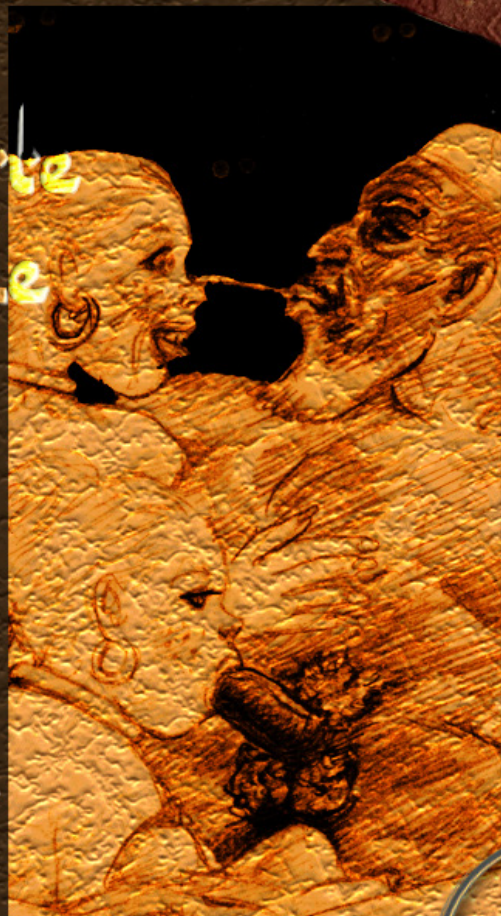


Alonzo SERAI

The
White
Cattle

Volume Five

The
Return
of
Zwanga



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Open
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The White Carttle



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5- The Return of Zwanga



Prologue

F

or almost a year, Zwanga searched the African jungle to find his wife June and his daughters Diana and Janet.

As their abductors left no trace around the Ranch, he assumed that they went toward the Naouda Cliff. A lot of footprints had been left by his Shaziri Army going back to the Fortress, and the kidnappers could have hidden their tracks that way. He detected the presence of high-heeled boots among them, though they could as well belong to the white wives of his Shaziri officers.

The abductors might have turned off that track afterward, under the Naouda Cliff toward west or east on dirt roads where footprints could easily be erased ... or they might have made a whole turn to the south, only to mislead him. So, as they couldn't have gone to Shazilar without the complicity of the Caliph, something that his meeting with Basher Al Azzuz had settled, Zwanga neglected that trail and traveled through Africa to investigate every lead he could find with his network of spies.



He started with the Nubiari Desert in the north, then tried the southern frontier of British Shaziriland. As he didn't find the slightest lead, he decided to explore the east of Shazilar, but couldn't find any clue, either from Shaziri tribes, or from British administration. He searched the banks of the Swulla River up to Eldorado Harbor on the coast, but found no trace of his family, until he learned the existence of a white traffic carried by V'Zoogara', a Shaziri responsible for the abduction of his wife thirty years ago. Terrified, the man came clean about his business, allegedly conducted to support the numerous white slaves given to him three decades ago by Zwanga in exchange for Lady June. He was clearly not responsible for this new attack, though informed the Lord of the Animals of his secret connection with Maruk Al Maruk to import whites in Shazilar without the Caliph's knowledge.

It was supposed to be the end of the trail, but that revelation opened Zwanga's mind to one last possibility. Maruk had found some hidden way to smuggle white women into the Valley without the official approval, and for that, he needed the complicity of several guardians of the Naouda Fortress. It might be why he couldn't find the Shaziris who had abducted his wife and daughters.

While he was traveling in the jungle very fast using lianas, he was able to think about this a lot. And by the time he arrived at the Whitestock Ranch, he was certain that he had solved the puzzle at last.

The abductors didn't have to hid their tracks after their crime because they took the same path as the Shaziri warriors directly going back to the Naouda Fortress. Zwanga had no idea how Maruk managed to subvert some Shaziri Warriors conditioned since birth to blindly serve him and the



1- Sec. "The Glory of Shazilar"



Caliph, but if he was able to import *swillraoussas* on a large scale, it would be even easier with three British citizens. His wife and daughters were in Shazilar, there was no other explanation.

He would find Maruk and would make him talk; then, he would find June and his darlings and would kill that coward for his abominable crime—As simple as that!

He sent a pigeon to the Caliph to require the protection of V'Isswillraoussa², knowing that he couldn't go far in the Valley in his present status of domesticated animal without some help. The giant Dame Demoness would bring him directly to the Palace to meet Basher, and he would inform him of Maruk's crimes against the Valley. It was the only way to put his hands on the old breeder without alienating the whole Shazilarian population.

He received Basher's agreement four days later, and prepared himself to appear as the perfect white hound. V'Isswillraoussa would wait for him at the gate of the Naouda Fortress two days later.

At last, he was on the right track!

²—See: "The Ordeal of Lady June"

Chapter I Escape with Maruk

Janet (answering to the name of *brattee* since she had taken the oath to enter the White Cattle) was doing her usual exercises in the Jar, her place in the complex of rooms separated by two-way mirrors around Basher's apartments. Her mind was in turmoil; did she make the right choice by taking this oath? What if she had forfeited her rights as a human being for good? What if she had renounced to some unsuspected but essential spiritual contingencies only to escape a harsh treatment?

Naturally, she knew that she wasn't going to be stricken by lightning if she didn't respect her oath, or go to hell ... or any supernatural punishment like that. She was neither a believer like Mother, nor a bigot like Diana, but she had a quite unpleasant impression when she had sworn on the Bible, as if it could turn her into a pariah without honor if she should one day betray her oath. It wouldn't stop her, though she might feel a lot of guilt afterwards.

How society was seeing her was suddenly carrying an importance that she would never have suspected, because her adolescent rebellions were over, and Mother's values meant no-



thing here. If even that woman of principles had gotten rid of her scruples, why would Janet be the one to experience guilt?

Yet, she couldn't help feeling responsible for the pitiful image she was giving of the proud people who built the empire on which the sun never sets—she was a representative of its aristocracy, for God's sake! But how could she deal with this in this new world? How could she define herself? Britain was very far from here, so far that, despite Maruk's promise, she might never go back ... moreover, she was half-American on Mother's side and born on the soil of Africa ... but it was no use: she couldn't forget the notion of honor attached to her social class. What would be left of it if she should become a domesticated animal for good? What was required by her rank about something like that? To sit and beg with majesty?

Maruk entered the room, bringing her meal as usual. He was so nice with her! For his sake, she could pretend to be a piglet, or whatever animal he wanted her to be ... a stupid mystification that nobody could really believe anyway.

The old man bent over her and rubbed her head. She grinned, grateful, until she was suddenly facing his wrinkled penis—Maruk had lifted his *djellabah*!

She soon felt his decrepit glans trying to make its way between her lips. She jumped with horror and disgust, almost falling from the couch.

How could he dare do that to her? It wasn't because she had taken an oath to obey him that he had the right to do such despicable things!

V'Isswillraoussa burst into the room like a tornado and started to crack her whip on Janet's buttocks, who twisted herself with pain under the volley of lashes.

"What a little shit!" the Black demoness exclaimed in anger, "You have taken a solemn oath of obedience, and you dare acting like if nothing happened?"

Maruk was trying to calm things down, tenderly rubbing her head, though still holding his robe lifted, as if it was perfectly natural, and Janet didn't find it reassuring at all. Nevertheless, she firmly gripped his thighs to avoid the lashes.

It only put the demoness in rage.

"Move away from the *Zwaarabi*! Are you retarded or something? Do you crave to spend your life in mud fields? You have been told that you need to beg to have the right of touching him!"

Maruk lowered his robe immediately over Janet to protect her from the demoness.

"That's enough!" he exclaimed, "She will obey, but stop flogging her, you'll ruin her so delicate skin!"

V'Isswillraoussa kneeled down before Maruk.

"I'm sorry *Zwaarabi*," she said with a faint voice, "because of this no-good sow, I forgot to keep my place!"

Maruk asked the demoness to go, and two seconds later, she had disappeared. Janet was relieved, but needed some time to calm down the terror that the awful woman had inspired her.

"It was really unwise of you, young lady," Maruk whispered in her ear, "now she hates you. You need to know that she has just gained her freedom for taking care of the enslavement of your family. She's now a Dame Demoness, and since your mother has stupidly offered your spiritual guidance to her, she is entitled to supervise your training, even in my home! But before coming to annoy you in my palace, she will try again to convince Basher that I'm too soft with my white cattle, and that I should be impaled. Please stop resisting; you can't win that way. Do everything I demand that you do, and I promise you that it won't be so terrible."

Under his robe, Janet was crying, her hands still clutching Maruk's thighs.

"It's only for two days," he continued, "when this demo-



ness is gone, I swear that you'll be the most pampered of all my piglets. And I'll touch you only if you want. I'm a man of honor, and I hate people who don't keep their word!"

Janet's brain was in turmoil again. She realized that she was putting her friendship with Maruk at risk with her opinionated attitude. She had only taken the oath to Maruk to escape from Basher, but if she didn't respect it, the old man would clearly begin to despise her—if she wanted to go to England later, she needed to obey to all his whims and be monitored by V'Isswillraoussa for less than two days!

She took Maruk's wrinkled sex in her mouth causing his immediate erection. Still mechanically sniveling, she began to suck the warm organ, perfectly aware of not being at level with Mother or Diana. Though Maruk would have to content himself with it ... she would respect her oath, but doubted that she could save her honor behaving like a whore!

"Yes, that's it!" Maruk said, rubbing her head under his robe, "it's sweet ... not at all something bad in my culture. Only in yours it's seen like that, and you're the only one around who still holds to these obsolete values. To excel in this exercise is considered here as the brand of a quality piglet. Class and excellence ... nothing shocking anyone!"

Yeah right! What a relief that he wasn't shocked to have his old wrinkled organ comfortably nested in her mouth!

Maruk removed his *djellabah* and sat on the couch, gently, so he wouldn't deconcentrate her while she was sucking him kneeling on the floor.

"You do this as if you completely discover that practice," he said delighted, "it shows that you got an excellent education. You know how to stay modest on your sexuality. To be a virgin at your age proves that you are a young woman of great reserve and high virtue."

It was as if she had been stricken by lightning! A great reserve? A high virtue? Was he insinuating that she was behaving like a nun, when she was the boisterous youth of the family? Was she really giving that image of herself in this place where everyone could be naked without shocking anyone? Even her bigot of a sister looked more emancipated than herself around here!

She remembered the things that Mother and Diana had done to Basher during their infamous challenge to attract his attention, but how could she try something so unusual now without looking completely ridiculous?

Eventually, she attempted to massage the penis of the old man with her lips, showing a new ardor.

"Oh!" Maruk exclaimed surprised, "I prefer that! You were pulling my leg ... for a moment, I thought that you might be mentally deficient."

She widened her eyes, and found in her inner anger the fit of energy she needed to suck him with more vigor. Deficient! In any case, the old scoundrel had found her weak spot; in this world, as in the other, the only thing that she would never suffer from was mediocrity. She even considered for a moment imitating the performance of Mother that she had just witnessed, but she wasn't sure she could survive to the humiliation of looking that much as a slut...

A slut. But yes! That was what she needed—to act as if she was a slut! Everything that was heard about that, that all women were sluts, and *tutti quanti* ... all this only because they loved sex. She had just understood something ... the difference between young women with an education and real women, who didn't care how they looked. To think that she had to become a slave in that filthy country to understand that!

How naive she was! She was keeping her role of stoic heroine when her bigot of a sister was doing the slut. No, no, no ...



no way she would restrain herself from doing what she craved to do ... and for what? The honor of the British Empire, when the rest of the family was indulging in the pleasures of the flesh without the slightest regret after a short symbolic resistance?

No, she wouldn't lose her chances to integrate this society that was clearly not tolerating either failure, or mediocrity, only to respect some values which were never hers in the first place.

Maruk's manhood began to vibrate in a strange manner. She could feel the blood stream increasing on her lower lip. Suddenly, a thick and bitter fluid flooded her mouth. She knew what it was, but would have thought the taste much worse. The consistence of egg white, slightly salted ... a bit like oysters too, but nothing like the sticky substance with a revolting taste that had been described to her by her classmates in Whitestock. Also, it was warm ... and had a powerful aphrodisiac effect!

She wondered if everything that she had heard about sex was like this; defloration, sodomy and other perversions ... she had now experienced some of them, and it seemed to her that many of those things were myths, closer to a fairy tale than to reality; something to frighten little girls, to make sure that they would keep sitting there and looking pretty!

In England, it was vital for her to maintain that social image intact in these matters if she didn't want to be outlawed to society. Here, sex was a casual thing, though a rigorous order had to be followed on everything else in life, and it was obedience without boundaries that would allow her to keep an honorable image. Even Diana had understood that, so she didn't see why she would be the one to take on the responsibility for old England!

Leaving her inhibitions aside, she began to clean the male organ as she saw it being done by Mother and Diana.

She wasn't afraid, ashamed or embarrassed anymore. The future was suddenly becoming brighter if this was the worst of what she should expect! She didn't bother having the status of domesticated animal for this softie of a granddaddy. Indeed, there was the need to have all sorts of sexual intercourse with him temporarily ... or not! But as she was taking pleasure from it ... because of this magic of the Valley they were talking about, probably!

Moreover, it wasn't as if he might throw a tantrum with jealousy, at least. He even intended to find her a gentle husband with the same status as herself, a man who would give her beautiful children. He had promised, and she couldn't picture how he might take back his word.

She loathed this society in which she was a slave, though understood how most of her objections against Maruk were only a question of words. For a Shazilarian, she wasn't a young woman, but a piglet; she wouldn't marry a noble Englishman, but would be reared by a stud of her race ... in England, Maruk would have been a good and generous old man who wouldn't have acted that way. Here, society was making him a powerful Arab god with the right of life and death on her ... indeed, it was much worse for her, but it was society that was to blame, not the individual. Maruk was giving her an incredible pleasure, even if she had no idea how it was possible! He was full of gentle attentions, and this was of paramount importance. If the sex was practiced so openly and publicly in this cursed valley, no reproach could be made to that noble old timer...

And why looking for excuses anyway? She wanted to let herself go shamelessly into something that she felt pleasant.



The time to play the Lady would come soon enough when they would be in England.

Maruk gently rubbed his buttocks on her cheek as a sign of affection, then stood up.

"Basher must be satisfied with what he can see here now," Maruk whispered to her ear, "let's go!"

Janet wiped off the mix of fluids that she had on the face. She was about to ask Maruk where he wanted to go, but remembered just in time the terms of her oath, and the ridiculous ritual she had to follow to get permission to talk. No need to do that, she would see when she would face it.

Maruk straightened out his *djellabah*. He grabbed a leather leash and fastened it to her labial gold ring. He stood up and pulled her out of the room by the pubis.

She trotted about with quick little steps to follow his rhythm with her heels. They went down several large marble staircases and got out of the building through the high door.

Chapter II

The streets of Shazilarabad

For the first time since her arrival in the Valley, Janet could go into the open air, which seemed to be a great relief but turned out to be a moment of pure shame. She thought that she was accustomed to nudity in public, but what had become relatively normal in a room or a deserted corridor of the Palace wasn't producing at all the same effect once on the Esplanade of the Caliphs, where hundreds of well-dressed people were strolling around.

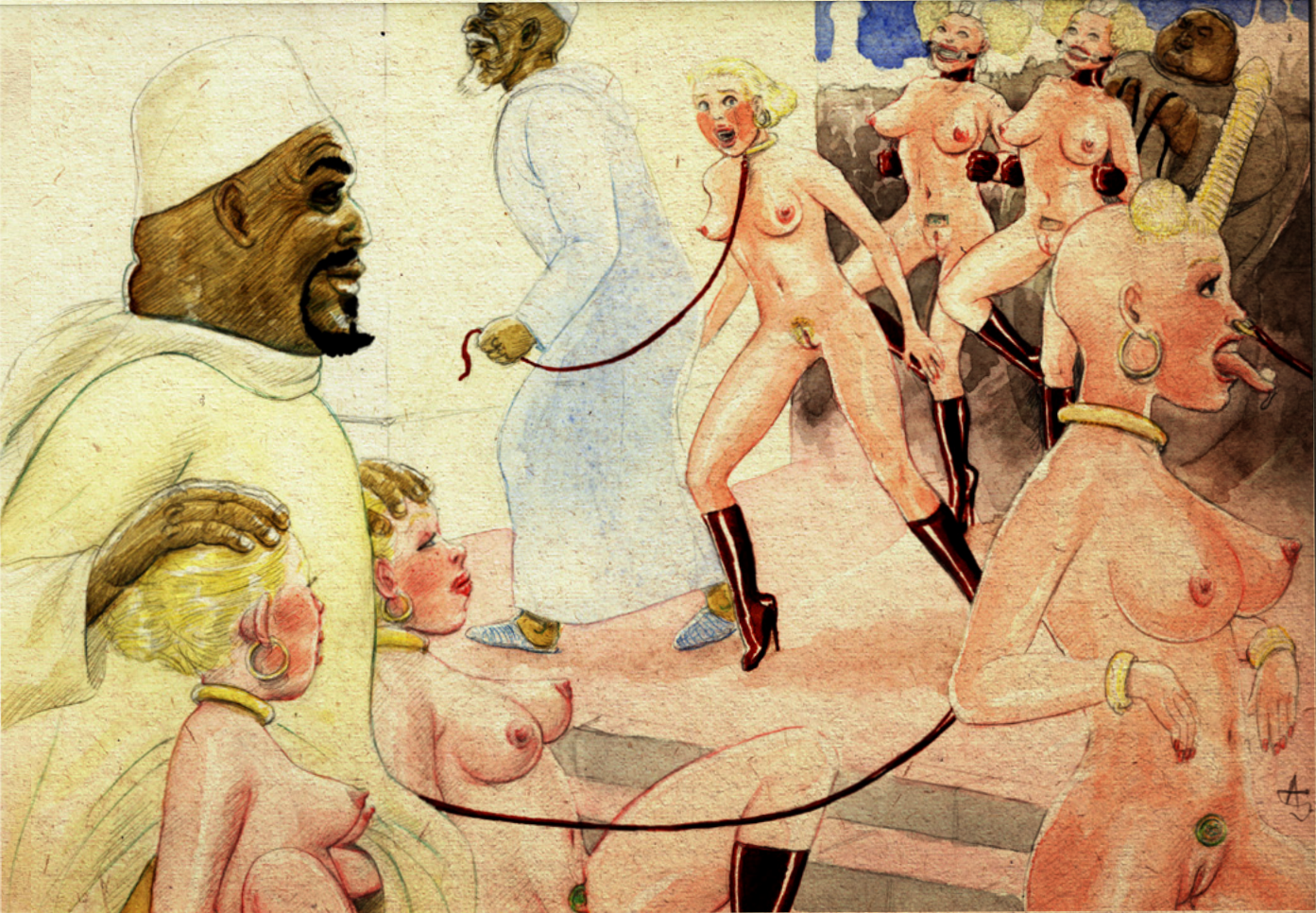
It was a gigantic place entirely paved with colored marble flagstone forming complex Moorish patterns. Only the *Zwayahos* and their guest could access this place inside the walls of the Palace, though a few *Zwarandis* in favor with the Caliph could walk there, always in sumptuous outfits showing great originality to proudly put their difference forward.

The Esplanade was obviously the privileged spot to have a walk with the society of Shazilarabad. Along the alabaster walls were all kinds of deluxe shops, in which everything valuable in the Valley could be purchased, copper and bronze jewels, iron tools and weapons, expensive delicatessen, six months fattened geese, milks of the best blonde breeds, white-drawn carriages from prize-winning fillies with majestic bearing to fake wild she-pigs with carefully designed shaggy pubic hair ... the place was authorized to some vehicles, but Janet couldn't see any heavy berline, quadruplet or triplet cabriolets like those she



had passed during her crazy chase across the streets of the city; only sulkies, buggies and sedan chairs. Still, there was a majority of pedestrians; mostly Arabs wearing costly fabric came to parade around in that sacred and pri-

vilaged place. Some were in the company of their wives, but all were followed by one or many pretty white women completely naked and shaven; or with minimalist showy rags in hessian; or decorated with



jewels, leathers delicately stamped with arabesques, henna tattoos, puffed silk veils hiding nothing, bouquets of goose feathers ... all that according to the status of their master. Some Shaziri guards could also be seen standing at attention all along the walls or in line in front of the main gate accomplishing a most outlandish changing of the guard. Spread out everywhere, the knights of the Watch were towering above the crowd, patrolling two by two on the back of blond giantesses, their spear erected toward the sky.

A few minutes later, Maruk and Janet climbed down the stairs on the side of the esplanade, then walked under the huge alabaster arches, the only exit from the Palace; the same arches that Janet had rushed through in the opposite direction the day of her arrival in the Valley. She was as much naked as she was when she had to run linked to Mother and Diana by the vulva to flee from a crazy crowd³; and yet she didn't feel as much humiliated at the time, in her panic to escape from hostile strangers. Now, she knew that she might live all her existence here, and this made of the pedestrians around her fellow citizen, her neighbors ... and in that new world far more concrete for her, she was nothing but a powerless being at the mercy of every one of them.

It was only the beginning of the suffering for her self-esteem, as once they had passed the gate, the crowd became more compact. The streets around the Palace were safe, but without noble Shazilarians around. Anyone could show here, including beggars and thugs, which made even more humiliating for Janet to be naked and held in leash.

Out of the main thoroughfares, it was even worse. The

small avenues were scary, and Janet wondered if Maruk was accustomed to walking in those streets with such a beautiful blonde. She could see that she was attracting the attention of some individuals who looked disreputable, though Maruk couldn't ignore that fact. If white women were cattle, a mere merchandise, this place had probably cattle thieves! So, that old man whom she followed like a good pet, to what point was he aware of the danger? Perhaps he had a reason to disregard it? Maybe he was perfectly safe as a minister of the Caliph, but what really meant this power in Shazilar? He was walking in this place when most people were driving carriages; for what she knew, he might have lied about his position.

The deeper she was entering the city, the more she was feeling walked like a domesticated animal. The leash, the nudity ... she resented them much more in the ordinariness of these avenues without the beautiful decorations of the Esplanade of the Caliphs, or the marble corridors of the Palace. They were passing a majority of male pedestrians without the company of the slightest naked female, and that was making the situation a thousand times more real than with the luxurious Arabian Nights models inside. She was accustomed to some consideration, in the streets of Whitestock or New Victoria because she was from the nobility in charge, and even more around the Ranch, as for the Shaziris on the other side, she was the *Ram-Zwagarani*⁴, kin to their gods. In continental Europe she had experienced indifference from some passers-by for her social class, though most of them would notice her physical qualities. She found it unpleasant, but here it was much worse: for the first time of her life, she was seen as nothing ... less than

³— See: “The Glory of Shazilar”

⁴— In Shaziri: Young Goddess of the Animals



nothing, actually! A lower creature to be walked in leash ... every time she was passing a man, she was taking his indifference like a slap in the face!

She was beginning to feel completely trapped. If she wanted to gain back some consideration in here, she had to excel within the boundaries of this animal status that she had accepted, and she could do that only in a muffled and enclosed place, well protected from the dangers of the street. It was the only way to stand out! Fortunately, Maruk wasn't anybody. The Minister of the White Cattle had to own a palace ... or at least a luxurious house. All things considered, she was lucky to get such a man to take interest in her. Rich and gentle men seemed not to be so many in this terrible place! It was also his position that allowed him to stroll in these alleys with a naked woman without being attacked. Nothing else could stop a brigand from pushing that frail old man down to the ground and grabbing her leash—with herself at the end of it—before vanishing into the night.

She couldn't help thinking of that insane lust driving the males of the crowd, the day of her arrival ... which seemed to have completely disappeared once the event had passed, replaced by deference toward Maruk. She was trotting on her high heels, and it should arouse men around; yet they were barely looking at her. They were slightly bowing before Maruk with a respectful "*Salaam Aleykum*."

She surprised herself finding some pride and sticking out her chest about it. She felt good, protected by this powerful and respected man, and the idea to be at his service was even beginning to be exciting. She was shamelessly accepting that

now, knowing that she could never find a better fate in this valley than with this man. To think that she could have been condemned to live a never-ending nightmare, to be seen by the local population only as a wild beast, an irretrievable no-good who was bringing shame to her owner! Sooner or later, Maruk would have become impatient, tired of walking in her company in public, before forgetting her ... and with her, their project for going to live in England.

It was what Maruk, V'Isswillraoussa and Basher had tried to make her understand during her first week here, she was now fully conscious of it. She never had any other choice but to integrate this new world completely, to adopt this so peculiar culture. Either she was a part of the White Cattle, the aristocracy of whites in this valley, and could be a pampered sex slave surrounded by beautiful things in the place of a powerful lord, or she was forever dead to the world! She had to learn to live with a hard decision, like most people; only, she wasn't used to it.

While trotting like a little bitch behind her master, Janet's imagination was wandering. Her negative thoughts seemed to have vanished, as if the implacable snare in which she had put her neck had somehow freed her on another level. She could even hope for a better future. Moreover, she wasn't that much upset to relinquish her duties of a distinguished young lady. She could very well enjoy the overflowing eroticism of the Valley without the guilt anymore. Contrary to Mother's recommendations, she had done her bit of resisting, but now she was done! If she wanted a chance of being back to normal life, she had to temporarily accept to be what these people meant her to



be, and focus on the positive things going along with it.

First of all, Maruk was the equivalent of a lord here... No, actually much more: in all likelihood, someone presiding to the fate of hundreds of thousands of whites! In any case, a much more powerful man than the British duke to whom her mother wanted to marry her if it didn't work with Diana!

Even going to England seemed not so urgent, now that she had acknowledged the importance of her protector. Well, to escape to Europe was still a goal, though a much more distant one. Until she could be in the position of taking back the course of her everyday life in England, something she found sexually insipid after a foretaste of the pleasures of this valley, she could manage to spend some time enjoying this adventure, totally degrading according to western standards, but so exciting. Everything bad that could be done to her had already been done, and she wasn't dead, was she? Nothing more could frighten or humiliate her that much, as she knew she could also find some unsuspected pleasure out of it.

Maruk, a softie of a granddad? What a joke! The gentle old man of last week had been replaced in her mind by one sexually worth of her highest interest, able to make her blossom only by performing a fellatio to him! Naturally, she couldn't really compare, as she had known no other male, but she had heard nowhere of such an incredible bliss for that. She had to hold to someone who could send her to seventh heaven without having even pierced her hymen! It seemed to be exceptional enough to make her want to stay around him a bit more. Actually, she didn't care about his difference of age now. On the contrary, a male able to satisfy her in bed at 70 had to be an exception—and incidentally, a terrible blow to

Mother's marriage arrangements! She felt safer with him than with anybody else in England. She could easily picture herself spending a few months pretending that he was her man, her master, her lover ... yes, even her god, if it was needed to make it work!

In an hour, she had acknowledged that everything told by Maruk had been the truth, and her last defense lines still standing to reject the fate of a white slave had not resisted to her first taste of the pleasures of the Valley. To live here appeared now nicer to her than in London; her fears had gone and her eyes were wide open.

And this brand new state of mind certainly could be noticed, as it seemed to her that the passers-by were more and more respectful toward her. She had to do much better to expose her desire to integrate this society. She took a swaggering gait, proud to show to people that she belonged to this man. Of course, she knew that she had to erase her natural haughtiness to only display the strength of her submission so she could impress the males around. Though, she still didn't want Maruk to be aware yet of how deeply her state of mind had changed in such a short time. Better let him believe that she was an innocent young thing needing more conquering, so he wouldn't grow weary of her too soon.

She realized that she was walking mechanically, with her legs sticking together as much as possible, unconsciously trying to hide the nudity of her pubis—what an idiot! Slowly, she spread her thighs and moved her pelvis forward. It changed her gait drastically, and the subtle difference in the clicking of her heels made Maruk turn around. She blushed to the roots of



her hair, but resisted to an instinctive attempt to conceal her intimacies with her hands.

“Young lady,” Maruk said, “don’t be ashamed of displaying the beauty of your natural treasures. You need to learn how to exploit those assets. All that you can get by hiding your genitals is the anger of a stranger who will demand redress for that insult. At this point, I would have no other choice but to let him mount you. Denying the ancestral right of a Shazilarian subject to look at your most intimate parts is not an offense punished by Law, though it is considered a serious insult, and insulting a god is blasphemy, which is indeed punished by Law! The least of the proprieties for me would be to allow the insulted to fully penetrate what you have forbidden him to see from outside.”

Terrified with the idea of being taken in a street by some short-tempered stranger, Janet spread her thighs even wider and swayed her hips to erase any doubt that she could be trying to hide anything to anyone.

She had still the wrong impression of displaying the lowest vulgarity in exhibiting herself that way, thighs and calves tensed for the sole purpose of throwing her vulva forward. Though, it was obviously the opposite around here, as her gait was seen as being graceful by the passers-by. She had to trust Maruk’s judgment about the customs and behaviors of his fellow citizens, as his interest was to show to the whole valley that he owned a knockout.

She imagined the reaction that she would get in England, even with a decent outfit, walking in the streets this way in the company of an old man! She would be called a whore, no doubt. On the contrary here, in this barbaric society, she was

perfectly in the norm, a typical white woman. She had to adapt, to become a model of integration. And as, according to her education, she was seeing this gait as terribly vulgar, she needed to go over the top in that direction. Yes, she had to be vulgar in her department, to display around everything that she had been taught to repress, as she understood now that this notion had been instilled into her so she could show reservation in the sexual domain.

Maruk turned around, noticing another change in the clicking of her heels. Janet had never seen his face brightening that much, reflecting his deep satisfaction of watching her exhibit herself without the slightest complex. Well ... in appearance only, as Janet was fiercely struggling inwardly to avoid jumping down on the ground in a fetal position to ease the huge shame that was eating her.

Maruk came closer to her and kneaded her buttocks with enthusiasm to reward her, just as he would rub a deserving dog. Red as a beetroot, Janet exaggerated her gait even more and soon felt the pleasure growing fast in her, mixing with the shame. After walking together a few minutes in these conditions, the pleasure won, and Janet’s shame switched completely into a consuming pride under the sight of the passers-by.

“Does this mean that you want me to touch you now?” Maruk asked, “contrary to what you made me swear?”

“Oh no Sir,” Janet hastened to specify, “this is all right, but what I meant by being touched was about sex, penetration and other dirty things like that. I certainly don’t mind being rubbed by someone so nice.”

“Good! I’ll try to calm down my enthusiasm when I come around the limits you defined, my child. Though, you



need to know that my agreement is only when Basher and V'Isswillraoussa are away. When they are present, we have to keep on pretending. And I'm not sure that we've seen the last of those two!"

"Of course Sir. But even when they are not here, touch ... touching me like this is ... ah ... acceptable."

Janet was ashamed to display her trouble like that, but she really didn't want him to stop. Could she have submissive or exhibitionist tendencies? And if not, why all that lust? The delightful contact of Maruk's hand was, of course, causing most of it, though she deeply felt that something in her present situation was disturbingly exciting her. Putting forward like a figurehead everything that was necessary to hide in the western world was extremely liberating. She was even a bit scared of getting addicted to it.

As for the burning pride that she felt, it was about walking at the arm of a powerful man, a way to thumb the nose of the rest of the Valley at her importance, for a change. No, she wasn't a nobody in this world, and she expected showing it by her attitude. Maruk was seeing her as she was, and he deserved her total cooperation to help him maintain his image of a powerful character. She was even exaggerating her manner to stand at his side, proclaiming with her body how sexually satisfied she was with the old man. Such a thing might be what could leave the strongest impression on the average Shazilarian.

When Maruk let go her buttocks and walked in front of her again, she adopted a swaying gait almost up to caricature, her pelvis thrown forward, but still unconsciously displaying, she thought, the grace of the movements of her

arms, her hands, her legs, her noble bearing and the haughty expression on her face showing everybody around her pride to belong to a revered master.

Without being aware of it, Janet had just reinvented the classical gait of the white cattle. But contrary to those brainless she-pigs born in the Valley, raised to have such a behavior since childhood, she was aware of the ins and outs of the question. She felt advantaged over these poor wretches, though on the condition that she should succeed in equaling them in their blind obedience and unwavering faith in their gods. One heck of a challenge for a young woman accustomed to be wooed by hordes of suitors in London and New Victoria.

They walked around a surrounding wall of alabaster which seemed to have no end, higher than the houses on the opposite side of the street. Something in Maruk's attitude made her understand that this was his place. No wonder that he lived so far from the main city, with such a vast domain.

A few minutes later, they arrived in front of a recess that was hiding a little green door reinforced with gold.

Maruk knocked at it and turned around to look at her in the waiting. The sight of her new attitude was bringing tears to his eyes, which clearly showed how incredibly transfigured she was after a walk that had only lasted for twenty minutes.

A small trap window opened first, then the door with a creaking noise. A young blonde welcomed them, wearing only a few copper jewels strategically placed on her anatomy and a triangular crest tattooed above her Venus mound that was probably Maruk's. They were in a park covered in palm trees, banana trees and a lot of exotic plants. Floating over the foliage



was standing a huge palace with six towers and a gigantic gold dome. It had to be the domain of a minister, at least.

A black-skinned silhouette suddenly appeared between two bushes, running toward them as fast as her legs could carry her.

“Ah!” Maruk exclaimed, pretending to be in joy, “My child, of course you know V’Isswillraoussa... She will come here often to take you in charge and check on the correctness of your commitment. And today, she is the one who will teach you the rules of my house.”

Janet couldn’t believe her eyes. When would she be freed from that giant black disease? It was so obvious that this virago was spying for Basher!

Maruk walked away to his palace while V’Isswillraoussa was beginning to explain to Janet the rules of the place.

“When I’m here, I’m in charge,” the demoness said, “which absolutely doesn’t mean that I’m your errand girl. I insist on this being very clear, because I know your nasty species, the one that mistreated my mother in her young age. For you, I’m an almighty goddess, and I’ll take care of you, but like a mistress takes care of her devoted little bitch. If this is what you happen to be, I’ll make your life easier. Yet, you can also choose to be my scapegoat, though I advise you against this position, even if those picked up for it have their purpose. Remember that if Maruk owns and protects you officially, it is still in my world you live!

“Yes, *Zwafahi*,” Janet said frightened.

“My mother had told me your language, so call me ‘Mighty Black Goddess’ in your own words. My experience with your filth teaches me that it’s much more efficient on

your stubborn minds that way. What it means feels more powerful, not an honorific title, but a homage to a being far above your miserable porcine species, a black goddess that you need to worship. That’s exactly what I am, don’t you forget it!”

“Yes Mighty Black Goddess!”

“Well then, forward march! I’ll show you to your quarters.”

V’Isswillraoussa pushed her with the tip of her rod toward the palace, on a track parallel to Maruk, striking it on her buttocks when she decided that she wasn’t walking fast enough.

After a few minutes, they continued around the white marble walls of the biggest building of the domain. It was what she had seen first in the distance, a spherical structure of a two hundred yards diameter, the one with the gold dome. They eventually arrived in front of a small ebony door, sculpted with tangled patterns in the Moorish style.

V’Isswillraoussa opened it and pushed Janet inside. It was a gigantic room, mostly a hall, lighted on its walls with oil lamps. There was a circus ring in the center with a large circular bed covered with hundreds of cushions. Around it were piled up big rattan baskets—thousands of them, stacked by five. It made the place look a bit like a warehouse.

As she was walking deeper into it, Janet realized with horror that every basket had a woman in it—those were cages for white females!

Narrow alleys were separating the piles disposed in concentric circles and the further away they stood from the ring the smaller they were. The bigger ones on the first row were called “pet kennels” and were for the *crème de la crème* of the blondes. All the others were called “pet crates”. Janet imme-



diately noticed the ridiculous size of the tiny ones in the fifth row, and how uncomfortable they might be.

All around the place, a large way could allow a vehicle to circulate among the crates. V'Isswillraoussa told her that this place, her whole world from now on, was called "Lord Maruk's pet kennels". She led her toward the second circle and opened a pet basket, the third on a pile. She grabbed its occupant by the hair so violently that the unfortunate girl fell down hard.

Before she could even react at the sight of this naked woman lying on the floor, Janet was pulled out and shoved into the vacant crate. Two silk cushions were thrown inside, and the trap door in the front was shut down and locked.

Janet was left alone in this exiguous cage in which her legs had to be folded to fit. The rattan stems were hurting her delicate flesh, so she disposed the cushions in haste to make herself a bed. Above and under her, she could vaguely distinguish her sisters in misfortune through the double rattan weaving, and those who were in other piles through the hole in her basket: a slit on the trap door the size of a mailbox opening, big enough to look, but not to pass the hand.

In the opposite row, blondes were also on all fours in their crates, all facing the outside walls with their crotch turned toward the center of the room, stuck against their trap door. Were they white natives, or women like herself who had once enjoyed freedom in the western world? It was impossible to tell, because none of them was talking to her ... if they even could!

V'Isswillraoussa's rod violently hit the basket.

"On all fours!" she roared, "crotch toward the door! I

want to see an oozy pink slit and a greedy anus displayed when I fancy to open it, not the dull snout of a porcine tart! You can look, but upside-down between your thighs ... and absolutely not when a god is around!"

Janet turned around in her cage with difficulty, and tried to fold herself more comfortably on the silk cushions.

She had found a fetal position less awkward than the others, when suddenly everything began to shake. Curious, she turned again and looked through the letterbox slit. All the women were waving their pelvis, swaying their hips, twisting lustfully in their basket with their backside aiming toward the center of the room.

Suddenly, she saw the reason of that excitement: Maruk had just entered the ring, accompanied with a pride of little blondes busy or attentive all around his body.

Janet felt the rattan starting to vibrate under her. It seemed that this was happening in the whole kennels. She immediately thought of bitches in heat trying to attract the attention of the alpha male, before she realized that she was craving to join them ... but no! She had to resist to that collective impulse if those were the conditions of her captivity. She had to show herself at her advantage, would it be only to interest Maruk. How could she keep alive his intention of bringing her to England if she looked contented in this new environment? The presence of so many females in this place was worrying her so much that it had already made her forget her proud gait in the street. Why had she been put like this in a basket, without the slightest explanation? And why only in the second row of piles? She had brutally passed from the status of a wooed woman, pampered and desired, to the one of a



mere bee in a hive. She was bitterly understanding that even with her new positive attitude and her fast learning talents, things were shaping up in a far more complex way than what she had expected.

It was even worse to realize that despite these dreadful new factors in the evolution of her situation, she was still finding stimulating the collective enthusiasm of the females in the pet crates. What an irony! After she had struggled body and soul to avoid Maruk's weird sexual demands, the only thing that she seemed to desire now more than anything was to gain his favors ... and it was happening now that she discovered that it might be rare and difficult, from someone vigorously swooned over!

And about her hypocritically pious manners of a stuck up innocent damsel—hang them! This was war! She wanted Maruk to know that she desired his body, despite all the ineptitudes she had so stupidly spewed to him!

Fortunately, the opportunity to make up for her mistakes presented to her without delay: Maruk was walking in her direction! In haste, she contorted herself to properly stick her backside against the rattan exit. The other women were shaking so much that her belated movements in the basket had chanced to look like expressing her enthusiasm. When the door of her pet crate opened, she was performing the lively anal begging she had seen the others doing. She didn't dare lowering her head to take a look between her thighs, so she had no way to know if it was really Maruk who had opened the basket; though, if it was the case, it was such an important moment that she was ready to completely ridicule herself if it should mean standing out.

She was at the higher phase of her pelvis undulations when she suddenly felt hands grabbing her hips and pulling her backside out of the trap door. She was left in a very difficult position to hold, as her legs had to fold in a very unnatural way. She was certainly looking ridiculous with only her buttocks jutting out from the basket, but her joy was so intense that some tears rose in her eyes.

She felt something trying to penetrate her little orifice ... though not succeeding to it!

"She hasn't been oiled!" V'Isswillraoussa explained, "what heresy is that?"

"Oh!" Maruk replied, "she has not been processed with the basic pet hygiene we do in the kennels yet. You have to fix that."

Janet felt the cold contact of some oil being applied around and inside her anus.

"Little slut!" V'Isswillraoussa said, "you are locked down as an oyster, but I'll open you! This should be a good lesson for you: that spot has to be accessible at all times, or you might rue the day when some other piglet gets honored in your place."

Janet felt the demonesse's hand rummage into her rectum, shoving large quantities of oil inside. Yet, she was mentally focused on Maruk's organ, more than ready to penetrate her. She had already suffered that once, though this time, she wasn't as horrified as she should. She was conflicted about it, not sure if she wanted to be left alone or experience that pleasurable thing in her again.

Who asked her, anyway? Janet was pushed forward by V'Isswillraoussa and penetrated by Maruk through her tightest orifice for the second time; though now, she was surprised to



find herself longing for it. She heard the moans of the women reacting at every to-and-fro movement she made. She was filled with so much pride that she couldn't help sticking out her chest. She was sure that the others were doing the same when they could have this good fortune. It was clearly a very rare event for them, judging by their large number.

"Listen and don't say anything, my child," Maruk whispered, "The little rebellion you showed last hour in the Palace has changed Basher's mind. I just received the demand to take V'Isswillraoussa as a controller of your training. Be sure that from now on, I intend to keep my word on everything; bringing you to England, finding a sweet man for you and not touching you unless you tell me to. I just needed to mount you one last time in front of her as a welcome to my kennels. After this, nothing can force me to choose you over my other blonde pets, so you'll be safe. I'll pretend to ignore you, but it only means that I can't protect you against that devilish woman. Let's just hope that she won't annoy you too much when she's around, which won't be all day and night, that's for sure."

She climaxed at the fifth to-and-fro movement, and it was happy, as Maruk had chosen to get out after the sixth.

"There, be courageous my child. It won't be forever!"

Janet felt an incredible emptiness when Maruk removed his organ. She wanted to ask him to forget his promise and stay in her for more, but she wasn't ready yet for what it meant. She was still blowing and moaning under the effect of the orgasm, so she didn't immediately understand that she had to stay in the position induced by the demones and

keep sticking out her buttocks by the trap door. She made the huge mistake of moving back into the pet crate to relieve her legs, something that the demones saw as an abuse of her own time. Janet clenched her teeth when V'Isswillraoussa strongly grabbed her pubic hair and pulled her backside out. The giantess fastened her small labia ring to a gold one embedded in the rattan, so that Janet couldn't move without hurting herself.

When she was completely immobilized, the demones applied the rod many times on her quivering buttocks.

"That will teach your rosy ass to wait for my cleaning," V'Isswillraoussa said, "but it took the whole minute I had for you, so you stay that way until after I processed the last pet. As for your vulvar ring, avoid to pull too much on your labium when you move, if you don't want to be disfigured like a freak! Remember that from now on, this side of you will represent two thirds of your identity for Arab gods. Keep it healthy, fresh and plump and avoid bruises on it as much as you can!"

The demones left, and Janet stayed alone in that embarrassing position, with for only company some sarcastic chuckles coming from many women in the other baskets.



Chapter III The ring

It took to Janet ten minutes to get over her delightful torpor and start feeling the pain in her stiff limbs. Either she kept her backside completely out of the trap door, which was terribly exhausting, or she was held only by her labial ring, which was dangerous. She didn't know if the worst was the pain or her new awareness of what might happen to her unfortunate labium; could too much stretching out really elongate it to the point that it could disfigure her in Maruk's eyes?

In the doubt, she didn't dare to move for two hours. Many people were walking behind her, some of them chuckling with pleasure, probably for seeing her in that ridiculous position. Most of the steps she heard were those of demonesses, with the heels of their boots clicking in a very distinctive way. Though, obviously some white women were passing too, with quicker clicking, and some men, whose slippers were trailing noisily on the floor. Who were they? Maruk? Basher? Neighbors eager to check on the newbie? She would never know...

At last, V'Isswillraoussa came back. She shoved a big syringe in her rectum and pulled Maruk's semen with it. Then,



she replaced it with a hose. She rinsed her many times, splashed the rest of her body completely and unfastened her labia to push her back into the basket, making her buttocks jump in haste under the rod.

“So, that’s the pause before night now, scruffy white!” the black giantess said, “like all the bitches in-heat of the kennels, you can turn toward the ring and enjoy the major events involving your god before you sleep. You did your best tonight in getting back into your den after a generous mounting of The God, though you’re excused for your ignorance ... this time! What you’ll watch is the favorite entertainment for blondes. You don’t know yet, but in a week, the worst punishment for you will be to be deprived of that wonderful collective moment, by far! You see that I’m not as bad as you think. What do you say about that, pink maggot?”

“Er ... thank you ... er... Migh... Mighty Black Goddess.”

The demoness put her brown vulva right on Janet’s snout, who intuitively started to suck her prominent beauty bud according to her past recommendations.

After a few minutes of a wet goodnight clit kiss, V’Isswillraoussa shut the trap door and walked away. A few seconds later, the lights around the central area were turned off, leaving only the ring lighted, like the scene of a theater—the big central bed!

Maruk was lying on it with six of his blonde pets, whose goal in existence was obviously the licking of every square inch of his body.

In the rattan crates, hundreds of eyes were watching the gleaming ring with a mix of desire and envy.

Janet’s new strategy had in no way taken that factor in consideration. She would have to struggle against all these women! Contrary to what she had thought, Maruk was spoiled for choice, and that fact only was leading her to a heavy depreciation of herself.

She had a fit of hate toward Maruk who had misled her. It suddenly seemed to her that he was not as nice as he appeared. A softie of a granddad, yeah right! He was a powerful man, lusted after. She was reluctant to conclude that he might have deliberately deceived her ... perhaps she had only indulged in wishful thinking ... anyway, it didn’t mean that their voyage to England would never take place. Her life in a pet crate might very well be only a social obligation to which Maruk couldn’t escape as long as V’Isswillraoussa was here to watch them!

Nevertheless, her hopes were going downwards.

In the waiting, she needed to do everything in an exemplary way, and above all, she had to see Maruk as the powerful man he was. She didn’t want to lie to herself: this status of Minister of the White Cattle, in her present situation, was increasing tenfold his male appeal, getting much over the age difference. And eventually, it wasn’t so bad to belong to a man feared, respected and proud of his sexual performances.

After almost an hour of this show, she couldn’t help being caught by it, as much thrilled as the rest of the audience when something was happening on the ring.

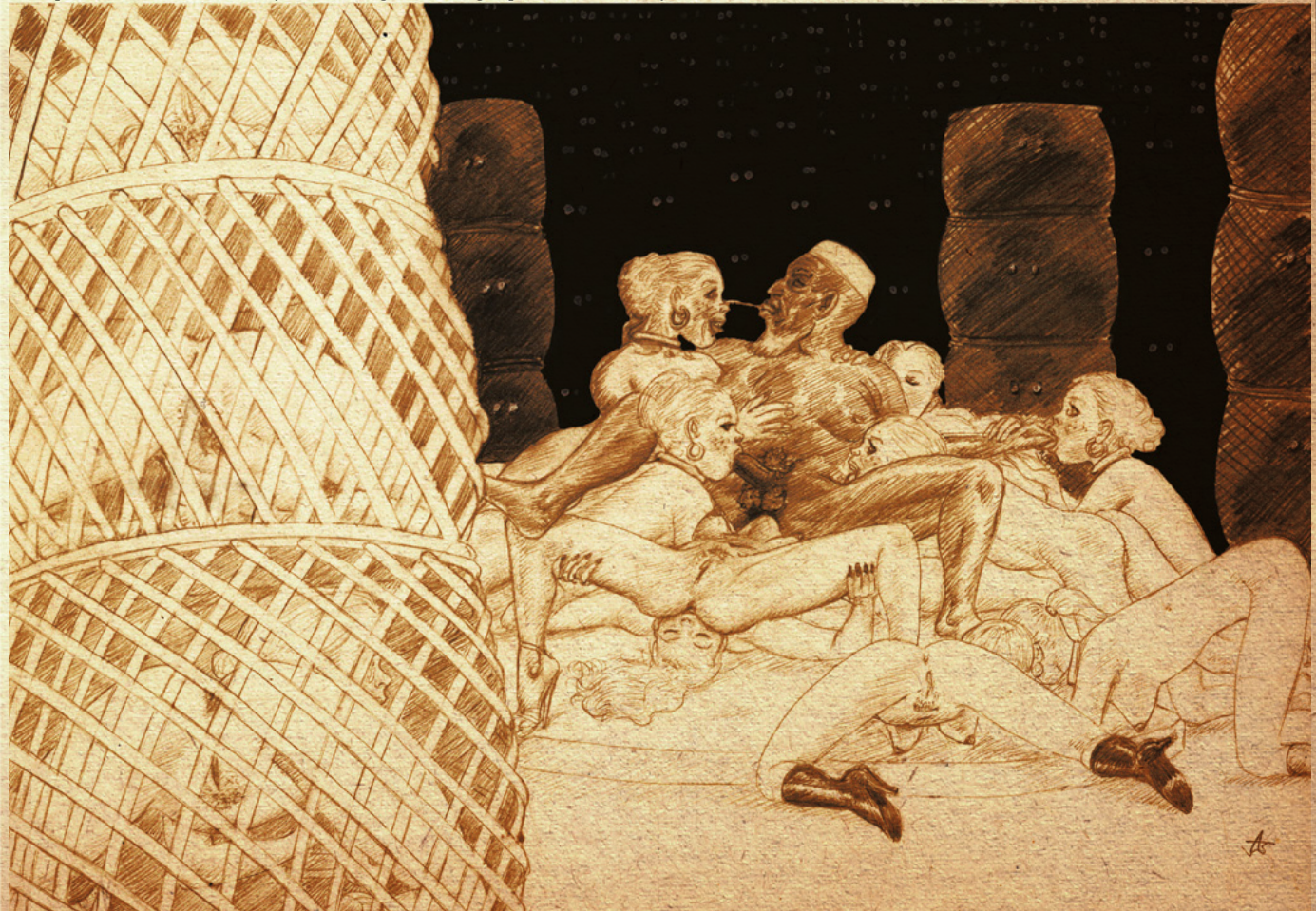
The little blondes on stage were incredibly vivacious, even after such a long time spent licking and suckling that mixed-flavor pile of flesh. Only Maruk could be distinguished out of it from where she was, because of the color of his skin. Sometimes, he would disappear under a pink and gold mass, some parts of his body popping out from time to time.

After what felt like one hour, many of the blondes had been rejected from the bed, as their enthusiasm seemed to have declined, and only ten of them were still firmly in the saddle. At this point, Janet would have damned herself to dive in the group and take a bit of the action, even for some incredibly dirty things she might be commanded to do. They looked so happy, so satisfied compared to the frustrated hotheads who were shaking the rattan pet crates all around.



Once again, how could she have ever seen Maruk as a softie granddad? He was a handsome virile man, now in his complete nudity, sitting enthroned on the pile of women like a brown jewel nestling in a setting of pink velvet. A lucky

gal was constantly the target of his jets of saliva, expressing something close to a permanent joy, while the others were taking care of the most remote square inches of his skin with a deep concentration. The one



who had his organ in the mouth was only rotating her tongue around his glans without moving anything else, but she had done it for more than an hour and showed no intention of giving up her ideal spot. Abundant liquids were flowing down her vulva by strokes, gathered by another young woman to avoid soiling the bed. It was the same for the one on whose face Maruk was sitting except that sometimes it seemed that she was desperately in need for air.

At some point, Janet realized that she was sharing the reactions of the audience completely, shaking her buttocks in her basket with joy, quivering when one of the performers was making a bold move. Though, she was the only one who shed a tear of regret, because she knew that she could have been in that ring if she wanted...

Eventually, Maruk lay down on the bed to sleep, and when the lights turned off, Janet knew that she would wait impatiently for the next show.

She still had that feeling in the morning, when she was woken up by the splashing of water. Black demonesses were flooding the rattan pet crates with a high-pressure jet. Janet was swamped, but managed to notice how the others were behaving around. They were presenting their body to the jet in various positions to clean themselves.

After five minutes of this, the demonesses moved to another section of the kennels and left them to dry. Fortunately, it was hot inside that big room and Janet dried up in less than an hour; though it took longer for the rattan weaving and the cushions.

The other women didn't seem to have cushions like herself. Was that privilege what Maruk meant when he said that she would always be comfortable?

Just when she had rearranged her bed, a hollow plate was introduced through the slit in the rattan door. Like the others, she quickly grabbed it with the teeth before it would fall down. Inside was some porridge quite similar to what she had in the Palace.

As all the women were eating in haste, Janet chose to be

prudent and imitated them. It was a smart move, as Maruk's hands clapping could be heard, which caused a general shaking of the pet crates—the blondes were turning around quickly to try their needs in the plates.

Janet had just the time to do the same, very careful of not soiling her living place in the process. Like the rest of them, she turned back afterwards, grabbed the filled plate with her mouth and waited in front of the slit for a demoness to collect it. Holding it between the teeth, she could watch the ten favorites of the previous evening as they were granted a privileged treatment near the ring. They were served out of their basket one by one, and some honey was conspicuously put into the porridge. After that, they were allowed to do their needs separately, but with much more comfort than the others. They had plenty of space and didn't have to concern themselves with aiming at the plate, as a demoness was gathering their wastes directly at the source inside a bowl, examining their product to check on their health. Though this didn't seem to embarrass them at all, as they puffed up with pride afterwards, crawling back to their kennel in a concealed way, looking at the other blondes with a haughty air.

That attention to their health given by the demoness was a token of the high value of these elected ones. On the contrary, those in the back rows seemed to be completely neglected. How could Maruk tolerate the way those who were never leaving the back pet crates were treated? Though, she remembered the previous evening some moments when he showed cruelty with a few of his blond toys. Obviously, it was the way Janet had been treated which was the exception, compared to his usual attitude toward his numerous white women. She didn't know if she had to rejoice of this or fear some tumble of her status.

The privileged ones were cleaned in a much more comfortable manner too, dried up with towels. They could even sit in front of a mirror to upgrade their hair and their makeup.

At last, after a half-hour wait watching the elite of the blondes in action, the plate was taken away, leaving Janet with a painful jaw and a nasty persistent smell in the nostrils.

She wondered what would happen to her now, worried



about the horrible things that she might be forced to do, Maruk having obviously hidden his true nature to her. Yet, she couldn't really consider that he was without honor. After all, she was given two cushions more than the average women in the baskets. In his own way, he was a gentleman in a society of scoundrels! Yet, the other promises would be impossible to undermine in such a way. Either he would honor them, or he would forget them; she reserved her judgment until that!

It seemed that his need for her consent was also for real, as she waited all day in the basket without any appearance from Maruk. That evening, he came very late and climbed immediately into bed, gently rubbed by his ten favorites in a non-sexual way to help him sleep.

The next day, and the four that followed, it was the same. Except for the cleaning, the feeding, the relief of their natural needs, some running exercises in line for two hours under the whip, and the view of the privileged ones outside, Janet's days were incredibly boring. Her only entertainment was to ask herself always the same questions, never finding a simple way to answer them.

Janet couldn't believe that Maruk had done all this only to leave her to rot in a rattan cage. Now that she had seen the richness of the old man's sexual life, she wasn't sure of anything anymore. The truth was that, for now, she has suspected him of the worst, when he had done nothing to deserve it. He penetrated her anus, which was something obviously trite around here, but he never lied to her. The only problem was her own wish to change the agreement: she still wanted to go to England and be married to a good man, but regretted to have asked him for not being touched without her express demand.

If the opportunity should come again, she thought that she would ask him to penetrate her... Oh! yes, it was so frustrating to watch Maruk with his bunch of little sluts in the ring and not even being able to remind her own existence to him.

Yet, some blurry points were still leaving the possibility of a tortuous scheme. How could a man with such a despise for white women could apply his sense of honor on only one of them? Why would he have lost so many days in telling stories if it wasn't to win the kitty? No, he would probably reveal his strategy after letting her stew for a bit.

The opportunity presented itself one week later.

The black demonesses began to prepare the room, putting cushions all around the track surrounding the ring. The pets started ululating with frenzy. The crates were moving so much that two piles fell down on the ground. Janet was quite worried, actually, as her own pile was dangerously rocking forward and backwards.

What could generate such enthusiasm? If it was so important for the pets, it was probably about a chance for them to participate to the show in the ring. What was the point of having so many women if it wasn't to use them from time to time?

And she was right! That evening, Maruk appeared under the cheers of his female crowd, and the demonesses started to open the crates. Like the others, Janet let herself fall down from her pile and followed the flow to the ring. They had to take place on their knees, sticking out their chest, hands hanging forward like begging dogs.

At some point, a big roar of disappointment could be heard behind them, and it became obvious that only the first two rows of baskets were concerned by this party, which was still making a herd of 300 females kneeling around the scene. No wonder the Shazilarians thought of themselves as gods with so many adepts worshiping them. Maruk was quietly sitting on the bed, but he was glowing. Janet was just stunned with the idea that 300 of them were controlled by only one old man and five demonesses, even if those were extremely active with their whips, gathering the blondes who were not sticking enough to the others.





And then, the whole event became surrealistic. Maruk stood up and walked among the pets carelessly, stamping on some of them at random. They were a bit shocked by this boorishness, but they still swooned at this sight and broke down the house!

Janet was ululating, imitating the others, alternating the tongue sounds with the shouting of Maruk's name. She was deeply shattered. She had never lived such a formidable event and had no idea how charismatic this man could be. To think that she had treated him like a lecherous old timer only because of his gentleness with her! Indeed an individual with so many women worshiping him was, by definition, a divinity. And in her crass stupidity, she had seen him as a peasant from a colonized people, when actually he was a god walking on earth.

Behind the expressions of enthusiasm, she could feel a dazzling religious respect around him. Who was she to even deserve to be in the presence of such a loved and respected man?

Unfortunately, he couldn't possibly rub all the heads, so he went for the next best thing: he grabbed his old organ and started to pee over them, causing a jumping wave of delight in the kneeling crowd on the path of his golden jet. Eventually, that outburst was skillfully contained by the whips of the demonesses to avoid becoming wild.

Janet was incredibly surprised to find herself craving for some drops of the coveted liquid. Though, she never received a single one before it was over, and she felt completely down about it. So, when Maruk snorted to gather saliva in his mouth, she pushed away two of those silly bitches to be in better position to get it.

Janet's violent desire might have taken his fancy, as he came closer to her and spat many times on her face. She was on a little cloud, suddenly flooded into a huge orgasm. Her sight was completely blurred and her face was in fire.

Maruk grabbed her by the chest and made a highly coveted gob flow down on her tongue.

She fainted.



She woke up in her rattan basket the next morning, feeling incredibly good under the water jets of the demonesses. She couldn't help being in a wonderful mood, even during the wait with her filled plate between the teeth.

Though her pet crate was now in the third row instead of the second. The view of the privileged ones outside worried her a bit. Why wasn't she among them? She had been chosen that last evening ... but maybe her fainting had been taken badly? To think of it, such a thing might be seen as a lack of respect, unless Maruk had been proud of his effect on her.

An insidious thought started to grow in her mind. What if Maruk simply hadn't recognized her? It was only a wild guess, but he had so many women at his disposal, all young, pretty and blondes ... it was conceivable that he should mix her up with a lot of others.

She rejected the idea, too horrible to be dug up more. How could he have not recognized the famous Lady Janet Whitestock, the *Ram'Zwanganari*? No, it was a trick ... a trick! Yet, she was seeing a bit too many tricks in what could be only the simple truth. For now, all her wild suspicions about Maruk had shown to be nothing but paranoid guesses!

She concluded that she had been pushed in her basket because of her collapsing, and chose to shamelessly enjoy her euphoric state...

A new wait began immediately after that; a wait that lasted for two weeks!

Every evening, she would see Maruk, but could never call him. She tried it once and needed three days to heal her whip marks. And Maruk didn't even cast a glance at her.

Fifteen days of total despair, without even one of those parties to entertain the women. At this point, she would have welcomed a visit from V'Isswillraoussa!

And one wonderful evening, the demonesses began to prepare the ring again. Janet spontaneously ululated and chanted Maruk's name with the others, shaking her pet crate with frantic swaying of the pelvis. After three weeks in this

place, she felt completely a part of the collective.

This time, the party was so huge that the big baskets of the first rows were moved out of the room as soon as they were emptied of their content. An hour later, the entire place was filled with kneeling women, one or two thousand of them—the whole kennels! When Maruk arrived, Janet could only see his head behind a hundred blond ones, then a *djellabah* being thrown away in the distance. She had absolutely no chance to meet Maruk in such a crowd.

The party ended two hours later, but she couldn't see Maruk anywhere in this huge ocean of naked flesh until she was back into her basket.

It was beginning to turn into a nightmare. Why did she reject that man so stupidly when she was in the Palace? What an ignorant little goose she was!

Fortunately, she had to wait only a week before the next event. When she noticed that only the first three rows had been opened, her hope came back. Though, this time, she had absolutely no choice, or she would be moved to the fourth row where parties would become very rare and overcrowded for her.

She was kneeling along the others, her hands begging in the direction of Maruk, when suddenly V'Isswillraoussa entered the kennels. She stood still in a corner of the room, obviously enjoying the show a lot. After Maruk had regaled his women by relieving himself, he started strolling around, distributing spits and slaps, feeling up those with the most worshipping face.

At some point, Janet was noticed by V'Isswillraoussa. The demoness walked discreetly to her, put three fingers into her vulva and lifted her by the pubic bone. She carried her out of the room to a place filled with fancy outfits and tools. She cleaned her and arranged her makeup, then made her wear the mock-up colonial uniform which she had when she arrived in the Valley, more than a month ago.

"What an awkward lump!" the demoness said, "you need to distinguish yourself, silly! You didn't realize that Lord Maruk had forgotten that you were even there? He is more than a hundred years old, you dope! Use your assets! Remind him that you're Zwanga's daughter, and you'll see!"



When she was ready, the demoness led Janet into the group of kneeling blondes until Maruk noticed her uniform. The old man had a reaction that left no doubt about his confusion.

"There you are!" he said, "Why did you hide like that? I even thought that you might have been ejected from the room by mistake because of the centrifugal law ruling the kennels! My poor child, I missed you so much!"

Janet was so happy, feeling suddenly propelled to the top. Indeed, she had been paranoid all the time, and too shy to do anything about it.

"Please, My Lord, forget your promise!" she said with her cheeks red as a beetroot. "I would love to be touched by you if you fancy it! You are my god!"

It was so good to let go a whole life of frustration, and a month of resistance to what her instincts were telling her. She would belong to him, big deal! That's what she craved for!

Maruk seized her and stuck her down against the floor in a possessive attitude. Greatly soothed, Janet looked at him with passion.

Maruk made her grab his thigh and rub his anus, then started to pee on her! Janet made a little jump when the warm liquid came in contact with her face, but she had seen much worse in a month in

Shazilar, and she kept looking at him with worship despite the weirdness of the act. If some man had done such a thing to her, it would have been utterly disgusting, but with someone idolized by so many women, it was more like a religious experience, some kind of baptism.



And the pleasure! It was so fantastic. What caprice of nature could have given to the golden liquid delivered by The Gods such a magical effect in contact with white skin?

She fully understood now why these women were so worshipping and eager to get the slightest drop of that nectar! Life was so unfair, giving to some the power of gods over some others. Though she wouldn't complain; she belonged to the people who could enjoy that ecstasy, sure that it was much more rewarding to feel it than to have the power of making others feel it.

Unfortunately, it was at the cost of being considered as an animal and having to show an absolute obedience to these people of low birth, something that was badly looked by her own society. But it was only justice, after all! The day when Shazilarians would dominate the world, a wonderful era would begin. They would all live in a society of perfect order, an order that would last for millennia! Everything would be in its place perfectly. An old Arab peeing on a young white anywhere anytime would be seen as natural in the most ordinary way. A god would compliment a blonde for her beauty in the street, and without even the slightest hesitation, he would splash pure divinity on her face, lighting up boundless gratitude in her eyes!

Relationships would be so simple by then, no conflict, no war, only an absolute power rightfully applied by the elected ones over those with the abject worshipping behavior of domesticated animals.

She would remember forever her epiphany under the golden flow, that moment where the world had shown itself to her in its perfection...

Chapter IV Back into favor

Janet was brought to her crate after being cleaned up by V'Isswillraoussa in person.

"What a waste!" The demoness said, "Losing a month in your pet career! Most of the whites of Shazilar don't even enjoy a week that close to a god!"

Janet didn't say anything. She knew better than to reply to a demoness unless an answer was needed for a real question. She had lived such a wonderful moment that not even V'Isswillraoussa could belittle her new passion for Lord Maruk.

"You won't see me much from now on. You belong to Lord Maruk, and I have no doubt that you'll behave accordingly to the rules of your species under his thumb. You creatures don't have the same brain as humans or gods, and I know how difficult it could have been to understand it in your previous deceptive environment. Now that you have acknowledged your place, I'm sure that you'll make a good pet, graceful and brown-nosed to perfection. You will soon realize how exorbitant is the debt you owe me for reminding you to Lord Maruk. You can thank your genitrix for offering your breed to me. Without it, I would gladly have left you being carried away row after row until being expelled. When the Caliph and Lord Maruk would have no more interest in you, you'd become entirely mine. I could easily have picked you up for my personal use, but spen-



ding some time in Lord Maruk's kennels is the only talent that can give you some value. Now that I'm free, a Dame Demoness, I tolerate only first-class material in my house. You understand?"

"Yes, Mighty Black Goddess," Janet replied.

"All right. Show me your snout, I've seen enough of your orifices for now."

Janet turned around in the basket and put her head through the rattan window so she could kiss V'Isswillraoussa's vulva and nimble her labia with the precise strength needed. She pressed her lips around the rosy clitoris and undulated the tongue. It was the third time that she was doing that, but apparently she was getting it right for the first time.

Eventually, the demoness rubbed her whole genitals on her snout in an outburst of tenderness, and then shut the trap door.

The next day didn't come up to Janet's expectations. It was an average one in the kennels. The evening wasn't any better, as Lord Maruk didn't even come! In the morning, she was completely exhausted, because of her lack of sleep while waiting for the coming of Maruk all night long. The Master of the place seemed to have forgotten her again!

The day after was similar. The night also, though anyway, she fell asleep many times, awaken twice by a cruel stroke of whip on her crate.

The third day after her "baptism" by Maruk didn't begin much differently. Though, at least this time, Lord Maruk entered the ring in the evening.

Janet tried not to raise her hopes. After three days, it was doubtful that the old man would remember any of it, and she preferred to have a good surprise than suffering the downfall of a terrible disappointment ... though it was bound to happen anyway, as each passage of Maruk in the corridor of her pet crate made her heart pound wildly. She would be devastated if she wasn't picked up this time.

Worse, it seemed that the demonesses were not even setting the ring for the night. Janet was so shocked that she began to experience breathing difficulties.

With her tearful eyes, she saw Lord Maruk walking in the corridor. Though, he appeared a bit lost, as if he was looking for something. And suddenly, a demoness opened the rattan trap door of her pet crate.

"Ah! There you are!" Maruk exclaimed, "I knew that it was somewhere in this area."

Janet thought that she could fly, when suddenly ... she did! The demoness pulled her out of the basket like if she was a bag of feathers.

"Put her in the first row!" Maruk said, "on the ground right in front of the ring, so she could have the best view on the action above her at all times! She's special to me, and I want her to get used to live with an intimate relationship with my genitals!"

An unfortunate blonde in tears was pulled out of that choice spot. Janet was shoved inside with her cushions, and the trap door was shut. Later in the evening, she was moved out, still high from her incredible physical reaction. The demoness pushed her with her boot toward the ring, and Janet crawled on all fours in the direction of the exceptional man who owned her.

Though, something was badly wrong—Lord Maruk's organ was aiming down! She took a more arousing gait and turned around in front of him to present her backside in the position of respect.

"Kneel up, my child," Maruk exclaimed, "and come close to me. You released me of my promise to avoid touching you. Do you fully realize what it means? The respect of your oath as a member of the White Cattle is now expected."

"I understand, Lord Maruk," she said with a deference she wasn't accustomed to show, "you may use me as you please."

"Make the winner of last year contest enter!" Maruk demanded to a demoness. "My child, you need to fathom how complex it is!"



A young woman walked into the ring with her legs widely apart like a duck. She was shaven everywhere save for two horns of platted golden hair, and entirely covered with glistening oil. She was drooling, incredibly red with excitement, behaving like an animal in-heat ready to do anything for the old man.

“See,” Maruk said, obviously finding this arousing, “that’s a real blond pet in full possession of her faculties. Her genitrix was brought from a place called Scandinavia by a white trader from the Outside, and I’m sure she could be an excellent model for you.



Define the wish to become like her as the new goal in your life, and I may grant you a mounting some day ... if your begging is convincing enough!"

"Lord Maruk," Janet replied, "I think it would take me years to be like that..."

"Don't worry my child! If you sincerely follow that direction, I'm sure that I'll be interested, considering the distance you have already covered. That said, my memory is not as good as it used to be, and I will need you to put your tiara with the mark of Zwanga to remind me of who you are ... just in case!"

"Thank you Lord Maruk!" Janet replied, "I felt completely abandoned..."

"But you didn't want me to touch you when VIsswillraoussa wasn't around, my poor child. I only tried to be nice. And after that, I just forgot, called by public affairs. Please forgive me. Now, I'll wait for your move. You have seen how many blondes as pretty as yourself are here, so if you wish to get something from me, don't count only on your beauty; you have to beg like the others to attract my attention. You are favorably considered because I fancy a lot your *Ram-Zwagarani* status, though you need to respect the rules of my palace. And the first rule is that I touch only the whites begging efficiently enough to arouse me. Anything else would be debasing for me, even out of friendship! And, of course, if you succeed in catching my eye, you can't leave me in the lurch afterwards, or you might have to wait for months for some new opportunity ... if there should even be one! Is that understood?"

"Yes Lord Maruk!"

"And please call me 'Mighty God' now, my child! Just like the others of your race. You are not a human being who can call me by my name anymore. As for you, your name is '*brattee*', though don't be offended if I call you with sweeter

names, like 'pink worm', 'white slut' or 'young sheath'. I often get carried by outbursts of affection."

He kneaded her buttocks and walked away, sending her back to her pet crate. The demoness shut down the trap door, and she was left in the dark, wondering how she could have become addicted to physical contact with that old man to the point of letting go the protection that Mother had managed to obtain for her—not to mention every bit of her common sense!

Janet woke up early in the morning. The events of the last evening were overwhelming her memories, but she wasn't as much enthusiast about it anymore. She wasn't so sure that she really wanted to be treated as a sex toy by Lord Maruk. Clearly, he wasn't the nice gentleman she had imagined. Allowing him to touch her sexually had triggered in both of them something new and totally unexpected. For now, she had seen herself as a prisoner, without thinking about it too much. She was beginning to realize that she had entirely become a member of a collective, with the care and the responsibility coming with it. She was a very small part of a herd of women dedicated to one man, and was expected to act as such. Lord Maruk had only taken her because he had to satisfy Basher's thirst of vengeance. Now that he had her permission of doing anything sexual to her, he was showing a moderate interest for her ... and she had to arouse his attention, or stay alone in a cage!

How could the situation have reversed? And in a totally unnatural way: she was the one who was young and pretty, educated, civilized ... and yet, she had to beg an old Arab living in a completely remote part of the world in which barbaric customs were the absolute rule ... how could she gain back the protection she had so stupidly lost that last evening?

She calmed down. For now, she was safe, as nothing was supposed to happen to her without asking for it. He wanted her to beg, well ... then it might simply not happen. Big deal!



Reassured, she waited for the routine of the day to start. The only change was her new little golden and green apron with the name "Maruk" embroidered on it. She suddenly noticed that every white woman in the first row had one, though some were golden and red, golden and brown, silver and pink...

She managed to put up with the routine for three days, heartsick and bored to death. In the evening, she could watch the sessions in the ring from her new unrestricted view, but as she wasn't rattling her basket when the demoness was opening the rattan trap doors, she was left alone.

This time, she deeply regretted not to have manifested a stronger desire to participate before the selection. She was terribly frustrated to have the same feeling of being a prisoner as in the beginning of her life in Lord Maruk's pet kennels, when she had completely offered herself after a universal oath of obedience. She cursed her own ignorance during the whole event. She needed to show clearly her desire to be allowed inside the ring.

So, the second evening, she waited impatiently for the moment when the demoness was selecting the privileged ones and started to shake her basket.

She might have done it without enough enthusiasm, as her trap door wasn't opened! Once again, she had to suffer the frustration of watching other women have fun while she was fretting in her pet crate.

So, the next evening, she shook her basket the proper way, putting all her heart in it ... and was selected! She found herself near the ring with the most vivacious blondes she had ever seen. They were so excited that they would kill to be in the show, looking everywhere with greedy eyes, rocking their body with frenzy, all red and sweaty. It wasn't going to be a picnic!

When Lord Maruk appeared, she tried to compete with them, but soon realized that some mental block was preventing her from giving herself completely. She expected to be humiliated by the begging exercise, though she had no idea how degrading it could be to try to outstrip others in that task to attract a man whom she already thought was in her pocket! She would probably never beat those sluts at this game! She lost her enthusiasm completely, overcome by a defeatist feeling.

Lord Maruk obviously noticed that weak moment and picked her up, but without ordering her to go on the bed.

When the rejected ones had been sent back to the pet kennels and crates, Janet was the only one to be left out of the ring. As the chosen ones were moving around Lord Maruk's old body, the blondes in the pet crates started laughing because she had not been called on the bed!

Janet felt incredibly ashamed. She increased her pelvic movement toward Lord Maruk, but he seemed to be totally uninterested, and the laughs redoubled. Soon, she could also hear hisses and insults. After five minutes of this without the slightest reaction of Lord Maruk, she broke down and wept. She watched the whole session through eyes clouded with tears.

She pulled herself together and tried to stay perfectly still, like a pointer. It stopped the laughs and the insults after a while, and she suffered the worst frustration of her life, being at three yards of the man whom she desired so badly. This lasted for a half-hour, after which the selected ones were sent back to their pet kennels.

Lord Maruk stood up and put his slippers on. He walked over the wall of the ring and stopped upon the vexed Janet. As he seemed to wait for something, Janet was gained by panic. She needed to act quickly. When Lord Maruk started to leave, she jumped on his slipper and licked it with ardor.



He stretched out his leg toward her face. Immediately, she seized the opportunity and grabbed his foot to put it in her mouth. Red as a beetroot, she sucked his slipper as if her life depended of it.

She was twisting her tongue with briskness when she suddenly understood

what she needed to do. She had to be forgiven for not being up to the task, and her only chance was to show total adoration. In this culture, not succeeding in being chosen by Lord Maruk was the same as letting him down! And that was the moment when she decided that she was going to worship that man like a god; it was her only path, the answer to every perilous situation around here! The call to pity after a failure was the only tool allowed to blondes, and it had to be expressed in silence, with the body, the eyes, the face, the tongue ... that was the only option available!



She tried to find a way to show her abject adoration, and in this case, it consisted of giving the better treatment possible to his slipper. She pretended to make love to it with her mouth, twirling her tongue like in a French kiss.

Lord Maruk eventually removed his foot, satisfied with her silent apologies, and left the room.

Janet was brought back to her pet kennel ... and not in the second row—what a relief!

Though, in the loneliness of her home, Janet brooded over her burning defeat. By not giving herself up fully to her begging, cut down by her mental blocks, she had done the worst thing possible; she had to suck a dirty slipper instead of having the time of her life. She had suffered a worse humiliation than the one she feared, mocked by the pets and scorned by Lord Maruk, still having to behave like a slut in-heat eventually. She swore to herself that from then on, she would do everything with excellence. She knew she could become the sublime slut that was required of her if she really put all her heart at it. It was the only way to win her pride again and be someone in this place.

Unfortunately for her, she had reached the limit of three days allowed to stay in the front pet kennels without being chosen for the ring, and the next morning, she was brought away from that privileged area and put into the head crate in the second row, replacing the young woman who had been ejected from her kennel three days ago.

The filthy slut strutted about with pride while crawling on all fours to her original place, sending to Janet on the way the worst despicable glare that she ever got.

Though, nothing was lost yet. Even if she was downgraded, she was still in the best of all pet crates: in the first row, on the forward pile, on the floor. She had seen very often the occupant of this place being selected for the ring.

She had many assets for her, to begin with her position in the outside world, something that obviously fascinated Lord Maruk, or she would never have been given that tiara. Though, she wasn't sure why. It might be for the thrill of debasing a woman of value, either because she was the *Ram-Zwargarani* of the Shaziris or a noble English lady. Yet, if that was so valuable, why wasn't she impregnated already? It seemed to be something very important around here ... but she was left a virgin!

It could also simply be a revenge plotted by Basher, or Lord Maruk's wish to humiliate Zwanga, who was clearly his enemy, however smooth-tongued he was in trying to hide it.

Paradoxically, her usual assets, being pretty and a fair blonde with blue eyes, were only the ordinariness in the kennels. Not to mention being rich and famous; these resources were totally useless in this strange valley.

Her best assets were by far her knowledge of Shazilarian ways which was increasing every day, and her brand-new emancipation from pointless foreign values. The fact that she had acknowledged it was priceless: it had been what her mental blocking was about. If she managed to throw away all her obsolete standards to become a model pet, she would stop undermining herself. The only thing that was worth something for her now was defined by how she looked in the eyes of Lord Maruk, and she was very well aware of how to reach that



position: by accepting to be the most wicked bitch ever! She had no excuse, as he had expressed it in a very clear way by showing her a model, and she had turned a blind eye to it!

If she threw away all the mental garbage that she had amassed in her previous life and strongly concentrated on that goal, she had every chance. And now that she was clear about it and ready to use any means necessary, she just couldn't lose!

The next evening, she decided to put her new determination at test. She shook her basket frantically at the arrival of the one she badly needed to refer as "The God" if she wanted a chance to become a privileged adept. Unfortunately, it was a no-pet-crate party, and she had to stay alone with her frustration.

In her new state of mind, she was looking for anything she could learn on the behavior of the blondes in the ring, instead of foolishly moping in her cage.

And that was how she understood the importance of relationships between pets in the ring! She noticed at least two couples of them as soon as they were out of their kennels, these women were looking for each other and were putting their resources in common to make their move. That was very clever, pleasing a lot to The God, multiplying the opportunities of being selected.

A chosen one had the right to propose another by knocking on her trap door in front of a demoness. After that, they just had to be both demonstrative and enthusiastic as a pair. The God loved that so much that he would always select them together ... and actually, it meant twice a chance for the pets

to get picked up later.

She needed badly to find someone with whom she could do some mutual petting and French-kissing to arouse The God. And she had to continue looking for every opportunity, every trick she could notice for her use.

A general party, the next day, was for Janet the occasion of finding the right partner among the two thousand blondes. Once out of her pet crate, she knew that she didn't have a chance to get close to The God, so she chose to spend her time watching the others.

They were all different, despite their similar color of hair and their lustful bitch behavior. She eliminated in her mind all those she thought cruel, evil, egotistic or narcissistic, and concentrated on the good girls and the meek. Some of them were pregnant, and she wondered if The God would fancy to see her bound with one of them. Something was telling her that he would relish such an entertainment!

Very enthusiastic about that party, she drove her way across the oiled crowd, but didn't try to reach the spot where The God was supposed to be. Instead, she went a bit aside to a place where she had noticed pregnant women, certainly afraid to be crushed by some overexcited others. A demoness was guarding them, which told a lot about the care put by The God in the protection of their progeny.

Janet turned around the group to avoid challenging the demoness, and looked attentively at the women.

And that was when she saw Pretoria!

Pretoria Woehampton! Her friend Lady Pretoria, viscountess of Woehampton, who was supposed to have been killed by



the Mahawis five years ago in the jungle. Janet had shared her class for three years in New Victoria, after the death of her brother the Governor of British Gawarland during the insurrections, an event that led to the partition of that region between the British territory of Gawars and the newly independent Ouahza and Razid.

Surprised to see her, Janet put her hands down to hide her naked pubis. It caught Pretoria's attention, and she did the same. They were suddenly both ashamed to find themselves in this situation. The demoness frowned and stepped forward, raising her whip.

Fortunately, it was Pretoria who saved the day by rushing toward Janet and taking her in her arms. She gave her a deep kiss and caressed her body, which reassured the demoness.

"Shhh ... don't speak!" Pretoria whispered in her ear, "or do it without showing your lips moving! We have no right to talk, but let's become partners. The God will love two women in a couple, especially if one is pregnant. Rub my belly!"

Janet put her hand on Pretoria's swollen belly and acted as if it was tremendously exciting.

"Good!" Pretoria continued, "We can speak in our ears as long as we are rubbing each other like two lesbians. I'm aware that this isn't at all the way we used to have fun, but it's a good way to get points in this place!"

Janet began to twist her body around the pregnant woman, giving her a French kiss from time to time.

"But what are you doing here? I thought you..."

Janet suddenly stopped. She introduced her tongue in

Pretoria's ear—the face of The God was right behind her!

Janet felt the divine hands around her waist, which made the pleasure rise very fast. She rubbed Pretoria and followed The God's lead. In less than three seconds, the two women were climaxing.

Janet would never have imagined doing such things to her best friend at school ... or any other woman, actually! Though, she felt like she had done that all her life.

A few seconds later, The God had disappeared elsewhere in the huge mass of pink flesh of two thousand blondes.

"Let's talk a bit!" Pretoria whispered, "I don't like to disobey to The God, but we need to bind smartly to stay in the saddle, and we won't get another chance before long!"

Gigantic parties like that were indeed very rare, and it was the only time when their voices could be entirely covered by wet noises and oily flesh sliding, mixed with all kinds of moaning and orgasmic shouts. If they didn't show their mouths, they could have a conversation.

"Let's clarify something first," Pretoria continued, "I'm an abject worshiper to The God, and it's for him that I consider the benefit of us two talking like this."

"I understand, Pretoria," Janet replied, "don't worry, I agree completely. But what are you doing here? I thought you had been dead, killed by Mahawis!"

"Actually, I've been abducted by the last Shaziris of the Guba tribe who sold me to The God in exchange for gold, but this is unimportant. We have to define a strategy to be the best couple of the kennels. For that, we have first to get rid completely of all Victorian modesty in our physical relationships.



I mean, we have to do exactly the opposite of what we used to do at school, playing hard to get with men and pretending to be far above sex. If we want to succeed, we need to be a couple of totally wicked sluts worshipping a living god. You understand?"

"I spent one month here already, I know the drill!"

"Well, Janet, I'm here for three years, and it's my fourth litter, so excuse me, I'm a bit more experienced about this!"

"All right Pretoria. So what about that couple thing? It seems to work pretty well? I don't understand why so few women do that?"

"Most of the she-pigs here are *swillwanas*. Less than one percent are *swillraoussas*, as the importation of whites from the Outside is strictly forbidden and has to be hidden from the rest of the world."

"Apparently, not anymore," Janet replied, "My family has been used to show to Shazilarians that we *swillraoussas* can be trained, as any other cattle."

"Whatever. Anyway, we can't be caught speaking. Especially if we don't use the regular expressions. But the party will soon end. Next time that one of us is preselected, she has to knock on the other's trap door to share it. I'm going to deliver my litter in three months, and I probably won't be able to walk properly during the last two ones, as I bear four whelps. We have two months to mark the kennels and enjoy the divine touch of The God. That state is highly interesting for him, and I have big chances of being chosen. If you're in, lick my beauty lips in agreement. See you!"

Janet immediately bent forward and licked Pretoria's bald vulva, right before the demoness would come closer, suspicious.

The party was over, and Janet went back to her crate, filled with the joy of having found a fellow Englishwoman, an ally, a friend...

The next evening, an average intimate event was scheduled. Janet strongly shook her basket, without much hope, as she was too far from the ring for that kind of selection. A few yards in front of her, Pretoria's pet kennel was shaking a lot more.

The demoness picked up the pregnant blonde, who crawled out of it on all four. But before going to the ring, she came toward Janet and knocked at her rattan cage.

The demoness seemed surprised to see her ask for a second-class pet, but opened the trap door.

Janet crawled out and took place near her friend.

The God seemed to be even more surprised, as he came immediately toward Janet.

"Nice development, my child!" he said, "This is a good choice! She's a highly valued brown-tongue, and the fact that she chose you increase your interest a lot! Go back to your basket and wait!"

The God went back to the bed and made his selection while Janet was crawling back into her pet crate. The demoness didn't shut down the trap door afterwards.

She waited there for almost an hour, when suddenly The God brought Pretoria in front of her cage. He made her stand in



front of her basket and moved behind her, displaying his own backside toward Janet—and he penetrated Pretoria's rectum so that Janet couldn't miss the show.

She didn't know what to do. Did she even have something to do? Could she invite herself in their intercourse without being summoned to it? In doubt, she decided to keep on trying to arouse The God by moving her tongue, despite being out of his sight.

The view was exciting her so much that she felt an orgasm rising. How could such a thing be possible just by watching? Was she addicted to the body of The God because she was considering him as a divine being? It was very troubling to see how charismatic he had become, worshiped by two thousand women ... she suddenly felt ashamed of that word ... women ... two thousand slaves, that sounded more accurate! But why would she feel that, now? Was the adoration of a collective giving him that power concretely, or was it entirely in her head, a kind of new way of submitting to authority?

Anyway, she continued to try to catch The God's eye by lustfully twisting her body until the end of the party, even if he wasn't looking at her. Though, she managed to get an orgasm out of it!

The next day, Janet was brought back to the kennel where she was before, passing again her rival, who wasn't so haughty this time, her eyes filled with tears.



Pretoria's plan had worked perfectly. They were now both in the elite of The God's pet kennels. She was glad that she could find a friend she could trust in this gigantic place.

Pretoria and herself had been very close during their time in school. The family of the unfortunate girl had been slaughtered by Gawar soldiers, and she escaped to death only because she happened to be in the college for British girls in Shaziriland, which was much more renowned than the Gawar one. There was complicity between them, and a mutual admiration about their equal beauty and the diplomatic realm in which both their families worked. For all these reasons, Janet immediately accepted the physical contact of their naked bodies in this weird new environment, instead of being distraught by the weight of their Victorian values.

Janet was worried. Why would The God leave her trap door open without using her, except maybe to wildly arouse her as a part of some training? Why would he tease her like that while mounting her friend? Though, with Shazilarians, anything was possible!

Anyway, the opportunity would occur again, and perhaps she could find a way to ask Pretoria about the proper behavior she needed to have.

But it didn't happen like that. In the evening, the pre-selection started, and Pretoria was chosen. Indeed, The God liked pregnant females!

Once again, Pretoria knocked at her trap door, though this time, a sign of The God prevented the demones to open it. What did she do wrong the previous night? There was something she had been supposed to do, but what?

One more frustrating evening passed, and Janet was mad with desire. She had done everything to comply with The God, trying to be a model pet, forcing herself to think of him as a divine being, and she was still rejected...

She fell asleep right after the party ... in tears, like so many of the occupants of the crates who were not allowed to touch The God.

When the next evening came, a new average party was scheduled—actually, it was only The God going to bed, but for the blondes in the crates, it was always a very exciting event. On whom The God would put his hands? Would he use his organ? What were the tendencies in The God's tastes in matter of sex?

Once again, Pretoria was picked up. She went knocking at Janet's basket, despite the failure of the previous evening. Janet would have kissed her to be such a faithful friend.

The demones opened her trap door, still with the order of The God to keep her inside. And once again, The God chose to place himself in the same position as two days ago: turned opposite to Janet but very close, taking Pretoria in her mouth this time. There was definitely a pattern here: something was expected of her, though she would never dare getting out of the pet crate without his express order!

At some point, she noticed that Pretoria was making little jumps with her hips, her pregnant belly and her inflated breast waving with the movement. It could pass as a natural thing, but it sure looked like a signal!

And suddenly, Janet saw the face of VIsswillraoussa appear in the rattan opening.





Behind her, the whole team of selected ones for the evening party took place so that The God could lean against them. They were all staring at Janet with envy!

“Hey, pink worm,” the demoness said sniggering, “why do you stay stupidly still like that? The door is open, so you are free to join the fun! You have two possibilities, and doing nothing is not one of them! But when you have chosen, you need to stick to it, no matter what!”

Janet was terrified. What was she expected to do?

Pretoria was making more frantic jumps with her breasts and belly, making her little apron with the name of The God wave with it.

It looked like ... she was inviting her ... to eat her, as lesbians do ... it could be that ... or it could be worse ... yes, Pretoria had said with pride that she was a brown-tongue. Janet had wondered what it was about, but suddenly, she was sure that she had meant licking The God’s anus! Being in a couple with Pretoria had to mean that she was part of her sisterhood: a brown-tongue too! Her frantic movements could be an invitation to lick Maruk’s ass! Lesbian or brown-tongue—two possibilities ... that was what the choice was about!

Though, between the two, licking her friend seemed to be the lesser of two abominations. She boldly crawled forward and put her mouth between Pretoria’s labia.

Janet’s friend responded by sticking her vulva to her muzzle and making big movements with the pelvis, forcing her to follow ... and at some point, to understand that she had to dig in it with the tongue.



As she was doing it, Pretoria suddenly rose. Janet stepped forward to follow her, but her friend seemed to evade her, crawling backwards under The God.

Janet remembered that she had to stick to her task. She moved forward more to avoid being dropped. And suddenly, she found herself with her nose right on The God's anus!

So much for her choice! What she needed to do was now crystal-clear!

Chapter V

The brown-tongue sisterhood

Janet removed her tongue from Pretoria's vulva and gently applied it on The God's anus. She obviously had to take care of that dirty orifice! How could her best friend drive her to such a thing?

And then, what was she supposed to do? To lick or to kiss? Was that a usual way between men and women in the secret universe of sexuality, or was it only one more pervert practice of this valley? She decided to follow her instinct and lapped the puckered organ as if it had been an ice cream. Alas! his gestulations and the sudden pressure of Pretoria's fingers on her neck and jaw were leaving no doubt: she had to plunge inside it!

The time was no more to prevarication. She took a deep breath and drove her way into the orifice with her tongue.

Ah! she was definitely looking like a fool now, her lips stuck to the anus, her snout squeezed between The God's wrinkled buttocks. What an appalling humiliation! How could she ever forget such an infamy some day? She didn't think that this was practiced in Europe, though for what she knew ... moreover, she had no idea of what could be done around here. She could as well be dealing with a norm that was kept well hidden ... or it might be The God ensnaring her in some marginal fantasy! No,





it was highly improbable: he was clearly a reserved man, maybe even shy, and yet, he had imposed her this thing without the slightest hesitation.

Anyway, it wasn't that terrible! The taste, that she would have thought revolting, was actually in-existent. She had to face the facts; she knew nothing of the sexual intercourse, and the only available person around here willing to teach her was that old man. She had to trust someone in this cursed place eventually, and for now, he was the only one showing her some vague compassion. If he didn't understand the social obligations in England, she would show him with time; and time was something she had in large quantities as long as she would be here. And anyway, whatever image of herself she might give in that surreal world had no incidence whatsoever. For now, her life was with this god, and she was ready to learn everything that he could teach her.

She shoved her snout a bit more between the buttocks so that her tongue could dig deeper, and was thrilled to hear the groans of pleasure that followed.

Under her, Pretoria was diving further down into the pink pile of flesh, leading The God's organ out her mouth into the anus of another White.

Despite the degree of perversion of everything happening, the anus licking, the sodomy, the use of pregnant women, the branded bellies ... or simply a bunch of young blondes sexually submitted together to an old Arab ... all this disappeared with the continuing contact of her tongue with The God's anus. Janet felt an orgasm rising very fast, and soon, she was entirely drawn up into the collective mood.

That was it! She was in the top circle at last, and what she had to do in it was more pleasant than disgusting, contrary to everything she had been taught in her Victorian education. Actually, she was sure that she could never go back to a classic marriage with a white man; she could only imagine how dull it could be!



The party continued for one hour or more ... she couldn't really keep a track of time in the permanent bliss that she was experiencing. To think that all this had been brought to her by an old man was astonishing! Indeed, she had to thank her luck; fate had led her right where she had to be.

The next day, she could enjoy the condition of privileged pet. The demoneess cleaned her with a sponge, only using the jet to rinse her. Every single inch of her body was processed, from her slightest skin folds to the depths of her orifices. Doing her natural needs had become a pleasure: she could now relieve herself with her legs spread without having to aim in a small plate while hurting her back on the rattan ceiling of her basket. A demoneess who usually was handling her in a rough way was now gently putting a little bowl between her thighs to properly gather her wastes.

Of course, with that was coming a feeling of complete dependance and infantilization, but it was so much better than being left alone in a much smaller basket. To be pampered like a child was the opportunity to relieve herself of all her stress and irrational fears. And despite the humiliating things she had to do with her body, she didn't found them degrading anymore, as they were admired and applauded by the whole kennels as pieces of skill and greatness. Her little group was similar to a club of movie stars for the two thousand other women in the crates. How could that be debasing? It was all the opposite!

Later in the day, she was brought out of her kennel to one of the compartments she had noticed when she was in the ring: six rooms with bigger baskets which couldn't be seen only from the pet crates of the front half. From one of those, the world seemed only to be turning around the ring.

One of the six compartments had cushions on the floor instead of baskets and was decorated in black and silver. It was obviously the place of the Black demoneesses. They were resting, playing games, sometimes rubbing a very enthusiastic young blonde. The five other compartments were

decorated in pink and silver, brown and golden, red and golden, green and golden, and blue and silver. The women of these places were allowed to crawl out on all fours at any time. Janet had noticed that their little aprons were bearing the color of their compartment.

She wondered why the occupants of those rooms had not attempted to escape, as basically, they could just crawl away and leave while The God and the demoneesses were outside. Apparently, this was never happening ... probably the result of that contagious subservient behavior that she was beginning to comprehend. Where could they have gone in this valley anyway? Chances were that they would land in some place much worse.

Getting out of here had been her only prospect for weeks, but now this had lost all its attraction. Even the free life in England would not compare to what she was living in this unique place. She knew that it was weird, and that her duty was to refuse this fate! How she had to behave during the parties was terribly debasing for her and ultimately for all her fellow Englishwomen, but she was afraid of the huge breakdown she might suffer if by any chance she should leave that blissful ring. It was such a shame!

To Janet's surprise, she wasn't brought to the green and golden one, the color of her apron, but to the brown and golden one, where Pretoria was waiting on all fours.

The God entered the place ten minutes later, in the company of three demoneesses.

"Ah! My vivacious little piglet," he said to her, "you can't imagine my joy when I realized that you were the one who had required to join the brown-tongue sisterhood, introduced to society by my faithful *greedee*. You have been very lucky! It's usually months into pet crates before reaching that level. And of course, I'm very happy to see that you got rid of your prudish losing attitude. I give you the freedom to choose by yourself, and I'm glad that you eventually picked such an elite corps devoted to my divine rear orifice."

Janet was beginning to understand what she had done.



Allowing Pretoria to bring her to The God's anus with her vulva was seen as a demand to enter some club of peerless ass lickers.

A demoness removed her apron and replaced it with the brown and golden one.

Janet wondered what the green and golden one had been. Did she make a mistake in pairing with Pretoria? Maybe if she had continued by herself, she would have entered the same elite with a more decent position than to become attached to The God's anus?

Though she had enjoyed to discover how pleasurable that practice could be, when she would have thought it utterly disgusting, it was still the most degrading thing that a white woman could do, seen from her Victorian education. Apparently, it was meant to define her now—a brown-tongue!

The God grabbed Pretoria by the hair and pulled her forward to Janet, forcing her to French-kiss her friend on the mouth. A bit surprised, Janet hesitated, but carried by Pretoria's enthusiasm, she began to roll her tongue in her mouth with passion.

Satisfied, The God played with both their heads as if they were puppets to manipulate. Though, after a few minutes, it appeared that he had something else in mind. He lay down in a pile of cushions and raised his *djellabah*, presenting his backside to the two women.

Pretoria gently parted The God's buttocks and turned toward Janet. She did a complex figure with her tongue, twisting it at 180° to both left and right. She turned to the inviting anus and shove her tongue in it to repeat her movements inside. After a few seconds, she drew back her head and gave room to Janet, who displayed the same sequence of movements outside, then joined her lips with the divine anus to perform it inside with the tongue.

Once again, she felt that huge sexual excitement, so strong that it could only have a supernatural origin. She was repeating the sequence for the third time when Pretoria grabbed her hair and pulled her away from her task ... and

brought her out of her torpor.

Janet realized that she had been sticking to The God's anus like a mussel on a boulder.

The exercises continued for two hours, Pretoria making more and more complex her sequences of movements, Janet repeating them. And during all this time, The God was relaxing himself, listening to music played by a band of blondes wearing a silver-and-blue apron.

"Now, my child," he suddenly said, "I want an hour of your own creation. Let me remind you that technic is all right, but I seek real communication between you and me. I need to respond with divine energy to the total worship for me you have to express, understood?"

Janet obeyed and tried to feel The God's reactions through his rectum while keeping up the complex movements. Stronger and stronger orgasms were succeeding. Though, her efforts to keep her mind in a perceptive state for such a long time had a weird effect on her: she was caught in a sudden epiphany! She had never experienced anything similar before. Everything seemed to be wonderfully fitting in a world of perfection. It was such a marvelous event and she was concerned with becoming addicted to something on which she had no control at all, a new need without any guarantee of it being fulfilled on a daily basis! "Now come with me, both of you!"

The God led them behind the kennels, where a cube with big central holes on almost every surface was set around the heads of two women. Pretoria was invited to take place in it, filling a third hole. The God sat on it, and Janet had to kneel before him and bring his flabby organ upon her tongue.

When she had it well in mouth, The God relieved himself. "By this baptism, I dub you Janet Whitestock, *brattee*, a member of the sisterhood of the brown-tongues. You'll have a probation period as the equery of Pretoria of Woehampton, a.k.a. *greedee*, during which you will learn all the rights and duties of a good brown-tongue."

Janet was trying to keep up with the flow of warm liquid that was drowning her mouth, but she managed to swallow the





most part, which was driving her to a series of orgasms again.

Once finished, The God made her raise her head. She looked at him with worshipping eyes.

"There, you are baptized. You will make a fantastic brown-tongue! Though, I'll go smoothly on you, even if you are paired with this greedy slut who never gets enough. Like you, she is the daughter of an important man, some-Governor in the Outside, and usually your kind is predisposed to abuse of good things, and I am very generous. Am I not?"

"Oh yes! Thank you, Your Lordship," Janet replied, before adding, carried by her enthusiasm, "I... I love you..."

"What a nice admission, my sweet little pink slug," The God said, "but you already told it to me deeply without a sound. Though, there is something that you must know about brown-tongues: the *swiltraoussas* who go that way never come back. And if I spoil them with my product, they turn mad in less than a year. That is why I've established a law forbidding their use as toilets, which is the ultimate phase of their journey. But of course, this interdict doesn't concern me, as I'm an experimenter and do it only in the interest of science and for the glory of Shazilar. Nevertheless, I will limit your performances into my orifice of divine joy to cleaning only. I would like your sweet tongue to last at least a year! So don't count on reaching the highest levels like your friend *greedee*: she's in terminal stage, and she already fights with frenzy in my cube. For now, she still calms down when I apply my rod on her vulva, but I know that it will degenerate soon. That's life! She has earned that promotion by bringing you to me, and I can't deprive her of this sublimity. Lie down on your back and put your head in the front hole, I'll see if your cleaning equals your prayers in the orifice of divine joy."

Janet was shocked by The God's words. Indeed, she felt that he was right about everything: she was going to be addicted to his an... orifice of divine joy! It was a scary prospect, and she knew that if he didn't do anything, she would wallow in that practice without boundaries, even if she just understood that the ultimate consecration of a brown-tongue could only be to live in this toilet box.

She should have been horrified, and the most shameful about it was that she wasn't anymore. Everything getting out



of The God's body was filled with supernatural power, and this was a concentrate of it. No wonder if these poor women were becoming mad after a while.

The good thing was that The God had clearly expressed his intention to distillate her addiction for the long run, and she wanted that happiness to last.

Becoming a brown-tongue changed her life radically. All the white females in the kennels were looking at her with envy, and she learned to love eyeing them back scornfully.

She was in half-freedom in the compartment dedicated to her sisterhood, and was very happy of her friendship with Pretoria. When The God was busy with some other women, she was allowed to find some consolation in sharing her frustration playing sexual games with her.

If someone had told her that their school friendship would turn this way, she would have sustained that such a thing was absolutely impossible. And yet, their relationship was even more fulfilling in this new life that it was in the previous.

Every night, she was having the same dream: she was in some cocktail party of the high society, either in London, Whitestock or New Victoria, with formal rules, tuxedos for men and night gowns for women, when suddenly The God would appear. Everybody would frown to see that old Arab in *djellabah*, and with her friend pretoria they would come to his rescue. It was never a similar situation, but it was always ending the same: they would get naked and kneel in front of him and share his anus, taking great care of showing to everyone that they were relishing it. Then someone from Janet's previous life would enter, and she would wake up all sweaty.

And every week that passed, the dream was more and more realistic and the feelings were stronger.

Pretoria had boldly whispered in her ear that she was

having the same dream, and it was probably shared by the whole kennels ... or at least the sisterhood of the brown-tongues.

Month after month, Janet became obsessed with that part of The God's anatomy, and the religious sessions that were shared in the sisterhood were teaching them that it was not only a perfectly sane passion, but also a sacred illumination that needed to be embraced and developed.

Every day that passed, she was a bit more addicted to The God. The religious teachings that they had to follow were lasting for hours, inculcating his rules with a terrible efficiency. They were tested so often and at all times, and if they failed, they could be moved to the pet crates, or worse ... fortunately, it never happened to Janet, but she saw a few of the brown-tongues being caught lying about their state of mind or their sexual excitement in The God's presence, and pay the high price. The only safe position to take was to stick to what was taught to them, and to remind herself that Malik Maruk was a god, that she was proud to be a brown tongue, a white of the future, a porcine being who could reach a state of bliss by worshipping the sacred anus of the deity who owned her. If she should pretend that she had prayed him before sleep and it wasn't true, it would inexorably show, so every evening she was doing it, dispelling any doubt that she might have about it.

When some seed of disbelief was growing in her mind, she could feel a moment of pure terror at the idea that The God might have noticed it, even in her basket! And to cheer up, she would immediately think of herself as a domesticated she-pig with only one goal in life: to gain her paradise through the god who owned her. This vision of herself as a lesser being entirely dedicated to that old man was absolutely reassuring, and she saw that others around were showing this terrified behavior and her way to deal with it.

Of course, she had no doubt anymore about the divine nature of Lord Maruk. She had forced herself to think of him



as “The God” for weeks already, and now, it had become a sincere belief, like the two thousand other pets of the kennels. She was feeling incredibly well to share that with so many she-pigs, her sisters. For the first time in her life, she was perfectly integrated in a place. And in this one she was, incidentally, a member of an elite group.

She remembered her first weeks in the Valley with shame. How could she have dared impose to a deity her petty *clichés* of a Victorian haughty bitch, displaying her ignorance in such a ridiculous way? Every time she would recall those days, she would humbly flatten herself on the floor. These shameful moments were replacing more and more the panic attacks as she advanced in faith, and she could notice now when the others showed a similar behavior, suddenly flattening themselves on the floor with cheeks red as a beetroot.

She was stricken by a recurrent and very dangerous thought: she had inherited the superiority and the freedom of the women of her race, and had stupidly thrown it away so that a stranger could prove to the world that white women all were sows, happy of their condition.

Immediately, she flattened herself on the floor and rubbed her vulva, her face red with shame ... what a weird thought! Of course she was a happy white sow, a brown-tongue one devoted to her god's divine orifice!

Chapter VI

The final product



Maruk was satisfied. He walked out of the publishing factory, where a modern machine brought by the Lord of the Animals had just printed his book. He was followed by a small *swillwana* carrying copies of it. It had taken him five months to write it. Five months to coordinate his efforts with his children Malik and Sherifa, the Caliph's cousins Kassim and Yasmeena, the dame demonesses V'Isswillraoussa and V'Rukomnaka, and a team of white demonesses, including the new Popess of the Cathophoenic Church, the former Lady June Whitestock and her daughter the priestess Diana. They managed to create a religion and build a university.

In addition to that, Maruk had to write what would become the third Sacred Book of the Law, the Book of Maruk. The difficulty had been to avoid going against what was in the



Book of Shazi and the Book of Habeeb. Fortunately, these sacred books were not so detailed, and the presence of that newcomer, the *swillraoussa*, had allowed the taking of many liberties with the originals.

The basics were still there: the porcine condition of the white, the *Phoen* (the apparition of Saint Clothilde in the Valley to advocate the transformation of the white woman), or the godly status of Shazilarians ... but several details adapted to modern times needed to be precised.

Now the original Phoenic religion was clearly divided in two distinct ones: the Islaphoenic Church, which was supposed to be a branch of Islam meant to replace all the other schisms among the Muslim world recently discovered, and the Cathophoenic Church, which would regroup all Christianity and various sects born in the western world. The Cathophoens needed as many churches as Islaphoenic gods registered. Every one of them was the tutelary god of a certain number of Cathophoens who had to pray him, and only him, as an intermediary with *Allah*. To the religious explanation was added a Darwinist one showing that without doubt, the whites had porcine ancestors. A percentage of porcinity would be defined for each *swillraoussa*, as the coming of black, brown and red hair had to be rationalized in the Valley where the white females had always been blond.

Many technical details had been added, like the registration number now tattooed in the inside part of the left labium, or the way to handle *swillraoussas*, forbidding their use as toilets before the third generation...

The Book of Maruk had to be read by everyone in the Valley, but its purpose was to be a reference in the whole world, so that the Cathophoenic Church should become uni-

versal. Of course, there was a special edition for The Gods with the things that couldn't be mentioned to the Cathophoenic adepts.

He was quite proud of the result, and the idea that he was shaping the new world was very exciting.

Maruk climbed on his sedan couch, carried by ten granddaughters of *swillraoussas*, all with the same size and physical type; petite, blond and athletic. They were walking with their arrogant gait which he had himself developed to be seen by any western woman as utterly vulgar, putting forward their sexual parts in a way condemned in the Outside. These ten sluts were a living insult to the "Victorian decency", though unfortunately, this achievement could only be appreciated in a western environment, not in the Valley where it didn't mean anything to most people, Maruk being the only Shazilarian with Basher who had a glimpse of the Outside world.

Ten minutes later, Maruk arrived on the Palace Esplanade and parked his vehicle near the door reserved to private visits to the Caliph. The little blondes of the front of the sedan chair spread their legs until doing the splits on the floor, making their load lower smoothly. Maruk stepped out of it and entered the Palace, followed by the blonde who carried his books.

Basher was sitting on the throne among cushions and piled up white bodies.

"*Salaam aleykum* Maruk," the Caliph said, "So, this is your book? That's very exciting."

"*Aleykum salaam Z'Wolzambo*. Yes, it will change the face of the world!"

Maruk sent his blonde of burden toward the Caliph with a crate of books.



“By the way Maruk, you should have finished with Janet Whitestock by now. When are you going to deliver that little slut to me?”

Maruk couldn't hide his reaction of surprise. Basher had not asked anything about her for months, apparently uninterested in that pest. It was obviously the wrong impression: today was precisely the date when his promise of training Janet Whitestock was coming to a deadline. He felt a twinge of sorrow. He had completely forgotten that detail.

She was ready for a month already, but now he wanted to keep this pearl for himself. He had become attached to that sweet piglet who was groveling at his feet in such a touching way, waiting for the honor of putting her tongue in his ass, ready to jump through a window if he commanded it.

That blonde was incredibly valuable, being born a spoiled and pampered little princess in a country that could squash Shazilar in one step; being the daughter of his worst enemy the infamous Zwanga who almost cost him his life⁵; being a half-goddess for the Shaziris of the Outside—and he was now accustomed to see her as something he owned completely.

Delivering her to Basher was like throwing pearls before swine. The Caliph wanted only to take his petty revenge, and Maruk could only hope that it would be soon followed by a deep disinterest, so that he could get her back as a reward for his services.

“Don't be sad, Maruk,” the Caliph said, as if he had read his thoughts, “I intend to leave her under your care when I'm done, but every moment we wait before her reproduction is a waste of good money.”

“But *Z'Wolzambo*, I thought you needed to have her covered by her genitor?”

“My point exactly, Maruk! I just received a pigeon from

the Shaziri guard of the Naouda Cliff. Zwanga will be back in Shazilar in a few weeks!”

Maruk was stricken with panic. Zwanga! The Lord of the Animals was back to the Valley. The moment he had feared so much had come.

“By *Allah*, that's terrible! We need to prepare our set-up immediately! I can't recast my previous deal with him, as most of our *wahiztoks* have been sold!”

“Yes! But don't worry about it! He will never get the chance to check on this. I have clearly set the rules for his visit: he would have to be completely secured.”

Maruk was shaking with fear. Indeed he knew that Zwanga could be neutralized. He was even the one who designed that scheme from the start, though it was still a scary prospect to meet that terrible boar after these quiet months of paradise. Why was he here anyway? Did he suspect that his wife and daughters were kept in the Valley? The Watch had reported his travels through Africa, the continent around Shazilar, but nothing about any event that could have given him a reason to come back. He was probably in need of some stronger confirmation that June, Diana and Janet weren't around, and the only way to elude his suspicions was to show a bold glibness and grant him access to any place he wanted to check.

“Don't worry Maruk, his present status forces him to behave here as a pig, under the supervision of V'Isswillraoussa. Actually, he has required himself to be protected that way. He might be even more frightened than you are, with all the Valley seeing him as an animal!”

“I know, but if what we have done should be revealed, he would be so angry that nothing would stop him. I've witnessed him twice in that kind of mood!”

“I have made him cover his own wife, and he didn't have the slightest suspicion. Let just be careful, and it will go

⁵—see: “The Rise of Shazilar”



smoothly. We simply have to be ready for his arrival. Send Janet to me tomorrow!"

"Yes *Z'Wolzambo*," Maruk said before withdrawing himself from the Caliph's presence.

A few minutes later, Maruk was in the streets of Shazilarabad, comfortably laid on his sedan couch carried at high speed by his ten muscled little loutish brats and followed by his blonde of burden.

Maruk had no time to lose. He had to set up some plans. That kind of scary prospect was always for him an opportunity to use, and he was very good at designing twisted schemes under stress. He just needed to build a perfect one!

It was already tricky for Basher to marry Janet in a big event that he had to organize, problematic enough without adding the threatening proximity of Zwanga.

Basically, such a union was forbidden in the Valley: the whites were animals, and a Shazilarian just couldn't marry them! Though this seemed to be important to Basher, who intended to take his revenge by making her believe that he would marry her. He didn't say what he wanted to do precisely during that mock ceremony, but it was meant as a cruel deception for his sweet little brown-tongue!

This was bringing tears to his eyes. How could he be so mean with a pet already completely at his mercy? Why not simply enjoy her lively tongue and get it over with?

He knew that Basher had some things to settle from childhood, but it was unnecessary, and it was dangerous, as it would need to involve Zwanga at some point.

Nevertheless, Basher was now the Caliph, and Maruk had to obey. Or did he? He could think of taking some bold action to get out from all of this with some benefit. Last time he had done that, to avoid being executed by Basher's father,

he had sent him a handful of vivacious she-pigs to exhaust him to death. Not only did it save Maruk from elimination, but it brought him a high position, unique in the History of Shazilar. Without this very dangerous move, his corpse would now rot in the pit dedicated to the traitors and the infidels.

Though, this time, it was even more risky, even if his life was probably not at stake. Was he ready to do that for the love of the Caliph, or for a vague chance to become one day the owner of Lady Janet? He had never realized that he could feel such a crush for a she-pig! She was definitely worth it. If he wanted such a risky scheme to work, he needed to take care of many hazardous factors, like Zwanga, Basher, the Califal demonesses...

He would decide in the morning, but now he had to do what had been demanded by the Caliph. He called the demonesses and put things in motion for the organization of the wedding.

When he had finished, he thought about the loss of his darling little greedy mouth and chose to enjoy his last night with her in a memorable party.

He ordered all the pet crates to be opened, turning soon the whole area around the ring into a compact crowd of pink flesh.

He called inside every *wahiztok* he had in his possession to make himself a bed worthy of the name, and demanded that Janet Whitestock should be put right at the center of it.

Maruk's sweet darling took place on top of the other blondes in haste and started to exercise her tongue.

"No, my relishing pink sheath, you can save your vivacious little slug for later. I want you to widely spread your thighs. Tonight is special, and I intend to mount you in the missionary position, though in full respect of your virginity. Raise your pelvis to allow me access to your charming rear hole. It might be our last time together, so I need you to express with words what



you think of your beloved god!"

And Maruk penetrated her well-oiled little anus. She grabbed him as if he was her boyfriend and started to climax.

"Your Ma... Magnificent Grace ... *brattee lo* ... love you ... worship you My Gra... My god."

Maruk was in heaven. That little slut was really something. He spat on the Z of her tiara. It was so good to rule the existence of the daughter of that hated Lord of the Animals, to know that whatever that stupid Zwanga could do, he was a god for his progeny!

The flow of saliva was drowning her face, and Maruk enjoyed a lot the change of color on her cheeks. She was moving her tongue with frenzy. Of course! her indoctrination as a brown-tongue was showing, and that too was a relishing revenge against Zwanga. The offspring of the man who had almost killed him was owned by a deity far above her condition whom she wanted to honor, in a now completely automatic response that defined her as part of his most devoted bitches.

She was twisting her body around the male organ nested inside her. Her rectum seemed to be alive, moving like a powerful hand clutching his cock, milking him with an incredible regularity. Oh! How he loved virgins with such a great expertise with their other orifices. Their training was all his life!

He could feel her friend *greedee* taking care of his rear side. How lucky he was that she could find a companion in this place. Thanks to that, he was able to accelerate her conditioning and make it switch to such a delightful specialty. He enjoyed her in a fully docile state for a whole month, something that would usually never happen during the training of a she-pig for someone else. Though, that was probably the reason of his crush for her.

He swore to himself that he would do anything to get her back from Basher. He knew that she would show a perfect obedience to the deity she used to hate, but would only be



happy in life when her tongue was inside her beloved Maruk! She would betray Basher in no time for him, and he wondered if he could take advantage of that to make things go his way in the perilous week to come.

As he was squirting his semen, he felt the internal muscles of his sweet darling slowing down, attentive to the rhythm of his blood flow. She was bringing him inexorably to ecstasy.

He decided that he would give her to Basher, as scheduled, but would be ready for anything to get her back after that, even if it meant strangling the Caliph with his bare hands!

“Me wor ... worship Magnifi... Magnificent God”, the sweet blonde exclaimed while she was driving his semen slowly out of his organ straight into her greedy rectum.

Chapter VII The delivery

Janet woke up in the morning that followed her most wonderful party ever. She had dreamt all night that the glorious evening was still going on and that she was being mounted by The God.

She was so close to him now that she could feel his trouble. Something was coming that was making him very worried, and she wondered what could be a problem able to bother a god.

She got the answer in the afternoon, when V'Isswillraoussa walked into the kennels, straight toward her.

Without a word, the Black Goddess prepared her. The God entered a few minutes later and sat comfortably in the pile of cushions in the middle of the brown-tongue compartment to watch her transformation.

“She has to appear very young, V'Isswillraoussa.” he said, “with a ribbon in the hair, just as she was when she was a teenager. She will also need a virgin plug protection with a little bell fastened to her vulvar ring.”

Janet suddenly understood: she was going to go out to be presented to Basher, and for that, she needed to have the same look she had when he was part of their family! A ribbon, that was what she was wearing when the exclusion of Basher from the Whitestock family happened!



The God wanted to show Basher how he had turned her into a groveling creature, and she would probably have to suffer all kinds of humiliations for that.

Well, then she would need to be a model of it for The God's sake. Basher would see that the gentleness of his minister of the White Cattle had borne fruit. The young rascal could have tried to do the same for years without succeeding in bending her to his will. She relished that prospect; she would show how proud she was to belong to The God, and hopefully it would impress Basher so much that he would realize his pettiness.

"I guess you understood, my Child," The God said, "you have to look exactly like you did when you committed that horrible crime of refusing yourself to the Caliph. Except for your nudity and your vulvar ring and protection plug, of course. You also have to act very differently this time: you need to kneel before him and propose to him. You get it?"

Janet nodded. It was clear; only a petty man would hold a grudge against a young girl after almost a decade. But to please The God, she would do it properly. She would nicely ask him in marriage, and would accept her fate, hoping that she would be so spotless in her task that Basher would find it annoying after a year or two. With a bit of luck, she would be sent back soon to The God's kennels, her home!

The slightest sign of rebellion, and he would play with her forever, using her as a revenge toy, and she would never get back to everything she loved. The God, but also her friend Pretoria of Woehampton and all the brown-tongue sisterhood.

No, the best strategy for today was clearly to show perfection, to behave according to the vulgar manners fancied by men around here, being both obedient and sluttish. She was sure that Basher would be satisfied to make her relive that awful event in a much more pleasant way for him, yet would be frustrated to see things go so smoothly.

When she was ready, The God fastened a leash to her

vulvar ring and led her out of the kennels.

It was a bit strange to find herself in the street after months spent in this confined environment. Though, she wasn't as embarrassed as she was last time. On the contrary, she felt proud to tease the men around her with both a lustful and simpering air, making her vulva dance at the end of the leash, showing clearly that this beautiful and high-class creature belonged to The God.

And this time, many passers-by expressed their desire to use her, though The God just had to signal with the hand that he was in a hurry to make them renounce to their ancestral right of mounting the whites.

Thinking of the glory of her owner was making her wet: Yes, noble Faithfuls, know that this white worm had her tongue in the rectum of that powerful man almost every day!

They entered the Esplanade under the admiring eyes of the courtesans around. Totally overwhelmed with pride, Janet was watching each one of her steps: her swaying walk had to be perfect!

And when they climbed the few stairs leading inside the Palace, she changed her strategy immediately, simply exaggerating the gait that she had when she was young. She stuck her nose high up and faked some balky gestures which betrayed her lack of self-confidence for her age.

She walked across the marble corridors of the Palace and entered what probably was the throne room. Basher was there, sitting among silk cushions of various kinds of green, mixed with the pink and golden naked bodies of his servants.

Janet kneeled down at The God's feet and crawled through the huge hall trying to match his speed and avoid pulling on the leash. They both stopped right in front of the throne.

"Ah! Maruk!" Basher exclaimed, "At last a visit from your little bitch! Oh! But I see that she's wearing the black bow knot she used to wear in her youth. Does she expect something from me in reminding this?"





Janet didn't reply anything, as she wasn't asked directly. She wasn't falling in that kind of trap anymore.

She looked at Basher with an attitude showing both sexual provocation and respect. She started to lick her own lips in the suggestive brown-tongue way and handed her leash to Basher.

"Indeed you have learned a lot, little slut," Basher said, "I would have bet that you could never get rid of your crass stupidity. But that is good! I grant you an audience. What do you want to tell me?"

"*Brattee* little slut great respect for *Z'Wolzambo*," she replied, "*brattee* little slut beg *Z'Wolzambo* propose again now *brattee* little slut less moronic. Please *Z'Wolzambo*, have pity for little slut in love with you."

"Well, well!" The Caliph said, "that is very nice indeed, though my answer is 'no'. I would have expected a more wicked approach, considering that you are one of the famous Maruk's brown-tongues! I liked your way to disguise yourself as you were at a younger age, though it wasn't at all what I was looking for. I must confess that I have never seen you as a sweet girl to become my wife, but as a pest, the perfect representative of a colonial empire which impressed me at the time. I want you as a trophy to show around as completely under my thumb. You should rethink your act in that regard!"

He laughed, while she was shedding a tear.

"Come back to do your proposal when you'll make me really believe that you are a superior English woman, not a greedy bitch who doesn't know what she needs!"

The God bowed to Basher and grabbed her leash. He pulled her out of the throne room like a little puppy being walked.

Janet was trotting on all fours with a proud gait, but inside she was devastated.

She had failed!

Oh! She didn't care about Basher and his petty revenge on England. She had betrayed The God's expectations, and that was unforgivable.

Maruk made her stand, climbed on the sedan couch, and fastened her leash at the rear. The ten loutish blondes rose, lifting up the vehicle horizontally and started running across the



Esplanade. They passed the big Palace gate and trotted into the streets of Shazilarabad.

The God turned around on his couch and talked to her.

"You understood, I hope, pink worm? The Caliph wants you to propose to him, but he needs to see you as an Englishwoman, which is probably for him a caricature of what that really is. Do you have any idea about how to do that? I remember Basher showing me some pictures of the changing of the guard in front of a big palace. He was impressed. It might be what he is looking for, don't you think?"

"Yes, Your Magnificent Divinity, but *Brattee* pink worm not know how do such thing."

"You'll learn. I have an idea, but for that I have to keep the promise I made to you to bring you to England. You'll propose to the Caliph there!"

Janet wasn't sure if she should be happy or sad. Going to England! She had desired that so much, but now ... did The God really thought that he could bring her back to her country? Once there, she would be a free citizen again, and if she had to propose to someone, it would be to him, certainly not to Basher! She respected her abductor as a deity too, though had no intention to bind her life to him if she could have both The God and her freedom of choice!

But what could happen anyway once in England? How would her family react to that crush for an old Arab? She couldn't picture The God pretending to be her equal—it would be a blasphemy! And she would have to hide her genitals to him, which was the worst insult a white could do to a Shazilarian god.

The God said that he traveled only out of Shazilar to meet arms and slave dealers in the Valley of the Animals, not too far from the Naouda cliff. Did he have the slightest clue about what he would find in England?

"*Brattee* pink worm not care promise go England. Obey My Magnificent Divinity enough for *brattee* happiness."

"No, no problem. We'll be there tomorrow evening. I'll get you some typical clothes to wear for your proposal."

The next morning was similar to all the others, waking up after her usual nightmare in which she had to do her brown-tongue duties in a street of London in front of familiar people ... or a policeman ... a lord ... a member of the royal family!

She was afraid that this might happen for real if The God didn't understand how things were done in England. They would both finish in jail!

In the afternoon, a demoness brought her a strange outfit, in which she soon recognized a mock-up uniform of a royal guard! Would she have to travel through Europe in that outfit? They would never reach England if she wore that!

Once she was all dressed up, with a bearskin with the mark of Zwanga on the Head, a tiny red jacket with a white belt leaving her chest in sight and nothing under the navel except her usual boots, and a fake gun on the shoulder. The demoness used her labial ring to secure the virginity protection plug with the little Bell and started working on her with makeup—on her face, but also on her tits and her vulva.

After that, The God made her mimic the gait used for the changing of the guard. Hours later, she was doing it very well, with the energy of a drum majorette. The God was satisfied.

"I'm sure that the Caliph will love it!" he said, you'll be married in no time!"

Her disenchanted reaction might have shown, as The God took her in his arms and tenderly kneaded her buttocks.

"I'm sure that you would prefer staying here with me, but it can't be. The only way to come back here is to please to the Caliph so much that he would lose all desires of revenge. Once satisfied, he would probably send you away, and I intend to be there to collect you!"

Janet wanted to believe this, but she knew that The God's memory could fail any time. And as it was supposed to take place in England, it might not happen at all anyway.



In the evening, The God fastened Janet's leash to the virginity protection plug well locked between her hymen and her sexual lips and pulled her out of the kennels. Instead of taking the way to the little door through the garden, they turned around the big dome where she had lived these last months and entered in a kind of labyrinth of marble, with many paths leading to long corridors. They passed in front of a big mirror, and Janet could appreciate her beauty in this fancy outfit. Indeed it was a mock-up uniform with nothing even close to English reality, but it was so well designed that she was proud to be identified as an Englishwoman in it.

She threw out her chest and raised her legs high, taking the gait of a majorette, trying to make it her only way of walking as long as she would wear this. She didn't feel one bit ridiculous, comforted by The God's obvious delight, though she wondered how much trouble it would cause when in contact with the outside world.

How were they going there anyway? In a boat? A plane? How long would she have to walk before even crossing the mountains?

She was in for a big surprise when she discovered what all this was about. She laughed inwardly. Indeed she had nothing to fear! Surrounded by these huge marble walls, a small town had been recreated. Above the gate was written in big silver letters: ENGLAND. That was The God's promise of bringing her to England fulfilled!

It should have devastated her, but she was feeling a great relief instead. She had a chance to see The God's kennels again!

The place was about 600 yards long and 400 yards wide, surrounded by walls, with probably behind it some other areas picturing different parts of the world ... anything was possible!

The English streets were very well imitated, though obviously inspired from various cities in England ... a London suburb, a village of the southern coast, a small Piccadilly

Circus ... and some cars, Mini Morris, double-decker buses, London taxis ... even a state coach drawn by white fillies with a fake queen inside! it was incredible! All this might have been very difficult to ship to this remote valley!

She noticed dozens of extras in this spectacular, most of them females, in mock-up outfits leaving their genitals in sight; policemen, soldiers, bowler hat businessmen, ladies with beehive hair, Tower Bridge guards ... all of them busy doing whatever they had to do, without casting a single look at them.

At the bottom of the area was an imitation of Buckingham Palace's main building.

That was obviously their destination, because when they marched closer to the grid, two female guards wearing a similar mock uniform moved out of their sentry box and started mimicking the changing of the guard. More of them suddenly appeared from the side of the building, doing a very impressive collective show. At some point, Janet felt surrounded by these women and synchronized her gait on theirs. As The God was smiling, she became completely a part of the group, raising legs at the same time. When they entered the yard, she noticed more guards on the left side of the yard playing music with bagpipes and drums. Indeed all this might have cost a lot! How rich The God could be?

When the team turned to the right, she discovered Basher stretched out lazily on a couch in the company of two white women. The team stopped before him, and Janet was invited to continue alone with a big lash on the buttocks.

Without changing her gait, she came at a yard of Basher and kept on stamping her boots on the spot. She was close enough now to recognize Mother and Diana, though the transformations they had undergone were very impressive. Mother was wearing the outfit of the dairy cows, like those who were giving their milk in the kennels. She was in the process of directly serving some of hers to Basher.

Something was incredibly vulgar in her, and Janet soon realized why: Mother's vulva was casually unlaced. Did she have any decency left?



Diana was kneeling at Basher's side dressed like the average blond bitch walked by Arab men in the streets. Both of them were pregnant, and she wondered who could have impregnated them. Was it Basher? In any case, she

wasn't much surprised by their submissive attitude; she was herself as obedient as a trained poodle. The most astonishing thing was that they just seemed happier than they had ever been!



Chapter VIII
The proposal

Janet kneeled down before Basher, though, this time, she didn't play the inexperienced young girl who shakes in front of a man. Basher had been pretty clear the day before about what he wanted. She stuck out her chest and gave a military salute.

"That's much better, pink cockroach," Basher said, "now I really have the impression of meeting an English lady representing her powerful empire. It is so much more interesting when you grovel before me. But didn't you have something to ask?"

"Z'Wolzambo," Janet begged, "brattee pink cockroach propose God. Brattee pink cockroach implore God generosity for abject worshiper want marry God."

This time, she was keeping a dignified attitude, despite her pidgin English and her submissive tone imposed by protocol. And it seemed to be working.

"That's a nice proposal," Basher added, "but I thought that the brown-tongue corps had their special way of asking for favors?"

"Affirmative, Z'Wolzambo!"



Janet crawled down toward Basher and stuck her tongue straight into his anus, before beginning a series of twisting movements inside his rectum.

"That is exactly what was missing to your threesome!" Basher said, "a brown-tongue sergeant to go with a devout pet and a dairy popess.



This is perfect! So yes, I'll marry you, Whitestock trio. I had to capture your family to put my hands on you, so it's only fair if it includes the three of you. Moreover, to wed an animal is strictly forbidden for a Shazilarian, but it's legit to lump a god with a pack of she-pigs! So, it's settled, I accept your proposal for aggregation."

Janet was devastated. She would be "married" as a third of a pack of blondes. What a shame! Obviously, it was a twisted way to keep his word about not touching her before marriage!

"All right! Now we will proceed to the aggregation. The official ceremony will be at the end of the week. So, swine pack Whitestock, do you want to marry me?"

The three women said, "Yes Z'Wolzambo!" together.

"Now I, Basher Al Azzuz, Caliph of Shazilar, Commander of the Faithful, Keeper of the Secrets, do I agree to own this pack of worthless swine? ... Yes! I do! All right, it's done!"

The team of guards in the yard applauded.

"Good! And now, the deforation. We have lost enough time already for delaying your breeding! I need more of your labeled products! *Brattee*, come above me and impale yourself on my cock!"

Janet stood up and stepped toward Basher in a martial way. Once above him, she spread her thighs to get closer. Basher put a key in the lock that was protecting her virginity from trespassers and turned it. He pulled on the plug and made it pop out. She was so ashamed to see Basher's smile when he realized that she was wet.

"Now, down, English slut!"



Janet moved her body over Basher's cock and sat on it. She felt her hymen being pierced as she was weighing on it. She was no longer a virgin!

She started to pump up and down the organ, and the pleasure rose inside her. She had to acknowledge that Basher had the same sexual supernatural influence as The God. There was no room for doubt anymore, all Shazilarians had this incredible power ... they were all gods!

And suddenly, she knew that The Basher God would never again be for her the adopted brother, the scapegoat of her bad moods as a child. He was now a divinity that she had to worship, just like the Maruk God. She realized that she had skipped the truth for months, when only this could explain the conversion of Mother and Diana.

Actually, this was changing the situation a lot. From that angle, The Basher God was no longer a bad thing happening to her, but the same routine as in the kennels, without the old age and the daily brown tongue. As for the absence of her friend Pretoria, it would be compensated by the proximity to Mother and Diana. She would miss The God, though it wouldn't be the ordeal she thought it would be. Of course, there was always the fact that The Basher God had a serious grudge against her and would certainly want to take his revenge, but she considered that she had asked for it and would accept her fate. Definitely not such a big deal!

And as the Maruk God had said, he would soon get bored with her after that. Though, she wasn't sure anymore if she would want to leave the man who had deflowered her...

Chapter IX

Back from the jungle



wanga climbed down a tree at the edge of the jungle and put the hound costume that he was supposed to wear in Shazilar. The Caliph Basher Al Azzuz had been very clear in his reply by pigeon that the only way to enter the Valley for him now was with the outfit which had been given to him after last time visit in expectation of his next one.

He fastened the self-locking clamps of wrists, ankles and neck, which was quite scary, as once it was done, it could only be removed by somebody else. The rings surrounding his testicles and his penis were linked with chains to a plug plunged into his rectum, and once the whole thing was closed, he couldn't do his natural needs without a demoness managing it. Not to mention that he still had fifty yards to crawl in that outfit that displayed his naked genitals and forced him to be on all fours to reach the gate of the Fortress in open terrain.

He would never have done that if he wasn't certain of finding his family in the Valley, it was much too dangerous for him to go there bound like this.



Zwanga rushed forward as fast as he could. This man-hound scurrying on all-fours toward the walls was a great spectacle for the sentinels. They kept him behind the big wooden doors for more than fifteen minutes, at the mercy of wild beasts or savages. The guards were gathering on top one by one, bursting in laughs.

When they opened the gate at last, Zwanga had to crawl inside the yard under the guffaws and insults of the Shaziri guards who used to be under his command. One of them even dared to get closer and kick his ass!

Fortunately, he suddenly noticed the tall silhouette of V'Isswillraoussa. The giant Dame Demoness stopped almost above his face, forcing him to raise his head at a few inches of her well-groomed vulva, on which hair was trimmed in the vague shape of a scorpion.

Zwanga was well aware of the supernatural power of the "Magic of the Valley" that was arousing the whites beyond limits. He knew that he wouldn't feel the full effect before a few hours after entering the Valley, but it would eventually reach its maximal intensity, because he had spent more than six months out of Shazilar. At this moment, he would become V'Isswillraoussa's absolute worshiper, and he needed to get to the Caliph before that, or it would be too tempting for the giantess to enslave him for herself!

This time, his hound outfit forbid him to help pushing her vehicle, so he hoped that she had anticipated the problem. Fortunately, it was the case. After crawling behind the magnificent black buttocks for more than an hour, climbing the stairs to the platform, then trotting across the caves and walking down the other side of the mountain, Zwanga was glad to see that the Dame Demoness had brought a triplet cabriolet pulled by three massive *swillwanas*. It was a one with a room for a high-sized seat pet, and he was allowed

to travel in the vehicle, as long as he would accommodate the buttocks of the driver on his face.

Of course, he would eventually crave to do this, but until then, he had to force himself to it, to avoid crawling all the way to the Palace, tenth of miles from here.

The fillies were fast, so it took only an hour, though when they crossed the gates of the Palace, Zwanga was beginning to feel aroused and his cock was starting to rise. V'Isswillraoussa had squashed his face many times during the trip, but had been terribly disappointed—until now!

"Just in time!" the Dame Demoness said, "I was about to cut your insulting pink worm!"

Zwanga hoped that he would be soon under the protection of Basher, so that he could eat some *naffies* to cancel the magical effect.

Once again, he crawled on all fours across the corridors, following the muscled black buttocks, only this time, he was beginning to be overwhelmed by the view.

When he entered the throne room at last, he was expecting to address to Basher as he could do to his father Amar, but these days were obviously over. Basher made him sit up and beg before him, which was terribly humiliating, as V'Isswillraoussa was holding his shoulder. The Magic of the Valley was beginning to make its effect.

Zwanga wondered why V'Isswillraoussa had not been dismissed; he used to speak to the Caliph alone. It seemed that his status was even more damaged in Shazilar than last time. The attitude toward the Outside had evolved in the wrong way, and everybody had turned against him. How was he going to carry out his plan to reach Maruk? He was aware that the re-training outfit was making it a high-risk enterprise, but he had thought that he could get rid of it at some point. In the present state of mind of the Shazilarians, it would be almost impos-



sible. As for his intention of eating some *naffies*, he would have to steal them, as obviously Basher wasn't going to give him any. Under that spell, forced to crawl and watched by V'Isswillraoussa, he didn't have the slightest chance. His leverage against Maruk would be completely ineffective now that everyone was aware of the Outside. Nevertheless, it was out of the question to leave his family here. Whatever the time and the means he had to take, he would free them eventually, but it wouldn't be that soon!

"Er... V'Isswillraoussa?" Basher said, "What's this? Why do you bring this white hound here?"

"It is the famous Zwanga, *Z'Wolzambo*," the demoness replied, "a pig that used to be the Ministry of the White Cattle."

"Oh! Yes, yes! The Lord of the Animals! Sorry Zwanga, I didn't recognize you, but I remember allowing you an audience. What do you want from me?"

"Thank you *Z'Wolzambo*," Zwanga exclaimed, "I have some news about who abducted my family. My wife and daughters are here, in the Valley!"

"You know that it's impossible, Zwanga. I would be informed of it by now, don't you think? You are well aware of the thoroughness of the Ministry of the White Cattle's registries. There is no way to hide such formidable animals here."

"Yet Maruk al Maruk managed to conceal their presence, *Z'Wolzambo*," Zwanga said, "he organized the traffic of White wom..."

"Zwanga!" Basher cut him, "I can only be grateful to you for years of protection of Shazilar from the Outside, but I can't let you defame my good friend! I remind you that he's a god and you're a common pig. V'Isswillraoussa! Teach some respect to your white!"

The giant demoness kicked him in the testicles with her

boot. Zwanga fell on the floor, doubled up with pain.

"I really wonder why my father gave you such a credit. You will continue your task in the Outside, but under the strict supervision of V'Isswillraoussa. Get that out of my sight!"

Zwanga crawled out of the throne room in haste, followed by V'Isswillraoussa trying to reach his balls with the tip of her boot. This continued in the corridors until she made him pass a door.

"This is my home, pig!" the demoness said, "I have my trip to the Outside to prepare. Sit up and beg in the waiting!"

Zwanga's pain was beginning to fade, replaced by a terrible anger against Basher. So, he was treated as an animal now? Well, he would get retaliation for that very soon. Out of the Valley, the magical effect would disappear completely, and V'Isswillraoussa would never be able to keep him restrained forever without it. And once free, he would go to fetch a plane and make new plans. Maybe he would bomb the Palace by himself, or involve the British troop in a full-scale invasion of that place. Basher should better have killed him!

He had to stay for two hours on his knees begging like an obedient dog while V'Isswillraoussa was taking her time, resting comfortably in her bath with three blondes rubbing her body. From time to time, she was checking at his cock. Was she waiting for the Magic of the Valley to be at its full? Was she afraid of him without it, expecting some retribution later? He had already suffered a similar treatment, and he knew how efficient it could be. She might want to show everyone around what a good hound a white man of the Outside could become ... maybe she was under Basher's orders to do it? Was she even aware of how the effect vanished on the other side of the mountains?

He decided to try his luck and started to shake his pelvis frantically.



"You have something to say to me, little hound?" the demoness exclaimed, "come closer. You may kiss my wonder, and if I like it, I'll allow you to babble."

Zwanga crawled toward the pool. He needed to follow the rules to the letter if he wanted her to even listen to him. Fortunately, he had some experience about it with VZamgara when he was in Maruk's farm.

He jumped into the water, but couldn't swim because of the hound outfit maintaining his limbs folded. He soon found himself forced to raise his head high up to keep it over the surface. He managed to get close to the demoness and plunged his face toward her brown vulva, pulling a wide tongue...

VIsswillraoussa pushed his head down toward the bottom of the pool before he could reach her body. She put her foot on the back of his neck. As he was waving his legs with frenzy, she grabbed his balls and squeezed them hard.

"Do you really think that I would grant you such an honor, worthless worm? You are not even in the White Cattle! I will kill you for the murder of my sister VZamgara!"

Zwanga tried to rise to get some air, but the demoness was very strong, keeping him down and squeezing very hard his genitals.

"You thought I didn't know?" She continued, laughing, "Unfortunately for you, I just found out a week ago, so you can imagine how delighted I was to be your handler again!"

Zwanga began to panic. He was soon going to lack air! Though even in that state, he couldn't refrain from admiring the beauty of her vulva. He was now fully under the effect of the Valley. He stopped fighting and decided to enjoy this view whatever the cost. He couldn't believe that this desire was stronger than his survival instinct. He didn't want to die, but it was because he wouldn't be able then to stare at that magnificence anymore if he did!

And suddenly, his head was pulled out of the water.

"This is too easy!" VIsswillraoussa exclaimed angrily, "I need you to pay a much higher price for what you did to my sister!"

Zwanga was catching back his breath, but managed to say something before being plunged under water again.

"Powerful Goddess... I... I didn't kill your sister!"

He was pushed down into the pool.

"Liar! How dare you? Everybody knows you did!"

Zwanga had no time to take a lungful of air before going down this time, yet, somehow he felt good to be in sight of the brown vulva again. Damned effect!

He was almost suffocating, twisting his body despite the painful grip of his testicles, when the demoness pulled his head out of the water again.

"Who killed her, then?" she asked.

"Powerful Goddess!" he replied using the same protocols as he had done in Maruk's yard⁶, "It's the Caliph Amar Al Azzuz, because your sister knew a Sacred Secret!"

She plunged his head down again.

"Maybe it's true, but then it is your fault! All of us daughters of VDaounda are aware of the Secret of the Outside since our childhood. And so is Maruk! Why would the Caliph keep us alive and kill only the one who had served him well?"

Zwanga's raised out again.

"Powerful Goddess..." he stuttered, "The Caliph didn't know any of that. It was Maruk who told him about it!"

His head went down into the water.

"That's a lie! Maruk would have been executed too if it was the case! And all this situation was your fault!"

He was raised over the surface.

"No, Powerful Goddess! It's Maruk who did it! I couldn't

protect your sister, the wonderful goddess I loved, because she was killed immediately after being sold out by Maruk. But he didn't incriminate himself completely while doing it. He became the Palace Cattleman as a punishment and gave up all his properties for this position! He sacrificed your sister, and I was devastated! Do you really think that I could have caused the death of The Goddess I worshiped? See, I'm compelled to look at your wonder when my life is at stake!"

V'Isswillraoussa plunged his head between her thighs and checked the enthusiasm of Zwanga's tongue, releasing her grip on his hair so he could get out of the water by himself. Zwanga was so relished to be able to put his mouth on the magnificent vulva that he didn't even make a move toward the surface. At least, he was going to die happy!

He blacked out.

He regained consciousness near the pool. V'Isswillraoussa was back into her clothes, a white and golden cloak, a white belt and white leather boots. She seemed to be deeply plunged into reflection while she was rubbing some fig oil on her skin.

She stood up and came above Zwanga, whose cock got instantly stiff at the view of her powerful thighs at an inch of his eyes.

"You are indeed a sleazy hog," the demoness said, "but as cowed as one can be, and I believe you. You can barely keep control by only watching me oiling my thighs, so there's no doubt in my mind that you have been V'Zamgara's toy for real, and knowing that you were in Maruk's farm for weeks, I'm sure that you would never have been able to do her any harm. Tell me everything that happened with my sister and Maruk!"

And Zwanga told her how Zamgara had spied him for

years so that she could become a trainer in Maruk's farm; how the old breeder came clean by accusing her of his own crimes to save his life; how Zwanga had tried to warn his beloved Goddess about Maruk's duplicity and was unable to protect her when the Caliph ordered him dead; how he couldn't denounce Maruk after that without putting the domesticated whitestocks in danger, but swore to himself that he would make him pay.

He also told her about Maruk's present traffic without the knowledge of the Caliph.

"I'm aware of that last part," V'Isswillraoussa interrupted, "I have been on the other side several times with him, and I know how manipulative he can be, but I had no idea that he could have dared using my sister as a scapegoat."

"I strongly suspect him of being responsible for the old Caliph's death, and to have fed the new one with lies about it."

"All right!" the demoness said, "He had told me many things, and skipped the part about my sister, but being who he is—I totally believe you! I'll arrange a meeting with him, and you'll do whatever you want to take your revenge. I don't care!"

"Thank you Powerful Goddess," Zwanga replied, before licking her boots with gratitude.

"Come on hog! We just have the time before our trip to the Outside! I know where Maruk is."

She fastened a leash to his genital rings and walked him through the corridors of the Palace. Zwanga was satisfied to be at last on the verge of discovering the truth about the abduction of June, Diana and Janet, yet was ashamed of finding even more pleasant to have his nose closely following the well-oiled black buttocks of the demoness.

He wondered how he would be able to make Maruk speak, but was determined to succeed or die trying.

V'Isswillraoussa stopped in front of a door and removed



his leash. She pushed him inside the room by kicking his ass with her boot and shut the door immediately.

Zwanga landed in a place surrounded with mirrors. Maruk was there, lying on the couch. He jumped on him and put his elbow on the old man's neck.

"Talk, decrepit filth!" Zwanga said trying to hide his terror, "Where is my wife? Where are my daughters? What have you done with them?"

"Oh! err... Zwanga!" Maruk eructated, "By *Allah*, I'm hap... I'm happy to see you!"

"Where is my family?" Zwanga asked, pushing his elbow a bit more on his neck.

"I kn ... know where they are, Zwanga ... but I'm not the one who abducted them. Everything has been planned by the Caliph. I told him that it was too dangerous, but he had developed so much hate for you and these poor sows that he still sent his Shaziri warriors to your ranch! I was able to protect them for a while ... you know how I fancy Whitestocks! Ultimately, he wanted his revenge. He even prepares a mock marriage with the three of them because he says that Janet had refused his proposal years ago!"

"That part is true," Zwanga replied, "but you've lied to me before and that scheme smells like you. What proves that you're not its initiator?"

"You don't have to trust me, but at least wait to meet your wife and daughters. They will explain to you how I have protected them against him for months!"

"No, I believe you! Only Basher could have made the Shaziri warriors obey to such a thing. Their loyalty to him surpass mine. Nevertheless, I will kill you for not warning me!"

Zwanga started to push on the old man's neck.

V'Isswillraoussa rushed into the room and grabbed his cock. She strongly pulled him away before he could really harm the breeder.

"Do you seriously think that I would let you kill my mentor, swine?" the demoness said, "Even if he's the one responsible for my sister's death, he is a god, and I owe him everything I got!"

Zwanga was squirting his sperm in an almost continuous flow, his balls firmly held in the powerful hand of the demoness.

"My sisters and myself are only loyal to him, not to the Caliph! Now come on, we go to the Outside!"

Maruk was rubbing his neck, still stunned by the attack.

"I'm loyal to you, Maruk", she added, "but I let him threaten you because you lied to me about how my sister was killed! Now we're even. I won't hold any grudge!"

"All right, I forgive you if you get rid of this boar! I don't want to see him ever again!"

The demoness put the leash around Zwanga's genital ring and left the room with her new hound. They walked across the huge marble corridors and were about to exit the building when V'Rukomnaka appeared.

"Stop!" the Palace Demoness-in-Chief exclaimed, "His Omnipotent Highness the Caliph intends to use your hound for some breeding before you leave!"

"Of course!" V'Isswillraoussa replied, before pulling on Zwanga's leash to make him crawl the other way.

"Follow me! He is in England right now. Let's go out!"

The demonesses led Zwanga back to the exit, and drew him across the yard to a little door at the west side of the Palace.

Zwanga was beginning to feel pain in his knees and elbows, not used to walk on them anymore, though the sight of the two pairs of black buttocks was giving him the energy to keep going. V'Rukomnaka's ass was definitely not as beautiful



as VIsswillraoussa's, but it didn't matter, as he was tremendously excited, despite his previous ejaculations.

V'Rukomnaka turned her head and noticed that he was still squirting his fluid on the marble floor.

"Look at that sleazy white pig!" she said, "he is enjoying himself a bit too much for my taste. The sight of goddesses should be deserved through long time worship and daily prayer!"

"I agree!" VIsswillraoussa replied, "Let's put the blinkers on him! You heard that, sleazy pig? Long time worship and daily prayer! Start now and you might be granted that paradise some day!"

A part of his leather hood was lowered in front of his eyes. With it, he could only see through a small slit of frosted glass. He was almost blind, discerning only blurry silhouettes. It was so cruel of the two goddesses to deprive him of that bitter compensation for his abject submission.

"I notice that you don't have much experience with their males, sister," V'Rukomnaka said, "maybe this sojourn in the Outside with that swine will teach you some useful tricks!"

"It's true, I've never trained those."

"It can be quite fun too, as long as you impose them to deserve everything they want. And to watch the buttocks of a goddess need to be something worth of their complete devotion, not their average entertainment! I've actually learned that in some western magazines at Maruk's half-free facilities."

"I've never read those!"

"Your loss, sister! Those pigs can be far more devout than their females! Once, one of those fell from a high window while peaking at my buttocks. Only because I gave him a little shake with them."

They both laughed, but Zwanga was devastated. Without

that cursed Palace demoness, VIsswillraoussa would probably have granted him that glorious view for the months which they would have to spend together in the Outside!

He could barely distinguish the place in which they entered, though it looked like a small city. England, they had said? He could suddenly hear Big Ben and many familiar sounds of London, like the bell of the double-decker buses. Did Basher recreate a whole English town in here? He seemed to have been really disturbed by his voyages in Europe!

After a few hundred yards, he finally was stopped before a handful of people. Definitely some white women ... and a man, maybe Basher, on a couch with a girl with a strange bun on the head having sex with him?

It could be that ... or something else! And even if this man was Basher, what could Zwanga do right now, blind and crawling at his feet? He needed to wait for a better opportunity to kill the bastard!

A fat ... no, pregnant dairy cow wearing two blond fake horns and milk faucets on the tits came close and started to rub him, which was far from being as exciting as a touch of one of the demonesses.

Though suddenly, this woman seemed to change her attitude. She took his leash and began to strike his buttocks with a bamboo stick!

That way, she led him closer to him. He couldn't distinguish clearly anymore what was happening at a few inches from his face, for what it was worth, as the blinder prevented him from identifying any of them. He was told that he had been brought to the Caliph, so this could only be him, though, and the idea of having his nose almost on Basher's cock was quite a disgusting prospect.

Soon, the parturient woman helped the one with the high bun to move away from the man's lap and get on all fours on the



floor, probably in line for a stud to impregnate her after her solemn defloration by the Caliph!

Zwanga doubted for a few seconds: What if it was one of his daughters who was waiting here? But what were the odds for Basher to still have them around? Their virginity had certainly been taken months ago and they probably had been thrown into some field after three weeks of service. That infamous rascal! He was going to pay the high price for that!

The pregnant creature made him crawl forward toward the woman's backside. So, he would have to breed this one! She was obviously not a Shazilarian or a Shaziri, so it was allowed, and she looked quite pretty. His body was showing great satisfaction at the blurry sight and the sweet blonde smell.

The pregnant one led his nose to her anus, and he knew what he had to do. He sniffed it just like a dog would do and started to move as if he was a horny animal. He heard the laughs of everyone around and waited for the signal to jump on his target.

It came as a big strike of the bamboo stick on the buttocks. A second later, he was frantically penetrating the freshly unlocked orifice. If he wanted more opportunities to be in Basher's presence, he had to give a show!

He slid his male organ back and forth into the young woman, really excited.

Though, after a while, he began to loosen his erection. After his previous



series of ejaculations, it was getting more difficult for him to spit his semen. The audience around seemed to be aware of his distress, as the laughs were louder and louder.

When they decreased, Zwanga suddenly felt the generous hand of a demoness grabbing his testicles, making him instantly squirt into the young woman's womb.

Chapter X

The wedding

Janet had loved her defloration by The Basher God, but she loathed the heavy battering movements of this stud. How could they even select males with such a little talent for those things? And it was taking ages! She had seen some breeding at The Maruk God's kennels and it wasn't lasting that long! Why did she have to suffer that?

People around were laughing. Was it at her? Maybe she needed to do something to make the stud come? Squeezing his cock with her inner muscles, as with The Gods? For now, she had just reproduced what she had seen in the matter: three seconds and it was done!

She started to squeeze the organ with her vagina, but it only made the laughs redouble. She was fed up with that infamous hound who was ridiculing her in front of The Basher God!

She froze with horror, suddenly recognizing the smell of the man covering her: it was Zwanga! Her own father was inside her, how disgusting!

She took a glance behind and saw only two demonesses roaring. Very funny indeed! Being impregnated by that traitor who sent them in this valley, what a hilarious moment! She didn't care to be covered by any male now, ugly, old, with a tiny organ or anything ... but not that traitor!

This was logical though, because of the interdict for Shazilarians to reproduce with white females, and their strict policy about choosing the genitors among members of their own family to stabilize their breed.



Stabilizing her breed! How awful! It could only be cruelty from The Basher God! He was taking his retribution for their common past, when she had refused his proposal, pushed him away, and alerted everybody pretending he had raped her! Indeed, he had been banished after that because of her, but it was ancient history!

Couldn't he forgive the mistakes of a young girl after all these years? She was scared of those things at that age, even if she surely was a little madam, filled with condescension for this "barbarian" who had been imposed to her. Was it worth inflicting her such an ordeal?

Nevertheless, she accepted her punishment with resignation. Now that her father's betrayal had sealed her fate, she had to fully assume her new status of obedient little bitch. She began to shake her body with frenzy to ease her impregnation by that mere white hound.

It took five more minutes before the audience should stop laughing, bored to watch her work herself to death in squeezing the stud's organ in vain, and should start to roar: "spit and stick, spit and stick!"

Janet had witnessed that done before: a demoness would whip the stud's balls and spit on his anus, the arousing effect of the saliva immediately concluding the covering. The whip was there to cruelly remind the male animal of the purpose of the session—reproduction, not pleasure!

She saw V'Isswillraoussa raise a leather stick in the air and move behind them. She could hear the simultaneous whipping and spitting sounds. She felt Zwanga's organ instantly straighten up inside her and deliver a warm liquid into her belly by long and regular strokes, while she couldn't do anything to break the relentless grip of the powerful thighs. Now that infamous hound was also humiliating her before the noblest Shazilarians!



He was brutally drawn away from her. She had been impregnated, just like Mother and Diana!

After that session, she was sent back to The God's kennels. What a relief! She had been so sure that she would have to stay with Basher, but fortunately, she was with her beloved friends of the brown-tongue sisterhood.

Janet deeply French-kissed all of them, happy to be back, waiting for The God to bring his wonderful orifice among their effusiveness.

He came after a while, and Janet was lucky enough to be honored by him. It flushed out of her minds in an instant all the bad events of this day.

And life went on in the kennels with the usual good things for some and bad ones for others. One of the brown-tongues was regressed to a pet crate on the third row because her performance in The God's wonder was a bit weak. This was what every brown-tongue in the sisterhood feared, as it was very difficult to come back into the ring, considering the number of enthusiastic applicants to the privileged compartments who were often putting a wench in the works for the one who had already got her chance. After such events, the members of the sisterhood were at their best, and The God was satisfied.

For Janet and Pretoria, things were going very well. Their duo was always chosen when The God managed to cast a glance at them kissing each other. Janet loved to feel up Pretoria's swollen belly while sticking her tongue in her mouth, and The God was falling for it every time.

Every evening, Janet was brought out of the kennels to meet The Basher God for a new mock wedding with some new outfit and a humiliating narrative always about their score to settle. And every night, she was brought back to the

kennels after being debased in a more unspeakable way than the previous. They would tell her that it wasn't it, and that the real wedding would be granted to her soon.

All this routine changed when Janet's periods began, causing commotion to the demonesses in charge of watching the cycles of the pets. She realized that it was because right after, she could be covered successfully. The early periods were just the confirmation of her infertility when the breeding with Zwanga had taken place.

VIsswillraoussa came to see Janet and told her that a new rearing session would occur ten days later, during her real wedding with The Basher God.

Janet couldn't believe that Basher wanted to continue that marriage nonsense. The whole thing was clearly designed to induce a new deception that would make her pay for her past actions. She couldn't even imagine what might have gone through Basher's perverted mind this time, so she decided to forget about it and just pretend that she was excited by the event.

Yet, the morning of the fateful day, she was worried at the prospect of being deprived forever of the wonderful presence of The God, despite his promise to get her back later. The day before, she had teased The God's rectum in a very tender way, but with a bit of sadness also, and he had felt it.

VIsswillraoussa came and reviewed the schedule with her. An hour later, Janet was following the demoness across the streets. Once in the Palace, she was prepared for the wedding as she used to be, this time with makeup, spots drawn with brown paint everywhere, a very sophisticated hairdo interlinked with a luxurious tiara of pearls and jewels with the letter Z in the front, a very tight gold collar and a thick nose ring that was filling entirely her nostrils, forcing her to breathe



through the mouth.

"To the throne room now!" V'Isswillraoussa called, "The ceremony will begin!"

The voice of the Usher of the Palace resounded:

"VRukomnaka, Dame Demoness-in-Chief of the Palace, Mistress of tonight's ceremony!"

The Demoness-in-Chief walked into the room where the hundred most important people of Shazilar were gathered under the magnificent arches in pink marble.

In the antechamber, Janet could see them entering one by one. This assembly of gods was quite scary. She knew that she was nothing here, but for the first time she realized what it meant. Despite the protection of the Caliph, any of those gods had a huge power over her. If one of them should pretend that she had insulted him one way or the other, their word would be sacred, and hers would be considered as the yelping of a bitch for some attention—if she was even able to reply to men with such a divine sexual power over her! As for the goddesses, they were simply terrifying; one single touch of any of them, and her bladder would loosen. The prospect of being the object of Basher's revenge in front of such deities was horrific!

The usher spoke again:

"His Omnipotent Magnificence Basher Al Azzuz, Caliph of Shazilar, Commander of the Faithfuls, Keeper of the Secrets. Tonight, he will be joined with a pack of porcine items to officialize the original breed he had created!"

That was it! The humiliation had begun! The first step of a long series of absurdities to make her pay for her past actions. He was never going to marry her, but his pack of porcine items, thank you!

Basher entered the room and climbed the five steps to

get on a large pulpit of polished marble.

"Bring the porcine pack!" he commanded.

The usher immediately announced:

"V'Isswillraoussa, Dame Demoness of the Palace, in charge of the *wahiztok* porcine breed. She holds in leash Lady June, countess of Whitestock, a.k.a. the *Zwangani*, a.k.a. *prunee* of Basher, Popess of the Cathophoen Church. Behind her comes Lady Diana Whitestock, a.k.a. the *Gon-zwangarani*, a.k.a. *sillee* of Basher, Priestess of the Cathophoen Church. And finally, Lady Janet Whitestock, a.k.a. the *Ram-zwangarani*, a.k.a. *brattee* of Maruk, First Class Brown-Tongue in the kennels of Maruk Al Maruk."

Janet sighed. For everyone, Mother and Diana were important dignitaries of the Cathophoenic Church, and she was an ass-licker! And a first class one with that! But she didn't care. She was proud of belonging to Maruk, and all she hoped was that she could keep that name and title when the "wedding" would be over.

"As the Popess of the Cathophoenic Church, who usually presents these religious ceremonies, is an item from the pack which is processed, the union will be pronounced by His Magnificent Grace Maruk Al Maruk, Minister of the White Cattle, President of the Porcine Training University, Prophet of the *Phoen*, Transcriber of the Sacred Book of Maruk, Founder of the Cathophoenic Church."

The God welcomed Mother, Diana and herself on the pulpit and made them kneel down before him.

Janet was relieved. The presence of The God was so reassuring. She loved him so!

"Your Omnipotent Magnificence," Maruk said, "would you, Basher Al Azzuz, Caliph of Shazilar, Commander of the Faithfuls, Keeper of the Secrets, take the Whitestock breed, formerly called *wahiztok* to hide its real origin, and this pack of



porcine items from said breed, as your legitimate property? You swear to develop this breed and increase its value until the end of your days?"

"I do!" Basher replied.

"Lady June, countess of Whitestock, a.k.a. the *Zwangani*, a.k.a.; *prunee* of Basher, Popess of the Cathophoen Church; Lady Diana Whitestock, a.k.a. the *Gon-zwangarani*, a.k.a. *sillee* of Basher, Priestess of the Cathophoen Church; Lady Janet Whitestock, a.k.a. the *Ram-zwangarani*, a.k.a. *brattee* of Maruk, First Class Brown-Tongue in the kennels of Maruk Al Maruk; do you swear to worship His Omnipotent Highness Basher Al Azzuz, Caliph of Shazilar, Commander of the Faithful, Keeper of the Secrets, to make your progeny, and the progenies of their progenies, worship that god and his descendants as the exclusive owner of your breed? Lick your nose ring to certify that you renounce to any other religion, nationality, allegiance or belief from the past. Not only do you commit yourselves to the living divinity here present in full possession of your faculties, but you publicly acknowledge your months of prayers and supplications to the living divinity here present for being granted that honor. Do you swear it in the name of your ancient superstitions?"

"We swear!" Mother, Diana and Janet replied altogether before licking their nose ring as required.

"The porcine items have agreed!" Maruk stated. "I hereby proclaim that the Whitestocks will be called now 'Whitestocks of Basher' and that their characteristics will be protected by Law as his sole property. Every breeding session will have to be sanctioned by him or an eventual future owner of the breed. Any Shazilarian offender can be prosecuted and condemned to prison. Any porcine offender will be immediately put to death, even those of the same breed! Pack of abject sows, do you consent to these terms and so accept the

ownership of your breed by His Omnipotent Highness before this assembly of witnesses and the camera filming this ceremony for posterity. Do you understand that this union binds you and your descendants completely, whomever you physical owner may be in the future? Do you agree to leave the commercial fate of your breed entirely under his control? Do you swear that you enjoy giving up your rights on your descendants and yourself to him, with full knowledge of the facts and in full possession of your faculties, without being submitted to any kind of pressure or coercion? You can still stop it and go back to your old ways freely?"

"We consent!" they replied altogether. "We accept! We understand! We agree! We swear! We enjoy giving up our rights on our descendants and ourselves to him, with full knowledge of the facts and in full possession of our faculties, without being submitted to any kind of pressure or coercion!"

They all kneeled down and opened a wide mouth with the tongue fully displayed.

Basher lifted his embroidered robe and peed in their mouths and on their faces, trying to be impartial with the quantities, while The Maruk God was continuing his office:

"Whitestocks of Basher, I hereby declare you bound to Basher Al Azzuz as a private breed, without any limitation of time, by a contract in conformity with Shazilarian Law. This union must be enforced by any authority in any country of the Outside following international trade laws. I declare you and your descendants, already physically owned, now also commercially owned without limitation of time. By this act of total abnegation, you give everything you and your descendants might have owned to become a simple animal, and as such, rightful adepts of the Cathophoenic Church."

Janet was stunned. She thought that she didn't have anything more to give after her oath, but obviously she would also



have to give the commercial rights of all her family, present and future—and it would be done in a way similar to a wedding!

She felt totally dispossessed, and actually it was what the Cathophoeny required, a complete rebirth as a domesticated animal, without the single right, but with the duty to submit and blindly obey to gods for the sole privilege of being allowed to be their abject worshippers.

What would happen if this place should open to the world? Could international laws validate such a filmed event as a proof to some real property deed? Everything was possible if trade should become the sacred engine for everyone!

Nevertheless, she was happy, as light as a feather. At least, there was nothing more to worry, no more responsibility to poison her life.

“Now, dignitaries and worthies of Shazilar,” Basher exclaimed, “I will exercise my rights over that breed by calling the stud I chose for its stabilization: Zwanga, the famous Lord of the Animals, a wild pig who had deceived every single subject of Shazilar by impersonating a god. Though this should be punished by death, I decided to show clemency as he agreed to become a useful hog. I will make him impregnate Lady Janet Whitestock, a.k.a. the *ram-zwagarani*, a.k.a. *brattee* the first-class brown tongue, as a stabilizing agent for the breed!”

Janet was curious to see her father’s reaction. Even if he was blinded like last time, he would have heard the announcement.

Indeed he had taken the shock of this revelation and didn’t seem to like it at all! But then, what was he doing here? He could have destroyed this place, invaded it with the British Army ... instead, he had forfeited his rights as a human being just like Mother, Diana and herself. And still,

he wasn’t accepting it. He was kicking around with his short hound “paws” under the cackles of the audience. As if it wasn’t ridiculous enough?

This time, they have removed his hood and muzzle, and the sight of his face red with anger was increasing the laughs.

“Stop that horror!” he shouted while he was pulled toward Janet through his leash, “I’ll kill you all!”

VIsswillraoussa thrashed his buttocks very hard with her bamboo stick, and made her muzzle rock back over his mouth. Then, she crouched down in front of him, spat on his face, and rubbed his back.

Zwanga calmed down instantly, though the anger was still showing in his eyes.

“That’s it, hog! Now you get the muzzle all evening! And of course, no reward from your goddess after the ceremony!”

The anger in Zwanga’s eyes was soon replaced by lust, though after a few seconds, he let go a tear.

“That’s a good boy!” the demoness said, “now cover the pretty piglet, hog!”

She grabbed his hair and pulled him up the stairs to the pulpit, where she led him over Janet, who felt the “paws” on her back for the second time. VIsswillraoussa noticed Janet’s lack of enthusiasm and glared at her.

“You’d better get used to it, little bitch,” she exclaimed, “as His Omnipotent Magnificence the Caliph has decided that he would be the one and only breeding partner of your existence. You should be grateful: that way, you will always get some attention. You don’t even imagine how much your god is relished to see you reared like this? I never witnessed anything similar!”

Janet immediately shook her pelvis to tease Zwanga. That was the rule now!

VIsswillraoussa climbed down the stairs and put herself in front of the pulpit. She removed her white leather gloves





and put a finger into Zwanga's anus, giving him a strong erection, then she drove him by the rectum to insert his stiff organ deep between Janet's *labia*. When the mating was in motion, the Dame Demoness stepped aside to allow the audience to enjoy every detail of the covering from that indecent point of view.

The same ordeal as two weeks ago began for Janet. The Lord of the Animals was moving back and forth into her, though this time, that scoundrel knew who he was covering, and she had to pretend enjoying herself in front of an audience of powerful gods and goddesses used to check the truth by simply watching their whites mate from that revealing point of view.

Behind Basher's legs, Mother and Diana's eyes were constantly switching from a disgusted glare at Zwanga to a compassionate look at Janet. Everything was clear now: Zwanga had betrayed them, and he deserved punishment for that. Their only solace was that he was going to get it soon!

Five minutes later, Janet was bored. Indeed Zwanga's organ was huge, but it wasn't much pleasurable, and she was dry. Fortunately, The Basher God came to the rescue, even if, once more, it was designed to humiliate her. He turned around and presented her his backside. He lifted his robe and sat on her face.

"I pity you, little bitch," he said with a gentle voice, "even though you have made me the worst of offenses. I forgive you! Now lick your god and enjoy this moment!"

Janet shoved her tongue in Basher's anus, decided to put all her experience of that practice in this performance. A few seconds later, she was climaxing, completely forgetting the stud in her. She was frantically French kissing Basher's rectum, realizing everything she had lost by stupidly refusing his proposal back in the Ranch. She could have loved him that way for years! Instead, she would have to wait for the coming of Zwanga every ten months to be in position to perhaps be honored. Very conscious of her huge privilege, she made her kiss exceptional.

Basher stepped away from her and gave a hand signal to Vlsswillraoussa, who moved in front of the pulpit and firmly grabbed Zwanga's balls from the rear. Like the previous time, Zwanga instantly jumped while squirting his semen into Janet's womb. Though, this time, she knew for sure that it would impregnate her!



Chapter XI

Zwanga strikes!

Zwanga was brought back to the antechamber while the “wedding” was becoming a party. From there, he could see everything that happened in the other room. A traditional Shazilarian band was playing, accompanying twenty polyphonic-polyorgasmic singing blondes and their shazilarian player, though Basher wasn’t around anymore. He was probably with June, Diana and Janet, enjoying a complete victory over his family! Zwanga was so ashamed of his huge vulnerability to the charms of the demonesses. Now, his anger was coming back but it was too late: he had just impregnated Janet!

Zwanga realized how Basher had manipulated him since the beginning. He understood the reasons of Basher’s grudge against his daughters, but he would never have suspected him of being so perverted. Some details were suddenly making sense, like that woman he impregnated on the hood of the *Comfy Coloniale* in his previous meeting with Basher, months ago. Clearly, it was his wife whom he had inseminated there! As for the refusal of the Shaziri generals to go with him to get his daughters, it wasn’t a mystery anymore. To think that at this time, June had been within hand’s reach, his daughters had probably been still untouched!

Now, months had passed, and his family seemed to be



fully integrated in the White Cattle, completely addicted to Basher through the Magic of the Valley. Basher! What a little shit! After everything Zwanga had done for Shazilar, being treated like that by his own adoptive son! It would take the necessary time, but he was going to kill the rascal!

He noticed the presence of Maruk in the room. The old breeder was talking to the Grand Vizier Ali Al Rhazul as if they were in league with each other, something that seemed quite strange for Zwanga, who was used to the secrets of Shazilarian politics. Was Maruk reversing alliances? At some point, they both gazed in his direction, through the half-open door. Maruk bowed to the Grand Vizier and walked straight toward the antechamber.

"Zwanga!" Maruk said, "I was very surprised to see you there. I thought you had left the Valley for good. We used to be enemies, but I never agreed with Basher's decision to reveal your origins to the people and abduct your wife and daughters! I'm aware of the excellent work you've done in the Outside, and it's a pity to put an end to such an important mission just to take revenge from a child frustration."

"You pretend you are for nothing in this scheme?" Zwanga said once his muzzle had been removed by Maruk, "I am well aware of your white women traffic with the Outside..."

"Of course! You know how much I love those delicious *swillraoussas*, but it's over now. That was before the reinforcement of the Shaziri troops. Since Basher was empowered, it has become impossible for me to bribe the guards of the passage. It's too dangerous. Basher has locked everything up."

"So, you are for nothing in the abduction of my family?"

"I bred the family you have in Shazilar for four decades, yes, but June, Diana and Janet, I only learned about it when it was too late. You should have come sooner, I would have helped you to remove them from Basher's grip!"

"What are you trying to pull, Maruk? Are you telling me that you are on my side now?"

"Indeed I am," Maruk replied, "I love your females, and I have supported them during the difficult times they had in here. I enjoy their presence, but I don't want them to suffer from Basher's childish revenge! Since this kid is caliph, nothing is right anymore! He's putting his hands on all the gold and jewels he can find, and I can't provide myself in new *swillraoussas*. You think I like that?"

"I understand, but I still don't trust you, Maruk. You need something from me. What is it?"

"I'll get right to the point, Zwanga. You and I have a common objective, even if it's for different reason: I want Basher to be replaced by the Grand Vizier Ali Al Rhazul, and you want to make your family escape, and for both goals, the only way is to eliminate Basher. Get rid of him, and you'll have your wife and daughters back!"

"Well, if you really mean it, it's easy! Free me and I'll kill the bastard! That's the help I can provide, and it's simple, you only have to open the clamps keeping my wrists, my ankles and my neck prisoner of that outfit! I'm so angry after Basher that the Magic of the Valley won't stop me!"

"It's a deal!" Maruk said, opening his clamps with his skeleton key, "He's in his bedroom right now, only protected by VIsswillraoussa. She works for the Caliph, but she's only loyal to me!"

Zwanga got rid of his hound costume and walked behind Maruk in the big corridors. Once in front of the door of the Caliph's bedroom, Maruk knocked.

VIsswillraoussa opened.

"The Caliph doesn't want to be bothered, your Lordship!"

She suddenly noticed Zwanga out of his outfit and brandished her whip.



“No! No!” Maruk said in haste with a faint voice, “V’Isswillraoussa, you need to leave Zwanga alone with the Caliph! We will stay behind the door in case it doesn’t go as smoothly as it should!”

“Oh? Yes ... yes, of course, Your Lordship!”

She let Zwanga pass and walked out while he was crawling toward the bed.

Janet was on all fours, and Basher was mounting her the shazilarian way. His saliva was dripping down her face. She was wearing the same rings and bell as during her covering on the pulpit sooner, though her labial laces had been tightly tied up to secure her precious insemination.

June and Diana were waiting quietly on their knees for their turn on the sides of the bed.

Janet was stupefied, staring wide-eyed at Zwanga.

In a flash, the Lord of the Animals rushed forward, jumped on Basher and squeezed his neck.

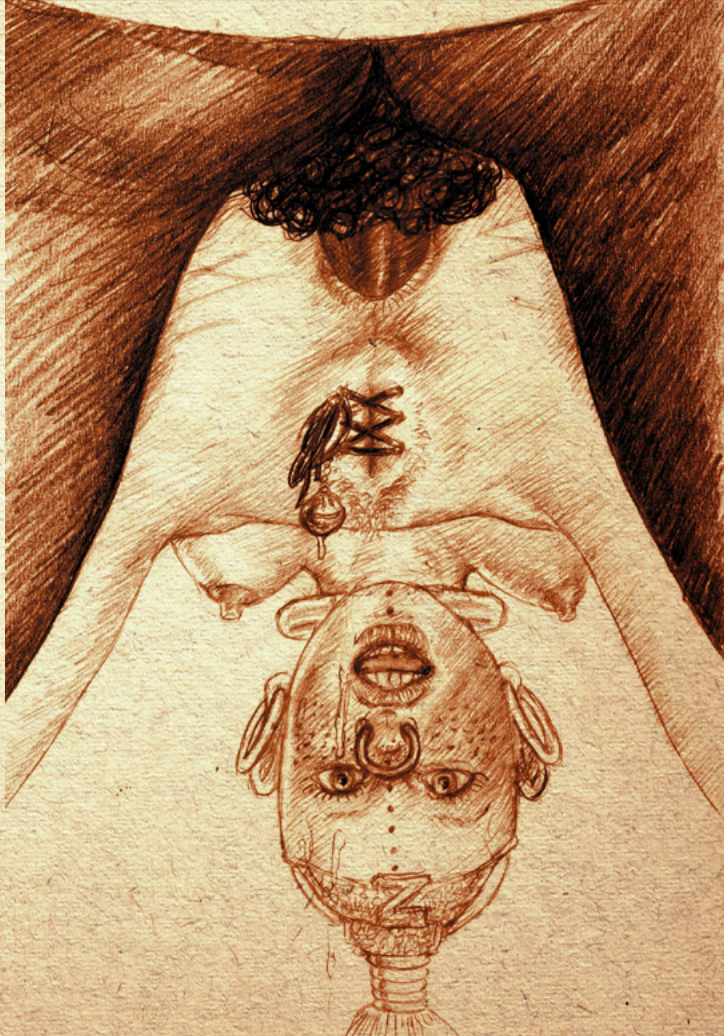
Stunned for a few seconds, June and Diana sprang on the mattress and grabbed him, trying to make him release his prey. They both seemed very distressed, but Zwanga’s muscles were at their top after these months traveling in the trees through Africa, and they couldn’t loosen his grip.

Basher began to choke, turning red, and finally fell down on his bed, dead.

June and Diana shouted their horror. Only Janet was staying quiet, as if she wasn’t as moved by his death as her mother and sister.

“Please shut up!” Zwanga said, “I’m bringing you out of this horrible place. It’s over! Come with me!”

Zwanga locked the door to keep Maruk and V’Isswillraoussa outside. Fortunately, Basher’s father Amar had showed him every secret passage in the Palace, and he knew precisely how to reach it from this spot. He strongly pushed some mosaic tiles in a corner of the room and made a piece of the wall open.



“Quick! Come with me. I have a way to get out of the Palace.”

Janet entered the passage immediately, but June and Diana were in tears and quite reluctant to obey him, still under the shock of the death of their god.

Zwanga couldn't risk being caught now. He took Basher's bamboo stick and pushed his wife and daughter out of the room with it. He shut down the concealed entrance and followed them into the dirty corridor.

“I know how you feel,” he continued, “but believe me, Basher wasn't a god, far from it! He was only using you as retaliation against our family. Don't waste your tears for him! Soon, you'll be back to civilization, where you will forget all of this! I don't know if you're aware of Shazilarian Law: any white who is present during the death of a caliph is executed. We flee for our lives here!”

The corridor was very long, sided with hidden doors to various rooms of the Palace. Only Basher could be aware of these passages if even Amar informed him of it before his death. It was unlikely so, as Zwanga's secret room seemed to be unviolated. Amar had given him that place so he could get away from the Valley if anything should happen.

There, Zwanga put on a traditional Shazilarian outfit, with a turban to hide his golden hair. He put brown lenses in his eyes, a fake black beard and mustache and colored his skin. When he was looking like an average *zwarandi*, he grabbed a machine gun and plenty of ammunition, then pushed the three women back into the corridor.

Two minutes later, he was in view of the end of the passage. A one-way door, as thick as a piece of the wall, was

leading out of the Palace, in a very remote place of the esplanade. Zwanga pulled a lever and pushed everyone out before the heavy door should automatically shut down. From outside, the marble slabs were indiscernible from the others from the wall.

A few yards from there was a secret access door to the stables. Zwanga hoped that Amar's protective dispositivo to leave the Valley in a hurry was still in place.

They entered a hidden room with a big berline. Zwanga put June, Diana and Janet inside, and opened the secret access to the stables near it. Twenty very fast native fillies were there at all times, available to remove from their boxes through remote panels at the rear unknown to the demonesses. Amar had always been ready for an emergency departure with his favorites held in a compartment inside.

Once out of the city, Zwanga would only have to go to his breeding farm faster than anyone, thanks to those very powerful fillies. An airplane was hidden in one of his warehouses, ready for takeoff. Years of frustration about Lady Amanda's captivity had made him cautious!

He harnessed the twenty giant *swillwanas* to the berline, climbed on the driver's seat and grabbed the whip.

Caught by a sudden doubt, he cast a glance behind him and saw the door from the Palace yard open. He knew he had shut it down! in panic, he jumped from the seat and opened the berline. All the women were gone!

He rushed toward the open door, cursing himself for not locking up the compartment for porcine transportation. He should have foreseen this; his family was still under Basher's spell!



As he was running into the Palace main yard, not really sure if he could catch back his women in time, he suddenly noticed a bunch of demoness and female guards rushing toward him.

He turned back to the secret door on the wall, decided to escape alone so he could return with the British Army, freed his women and have them deprogrammed by a specialist of brainwashing.

Alas! the door had shut down. He pushed on the mosaic tiles in the wall to open it back, but it was resisting. It was meant to be difficult to open to avoid being discovered from outside, so he pushed much stronger, and pushed again ... with no effect. He was trapped in the Palace yard!

A second later, he was seized by two huge Shaziri female guards. He tried to get away, but began to feel their power with the contact of their skin. The delights of being submitted by such goddesses started to affect him. It was so good to let go with demonesses; yet he had to flee! He twisted his body, attempting to break their grip, though his heart wasn't fully in it. One of them pulled her scimitar and stuck it on his chest, putting an end to all hope for escape ... and Zwanga shamefully noticed that a part of him was enjoying surrendering!

A minute later, V'Isswillraoussa arrived. She grabbed him and ordered the guard to tear off his Shazilarian outfit. She removed his turban and his mustache and spat on his face. Zwanga was feeling so good. If only he could be given to this wonderful goddess ... but there was no chance for that: he would be put to death, and his women too, for being present during the Caliph's death!

Soon, Maruk appeared, flanked by June and Diana. They had sold him out!

"Zwanga!" the old breeder exclaimed, "you and I must have a conversation about these hidden passages! I have made a deal with the Grand Vizier, but this network might be very helpful!"

The secret door of the stables opened, revealing Janet. She was looking in every direction, scared to death.

Zwanga was devastated. Why the heck would Janet block it to prevent his escape? She never showed the distress of June and Diana after Basher's death. He got the answer to that soon, when she suddenly noticed the presence of Maruk. Her face brightened immediately, and she lowered her head with deference.

"What have you done?" Zwanga shouted, "Are you mad? You'll be executed for being in the room when Basher died!"

"We don't mind to die for our god Maruk!" June intervened. Janet had told us in the berline that he had promised to take care of us, and how gentle he was with the whistocks!"

"Exactly!" Maruk retorted, "as they were not even in the room when the Caliph died, I can vow for it. They were with me, and as I'm the beneficiary of Basher's will in the absence of direct descendants, I therefore become the owner of the whistock brand, as well as the physical owner of June, Diana and Janet. But don't worry for yourself, as I intend to plead for your life, considering your major usefulness in the Outside. I need you alive to keep that breed profitable. Demoness! Collar the reproductive organ of my new property!"

"Bastard!" Zwanga shouted while his women were walking away.



“Come sow-sisters!” June exclaimed to her daughters, “Let’s forget this pathetic hog. Janet, you have to update us on rules and preferences of our new God! If what you told us is true, a wonderful existence is ahead of us!”

“See Zwanga!” Maruk said laughing, “These abject sluts have acknowledged the new reality much better than you’ll ever do.”

“I’ll make you pay for this Maruk!” Zwanga exclaimed, “What happened

to Basher could very well happen to you some day!”

“No, it won’t, Zwanga! They are so deeply devoted to me that I’d only need one word to make them offer their life for me! But don’t be angry! I’ll manage for you to get a good existence too, despite our differences, you’ll see! And you’ll be able to meet them every ten months, so their bodies should continue a regular delivery of expensive new products for me!”



When his genital collar was set and soldered, showing Maruk's name on the base of his penis, Zwanga was put in leash and led by V'Isswillraoussa to crawl on all fours.

"You're delusional!" Zwanga exclaimed, "The future caliph will want my women for himself, and I know that he doesn't like you very much!"

Maruk laughed, while V'Isswillraoussa was kicking Zwanga in the balls to make him shut up.

"Please V'Isswillraoussa," Maruk intervened, "Don't hit his precious testicles too hard! And you, Zwanga, you don't need to trick me into giving you information, I'll gladly tell you everything you have missed. What you don't know is that I made a deal with the soon-to-be caliph in the presence of two demonesses as witnesses. By getting rid of Basher, I did a great service to our new caliph, so he has nothing to refuse to me, especially when I have the status of a religious figure now! Though, as you mentioned, I don't think that he would suffer for long my daily presence in the Palace, so I asked for the position of plenipotentiary for Shazilar in the Valley of the Animals, your home, with the mission of starting the conquest of the Outside from there. That is exactly what I want. I'll soon reign on thousands of perfectly trained delicious *swillraoussas*!"

When they arrived at Maruk's palace, the old breeder opened the door of his property and entered his yard.

"I'll leave you there for a while," Maruk continued, "as I need to take care of the investigation from the Watch, and supervise the succession, so that the new dynasty of the Rhazuls should be undisputed. I'm in an excellent position for that, thanks to you!"

V'Isswillraoussa led him in front of a door which was neither Maruk's kennels nor his private quarters. The old

breeder knocked.

"You know Zwanga, you should be pleased, as I intend to bring your family back to where you wanted them, on the other side of the mountains! I will enjoy some female comfort during my thankless mission in the Outside, and your women are by far the best ones I got. Unfortunately, you won't join us until I need you ... in something like a year, if I consider that two of them will deliver their litters in three months. But don't worry, you'll be well treated by the person in charge of carrying on your good diplomatic work for Shazilar, in your own ranch, of course. You're just about to meet her!"

The door opened, and Sherifa Maruk appeared.

"Hello, Sherifa!" Maruk said, "As promised, I got you this infamous hog who deceived you. As scheduled, he will accompany you to your new domain, next year!"

"Thank you Daddy, I'll take good care of this sleazy cockroach, believe me! He will enjoy very much my new passion for training white pigs!"

And she rocked a strap-on dildo in front of Zwanga's eyes!



Epilogue

Janet was watching with satisfaction Mother and Diana being allowed to get out of their pet crates. What a marvelous thing to be with her family, to share not only the same place, but the same desires, the same rules, the same griefs, the same joys ... and above all, the same god!

Not an immaterial god, intangible and possibly mythic; no, a concrete one, physically present with a power immediately identifiable. Any contact with his skin or his fluids was triggering a response that was sexual in essence; but not only: it was ingraining a deep religious respect that with time had become reliance, then dependence, to eventually induce a state of perpetual illumination. How could anything compete with the worship of such an individual, whose touch could put any white woman in a wonderful state of perpetual orgasm? How could she ever turn her back on this divinity just to obey Zwanga? It was simply impossible!



She was conscious of the extent of her betrayal. The Lord of the Animals had committed no crime, except maybe to come to their rescue far too late ... though she was driven by something much stronger, her rebirth in a new society with values that seemed barbaric or primitive to people from western countries, but that would set ablaze the planet when it would spread. She had doubts that The God's sexual organ would soon become the beacon of every woman in the world, and she would do anything to help such a supernatural power to erupt!

Maruk shoved his hand in Mother's vagina and moved very deeply into it. What a generous divinity! He was giving his energy to offer pleasure without counting—or yes, actually counting!

"Three..." Maruk exclaimed, "four ... five ... five!"

And he began to rub Mother's belly with oil, until she would be the one to rub it against The God's cock. V'Isswillraoussa was enjoying the show very much.

"As The Godmother of that breed that is now yours," the Dame Demoness said, "I must insist on the fact that it is an excellent omen! Usually, those half-savage sows only deliver three or less!"

"Yes! Lady June is not only a fantastic animal to own, in addition to giving a milk of great quality, she's also the goose that lays golden eggs! A litter of five! Gold and jewels might have become very expensive in the Outside, but the value of a product from a good white breed is priceless! And there is no reason to think that it will be different with the others!"

Mother was delighted to be the center of the conversation between two divinities. She was smiling stupidly while The God was penetrating her. Though Janet couldn't blame her; she was delighted too. They might still be valuable for a few years as sexual toys, but they could become priceless, and for a much longer time, by whelping more of them.

The key to their new existence was the absolute satisfaction of their god. By promoting their own qualities to him, they would ensure that their descendants would be precious forever. Every god would fancy a hottie that is also servile and worshipping. They would need now to be exceptional to make him forget the violence of the infamous Zwanga.

"Though this is only a start!" Maruk said, "I intend to develop the white trade that I had to stop when that greedy Basher was in place."

"Does it mean that the new caliph has already authorized you to import those arrogant sluts massively?" V'Isswillraoussa asked.

"Yes, my friend! And I will be right at the scene, ready to enhance business. We enter the best era in our history," Maruk replied, "I will call it the White Bonanza!"

Maruk stood still for a while, triumphant over the pregnant body of June, then, like moved by an impulse, he ordered the three Whitestocks to kneel before him.

"You have been baptized today by a god who is no more, so I have to christen you in my own way!"

The three Whitestocks kneeled down in haste and pulled out their tongue, ready to be honored again with the golden liquid.

"I'm fed up with the silly names that Basher had given you," He said while lifting his djellabah and seizing his manhood, "so I give you back your Shaziri ones. I christen you *Zwangani*, *Gon'Zwanganani* and *Ram'Zwanganani*! I thought about it, I want to be constantly reminded that you represent Zwanga, the Lord of the Animals. Especially in such glorious moments as your baptism right now!"

And he started peeing.





With her face and her mouth flooded, Janet suddenly felt greatly reassured. Indeed the Whitestocks needed to be exceptionally efficient in their service, but they could also keep being interesting to The God by reminding him their link with the infamous Zwanga, their status of half-goddesses of the Shaziris and their aristocratic position in the British Empire.

That way, they could be in his good books for ever...



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BLONDE SLAVERY

MAP OF V'ZOOGAR'S BLONDE IMPORTATION
MEETING WITH MARUK'S EARLY
CLANDESTINE BLONDE SLAVERY TRAFFIC

