

Alonzo Serai The Valley of the White Market



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Alonzo Serai



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In 1973, the President of Tambinambiwa invited the Caliph of Shazilar, Ali al Rhazul, to come to his capital N'Wambiwa.

The Caliph accepted, despite the very bad memory left by his first visit, when some savage white females had dared treating him with haughtiness and hide their genitals in his presence ; he had been told this was something of the past, that this kind of behavior was not tolerated anymore, so he thought it might be the moment to see by himself how Tambinambiwa was evolving.

The new President of the country, Abdul N'Gania, had, of course, carefully prepared the visits to city areas where domesticated Whites were legion, and Ali al Rhazul appreciated a lot the sight of civilization growing over these barbaric Shaziris.

Unfortunately, the third day, the Caliph wanted to go to the international area of the city, a big enclave opened to tourism and industry, escaping the religious banning of the rest of the country.

President N'Gania couldn't possibly force the white women of the enclave, wives or daughters of the Europeans he was in business with, to remove their clothes in front of the Caliph, so he used a stratagem : he gave the order to the deluxe shops of the touristic area to have clearance sales, thus bringing all foreign women away from the path he had carefully prepared for the Caliph, a path lined up with domesticated white females, though wearing western clothes, who were jumping on their knees when the Caliph was coming and were lifting up their dress while moving their pelvis back and forth.



Ali al Rhazul was definitely not naive, but he was steeped in traditions, and for him it was a normal behavior for a white female to display herself that way ; so he didn't spot the hoax.

Alas, the Caliph happened to walk in front of the factories of the French company "Maréchal Motoculture" and expressed the wish to go inside and see how the white females were working. To crown it all, Ernest Maréchal, the president of the company, was present with his wife Isabelle at the moment, as she was just arriving from the airport and knew nothing of the clearance sales.

The chief of protocol presented the Maréchals to the Caliph, without the slightest idea about what he was going to do to get from this white woman the traditional position of respect she was not even aware of.

The Caliph spared him the trouble : he jumped on the young woman and furiously tore her clothes to shreds.

The guards grabbed the couple before they could get the bad idea to hit the Caliph, but they couldn't stop their insults toward him.

Ali al Rhazul spat in the mouth of this white female who had dared defy him so seriously, but he succeeded only in making the insults worse, being even called a "lecherous old fogey" !

Very angry, he walked away from the factory and went straight to his hotel.

Abdul N'Gania came to apologize in person for this regrettable incident, and Ali al Rhazul obtained from him the assurance that the savage sow would be sent by postal service to Maruk Market, and that her rough edges would be smoothed by old Maruk himself. After a stop in the Valley of the Slaves-South, in Swillraoussabad, the Caliph would go there to end his official tour out of the Valley, and he wanted to see this white female one more time : in a week, docile and beseeching !

President N'Gania gave the order to his chief of protocol to prepare the shipment and to dispose of the husband, simulating an accident to prevent a runaway of foreign investors in Tambinambiwa.

The Caliph was magnanimous : this city, which name used to be "New Victoria", was the old capital of British Shaziriland, and some remnants of white savagery should be expected ; as Abdul N'Gania was apologizing with panache, Ali al Rhazul decided that the incident was over and agreed to stay in N'Wambiwa as scheduled.

This time, he visited only the places where the Whites were behaving properly ; each time he was remembering the incident, he just had to think about how Maruk, that man forty years older than him, was at the same moment teaching to this young savage what was the real meaning of a "lecherous old fogey" !



Later, when the Caliph arrived in Maruk market, third destination of his official trip out of the Valley, he immediately asked to old Maruk, now the Bey of the city and the representative of Shazilar in the Valley of the Slaves-North, if he had trouble training the white sow he had sent to him.

Of course, it had been very easy for Maruk to make Isabelle Maréchal aware of the extreme seriousness of what she had done.

To spice their reunion, Maruk had left on Isabelle Maréchal the teared-off clothes she was wearing when she had arrived in his stables, the printed bill of Tambinambiwa Postal Services still sticking in her pubic hair, duly stamped, to remind the Caliph that a very short time had passed between the savage sow she used to be and the docile female she had become.

He left Ali al Rhazul alone with her in the big room dedicated to the pre-training of white females bought to Barbary pirates, a place smelling sweat and corporal fluids that the Shazilarians were now identifying as the smell of the white females from outside, the swillraoussas.

Ali al Rhazul showed a female hound, called n'wa, to Isabelle Maréchal, as a model for good behavior. To show her he was seeing the incident as over, he shoved a sugar lump soaked in his saliva in the mouth of the sassy female. He was now going to leave this Isabelle Maréchal to Maruk, with instructions to leather her into a perfect copy of n'wa and then send her, with his compliments, to President N'Gania for educational purposes...



When Ali al Rhazul went back to Shazilarabad, Maruk, the old cattleman of the Caliphal Palace, followed his instructions to the letter and trained the young French girl with leather and saliva... the shazilarian version of the carrot and the stick !

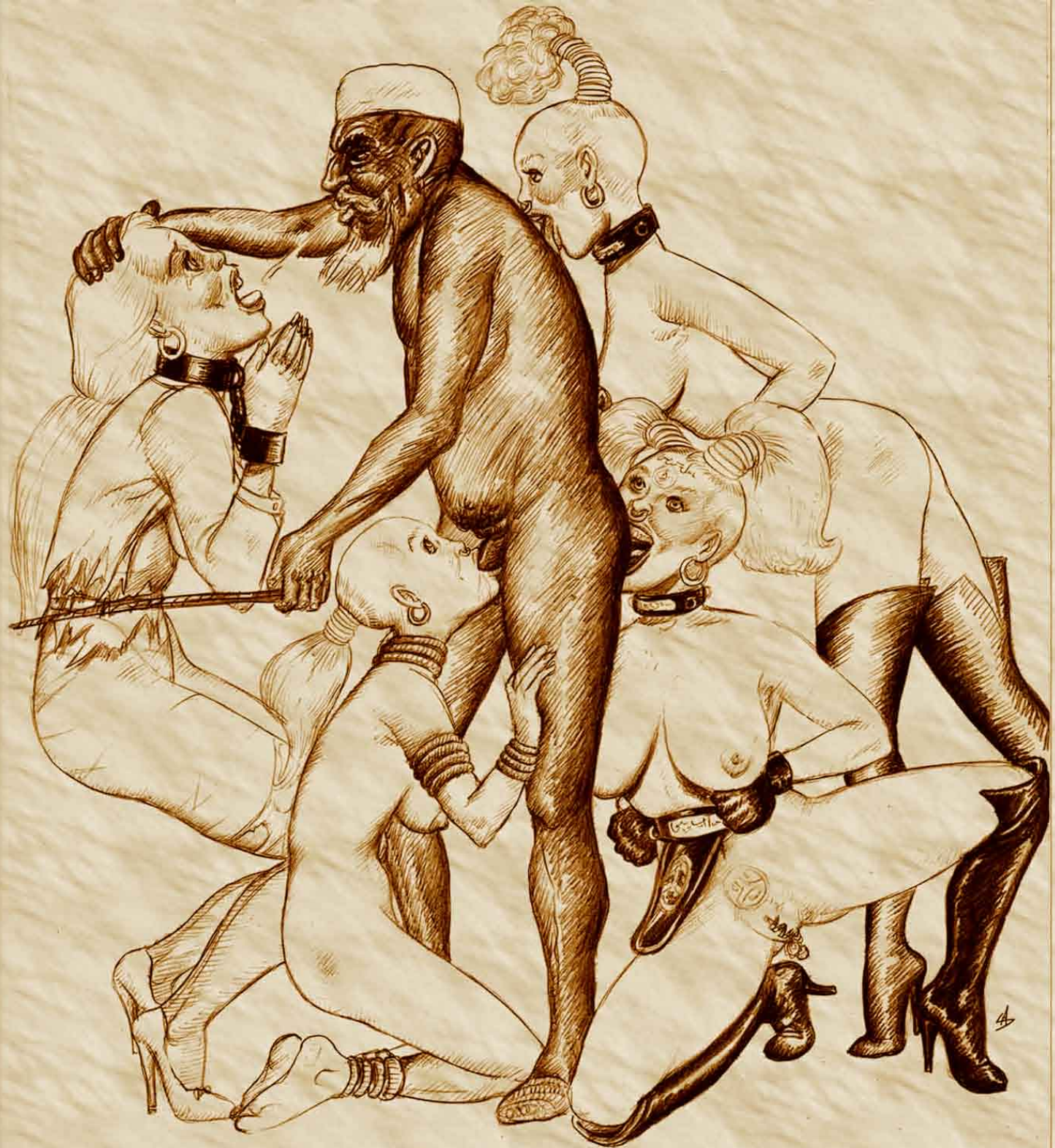
It was indeed a very cruel traditional method that consisted in punishing systematically with the crop any infringement to the rules, and in rewarding servility with a spiteful gob.

The "Magic of the Valley", that had followed the Shazilarian colonists outside, was giving to old Maruk the power to bring powerful orgasms to the white females with the slightest contact of his skin or fluids ; so it was indeed a reward, but the unfortunate female who got always despise added to that treatment was soon growing a need for real despise from her master, who was ending up giving it to her. To use this method meant bringing a white female to become a soulless creature, with no personality and a mechanical servility, who would live in fear until she could receive the gob she desired so much.

Maruk was not an adept of this ancestral method, but the Caliph's orders couldn't be questioned.

He preferred much more to spit on the faces of white females with affection than with despise, molding them slowly into creatures filled with tenderness and worship for their master, like m'tu, the pet-servant who was accompanying him everywhere to take care of the small inconveniences of his advanced age.

A rare thing for a Shazilarian, Maruk was even honoring sometimes a filly or a gazelle whose swaying movement of the buttocks had caught his eye while he was driving his sedan. After that, he was getting weeks of enthusiasm from all the harness team, and a significant increase of speed.



Maruk had Isabelle Maréchal's clitoris pierced by his faithful tembani, the She-devil-in-chief of his training facility.

The name "Overseer" was given to the slaves who were in charge of a "swarm"— a collective of thirty white females, creating a kind of family unit — in the mazook and naffi farms, or in factories ; The name "She-devil" was given to someone in charge of a swarm in harems, stables, cowsheds, kennels or a hutches. The She-devils were under the command of a Chief-Eunuch, or a She-devil-in-chief, usually a shaziri slave who had shown skill and efficiency.

The coming of swillraoussas in large numbers on the market had changed the habits of Shazilarians drastically, as they could now use these speaking white females as She-devils ; they were often showing to be more efficient for meticulous training than the ferocious Shaziris.

Tembani was a dutch surgeon who had been captured by pirates on the way to a neighbor country for a humanitarian cause. She was used a lot for her unique skills as a physician, but also for the traditional treatment of the white vulvas ; she just had to upgrade with some basic knowledge in goldsmithing.

As tembani was soldering the big rustic ring that would now allow anyone to walk Isabelle Maréchal on the leash through the clitoris, Maruk was showing her, in accordance with the Caliph's cruel instructions, the happiness the other white pets were living.

The lot of Isabelle Maréchal was so horrible that she found herself envying the young servants of the old man. Even m'tu, who was spending her time hurling herself between his thighs for hygienic purpose, was paid in return with affection !



N'ga the filly was an american teacher whose name was still Mrs Gloria Bannister three months ago, that Maruk had slowly brought, week after week, to pull his chariot with gratitude.

Like her, Isabelle Maréchal was branded with the crest of Maruk on the belly, but the old man made very clear that, in her case, it didn't mean he planned to keep her for himself:

she would be offered to Abdul N'Gania when she would have become a creature similar to m'tu, the white hound, so that simply looking at her would remind the President that a savage sow had behaved badly on his territory and that it was someone else who had taken care of the problem.

What chance did she have to gain the affection of her future master if she was forever representing the living image of his failure ?

And she would not have any other choice than to be a white hound above reproach for the rest of her life, as Abdul N'Gania would be too happy to send her back to Shazilar for the smallest misbehavior.

Isabelle Maréchal was right: Abdul N'Gania's self-esteem was terribly hit when he took delivery of her; though in her misfortune she finally had some luck, as she was given to the most deserving battalion of the elite troops of Tambinambiwa, and stayed as their mascot for a very long time.

She lived happy at last, as a privileged white hound, shared by three hundred masters ; she won all the delicacies and the caresses she needed, and the gobs of despise, she could never stop seeking for, never had the perverse effect they would have with only one master...





Malik and his father Maruk were rivals, as both wanted to be recognized as the best trainer of white females in the world, but as they were the only shazilarian Farm-lords in all the north of the Valley of the Slaves, their common interests were making them objective allies. They agreed upon a project, that had to be officially Malik's, to avoid the Caliph's refusal, but that would be financed in secret by Maruk : they were going to build a new city on the coast, a harbor at the mouth of the river that would avoid the coming of unwanted pirates too deep into tambinambiwian territory. This port would also open the White Market to other adventurers than Barbary pirates, especially to disreputable white men who naturally had a great access to these females the Shazilarians were crazy about.

This is how Eldorado Harbor was founded.

In only a few years, this trading post became the den of all kinds of rascals from all parts of the world, coming here to make their fortune. They were bringing with them a few white women with more or less appeal and were leaving a few gold coins richer ; or they stayed to spend the money they have gained in one of the houses of pleasure of the city, that provided unique entertaining features to their customers, due to the quality of their female employees.

Once cleaned out by the thirty-some parties, poker or roulette, the adventurers were going away to look for new preys to finance their next crazy week.

The savage whites were shipped on the river and unloaded in Maruk Market, where Malik was putting them up for auction to the Farm-lords coming from Shazilar and who had a license for the trade of swillraoussas ; Maruk was making his investment bear fruit, of course, by picking the top crust of the white females for himself, in collusion



This outpost also made possible the formation of a generation of Shazilarians with a new vision of the outside world ; thanks to his previous position of dean of the University of Shazilarabad, Malik was able to choose the ten most skilled students and train them for a special assignment under the command of his disciple Moktar Oualif, the best of them all.

When they were ready, these young men took the boat, carrying the little fortune they got from the Caliph — and in secret from Maruk — and each one chose a country loaded with white females to set himself up ; when they were all settled, they hired thugs and began the hunt.

For ten years, they organized a new network, making white women disappear in the heart of their own countries, conveying them by the hundreds towards Africa in cargo ships and unloading them at Eldorado harbor.

At the same time, modernism had caught Shazilar back and satellite TV made a sensational appearance in shazilarian homes. The eighties were marked by the massive discovery of the horror of that outside world through that distorting window. Once past a first period of fear, facing a world where Whites were fully dressed and were spending their time killing each other, the Shazilarians began to crave for the ownership of the sacrilegious females they could see in it.

Moktar Oualif, who had chosen America for his hunts, was in good position for exporting these products. He created a network that happened to be very profitable : the wealthy Shazilarians were passing orders for one of these appealing females to Malik, and Moktar Oualif was abducting them ; two or three months later, the customer was receiving the desired actress, perfectly trained to fit his standards.



That is mostly what freed the Shazilarians from the fear of the outside world they were living in since the fifties ; the possibility to buy these kind of goddesses the savage whites were worshipping was giving them back their faith in the future of Shazilar, to the great satisfaction of the Caliph Ali al Rhazul, whose legitimacy was not questioned any more.

Moktar Oualif was bringing the special orders himself to Tambinambiwa: Stella and Audrey, the characters of the american series "Beach Police", were unloaded one morning of 1985 on the wharf of Eldorado Harbor. As usual, Malik checked out if the merchandise was in good shape and if the orifices of the two females were secured with their internal padlock-plugs, safely locked and sealed with wax : it would have been a shame to have the sale canceled for a peccadillo.

The two young stars had been branded with the crest of their future owner in the boat, but they had not yet fully realized what was the meaning of that mark on their belly.

Malik took delivery, as usual, of that valuable package in perfect condition and gave to Moktar Oualif a tidy little sum for his work.

Malik had no clue why they were given so much money for these two quite common females... but of course it was because he didn't watch TV series !



Malik was much more interested in the news, and he had asked to Moktar and the other hunters to seize opportunities to capture any female in relation to the power of the savage Whites ; he was paying them the high price, but it was, this time, for his own private collection.

He was also buying to other suppliers, like when he bought to an emissary of Zebya, a neighbor country at war with the rest of the world, a share of two superb young Americans, Daphne and Phyllis, the daughters of an important member of the United States Congress.

What a jubilation for Malik to see his brand on the bellies of these young females who were very actively searched by the UN troops — though in the wrong country !

The Zebians had been so cruel with them that they were seeing in Malik and his friendly attitude the hope to belonging now to a civilized man, who would be compassionate about their misfortune.

Little did they know that it was Malik himself who had given the instructions to treat them with a total lack of humanity, so that he could turn them into exemplary pet-servants, and still be seen as their benefactor...





Malik was soon fed up with the brazen and unbelieving white females who were brought to him... especially since he knew, thanks to his television set, that some others existed, well-bred practicing Christians, prudish and reserved, with a good education in their infidel religion ; this sort seemed to hide, appearing in the news only at random... something to make a skilled trainer drool over !

He had tried to bring his white female hunters to capture some, but they were unsure about what he was after ; they had gone to Mass in various places and noticed a few young beauties here and there, but to take their picture, or to follow them, was always showing to be very difficult. One of the hunters was even spotted trying and only avoided prison thanks to his official status of taminambiwanesse diplomat.

Malik then got the idea of a big safari, a memorable one-shot : in 1986, he made his hunters organize a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for traditionalist Christians, a trip offered to young people in age to look for their soul mate whose faith and innocence would leave place for no doubt.

His hunters in northern Europe had built a sound network of white female spies trained in the Valley, dedicated to the shazilarian cause body and soul ; these women easily brought legitimacy to his project, involving in this business a few naive priests misled by the religious fervor they were reading in their eyes ; a fervor that was actually dedicated to a very concrete arab god.

Nothing had been left to chance : hotel rooms were reserved and two huge cruise ships had already been chartered, the Orient Star for the boys and the White Princess for the girls.

It was a huge success : the prospect of free holidays in the sun and a stay in a deluxe hotel, all expenses paid, within the safe scope of reliable religious authorities, was attracting the prudish young women. Malik wanted to acquire eight hundred females of that sort, though he was actually able to choose them among more than twenty thousand of them !



An obligatory medical visit had allowed the taking of pictures of the candidates while they were taking their clothes off in a cubicle covered with two-way mirrors, and during their gynecological examination ; a complete information sheet had been added, filled with precious details both physical and psychological.

Malik spent a lot of good time browsing the pictures of these prudish girls in their nudity, as if it was a catalog ; here he was sorely tempted by a fine physique, or there by an equivocal curiosity of the candidate for her own nudity, or a suggestive look when the gynecologist was checking her virginity...

When his choice had been made, Malik sent his list of selected girls to the organizing committee of the event.

The sixteen hundred happy elected ones embarked on the cruise ships on the various calls at the ports of Europe. The two ships were full when they left Malta, the last call, but only the Orient Star reached its destination ; the White Princess, the ship of the girls, was lost with all hands in the Mediterranean sea.

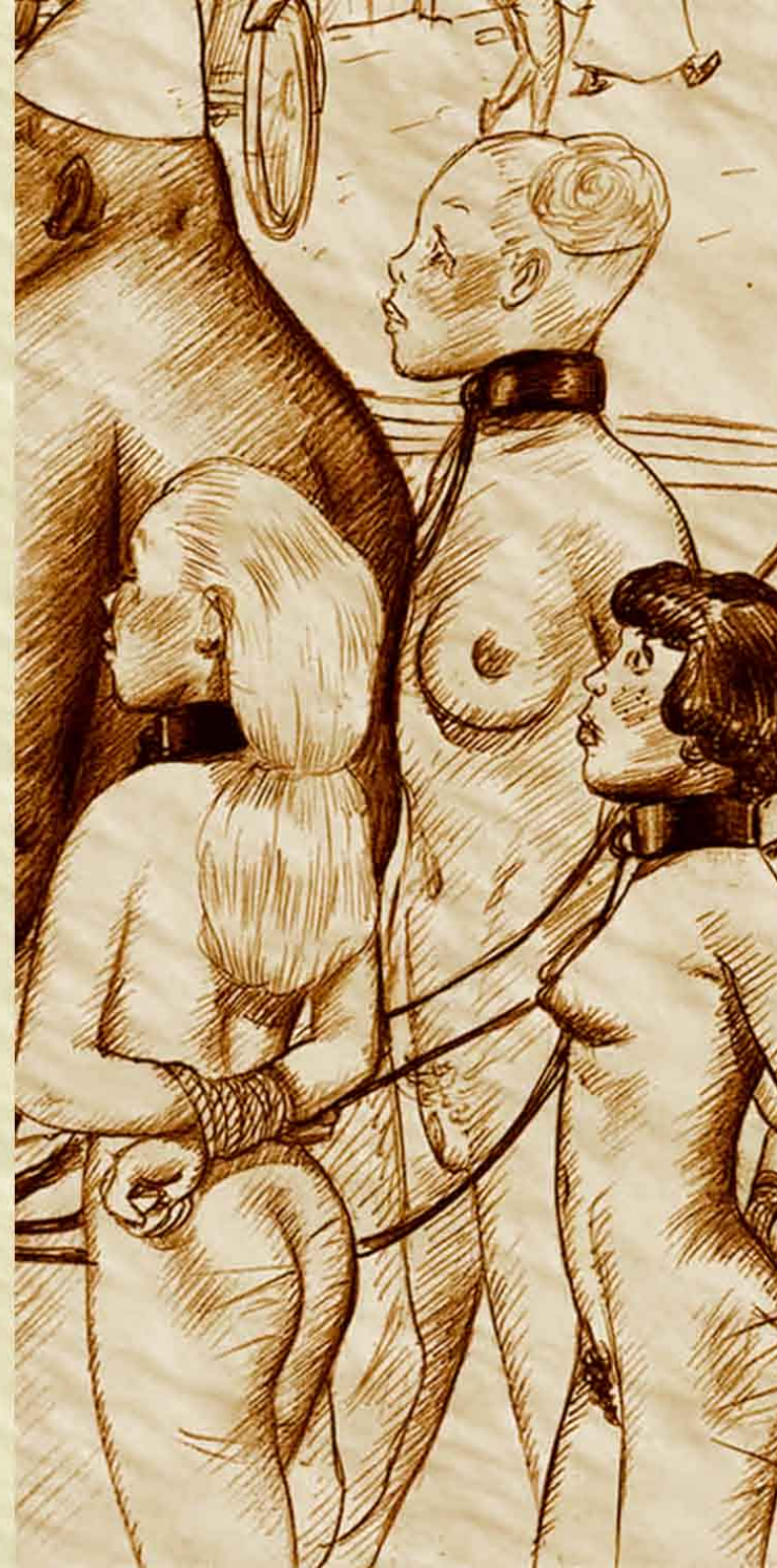
The sound of an explosion was heard on the phone right before the line was definitely cut off ; many fishermen testified they had seen, at the same moment, a gigantic explosion off the coast of Egypt. As a small Tambinambianese cargo ship carrying explosives, the Lobster Pincer, had also been lost, the theory of the collision was retained, but no one ever found any survivor or remains from these ships.

This accident caused a furore in Europe and the organizers decided to end immediately the pilgrimage and to break up their association.

Meanwhile, the Crawfish Pot, another cargo ship very similar to the Lobster Pincer, also carrying explosives, also flying a Tambinambianese flag, was quietly crossing the Suez Canal. The Crawfish Pot navigated on the Red Sea for a few days, then on the Barbary Sea, up to Eldorado harbor, where the precious cargo was unloaded in the area forbidden to foreigners.

Malik felt an extreme satisfaction to watch his hundreds of white little geese being pulled out of the containers in packed groups. The relatively high cost of the operation — the renting of the cruise ships, four hundred hotel rooms for a night in Jerusalem, a few bribes to officials here and there, and the buying of a cargo ship with small modifications — would be recouped very fast and he would even be able to keep a few hundreds of these marvels for himself.

The fun part of this operation was now beginning for him...



The “Magic of the Valley” was not felt a lot at Eldorado Harbor, and anyway was giving its full effect only after a week ; despite that, the little madams understood very quickly how futile it was to try to protest, to insult or to beg for compassion ; less than three days after their arrival in Malik’s virginarium, they didn’t need to be gagged any more.

Malik taught them how to get their food directly from his mouth, like fledglings. After a few days of fasting, they all complied with a heavy heart, and began to fetch pre-chewed mazook balls at the mouth of the old man, even when he was soaking them in his saliva a lot.

After a few weeks of that treatment, they stopped crying or sulking, and even began to show pleasure looking at the face of that man: despite the traditionalist religious convictions they have been raised into, the young females were seeing him now as the only male of their environment, and therefore the only chance they got to ever have children.

They would never have imagined that this man could be, in fact, in the process of training them so that they could be sold later to other men ; they thought they would never get out of this walled realm and that they had to settle down with it, after a fashion ; and in the heart of this new existence of theirs was that old man who was bringing them food, protecting them, caressing them affectionately and who was representing their only possibility to blossom ever.

As for the shame of showing servility in the presence of the other girls, very strong in the first days, it turned progressively into a cut-throat competition to please to the old Arab ; even the most rebellious among them changed their tack and tried to be part of the few elected ones who, among eight hundred, would be certainly chosen to bear his children.



They didn't know, of course, that the Shazilarian Law was forbidding reproduction between Arabs and white females, supposed to be of porcine origins, and that they were all going to be covered by a white stud anyway, to obtain a return on the expenses for their capture.

Though the ones who were able to reach the high standard set by Malik and got access to the big closet of their master's bedroom understood quickly that Malik preferred to take them through their tightest hole instead of through the one made for reproduction. At first, they didn't like it, but the cut-throat competition was taking over soon and they pretended to love what he was doing to them, until they would really do, a few days later.

The old Arab too was a traditionalist, and he liked better to take that way the young animals than to deflower them quickly and mount them freely once they would have been impregnated by a stud, a way highly in fashion in modern Shazilar ; though he was not complaining, as his young virgins to deflower were keeping their high value that way, when himself would have taken his own pleasure long before.

Malik had chosen to honor three young Scandinavians, Helga, Elke and Heidi and he loved, before going to bed, to open his big closet and bring them a cream made of mazook, shazilarian figs and honey, a delicacy compared to their usual tasteless gruel.

He loved to make of his mountings a festive moment that would stay vivid in the memory of the young females as the major event of their life.

Though the time of the sale was drawing near. Malik revealed to his eight hundred young females that half of them would have to adapt to a new master, as he would keep only the best four hundred for himself : the prettiest, the most faithful, the most devoted to him...



The losers were brought in coffle to Maruk Market, crying their eyes out and stamping with helplessness at the prospect of never seeing the old man again.

Malik spent three exhausting days spreading the beauty lips of the young females to prove their virginity, a quality so rare among the white females of the outside ; though it was worth it : at the end of the sale, he was the richest man of Shazilar.



The four hundred privileged ones who had gained the right to stay close to old Malik were wild with joy for weeks ; he span things out for a while, and then it became necessary to launch new competitions to revive their enthusiasm. He finally revealed he was going to choose two of them at the end of each month to deflower personally, and would have them covered later by one of his superb white stallions.

The young Whites were disappointed to hear they would never have children from this man they loved, but their competitive spirit quickly took over.

The most beautiful moment of their training was, for Malik, when he realized, through watching secretly the rattan cages of his the captives, that Elke and Heidi, his favorites, who were always praying at night before sleeping, were now doing it turning toward the place where he was supposed to be : he had become their God for real !

Malik would never have hoped to obtain this "philosopher's stone of the trainer" from these female believers, and he didn't even try to do it that way... though wasn't it logical after all if they should come to that ? Wasn't he, for them, the one who could make their life a paradise or a hell ?

He rewarded them in the morning, in the main yard for all other females to see them, through making honey flow down his mouth into theirs, and then through honoring them with defloration. In the cages, the others were staring hungrily at them, moaning with envy.

Elke and Heidi had reproduced naturally a phase of the evolution that the wives of the Crusaders captured by the Bedouins had crossed at the birth of Shazilar, nine hundred years ago.

Malik had, by accident, pushed further forward the limits of the training of swillraoussas, the white females from the outside who had frightened the Shazilarians so much for thirty years ; he had found what every trainer was looking for since the opening of the Valley : to cause the "Revelation" right from the first generation !

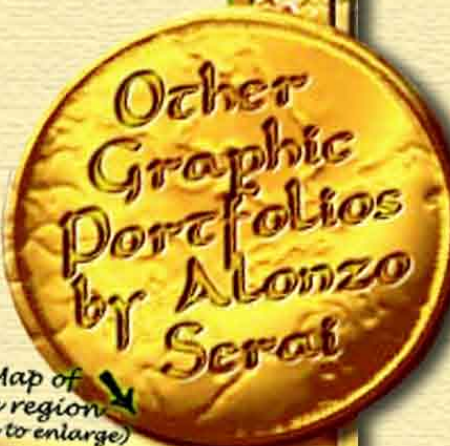
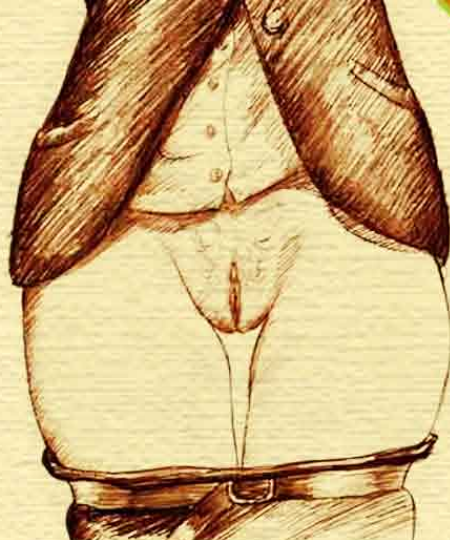
A new age was coming for Shazilar...



The Adventure
will Continue

in :

Explorers
of the Valley
of the Slaves



Map of the region
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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
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Raw recruits on the Route of the Slaves
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The Legend of the White Fillies
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Reining in The White Fillies
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Securing The White Fillies
Debasing The White Fillies

Illustrations :

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

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