be very well-disposed towards him!. Every day, he was amazed to see the most authoritarian among them grovel before him, and the most racist worship him like if he were a supernatural being. And this therapy applied on his past was working wonders, as he soon felt absolutely powerful; he had become a living God for real!

Only one person seemed to be unattainable at the moment, Chloé de Lonsac, protected by her position in the United Nations organization, but the order had been placed and Kassim knew she would be delivered to him some day.

In the waiting, he would content himself with the vongohttas. The last fillers to his collection were Ute, daughter of thusnelda, and Astrid, daughter of wolfhilde; these two had been sent to boarding school after their parent's divorce; after the enslavement of their mothers, Rasheeda had them transferred into a very special institution, the Blanche-Colombe boarding-school.

The principal and the teachers there were all White women, though many Arabs, all males, were moving around freely as if they were at home, intervening during class, turning up into the restrooms and showers without warning; though during the visiting days of the school, they were all gone!

Kassim learned that it was Abdel bin Aziz himself who had bought that boarding school so that he could experiment on the education of young White girls out of the Valleys. This teaching method dedicated to servicing Arabs was yet very expensive, though Abdel was so imaginative and expert in female psychology that he was always getting excellent results, worth the high price; moreover it was a valuable investment for the future.

Kassim had no choice anyway; he needed those two to have an absolute monopoly on the vongohtta breed, and was ready to buy this merchandise at any price, even if he had to patiently wait for months to get it.

Happily, a few weeks later, his other order was delivered, the one including Chloé de Lonsac, the actual president of the Ethnologic Institute, the woman who had taken advantage of Rasheeda's expedition in Africa to have him fired!





Madame de Lonsac had received an invitation from Heidrun von Gohтта, the former president and a very dear friend, who had assured her she would be perfectly safe in the international area of Tambi. Madame de Lonsac had no reason to be suspicious, as the former N'Wambiwa had become a valued seaside resort filled with tourists. She had even come with her daughter Élodie.

Their problems began at Tambi airport, where they had to wait for their luggage for much longer than the other passengers. When they finally could get out of the transit lounge and go through customs, the way for the international area was no longer here, replaced with a long corridor leading directly toward the Phoenic area.

Of course, Madame de Lonsac wasn't aware of that detail. She discovered with astonishment that place of frightening exoticism, where White women completely nude were pulling carriages, or carrying luggage for Arabs!

Two of them were actually running toward her; the taller one had a heavy gait, as she was carrying a man on her back... it was Heidrun von Gohтта, and the one who was using her as a mount was Kassim Burid, the former janitor of the Institute!

The old man was naked too, comfortably sitting on a leather saddle, in perfect control of Heidrun; it was an obscene display! Chloé recognized also Traudel von Gohтта, who was running around jumping from time to time like a little dog.

Kassim stopped Heidrun von Gohтта right near to the two women and snapped his fingers. Immediately, Chloé and Élodie were seized by agents of the White Management of the airport who had quietly sneaked behind them.

Traudel tore off the clothes of the two de Lonsacs, causing hysterics and shouts for help, much to the delight of the passers-by. Then, the young woman who was now nicely named "poppy," pulled pincers out of the saddlebag carried by Heidrun, and pierced with it into Chloé's labia in four spots to put a series of rings. She thrust in her vagina a short dildo ended by a clip that was sticking out of her Venus cleft, and secured the whole thing with a padlock; then, without any consideration for the danger of such an operation, she pierced into Chloé's clitoral hood, and slipped there an enormous ring with a leather leash attached. She then looked at her work with satisfaction; Chloé de Lonsac was crying her eyes out and her vulva was covered with bruises, but she could now be walked decently in leash.

Élodie was pierced too, but using another kind of sealing process, made of a golden padlock with two rings, placed right under her labia; the rings, once locked down inside the padlock through the four holes of the big lips, were making a golden cross over the young vulva that was impossible to remove without the key. This simply meant that the agents of the White Management of the airport had declared her a virgin!

During all that process, the unfortunate girl had shaken all over with shame and pain, but it was fear that was overwhelming her now; she remembered too vividly the stupid jokes she had done for years to Monsieur Burid, with her sister Zoé, and the other young girls, at each Christmas party of the Institute. She had kept particularly in mind the time when they had all spitted on the door of the lodge, and then mocked him while he was cleaning the mess.

As the disagreements they had caused him were coming back to her mind, Élodie's terror was increasing exponentially.

The sworn agents fastened to one of the rings of her quivering vulva the identification pendant and a virginity label, and the whole group embarked for the Valley of the Slaves.

The ship sailed up the Togwal river to the new harbor of White Galore where the captives were disembarked; from there, the unfortunate women had to run for six hours on the road to the palace of Kassim, the former Fortress of Zwanga...



Kassim was proudly riding heidrun, whipping constantly her muscled buttocks to maintain her long-term gallup.

His favorite poppy was running even faster, jumping high when she thought her Master was going to spit; most of the time it was a false alarm, but she preferred to exhaust herself a little more and avoid the risk of missing such a homage from her God.

Madame de Lonsac and her daughter Elodie had to run behind them at high speed to avoid the painful shocks their leather leashes could give in their most sensitive spots, if they should tauten too much.

Chloé realized in panic how low the value of White women could be around here; she was compelled to run with high-heeled shoes and she didn't want to imagine what could happen to her clitoris if bad luck should make her trip.

She understood far better now these slaves with bald heads who were working so hard in the mud fields; she was ready herself to accept anything from a man with the huge power to remove forever her pleasure button and showed clearly he wouldn't hesitate to do so; despite he was a Maghrebin janitor old enough to be her grandfather!

Fortunately for Madame de Lonsac, the journey went all right and she didn't trip; though these six hours behind Frau von Gohtta and old Kassim had been greatly educational.

When they arrived in the palace of the Governor of the Southern Valley of the Slaves, Chloé de Lonsac was gagged, her hands were tied behind her back and she was covered like an animal by a vigorous Swede.

They were both branded with a red-hot iron; they would bear forever the name of Kassim on the belly!



While Frau von Gohtta was keeping Madame de Lonsac still, old Kassim got into position behind Elodie and thrust unscrupulously his male organ— all-wrinkled yet firm enough— into the little inexperienced anus.

Chloé was finding abominable the obliging attitude of Frau von Gohtta, her former boss, but she knew she would have done the same thing in her situation; the unbearable thought of losing her clitoris forever had gnawed at her during her journey to the palace; she was ready to forget pride, principles and compassion to avoid such a mutilation.

Young Elodie was not well-mannered yet, and was finding extremely indelicate the intrusion of the old janitor into a place she had always thought intended to work one-way only.

As for poppy, she desperately wanted to help her former schoolmate realize the great honor that had been done to her; she thought Elodie could yield to temptation to become a favorite, and was whispering in her ear about the endless possibilities this position could carry; power, privileges, pleasure... she even tried to entice her with the recollection of their past complicity, when they were teasing the old man during the Christmas parties at the Ethnologic Institute; she suggested they could take advantage of their friendship to aim for more positive goals than these bad jokes; for example, they could propose little tournaments to the Master, to find out who would be the best in exploration with the tongue in the Divine Sanctuary... a place that a strange whim of nature had located between the buttocks of Kassim Burid!

She could very well be wasting her breath, as her stuck-up friend would rather bemoan her fate... when she was receiving inside her the light of Allah!

Nevertheless, poppy would keep on trying, again and again, to save her schoolmate from her deep dumbness...



Poppy's tenacity bared fruit; the young Elodie de Lonsac gained respectability very quickly. Like poppy, the most important thing in her life soon became the well-being of her Master. She was honored with the position of pet-dog too, under the nice name of "tobby".

Initiated with enthusiasm by poppy, toby was a perfect addition to the Kennels of Kassim, who was never tired of playing with her. The decaying flesh and the wrinkled skin of the old man, a matter of repulsion at first, soon appeared to her as male appeal at its best, and it was a blessing for her, as Kassim was the only man around.

Actually, she was brought from time to time to a breeding session with a muscled white stallion with smooth skin, but such a creature was not really what she was calling a man; those were only reproducers who were lucky enough to be able to offer a progeny fit to the wishes of the Master; nothing much of excitement for a young woman at the peak of her sexual abilities, and who had been touched by a God!

Naturally, poppy and toby were forming a team, well aware they would both gain more that way. Kassim appreciated a lot their joint efforts and loved to tease them in the same way they had teased him for years in the Institute; with the only difference Kassim could go far beyond the limits of good taste...

Chloé de Lonsac could only acknowledge, without anything to say or do about it, how deep her daughter's attachment for the old janitor had become... and she was aware that the disapproval that was showing in her eyes, despite her servile behavior, was the only thing that was keeping her close to Kassim; as long as she would be the object of the old Maghrebin's revenge, she would stay in the inner sanctum.

She was beginning to wonder what would happen to her after that, and therefore was observing heidrun, the white mare, now that she had understood what was really important in the Valley of the Slaves: to be close to the Master. The place of honor that every female of European origin was seeking for, around here, was the place of Heidrun von Gohtta... again!



After three months of captivity, Madame de Lonsac had to come to skip completely the problem; she had simply become a devoted slave, eager to please to her Master. Kassim just had to ask, and his former boss did everything to make her elder daughter Zoé come to him; he had been delighted to see with how much zeal and cleverness chloé had managed to ensnare her daughter, in writing and on the phone.

Zoé was at the end of the boarding school year, and was easily convinced by such an enthusiasm; she left for Africa to meet her mother and her sister Élodie.

Kassim was hopping up and down with impatience at the prospect of laying his hands on the leader of the little group of mischievous brats who had made his life miserable at the Institute.

The old Maghrebin warmly congratulated chloé by allowing her many physical contacts with his body; he was also showing that way to his future slave zoé that her mother had not delivered her under duress, but for a few caresses from the man she belonged to.

Zoé had been properly ringed and registered by sworn agents of the White Management of the airport before the arrival of Kassim, and the old man was pleasantly surprised with the discovery that this magnificent stuck-up brat was still a virgin at twenty; she might have turned down a lot of males to come to this!

Though he was not complaining at all; this haughty little white female, who had teased him for so long, had unwillingly mocked the one man who was going to be the love of her life, and Kassim intended to enjoy that situation till his thirst should be quenched!

As for poppy, who was reunited with the former leader of their little group of girls, she was licking zealously the wrinkled skin of her Master, showing to her schoolmate what needed to be done to become a favorite.





Zoé resisted for a whole week, and then realized she was getting accustomed to the dirty things she had to do to the old janitor much better than to the cracks of the whip and the strokes of the cane. However, it took her a month of captivity before she should agree to copy the behavior of a dog and to answer to the name of “woppy”.

At first, she burst with shame when she had to yap, or beg for a sugar lump; though as this was the fate of every single white woman in Kassim’s kennels, she gradually got used to it. She ultimately realized that the real humiliation around here was to be deserted by the Master, and she began to watch the others to learn how she could avoid looking silly.

Once she had come through that, she learnt quickly to enjoy the little things the life as a pet in the kennels could offer. After all, she was with her childhood friends, and was allowed to play with them, just like when she was a little girl; of course, it was out of question now to tease the old janitor, but they could caper, jump about bare-naked, and yelp.

They even had the right to talk to each other sometimes, when they were given permission, though always in places where they could be heard. Naturally, the safe thing to do was to make of these sessions a eulogy of the divine Kassim! They would all brag about being the best in the stimulation of one or other part of Kassim’s anatomy, and it was inexorably leading to pouncing hot pursuits that the old Maghrebini loved to put an end to, most of the time through the opportunity to face each other in a challenge involving the object of their argument.

After some time, woppy began to cherish that untroubled existence. Would one of her former suitors turn up suddenly and see her nude and with that attitude, she would be mortified! Fortunately, such pathetic losers couldn’t have access to the Kennels of the Harem of Kassim Burid, Governor of the Southern Valley of the slaves!

She was still feeling terribly embarrassed when the old janitor was reminding her past conduct, giving her back salacious or nasty versions of the silly jokes she had inflicted to him, though it was not such a bad thing, as Kassim loved to see her blush and was asking for more. She was always getting out of these situations with the pride of having been, once more, the object of the attention of the Master; the other pet-dogs were drooling over it!



However, after two months of captivity, woppy's shame had completely vanished. She had to find something else to please Kassim, or to resign herself to disappear forever from the group of female pet-dogs where she was she was feeling so good.

Far from being stupid, the young woman had watched attentively the oldest pets who were allowed to stay as favorites for other reasons than their great beauty or the sweet revenge from Kassim's past life in Europe. She had come to the conclusion she needed to replace her shame with religious fervor; something he seemed to relish. She had to see that old Maghrebin as her God, the Almighty, a being far beyond human contingencies. She recited mentally prayers to Kassim all along her days, especially when he was around. Not only did it have the effect of reviving her so precious shame for another month, but at the end of this period, woppy had succeeded into believing Kassim was the Creator!

And the old Maghrebin could take his revenge at last upon Zoé de Lonsac, humiliating her more and more, and making her suffer the worst physical and moral treatments to put her faith to test, stopping only when she was too scared. Four months after her abduction, the young pet was fitting fully into the Kennels of the Harem and had become for good woppy the little pet-dog, to whom Kassim could ask the most degrading favors and obtain in exchange gratitude and happiness.

Kassim Burid was very fond of the de Lonsacs and the delightful revenge he was taking from their training, but deep down, he preferred the von Gohtta. They were tough to the point that some of them could make sturdy mares; their big breasts could offer a great quantity of a milk that was in no way acrid, as swillraoussa milk usually was; they were beautiful, had a perfect skin, magnificent blond hair and blue eyes; they were all built to withstand delivery of litters of five and six females, who would inherit their exceptional qualities... but above all, they were faithful like no-one else, once processed with the proper training.

This was the reason why Kassim Burid had dedicated the breeding farm of his dreams to the battery-rearing of this noble descent. Such farms already existed, of course, but this one was the first to specialize exclusively in a new swillraoussa breed.

And it was not an easy thing, as these creatures had the gift of speech; worst, they couldn't refrain from communicating negative stuff to their progeny, therefore spoiling rare and costly young products. The stockbreeder needed to get absolute control over them and had to support a lot of she-devils to make constant surveillance.

A Shaziri woman named Mistress N'Guba was overseeing the whole team in charge of all the vongohtta daughters and grand-daughters who had never experienced the life in Europe. In order to maintain the efficiency of their education, all the female genitors and grand-genitors were muzzled at all times and had to sleep in cages on the other side of the farm, isolated and surrounded by swillwanas.

N'Guba taught the young ones the new values they needed for survival in the Valley of the Slaves, making them learn the following precepts by heart:

Kassim was a living God and the most important thing in the life of a white female was to please him; they were animals and had no rights save the ones their God was allowing them; they entirely belonged to Kassim, who had over them a power of life and death; they had to obey without discussion and without complaining to the Shaziri overseers or she-devils, superior to the whites despite being slaves themselves; they had to take care of their body and make sure Kassim would be always satisfied with how they looked; they had to be proud of their magnificent breed that they had to praise constantly, but only in comparison to other white breeds of the Valley, and in no way with humans and living gods who were in charge!





Seven years passed in that farm, during which the two first generations of vongohttas were covered by albrecht, who had become a coquettish stallion in the prime of life; they had to deliver litters of young vongohttas for years, until the breed had more than a hundred and twenty heads; it was of course, the ingestion of the famous skin of Shazilarian fig in decoction that was responsible for this exceptional productivity, increasing the litters and their percentage of females.

The obtained whelps were breast-fed and brought up by mute native white females. That way, when they would be of age to be sold, these creatures would physically look like swillraoussas, but bird-brained as swillwanas.

Pleasantly surprised by the excellent reproduction yield of the vongohttas, Kassim had decided to select three groups that would soon become distinctive breeds: the first one for beauty and sex-appeal, the second one for the size of breasts and the quality of milk, and the third one for the strength and resistance that allowed the production of suitable mares or gazelles. He would sell only those who showed none of these talents.

This visionary was already seeing fifty years in the future, when, in a world entirely dominated by Shazilarian culture, the vongohttas would be bought in a superstore, with the range extended in breeds of cows, mares, and body-pets.

Of course, by then Kassim would not be there to see the fruit of his efforts, but he was totally excited with the extend of his revenge; his former boss and all her family were dedicating their lives to permanent foaling, with the only purpose to offer him breeds of white cattle that would delight his grandchildren!

After seven years of breeding, the risk of contamination of the offspring by their swillraoussas mothers and grandmothers was minimal; the temptation for the female genitors to go pervert them with useless concepts, like speech or identity, had completely disappeared; the original vongohttas were seeing themselves as animals and were not ashamed of it the slightest bit, feeling safe only under the protection of Kassim, their tutelal God. It had become possible to put an end to their isolation.

They were ten to be freed that way, in that glorious day: the four female genitors of the breed, heidrun, gertrud, wolfhilde, and thusnelda; heidrun's progeny : gerda, waltraud, and traudel; and gertrud's progeny : brünnhilde, diethilde, and trudberta.



Kassim was very careful to present that event as a lifetime rewarding ; he set up an official ceremony for each “liberation” of an original vongohtta.

The last one to receive that honor was diethilde, whose mental age had stayed the same as at the time of her capture. This was the opportunity at last to perfect her own education with her mother as a model, after being for years the scapegoat of Rasheeda Burid, and then only the pleasuring tongue of Kassim.

It was a ceremony to remember, a festival of joined tongues, female genitor and progeny rediscovering together the pleasure of sharing their common passion for the old organ of the governor of the Southern Valley of the Slaves, in front of all their amazed and envious direct descendants, the dairy vongohttas; it was of course, their barn that had been chosen for this huge event.

Kept in high position by his mare heidrun, Kassim publicly honored the mouth of pious gertrud, now the most devout of his worshippers, bringing the whole barn at the peak of excitement. The sight of the golden peak soaking the mug of a dairy vongohtta was causing strong emotion among the teenagers, like if Kassim was a Rock Star in the process of throwing away his scarf to the crowd. By rewarding gertrud, he was honoring all her descendants, the ones who had been chosen to be the future milkers of the vongohtta race.



Kassim was now the happy owner of three stable and perfectly balanced vongohttas stocks. It was time for him to extend the original pool, to be able to tighten his selection criteria. He placed an order for the importation of the cousins of the four original sisters with the “white female hunting” company of Abdel bin Aziz in Europe.

Lotte von Gohтта was delivered one morning in the Valley of the Slaves. Of course, her rebellious attitude made hundreds of teenagers laugh in the boxes.

N’Guba, for whom this was a return to fundamental training, her passion, was relished to see all these young whites take the freedom impulse of their grand-aunt Lotte as a foolishness that deserved general mockery.

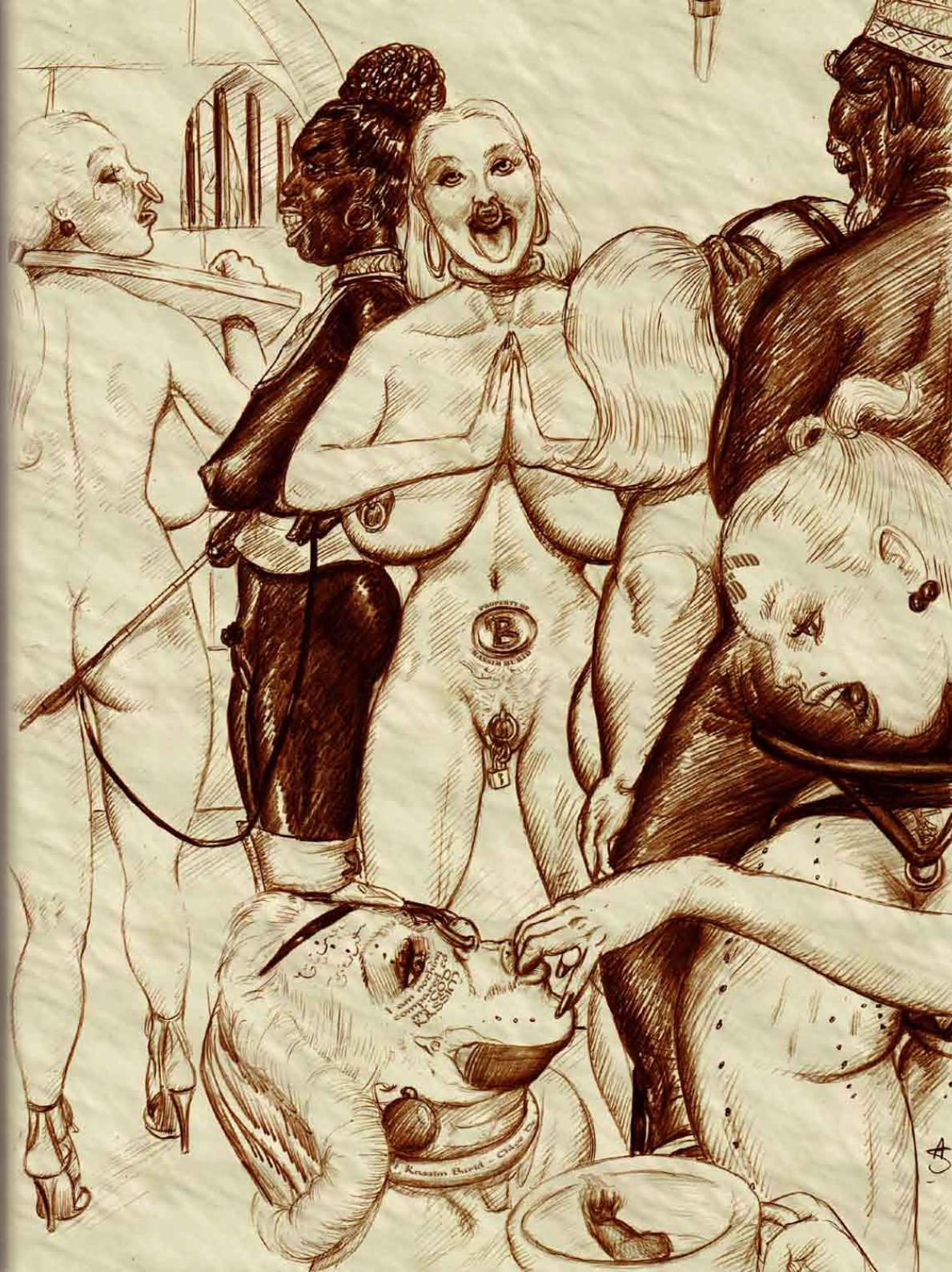
Gertrud had the great honor to be ordained a Phoenic great priestess; she could then walk freely around the three barns of vongohtta teenagers, as a religious figure who was comforting the glum youngsters by praising the beauty in the adoration of Kassim, their shared living God. She had become so devout she had come to really believe she would be sent to paradise after her death, at the foot of her beloved Master... though this belief was, of course, the minimal requirement for a Phoenic priestess!

As for poppy, Kassim took advantage of her teasing nature by giving her a position of she-devil whose cruelty was entirely turned toward the white females under her responsibility. He relished the idea to see the delonsacs all placed under her harsh rules.

The facetious poppy had found nothing better than tattooing the face of Chloé de Lonsac with obscenities she would have to bear all her life.

Kassim had greatly appreciated that initiative, as his hate for the stuck-up female who had fired her in the old days was inextinguishable. He had such a grudge against her that he didn’t even want to take care of it personally; poppy would know advantageously how to make her pay her past misconduct.

Yet, it didn’t stop Chloé de Lonsac to worship Kassim like all the others; she was happy, after all, to be granted from her Mistress poppy the lesser residue of someone she was seeing as her God.



Kassim Burid was feeling satisfied with the ongoing results of his battery-rearing of the vongohttas: even the four original sisters were totally involved with the creation of these three new breeds the future generations of Shazilarians would fancy a lot.

Of course, each of the four sisters thought she was the luckiest of them all:

Gertrud was ruling over the souls of the three breeds as a spiritual guide for young vongohttas, making them share her adoration for Kassim.

Heidrun thought it was so much better to be a mare, as once accustomed to the striking of the crop on the buttocks and the constant sporting performance, she was the only one who could be so frequently in physical contact with her God, and moreover could travel a lot.

For wolfhilde, the ultimate position was her own that consisted only in generously giving her milk to the living God and to laze around the rest of the time in her box.

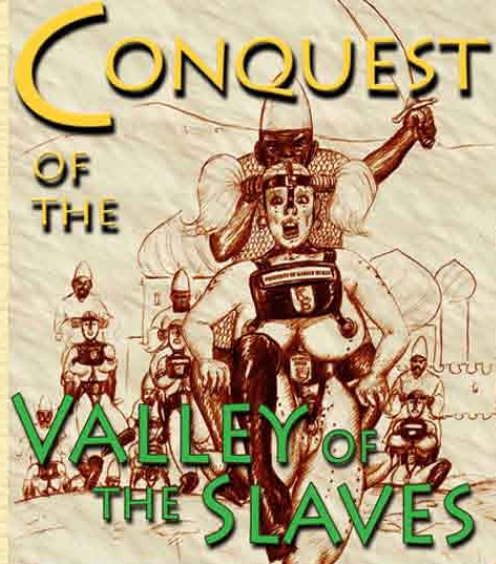
As for thusnelda, she would change her fate for none other in the world, as the body-pet was the supreme level of the white female; it could offer a wonderful life in a permanent state of arousal and the closeness to the God in his most pleasurable moments!

Kassim had managed to create a realm where he could savor his sweet revenge while surrounding himself with pleasure and happiness.

The small immigrant janitor had ultimately become the God of a world of perfection and harmony...



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 :

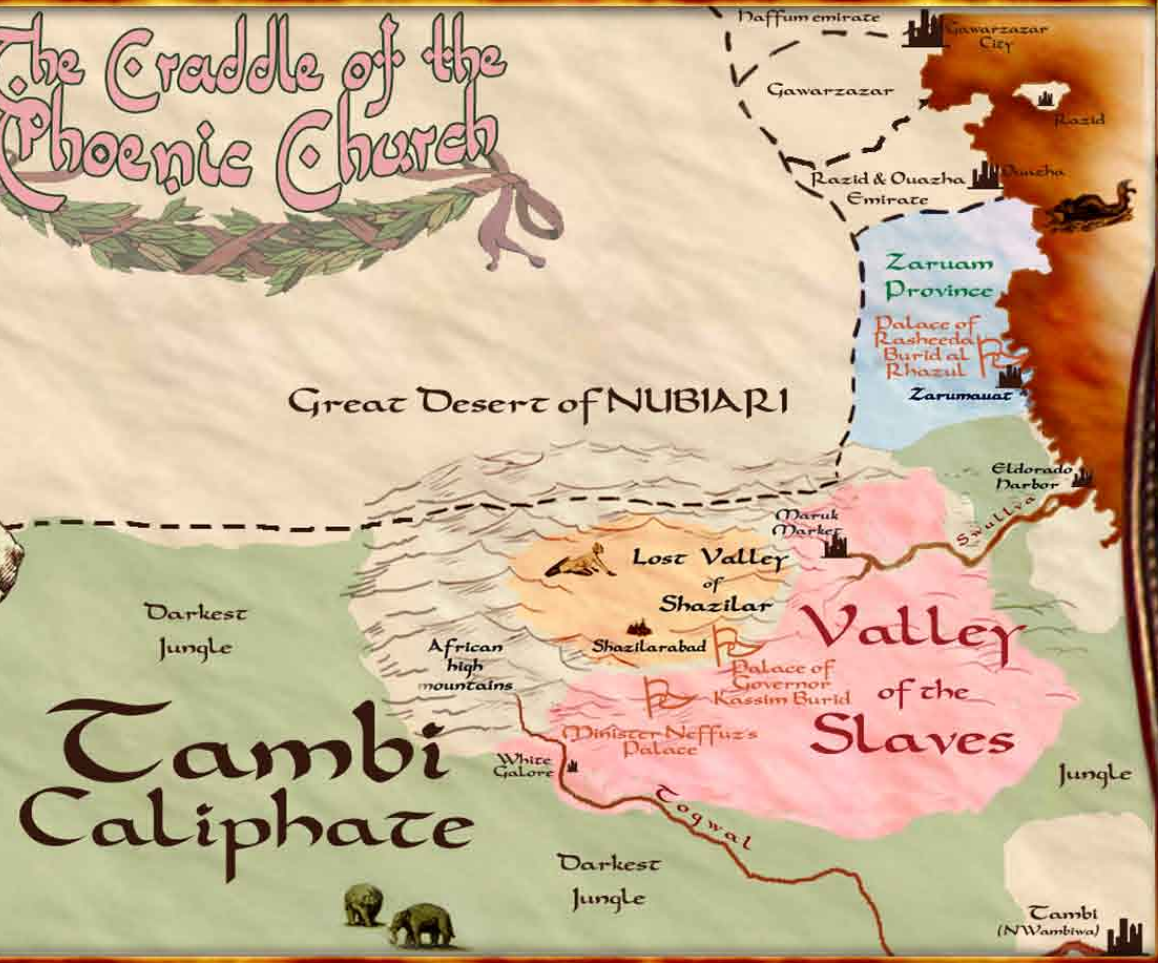
Gordon Kerr – Black Domination  
Allan Aldiss – Harem Breeding Slave (2 Volumes)

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

Free Bulletin : Subscribe to Alonzo's Chariot RSS Feed



The Cradle of the Phoenic Church



Back



Close Acrobat

Close the Book