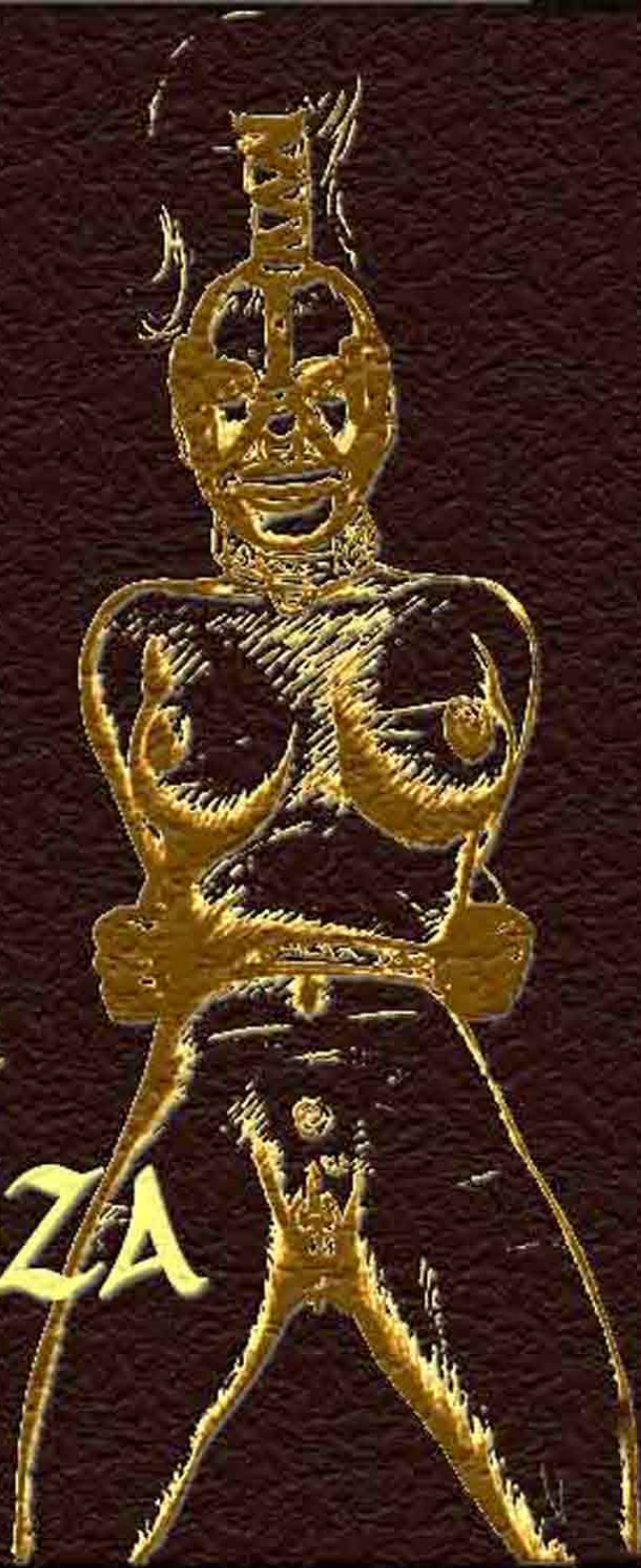


Alonzo
SERAI

The
Valley
of the
White
BONANZA



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Alonzo Serai



The Valley

of the

White Bonanza

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In 1964, Shazilar was put in great danger when a Shaziri Eunuch called Wumba, seeking for freedom and wealth in the legendary World of the Outside, ran away from the Valley, bringing with him the two favorite hounds of his master.

He walked for days along the line where the jungle meets the desert and arrived in the Emirate of Zaruam.

The Emir Omar Bin Zaruam was fascinated by these two white women who were behaving like obedient dogs, seeking for the caresses of their entitled owner ; on sight of an Arab, they were getting into extreme arousing states... and not faking it, according to the drops of corporal fluid they were sprinkling on the floor.

When Wumba offered to the Emir to become the lucky owner of these two creatures as a payment for the prestigious position of Chief-Eunuch of his Harem, he immediately agreed.

The two blonde hounds took their natural place at the foot of the Emir's bed, looking for the opportunity to come spicing with their tongues his conjugal lovemaking.

A few months later, the saucy anecdotes of Wumba persuaded the Emir to send all his army to attack Shazilar. His goal was to collect a few thousands of these fascinating creatures, fillies, fawns, gazelles, mares, pet servants... and, if possible, to conquer the lost valley and make it a part of Zaruam before the new government of Tambinambiwa should learn of its existence.

What could have been the greatest white female hunt of all times ended very badly, with the death of Wumba and the total destruction of the Zarua-mite army by the Zwu'zwangas, the Shaziri warriors who protected the Valley.



But this conflict wasn't left unnoticed; a few survivors of the Zaruamite army ran away south and were captured by soldiers of the ex-Shaziriland. That is how the brand new Republic of Taminambiwa heard of the Valley of Shazilar for the first time.

For now, this unreachable place had been seen as a huge mountain area nobody had explored because it was juju for the Northern savages.

The civilized Shaziris of the coast, who were now ruling the country, decided this was a matter of national security, and an expedition was prepared.

For years, Zwanga, the Lord of the Animals, had carefully kept that juju land myth alive, slaughtering the expeditions of the Whites, destroying planes and balloons in all Shaziriland to protect Shazilar; and then Maruk took over.

This time, the Caliph of Shazilar decided that the moment had come to open the doors of the Valley. He sent the expedition back to N'Wambiwa with instructions to send a diplomatic delegation.

For the first time after almost a millennium, foreign emissaries were led across the mountain and greeted in Shazilarabad.

They had heard about white women behaving like docile hounds, but they were not prepared for the discovery of such a unique civilization, based on the use of white women as cattle or farm slaves.

They had all played a major role, military or politic, in the creation of the young republic and felt bitter with the idea that their own people had suffered decades of humiliation from the Whites while, at only a few hundred miles from there, others had turned them into domesticated animals. And still, the sight of all these White women who were crawling naked in the fields — a fate they saw as well deserved for these stuck-ups — was so invigorating that it was not a bit of ruffled pride that was going to ruin their day.



The Caliph greeted the visitors personally and, after he had shown them the power of the shazilarian army, well equipped with modern weapons, he displayed in front of them the opportunities they could get if they chose to become protectors of the Valley : each one of them could own hundreds of white females eager to entertain him.

He offered them a little performance of something he saw as the absolute proof of his total power over these creatures : a young stud from Zwanga's breed was covering his own mother the Gon'Zwangerani, a British subject seen as a goddess by savage Shaziris, trained enough to find joy in that intercourse despite her religion and her education.

Her mother, the Zwangani, who was born in Boston and later became Lady June Whitestock, was milked while she was watching with tenderness her grand-son covering his fist gazelle.



The Caliph also presented them the daughter of the last Governor of British Shaziriland, presumed lost in the jungle, now a very pretty filly whose training was still to perfect ; a choice item to begin a breeding farm dedicated to a sweet payback... he was saving her as a gift to the one who would succeed to convert President Nuba to the phoenic religion.

It was a shock, but it is when they were savoring the "Zwangani nectar", this astoundingly delicious product, milked from this woman they knew both as the high priestess of the colonial high-society of New Victoria, and as a Shaziri goddess, that the Caliph gave the coup de grace : he offered to each one of them a whole evening to spend with this charming family of religious icons... and a whip !

Of course, the last resistance of the poor emissaries collapsed.



The emissaries had been carefully chosen for their personal conflicts, so they could better represent the interests of the President of Tambinambiwa, but this offer was so appealing that they all came with an agreement. From now on, they would spend their holidays stuffing themselves with the pleasures these white females could provide.

They had all grown up with the idea that white women were unattainable, spiteful and unbending... When they were not openly racists. The Victorian attitudes of the colonists' spouses had left them painful memories, and they hated their way to belittle the natives with their eyes to make them feel inferior.

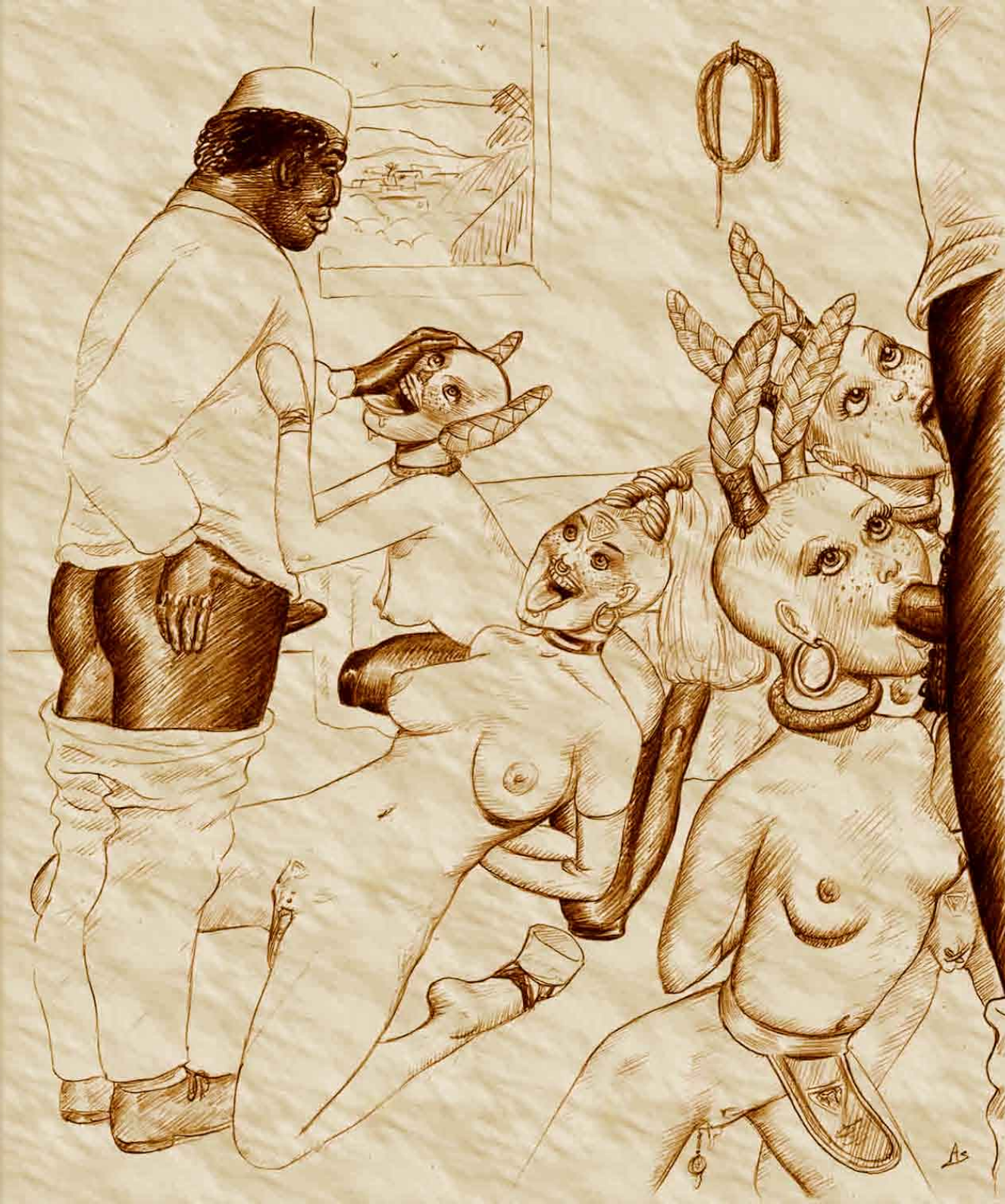
And there they were, in a place where they could legally own docile white females who felt deeply the need to gain the fondness of an African.

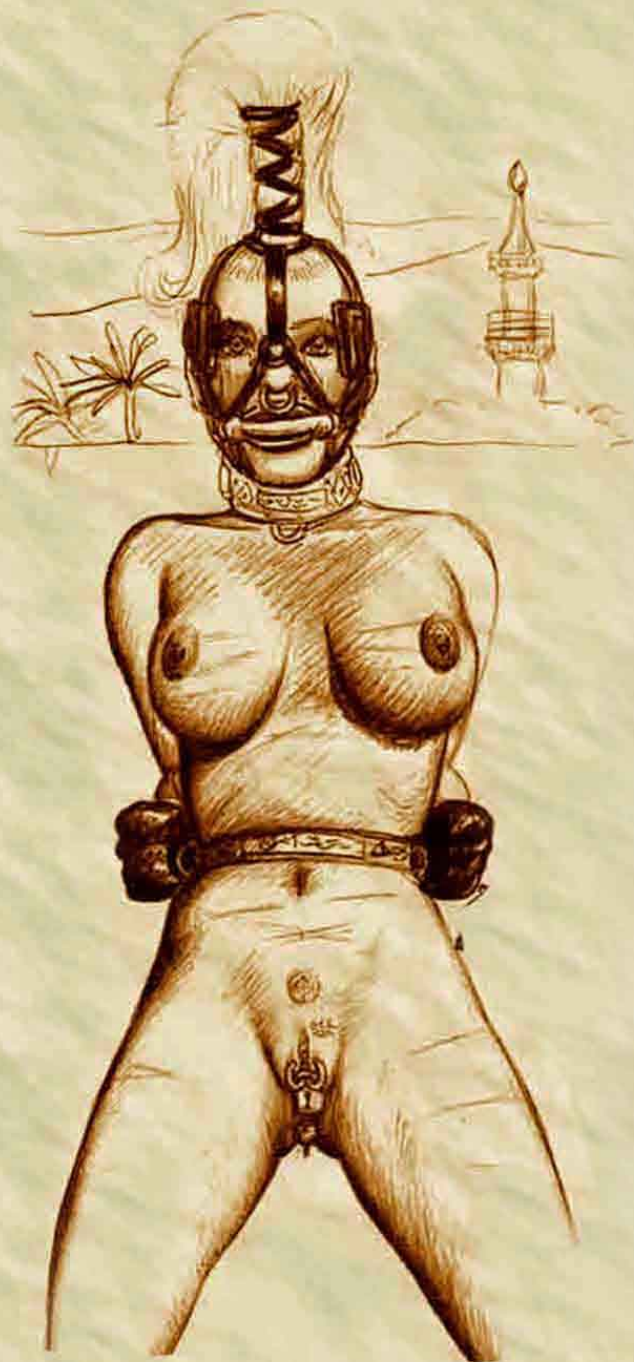
The most stunning thing was that they just needed to be near their master to start dribbling from all their orifices.

Once they were in that state, the slightest caress was triggering an unexpected frenzy : without the slightest bit of shame, they were beginning to shake their pelvis like bitches in heat.

Less than a week later, the emissaries were completely converted ; through them, Shazilar was going to control this new nation, instead of being just one of its province... or a reservation !

The conquest of the world could begin...





The emissaries did an excellent job in Tambinambiwa. In less than a year, this cabal succeeded into winning the President of the Republic, Leonid Nuba, over to the cause of Shazilar. The head of state immediately began the progressive conversion of his country to Shazilarian ways and to the Phoenic Church.

This enthusiasm was helping greatly Ali al Rhazul, as his legitimacy as Caliph was questioned : he managed to get only because of the lack of a direct successor after the death of Basher al Azzuz, and he needed to mark the beginning of his reign with an unanimously approved action. This was why he didn't hesitate before moving forward the original plan of the previous Caliph. The fast success he was obtaining now in Tambinambiwa was consecrating his status of Commander of the Shazilarite Faithfuls and was definitely establishing his dynasty in the History of the Valley.

Though now, he had to deal with this new situation without alerting the Western countries, and it would not be easy, especially with that wild white female frenzy that seemed to have overtaken his subjects.

For years now the Shazilarians had dreaded that World of the Outside, while fantasizing about the hundreds of millions of white females who lived in it and, if they had greatly appreciated their servile swillwanas — the white females of Shazilar — for nine hundred years, they were now finding them tasteless and boring. There was even a snobbery attitude about this in the Valley and nobody could go out without an escort of swillraoussas — the white females from outside — to avoid being ridiculed.

The problem was, of course, the relative rarity of these females in the immediate vicinity of the Valley. Tambinambiwa was almost entirely populated with Shaziris, since they had so stupidly thrown away the delightful English females who were living there.

It was about time they could have a bite of this White Bonanza that had been promised to them and Ali al Rhazul wanted to be the Caliph to inaugurate this new era.

He sent Shazilarian colonists in the jungle territory over the mountains : the Valley of the Animals.

This vast area, larger than Shazilar, had been the domain of Zwanga, the Lord of the Animals, who gave it its name. Ali al Rhazul decided that the name "animal", that was perfectly describing the sweet creatures who were worshipping his body, was totally unfitting to the monsters with teeth and claws that were swarming in the jungle, and that it was necessary to rename the place.

He first thought about "the Valley of the Monsters", more accurate, but he didn't want to discourage the colonists, so he chose "the Valley of the Slaves", just like he was calling Tambinambiwa "the Country of Slaves", which was actually very informative about the way he was seeing his new Shaziri friends...

A first group of a hundred men went through the mountain and began to build farms around the fortress guarding the passage.



One year after the launching of the Shazilar Expansion, Ali al Rhazul was invited by President Nuba in N'Wambiwa to celebrate the anniversary of his conversion to the phoenic religion, and to choose a hundred white females among the thousands of tourists.

It was the first time he was going out of the Valley and he was horrified by the arrogance of all these females, who not only were wearing offending outfits, but who were looking at him with disdain... him, the Commander of the Faithfuls!

He would never endure living in their nightmarish world.

Around two thousand females were captured in a memorable hunting party and sold in the valley of Shazilar.

Of course, the Caliph took for himself the ones who had scorned him during his walk in town. He had, of course, a lot of fun with the stuck-ups he had chosen, whose despising faces had quickly become beseeching, but this trip had left its mark on him : he multiplied the traditional tattoos on these collected White females, especially the youngest ones, like if he wanted to exorcise that horrifying incursion in the World of the Outside.

For months, he spent his time shoving his hand in the places these creatures had dared hiding to him.

To cover the abductions, an hotel for tourists in N'Wambiwa was destroyed, in an impressive set-up, but the reaction that drama had caused was forbidding the further use of that source for Whites without putting at risk the whole project.

It was no big deal anyway, as the great touristic vogue for the new country was over.



Despite all that, this operation had been very profitable for Ali al Rhazul : not only could he collect a hundred delightful swillraoussas, but his political bet for the Valley was a success and, for everyone, he was now "the Caliph of the White Bonanza".

He also got great news from Maruk : the massive importation of white females was not going to end there ; the small city the old trainer had built on the river, Maruk Market, was quietly becoming the hub for buying and selling that product in the region ; the gold he was offering for them had given a new impulse to Barbary Coast piracy and wild white females from the entire world were abducted and purchased by Maruk on the coast, and shipped to Maruk Market through the river, where their rough edges were smoothed before being sent to Shazilar in coffles.

The Caliph was, of course, choosing before everyone else. Later he would sell those he wouldn't want anymore, after having them covered by a prestigious stallion, to increase his profit.

Thanks to that, his confidence had come back : the swillraoussas were accepting their status of domesticated animal more easily than expected and it was giving him back his hopes, slowly erasing the awful memory of the trip to N'Wambiwa. Despite her arrogance in her natural state, the swillraoussa was, after all, just an animal whose irritating veneer had to be scratched away a bit with the whip to make her spurt out her natural happiness to belong to an Arab god.



Though this massive importation of white females was causing some problems in the Valley, as not everyone had the skills required to manage these temperamental and stubborn new animals.

The University of Shazilarabad, founded by Maruk but now ruled by his son Malik, began to offer evening classes in white female training to the owners who suffered sacrilegious attacks from their swillraoussas, mostly the refusal to assume positions of respect properly.

They were so many that Malik finally created a private institute, ruled by his wife Yasmeena, to domesticate the rebellious ones whose training had been compromised by one of these amateurs.

There, the tramps were quickly realizing that their ridiculous whims had no effect on the new god in charge and, in general, it was sufficient to put the process of their training back on tracks.

But for some retarded ones, there was still that je-ne-sais-quoi that was preventing them to get domesticated, some kind of little mind buffer that was pinching their forehead, making them frown.

Each time that this little invisible stop was appearing on one of these, Malik was applying the method he had learned from his Bedouin ancestors, who had enslaved the Crusaders' females, nine centuries ago : he was rubbing her clitoris until the frowning had ceased. In a few weeks only, the little mind buffer had relocated in that little button where it had a turgescient effect instead of the previous frowning.

The little goose was suddenly gaining back her attention, freed from a little discomfort that had prevented her to think properly.

Malik had just to make her witness "by chance" how he treated an intractable one, by sewing permanently her vulva to prevent the reproducing of her deficient genes, and by sending her to work in the mazook fields.

Malik was showing then the counterexample : one of his perfectly happy poodles ; like herself, the female poodle had been rebellious for long and was expressing her personality through the clitoris ;and when she dared at last to show her affection and her adoration for him, she had become the top crust of his harem, and was rewarded every day for it.

It worked in most of the cases and her incompetent master had just to push on her rear button from time to time now to get the best out of his dear swillraoussa.

Malik's method was not so complicated ; one just had to know it, and to use it properly...



In addition to this activity and his position of dean of the University, Malik had inherited the office of Palace Cattleman, which consisted in taking care, for free, of the disciplinary problems among the Caliph's new white pets ; Ali al Rhazul was definitely not an amateur in the art of training these white females, but he was expecting such a high standard of excellence that Malik was often asked for help.

Fortunately for him, the Caliph was a grateful person : from time to time, Malik had the right to use Zwanga, the most quoted stallion in the Valley, to cover the females of his own livestock of swillraoussas, which was increasing the value of their whelps a lot.

Thanks to that, he rapidly became one of the richest men in Shazilar.

For Ali al Rhazul, it didn't cost a dime, as anyway he owned the exclusive of the whitestock breed, and was selling the females without giving out the rights on the progeny. He appreciated Malik a lot, who was somehow for him what Maruk had been for the previous Caliph : the power behind the throne.

Unfortunately, everything was not perfect for Ali al Rhazul, as he dreaded more and more the indestructible popularity and the increasing power of Maruk : the old trainer was credited of every good thing that was bringing the Valley further to the conquest achievement, when himself, despite his position of Caliph, was accused of all the failures.

It is during this time period that Malik got closer to the Caliph : he was feeling the same bitterness to hear what a genius his father was, for actions that should have been attributed to him.



To put an end to that rising power, Ali al Rhazul gave to four other farm-lords the license to commerce with the rest of the world.

Malik was one of these farm-lords.

Malik created a new private institution, outside of the Valley, not far from Maruk Market, his father's city, where he could treat the white captives as soon as they were bought.

The unfortunate creatures were coming from a life they would have thought completely on tracks, engaged to a white boy with a brilliant future who was going to marry them and give them beautiful children if they managed to play their cards right, and suddenly, they were hurled, stunned, into a world where they were sold as a product, where they would have to serve, crawl, arouse, lick, suck, beg a man old enough to be their grandfather ; and if they played their cards right and proved on his old wrinkled body, with their tongue, that they worshipped him like a god, Malik would allow them to be covered by a young stallion with a brilliant future.

It was definitely not so different, with the exception that, later, they would realize that the only thing of value in that Valley was the orgasm that their god was allowing them ; they would then do everything in their power to come back into Malik's good books, but as it would also mean that their training was over, they would come to regret for the rest of their lives, not to have enjoyed enough these supreme moments a god was offering, instead of whining about their petty cares and woes.

And they would soon get their place in one of these coffles of docile white females who were taking the road to Shazilar. They were unaware of it, but thanks to them, the Caliph Ali al Rhazul was going to become, for the History manuals, the Caliph of the White Bonanza.



Once he had finally become the legendary Caliph he had dreamt to be, Ali al Rhazul began to act accordingly ; he could only stand on his body the contact of white females who were religious icons in the Phoenic Church, essentially the whites-tocks ; or young virgins, with their three openings untouched, raised in the outside world, but only if all risk of brazenness had been properly rooted out by Malik before.

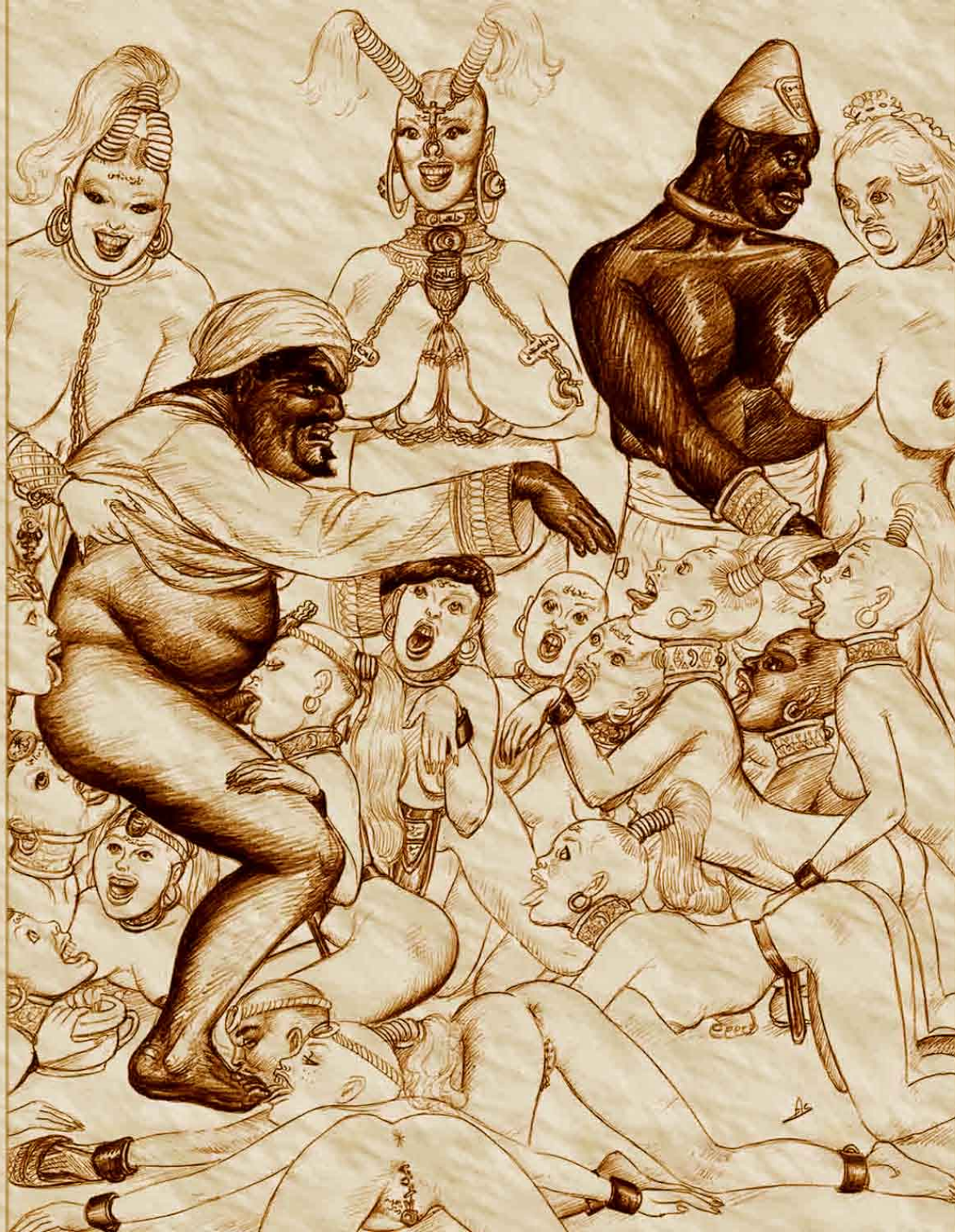
It was for him a way to forget completely that outside world he had hated so much to visit. One day, he would go back there once again, but it would be to see the progress of Civilization in this barbaric world where the white females had the nerves to hide their organs to the Arab gods !

During his reign, the Valley of Shazilar stayed a mythic place, known only from a few selected Tambinambiwian citizens.

On the contrary, Maruk market became a very famous place for the Barbary pirates, a place of gold and white females. The delicate integration of the Valley into world economics was going fine.

The unique culture Valley of Shazilar was still there, against all odds, despite its predicted death in 1920 when Zwanga arrived ; and then in 1950 after Caliph Basher al Azzuz's revelation about the outside world ; and in 1964 when the Tambinambiwian emissaries were greeted...

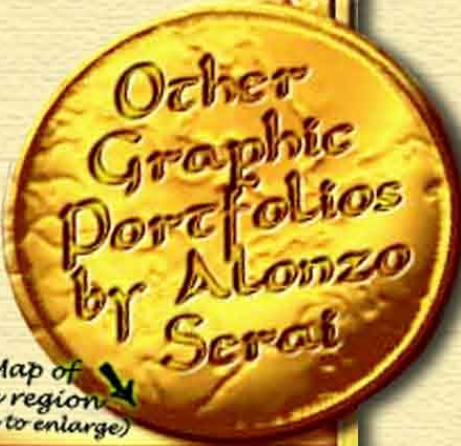
Actually, as Maruk had predicted, the "magic" effect of the Valley had spread across the mountains, following the colonists... the way of Shazilar was going to survive...



The Adventure
will Continue

in :

The Valley
of the
White Market



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
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Gordon Kerr – Black Domination
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