

CONQUEST

of the Valley of the
SLAVES



Alonzo SERAI

Full
screen
mode
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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



CONQUEST OF THE VALLEY OF THE Slaves





Kassim Burid was the happiest man on earth.

Every single person who had ever dared offending him was now at his mercy; the White women who treated him with haughtiness, who rejected him with despise, who exerted on him any kind of power... they all belonged to him now! All these old acquaintances were worshipping him like a God, begging naked just to get a caress.

In seven years of battery-rearing, he had turned successfully the von Gohtta family into three distinctive animal breeds: the fillies or mares (*sus vongohtta vehiculum*), the dairy cows (*sus vongohtta lactationis*), and the pets (*sus vongohtta voluptas*). He intended to make large profits in a few years, when the first girls born in captivity would reach the age for defloration, and therefore could be sold.

The descent of Heidrun von Gohtta would certainly be legendary by then, because of the major role played by their matriarch in the recognition of Shazilarian culture by the United Nations and the international public opinion; and then Kassim's toil would rightfully bear fruit.

Little did he knew he would never see that blessed day... and that he was actually heading straight to disaster!



Kassim's main satisfaction in life was to make his young pets jump for the piece of candy soaked in saliva he was shaking above their heads, comfortably sat on the saddle of heidrun, his favorite mare.

His little bitches, all vongohttas or delonsacs of the second generation who experienced a free childhood in Europe, had to jump very high, their mouth wide opened and their tongue fully pulled out so that he may put the piece of candy on it; though it was nothing natural, only a ritual Kassim had developed that the young whites were performing wonderfully.

Their ordinary alimentary regime, based on an insipid mazook gruel, was making that reward even tastier, but mostly it was Kassim's saliva that was arousing their envy, as they were seeing everything coming from the body of their tutelar God as a delicious and holly product, a strongly aphrodisiac nectar carrying the "Magic of the Valley".

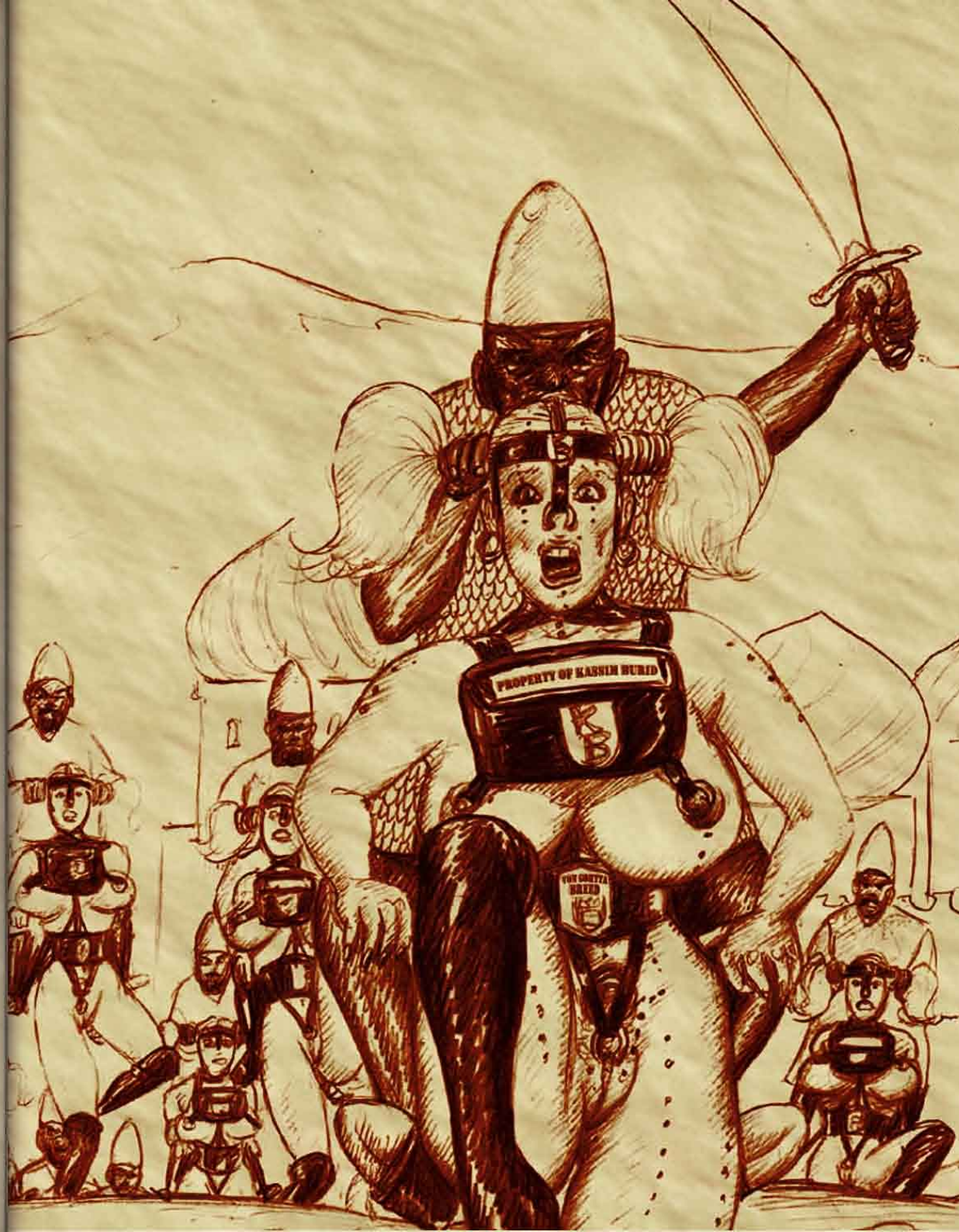
And yet, they were not jumping to actually catch the candy; they knew that Kassim would only put the sweet thing on their tongue to reward the grace they showed in begging; they had to display their greediness even more with their vulvas than with their mouths, though under a veneer of distinction, which was not easy at all.

It seemed that what Kassim wanted to bring back in them, especially in the ones from the group that had given him a hard time during the Christmas parties at the Ethnologic Institute, was that haughtiness and that sophisticated attitude that made their nasty jokes, and their total impunity, even more difficult to stand.

For the pets, making stupid jokes to Kassim now was out of the question, but they were allowed, and even encouraged, to play nasty tricks to one another, especially during these little candy distributions. It was not uncommon that a high heel should perfidiously stick itself into a face or some intimate part of a challenger!

Kassim pretended no to notice these childish pranks, but in reality he was finding this evolution of their facetious character quite pleasant, being no more the victim of it; he was even beginning to find a certain appeal in their humor...





Unfortunately, Kassim's good time was coming to an end.

In July 2004, an army crossed the frontier of the Tambi Caliphate; a coalition including the emirates of Ouazha, Razid and Haffum, with the secret support of the Democratic Republic of Zebya.

The official reasons were the liberation of Zaruam and the restoration of morality in Tambi, a country that was an offense to Allah, with White women walking in the streets naked; these emirates were seeing the Phoenic Church as an insult to the Islamic doctrine, and wanted to put an end to its expansion in one single coup. The invasion of the Zaruam Emirate had been a shock that united them despite their differences, and they decided to attack before being conquered themselves.

For the Tambi Army, the surprise was complete. The enemy troops took over the Province of Zaruam in less than six hours and entered the Valley of the Slaves in the morning.

There, a very strange army was waiting for them...



The Shazilarian Knights of the two Valleys, in full-dress uniforms, charged the Ouazhan troops ferociously, mounted on their white mares.

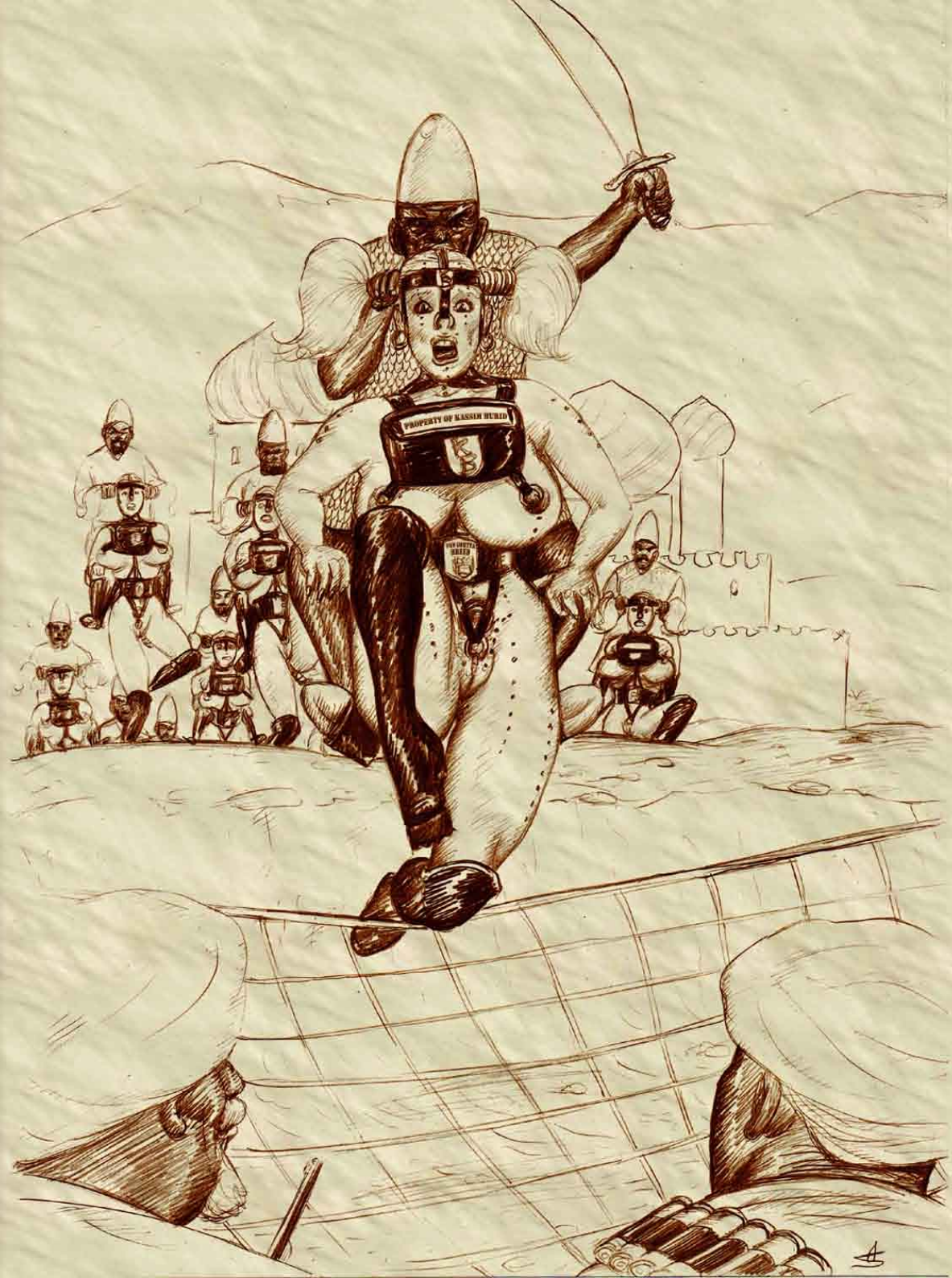
Unfortunately, this was not a real army equipped with modern weapons, like the one that had been crushed in Zaruam during the night, but a parade brigade used for traditional prestige display; the scimitars, as tapered as they could be, were hardly a challenge for the coalition squadrons.

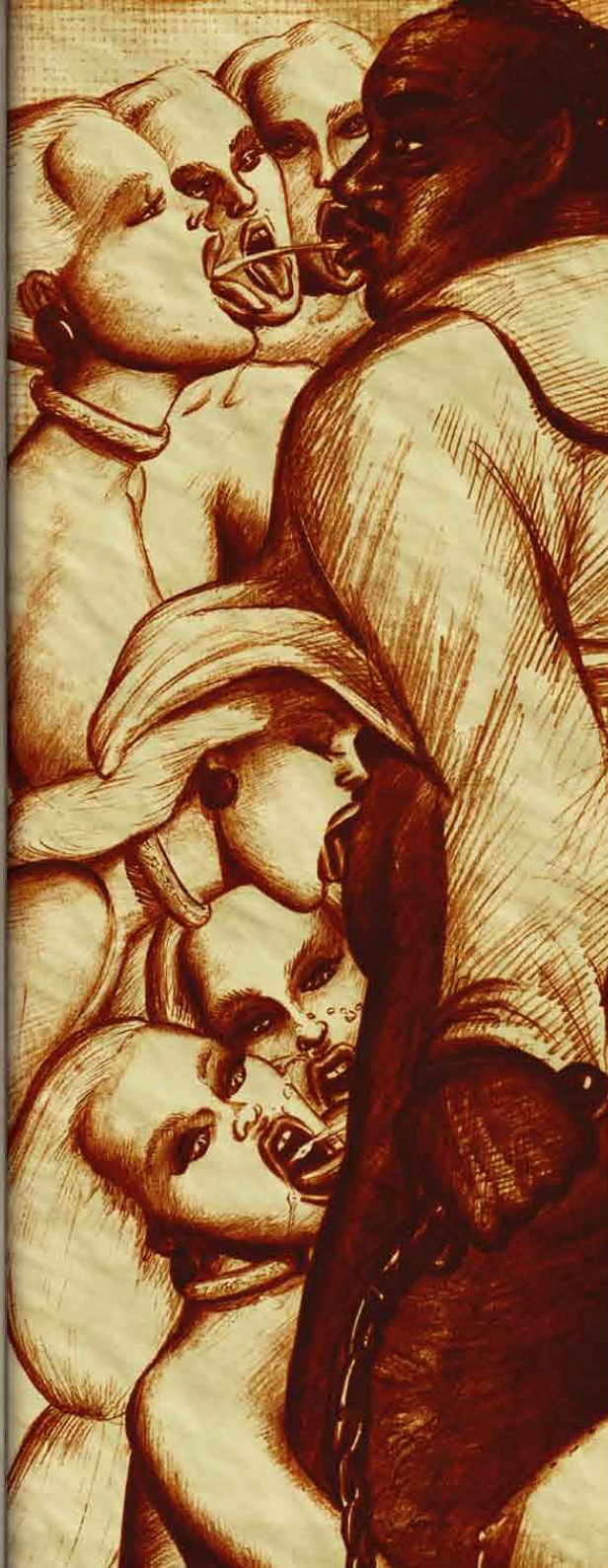
Kassim Burid, Governor of the Southern Valley of the Slaves, was riding at the head of his brigade, braving danger with boldness, ready for anything to salvage the Shazilarian way of life; he had the chance to be able to live that great adventure for seven fantastic years, and had no intention to be back to his previous life.

Alas! in his haste, he didn't see the nets the Ouazhans had placed on the rocky ground to break the charge of the white mares.

Heidrun tripped and fell down into the net; and for the few seconds of her fall, she thought only about one thing: she had failed her God Kassim!

After that epic— though brief— battle, all the Shazilarian knights were captured...





The Coalition Army took immediately the road to the Palace of the Governor. Then, the commander-in-chief, the Emir Gassul al Ouazha, continued his advance toward Shazilar, for what promised to be a real walkover— the battle had been already won during the night. He had just learnt that Tambi had fallen in the hands of his cousin al Razid, and that the troops of the Emir of Haffum were in complete control of Zaruam.

Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul, the Regent of Tambi Caliphate, had managed to escape; she was presently processing a demand for political asylum in France.

Victory was complete!

It had been decided that the Valley of the Slaves would be put under direct jurisdiction of Ouazha, and the Emir had left the details for the conquest of the palace to one of his devotees, an aging general named Mourad al Keebah; the orders were for him to take it over, and to establish there a provisory administration as new governor of the Valley of the Slaves. Mourad and a small squadron took the direction of the palace Kassim Burid had left in haste in the morning.

The thousands of White women who were working buttock-naked in the fields offered no resistance. Mourad al Keebah was really surprised to see these women exhausting themselves when they could have taken a rest, escaped, started a rebellion... but of course, very few things could still astonish him after an attack by knights from another time mounting White women!

He ordered his men to find cloth in great quantities to cover the nudity of these poor women that were offending his morality as a good Muslim. It was not an easy task: the Whites were jumping down constantly at the feet of the soldiers; it seemed to be vital for these degenerated creatures to offer the view of their orifices.

While his troops were struggling with this unsolvable problem, Mourad decided to take a tour of the gigantic palace by himself.

It was night when he considered he had seen every room in it; the place was completely deserted. Outside, his men had only managed to “dress” about a hundred women during the whole afternoon; at least, that was what Mourad believed at the time, before his unexpected approach ssc a White female who reacted immediately by exposing her naked intimacies, initiating a general panic; all the makeshift outfits flew away while the Whites were jumping on the ground again, swaying frantically their backside in front of the devastated soldiers.

The captain came to Mourad to complain about the impossibility of the task; clearly, these women didn’t want their freedom and the best thing to do was probably to let them do their work, or the men risked to be overwhelmed by thousands of furies in heat.

They had managed to find a few among them who obviously understood what they were saying in English, but none of them were replying; the mere idea of talking seemed to terrify them. Instead, they were licking their boots with enthusiasm, as if it were reassuring; and if they were ordering them to stop, the poor creatures were raising the head, waiting for more orders like dogs pointing, their face red with lust.

Not only would it soon become very difficult to organize the survival of these Whites, to feed them, to dress them, to get control of their pervert impulses, but Mourad was sensing the coming of new problems in the near future: his soldiers had left their wives for only a few days, but what would happen after whole weeks taking care of nude women? After months? His men were not saints and it was obvious they would never resist to such a pressure for long— and the last thing Mourad wanted was to leave that glorious conquest turn into a general orgy.



He got lucky, as one of his men soon brought him a Black captive, a Shaziri woman named N'Guba, who was trying to hide in a house of the neighborhood. She claimed that she was the trainer-in-chief of the rearing farm of the former governor of the Southern Valley of the Slaves, and that before that she had been in charge of all White females of the Palace for six years.

Dying of curiosity, Mourad bombarded her with questions: why could she talk and not the Whites? Why was she naked if she were so important for the former establishment? Did she have an active part in the decay of moral standards of this heretic nation the Coalition just outlawed?

She answered that she was a slave, so she had to go without clothes and to do whatever her Master was asking; she was allowed to talk because, unlike the whites, she was not an animal. After she saw the knights go to war, she went to earth in the farm where she had lived for seven years.

Mourad conversed with the Negress for many hours, discovering with amazement this Shazilarian culture he knew only through the distorting mirror of the TV news; the Emirates channels were criticizing the Phoenic heresy all the time; the European and United-States liberal channels were seeing in it a benign local particularism, and the conservative ones as the equivalent for degeneration of moral standards the West was experiencing for decades.

Mourad learnt, totally amazed, that Arab women of Tambi had no obligation at all to be nude, that this was only about Whites, who had to leave their genitals in sight, just like the animals they officially were; the women who were Arab, Black, or Shazilarian— a mix of these two ethnic groups— had to be naked only if they had willingly accepted the position of slave, to better their existence or to exert their revenge over the Whites, like N'Guba; it had never been the intention of the Phoenic Church to debase Arab woman, something he had heard a lot during the weeks before the invasion; on the contrary, the goal was to value her, to show her nobility compared to those degenerated White females who were behaving like animals!

How did the Tambis manage to hide such a thing to Westerners for decades? Since he had heard about the report from Heidrun von Gohtta and Rasheeda Burid at the U.N.O. mentioning nude White women living in villages from an ancient valley, Mourad had developed a total repulsion for this Phoenic Church that was running counter to his religious beliefs as a good Muslim; and there he was discovering something very different from what he had expected: the report from the German ethnologist was a total fake! If the Whites were seen as animals, it was changing everything: the commandments in the Koran were obviously not meant for them!

To prove her says, N'Guba asked Mourad to follow her to the strange stable where they were keeping the White mares who had been captured during the battle with the old knights. Once inside, she indicated the tall blonde who had been used as a mount to Kassim Burid.

And Mourad mostly fell over backwards. He recognized that woman without her leather and metal outfit: she was Heidrun von Gohtta!

All that story about free White goddesses that the German ethnologist had reported was pure fiction! This woman had actually come back willingly to a country she had described as heaven on earth, knowing that in reality she would not be respected there more than an animal!... An educated woman!... a famous scientist!

He put his hand in her hair, and she began to pant and groan with pleasure, a huge gratitude in the eyes. He told her that she didn't have to be a slave anymore, that she could be a woman again, wear clothes, talk, and go back freely to Europe; he tried to cover her intimate parts with a piece of cloth, but she immediately began to shake pelvic movements to make the makeshift garment slide down.

Mourad couldn't see the gestures N'Guba was doing in his back, compelling the terrified White to shut up. The Negress had placed her tongue between two fingers she was moving like a pair of scissors; with the other hand, she was doing the same over her clitoris. This vision produced an incredible hip frenzy for Heidrun that stopped only when the piece of cloth fell down, displaying her vulva again.

N'Guba made a circle in front of her mouth with her thumb and index, and waved her tongue inside it like a snake. Immediately, Heidrun jumped down on the floor and crawled under Mourad's robe.

The new governor of the Valley of the Slaves suddenly felt the face of the blond ethnologist stick between his buttocks like a suction cup, and a lively tongue weave delicately its way into his anus.

No woman had ever done this to Mourad, and it was a magnificent White, an internationally renowned scientist, who would initiate him to that practice! He panted for a whole minute while, behind him, N'Guba was exulting in silence.

When he had gathered his senses a bit, the perfidious Negress put a crop in his hands. Before slipping away, she let Mourad know that if he should want something from the White, he just had to hit her with it.



And then, she shut down the door of the box, trying not to let out her chuckles; the blond mare suspected nothing! heidrun knew only that Kassim was not coming anymore, that he was captured, or even dead, that the Arab sitting on her face was probably her new Master, that he had an anus and a crop, and that it meant she had to entertain the first perfectly to avoid getting the second on the buttocks. How could she have suspected she was used to convince one of the new rulers of the country that the white females of the Valley were domesticated animals?

Mourad al Keebah had already treated himself to some deluxe prostitutes of European origin, but none of them in the same league as this Heidrun von Gohtta, who was sliding her tongue in his most intimate place with frantic enthusiasm.

Remembering N'Guba's advice, he raised his robe and lashed the butt cheeks of the ethnologist with his crop. Instantly, she twisted herself with expertise to turn completely around without having to jostle Mourad's thighs and put his balance at risk.

One second later, the lips of the superb blonde was going back and forth along his male organ with an astounding virtuosity, bringing him very fast to the conclusion. When he got out of the box, he was convinced that N'Guba had told the truth. It was sound and fair to use these creatures; if they should love so much to be animals, it had to be because Allah had made them that way!

The snag was that Mourad was one of the generals in an invasion with the official purpose to put an end to the degradation of woman in the Tambi Caliphate; and now it appeared that only consenting White Christians were concerned... all the crusade of the Coalition had suddenly become absurd!

Hit by a last doubt, Mourad turned round and went back to heidrun's box.

N'Guba was stricken with panic; too deep an interrogation could compromise the whole thing! But, nothing was lost yet. Pretending she was processing another White female in an adjoining box, the Negress clapped her hands twice, a general signal that the moment had come for all the mares to relieve themselves.

So when Mourad opened the door again, heidrun was busy doing her needs. It wasn't a problem in itself, but the white mare rushed forward in front of him, flat on the straw of the box to pay him a homage, yet without ending the performing of her natural needs!

Mourad had no more doubt about the animal nature of the White females from Tambi; wasn't it the Law of Allah if it were to the Arab man to take these creatures under his kind protection? To offer them his enlightened guidance and to maintain them within the necessary discipline? And in that case, wasn't it just fair if they should repay their savior by adoring him like a God? By dedicating their lives to his pleasure? By working hard for him?

He was beginning to find that idea extremely attractive— and just realized he was becoming an adept of the Phoen!

He talked about his fantastic discovery during his daily report to headquarters, and was greatly surprised to hear his commander-in-chief, Gassul al Ouazha, reply that the three emirs leading the Coalition had come to share this view about the animal nature of the White female; they have all got similar experiences during that day of conquest, and had reached the same conclusion!

Therefore, the new orders were to treat these females just as they wanted so much to be, and to encourage the Shaziri overseers in keeping them working in the fields. The soldiers could use the Whites to satisfy their sexual appetites, on the condition they should do it with dignity, and in orifices other than the vagina. Each one of them could pick up ten as a war tribute. The three emirs, the generals and the new governors had the preeminence in this allocation, without any limit in quantity.

Mourad passed on the new orders to his men, who were very excited by the way the situation was developing. The savages they had tried to manage all day had suddenly turned into precious goods, likely to improve their lives beyond expectation.

They stood amazed when N'Guba and three other Shaziri overseers brought, in less than ten minutes, more than a thousand White females in their proper boxes and hutches.

Twenty-four hours after the beginning of the invasion, nothing had changed for the white cattle of the Valley of the Slaves, except it was now a new God who was ruling their lives.

Mourad al Keebah appropriated N'Guba, who was overcome with happiness; to reward him for his gentleness, she brought him to the secret door leading to the hidden part of the Palace where the Harem of Kassim Burid was located.

Hundreds of naked White females, all breathtakingly beautiful, jumped down flat on the floor when Mourad entered.



N'Guba, the Trainer-in-chief, announced to these Whites they had to worship this living God just as they did with the former one. Though anyway, most of these creatures had been abducted in Europe at very young age and had never known any other man than Kassim, so they couldn't make the difference, ready to adore any male being with brown skin, as if he were Allah himself.

N'Guba snapped her fingers, and more than five hundred backsides rose together; for the Phoenic Faithfuls, it was not toward Mecca that their prayers should aim, but toward their direct representative for Allah: their tutelar God.

At N'Guba's second signal, the Whites pirouetted with an extraordinary swiftness, now aiming their anus in the direction of their deity.

Amazed, Mourad began to walk across the rows of his worshippers; they had the right to shiver with their whole body, to move their buttock muscles, or to express themselves by tautening and relaxing their orifices to try to attract his attention, but only when he was close enough; and this was a very difficult discipline to keep during such an exceptional celebration as the coming of a new God; there was for tonight only one place in the sun for hundreds of animals, and the competition promised to be ruthless.

Mourad was flabbergasted to see these Christian females shaking with frenzy when he approached; if he should stop behind one of them, she was suddenly stricken with convulsions that were soon propagating on her neighbors, and then to all the surrounding females like a seism, the epicenter being the anus of the one who was believed to have caught his attention.

This sea of famished white buttocks was scaring Mourad a bit, and he was beginning to consider the whip, he had found gratuitously cruel at first, to be an essential tool!





It didn't take much time to Mourad al Keebah to get used to that lifestyle as if he had been in it for ages.

The Emir Gassul al Ouazha had made an official statement in the name of the "Coalition of the Eastern Alliance", where he was minimizing his previous talks about the Phoenic Church, and was asserting he had no intention to convert anyone to anything in the former Tambi Caliphate; the orthodox Muslims would be given back their rights to practice, but the Phoenic Muslims would be allowed to keep their faith.

The U.N.O. voted a resolution ordering the immediate withdrawal of the troops of the Eastern Alliance, but no nation offered to enforce it militarily. Of course, everyone knew that the Republic of Zebya, a former member of the Eastern block during the Cold War now retrained as a harbor for terrorism, had armed and supported the emirates in their action, but as it was the Tambi Caliphate who had initiated the conflict with the invasion of the Emirate of Zaruam a few years ago, it was difficult to find an ethical angle. Moreover, Tambi, the former Tambinambiwa, had always been a nonaligned nation and nobody had anything to gain in coming to the rescue of a country that was totally forbidden to foreigners. A blockade was proclaimed for the sake of form, though it was already showing inefficiency in its enforcement.

Meanwhile, a real revolution was happening within the Coalition. Even the emirs were beginning to consider their own conversion to the Phoenic faith. The proximity of these White women who wanted so much to be animals at their service had deeply transformed them; they were convinced now that if it were what these creatures craved for, it was the duty of the Coalition to show generosity in providing it to them!

Though, sharing this with the Western nations was out of the question: their reaction was very easy to predict! They would refuse to admit the consenting nature of the thralldom offered by these females from their race, and would deny them the enjoyment they sought; they would see only an intolerable degradation of that Western woman they were putting on a pedestal. By dint of searching, they would find a grouchy one, among thousands of blissful others, to pretend that she was living an unpleasant life, and she would suddenly be invited in TV shows, saying the most dreadful things about the Coalition to a large audience!

Because of this, the three emirs had decided to resume the Phoenic mystification of the Tambis. They initiated a media blackout and the forbidding of most of the territory to foreigners. It made them very unpopular in the media, but not enough to trigger a generalized conflict.

The new master of the Valley of the Slaves, Mourad al Keebah, couldn't have dreamt about a better outcome for this adventure; he was living heaven on earth!

Later of course, he realized that the White women of the two Valleys were not so enthusiastic about being used as animals, but by then, the idea of having to part with his collection of blond pets became unbearable; he even came to wonder how he could have lived so long without these greedy mouths.



Like the emirs, Mourad was converted to the Phoenic religion during a ceremony that happened to be particularly memorable, even for someone used to daily orgies in the harem filled with the magnificent women his predecessor had collected.

During that initiation, he had to spend forty-eight hours with twenty white females, so that his body and his soul could get used to a maximum sharing of privacy with these delightful animals.

At first, it felt like a party, but after a few hours in constant contact with velvet skin and wet tongues, he felt quite weary.

And all the sudden, the revelation described in the Sacred book of Muhaid came to him, and he experienced this spiritual ascent the Islaphoens see as the realization of their divine essence. After that extended sharing of privacy with these white females so directly dependent on his slightest movements, he was feeling really like a God. He was suddenly overcome with love for these docile animals he had chosen for the ceremony.

He had taken the hated Heidrun von Gohtta to take care of his anus during the two days of the initiation, as Prophet Muhaid was recommending for that task a White with a prominent status among his own people, and for whom the novice had no liking.

Mourad had accepted to play the game for the sake of form, but now he was realizing the importance of the exercise for his own personal evolution. The extended contact with these lips sticking to his anus for so long, up to the point they seemed to have become a part of it, had made him understand that if he loathed certain Whites, it was actually because they were special beings whose mouth had been made to address that part of an Arab's anatomy, and that it was something he had unconsciously rejected at first.

The Phoenic precepts were equally recommending the choice of highly educated or very intelligent Whites to catch his saliva; the greed these women of the elite were showing for his secretions, as if he were a constant source of life, made him take conscience of his own importance at a very deep level.

To collect his other bodily fluids and take care of his front area of worship, the Phoenic Church was advising the use of Whites who had been admired in their natural milieu for their beauty, their seduction, their human qualities. Happily, the harem Mourad had inherited was overflowing with those. So, he had picked up the famous model Natasha Volkova and the popular twins from Kassim Burid's favorite sitcom, "Daddy's Girls".

Two days after this unique experience that was consecrating the coming of a new Faithful within the Phoenic Church, Mourad al Keebah had become a living God for good!





A few weeks after that event, Mourad got a phone call from someone called Abdel bin Aziz, who claimed to have in his possession two young women from the von Gohтта family supposed to be delivered to Kassim Burid; Ute and Astrid, daughters of thusnelda and wolfhilde. As they were already on board the ship when the invasion began, it was too late to bring them back home, and this bin Aziz wanted to know if Mourad intended to resume the battery-rearing of the vongohtta race, and if he was interested in purchasing these two slaves, essential to complete the collection.

They were not cheap, as Abdel bin Aziz had them educated in his special boarding-school in Switzerland, after the capture of the mothers; there, the two young women had learnt everything about the best ways to bring pleasure to men and still stay a virgin.

As soon as they had entered the school, they were put a little chastity padlock over the edge of the vagina, a metal flat triangle with two crossed rings closed like those of a binder— though diagonally— through the four holes pierced in the labia; once locked, it looked like an aesthetically pleasing golden cross over the vulva, and was extremely hard to violate, even with powerful wire cutters.

They have been given physical education to allow the development and the maintenance of the inner muscles of their orifices; they had been trained to kneel quickly without getting hurt, to crawl in front a man in a natural way, and other basic knowledge to live a normal life as a white female in the Valley. They were also given lessons in deportment, dance, gait on high heels, makeup and body care, manicure, pedicure, massage...

They didn't have Science classes, but mysterious subjects like Equine Education, Canine Education... that were more about teaching them animal behavior from the inside than its scientific observation!

Of course, they didn't have any mathematics or anything like that, and the language classes were dedicated to the learning of the forty words the Valley swillraoussas were occasionally allowed to use, with the addition of pleasure groans and moans, depending of the current criteria in the highest circles of female slaves.

They had also been accustomed to the male body fluids, at the canteen, and had been addicted progressively to the smell of Arab men, exposing them to it each time they got a happy time.

And yet, they had also learnt to be proud of their race, and even be racist with other schoolmates, as they had been inculcated with a peculiar meaning for the word "race", each type of White representing a distinct race, as a dog breed— though the word "breed" was replacing "family" for them; the Arabs were not part of this system, but the pupils had been warned they were repulsive and dangerous, gifted with powerful manliness that could blow a White female away from the right track like a feather.



They had been raised in the principle that the White woman was a superior being, who was responsible for her children and her male; a male who had been presented to them as sub-human, weak, and effeminate to whom they had to pretend obeying, so they could preserve his self-esteem. Obviously, these young White girls would discover later that there was another way for them, and it would be with a huge relief they would accept to belong to an Arab.

They were also taught to keep a haughty attitude with everyone, in every circumstance, and especially with Arabs, to spice up things a bit for their future Master.

The school principal was famous for having ruled for years the most renowned schools for VIP children, and then she had become a devout slave of Abdel bin Aziz, the white female hunter and trainer. The program was controlled by the Swiss authorities, but only two people were in charge. The first one was a man representing the canton for private education who was always making reports in praise for this institution; he was simply happy to meet his own daughters safe and sound during his inspections. The second one was a lady in charge of the scholarship supervision of well-bred orphan girls, and to whom the boarding school of Abdel bin Aziz was charitably offering an education; she was only making good reports, but nobody there would have been surprised to see her begin her inspection with the tongue on the shoes of the cleaning men.

The official teachers of that institution for rich young ladies were, of course, all White women, although they were often calling the Arabs allegedly in charge of cleaning the place, to teach them some subjects that needed a practical demonstration.

From time to time, one of these employees, after an unpleasant remark sent by one of the boarders in his face, was jumping on the back of the pitiful little goose and was tearing off her uniform; he would then grab her by the scruff of the neck and hold her in a humiliating posture until she would ask for forgiveness and call him Master. The unpleasantness was not lasting too long for the girl, as the rest of the day, she was secretly given an euphoriant in her favorite drink and treated like if she were the center of the world. It was, of course, out of the question for her to tell on one of these rebel and fascinating beings to the stiff and despotic school administration! To be at the mercy of an Arab was then becoming for these girls, despite the little humiliation it meant and the fear that had been instilled about their dangerous manliness, the preliminary to an almost supernatural bliss; they would all do whatever it would take to be able to explore that later, during the protesting adolescence period that had been scheduled for their last year at school.

It was, by all means, an impeccable planning that was justifying fully the expensive price of the products, and Mourad, who relished the good taste of his predecessor in the matter of white females, accepted to pursue the order.

The day that followed, young Ute von Gohtta was delivered to Mourad's rearing farm, and presented to him by her mother thus-nelda a few days later, to process her with her solemn defloration.



Thusnelda, the half-mythic female-genitor of the pet-dog vongohttas, had been the victim of a sudden fetishist craving from Mourad for tattoos and body jewels. At first, he had no other goal than to hide the marks of Rasheeda and Kassim on the skin of his favorites, but he got finally caught up with that art. Unfortunately, he got tired of it after only a few weeks, leaving poor thusnelda out of fashion forever.

And there she was, miraculously back into favor, and had her daughter to thank for it; thusnelda never had an exceptional maternal instinct, but the interest showed by her living God for her progeny, and the exemplary education she had received, revived her pride as a mother.

Ute von Gohtta had been branded with the crest of Mourad al Keebah on the belly, of course, but also on the forehead, as she would never have to appear again in front of other men than those chosen by her Master.

Her mother had unlaced her vulva while she had kept eulogizing the man who would soon become her tutelary God.

Once presented to Mourad, the young woman had begun to process a lascivious dance intended to convince him she deserved the great honor to be deflowered. This ceremony, for which she had to be both haughty and tremendously arousing, she had been trained for it during her last year at school; for her, like for the other pupils, this year had been a complete reversal: her racist fascination for Arabs had been transformed into an exclusive devotion. Her adolescence rebellion and her years of education had been both used to offer her a new reality in which the Arabs were living Gods.

After the giving of her diploma, she had to suffer the inconvenience of a long trip locked in a cage, the pain of being tattooed and branded with a red-hot iron; though it had been worth the trouble: she had become the favorite of an Arab God!

And yet, she was still not sure such a wonder was meant to happen for real, so unthinkable it was for her that a God like Mourad should deign thrust his divine organ, supplier of the light of Allah, in her unworthy vagina; but she was keeping hope that this fabulous dream could become real, and she was doing everything that needed to be done to make it happen.



It was for ute an exceptional moment that was soon followed by another one of paramount importance: the coming of her anal defloration! All her life, she would remember that sacred ceremony during which her tutelar God, a being she had for now imagined only through the vague description her school mistresses had done, had spread inside her the warm liquid that carried the light of Allah.

Yet, she didn't lose her head, remembering what was the fate in store for the bird-brained whom, like in the tales she had read when she was a kid, were feeling so good during their defloration that they neglected to satisfy the needs of their God. She massaged energetically Mourad's organ, with all the expertise of twelve years of physical education in boarding school... she had always been the best at the "anal staff"!

She was understanding now that these exercises were not only meant to preserve health, as her teacher of P.E. had kept repeating to her; they had also a very important religious purpose.

For Mourad too, it was a revelation.

He would never have imagined a virgin could be so expert in the art of satisfying a man. To offer a proper education to the young whites was definitely an absolute priority! How many damsels were wasting their chances because of a European education that would be worth nothing in the emerging new world? Put under the enlightened guidance of an Arab God during childhood, they would be at the peak of their powers during the best years of their lives!

Even her mother was proud of her and Mourad could feel her purr with pride while she was licking his back. By spreading his semen in ute's little pink anus, the new governor of the Valley of the Slaves had offered to these two female animals a magnificent moment that would change their lives forever!



Thusnelda von Gohтта didn't have the chance to get the attention of a man since Kassim had lost all interest in her, two years before.

Indeed, she had been covered about a dozen times by white stallions, but it was nothing like the real thing; she was not seeing anymore her male congeners really as men, but as conveniences nature had created to reproduce their species. Like the other vongohtta females, she would never have got the idea by herself to get near one of these runts. Without her Arab God to organize these covering sessions, her breed would have been inexorably condemned to extinction! Mourad, worthy successor of Kassim, amply deserved to be considered by the vongohttas as the Creator: that was exactly what he was!

And thusnelda was very proud that her daughter should be able to arouse such interest in this supreme being, even if she could not stop feeling also a bit of jealousy, thinking of the glorious years the young woman would live, when she had herself waisted her youth playing stupidly with insipid boys.

Ute was very much aroused by the special smell of the Arab males she had been conditioned to relish when she was a kid, being concealed the fact that it was the repulsive cleaning men of the school who could naturally produce that exhilarating perfume. She was not surprised anymore by the advice that had constantly been given to them to be wary of Arabs, as the power of these supernatural beings was huge; she was feeling deeply that what was important for her now was to be frequently, and for the longest time possible, inside the wonderful proximity circle of these gods.

She had been happy to meet her mother again after all these years, but she realized that she could very well become a major rival.

Mourad appreciated a lot thusnelda's intention to show him what a white pet at the peak of her abilities could offer; her experience, the power and efficiency of her inner muscles, her intimate knowledge of the psychology of Arab gods... all this was indeed invaluable. The anus of the blonde slave was acting like a suction cup around his organ, swallowing it and then spitting it out with the precision of a pump, following his heartbeats; and in addition, she was hooting like an Arab woman, exhilarating his cultural pride.



Mourad was delivered with his second item at the end of the week: Astrid von Gohтта, the daughter of wolfhilde. Like her cousin, the young woman had been given a diploma, before she was locked into a cage by the Arab cleaning men of the boarding-school and put inside a sordid cargo hold. She had spent many days in there without seeing anyone, before being retrieved in a mysterious place by her mother Wolfhilde, who had abandoned her years before to go live with Aunt Heidrun! Astrid had resented that a lot, but after these days of terror in the filthy hold, she was happy to meet someone familiar.

She was branded with a red-hot iron, tattooed, and her labia were locked up with a padlock.

A few days later, she was told she would be granted solemn defloration. N'Guba fastened a leash to her hymen-protection padlock, and tied the other end to the big navel ring of wolfhilde. The two slaves were ordered to walk together to the garden where Mourad was waiting for them.

Unfortunately, it didn't go so well, as Mourad had no experience in the matter; he took badly the despiteful look of the young woman. For astrid, it was only an affected attitude learned at school— it was actually showing she was a better pupil than ute! But, Mourad was seized by the sudden desire to see this little goose crawl in front of him to beg for her defloration. He left her an hour to improve her behavior.

When he was gone, wolfhilde tried to convince her daughter to put her pride aside, but the poor girl had no way to understand what her mother meant; these haughty airs had been inculcated in her so deeply that it had become like a second nature.

For wolfhilde, it was a disaster; all she could see was that astrid was not of Mourad's taste, and that it would tarnish forever the prestige of the dairv vongohttas!

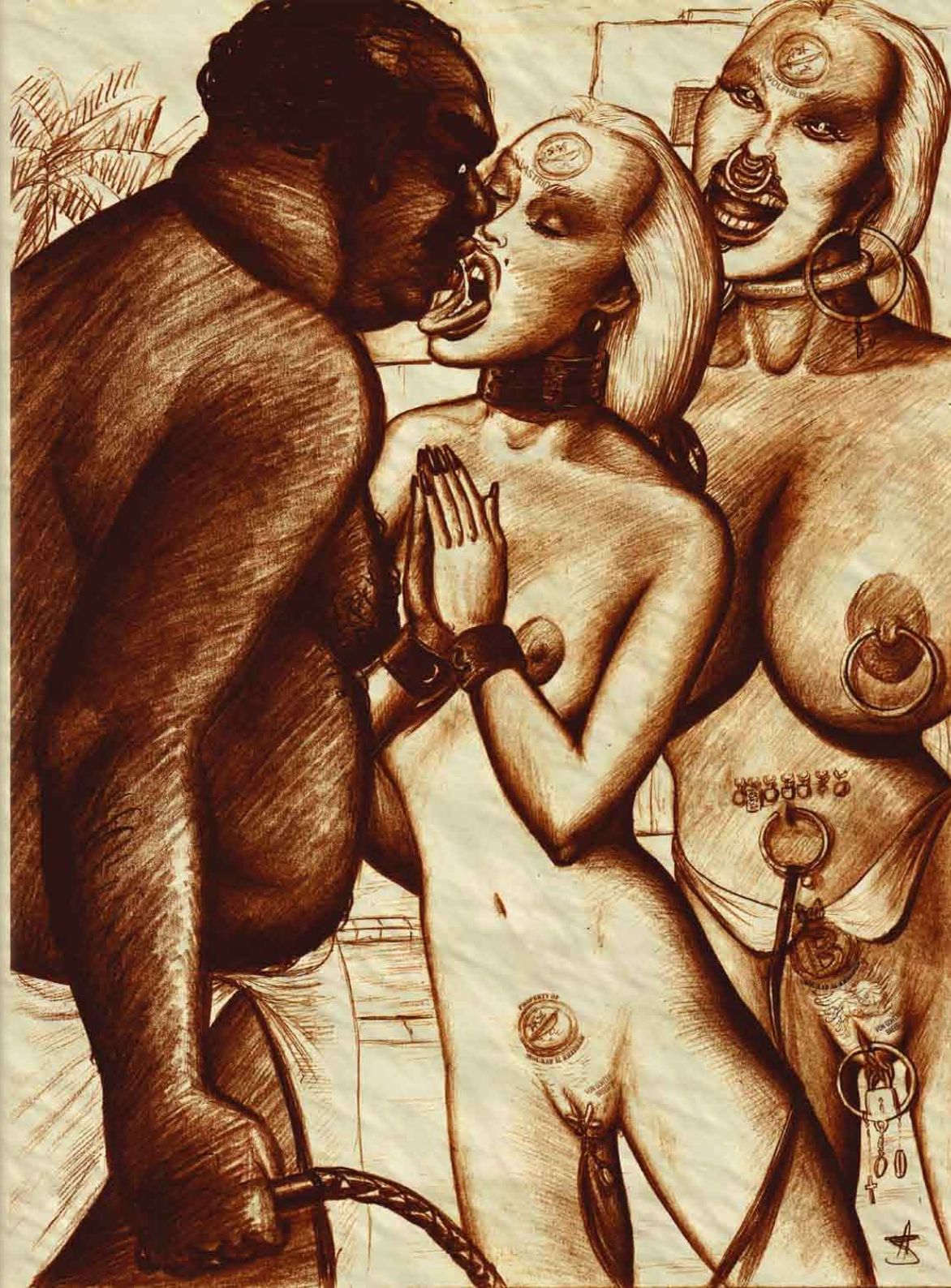
Because of that, when Mourad came back, an hour later, he was welcomed with a chiming sound; the tall vongohtta cow, prime genitor of her breed, was shaking like a leaf facing the trial that was looming, making the ornaments and protection of her vulva tintinnabulate uncontrollably.

Astrid didn't seem to have changed her behavior at all and Mourad was ready to walk away and postpone her solemn defloration indefinitely.

Fortunately, he had a sudden hunch and acted as if he were going to spit on her face.

Instantaneously, astrid joined hands with respect and got into position to gather his saliva with the tongue, wearing religious supplication on her face. Amazed, Mourad let flow into her mouth what she desired so much it was making her self-importance fade away completely.

And behind her, wolfhilde, deeply relieved, began to wave her tongue, suggesting to her God he had between his buttocks something even better to cure astrid of her arrogance...



Soon, Mourad couldn't live without astrid and her haughty attitude. He appreciated now this delightful spice to the highest level; a tongue that was waving religiously in his anus, it was good, but if it belonged to a white female who thought she was the queen bee, it was so much better!

Unfortunately, it wasn't meant to last forever; after a few weeks, he got used to that thing and couldn't possibly believe in astrid's affected despise anymore. So, he asked N'Guba to follow the young woman everywhere, to serve her and to whisper continuously to her: "You are a Goddess, you despise Arabs", so that Mourad could relish the high value it was giving to this tongue that was becoming very lively once placed between his buttocks.

Needless to say that this method was not pleasing at all to N'Guba, as for her it was an abomination to have to pretend she could be the servant of a white female; she would obey to her Master's commands, of course, but swore to herself she would take her revenge over the little goose when Mourad would be tired of her.

Astrid wasn't aware of the threat N'Guba's ruffled pride represented, but she did realize the precariousness of her position in the Harem; she had to be on the knife-edge all the time. Yet, she ultimately found the most effective way to succeed: she just has to fully accept the idea Mourad could be a deity. That way, she could keep behaving like a dominant female most of the time, and when it was Mourad's desire, just pretend to discover he was her God!

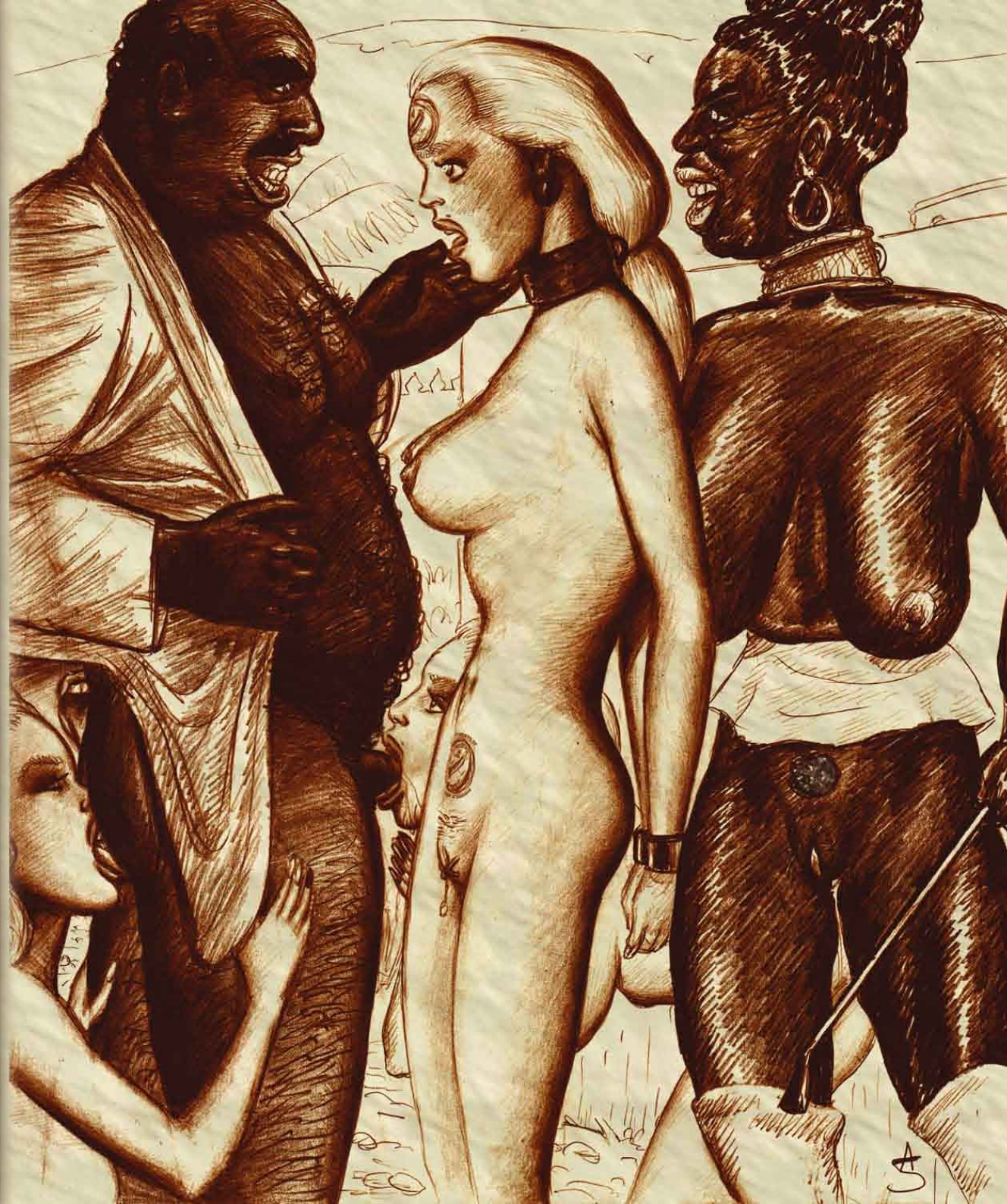
She had the shock of her life when she noticed that the favorite in charge of Mourad's anal entertainment, whose tongue was extremely vivacious, was Erika Kornstrom, one of the two characters of the sitcom "Daddy's Girls". How could she ever be able to compete with such a beautiful, skilled, and famous woman?

She had to become even better... and in a very short time!

Her major asset was their little game Mourad was relishing above everything else, and he would not be disappointed! She would scorn everyone with the most spiteful look, and once she would have gained the Master's attention, she would submit to him like no woman had ever done. He would then see in her eyes the glimmer of her adoration. There was no way he couldn't notice her sincerity, her total surrender!

Of course, this was a feeling shared by hundreds of other white females in the Harem.

She wasn't aware of it yet, but her best chance in this new world was to be born a vongohtta!





The former von Gohtta family was now entirely living in captivity in the rearing farm of Mourad al Keebah.

Heidrun was no more a white mare, but a reproducer who would be used to deliver more and more litters of vongohttas until the complete exhaustion of her body.

She remembered with nostalgia the glorious time when she used to be a jumping gazelle for Rasheeda Burid; and then an object to humiliate for Kassim; she had been lucky enough to be at the top of the White Cattle hierarchy when it was still easy to get frequent sexual exchanges with Arab men.

Nowadays, she was completely forgotten, except from N'Guba who was milking her every day, was helping her deliver her litter every nine months and was bringing her to the blond stallion after that.

Heidrun was proud of that too: it was a good thing that a valuable breed like hers should go forth and multiply, and it was a great honor for her to be its matriarch. She had the luck to bear the progeny of her son albrecht, and then of her grandson "jolly"; and the love she felt for them had nothing to do with maternal instinct anymore; her tutelary God Mourad al Keebah was seeing their semen as fit for her, and this was enough to give them an irresistible charm.

Nevertheless, the quick impregnation sessions she was getting out of these two were far from being glamorous. Nothing to compare to the thrill of being next to an Arab living God. She would have, without the slightest bit of hesitation, given away one hour of being covered by albrecht or jolly for a few seconds of licking the Master's toes!

Her greatest fantasy was about the return of Kassim Burid, the one she had carried on her back during seven wonderful years and that she was imploring in silence at all times, with the hope that, wherever he was, he would remember her and would listen to her prayers.

Little did she know that, in that wing of the Palace where she was confined, she would never see an Arab living God ever again and would have to content herself with the knowledge she had offered them a breed that would perfectly serve and satisfy them for a very long time... and even beyond death itself, if the Phoenic beliefs she had embraced were correct.

The families of her cousins would join the main line along the years to come, bringing new blood to the three vongohtta breeds, improving their sexual skills, the quality of their milk, or their mare sturdiness. Even the unlucky ones would have a chance to be sold to Arab Masters outside the country.

With Mourad's merciless selection, the vongohtta breeds would reach excellence in better conditions than being subjected to the chaos of modern life in Europe; and she would be happy thinking that the cycle of life was continuing for her breed outside; that the cream of her grand-daughters, their daughters, their grand-daughters, and the daughters of her grand-daughters would live short, but wonderful years of joy in physical contact with her tutelary God Mourad, keeping the honor and the pride of her breed alive.



Twenty years from now, Mourad al Keebah will go away from Tambi and will spend his old days in Zebya, where he will shelter from the political return of Rasheeda Burid al Rhazul.

Mourad will then bring with him all his vongohtta cattle and will be allowed to rebuild his rearing farm on the other side of the border. There, he will continue the perfecting of that noble breed, living from the sale of these top-quality white females to wealthy Zebians, and from blonde milk production.

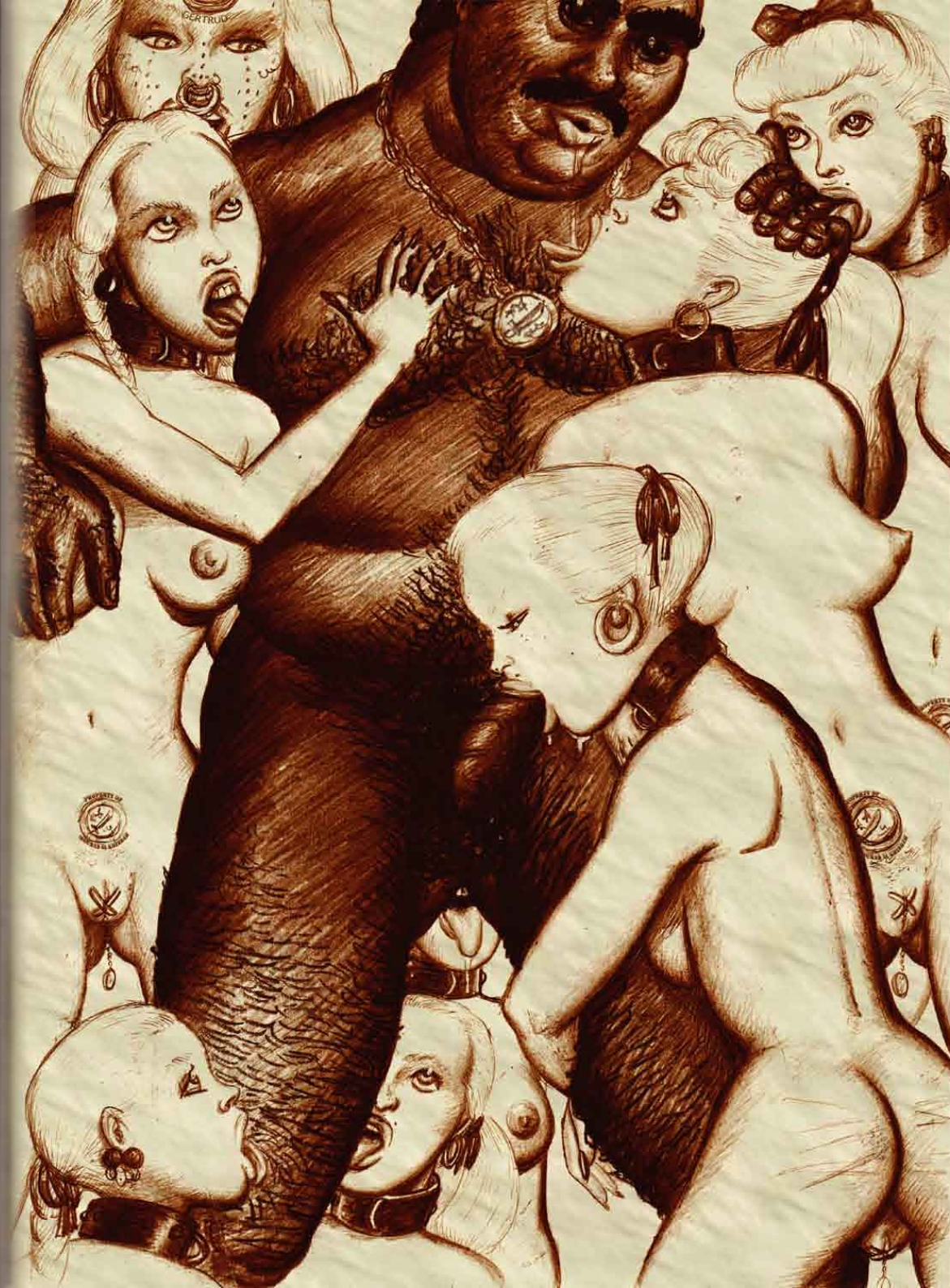
His favorites will still be the vongohtta pet-dogs, the only animals he would allow contact with his skin by then. He will keep these little blond bitches well-protected from an outside world they will not even imagine it could exist, so they won't miss it. They will have no other purpose than to climb the social ladder by bringing to their God the highest pleasure, and by excelling themselves into trying to reach that goal.

Of course, their glorious destiny will not exceed ten years, before they will become themselves breeders for the vongohttas of tomorrow; they will retire with the satisfaction to have lived the best years of their lives at the summit of the world, in the company of the living God.

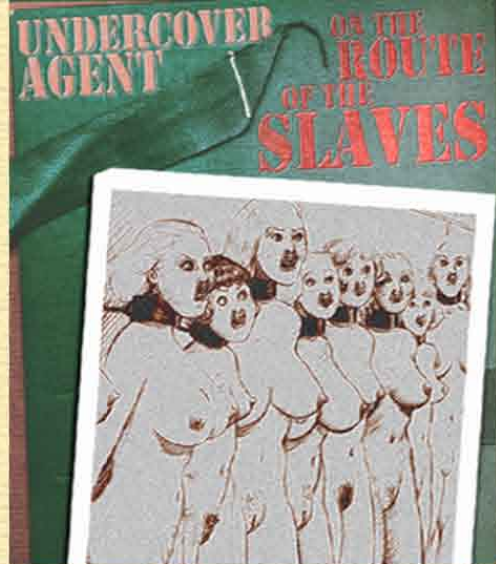
But that is another story, as events of paramount importance are coming that will necessitate all our attention.

Yet, we will always have fond memories of this Master destined to live the second part of his life surrounded with young bodies of a breed he would have thought unreachable before he could get the opportunity to become its almighty Creator, and of these blonde females whose only care in life would have been to impress a bit the memory of their God by dressing with all their finery and developing their skills, and then by giving him magnificent litters to continue the cycle and be allowed, after death, to the paradise promised by the prophet Muhaid.

They will live there in perpetual happiness at the foot of their tutelar God until the end of times...



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 :

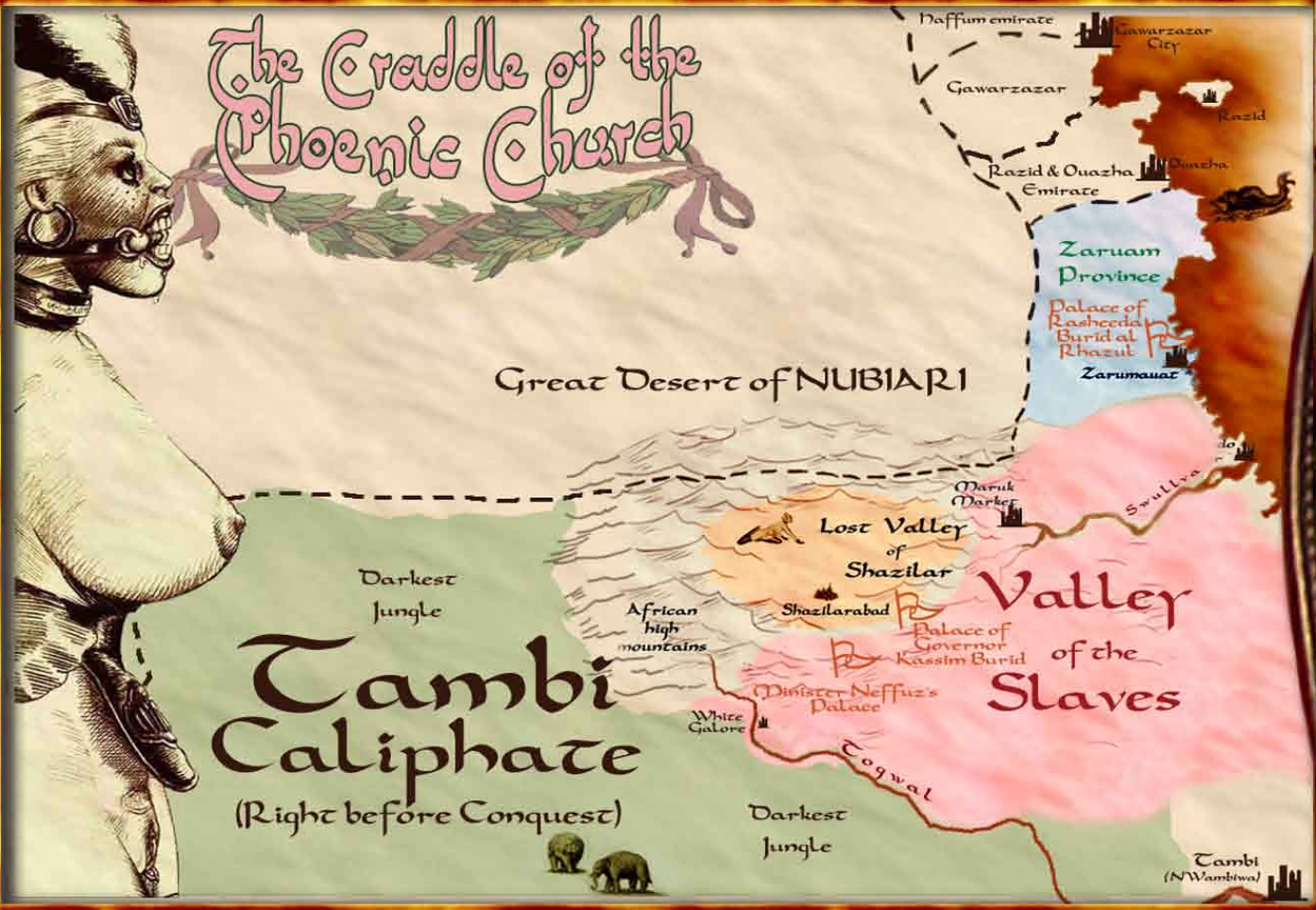
Gordon Kerr – Black Domination
Allan Aldiss – Harem Breeding Slave (2 Volumes)

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

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