

Alonzo SERAI

Poaching the White Fillies



Full
screen
mode
switch

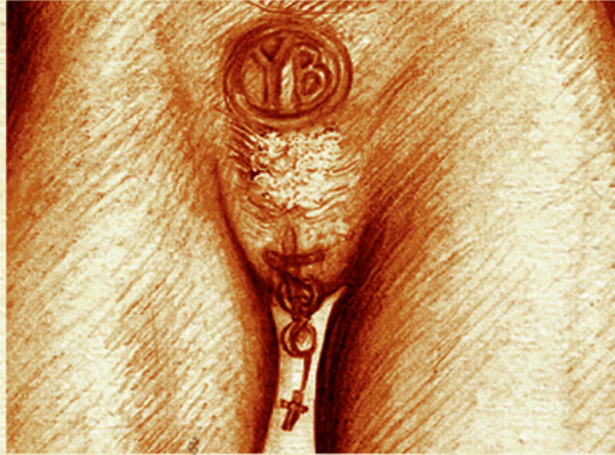


Open
the
Book





Poaching The White Fillies



Volume I



Full Screen/
Window Mode



Fit Page



Help



Contents



Back



Next



BEGIN



Alonzo Gerai

Poaching the White Pillies

Worlds of Domination
Les Mondes de Domination



Chapter I The Wonderbourg races



usuf Bourid, the chairman of the Golden Arbor Inc., better known as Prince Yusuf the First of Wonderbourg, was a contented man.

After a whole year of training, his four teams of fillies were perfectly able to win the first races of Wonderbourg in Rochebonne.

One year had passed since he had taken control of the Principality by guile with the help of the D.I.R.E.¹, and he was now ruling the country with an iron hand. Wonderbourg was still supposed to be a democratic monarchy, part of the European community, but unofficially it was the first European province of the Rasheedian Empire.

Of course, all the neighbor countries were perfectly aware of the fact that Prince Yusuf was the cousin of Empress Rasheeda the first, the leader of the Empire, and that it implied an excellent relationship between these two nations, but they could never imagine how far. Ironically, this family connection

1 - Department of Intelligence of the Rasheedian Empire



had minimized the problem, a lot of people mocking it as a matter for tabloid magazines.

In reality, it was going much deeper, and every big decision concerning the Principality of Wonderbourg was taken in Rasheedia by the D.I.R.E.. Yusuf was the favorite cousin of the all-powerful Empress, but even he couldn't go against the perfect plan she had conceived, a plan that her intelligence department was processing step by step.

Since Rasheeda Bourid discovered Shazilar, thirty years before, during an investigation for the United Nations about white slavery in Northern Africa, her objective had always been to become part of this marvelous world where white women were seen as domesticated animals of the Arabs.

When she got the opportunity to marry the Caliph, her objectives became to gain power over the place. When a bit later her husband died mysteriously, she became free to conquer the ex-British Shaziriland and its neighbor emirates through military force, money, and trickery. She ultimately unified the region under the name of Rasheedian Empire.²

Once this objective had been attained, the next step was naturally about taking on the original plan set up by the Caliph Basher Al Azzuz in Shazilar fifty years before, a genius scheme to turn all Western people into domesticated animals for the Rasheedians, making the whole planet a province of the Empire.

The D.I.R.E. had been created to take care of this gigantic task, using the Naffi Effect—the secret power of the lost Valley—which active principle had now been scientifically synthesized and put into a pill giving an incredible sexual influence over non-takers. Their plan was seen as a top priority, a sacred mission, and only the Empress could alter it.

Unfortunately for Yusuf, all this didn't change the Arabic Wonderbourgeois so much. When the revolution had

been over, every one of them owned a few white females as slaves in their house, and their ambition vanished, despite the fact that the whole world was left to conquer.

Worse, the Wonderbourgeois³ were not hooking at all on the traditional Shazilari ways that Rasheeda wanted them to adopt. Like the Rasheedians, the Arabic Wonderbourgeois were using the Naffenol® pills, enjoying very much that sexual power given to them over these white women so haughty in the past, but they were not yet ready to become authentic Shazilari Masters.

Yusuf felt that it was time to act, to give his people a new motivation before that his powerful cousin should start to believe that she had overrated him. He needed a way to show to her and to her subjects how much this province belonged to the Empire and felt strongly associated with the Sacred Conquest.

It was the chief of the intelligence service of Wonderbourg, Saïd Agadir, who got the idea to set up races featuring white fillies in the Principality. Yusuf Bourid followed the idea with a solid project, involving broadcasting the event all over the Empire. Naturally, the D.I.R.E. blessed the initiative. It was the opportunity to show to the new masters of the country that white women could also be an entertainment.

Though, once the two men had agreed to jointly organize the event, they realized that they were on a very tight schedule, and that they had to rush-up things to be ready in time.

The races would take place in the hippodrome circus of Rochebonne, originally built for horse races. It was clearly not practical for women racing, and next year they would hopefully be set up in the brand-new hippodrome of Pierzons-les-Bonnettes, especially being built for that in the mountain by thousands of white slaves.

Though, for the few teams in competition this year, presented as a small sample of a huge future event, the little

2 - see the "Valley of the Slaves" and the "Route of the Slaves" Series

3 - Inhabitants of the Principality of Wonderbourg



hippodrome was an enclosed space, fitting perfectly well the necessity of keeping the whole thing secret. Officially, this was supposed to be a horse race, announced to the press as a unique special event. Only the Rasheedians and the Arabic Wonderbourgeois knew that the names of the fillies in competition were in reality the nicknames of young women.

Everybody in the audience was of Arabic origin, except several white pets in charge of entertaining their masters during the races. All white men of Wonderbourg still alive were working for Rasheedian companies now, and while these races would take place, they would be at work in mines or factories, making their Arab employers rich enough to support these expensive teams of fillies.

The new constitution of Wonderbourg had been adopted right after Yusuf Bourid's marriage with Princess Ludivine de Wonderbourg⁴, giving to all citizens the possibility of making an individual choice between the laws of Rasheedia and the laws of their country. One year later, all Wonderbourgeois companies were applying the Rasheedian laws that allowed making people work seven days a week, sixteen hours a day, without any protection from the employers.

It created an unprecedented economic miracle. International business invested a lot in the Principality, making other European countries envious. In all Europe, new political parties were created to ask for an alliance with the Rasheedian Empire. Of course, they were all manipulated by the D.I.R.E. but the economic miracle of Wonderbourg was giving them a new credibility, even though it was the result of the exploitation of its citizens.

Though that was only the official side of it.

Unofficially, only white people had to work for a living, so they were the only ones subjected to these laws. They had to work naked and in absolute obedience for their Arab em-

ployers and overseers who could even use them sexually while they were working—and they didn't have the right to quit. But that was only for the few who were still free!

Thirty percent of the white men of Wonderbourg had been killed during the disorganized rebellions that happened in the first year, and about sixty percent of them were executed after that, merely the ones that had refused the choice between being castrated or being put to death. Officially, they were all still alive, yet nowhere to be found. Among the ten percent that had survived, a few showed the proof of their ultimate submission to the Rasheedian civilization through allowing willingly to be gelled. Some of them were saved from that at the last minute, as their genital organs could be used for entertaining the new mistresses of Wonderbourg. Now almost all of the survivors had the status of domesticated animals needing an owner to avoid being arrested or killed by the Police. A semblance of "freedom" allowed to some of the early converted, all concentrated in the Capital, was kept giving a general impression of normality.

Tourists couldn't see much of the country anyway, as they were guided and watched by government spies, a bit like behind the iron curtain during the cold war. The excuse for that was still local white terrorism supposedly targeting Arabic Wonderbourgeois people or buildings, as a protest for the marriage of their princess.

Yusuf Bourid used that excuse to shut down the frontiers with other European countries for everybody to think that Wonderbourg was only protecting its citizens against an attempt for creating a new ethnic order, similar to what the Nazis had done. The small principality had been seen at the time as courageously maintaining their democratic monarchy against these terrorists, which justified that people of Wonderbourg couldn't be contacted by phone anymore. The few western tourists who were determined enough to get a visa could see

⁴ - see "princess of the Slaves"



streets with normal people, wearing clothes and walking freely in the Capital. They could never imagine that other cities of the Principality forbidden to tourists were full of naked white women pulling carriages of Arab masters.

Everyone in Europe had heard some rumors, but as long as the tourists, the journalists, and the official delegations from other countries were not threatened, it could go on. The satellite imagery was showing nothing special, courtesy of the D.I.R.E. that had deeply infiltrated all the intelligence services and satellite companies in the world since the sixties. The foreigners who were a little too curious would disappear for a few months, then suddenly reappear full of praises for the Principality, saying they had been abducted by ethnic cleansing terrorists and freed by Arabic soldiers of Wonderbourg.

The people who tried to spread rumors against the Government were all seen as racists encouraging terrorism in that country.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse was the writer of a book alerting about these problems. She was accused of using the existence of the naffi plant, which pollen was known to turn a few white kids mad with sex, and linking it up with the famous tradition of apparent white slavery of the old valley of Shazilar, extrapolating the whole thing into a fantasy world where Arabs would use white women as slaves or animals. It was too much like the classic oriental harem fantasies to be taken seriously.

Naturally, this whole conquest scheme was real, but would have been unthinkable without the Naffi Effect. It offered a powerful dominating influence to all people who had eaten the naffi tubercle or were taking pills of Naffenol®, its active principle, over all people who had inhaled Naffin® through the spores of the naffi flowers in the air. It was

causing on the non-takers a feeling of inferiority leading to irrational fear under the threat of a taker. Though, that was only between people of the same gender. With people of different genders, an incredible arousing effect was accompanying the fear, making it less paralyzing but even more powerful.

Only children and seniors were immune to it.

So, all the people that the Empire wanted on its side would be abducted and given only two choices: to experience continuous fear for themselves or their family, or to accept being subjected but aroused beyond anything they already knew. With the help of that plant, brainwashing was fast and effective, and even enemies of Rasheedia could become zealous slaves to the Empire. The ones who were too old for the effect were shown how their relatives could be used against them, through compromising them at work or killing them in last resort. For example, a fifteen-year-old daughter totally servile to her Arab master could accuse a targeted man of sexual abuse, seconded by her equally servile mother who would have beforehand collected as a proof the semen of the target during her intercourse with him. The target would then have a lot of trouble defending himself against such an unbelievably twisted plot with his own tales of fantasy harem or Muslim conquest conspiracy. He would be put in jail, or at least would lose his job, and would be replaced by another man less independent-minded. A few samples of such twisted actions were usually enough to make the target understand that he had absolutely no choice, and that the D.I.R.E. was the new power he had to comply with.

For now, there was no record of any failure on treating a targeted man in six months!

It would have been unthinkable to isolate a country like Wonderbourg without the help of such obedient subjects having key positions in every organization or company in the world.



And the power of the D.I.R.E. was getting exponential. Terrorist threats had made most countries merge all their databases, making them also available to the D.I.R.E. agents who could locate almost anyone in the world, following a mobile phone, or the use of a bank card.

Rasheeda's plan had been conceived to be so deep under the radar that anyone telling the truth would have looked like a UFO conspiracy theorist. A solid plan, with the use of computers for planning every detail added to the arousing power, and the unthinkable happen: the secret enslavement of a whole nation in the heart of Europe!

The white filly race of Wonderbourg followed the same "under the radar" scheme, using metaphoric words so that an eventual conspiracy theorist would ridicule himself revealing the truth. As it was promoted in the Capital as a horse race, the very few tourists who could have been interested in a four-horse chariot race would soon discover how impossible it was to get a ticket for that event, not even broadcast on television. At least, not on Wonderbourg official TV, as it was viewed a lot on the unofficial channel for Arabic Wonderbourgeois and on the Rasheedian Network, available for all people in the world with a level 3 authorization in the Empire.

Though, anyone could put money in the State-run betting system. Just before the first race began, Yusuf was told that an English tourist had put a bet on one of the teams of women, thinking they were horses. Definitely a laughing matter for years in Wonderbourg!

Yusuf's principal competitor was his chief of intelligence services Saïd Agadir, the instigator of these races.

Two other important Arab businessmen were also participating, but only for the hard race.

Saïd, like Yusuf, had four teams, so he was the only competitor in the three other races.

It was Yusuf who presented the event from the VIP stand, after a video message from the Empress herself. Under the cheers of the crowd, he declared open the first international races of Wonderbourg.

The first one was the fawn challenge.

Yusuf had a perfect team of young virgins pulling his light chariot, though young virgin gallopers were Saïd's specialty. He had selected a team of nery little brats and had told them that he wouldn't deflower them if they should be defeated, offering them the proper motivation at the right moment. So, he won easily, and the ruler of Wonderbourg lost. The prize of the winner was a new filly that he could choose in the stud farm of the looser.

The second race was the Chesty race.

Only fillies with enormous breasts were selected for this competition. The audience loved to watch these breasts swinging up and down while pulling the cabriolets of their masters.

This competition would definitely be there in the next year's challenge, and it would be because of its aesthetic qualities.

This time, the race was won by the team owned by Yusuf who agreed with Saïd that instead of giving up one slave each, they could just be declared even. Very satisfied with this team of fillies, Yusuf properly rewarded them, allowing them to sleep in his bedroom for a week.

The winners were so happy to be granted this great honor. Even if deep inside they still thought that it was unfair to be treated like animals, they could now see some good in it too, realizing that their victory was worth the pain they were suffering each time that their heavy breasts were swinging.

They always had been hung up about the size of their breasts. All of them had a history of meeting men who loved that characteristic so much that they wouldn't even look at



their face! A few years of stardom with the nerds in college were the best they got out of it. Later, it had always been like if their huge pair were the axis of their life, people judging them according to whether they loved or hated big breasts.

Now, they were meeting only people who fancied their chest so much that they would cheer them like stars, and were spending their time with their sister fillies sharing the same qualities.

Their big balloons had become their most valuable tool to obtain, many times a day, the tremendously arousing hands of living gods on their flesh.



Chapter II Raising the Stakes



Half an hour after the ceremony of rewards, it was time to begin the 100-meter chariot race, the most athletic one, because the women in the teams had no disadvantage. Their owners had bought their fillies in the auction of the national Olympic team.

It was also the most impressive, because the chariots were almost as fast as if they were pulled by horses.

They were four teams, but everybody knew that the winner would be Abdul bin Azouz, the Minister of sports of Wonderbourg, as he had in his team the four best running athletes of the country.

As guessed, he won the race, being rewarded with three slaves in the process, one for each loser of the race.

Yusuf thought about the fun he would have next year when he would bring a team of fillies from Shazilar, bred for generations to be fast and trained since their birth. The poor Olympic team would be really disappointed!

Though, if the 100-meter race was seen as the most inte-



resting about speed performance, it was the next one that was the highlight of the evening, the In-foal race, featuring fillies in between seven and nine months of pregnancy.

For this race, the last of the special event, Yusuf and Saïd decided to raise the stakes at the last minute. The show wasn't so surprising for now, and if they wanted to succeed in showing to the people of the Empire how important their province was, they had to do more and catch people's imagination.

So, they announced that the winner would get two white fillies from his opponent, but not from their own stables. The winner would choose his special prizes in the "free world"; two white females, famous or not. The looser of the race would have to capture them and train them for the winner in less than three months.

After that announcement, the audience on Rasheedian television increased exponentially. Choosing two women in the western world and having them delivered as perfectly trained slaves, it was something that could catch the imagination of any Rasheedian citizen. It was somehow turning the whole world into an Arabic private hunting preserve where white slaves had only the illusion to live in a free world!

So, Yusuf had already won the audience, but now he had to win the race! Unfortunately for him, Saïd Agadir had an excellent team of Shaziri females with powerful muscled legs. When they entered the hippodrome circus in a sustained trot, their big pregnant bellies were so firm that they didn't even wave with their steps. Everybody in the audience was sure that this team would be the winner. With the in-foal race, the difficulty was for the fillies to hold their big uncomfortable bubble tightly with their muscles without losing speed. If the big breasts could be a huge handicap, this was far worse.

Yusuf Bourid seemed to be the only one thinking that his

team of young princesses of the princely family of Wonderbourg could win. He was sure that what was going to make the difference with the muscled Shaziri women was their youth, the love they got for their owner, and their pride of racing in front of their ex-subjects. But the audience was not buying it. Their bellies were bouncing up and down, and whatever their enthusiasm could be, it would never replace the powerful tensed abdominal muscles of Saïd's black team holding their progeny in a very tight grip.

In his chariot, Yusuf was nevertheless cheered by the crowd, because everybody had recognized the daughters of the people who once ruled the country. Seeing them naked and pregnant was positively a delight for everyone. These stuck-up pampered girls had grown up with the idea that their birth had put them above other people, and now they were exhausting themselves galloping for their Arab owner.

The most amazing thing was that, beyond this relishing social revenge, somehow the princesses were still triggering the Wonderbourgeois patriotism in the Arabic audience. Now that these spoiled white sluts fully knew that their place in life was at the feet of Arabs, why not supporting them in the race as representatives of their own country?

The Arabic Wonderbourgeois had bent down before these girls for years, and were now a bit puzzled about it. There was a time when everyone in the audience would have been thrilled reading in the tabloid magazines that one of the princesses was going to have a baby. With no more pictures in evening gown under a chandelier, but the simple display of their naked bodies running like animals and the waving of their swollen bellies, the impression what completely different. They used to fascinate a lot about this new generation of heirs for the throne, but now it was more about guessing how many Wonderbourgeois dinars they'd be worth at the slave market.



The princesses had just accepted this new way of servicing the Arabs and were showing it through complete involvement into making Yusuf Bourid win the race.

Most of the men in the audience were now the owners of similar creatures, mostly Wonderbourgeois women enslaved when Yusuf Bourid had made his coup, and they quickly acknowledged white women as being naked servants or

bed toys. These princesses were somehow similar to the animals they owned at home, and this was a matter in which they had become specialists these last years. If they wanted to make some money with the progeny, they had to control very precisely their reproducing cycle so they could bring the white pets in season to a stallion.



These white princesses were obviously seeing themselves as domesticated animals now and seemed to be very happy with it, doing their best to show how valuable white princesses could be to Arabs, even only for pulling their vehicles.

That was pleasant, and the audience would have loved to be more respectful about them now that they had displayed such an open attitude, though it was difficult to show respect while comparing the thoroughbred muscles of their princely buttocks to those of the common white cows that they owned at home. The only respect they felt now was for Yusuf Bourid, a man who was able to make these women understand their natural place and could now spend any time he wanted in the company of their fresh pink buttocks.

So, it was an ecstatic crowd that roared when the two chariots started the race.

The Shaziri team kept a very regular gait in perfect synchronization for the first lap, but then began to gain on the white princesses, still very enthusiastic but already exhausted by the huge effort they had to give and an obvious lack of training. It would have been an even bigger humiliation for the poor princesses if they could have seen the despising faces of their black challengers.

Chapter III The prancing Princesses

In a second, they realized that losing this race was going to definitively mark them down as second choice fillies. For now, their situation as princesses had given them a lot of privileges in Yusuf Bourid's stables—not every white woman could get the honor of being patted daily by her owner! They had been deflowered by Yusuf and impregnated by a white stud, but they had never realized before that they would have to do much more than just content themselves to be pregnant princesses with a very valuable womb for their new masters.

When they were trained to race as fillies for the first time, it had greatly puzzled them why someone would want to do such a thing, and for months they had just seen it as a way of humiliating them even more, putting them on the level of animals as a punishment for their previous status. Though they only became aware when they entered the racetrack site that it was for real, and that a defeat would be most humiliating for the man who had deflowered them, the man who now controlled their lives so much that the issue of that competition could put all their privileges in jeopardy.

As the other chariot was passing them, they all realized



that they were going to lose, and that the only thing they could do about it was to minimize the humiliation that it would inflict to Yusuf. They had to make him proud of something else, something they could do better than the other team, and they all came to the same conclusion simultaneously: the only domains in which they knew they could prevail were the display of their beauty, their fame, and their graceful aristocratic education. They definitely had to be the best at the parade!

Ludivine, the Princess in title, suddenly stopped her panicked gallop. The others immediately understood the bet she was taking and did the same, watching her closely, ready to follow the lead of their head of harness. They had always been in competition against each other when they were free, but now they all shared the same interests, and it was of paramount importance to show unity.

Ludivine de Wonderbourg took a delightful gait, galloping in a way that was far more arousing for the eye of a male, presenting her belly forward with vigor, raising legs higher and wider apart to display her intimacies the best way possible to the eyes of the audience, showing clearly that under the grace and the discipline, an animal in heat was springing out. The three other Princesses did the same, slowing down their gallop into a classy but very hot trot.

The crowd roared, cheering for this delicious change in the behavior of the fillies. This new sport was going to become very popular if haughty white girls once so important could show such an instant improvement in their attitude, while thousands of people were watching them in the racetrack.

The white princesses had acknowledged that they couldn't win the race, but that they could still win the audience and make public the topmost respect in which they kept their master Yusuf Bourid. Naturally, they still

felt ashamed for giving such a triumph to the man who had degraded them to the level of domesticated animals, but the shame was mixing up with their pride, nourishing their arousal with a very powerful spice injected in their pounding heart. For better or worse, they were now completely in his possession, and their only path of action was to continuously demonstrate to anyone around how strong that bound of submission was.

In their previous lives, they could only have displayed their body in such a way to their husband as a reward for being exceptionally nice and respectful. Though, they would never have done that publicly. Now, they were making the show for thousands of people and were giving everything to make it work for someone that everyone in the audience knew as the conqueror of their country.

The perspective of rotting in their boxes with stripped buttocks while their Shaziri competitors would get all the good stuff was certainly a big motivation, but surprisingly, it was the idea that they would disappoint the new leading light of their lives, their master Yusuf Bourid, that they really couldn't bear.

Astounded by the discovery of the arousing power that their shameless behavior was triggering, they glanced at each other and realized at this moment how much they shared that mix of pride and shame, and how exponentially the collective realization of their shared need for exhibitionism and submission was carrying them toward the worshipping of the man who controlled their lives and who obviously knew them very well. Now that they had tasted such a blissful thing, they couldn't possibly be in love as individuals anymore—they needed to be a team on every level!

Except for Ludivine, the Master had deflowered them all together in a row. Since that, the four of them had been fed together, had relieved themselves together, had slept together ... after that, they were deprived of his presence for six months,



until the day when he came to visit the training room, where they were running at all times to keep shape. Ludivine was officially his wife—for what was that title worth!—yet, she was pleased to see him even more. The three others had seen him only once, but in this very important moment of their life, and when Ludivine began to whinny and shake her head like a filly, they all followed her. It had been a shameful thing for them to do, and they blushed a lot about it, but they couldn't help doing everything in their power to attract his attention. Fortunately, it worked, and Yusuf showed satisfaction so much that he put them in a stack facing the floor and spread their thighs to ease penetration. Though, for their second encounter, he had chosen to penetrate their rear hole, a brand-new experience for them. However weird, it was still a contact with a man whom they had longed for six months. They were very surprised to discover how much the penetration was eased by the kind of oil they used for rubbing their body daily. They were even more surprised about how quickly they had come to love it!

He had given three strokes to each one of them, and by the time he had finished the row and offered three more strokes, they already were adepts of this new way. Each time he would get back to the first at the top of the pile, the others would get more impatient for their turn to come.

Though, after seven ascensions of the stack, Yusuf Bourid broke the mechanism—he got straight to Ludivine at the top of the stack and climaxed in her rectum!

Then, he explained to them that now they were a team for life and would always be mounted by him as such. Ludivine was the captain, and he would always come inside her, but the others would have an equal treatment with penetration. When he would come to the stables next time, he would test their team spirit and would reward them if he were amazed

enough by their will to join forces for his pleasure.

The princesses always had bitchy relationships, and Ludivine's status of Princess in title had never spared her fiendish remarks from the others. Though now, Ludivine had gained their respect, so they began to follow her without hesitation. Since that day, they had done everything to feel like a unit, though only right now, as they were losing the race with panache, were they suddenly acknowledging that this was the ultimate truth of their life.

It was such a powerful emotion that they had tears of joy in the eyes. They were feeling much closer than sisters, as if they shared the same soul; they all loved the same man, whom they could only get as a team. And most astonishingly, in this instant, they felt incredibly proud of it! In this moment of glory, their love for Yusuf had finally bound them at the deepest level, and they would never feel lonely anymore, forever sisters-of-harness.

If they had known how much the Arab men of the audience had been teased before the race by Yusuf Bourid about the psychology of the white female, they would have been even more ashamed of showing publicly how easily they had been driven to that shameful collective behavior. Yusuf Bourid was experimenting this new team spirit subservience method, expecting from them a full obedience by just pretending to be uninterested in having sex with them one at a time. He intended to show that an event like a race could trigger their ultimate conversion, whatever the issue would be. After the race, a simple pretense of disinterest for them could activate it and turn them into bitches in heat, even in their pregnant state. The interviewer had tested the reactions of the princesses live on TV and had established that beyond the shadow of a doubt, they were still raw material; a bailiff who had followed that process daily had testified of the authenticity of their training.



The only restrictive element for these fillies had been the usual harsh and strict management provided by the black she-devils in charge of their daily care.

Yusuf was so sure of the success of his experiment that he had already launched a second program involving the other members of the princely family he owned. He ended the interview in the presence of the unfortunate girls who couldn't understand anyway what he was saying in Arabic. He declared that he was waiting for a shock, some event that would trigger their team spirit so much that it would suddenly give them total awareness that they could now only exist as a unit. Ideally, the fillies would experience the complete reversal of the values taught to them since childhood in a kind of domino effect. This was the basis of what was called the "Revelation," the mystical epiphany on which all the Phoenic religion was based. And the first thing that would stick out a mile would be the realization that they had only one path left if they wanted to be happy some day. In that collective version of the "Revelation", they had to become great performers in the sexual domain and therefore form one single entity dedicated to the satisfaction of their master. He wasn't sure that this could happen right now, but he hoped that his race would trigger it.

Every Arabic Wonderbourgeois owned at least one white female and was now able to comprehend many things about the white female—things they couldn't possibly have conceived before. Learning how to use their brand-new sexual power in symbiosis with the whip had become the number one preoccupation for many of them. No wonder Yusuf's experiment was so popular!

Now, they could all witness the transformation happening live, even sooner than expected, and were madly applauding at that feat. Though the princesses couldn't pos-

sibly comprehend that the cheering of the crowd was meant for this spectacular twist in their attitude far more than for the relish of their erotic parade. Little did they know that by doing so, they had greatly contributed to the education of the Arabic male community of Wonderbourg about training a white female collective.

Before this, the Arabic Wonderbourgeois thought that it was very easy to train white females with the new sexual power given to them by the Naffenol® pills distributed monthly by the Rasheedian Empire. They had just enjoyed it without further effort. Now, thanks to this, they were suddenly deeply interested in the extent of what they could obtain by cleverly depriving the poor creatures of their need for their master's attention, and moving to another level of training, making them surpass themselves, just as in this presentation.

The graceful in-foal fillies who thought that their new attitude would just have brought them the shame of displaying such a lack of modesty unfit with their status of princesses couldn't possibly realize that, in a few minutes of lewd prancing, they would successfully bring the Arabic Wonderbourgeois much closer to the Shazilari way that Yusuf Bourid ever could with his lectures!

Tomorrow, the three big bookshops of the Principality would be emptied of everything about traditional Shazilari whip training. The shop for white female traction vehicles would also be aimed by the crowd. These Arabic Wonderbourgeois who had thought they could just enjoy having naked white women as house servants and personal sex slaves would suddenly want to put their hands on anything that looked like a carriage!

It made no doubt that the Filly-mania to come would make thousands of white females experience the joy of pulling their Arab master in the streets of the Principality, now having to deserve the sexual attentions that were so generously



allowed to them since the secret coup in Wonderbourg.

The Shaziri women passed the line, making their master Saïd the winner of the race. They did a tour of honor under the applauds of the audience, strutting about with an extraordinary pride. But it was actually Yusuf who was cheered by the crowd for flogging the buttocks of his losing team, and still making them do an extra tour with various erotic paces and trots to show to the crowd that he had understood their message.

He was acclaimed. Indeed, the races were a big success. Yusuf would later learn that it also did magic on television. Next year, he would be able to make a bigger event in the new hippodrome circus, maybe even an inter-imperial one.

Though his success was coming at a price, and he now had to give Saïd the reward he promised. The television audience was impatient to discover which famous stars would be chosen by the winner for abduction and breaking by the loser. By popular demand, a special show was scheduled for the next day to announce which "white ladies" would be removed from the old free world to become fillies in the new one.

And that evening, the two filly-racing enthusiasts met in Saïd's mansion in Rochebonne. Saïd was surrounded by his blonde pets, clearly aware of the chance they had to be allowed physical contact with their master and show him their value during these exceptional events.

Both men were on armchairs especially designed by Saïd. They could sit on the faces of women who had pleasant faces and tongue skills, but whose bodies were



not matching Saïd's criteria for excellence.

It certainly made comfortable places to sit, and gave happiness to white females whose talents would have been totally wasted without this astute creation.

Chapter IV Saïd's special order

Great competition Saïd!" Yusuf Bourid exclaimed, "I think we have reasons to be satisfied with this premiere. I've suddenly become very popular in all the Empire, and our people seem to have discovered how rewarding it could be to train their former female neighbors this way. As for you, you have won two wild fillies you can choose anywhere in the world, and I'll gladly spend big money for such a gain. Do you already have someone in mind?"

"You bet I do, Yusuf." Saïd Agadir replied, "I already did before the race! You remember that blonde yokel in her late thirties who insulted you in that conference about burning the naffi fields?"

"Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse?" sniggered Yusuf, "you want me to get you the Cuisse? An interesting choice! You can't find a more racist bitch in all Europe. But you didn't choose an easy prey for me to train ... and the other one?"

"Ségolène Micheraie, the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. delegate, a very beautiful blonde yokel too. I didn't like the way she looked at me."

Yusuf Bourid regretted now that he got so carried away before the race. He had some easy targets in mind, like televi-



sion, music stars, or models that anyone would want in his bed. He didn't expect said to choose politicians or intellectuals—moreover declared enemies of the Empire!

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse was that nosy writer who uncovered Rasheeda's plans for world conquest, and if she weren't already dead, it was because killing her would only give confirmation that she was right. Also, her declared racism had always been delightfully counterproductive. Thanks to her pathological hate for ethnic groups other than European, the public opinion had always rejected the truth she told about Rasheedia as a pile of paranoid crap. Even the most measured enemy of the Empire looked like the insidious vanguard of extreme racism, thanks to her.

As for Ségolène Micheraie, she represented the most dangerous organization for the Rasheedian conquest of the world, the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. That one wasn't an extremist, and it made her even harder to break! Not to mention that her busy schedule would certainly forbid any long time abduction, which was an absolute necessity for such a complex case. For the first time, he had to break women who clearly knew that it was an artificial substance that was making them sexually addictive to Rasheedians. Both the Cuisse and Micheraie were seeing the white slaves as drug addicts and would be very careful not to become one of them, even when experiencing the great arousing effect. The training of such women needed much time and experience, and neither Saïd Agadir nor Yusuf Bourid had much of both.

Anyway, Yusuf had no choice, and he was ready for a good challenge. He had many friends to help him and could delegate that task to the specialists he knew, hunters, breakers, or trainers of white females! Tomorrow on Rasheedian encrypted television network, a special show would display everything there was to know about the two targeted women,

and turning them into obedient slaves was his best hope for awakening in his subjects the desire to own more white slaves. It would arouse their patriotic spirit for the greatest Empire in the world.

"Well, Saïd, you certainly abuse of your victory, but what is said is said and you'll be delivered these fillies in three months."

Saïd would have much work to do in Wonderstein for the three months to come, and if he wanted a chance to get these two "yokels" in his breeding farm one day, something that had become an obsession for him recently, it could only be through Yusuf. Only the wealthy businessman knew and could pay the right people to do it for him.

Saïd was not rich yet, and his mansion was actually the property of the state of Wonderbourg. Indeed, as chief of the Intelligence department, he was allowed to claim property on two hundred white "yokels", as he called them, and everything they owned, but it was taking a lot of time to turn real estate into money and settle all international complexities to access all their bank accounts in the context of that gigantic turnover in the management of the country. His possessions were often under the name of his yokels' dead husbands, and many of his claims were challenged before the court by relatives living in a less compliant country. The people who wanted to buy real estate in what they saw as an unstable country was a lot smaller than the huge number of houses that Arabic Wonderbourgeois were selling. And getting a loan was now out of the question, as Rasheedian laws condemned usury.

Ultimately, Saïd would become rich, but right now he was in a difficult situation, having to take care of the needs of his slaves—not that they were eating and wearing much, but it was still two hundred heads! He was feeding them with cheap cereals and discounted fruits, as he didn't care for their com-



fort, only for their health, but still his prestige needed for his fillies to wear expensive leather and metal objects especially manufactured for them. Each time he was able to sell the house of one of his slaves, he could make some investments, like buying nose rings, leather boots and other artifacts with a long-lasting quality. He could also live for six months, but that was about all.

Yusuf Bourid was in a much different position as Prince of Wonderbourg. He could easily afford the huge cost of sending the two women to a top trainer. Not to mention that he owned the biggest company in the country, the Golden Arbor Incorporated, which conveniently produced metal and leather artifacts for fillies.

"I'll break these sluts for you, don't worry my friend. I expect you to do a very good job with your new assignment, especially now that you'll work for yourself, and I'm certain that it's not to my Chief of Intelligence, but to the king of the Rasheedian province of Wonderstein that I'll bring these fillies. The queen of your future country is already in my breeding farm, and she's going to announce the marriage of her elder daughter Anstrud with you in a few days. We'll use the same strategy that I used in Wonderbourg, and soon you'll be the new King of Wonderstein."

"Fine," laughed Saïd, "then I will outrank you in the top list of European monarchs."

Yusuf burst in laugh; he was himself only Prince of Wonderbourg although his country was much bigger than the small kingdom of Wonderstein.

"My friend, you deserve that title. Without you, I couldn't have taken Wonderbourg. I am happy if I can repay you so soon. The fact that the effect of the naffi pollen is no longer a secret is turning the conquest of the world to a more distant perspective. Many countries are worried that what happened

to Wonderbourg could happen to them, even if they're far from imagining how we treat their females."

"Yes, I heard that U.N.C.A.W.W.S. had already discovered that the yokels over sixty don't feel the arousing power anymore, and in all Europe they have already pulled all young people away from important positions. Ultimately, it won't change anything, but I don't expect it to be a piece of cake anymore."

"Fortunately, the press of Wonderstein is already under our control. All European countries trying to prevent Wonderstein from falling into terrorist frenzy and avoid it to become a new Wonderbourg are called traitors in the press, accused of supporting the ethnic cleansing terrorist bombings. When the Wondersteiners will realize that these countries are only trying to help them, it will be too late and you'll be King of Wonderstein, my boy!"

"Yes," wondered Saïd, "What would have been the odds for that ten years ago? These naffies have really changed our lives and given us a fantastic opportunity for conquering the world. Though, I'll use our experience with Wonderbourg to prevent the lack of ambition that resulted in the Arabic population. Now that it's proved that yokel racing can remedy to that, I intend to build a gigantic hippodrome circus as my first act as King of Wonderstein. It will open next year and make of Wonderstein the next country to follow your project. I think the way your fillies reacted during the In-foal race will create a dynamic effect, and everyone will want his own team of fillies. So we need both to raise the bar high for that international project."

"It worked pretty well for a first," nodded Yusuf, "But I'd add more erotic parades to the races. Judges could note the most elegant teams or the fillies with the most arousing attitudes."

"Yes, it would be a relish to see the two fillies you're going



to offer me prance in a lewd way while they pull my cart.”

Yusuf laughed.

This passion had caught Saïd since the very first day when he had learnt that he would now have absolute power on white females. This man seemed only happy when he sat enthroned on in his sulky, whipping the white buttocks of his fillies. And now he had caught Yusuf into his passion, and with him more and more Arabic Wonderbourgeois. A very good thing that would give importance to their small provinces soon.

They had some white filly races in Rasheedia, coming directly from the traditional fantasias of the Valley of Shazilar, but most fillies were used to pull carts and carriages in everyday life, not to race.

Now with the International Races, Yusuf knew it was the dawning of a new era. As Saïd said, they would have to raise the bar for professional teams. It would never work if the same province should always win all the races. Of course, they could trick them, and would probably have to do it sooner or later, but only a good challenger would be believable.

Wonderbourg would have to win a few times, to trigger interest, but after that, Wonderstein would make a good successor. It would ultimately create a dynamic that would give the need for more slaves, and therefore the desire to participate actively in the conquest of the world.

His province, and the next province to fall soon into the hands of the Empire, the Kingdom of Wonderstein, had to find their own new ways, and not copy everything Rasheedian. For that, Yusuf could trust Saïd completely. They were both born in Europe and didn't share neither the taste in matter of women of a classic Shazilarian, nor the feminine tastes of the Empress. For example, they already had agreed that the

thick Shazilari nose rings could be ungraceful for many women who would soon get unaesthetic swollen nostrils. It just didn't fit with their sense of beauty.

Also, they liked a little pubic hair left, provided that they were kept up and combed, unlike old traditionalist Shazilaris who couldn't stand to see even one single hair on a Venus mound. A little fur in the right place reminded them of the feral nature of the white female.

They didn't want such straight rules applying to all slaves anyway. Both Yusuf and Saïd liked to stir their imagination in this new welcoming world. The Empire was getting big, and they had to think about the future.

They left in the morning with sweet dreams of conquest, and the hope that their people would share them.

The hunting party for the two blonde females would have to wait, at least for a day, as Yusuf had the surprise of an impromptu visit of his cousin Rasheeda the First who was coming to his country with important news about the Naffi Effect.

Yusuf was certain that this visit was entirely the sign of his return in her good books. The little show of his pregnant princesses had put him back into the very small club of people from whom Rasheeda was seeking advice. It was a great honor, as the Naffi Effect was the top weapon for the Conquest, and this could only be discussed among the most important leaders.

So, the next morning, Yusuf was overexcited to be part of the fight again at the side of his glorious cousin. He fetched her at the Vainebleu airport in a carriage pulled by Princess Godeliève, the previous head of state of the Principality of Wonderbourg, now a filly in the stud farm of her successor.



Her sister-of-harness was Queen Bernhilde of Wonderstein. Her husband King Wolfgang had been killed recently in a terrorist attack, allegedly because he allowed the wise and just Rasheedian rules to apply in Wonderbourg.

The wife of the martyr king, Queen Bernhilde allowed a new government to take place and put the country under martial law. After that, nobody saw her for weeks.

Naturally, this wasn't the case of Yusuf the First of Wonderbourg who had her in his stable the whole time. He was taking great fun in whipping the now muscled buttocks of these two female monarchs with such an important pedigree.

Said Agadir's wedding with Princess Anstrud was already scheduled, though Yusuf had kept for himself her younger sister Trudlinde because he couldn't get enough of her sweet and talented mouth.

... And naturally it was Queen Bernhilde's pride to be able to share the success story of her beloved daughter through the noises she was making behind her with her lips on the most sacred organ of the living god who now owned them both!



Chapter V Meeting the Empress

The meeting with Rasheeda was perfect, as she had only excellent news for him. Her spies in the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. had informed her that the UN scientists couldn't find anything leading to a vaccine against the Naffi Effect. It was, of course, because many features of the plant were unknown to them, dealing only with a bulbless mutation created in laboratories. And without the bulb, it was impossible to solve the equation.

Rasheeda had made sure that U.N.C.A.W.W.S. would never find these tubercles by strictly forbidding the culture of the original naffi plant. The Rasheedian military was in charge of the few fields still growing in heavily guarded underground greenhouses, deep into Rasheedian jungle. For a few years now, the active product of the bulb had been refined into Naffenol® pills, and Arabic Wonderbourgeois were receiving them by special delivery under diplomatic cover.

Even the Rasheedians were subjected to this now. The pills were distributed every month at the Empire's Naffi Control



Office.

It was incredible news for Yusuf. He felt a bit tricked, because he had allowed collecting all the naffi bulbs from his Wonderbourg reserves a few weeks ago by a section of Rasheedian agents. He had also allowed the burning of his fields with the real plant on his territory, supposedly to calm down U.N.C.A.W.W.S., whereas Rasheeda was doing this only to strengthen her own power.

Despite the fact that he resented her lack of trust in him, he could only approve of this brilliant strategy. Burning these fields under supervision of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. in Rasheedia was showing that her country was very active in the fight against what the UN called a narcotic. In reality, the Rasheedian troops had burnt all traces that could have led to the discovery of the tubercle. With such leverage, Rasheeda now had total control over the Empire, over the province of Wonderbourg, and, of course, over him.

The good thing was that criminals and enemies of the State couldn't get naffi bulbs, and so were not protected anymore from the Naffi Effect. They would soon become groveling people, too terrified to commit a crime. Rasheedians who were listed as half-hearted about enslaving the whites were also taken out of the list. And, of course, people disliked by Empress Rasheeda would be taught a lesson by being forbidden any pill for a few months or a few years—and they were very lucky not to be put to death for such an offense! After all, she was the Empress and deserved such a power, in the usual tradition of Muslim empires throughout centuries, always centralized and absolute. Only that way could the world fall into her wise hands.

Yusuf loved his cousin and felt safe knowing that she was governing the Empire with such a firm grip, even if she had now a power of life and death over him too.

The other news Rasheeda brought were equally good. UN troops were still attacking for the third time the Republic of Zebya, whose new leader Imam Soldin, successor of the President Aziz Tassul who was already the successor of President John Bin Bezzaf who succeeded to Governor William Jefferson whom the UN put in replacement to the former president for life, Haffid Tassul.

And this new leader claimed that white women were all slaves, when no one had ever found a single white slave in Zebya!

Rasheeda loved this madness, secretly encouraging it by sending white slaves to him through various channels, making sure that some of them would be discovered by U.N.C.A.W.W.S., so it would keep that war running.

As long as Zebya would take the blame for something they wished to do but had never done, the Empire of Rasheedia would be seen by the UN as their most precious ally in the region; Rasheeda the First would keep being the most cooperative head of state they could get to lead it; and the conquest could quietly go on.

As for the process of burning the naffi fields generating the pollen that made white women crazy all around the world, it was definitely not a problem. Rasheeda knew that they didn't burn more than 1% of the existing fields in a year, which left her plenty of time. Her laboratories had already created naffi flowers of different shapes and colors. They would replace the old fields by these new naffi plants, and with a bit of luck the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. would not uncover the trick in years.

Anyway, it was a question of weeks before the Rasheedian labs should succeed into creating a new hybrid of the plant that had the resistance of poison ivy, could grow everywhere and spread very quickly. Soon, no one in the whole world would be safe from the spores, and only the consumers of the extracts of



the bulb contained in the Naffenol® pills would be immune to its effects.

It was not yet total victory, but at least it was making the world a better place.

This was a matter to be thrilled about. Once a new plant with such properties would spread, the world would fall like a ripe fruit. Africans and Asians would become their servants, but the Europeans ... all the arrogant whites would pay the price for the Crusades, the colonial period, and the oil wars! The bill would need centuries of humiliation to be paid fully.

Soon, all white women in age of procreating would become mad with desire for Arabs ... and the other effect, the one generated by the naffies on people of the same gender, would terrify the white males when Naffenol® takers would be around. They would feel dominated and powerless. They could fight, of course, but would be defeated. Scared soldiers would run away from the Rasheedian army.

Yusuf doubted that it would even come to that anyway? Unless something should go wrong with the plan, a military conflict would not be necessary: The Western world was going to melt slowly down into the palm of the all-powerful Rasheeda the First.

After such good news, Yusuf and his powerful cousin relaxed and began to speak about more flippant things.

It was the right moment for Yusuf to ask Rasheeda who was the best trainer of white females in the Empire, as he might need the services of such a man. She answered without hesitation that it was Malik Maruk, the grandson of the famous founder of the city of Maruk Market and creator of the Shazilari University of Whites Management.

With means of comparison, Yusuf gave Rasheeda the names of a few of his friends with a huge reputation in that domain, and it only made her laugh. According to her, Malik

Maruk was much better than the sum of these honorable trainers. Actually for her, he was the only one she'd trust for training the two insufferable sows Yusuf had to give to Saïd. He was coming from a direct line of passionate trainers, and Yusuf felt suddenly pretty sure that he would meet this exceptional man very soon.



Chapter VI

The white flesh cargo

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse had once again the opportunity to express herself about her favorite subject that evening at a symposium on the influence of naffi pollen in the recent changes in Wonderbourg and Wonderstein.

Fortunately, it was a quiet event, not at all like when she insulted His Majesty Yusuf the First, Prince of Wonderbourg, before a stunned audience a few months ago.

That unfortunate incident took place after that Ségolène Micheraie, the delegate of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., had talked about strong rumors of White slavery in the Principality of Wonderbourg and had asked Prince Yusuf to clarify this affair. Yusuf replied that his country Wonderbourg was the first country in Europe for the number of naffi fields burnt last year, and that he didn't see why Wonderbourgeois of North African origin would enslave White girls by force, when thousands of them were longing to play slaves willingly in the Shazz movement. This was only, according to him, because Western women were masochistic by nature and were led to play slavery by



their devouring guilt, the direct result of the past actions of their people, and the haughty attitude they were still bearing toward migrants. If the Western women, rich and well-fed were dreaming of poor men and their oppressed descendants, and were offering to submit totally to them without any boundary, it was only to soothe the painful reality for them: they came from a long line of treacherous torturers, and if they wanted to make up for it, it was definitely not his place to tell them that they were wrong; and even less the place of people from other countries to give lessons to a democratic principality about striking against individual freedom. But of course, it had never been about that, but about putting the “White Woman” on a pedestal against her will and denying to men of despised other ethnic groups the right to interact with her!

He added that he liked these White women adepts of the Shazz movement a lot, and approved of their cause for making society “more equal” by using genetic jealousy as a taming tool on their males. He personally knew hundreds of them who had shown an incredible energy for the sole purpose of breaking the barrier of his bodyguards and offering him their obedience and submission. Despite his resistance to accept, knowing he would shock Western opinion by jumping headfirst into racist clichés, he decided to take them under his protection and constituted a swarm. He had many of them around him and could not think of a life without the charming presence of one of these wonderful activists, independent and wise. As they were taking upon themselves the consuming guilt of their race, it was only fair that he should protect them and offer them support for their actions.

After this, he turned to the camera with a smile and gestured to any woman interested to come to see the reality of

how good was life inside his swarm. They would be much more welcome for as long as they would want to stay, well protected by the Wonderbourg princely guard if some jealous husband or fascist nuisance should try to interfere. He would always have a little room at his feet for a fierce activist of re-egalitarianism and offered to Ségolène a permanent invitation to come blossom at his feet, if her repressed nature were not yet completely rotten, and if she could overcome her racial superiority so she could live a real life at last!

Hearing that Marie-Thérèse had become red with anger and had thrown racist insults at Yusuf. Terribly amused, the Prince declared that things were now much clearer about Madame de Cuisse and the racist fantasy that she had spread with her nauseous bestseller “the influence of the naffi flower on Western society”.

As it had been broadcast on television, it caused her to be condemned by a court for racism, though this wasn't the major consequence of her outburst of anger, as it boosted the sales of her books more than enough to pay the fine, but destroyed her credibility completely. It was Yusuf who was cheered by the audience. This was the beginning of the turning of public opinion against her, and since that event, Marie-Thérèse had been seen as a racist, and the only way she had left to promote her books became to participate to television debates about racism, playing the villain to hiss.

Though, Marie-Thérèse adapted quite well to her new situation. She knew she had racist fantasies, and felt somehow liberated to be able to assume them in public that way. She knew that she probably had some sexual issues in the matter, being subjected to many secret fantasies about interracial rape. She trembled with both fear and excitement at the idea that a man with a completely different culture, with a lack of education according to her own definitions, and above all with a



shameless barbaric attitude toward women, could suddenly get a grip on her body—and soul! This fascinated her far more than it should.

She often woke up at night in a sweat, thinking about the horror it would be for her to become addicted to an Arab because of that evil plant. It was always as a part of an uncontrolled erotic dream, and she was certain that these nightmares were happening to her because of the naffi pollen spreading in the air of Europe.

But this evening, the night terror was meant to become real. As she was taking a shower, alone at home, she barely had the time to see a silhouette jumping on her through the translucent curtain. She felt something with a strong odor of chloroform being applied on her face, and she fell down unconscious.

She woke up with the monotonous noise of a truck engine. There was a strange mix of various incompatible perfumes and human smells. Intrigued, she opened eyes—only to discover that she was in total darkness! She tried to move, but found out that it was impossible. Where was she?

She could feel something soft and warm against her skin, all around her, and realized soon that it was human flesh! She was standing in a truck full of nude women squeezed against each other, packed like sardines!

She was completely stuck in there among these other women, her hands tied in her back. She gave a push to make some space, but only succeeded in getting back the wave that she created in that sea of flesh, and was squashed for a few seconds against the body of the woman behind her, undergoing a series of reproving groans.

She realized that her feet were standing on points, like a dancer. Something rigid in the form of high-heeled shoes

was maintaining her feet vertically—high-heeled shoes with no heels!

She felt a strike of panic coming. Who were all these women around? Where was that truck going?

She tried to speak, but just couldn't. A sort of metal bar in her mouth was preventing it. Trying to get it out with her tongue, she realized that it was maintained by multiple leather straps around her head. She grumbled. A choir of grumbles replied. They were all gagged the same way, obviously.

Suddenly, the vibrations of the road stopped. A few seconds later, the engine turned down. They had reached their destination.

During five long minutes, Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse tried to understand her situation. She had been abducted, of that she could be sure, but why? Was it by Arabs, so that she could be enslaved, as revenge for these years of putting a spoke in their wheel?

She shivered, and it became infectious, spreading over all captives through their squeezed flesh.

She couldn't turn off the wheel of thoughts rushing to her head. Was she going to a brothel in the third world? Would she get an opportunity to escape, or was she caught in a lifelong situation? And her daughters, what would happen to them? Were her two ex-husbands courageous enough to come to her rescue?

The door of the truck opened, putting an end to her turmoil. The sudden flow of light blinded her completely. She heard the sound of released pressure, a strong vibration, and suddenly the floor began to rise behind her—The truck was dumping them all out!

When the slope had become too steep, the women began to slide down toward the light. Marie-Thérèse was pushed forward by the women behind. She felt the ones in front of her suddenly disappear. She tried to avoid falling down, but it was



almost impossible without heels on her shoes and blinded by the light. She was inexorably sliding down, trying to keep her balance with a mass of flesh pushing behind and nothing in front to stop the fall.

And suddenly, the floor vanished—She had reached the end of the truck!

The shock of her brutal landing on tiptoe was too much to handle. She fell down on the freezing asphalt.

Something sharp hit her in the hip. Another woman had fallen down on her. In pain, she crawled away to avoid any more surprises, but without the help of her hands, it was very difficult.

She felt grabbed by two men and pulled up. Once she was in standing position, they left her. She fell down again almost immediately, fortunately this time on another woman who cushioned her fall.

She was picked up again. Though after only a few steps, she was back on the ground. This time she fell on her knees on the asphalt, and it was extremely painful. Though, she soon forgot about it as she felt a far more intense pain on her buttocks—She had been hit very hardly with a cane! The mix of pain and freezing air was so hard that she started crying.

Who would do such a thing?

She was lifted up again by a man and tried to remember the few dance lessons she had taken in her young age. It seemed to work, making her forget the mock rigid shoes constraining her whole feet shaped to line up with her calves in standing position, preventing her from putting her soles flat on the ground. Managing to use them like ballet shoes was easing the process, as she could walk pretty well on stilts; nevertheless, she staggered a lot before she could be accustomed to it.

Screwing up her eyes, she could now perceive silhouettes

around her in the light of this sunny morning—and she could very well hear the multiple laughs. They were surrounded by a crowd having fun!

Suddenly, the embarrassment of being displayed naked and staggering ridiculously like a fawn took over the cold and the pain. She tried to keep her balance in a way that would not be mocked. If she could manage to show a more dignified attitude, the shame would be less burning.

But this didn't work. The more she was trying to walk normally, the more she had to make little bounds every three or four steps to keep her balance. The problem was that she wanted to keep her thighs stuck to avoid offering her intimacies to the view, even knowing that it was completely useless. At a point, she had to choose between her modesty and her pride.

She took the pride and spread her thighs, immediately gaining balance. Her eyes were getting used to the light, so she was beginning to see the other captives around. All women were in the same situation, staggering on their boots and making the crowd laugh. They had the same gag in the mouth, actually more like a horse's bit.

And then, she saw the people in the crowd and got very close to fall down again when she found out that they were all Arabs. Loads of them!

Not that she hadn't expected this during her trip in the truck—Who else would have abducted her? The presence of hundreds of them around their nude bodies was an abomination, which sole purpose was to humiliate them—or else they would already be in a remote harem by now, not in the street!

Her racial hate was now adding to her self-consciousness. She would have to be very strong, because she was going to live her worst nightmare. These Arabs were probably going to rape her and make her addictive with the help of the naffi spores in the air. Next, she would be begging for sex, like the girls she



had seen in the news ... and like them, she would ridicule herself forever, pulling the chariot of an Arab man with a big stupid smile on the face.

It suddenly struck her. That was it! The outfit they were wearing ... it was all making sense now. They were disguised as horses, with boots looking like hoofs, leather straps on their faces and a bit in their mouths!

Chapter VII

Four fillies for a lout

Marie-Thérèse knew all about these girls who followed the Shazz fashion. They pulled horse carriages in teams driven by Arabs, claiming that it was fun, and a delightful way to fight racism!

She especially remembered a special news hour on television about four girls, schoolmates in a private college for rich families who chose to become four Shazz fillies. They were very pretty girls, the kind that could just pick up any boyfriend, but not the kind that would date every boy in the school. They said to the interviewer that they were all virgins at the time.

In fact, it was because they were pretty that they fancied that Shazz fashion. Only pretty girls could become Shazz Stars. They all watched GA1 and ShazzChan, the only television channels broadcasting Shazz music bands all day and night. They didn't care if these channels were part of the network owned by the company of the Prince of Wonderbourg, or other political stuff, and were tired of hearing racists always lay that on the table!

The girls were resenting the lack of Shazz music on the official TV channels. The death of Jeannie, the singer of the



Shazz band “Piglets of Love” was only mentioned with fillers in local news, when she had been raped and murdered by White supremacist hoodlums during the Wonderbourg tour of the band. Probably the journalists didn’t want to make it a big event to avoid promoting Shazz. Naturally, it had exactly the opposite effect.

It seemed that the girls loved their movement to be both a “naughty” thing, accepted only in the fringe of society, but still wanted it to become a major tendency on official television. The reason put forward for its proselytism was the need to equalize ethnic differences for good, and were convinced that Shazz movement was the only way for that.

Marie-Thérèse had been terrified by the thought that her daughters could fall into that swindle. Her decision to send them in a strict elite school in Switzerland had come right after watching that newsreel!

Marie-Thérèse remembered that the four girls in the documentary had said that they were so eager to be part of the new social and musical movement that they jumped on each of the fourteen North African boys of the school to ask them to become their “PM.” Their Pigsty Master, as they called the boy to whom they would offer the right of treating them like animals!

The boys would not even dream that they could attract the attention of such unreachable pretty girls before all that new fashion occurred. Nevertheless, ten of their first twelve choices just ran away, thinking it was a setup of some sort, or simply scared to death by the proposal. They had worked a lot to be admitted in this excellent college and didn’t want to spoil that opportunity by messing with the daughters of local VIPs.

The two who didn’t run were really tempted, but they both asked the girls to temporize until they could organize

things to manage the four of them that way, which was not at all what the girls wanted to hear. They told these boys that they would wait until they’d find someone else.

The girls waited for a few weeks, hoping that one of these two boys would come to them and carry them away for a thrilling adventure. But nothing happened, and they got impatient.

So, they considered an ugly little fat boy who was pretending to be part of the Shazz movement. In reality, he was just annoying the girls at school, claiming he would have twenty sows like them in his pigsty soon. The girls had always thought that he was gross, and that his Shazz pretenses were only a new way to pull their plaits, but they were so frustrated to be leftovers in the musical revolution of their generation that the prospect of becoming his slaves changed him in their minds from “a gross and ugly boy” into “a future Shazzman of character”.

They waited for another week to corner him alone, away from his brothers, under the highway behind the school. He got scared and began to run away, but the girls jumped down on their knees to reassure him, saying they were Shazzies. The boy reappeared and slowly walked toward the girls, all sweaty, incredibly aroused by these four pretty girls kneeling in front of him. He said that he agreed, and the girls thought they had found their Master at last.

Unfortunately, the boy seemed not to know what to do at all. He kept stuttering gibberish sentences where they could get the word “bitch” from time to time. The girls tried to help him, asking if he wanted them to undress right now or at his home, but it was only triggering more stammering and sweating.

Asking such a thing was already making the four girls blush with shame, and they were unable to do more than that to help him.



The boy ultimately brought one of the girls to him, started to fill her and put his tongue into her mouth. A quarter of an hour later, he was still doing that. The others decided that this was not at all their fantasy, and that they had to leave. They pulled the kissing girl away, leaving the boy stunned by what had just happened. They threatened him to tell everyone at school the truth about his poor "dominant skills" if he told anyone about their behavior. Though it was a needless threat, as the guy never talked about Shazz again!

A month after that incident, the girls were still waiting for the awakening of the two who had asked them to wait a little. Yet, there was still one last North African guy, but they had put him completely aside until now because he was a little loud. A few times, the Police had come to school to ask him questions about some stolen motorbike, and there was a rumor about him being expelled soon. Asking that nasty kid to become their master terrified the girls. One of them suggested he might be the one that they were looking for, as he was playing tough, but the three others had rejected the idea of putting themselves into such hands.

It took much more time than with the fat boy, but after three months searching for a master, they looked at him each day with more desire. When they crossed his path at school, he was always looking at them with despise, but the idea that he was a possible master had turned even that into a desirable feature. Soon, all they could see was his toughness, and how they would be proud to show to the world that they could submit to such a wild guy. No one would dare say they lacked personality and bravery after that!

So, they finally gathered enough courage to follow the boy after school. They stopped only when they realized that he lived very far away from their neighborhood, in a wild area where cops didn't go anymore. They hid in a recess under a

concrete staircase right before going too deep into this zone, and yelled at him. Puzzled by the sight of the four hottest girls of the school waiting in this concrete niche, he came to them and asked what they wanted.

The girls were not ready to make the same mistake they had made with the previous one and would not kneel before him right away. They all agreed that it was the boy who had to make them kneel with his willpower. They told him that they were eager to create a team of Shazz fillies and were looking for a master who wanted to share that adventure with them.

The boy didn't freak out, which was already something new for the girls. He told them to remove their clothes with such a tough voice that their heart began to beat very fast. After these months watching Arab boys run away from them, they were the ones who wanted to run now.

One of the girls actually did, turning around suddenly and bolting for home, but it had a magic counter-effect on the others. This was exactly the immature behavior they were trying to avoid. They wanted to look cool!

So, they began to remove their clothes, each one prouder than the next to show the others how emancipated she was. A few minutes later, the fourth one went back sheepishly and joined the stripping. Soon, the four girls were all naked in that awful place. It was a remote niche, but still in the open in this lawless area. Somebody could appear on the path and take a look at what was happening behind the concrete staircase.

The boy put their clothes in his bag and the girls were really scared that he could just go away and leave them. For a few seconds, they imagined themselves going back home with the shame of having to walk in front of the school naked, and trying later to explain to their parents what they had done with their clothes. They realized how reckless they had been.

The boy examined them like if they were animals, making



them blush to the roots of their hair. When he checked their virginity, with both his fingers and his eyes, they all felt as if they were going to faint. Even their mother wouldn't dare doing that to them anymore. Yet, here they were, being probed in front of the others by a little Arab lout—they had found their master at last!

The boy told to the interviewer that he already knew how to manage such a situation at the time, thanks to his elder brother who happened to be in the Shazz movement. He had no trouble making the four girls kneel down in front of him. When he called his father on his mobile phone, they were all in the process of licking his shoes.

His father arrived a few minutes later in a white delivery van and made them quickly climb into the vehicle before some local rascal should come to steal these providential preys.

The girls said they had been really scared at first. They wanted the young lout for master, not some old Arab. Though, they couldn't run away naked, and once in the van, they could only let themselves be manacled. They were unloaded in the underground parking of the building and pushed in the elevator to directly access the apartment of the lout's family. The old man made a victorious entry with them in the apartment, gently tapping the pink buttocks of the White girls with his bare hands before making them pay their respects to all the members of the family that now owned them.

The girls soon realized that it was even more fun that way. Those "dirty fascists" who would look at them pulling naked the carriage of a North African who could be their father would surely take it directly in their racist face! The Shazz movement wasn't made for the average or ugly girls, as those could never raise that feeling in a White racist. Only pretty ones could make them miserable, and turn their sub-

mission into a positive act against racism—and it was even better with an unattractive and much older man!

Now, three years after that event, they were still thrilled to belong to an older master. To pinpoint that, the man was showing to the camera how docile they were, rubbing their hair one girl at a time, making them moan with pleasure. One girl even driveled when the brown hand gently rubbed her hair.

For Marie-Thérèse, it made absolutely no doubt that only a powerful narcotic could get that result.

The interviewer asked the man if he had kept the girls in his apartment after that. Offended, he replied that he would never abduct anyone. After this, he made the girls display themselves in the living room, played with them a little and brought them back home with their clothes on. Though, the next day, the girls docilely accompanied the little lout after school. The Master was waiting at the edge of the wild area to escort the four blushing virgins. The girls took off their clothes again, trembling and shivering, but incredibly aroused by their new thrilling game.

The Master said to the journalist that he didn't know how the girls had managed to come back almost every evening and two nights a week, but they did.

The girls filled the blanks: their parents couldn't possibly know anything about this because it was always happening within the time limits they had to be back home. They were often granted a night out at the house of one of the other girls. That way, they could manage to spend a few nights at the Master's apartment for years. When one of the mothers became curious, her daughter told the Master that it could compromise everything, so he went to see the worried mother and somehow succeeded in convincing her, not only to let her daughter have fun, but to cover for the other girls with their parents.

Marie-Thérèse shivered in horror. How could a mother



cover for such an infamous thing? The woman was pretending that the girls were sleeping in her house when they were prancing naked in disreputable streets!

So, when the interview was shot, they were living like that, almost three nights a week at the disposal of the North African man, his brothers, his father, his wives, his sons. And back from some boring holidays with their family, they were happy to get back into the hands of the North African family as if it were their only happiness in life.

And these girls were telling to the journalist on television with not even a bit of shame that they were practicing this for three years already!

The journalist crossed the fancy carriage in a street of the suburb and first thought that the girls were forced to do this humiliating thing, but the man explained the whole thing to him and agreed to answer his questions on TV. The girls didn't want to speak, but their master commanded them to do so. They testified of their passion for pulling carriages, when it was obvious that they were terrified with the idea that their parents could be watching the program. And when the interviewer asked about it, they replied that it wasn't about the shame they would feel, or that their parents would feel, but because if they were burnt, they'd probably not be allowed ever again to continue with their weird passion.

What a shame for White educated girls to claim to be happy in the pulling of the carriage of an older Arab and his wicked family. For them, it seemed just to be the fashionable thing to do, and anyone against it was an old moron. Their classmates were going to be very envious, and they were already the new stars of the school.

This program had deeply hurt Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, and when later she learnt about the discovery of a plant responsible for such behavior, she decided to investigate and to

write a book about it.

And here she was now, dressed like a filly in front of dozens of men who would probably have this kind of weird sexual effect on her!

It was Marie-Thérèse's turn to feel utterly degraded like those poor girls. She was completely vulnerable without the use of her arms, as her modesty prevented her to spread her legs too much and put her on the edge of losing balance at each step.

If only she could speak, she could have shouted her protest and brought shame on these men who would have felt guilty for their actions, a great skill she had that saved her a few times from awkward situations. But deprived of her best weapon, she was reduced to giving a hot nude show to Arab men who showed no scruple in enjoying it very much, laughing at every one of her stumbles.

And then, fear began to overcome her shame. She realized that she had been a nuisance for these guys since the release of her book. Now, they were having fun with their obedient slave toys and, among them, here she was, a White Joan of Ark saying that they had planned the whole thing by spreading the naffi flower everywhere.

It was obvious that she was their worst enemy, and that they were now in a very good position to take their revenge...

Around her, she began to recognize women of the French high society, wives of famous businessmen, of politicians ... this was a huge operation!

One of the women suddenly ran away through the compact mass of people circling around the area of jumping pink flesh. The reaction of the crowd was to welcome the girl with a cheer of intense satisfaction. Marie-Thérèse saw the poor woman being pawed by the men. Some of them were slapping her buttocks; others were squeezing her breasts. A boy was even wicked enough to pinch her beauty bud!



And when the poor girl finally realized her mistake and tried to get back, a young man put his finger in her anus and brought her back to the truck, just like if she were a puppet that he would carry with one single finger.

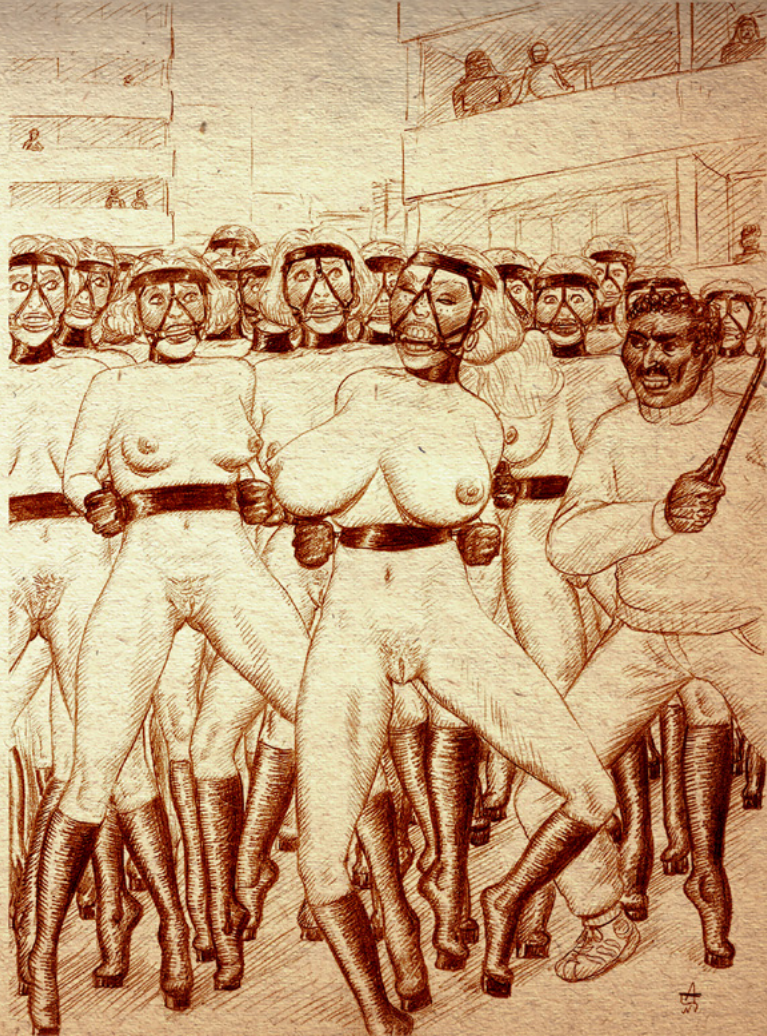
One of the keepers thanked him and stroke the woman's buttocks. Then, he pushed her with his cane until she was back into the group of quivering naked women. It was the first, but also the last attempt to escape in their ranks.

The women were giving a strange show, hopping naked in their horse artifacts in a cold morning of April. Some people in the audience weren't hiding much their enthusiasm at the view of White women in such an embarrassing situation. Some were shouting insults, but none of them tried to come closer as the keepers seemed to be highly respected.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse wondered why the girl who had tried to escape didn't seem to experience the Naffi Effect. Were some women immune?

The truck started and went away, leaving a herd of forty nude women in an unknown place and an awful situation. One of the keepers ordered them to start walking, indicating a vague direction. The women hesitated before going through the crowd, but a stroke with the cane made them move forward. The crowd drew aside to leave them pass.

The keeper ordered them to trot in rhythm, punctuating his command with his cane. Happy with the prospect of getting a little warmer, most of the women complied immediately. The ones who weren't following the swift rhythm of the majority were called to



order by the keeper's cane.

Very much aware of how much they were making a spectacle of themselves, the women didn't have any other option than moving their legs in a silly way to keep their balance, and blush with embarrassment in the process.

And as if it were not enough, people on their balconies were laughing and cheering, delighted to see these forty blonde women of a high social class behave like animals.

It was already humiliating individually, but as a group it was far worse, as the waving of pink flesh they did by bumping continuously into each other, the groans of pain and shame, and the huge sound of eighty hoofs treading on the asphalt, amplified by the echo, was giving the impression of a herd of wild fillies led to their corral.

Chapter VIII Putting White fillies on display

M

arie-Thérèse wondered where she was. It was clearly Europe, but everyone around had Arabic looks, even the ones with very black skin.

Where were other people? Where were the Whites?

And suddenly she realized all the horror of her situation: the truck had simply crossed the border and had brought them to the Principality of Wonderbourg!

That was very bad news, as this country was the only one in Europe that allowed the application of Rasheedian laws to any citizen who had chosen to become answerable to them. Indeed, the Wonderbourgeois White women could choose to stand by the laws of the Principality, and a French citizen like Marie-Thérèse who was brought here against her will wasn't even supposed to be concerned by that, but if she were gagged all the time, how could she explain her situation? For anyone passing by, she'd just be a Wonderbourgeois woman playing filly among others, evidently happy with her perverted life, or she wouldn't have chosen it!



In the doubtless eventuality that they should run into cops on their way, it would mean that either they were in collusion with these Arabs, or they were native Wonderbourgeois who would despise all White women playing that kind of game. Anyhow, she couldn't picture the Police removing the bit in her mouth and asking her whether she was consenting to this. With the Naffi Effect and the Shazz fashion, so many women were submissive to Arabs that it was impossible for the cops to check them all. They'd never take the risk of causing a riot for someone coming so obviously under Rasheedian Law. They'd probably think that she had changed her mind after some infringement. And even if she could produce an absolute proof of her good faith, she'd be subjected to a long and painful process, and it would be for a Rasheedian judge to decide whether or not she could be allowed to see a Wonderbourgeois lawyer. Though anyway, it would never come to that; they were so many in that Shazz movement that no cop would ever gamble his career and risk irritating the powerful empire which supported so much the economy of his country.

After a few minutes of being driven across streets swarming with delighted spectators, the herd of naked women arrived in front of a building where an Arab boy was waiting.

"Obey to Nabil Bourid!" shouted one of the keepers, "the elder son of Prince Yusuf the First, the great leader of Wonderbourg!"

The keepers left, leaving all forty women in the custody of the boy. Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse began to shake with fear—he was the son of the man she had stupidly insulted in that symposium!

To find herself completely at the mercy of this horrible man would be terrible. Was he aware of this? Was the boy doing this for his father? He couldn't possibly ignore that she

was the famous Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse who publicly claimed to be a racist... In the eventuality that this could be revenge for her behavior that day, or for her racism in general, a boy of that age could express it quite violently. An Arab adult could take fun in humiliating sexually a White woman who had insulted him, but a mere kid, ignorant of things of life, could be much more dangerous.

Little did she know that this boy was already fully versed in the art of training a white woman, whether she was old enough to be his mother, or very important in the European society. He had left school at twelve and could be seen has an ignoramus in many ways, but his father sent him to another school, officially a remedial class, but in reality a training school where he learnt for three years the training of white women, both theoretically and practically. So he could be seen now as an expert in every trick in the book to make a white female obey without reserve.

A few years ago, when Nabil was a young boy, shy when confronted to mature Wonderbourgeois women, he made the mistake of stealing candy in a shop owned by one of these scary creatures, and he was caught. Terrified, he signed a confession to the shop owner saying that he was a nasty little thief and would never do it again. Then, she threw him out of the shop, pulling him by the ear. Back home, he told the whole story to his mother, Yusuf Bourid's first wife Amina, who became very angry with the slut who had dared humiliating her son that way. If she didn't want her candy to be stolen, she should hide it, not display it to provoke the kid's temptation. For her, it was always the same story with these hated Wonderbourgeois, like what they were doing with their bodies. They showed their hair, navel, and thighs, and then were surprised when Arab men would want to own them as slaves! Well, even if her son had raped one of these sluts, she would support him totally!



So that night, she abducted the nasty shopkeeper with the help of her brother Ali and presented her to her son, kneeling, naked, gagged, and hands tied. For young Nabil, it was a revelation. He had been scared of her because she was the owner of the shop, older, smarter, richer, feeling more at home here as a native Wonderbourgeois than he would ever feel, but all that had miraculously disappeared. She had entered the category of these animals that he had learnt to break at school. He knew every trick that the woman would use to avoid revealing her slavish nature, having tested all of them at school. For him, she was now some raw material that he could handle in a technical way, using the carrot and the stick.

Since that night, each time he would go to the shop with friends, the woman would give him all the candy he wanted. Nabil would sometimes make her kneel and reward her with his special lollipop to show off in front of his friends. That was why he was so unyielding ... and also why he had so many dental caries! With time he learnt to see all the white women who used to intimidate him, teachers, police officers, grumpy neighbors, as mere animals to tame and train. He didn't have to outsmart them to train them; he only had to use psychological tools as described in his Rasheedian schoolbooks.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse wasn't aware of this story at the time, so she was just seeing him as very assertive for his age. She couldn't possibly know that this boy who was definitely not the brightest kid on earth was currently in perfect control, even if these forty White women were older than him, probably smarter than him, and definitely more socially educated and advantaged than him—and he only had a cane for that!

“Get in a perfect line along the gutter, fillies!” he shouted, “Turn away from the building and face the crowd! Heads

up, legs wide spread! Throw your hips forward! Hands on your sides! Atten ... tion!”

Many of the poor women panicked. They had thought that they'd be allowed to get inside the building and warm-up, but that awful boy wanted them to keep standing still outside, freezing to death in an unacceptable humiliating attitude!

Marie-Thérèse was sure that he would be taught a lesson soon, asking women older than him to do such debasing things with a voice that wasn't even broken. In less than five minutes, he would be stamping his feet on the ground with rage, before probably exerting his revenge on one of the poor women.

What happened next seemed to make her right, as one of the women fell down on the ground, and it became the signal for all the others to jump in panic in every direction. The Arabs looked at it with an unexpected self-control, maintaining a safety circle in front of the building and preventing any woman to run away.

And suddenly, the kid began to make blows rain down on the women. Nabil seemed to know perfectly well how to use a cane, where it was most painful to apply without damaging internal organs, which women he had to hit first, and how many times. He did it quickly and accurately, looking a lot like a miniature samurai in combat. The crowd started to laugh as the cane was striking with a fiendish regularity on the shivering bodies, sparing none of the women, as none of them had complied.

After a two-minute disorder, Nabil shouted again:

“Did you hear me... Get in a perfect line, stupid sows! Atten ... tion!”

This time, anyone could detect a little irritation in his voice. Some of the women began to run like chicken, shouting with horror. The crowd was bursting in laugh at the sight of these grown-up women scared by a mere child.



Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse had been among the first ones who were hit by the cane, and she definitely didn't want it to happen again. She tried to stand still, tiptoeing on the spot to keep her balance. She didn't want to make a spectacle of herself ... and anyway had noticed that the still ones were not caned.

She saw Madame Fours-La-Faysanne, the wife of the famous jeweler, and Mademoiselle Saint-Git, the famous writer of sugary novels, walk shoulder on shoulder to the line pointed out by Nabil and stop right at the edge of the sidewalk, then turn around and assume the ridiculous position Nabil wanted them to take, like two perfect little soldiers!

The blows rained down on those running in panic, though much harder now—Nabil's anger was rising! This time, only the two women who stood to attention escaped the punishment, and young Nabil made this clear to the others, pointing at the two model fillies while caning the rebels.

Many women thought they had found the parade in falling down; some of them even showed clearly that they were doing it on purpose. Marie-Thérèse fell down too, but pretending she had inadvertently lost her balance. She didn't want to be a brown-nose, but wanted even less to show rebellion and get all the caning, as she knew that it was going to ultimately happen to the women who would show a wrong attitude.

After three minutes, the cane stopped striking. All the women were on the ground, except the two standing to attention, thighs spread, pelvis thrust forward. The kid seemed to have lost the control of a majority of women.

That wasn't affecting Madeleine and Aude-Estelle a bit. They were spreading their legs even more, showing support to the kid when he was pointing at them. Their quick surrender and the ardor they put in doing it right wasn't only

revealing their lack of pride—it showed that they were obviously aroused by the situation!

The worst thing was that Marie-Thérèse could understand their attitude. She was somehow envious of the two brown noses who had no shame displaying themselves as brainless sluts. Marie-Thérèse had already fantasized about such situations where she would be forced to display herself naked and obedient. In her erotic dreams, she would surrender ... but what would it say about her if she should do that in reality?

She soon realized how stupid the whole thing was. She was scared of being judged by women who were ultimately going to do the same. The Arabs? For them it was obviously normal to see White women behave like this around here. And anyway, she didn't give a damn about being judged by any of them!

She deeply felt that this could be an arousing adventure, one that could satisfy her mild exhibitionist tendencies. Their submission was bound to happen anyway now that two of them had already surrendered, and they couldn't possibly stay on the cold asphalt bare naked forever. They might win against the kid, but it would only make adult men come to enforce discipline ... how could they fight surrounded like that, with their hands tied and their boots giving them ridiculous gaits? They could only be mocked—and a mocked rebellion is a farce!

It was so stupid! She was going to be caned because she was afraid of showing her most secret fantasies to some people that she despised anyway! Her life would get miserable out of useless pride and sexual shame, two things she would have thought perfectly under her control as a grown-up woman and a writer—she really needed to get quickly in that line!

As a response to her thoughts, she received another stroke of the cane.

"Up!" shouted Nabil, "aren't you ashamed of crawling like this? Are you fillies, or are you worms?"



Marie-Thérèse stood up fast on her fiendish boots.

“Get in line!” Nabil said with a much cooler voice but still showing impatience. “Atten... tion!”

This time, Marie-Thérèse trotted toward the two women, eager to avoid the next thrashing. She couldn't believe how childish she had been.

Unfortunately, in her haste to get in line, she crashed into Anne-Lyse Farcy de Jombruns, the wife of a member of the parliament who had got the same idea. She fell down flat on the cold asphalt again, while Madame Farcy de Jombruns was successfully getting in line with three other women. Marie-Thérèse's anger was now stronger than any other feeling. This bitch was even more racist than herself, but she was eager to push everyone to get in line! Marie-Thérèse stood up with difficulty, a bit stunned by the shock.

Nabil pulled a little bag out of his pocket and fetched a little ink stamp in it.

“The ones who are in line, you'll get a label for some privileges! You just have to say: ‘thank you, My powerful Master!’”

And he stamped one of the brown-noses on a butt cheek. He had to wait a bit for her thanking sentence, though it came must faster with the next ones in line. Then, he turned toward the others.

“And now all of you, lower-class fillies who prefer crawling like worms instead of obeying, get in line for the second category!”

Marie-Thérèse was very angry now. She could have got privileges, whatever they could be, but instead she would have to see the slut who pushed her getting them in her place! Anyway, privilege or not, she had decided that she would stop acting silly. She put herself in the line, feeling immediately the despises of the women who were still lying down on the

cold concrete. She realized that they thought the same thing of her as she thought of Anne-Lyse Farcy: How could such a racist woman be so swift to obey Arabs?

And it was even worse getting in line after the announcement that they would receive privileges, as it gave the impression that it was the carrot that got her tamed, not the stick!

At least, Marie-Thérèse was in position, pelvis forward and thighs widely spread, facing the lying group of women and the crowd behind them; but her cheeks were red as a beetroot! Naturally, she was aroused because of her soft exhibitionist fantasies, but her blushing was more for the shame that she felt about the role she had just played in breaking the unity of the rebellious women. Naturally, they were all ultimately bound to surrender, but still, she hated being the one used for that.

However, it wasn't because Marie-Thérèse enjoyed this little adventure in her fantasies that she was throwing away her will to escape. It was only too soon to try anything. If a kid were left in charge, it could only mean that they were subjected to a very well-organized group using improved mass-breaking technique. An opportunity could always present itself later, but many stupid rebellious ones would probably have turned side in less than an hour. If they were stupid enough to think that they could succeed right now, they would be stupid too when the Arabs would make them swallow the whole thing, hook, line, and sinker.

Obviously, the six other women in line didn't have Marie-Thérèse's scruples. Four of them were only natural brown-noses who had already chosen to be totally on the side of their captors. They showed a haughty attitude, giving spiteful sniggers to those they saw too dumb to belong to the privileged ones.

The two others in the line were clearly aroused by the



situation. At least it was obvious for Aude-Estelle Fours-La-Faysanne, as she could hear her breathing loudly at her side. That pervert was having the time of her life. And it wasn't the result of an exhibitionist tendency, like herself. Aude-Estelle obviously loved to be degraded, or was it that she had a secret obsession for Arabs? Maybe both...

Nabil came closer to Marie-Thérèse and showed a surprised face. Obviously, he had never seen any woman get in line at this moment of the process, and he was clearly hesitating whether he should stamp her buttock.

Marie-Thérèse liked that a lot. She had embarrassed the boy by acting in an unexpected way. Good! It meant she was still in control of something!

Out of options, the boy sought inspiration by touching her vulva, pinching and rubbing one of her labia. Marie-Thérèse jumped, but didn't experience the arousing effect that the Arabs were supposed to have. She was aroused all right, but nothing unusual. For the little she knew of it, actually, as she was still in an uncharted land with her exhibitionist fantasies.

Nabil rubbed his hands together. He had noticed her moisture! He looked at Marie-Thérèse right in the eyes, as if he had understood everything about her fantasies and wasn't wondering about her anymore. A chapter might be dedicated to women like herself in his technical manual! That was incredibly humiliating for a racist writer to realize that a mere kid had found by checking her body fluids an angle so powerful for her training that he considered her case closed.

He applied the rubber stamp on her buttock.

"Thank you," Marie-Thérèse said, trying to get a humble voice, "Thank you powerful Master."

Suddenly, the sound of a deflating cheek could be heard. One of the "rebels" was sending her a despicable message

from her crawling position!

That was the moment that the kid chose to go back to the ones still on the ground.

"That's so funny!" the boy shouted, "especially when I know from experience that you'll all be in this line in a very short time ... er ... wait a minute!"

It seemed that the kid had just remembered something. He went back to Marie-Thérèse.

"A very good thing you opened your mouth," he said to her, "you look just like one stupid sow among others, and nothing looks more like a sow than another sow, but your voice is special... I recognized you, de Cuisse! No, there is no way such a nasty bitch should get privileges. You were not in line with the first ones anyway!"

He took a handkerchief and a little bottle from his pocket and rubbed Marie-Thérèse's buttocks to remove the inked mark of the stamp, then went back to the women on the ground.

"OK," he recited as a lesson, "so, now that I have taken these seven ... six women as your elite, the only thing left to figure out is: who are the 'scum'! That category is the third and last one. Those who won't be in line by the time I will clap my hands will become part of that group. Usually, it is an empty group, which is very understandable. You need to know that the females of this category don't have a clitoris anymore. And usually no woman who has experienced one skips getting in line at this point. So, push up your lazy ass and get in line!"

It was like if lightning had struck them. All the women still on the ground stood up instantly. Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse shivered and spread her legs wider to show a good attitude. Time for rebellion was already over!

Most of the members of the new White "elite" were sniggering at the rebellious ones who were now running in panic, bumping into each other, trying to join the group of the ones



that they had called brown-noses. Soon, every White woman around was in line, legs wide apart in this shameful position. A few minutes before, they looked like running chicken; now, they offered a perfectly disciplined display.

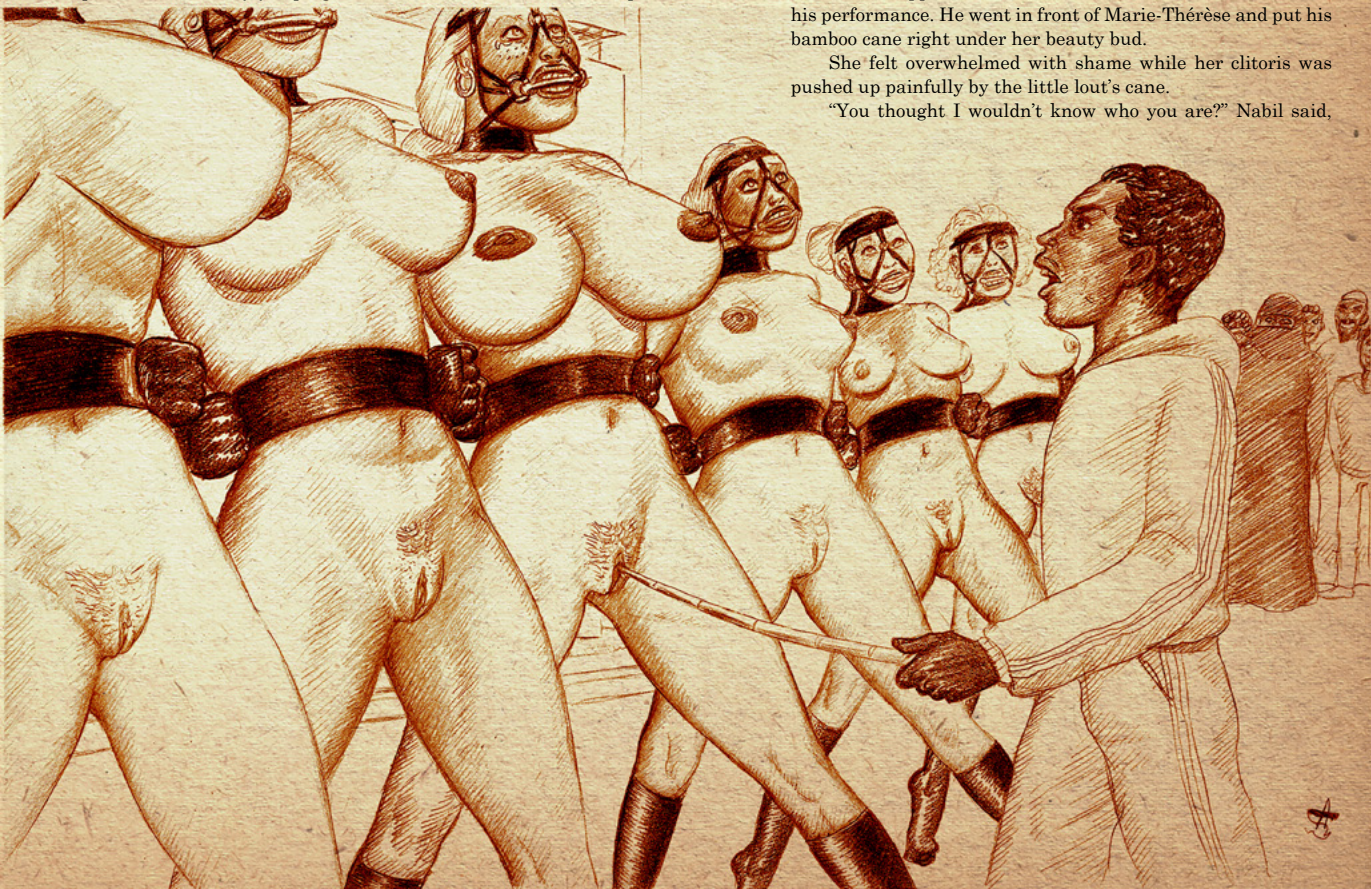
Though, obviously, the boy's purpose wasn't to obtain a perfectly still troop, or he would never have put them these boots. They were in an unstable position, constantly jumping from one foot to the other to keep their

balance. It was just impossible for them to stay still, and they knew that they needed to make their steps the smaller possible to avoid a painful punishment. It gave the strange impression that forty women were stamping their feet because of a pressing natural need!

Nabil clapped his hands, and the crowd cheered him for his performance. He went in front of Marie-Thérèse and put his bamboo cane right under her beauty bud.

She felt overwhelmed with shame while her clitoris was pushed up painfully by the little lout's cane.

"You thought I wouldn't know who you are?" Nabil said,



“that I would forget that stupid filly who insulted my father in public? How can you be such a prig? You aren’t even a first-class filly, and you insulted a Prince?”

He raised his cane very high and lowered it very fast, brushing slightly her beauty bud in the process.

Chapter IX The mustang



Marie-Thérèse hopped with atrocious pain, slightly losing her balance in the process, giving the impression that she was starting a tap-dancing performance.

They all had obviously made the mistake of underestimating the kid, thinking that they just had to look him up and down to send him back to his young age. If a group of grown-up women had been entrusted to his care, it meant that he had already proven himself in the matter. So, she intended now to obey to anything he would demand, until she could find a way to get out of this awful condition.

The women were now all aware that they had never been even close to overthrow the situation, but Marie-Thérèse couldn’t help being angry with the two women who had been the first to submit. If they all had kept their rebellious attitude, things would have been much more difficult for that nasty kid. Ultimately, one of the women would have lost her clitoris in the adventure, though, to surrender to brute force would have been more dignified than to do it willingly, and it would have bound the women with a will to escape.

And what about that dirty Farcy de Jombruns who had pushed her away in haste to get herself in line and who would now be granted privileges in her place? Not that Marie-Thérèse



was in some way interested in getting promoted in their de-
viant social system, though she knew that the more freedom
she could get, the easier it would be to find means to escape.
She might never have been allowed to be privileged anyway,
because of her common history with the Prince, but she was
filled with bitterness nevertheless, knowing that the others
would hold more against her than against the two brown-
noses, as they would think that she had submitted to get
special treatment.

“Pelvis forward! Eyes stuck on your genitals!” Nabil
shouted. “You should be ashamed of showing to your Master
those filthy pubic scrubs. You are but wild sows without the
slightest care for your body! No one likes a filly who gives
the impression she stinks! Right now, your shaggy bushes
suggest that you slept in the street last night! Anything that
could remind me that you were once unpleasant women must
disappear. I’ll intend to make suitable fillies out of you!”

He turned toward Marie-Thérèse.

“You! Yes, you, the racist sow. I’ll take your vulva as an
example of the filthiest thing among all these nasty others.
Your pubic hair is similar to pig bristles and smells accord-
ingly. How could you even dare talking about civilization in
your usual drivel, when you do everything to show the behav-
ior of a repulsive swine? Any Arab man would pinch his nose
discovering this thing you keep hidden—indeed for very good
reasons! Praise Allah you’re only in the early stages of your
training! I’m going to teach you the basic hygiene your swine
species need so much. Be aware that the fillies are the elite of
the white animals who service the Arabs, and I won’t hide to
you: only the best will attain that level. The others will stay
basic sows, and I, and only I will decide if you have the talent

requested to elevate yourself to that superior position. I have
the authority to send you directly to a battery-rearing pigsty,
where your mere activities will consist in delivering your far-
row and being covered by some boar ten seconds every nine
months to launch another one. Your only freedom in that place
will be the possibility of keeping an unclean vulva. Though,
maybe you think it’s worth it?”

It was a horrible nightmare for Marie-Thérèse. She was so
ashamed that she had forgotten the cold. While he was talking
to her, that nasty brat was running his cane on her nether lips,
like if he expected to see some insect crawling out.

“... So, what will it be? Are you ready to beg me not to send
you there? Maybe if I’m sure you understand how filthy your
vulva is right now, and if you beg me to teach you how to make
it a little more acceptable, I might consider you to stay with us.”

He removed the bit from her mouth and took the attitude
of someone who waits for something to happen. Marie-Thérèse
knew that she would have to beg him to be accepted. Though,
with her writer’s imagination and her sarcastic mind, she
thought that she could probably succeed in finding the words
he wanted to hear.

“Please master,” she said, “I beseech you to forgive me for
my neglected vulva. Indeed I’ve been lazy, and would never
have dreamt that I’d be given the honor of displaying something
so repellent to an Arab master of your class. I’m ashamed now,
and I hope I didn’t disgust you too much with the filthy porcine
smell that is coming out of it. Please, grant a primitive creature
like myself her wish to change. I’ll do everything to reach your
high civilization criteria before my sow vulva should be covered
with vermin. I beg you, Master, I beg you to teach me how to
elevate myself.”



"There you go," Nabil said, replacing the bit in her mouth, "isn't that much nicer? It is clearly easier to hide your sow smell here than on a television set, but I see nothing that can't be solved if you obey nicely to your master. Once clean, you'll definitely pass."

Under the shame, she was beginning to detect something else. Beyond her exhibitionist tendencies, deep inside, she had discovered that being insulted that way could be arousing. She had always suspected that she could be a little masochistic in matter of men. She remembered the drawings of humiliated women she had seen on the Internet that had aroused her so much. She couldn't keep them out of her mind for days. Curiously, she was seeing her mild exhibitionism as a benign thing she had developed, but masochism was horrifying her, because it wasn't natural. It was a perversion!

It had moved her so much that her first crusade had been against public display of such degrading pictures, before being caught by a more urgent fight when she heard about the Naffi Effect.

Marie-Thérèse was now afraid that this young boy could have just discovered that humiliating her could open new doors to her intimate person. Or maybe he only did what his manual of the perfect trainer taught him about handling such women?

While she was thinking about this, a drip began to slide on her thigh. As feared, the simple thought of the boy having control over her body was enough to get her wet. She hoped that nobody in the crowd had noticed the shameful drop.

Unfortunately, she soon felt two fingers sliding between her beauty lips. Clearly, young Nabil wasn't missing much of the situation.

"Hey!" He said loudly, "I knew it! We have a thoroughbred here! You kept it very well hidden, Madame de Cuisse!"

He pulled his little box again and marked her on the belly with a new stamp.

"I think you are of that kind of thoroughbred very difficult to train, but very rewarding at the end. That's great! white mustangs are the best animals ever! Said is incredibly lucky ... or very smart!"

He patted Marie-Thérèse.

"Nice, nice mustang," he whispered, "don't be afraid, as you're the only female here who will soon be truly happy to obey a master. You're very lucky as you could have missed happiness in your life. Now, we'll take care of that. And don't be too much in turmoil about what I said about your vulva. Your pubis is just hairy and disheveled, with the usual smell of the white sow, no more no less. I find that awful, but maybe it's because I'm not yet in age to appreciate!"

Trying to be sweet, Nabil rubbed Marie-Thérèse's butt cheeks.

She suddenly felt a very unusual pleasure out of it ... the Naffi Effect! Clearly, the boy was aged enough to activate it. It was such a relief for Marie-Thérèse. For a moment, she had the terrible thought that her nature could be a perverse one, that deep inside she could be a deeply submissive person getting her pleasure through being humiliated by domineering people!

She had to resist, and for that, she had to understand very clearly when the effect was involved, and when it was only about her sexual tendencies for exhibiting and submission. Their method of brainwashing was certainly including such a confusing tool. To avoid it, she had to monitor her own reactions constantly.



Though, it would definitely not be easy, as the effect was worse than anything she had imagined. It was giving her so much pleasure that she couldn't help feeling gratitude to the one giving it. She wanted to purr under Nabil's patting, like a horny cat. She would obey him ... yes! Oh! How she wanted to obey him in every point! And only a few seconds of skin contact had been sufficient to bring her to that state of mind!

Even the will to keep control was beginning to sound nonsensical. Each second that passed under the hand of the boy was strengthening her certainty that he would ultimately prevail, and that she would become the animal they pretended she was. She would completely become his toy, body, and soul.

She wanted to run and forget that she had ever been in such a degrading situation, but something was holding her, something that wasn't fear.

She dissolved into tears.

"Yes, yes, there..." Nabil gently said, patting her butt cheek, "you're a very nice animal, but I know it's difficult to admit. Let it go, gentle mustang filly, let it go..."

She looked down, and her gaze crossed Nabil's eyes—the eyes of an Arab boy! Suddenly, all her rebellion came back with a vengeance. This little lout had no right to treat her like that. She wasn't an animal! She was a woman!

Feeling her inside rage, Nabil stepped backward, wearing an evil smile.

"Whooh ... gentle ... gentle filly." He said with a low voice, "you're a very valuable mustang and we'll take great care of you..."

A thoroughbred ... a mustang ... how humiliating!

Marie-Thérèse had no clue about what he really meant by that, but it sounded like if she had a nature making her more servile than the other women, and she didn't like that idea at all. She hated even more the way the lout had to gloat about her reactions, like if it were some well-known oddity!

Though, thinking of it, she just experienced an outburst of independent spirit that could look a lot like how real mustang thoroughbreds are reacting during their training. It was so unfair to be put in a situation comparable to the breaking of a horse. Whatever she would do, she would look like an animal with that terrible naffi power triggering her sexual response. She'd never have thought that she could feel so vulnerable in the hands of any male, and surely not now that she was a fully grown woman in control of her social life. This kid seemed to be aware of something about her sexuality that was only a vague notion for her. He even seemed absolutely confident that he could use this weakness at his own profit.

If only she had been more courageous in her youth and had explored this side of her personality instead of repressing it, she'd have avoided this childish fear that was overwhelming her at the worst moment.

She realized that the boy had affected her very deeply. She just had to calm down! She needed to keep a distant vision about everything that would happen to her. Her fantasies and perversions were her own business, and the things they could do to her body had to stay physical. Only that way she would be able to delay what they were calling "her training".

Nabil left Marie-Thérèse to her thoughts and walked away into the building, leaving the team of women naked in the



street in that constant stamping position from one foot to another.

That hopping exercise had finally warmed them up. After all, the temperature wasn't so cold once they were used to it, and the women had all found their own way of doing it without straining the muscles of their legs too much.

Nabil came back a few seconds later in the company of a very strange-looking White woman.

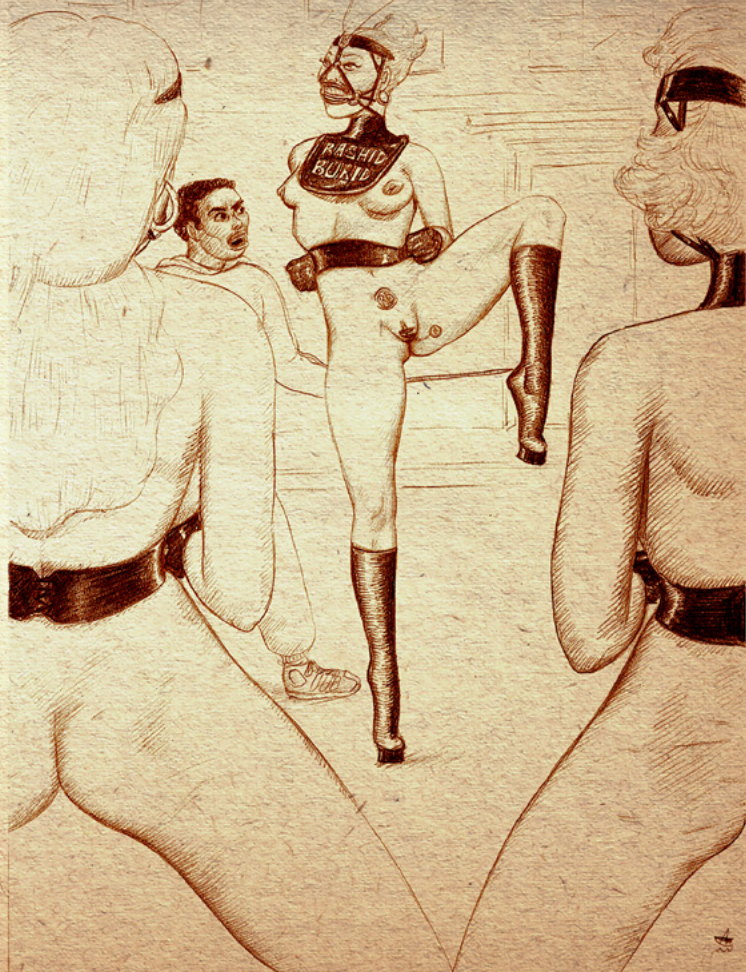
What was the most unusual about her was her walk. She was swinging her hips, raising her knees high with legs wide open to display her naked pubis. It was somehow the imitation of a horse's gait, but with the woman's beauty bud being the center of gravity: Everything was moving except her bald vulva, perfectly still while the rest of her body was twisted to the extreme.

The little bell was jumping and tingling at each step, only proof of how difficult it was for her to keep that very awkward gait and pretend that it was a natural thing.

The woman seemed to be happy and proud to direct all her energy to make this humiliating walk perfect for the boy.

Marie-Thérèse couldn't help watching with terror the sewn labia and the branded belly. She had no doubt that she would soon be subjected to the same treatment.

It was certainly very painful ... and she'd probably die of shame having such marks on her body forever!



Chapter X Learning team spirit

D

abil made the creature stop in front of the line of stamping nude women.

“This is my favorite filly Ursule de Vainebleu; of princely blood, as you may know. She’s here to show you how to behave. First thing first, you’ve to show me that you acknowledge when I tell or ask you something. In white filly language, there’s no ‘no’, only a ‘yes’ and it’s done like this...”

Ursule de Vainebleu raised her head and whinnied through the bit in her mouth. It was pretty well imitated from the whinny of a horse!

“The rest of the white filly language is very simple, even for you, so I won’t repeat the lesson and will punish the fillies too stupid to listen. This whinny means ‘yes’. Done with shaking your head left and right while stamping your feet, it means that you want to attract your master’s attention on something. Use this with extreme care, because if your master decides that you did it for no good reason, you’ll be punished! When you do that and you bend down forward and raise your ass; it means



that you want to do poo-poo. When you whyunny while you bend backward and raise your hips forward, it means you want to do wee-wee. When you throw your pelvis back and forth, it means that you want to be covered by a male of your race. That's something you can do at any time when you're in season. You're forbidden to do this when you can't be impregnated. If you want to be mounted by an Arab lord, it's the same, except that you must shake your head up and down instead of left and right. Don't make mistakes! It isn't my role to give you advises that you can learn later by yourself, but when you ask to be mounted by an Arab lord, you'd better be more convincing than when you ask for a stud! Be aware that this feature also means 'Hello' when you see your master first time in a day or are presented to an Arab lord. It's common politeness to show respect by expressing how much you're craving for his attentions. Basically, shaking your head up and down means that you're happy to be a filly and you can use it even with no means of attracting attention. This is one of the huge privileges of the fillies over what's allowed to basic swine—you can express your happiness any time you want! Other needs will be provided when your master decides that you deserve them, so you don't need any filly expressions for that ... expressions that don't even exist in that language anyway."

While he was talking, Ursule de Vainebleu was illustrating his descriptions with her body, like an air hostess displaying the use of life jackets in a plane. Marie-Thérèse felt incredibly ashamed. This whole filly thing was much more than just a way to humiliate White women. It had its rules, its codes, its language. They were expected to forget their free existence completely for a completely new way of life. How could she do such a thing and ever see herself as a filly belonging forever to a man she didn't choose? It was

already very humiliating having to say hello to an Arab by making a lewd pelvis shaking, meaning also that she was happy to be a filly and that she begged to have sex. No, it was absolutely not an option to accept this as definitive. The only way was playing low for a time—and escape!

"It will be your language now!" Nabil continued, "sufficient for your new social life. Some among you may have the opportunity to use your previous language some day, but only on the express command of an Arab lord, assuming you have no bit in the mouth, of course. As for Arabic language, it's strictly forbidden to you. You must never try to learn words of what is for you now a language of gods. When an Arab lord wants to be understood by you, he'll speak your language. Don't try to be more than you can be now. The very idea that you could still be a human being is obscene, and this is a creed that you must make yours promptly. Don't think you can get away from this and go back to your previous lives—it's a one-way ticket! The Rasheedian Empire is all-powerful and can find you anywhere in the world. We have a lot of VIPs working for us in every nation, every big company, every criminal organization. Once you're here, it's forever! Alerting the authorities of your country after an escape could only result in you being sent back to us. If you are very astute and manage to convince some foreigners that your story isn't a racist fantasy, you'll only precipitate their fate, as they'll take their place in the new world earlier than scheduled. They'll be processed as slaves, just like you, whenever possible ... or eliminated if they happen to be useless animals. So leave forever the fantasy world you thought was real, and become the most important thing you can ever be now: a faithful white filly. For now you are only nags, but if you're smart, you can become the noblest conquest of an Arab lord. Like Madame de Vainebleu here..."

The young princess whinnied, shaking her head and her



pelvis, meaning that she was happy, but also that she was begging for a sexual reward. Nabil rubbed her buttocks, making her face quickly turn red, revealing how aroused she was. She looked at him with an expression of infinite gratitude.

Marie-Thérèse had acknowledged all that. Escaping would be difficult, and alerting the world about what was at stake here would be almost impossible—but she would try nevertheless! Her knowledge of Arabic, something young Nabil seemed to ignore, could be of great help if she managed to keep it secret. In the meantime, she would submit to that infamy and make the best out of it, trying not to lose her mind in the process. Assuming she was even capable of such a behavior: begging sexually the Arab kid right now ... her body would surely freeze with shame!

“If I say: ‘eat!’ you put yourself into position, your mouth at two inches of the food, and you wait for the moment when I clap my hands. Then you eat! At the second clap, you clean your spot, and at the third, you’re back into previous position. Is that understood?”

Ursule de Vainebleu whinnied, but the other women didn’t move. Nabil tapped his cane repeatedly in the palm of his hand to show his impatience.

Aude-Estelle Fours-la-Faysanne and Madeleine Saint-Git threw whinnies with an obscene enthusiasm, followed by Anne-Lyse Farcy the Jombruns and three other women.

Marie-Thérèse was shocked. These brown-noses again! The other women were all compelled to follow their standards! She looked around and saw that all the others shared her angry feelings toward those traitors.

“I hope it’ll be better next time!” Nabil quietly said, “or you’ll discover how cruel I can be!”

Marie-Thérèse would never have thought that a young

boy could calmly say something that could make her blood run cold, but now it was happening.

Thinking about it, there was nothing really wrong in whinnying that way, only the shame of being forced to play a silly game ... and it would be stupid to be thrashed for acting childish. These Arabs were the ones who were undignified, forcing them to do such degrading things. She wasn’t! She couldn’t be blamed for doing something ridiculous under duress.

“When a master says something, you wait for the clapping hands, and then you obey without discussion, is that understood?”

This time all the women whinnied simultaneously.

“Good, now keep your legs wide apart and bend forward ... without folding your knees!”

He clapped his hands.

The women bent forward with very different angles depending on their suppleness. Nabil walked behind them, thrashing those who didn’t bend enough, or lost the large spreading of their legs in the doing. Two of them fell down and were also thrashed for that.

Marie-Thérèse could do that easily, while managing to have her trunk perfectly horizontal, thanks to years of practice of aerobics. But she still found difficult to maintain such a posture while having to stamp on points for avoiding a fall. Not to mention the humiliation of showing to a crowd of perfect strangers a part of her body that no one had seen before: maintaining that position meant she had to stay still with her belly lower than her pelvis, while her ass cheeks were kept wide apart. Her husband had never seen her naked in the darkness ... and had never taken her from the rear anyway! but now she was forced to take this ridiculous attitude that could be seen as an invitation for any passer-by to take her in this degrading position.

The poor women looked like a bunch of angry little girls



stamping with impatience because nobody wanted to take them. When Nabil thought they were in correct position he just said:

“Now do your poo-poo!”

The women reacted in panic. Did they hear correctly? Was he really asking them to do their needs in front of all these people, in this shameless position? They were all looking at Ursule de Vainebleu with anxiety.

And suddenly the little boy clapped his hands.

Madame de Vainebleu contracted her belly like a waving snake and performed the task in less than three seconds, like an animal, before any other woman could even consider obeying that order.

The next women to react were the usual Aude-Estelle Fours-La-Faysanne and Madeleine Saint-Git who began to push loudly.

“As this is new to you, I’ll give you much time to perform,” Nabil said amused, “but you must learn to do it faster. Usually, five seconds is enough for most of the fillies, and that’s a good thing, as I don’t have any time to lose ... though, when you’ll be allowed to perform that again, I mean tomorrow at the same time, and not a minute before, I won’t give you more than twelve seconds. So now, you have thirty seconds or must wait for twenty-four hours. The ones who would dare do their needs when they wouldn’t be allowed to do so would enter immediately in the ‘scum’ category. Needless for me to repeat what’s the main specificity of the ones who belong to it, I guess...”

All the girls began to push hardy, terrified with the idea that they might have to wait for the next day.

Marie-Thérèse wasn’t really in a good position for relieving herself, and her inhibitions prevented her from doing it in public anyway. She tried to avoid thinking about the crowd

who was deeply enjoying the sight of these forty White women behaving shamelessly like animals in front of them.

Madame Fours-La-Faysanne began to pee, which meant trouble. Nabil jumped behind her and thrashed her buttocks very hard.

“I said poo-poo! not wee-wee! You filthy sows can’t even make this difference, even when I tell you in children words? And don’t tell me that’s impossible! All white fillies do that! You just have to learn it ... and that’s why we Arabs are here, to train you lowlife wild white animals to learn how to behave in a civilized way!”

Marie-Thérèse almost made the same mistake, but fortunately managed to restrain herself at the very last second. To separate those two things wasn’t impossible, but very difficult. She was shocked that being able to do that could be seen as an improvement of her education: Was there any limit to this infamy?

Nabil clapped in his hands a second time.

All the women stopped, like if they had heard a bombshell. Most of them were caught in the middle of their performance and stopped at an awkward moment. Marie-Thérèse was one of them.

She waited, trying to avoid bringing attention to her while Nabil was reviewing them. But it was no use. She got thrashed like all the others who couldn’t perform in time.

“Really filthy animals!” Nabil said with despise, “You can’t even be clean about that? Well, finish your job fast, but be sure that it’s the last time I cover your mess. You have five seconds!”

A few boys in the crowd were laughing uncontrollably. Nabil clapped his hands again.

Marie-Thérèse, like many others, finished her job before the second clapping, pretty much relieved. Aude-Estelle Fours-La-Faysanne was the only one who couldn’t resume her process.



She was still pushing, her face flushing crimson...

The same thing was done later about their other natural need, and it was even more spectacular to watch these women, perfect strangers a few hours ago, pee in synchronism like a perfectly coached team. After that, young Nabil took a garden hose and cleaned the poor Aude-Estelle with it. Then, he thrust the hose inside her anus, pushing it quite deeply.

They could all see the belly of the unfortunate woman inflate under the high pressure of water. Nabil pulled out the hose and thrashed Aude-Estelle who expelled the water in a very short time. When he had finished, he washed the whole area with the garden hose.

"Now white fillies, atten ... tion!"

All the women straightened up back in their attention position, while a man was coming out of the building.

A freezing terror suddenly caught Marie-Thérèse. This man was Yusuf Bourid, the Prince of Wonderbourg, the man she had insulted in the conference about naffi fields.

"Remember what I told you before, silly white sluts," Nabil said, "When you see an Arab lord, you salute him in filly language!"

All the women began shaking their heads up and down, whinnying while throwing their hips back and forth, imitating the movements of fornication.

Suddenly, Yusuf stopped right in front of Marie-Thérèse.

"Madame de Cuisse!" he sniggered, "I didn't expect to find you here ... and even less to see you begging for being mounted!"

Marie-Thérèse put her pride aside and continued moving her hips. Yusuf looked right into her eyes with insistence. She lowered her head, overwhelmed with an incredible shame, remembering the time when she was free to snub him.

He laughed.

"Very good, it seems that you really die to be mounted! Some of your usual insults would really help me assent to your desires, you know. Unfortunately you can't speak anymore! Too bad. It would have been fun! Though, it's great that I was able to recognize you. Imagine the horror if you had missed me? Now, I can pull strings to help such a good relation of mine getting the great honor to pull my cab."

Nabil was laughing with his father now.

"Well, all right," Yusuf continued, speaking loudly with the obvious intent to turn it into a show. "I'll mount you if you insist! You used to be a stupid and scornful prig, but when one gets to know you, it seems that you can make an acceptable filly. Once removed your disgraceful pubic hair, of course! You are indeed a lucky little filly after all. Your God Lord Yusuf has heard your whinnying praises. Nabil! Send this white filly to be branded by my friend Saïd right away. You can see that she can't wait to be mounted, and you know I can't tolerate mounting a savage with all this hair and no brand on the belly. It gives such an impression of swinishness ... well actually, it's the right impression, if I judge by her smell. Wash her too. She needs it! In her actual state, she would have no chance to become my noblest conquest."

Nabil couldn't stop laughing, followed by the crowd that had enjoyed every bit of that little monologue.

Marie-Thérèse had listened to it with awe, but her survival instinct had taken over. She didn't stop waving her hips toward Yusuf and continued whinnying and shaking her head during his little display.

Why did she insult this man in the first place? She had been a victim of her impulsiveness, and now she had to pay for it the hard way.

"Atten tion!" Nabil shouted. "About turn to right! Trot!"

The women obeyed with enthusiasm, but also with an ob-



vious lack of discipline and synchronism. That would change very soon.

Nabil drove them inside the building under the cheers of the crowd. In less than two hours, a little Arab boy had made a herd of animal-looking creatures out of forty educated and important White women much older than him; a herd of frightened and subjected females ready to ridicule themselves completely only to be in his good books.

What he had learnt in his training school had surely been more profitable for him than learning mathematics and History!

Chapter XI Saïd's tweezing ritual

ح

hidden behind a small window, Saïd Agadir took a look at de Cuisse, this blonde yokel of twice his age that he had won at the races. She was walking into the living room, ready to be taken in charge by his imposing spouse.

"I'm Lady Aziza," Saïd's wife said, "and I'm glad I can witness your baptism as a filly. My husband told me that you insulted the Prince, and I'm curious to see how such a disdainful bitch will react being branded in the presence of her owner."

Madame de Cuisse was clearly not sure about what her response should be. She whinnied and shook her head without much enthusiasm.

"Your hips forward too!" Aziza shouted, "It's not because I'm a woman that you shouldn't respect me! Believe me, I can mount you too, blonde slut!"



Madame de Cuisse immediately waved her hips back and forth frantically, and it was the moment that Saïd chose to reveal himself. She turned immediately toward him without the slightest stop in her lewd begging and her ridiculous whinnying.

"Hey! That's good!" he said, "She seems to be already trained! Not bad for a blonde yokel!"

Saïd was calling all white girls "yokels". He was trying to persuade himself that their decaying European society that had turned them into serves, whom foreign warlords only had to pick up and put at work for them, like in the days of feudalism. In reality, he was only doing this because he was incapable of seeing the whites as domesticated animals, as any Shazilarian would do. In the first years, many Wonderbourgeois with Arab origins had shared that problem. They were trying to convince themselves that this "gods vs. animals" division of humanity was real, but couldn't feel that it was true. For them, these females were still human beings brought to obedience by force. Seeing them as yokels made them more approachable, allowing the beginners to acknowledge their superiority in a more practical way.

Saïd was that kind of man. He always had a lot of problems with women. They intimidated him, and he hated it. For anything else, he was courageous. He was a master strategist who had greatly helped Yusuf Bourid in his conquest of Wonderbourg, and it was no small matter! Though with women, he knew he was a coward and had actually come to terms with it. Many people with this affliction would become sweet and gentle, sometimes even submissive to women, when some others would pay to get laid. Saïd belonged to a third kind, those who had developed the worst male chauvinism possible to fight their fear.

By thinking about them as yokels, he found much easier

to rationalize their inferiority. For example, it was a great help for him to see their education as a dump of useless knowledge. For him, the yokels should better learn at school how to behave when being mounted, or how to gracefully pick up a Turkish delight from their master's mouth, instead of learning that Earth was round and people were born equals, or other stupid things that would be useless in their new life. Cultivating that way of thinking had greatly helped him in his new relationships with his white slaves.

Yusuf Bourid had taken the bet that Saïd's method would work fine with his subjects. The Wonderbourgeois of North African origins were not dominant enough for his taste—and obviously, for the taste of the Empress! They had worked together on several ideas, though Saïd's method had shown to be the best, and they had incorporated it in the new school programs.

Though for Saïd, white female management was nothing new. It had worked perfectly well for him in college, a long time before the spreading of naffi pollen in the air. He had a quite active sexual life with the young Wonderbourgeoises, while the young Wonderbourgeois played video games and took the drugs they had bought from him.

With North African women, he was incredibly shy, but with the white female yokels, he could do anything. He was seeing himself as the Lord of the scholars, and no white guy could have seriously challenged his title without causing a fight to the finish with him and put his own scholarship in jeopardy. When some of them formed a group to take care of him, it was immediately seen by the rest of the school as a very bad racist thing, and the group was denounced to the principal. After that, all the other boys avoided confrontation, and their female yokels were for Saïd to take, attracted by his apparent power over the weakness of their boyfriends, but also a bit afraid of



being seen as prejudiced if they refused his proposals in a too obvious manner. It was then very easy to corner the female yokels and drive them to have sex with him ... and naturally he was kicking them away afterwards, before the relationship could get to him and should unpleasantly reveal the frightening female behind the yokel! He was calling that his "Droit de Seigneur" and all of them had to comply.

He had almost deflowered all his classmates without even giving any of them one single real smile, using various deception techniques, starting with the most classic one: pretending he had some friends in the music industry to whom he could send young singers, and then initiating his victims to the use of the drugs he was selling. The ones that he couldn't get that way were raped, sometimes with the use of G.H.B. in their glass, sometimes simply with the fear of his knife. His victims were too scared and ashamed to tell their story to anyone, so he was never exposed. And it was even before the first Naffi field in Europe!

It looked as if he needed to take revenge upon all white women, when no woman had ever caused him the slightest trouble, except maybe giving him life. Though, when came the new era of naffi spores spreading in the air, and a bit later the possibility of legally enslaving white girls, he didn't feel at ease with their sudden incredible submissiveness. Their total obedience made them so nice and pleasant with him that it disrupted his well-tested recipes for relationship with them.

He became nostalgic of the heroic times and fantasized about training his victims again without the help of the naffi pollen. When the whole world would be conquered, he would definitely build a special area completely free from naffi influence where he would legally own slaves without having to be so distastefully distracted by their multiple orgasms. His

opinion was that it was too good for those yokels to be permanently in such a pleasant mood.

So Madame de Cuisse didn't know it yet, but it wasn't Yusuf Bourid she should have feared, but Saïd Agadir, the man who had won her at the races and was going to brand her as his property.

Though before this, Saïd would first do what he loved the most: depilating the yokel like if he were removing parasites from her skin. He was naturally doing it with tweezers, which was taking a lot of time, but for that he had all the time in the world.

He made Marie-Thérèse lie down on the floor. He sat on her back and pulled her ass cheeks apart to display his work surface. Then, he quietly started removing the hair she had around the anus.

He loved to do that especially to blondes, and this one was a great specimen. He loved the contrast of the golden hair on a pink skin turning slowly to red in the process. Actually, he'd leave no hair on a blonde's body if it were only about his pleasure, but he also wanted them to show their natural hair color on the head, plus a little pubic hair tuft with the shape of a triangle. He wasn't removing the golden down over the whole body when it was very blond. He loved to keep it natural just like, he always said, the swine ancestors of the yokels.

Some men liked women with their pubis shaven because they looked like nubile girls, or seemed sophisticated, or because it gave perfect visibility on their genitals. Others would just like to get rid of the hair to ease the penetration, or not have it in the mouth while pleasing a woman orally. Saïd was not one of them. He loved it because a white woman without hair looked a lot more like a sow, and the fact that he couldn't succeed in seeing them as such when they were wearing clothes was making him resentful. Pubic hair was giving him the same



impression as cloth. When he was a kid, the naked women in adult magazines were hairy, so now he couldn't possibly see a white woman with a bush as an animal. They needed a bald pubis to become entirely something feral in his mind.

Turning them slowly, with tweezers, into something less than human was a very good therapy and a highly arousing thing for him. For brief magical moments, he could really feel them becoming domesticated animals, and could feel like a true Rasheedian. He had no doubt that doing this long enough would make him ultimately see them as porcine creatures, and he wouldn't need his usual yokel routine anymore.

He plucked up a little hair on the side of Madame de Cuisse's anus, making her buttocks jump under his hands. He couldn't help groaning with satisfaction. For him, her hair was of the most delicious kind of blond. She was built on generous lines, with a perfect color of skin and just a little bit of tan. He loved the softness of her buttocks, her golden down that reminded him pig silk, and her delicious thighs, which responded to the palm of his hands like shivering hams.

Madame de Cuisse had it all! Everything he liked in a yokel, she had it perfectly. He didn't regret his choice. With her racist background to spice it all, it was going to be a delight to turn such a yokel into a regular she-horse!

He had just learnt that she was now registered in the "mustang" category, the kind of female that could have her nature completely reversed. So, as she hated Arabs, it meant that she was soon going to love them without limits, and would become much more than the average slave of the Naffi Effect. These females, once properly trained through a very special process, could be trusted completely as fanatics of the Rasheedian cause, up to even be able to betray their own progeny for it!

Yusuf and most Arabs loved that; for them, this woman

was a precious rarity they'd now all dream to own. Though, it wasn't Saïd's cup of tea, as he wanted revenge and didn't need a blissfully happy fanatic of the cause.

That's why he decided to take his pleasure here and now with her, while she was still the racist bitch that made delightful the use of tweezers! He knew that he would later sell her to someone else, or use her for something other than his pleasure...

The depilation of Madame de Cuisse took five hours and, each hair removed made her jump. When he had finished with her anus, he did her labia, then her Venus mound, her belly, finishing the small triangle of hair with scissors. Then, he did her armpits and finally, her nose hair.

He looked at his work for a few minutes, and then clapped his hands. A young white pet slave rushed in, holding a little table with tools and a brazier with a red-hot iron.

Saïd took a pair of pliers and pierced a hole in the lower part of one of Madame de Cuisse's sexual lips, making her jump with pain. He passed through it a little golden ring that he soldered with the hot iron. He slightly pulled on it, making her vulva follow his movement like a little puppet. Satisfied, he tied a little brass bell to the ring.

When it was done, he stood up to contemplate his work with satisfaction. He made her rise on all fours and crawl around him. Then, he made her stand up and turned around her many times.

While Aziza was pinning Madame de Cuisse to the wall, Saïd branded her, staring at her right in the eyes during the process.

Knowing that Madame de Cuisse probably thought that he would rape her after this, Saïd chose to show her clearly that he wasn't interested. He had other plans for her, and would gladly leave to Yusuf the honor of being the first to mount her. In the



waiting, he'd entertain himself by insisting on the fact that she wore his name on her brand.

Aroused by this little show, Aziza began to play with her young blonde pet, a girl who had been annoying her daughter at school before the conquest of Wonderbourg, and had since plenty of time to make up for it, though she was more aroused by watching Saïd taking care of a white slut.

She had a clear mind and saw her husband just as he was: a weak individual in the matter of women. Henceforth, he was easy to control, and that was why she had picked him up. She had many problems with chauvinist men before meeting him, and she hated to be their victim.

So, Saïd was totally under her thumb, but she loved even more when he was doing his job, making the toughest white females shake with fear like little girls.

Being subjected by a man that they could have easily twisted around their little finger in their educated environment was an excellent thing to teach them their rightful



place in the new world...
And Aziza could get quickly wet about it!

Chapter XII Prepared for the Prince

Now you're mine, de Cuisse!" Saïd said, "but you need to be trained, so before I can use you as a filly for my racing chariot, you'll be Yusuf's slave for three months. Then, you'll be my reward for winning the first Imperial Races." On Saïd's sign, Aziza pushed Marie-Thérèse into the elevator. She led her up to the sixth floor where Yusuf Bourid's stables were located.

The whole floor of the apartments had been converted into a complex of more than two hundred individual boxes. The central corridor still existed, but now it was lined with narrow and low boxes with glass doors. None of these were facing the landscape, probably because getting a view was a privilege reserved only to the ones rewarded for good behavior. She was put in a box, and a young black boy came to write her name on the door plate. Then, she was abandoned to her sad fate...

She tried to find a comfortable position on the tiled floor, though had to do it on her knees and with great difficulty, because she couldn't stand up with the low ceiling and couldn't stretch her legs with the tightness between the walls. Her belly still hurt where she had been branded with the red-hot iron, and now, it was also itching like mad. Her hands were wrapped



into leather bags tied to her belt, and she had no way to reach her Venus mound. Allegedly, that was for her own good, as she would totally lack of grace if the crest of her owner on her belly should be ruined by nail-scratching scars.

She waited there for hours, alone, yet without any intimacy, as she could hear other women whinnying or sighing in the other boxes. Were they spending all their time like this, doing nothing in this awful place?

The night was falling when the young black boy entered the box.

"I'm Moussa!" he said. "Obey, and you'll be treated well."

He began to tap on her body with the whip, gently but firmly, to get her on all fours and make her spread her thighs and buttocks as wide as possible. When she was into the required position, she was brutally hurled forward by a high-pressure water jet. It was very painful, especially as the boy was aiming at her crotch.

She felt relieved when he stopped, but what followed was far worse. The boy began to rub every part of her body using a brush with stiff hair, so it was quite painful when it came to brushing her tits and her crotch. Obviously, he cared only for the complete removal of all dirt. When it was done, he rinsed her with the high-pressure jet again. When he had finished, he took another brush longer but thinner like a miniature version of a chimney-sweep brush and thrust it into her anus. She could do nothing to prevent the awful penetration, and she felt it moving deep inside her. After a few sweeping, it was quickly pulled out, this time to reappear in her vagina.

There again, her position, with thighs fully spread, prevented any attempt to jam the penetration. Like in her rectum, it was deep but quick, and soon she was rinsed again with the jet. It was warm, but painful, especially when Moussa was pinching her orifices with his fingers while ai-

ming inside with the jet. It was only a second at a time, but it was enough to instantly inflate her belly with water and make her jump like a wild horse. It was unbearable, though thankfully quite brief, as the boy soon thrust the brush again into her body orifices...

He forced her to turn around and removed her bit, though she couldn't enjoy the freedom of her mouth for long, as the water jet was hitting her right in the face.

"Open your mouth!" the boy said.

She obeyed, and her mouth was immediately overflowed with rushing warm water. The taste was awful, worse than soap. Then the sweep brush entered her mouth ... how dared that boy put in there the same object that came deeply inside her rectum? Its shape was not even suitable to brush her teeth ... though, she found out soon that the boy was pushing further than that, right into her throat!

She strongly bit the handle, in an attempt to stop the brush from going deeper.

"Open mouth, you swine," the boy shouted, "and open your throat to the brush. Blonde sows need to fit Master Yusuf's requirements. Unlike Master Saïd, he doesn't like smelly wild animals! Open or get whipped!"

Marie-Thérèse slightly opened her teeth, so that the brush could make its way slowly into her mouth.

"Open widely!"

She started, as the threatening whip was rubbing her back. She opened a little more, and the brush penetrated much faster into her throat. She retched and cried as it was getting deeper and deeper in it. It seemed that there was no end to her ordeal! She had felt like a stuffed turkey when the brush was moving deep into her rear openings, and now she felt like a crammed goose.

"Better," the boy said, "Now bye bye filth! Farewell laziness



of swine society! Hello hygiene under the Arab iron rule!”

He pulled out the brush and thrust the hose into her mouth instead.

“Swallow water, sow! Swallow or I shove the hose into your throat!”

The taste was awful, and Marie-Thérèse was unsure of the effect of the cleaning product on her health, though she had no choice but to swallow. She didn’t want it to be done the other way!

Soon, the water stopped and was replaced by the brush again. The cycle was the same as for her other orifices, so four more times it went deeply down her throat, followed by the high-pressure jet. For the last two times, the water wasn’t tasting like soap anymore. She was obviously rinsed of the cleaning product!

The boy dried her body with a big terry towel, pushing it a bit inside her rear openings in the process. Moussa’s fingers were shaking inside her through the towel, the same way as she would have done in her ears to get rid of water after a bath. It was nothing, compared to the deep thrust that he did to her with the sweep brush, but it was far more humiliating, as drying her up after a shower was a more familiar and intimate act, especially when done with kindness and care. Having a perfect stranger drying her up as her husband would sometimes do was already embarrassing, but having it done to her body orifices was carrying it further. She had never dried herself so deeply into these places with a towel. She got the weird impression that the boy was educating her to improve her hygiene, and this was worse than anything!

Moussa put toothpaste on a tool almost as big as a hair-brush and cleaned her teeth strongly. A strong tangerine flavor filled her mouth. Obviously, Yusuf Bourid liked that fruit a lot, as the boy was now putting his hand in a pot of

dark orange grease that smelled like tangerine too. She opened her mouth.

The boy laughed. He removed the grease from his hands and put the bit back into her mouth. Obviously, this wasn’t intended for that orifice! Moussa took grease into the pot again, moved his hand to her backside and thrust it into her anus, applying the product with his fingers very deeply into her rectum.

It was an awful sensation! Pleasurable somehow, and she might have liked it if she had done that herself ... which she most certainly would never have! Her physical interaction with this black boy was the most intimate intercourse she ever had with anyone in her life, although for him it was just the daily routine given to all the White slaves under his care!

Although she was thirty-seven, Marie-Thérèse had never allowed her husband to get into her tightest hole. Each time the poor guy had just emitted the possibility they could try it that way, she had politely suggested that he should consult a psychiatrist. Now, she was feeling really stupid with the hand of this boy in her rectum. Asking him to consult wouldn’t have been very effective in that case, not to mention that she was in no position to say it with the bit in her mouth anyway!

Once he had greased her anus plentifully, Moussa did the same with her vulva, though didn’t go inside the vagina. Probably Yusuf Bourid liked his women tight and hard to penetrate. As a matter of fact, the grease in the anus had been more a surprise for her, and it seemed Arabs liked to enter there swiftly and smoothly, which wasn’t at all what she had read about their sexual ways. Though, for all she knew about sodomy, grease might as well be necessary to penetrate her at all!

Moussa brushed her hair and pulled her away from the box. He took some fresh straw with a shovel out of a wheelbarrow and covered the tiled floor of the box with it.

“Now enter your wallow, sow,” he said, “your backside



facing the door. Spread your thighs, raise your crotch. No, higher! Higher! There you go... I'll be back soon. If you have changed your position one bit, you'll be thrashed!"

He walked away, leaving the door opened, but Marie-Thérèse had to wait for hours before she could hear someone walking in the alley.

She looked high up behind her, trying to see who was coming. On all fours, her legs wide spread, she was perfectly aware of how sexually inviting she looked. Her face turned red with shame when she discovered up there the victorious face of Prince Yusuf Bourid of Wonderbourg.

"Madame de Cuisse," he said with delight, "Excellent! Offering your god a good ride is a much better basis to this relationship than throwing vicious insults at him! And now for your reward..."

He grabbed her thighs and opened them even wider, before entering her rear hole swiftly. He did it with an amazing easiness, causing no pain at all, evidently because of all that tangerine flavored grease spread into her rectum. After that, he went back and forth into Marie-Thérèse with wet suction noises.

She'd never have believed that it could be so easy to penetrate that orifice. And the totally unexpected pleasure she was getting out of it was making the whole experience even more degrading.



She wasn't able to prevent it, and now it was pleasing her ... and in the days to come, anyone who would pass by the alley would have the power do that to her at will, with total impunity ... no, worse! with nonchalance! How could God allow such a thing?

Though, as there was nothing to do to escape this, and as she experienced more pleasure than pain out of it, she decided that it was wise to put her rebellious attitude aside...

She would get back to it later ... with a vengeance!

Chapter XIII Life in the stables

Marie-Thérèse experienced multiple orgasms during the few minutes of Yusuf's penetration—a clear demonstration of the huge power of the naffi pollen! She fully understood now how White women could become so addicted to that naffic pleasure, and why it could be worth losing all individual freedom!

She'd have certified that she had already experienced orgasms with her two ex-husbands, but nothing even close to what she was experiencing now; merely little peaks of pleasure more or less worth of being called that name. She realized that she had put up with it through years, overemphasizing her moans and shouts of pleasure. Not really faking, no ... just exaggerating it enough to lie to herself and satisfy her husband. And now, she was getting real orgasms from a man she hated, and in an unfit orifice that she thought would have stayed forever unspoiled.

This morning she would have despitefully refused to shake his hand, and now this awful man only had to spread her thighs



and comfortably penetrate her most fiercely guarded orifice, without the slightest care for what she could feel about it. This was such a revolution to her body that it was causing another one in her mind, giving her the feeling of a terrible injustice!

Despite this new desire slyly instilling itself into her mind, making now highly attractive the prospect of a life entirely spent in these stables—clearly the result of that evil Naffi Effect—she was still determined to escape. The idea that she should have to submit to any man was already horrible, but to a North African man, it was insufferable! Moreover, a man whom she had insulted for good reasons, as everything happening to her now was the absolute proof that it was all true!

No, she would never let go; it was a matter of principles! She was a human being, not a filly, and it was essential to withstand that position, not losing it for some fugitive sexual feelings, even such powerful ones! She swore to herself that however pleasant she could find her new life here, she would never accept her fate. For now, it was only very enjoyable, but she had a pretty good idea of how it could quickly become ecstatic. She had to find an opportunity to escape before that.

She felt something warm expand inside her body and heard behind her the grunt of Yusuf Bourid spreading his semen into her! Fortunately, it was not in her womb, or she would have been worried for months about having some half-caste child with that man!

She retched. The simple thought of such a thing was making her sick! How would she react to such an infamy? Thankfully, what she knew about the Empire of Rasheedia was quite reassuring in this matter. Their laws forbid to Arab and Black Rasheedians to reproduce with the hated White women, supposed to be related to swine!

In her present situation, it was a great relief for her, though it was unbelievably stupid of them, as obviously they would greatly improve their progeny by giving them the genes of more civilized people like her own!

The arrogance of these people!

She didn't care if they believed in that grotesque fairy tale about the porcine origins of the White race, as long as it meant one less horror for her to sustain!

When Yusuf Bourid withdrew and dried his manhood in her hair, she discovered with awe that she had completely lost the control of her body, finding herself throwing her anus greedily in Yusuf's direction to make him continue.

And when he left her box, she instantly felt horribly empty... She was well aware that this was more like the withdrawal syndrome of a drug, but she would have done everything to make him come back for a few seconds more.

And suddenly, an idea that she would have found so unbearable a few minutes before, the idea that she would gladly have half-caste children with him started to look incredibly attractive, as it could mean he'd have to keep her around him! It was so terrible to realize that she could switch between such extreme opinions in an instant, probably because he had left her to her fate, with no more of her drug!

Resisting to the Naffi Effect would definitely be much more difficult for her than anticipated. She had to go out of this place—and fast!

Half an hour later, the whole big room became dark.

Marie-Thérèse's first night in this incredible place had begun. Even in her most racist nightmares, she would never have imagined that Arabs could do such debasing things to White women. To see White girls playing fillies on television was one thing; to be treated like a real one was another. She was now



totally subjected to a man who didn't have the slightest care for her own desires. Oh! ... How could she keep minimizing things like this! She had to focus on the horrors she had sustained: she wasn't only forced to submit, she was raped! Raped at will, treated like an animal, and then left alone ... especially that! To be left alone later, like a used condom ... er ... no... No! To be left alone was NOT a problem! She wanted to be left alone!

It was no use. The more she thought about it, the more she realized how deeply the Naffi Effect was affecting her mind. She had to leave her feelings away and coolly reason, or she'd never escape from this obscene contamination.

She cried in the dark for a while ... and then she fell asleep, despite the uncomfortable position that she had been ordered to keep.

The morning was rude. She woke up as the high-pressure jet parted her labia apart. She jumped on the spot and hit the ceiling of the box.

Before she even had a chance to consider protesting, she felt the usual brush being thrust into her rectum. It was cleaning time again for the unfortunate half-asleep Marie-Thérèse. She wondered if she could ever get used to this infamous routine!

The difference with last evening's cleaning was that after the greasing of her anus, Moussa applied the brown tangerine flavored oil on her whole body and strongly massaged her flesh to make it penetrate. She loved the feeling of his very experienced young hands running all over her body. Thankfully, she liked tangerines, as it seemed she would wear that smell for a very long time...

After the high-pressure jet and the sweep brush, this massage was putting her in a good mood. Yet, though plea-

sant the hands of the boy could be, they weren't triggering the Naffi Effect like the hands of the Arabs. He was probably not important enough in the Rasheedian social ladder to be given that power over White women. Maybe was he even a slave to the Arabs too? If she became his friend, would he help her escape from here?

Fortunately, the boy hadn't yet put the bit back in her mouth and she tried her luck.

"Let me go, please! Let me go and we can escape together. I have powerful friends in my country. Friends who can protect us forever against the Ar..."

Before she could end her sentence, the bit was thrust into her mouth again and locked up.

"Stupid sow," the boy said with despise, "the best powerful friend you have now is me! And for the record, be aware that I have given away my manhood when I was younger to become a eunuch and serve Arabs, because it would give me power over hundreds of beautiful white women like the ones I was dreaming about when I was watching TV. Now that I've grown up and gathered more knowledge, I've deep regrets about my choice, but I'm certainly not ready to lose the only pleasure left to me: to punish the White sows for what they did to me."

Marie-Thérèse wished she could have replied that the Arabs were the ones responsible for his misery, not the White women, but with the bit she could only listen and swallow. At least, she knew now how she could avoid bad treatments from Moussa, and that kind of psychological information was priceless in her new condition. She rubbed her head on the boy's thigh and whinnied.

Bullseye! He showed her how much he had appreciated it with a little kiss on the forehead, to which she quickly replied with a whinny of gratitude.

He made her stand up and brought her to a small room,



where he made her sit in front of a mirror and combed her wet hair. Then, he used a hairdryer to give her a “Farrah hair” look, very nice, though totally out of fashion...

“Don’t tell the Master I did this,” the boy said, “or I’ll be back to grooming you in your box. You don’t have the privileged stamp that allows the beauty cabinet.”

He removed the bit from her mouth. Did it mean she could talk? She decided that it was wiser to show submission. She whinnied her satisfaction for that bit of humanity, so rare in that awful place!

Though she soon revised her judgment when Moussa turned around and bent forward, put down his pants, spread his buttocks apart with his hands, and applied his anus on her mouth.

So that was the price for this little privilege? She hesitated, as it was such a filthy thing to do; a huge price to pay for only easing a bit an improbable escape. For the boy, it seemed completely normal, and she understood very well why he would take his pleasure that way, his manhood being gone forever when he had become a Eunuch. However, if she refused now, the boy would probably be offended and might never forgive her. And then, no more privileges, no more attempt to ask for his help to escape. It was the first flaw she had discovered in the well-organized machine of Yusuf Bourid, and she intended to keep that advantage.

Scared of showing too much hesitation, she swooped down between the brown buttocks and licked the boy’s little hole energetically.

Fortunately, it was tasteless. Moussa was obviously very clean. Though soon, he was pushing her head to make her mouth stick to it. Obviously, he wouldn’t be content with just the licking.

“Put your tongue inside,” he said moaning, “and go deep.

Make like if you do French kiss in there.”

Marie-Thérèse pushed her tongue, ready to pull it out if the taste became insufferable. Though, it didn’t happen, and she soon found herself rotating her tongue inside the boy who immediately groaned his satisfaction.

Poor boy, she thought, that was all the pleasure he could ever have, because of his stupid choice to serve these cruel Arabs. How come everything she experienced always proved that her racism toward Arabs was justified? She died to say something to the boy about that, but instead, she went a little deeper inside him and twisted her tongue with more enthusiasm!

The boy climaxed, overplaying it a bit like some women do, and then put back his pants on, satisfied.

“Thank you,” Marie-Thérèse said. “that was very nice.”

Now that this weird favor was over, why make the mistake of embarrassing the boy for it? Fortunately, putting the tongue into that place had a much better taste than expected, and for a woman of her age, the contact of Moussa’s young skin had been quite pleasant. So, it was not too difficult to pretend that she liked it.

“You will be my favorite filly,” the boy replied, “but don’t talk. Being seen with your tongue in my ass would definitely give me a bad reputation, because I’d have to say that I mistook you with a stamped filly ... but if you should be caught talking, I’d get whipped!”

She whinnied to acknowledge his words.

After that, he nicely brushed her teeth and her tongue again and gave her a few slices of his tangerine, which tasted incredibly delicious to the famished Marie-Thérèse.

“You can eat tangerine,” the boy said, “because Master ordered you with tangerine smell. That’s good, I always have a tangerine with me, so I can reward you any time for your sweet



behavior. And tangerine is the taste he chooses for many of his favorites. Raspberry ones become favorites too, but get whipped more often!”

So, White slaves had their flavors, and she was a tangerine one. Not a bad sign after all!

Ten minutes later, she was ready for use. Now that she had turned into a delicious tangerine pastry soaked in oil, she was certainly going to be abused again and again by Prince Yusuf or that awful Saïd. They were going to make her dearly pay for her books ... and her insults.

Driven by the boy’s crop, Marie-Thérèse went down the stairs and moved out of the building. The crowd was smaller than the previous day, still counting dozens of people waiting around a small carriage where three women were harnessed.

The crowd applauded her when she was harnessed with the others. She would definitely not be sexually abused to day—but she would pull a carriage!

Young Nabil arrived a few minutes later and was saluted by the fillies with many whinnies and pelvic thrusts. Marie-Thérèse had indeed been raped and mistreated, but nothing as horribly humiliating as being compelled to salute this little brat that way.

Nabil climbed into the carriage and shouted at the women, addressing them as a team. That was when Marie-Thérèse noticed that the three others were Aude-Estelle Fours-La-Faysanne, Madeleine Saint-Git and Anne-Lyse Farcy de Jombruns, the three brown-noses of her bunch.

For better or worse, it seemed that she was seen as one of them now!

After pulling the carriage all day, training for various gaits and speeds, she finally was sent back to her box, where she waited, terribly exhausted, for the return of Yusuf

Bourid.

But, no one came that night, and Marie-Thérèse regretted in the morning that she had spent so many hours without sleep, in expectation of the dreaded visit. Though, she couldn’t help herself waiting again the next night ... and the next...

It seemed that Yusuf Bourid had been satisfied with what he had got the first night, and had completely forgotten about her since.

That was even worse than if he had come to take her! How could such a spiteful Arab dare scorn a woman of her condition! Obviously he was trying to get at her that way...



Epilogue

One week passed, and the four fillies never ceased exercising as a team around the buildings in the neighborhood. Sometimes, they were crossing White policemen, though they were checked only once. Young Nabil presented them his papers and four fake certificates of consent, one for each of the four fillies. They didn't investigate any further, and instead frowned at him to express their frustration. It seemed that playing the Shazz filly was such a common entertainment around here that such contracts were signed to avoid constant inquiries about their consent.

Nabil responded to the policemen's look by pulling on the reins to make the four harnessed fillies whinny, shake their heads and throw their vulva forward frantically.

The two cops turned red, and it was difficult to tell whether it was with anger or excitement ... probably a bit of both!

The four women were so terribly ashamed of the spectacle they had made of themselves. These men were obviously terribly hurt by the sight of White women with such a frantic urge



for sexual attention from a young Arab. Alas! Trying to alert them was out of the question, as the two White policemen would probably have paid the high price after such a brilliant arrest.

Though, was it really the reason why Marie-Thérèse and the three other fillies acted like that, or was it a convenient excuse for the satisfaction of some deeper sexual call? Like these three brown-noses, she almost had an orgasm while whinnying to trick the cops.

Nabil jumped down the cabriolet and violently spat on Marie-Thérèse's face, making the policemen jump with surprise. Then, he moved his hand under her vulva to put in evidence the reason of her total submission. He showed them his hand full of natural lubricant—and did that routine for each of the fillies! Marie-Thérèse had definitely no lessons to give to her teamsters!

And when the policemen went away with their tail between their legs, the four women couldn't help sticking out their chest with pride for being of service to such an exceptional young man, valorizing him in front of these men. Naturally, later in the loneliness of her box, Marie-Thérèse stamped her knees with rage for not even trying to alert the cops, but anytime she was with her sisters of harness, she seemed that she was completely losing her will of independence.

Since their first ride, the team spirit that she had developed with these women had grown to become a powerful sorority. They often had the same responses simultaneously when being aroused, whinnying with satisfaction together ... though this was clearly what their trainer intended to cultivate in them. He was making them eat, drink, walk, run, do their natural needs in perfect synchronism. Marie-Thérèse progressively let go some facets of her personality to adopt

a blending behavior with her team. They were taking together the everyday humiliation and the debasement of the filly life. They were spending their nights together, sleeping on all fours with their buttocks high up and their legs widely apart, the anus fully greased to properly welcome a Master who wasn't even visiting them anymore. Such humiliations were forging long-lasting links.

And one morning, nobody was in front of the building to enjoy the show of their harnessing to the cabriolet. They didn't make entertaining blunders anymore. Many Wonderbourgeois with Arab origins weren't even turning their head when they could hear the clicking of their hoofs on the asphalt. The four White women had become a perfect team of invisible animals...

Marie-Thérèse didn't meet Yusuf anymore, though it didn't stop her from being mounted by him at night in her dreams. She couldn't forget the man who was the first to bring her a real orgasm.

After her fear of being raped at will during the first days, had come a time of anger for being left alone without an explanation, then a time of big regrets for not having made a better use of her charms to make him come back.

Now, she was trying to forget him completely, as the wait was much too painful. Yet, very often, the sound of a step in a distant corridor would awake her hope, and Marie-Thérèse would shake with excitement, raising her buttocks higher and parting her thighs stretched to her limits ... then would discover that the three other women had exactly the same reaction simultaneously ... and would share the same disappointment, realizing that nobody was there.

Until the day when, two weeks after their arrival, they got the surprise, after being harnessed to the cabriolet, to see the man who had become the object of their fantasies appear in front of them, causing a fantastic explosion of whinnies and



frantic pelvic undulations.

For a distant observer, it would have made no doubt that these fillies were all in love with that man. It was the usual way for all fillies to salute Arab men, but obviously there was something in the enthusiasm of that team of harness that was much stronger!

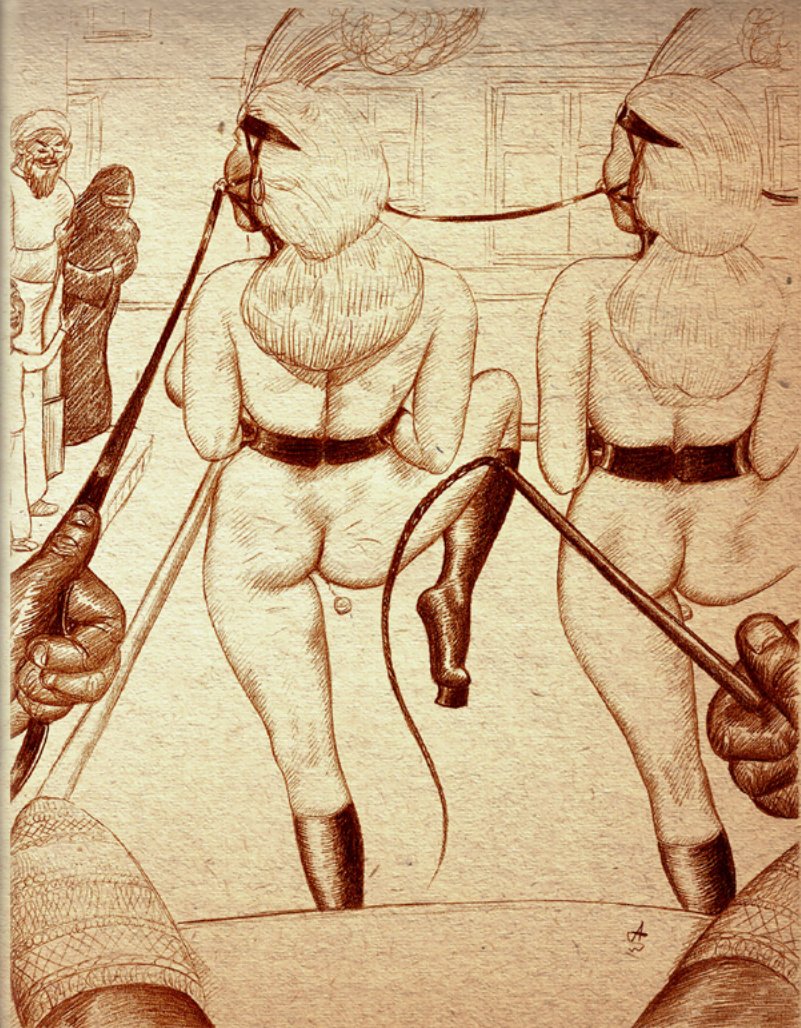
Greatly satisfied, the Master named them one by one and pushed a small pastry into their mouth while tapping on their buttocks ... a gesture that made them all come through the contact with their master.

When the Master climbed into the cabriolet, they couldn't help feeling a huge pride through having to serve such a man, a man that they would have despised two weeks before, and who was now the only one able to fill the emptiness of their existence. Even the stinging bite of the whip lashes they all got crosswise on the butt cheeks was more than welcome to them, as it was marking the beginning of a wonderful time in his company.

A few minutes later, they were trotting far beyond the usual area, driven to the center of the town, crossing the path of more and more strangers.

The four fillies were at last catching people's attention again, but they soon realized that it was the Master who was looked at, because all were bending forward with respect.

The closer they got to the center of the town, the more they could see White



males, dressed as free Wonderbourgeois citizens. Where they for real, or where they legally slaves in disguise in a Wonderbourg entirely conquered by Rasheedia? It was really hard to tell, though Marie-Thérèse was inclined to favor the first theory. They were probably still legally free, but subdued by the effect of the naffi pollen. They were lowering their head with shame on the path of the cabriolet, obviously trying to avoid the living reminder of their defeated manliness. Yet, none of them could refrain from glancing with concupiscence at the four magnificent blonde fillies prancing naked in perfect harmony, dazzling the passers-by with their body gleaming with oil ... and to their great displeasure, they would unintentionally conceive later the highest deference for the supernatural being who had succeeded into conquering such goddesses of their own race.

Marie-Thérèse had her buttocks whipped much more than the other three, and she felt like she deserved it, fully conscious of the absolute stupidity she had shown once during her pitiful intervention on television with the prince. Consequently, she was responding to the whip by parting her legs even more. She wanted to become a better filly for this man, and would have done anything to be mounted by him again, Naffi Effect or not!

She would never agree to be a slave forever, this was for sure, but for now she had no choice, and was set on taking the more satisfaction possible out of it. Though what were the odds that she could be mounted by a prince among hundreds of magnificent rivals he owned? Why would he pick her? Especially when she had so much cried and stamped her feet to avoid his penetration, when she had the insane luck—she realized it now—that such an important monarch condescended to ride a mere white female...

She had been Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, the racist writer

who had revealed the links between the Empire of Rasheedia, the Valley of Shazilar, the Shazz movement, the Naffi Effect, and the Phoenic Church; she had been the worst enemy of Rasheedia; she had insulted a prince and had even learnt Arabic only to be able to fight the underground conquest of the Western world...

Now she didn't know who she was, and what her life was about anymore ... she still wanted to escape and to expose this international conspiracy of a scale that very few people realized, though in the waiting of the ideal moment to attempt this very dangerous escape, it was so good to experiment a bit more of that submission to a man and that communion between sisters of harness. She was ashamed of it, but she was reveling in this role of a graceful filly being rubbed down for the pleasure of an Arab master.

She knew that what had happened had changed her in an irreversible way. She would hide her duty to fight against the Rasheedian conquest, and her hate for Arabs in a small corner of her mind to let it reappear some day. Meanwhile, she intended to enjoy this pause in her fight by fully giving herself to this new existence.

And in this new existence, she was fully aware of the incredible honor that had been consented to her during that magic night when she had been mounted by the Prince of Wonderbourg...

* * *



Books by Alonzo Serai

The Valleys—graphic portfolios

The Valley of the White Cattle
The Valley of the White Bonanza
The Valley of the White Market

The Valley of the Slaves—graphic portfolios

Explorer of the Valley of the Slaves
Raider of the Valley of the Slaves
Ambassador of the Valley of the Slaves
Captives of the Valley of the Slaves
Goddess of the Valley of the Slaves
White Mare of the Valley of the Slaves
Conquest of the Valley of the Slaves

The Route of the Slaves—graphic portfolios

Undercover Agent on the Route of the Slaves
Double Agent on the Route of the Slaves
Raw recruits on the Route of the Slaves
Bad Girls on the Route of the Slaves
Good Girls on the Route of the Slaves
Lord of the Slaves
Empire of the Slaves
Princess of the Slaves

The Legend of the White Fillies—illustrated novels

Poaching the White Fillies
Outfoxing the White Fillies
Reining in the White Fillies
Challenging the White Fillies
Securing the White Fillies
Degrading the White Fillies

The White Cattle (Origins of the Valley)—illustrated novels

The Lord of the Animals
The Rise of Shazilar
The Breaking of the Whitestocks—to be released

Books illustrated by Alonzo Serai

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

Visit.alonzo-serai.com



Empire of RASHEEDIA

Provinces of Wonderbourg & Wonderstein

 Naffi fields
 Secret Places

