

Outfoxing The White Collies



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Alonzo Gerai

the
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Outfoxing the White Pillies

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Prologue

usuf Bourid—Chairman of the Golden Arbor Inc., and Prince of Wonderbourg—had experienced an incredible fun in mounting Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse¹, the new filly intended as a reward to Saïd Agadir for his victory in the Imperial Races; though, he much regretted that the necessities of the training wouldn't allow him to honor her again before long.

He had loved to take through that orifice the woman who had dared insulting him publicly. It was for him a colossal frustration to know that the famous writer was located right under his apartments, at his mercy in the stable with many other fillies, and yet unavailable for his pleasure.

He had much enjoyed her attempts at resisting his penetration with her internal muscles. Despite her age, she was clearly a virgin with that orifice. She had obviously believed that it was possible to stop a cock from entering her body

¹—in "Poaching the White Fillies"



that way! Naturally it was only a wishful fantasy, and that rasheedian grease made it even like swiftly sheathing his organ back into its natural place.



Yusuf cherished this magical moment when white females discover how helpless they are, when confronted to the power of an Arab Master, first step into total submission.

In this case, with a white female who had fought him in a political debate, an arrogant, racist and vindictive shrew, it was a rare delight. He had particularly enjoyed how she tried to get rid of his grip, and shook her thighs like one possessed.

Then, just like every white filly he had mounted for the first time, the panicked struggle had soon become a series of greedy movements and orgasmic spasms.

He was never taking the filly again for months, as he wanted only to feel his power over her. After the orgasm, the filly would begin to forget her hate for her owner and would only be interesting to him as a subject for distant training, until the day when she would worship him as a god. For her to reach the right state of mind, he needed to make her desire

for him grow in his absence through the help of others with a carefully prepared strategy. After a few months of distance, he would usually pick up a groveling filly, madly urging for his sexual attention.

That was what he intended to do with Madame de Cuisse before he could send her to Saïd. The job would be carried out professionally by his son Nabil and the black grooms of the stable, using the traditional rasheedian scheme for breaking a white mustang. It was a very efficient training method when applied to the right kind of white, and he loved to watch the long process of that domestication through his CCTV.

The present case was perfect: de Cuisse was the one who had initiated the first step in their relationship, when she had insulted him. She didn't meet him again until their second rendezvous, when Yusuf had mounted her, changing her perception of things forever, just like with the breaking of a horse. It was terribly satisfying for his ego, a peek at absolute power! And when he would meet her for the third time, she would be a perfect slave, one who would stop at nothing to fulfill his most outrageous whims; and then, he would degrade her completely, and would relish his ultimate revenge!

Having to wait for it was a bit frustrating, though he would always prefer a promising delay to a savage rush that could completely ruin such a rare animal, the "Mustang thoroughbred". Though this label meant that Madame de Cuisse could become the cream of the fillies, it also meant that she could bring her share of surprises. These particular fillies were naturally submissive women, but equally unwilling to accept it. That made the training much more interesting and ultimately, she would end more devoted to him than any other white would, a creature totally obsessed with pleasing her Master and serving his cause, ready to die for him.

It was only too bad that such a pearl should ultimately be-



long to Saïd. Yusuf liked him, but was well aware that giving him a mustang like this was a waste unless she could serve some political purpose for the Conquest.

Yusuf would find something, but for now, he had no time to lose. He needed to focus on the capture of the second white female he owed to Saïd for his victory in the race, Ségolène Micheraie, the delegate of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.² in charge of burning the naffi fields.

He couldn't just abduct her for months like he did for Madame de Cuisse, as she was an official working precisely on the matter at hand and had publicly pointed the finger at him. So, if anything should happen to her, it would be obvious for all her colleagues that he was behind it.

There was always the possibility of faking a lethal accident and disguise it as an abduction, the whole classic scheme, but it was not as easy, as such cases were now raising suspicion when pretty white women were involved, and in the case of a political celebrity like this, the investigation could endanger all their kidnapping system. To crown it all, Ségolène Micheraie was scheduled for a mission to Rasheedia in the days to come!

U.N.C.A.W.W.S. had been invited by the Rasheedian Empire to monitor the destruction of all the Naffi fields in a very large area of their territory and to sign an agreement for building in Rasheedabad their permanent headquarters for Africa and the Middle East. Ségolène Micheraie would be sent there for two months with four other delegates. The Empress herself would meet her to express her sincere support of Western countries in the fight against the naffi threat.

Once her inspection would be complete, Ségolène Micheraie would fly back to Geneva to make her report and to become officially the head of that whole administration.

Saïd couldn't have found a more delicate target than the future President of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.!

Though, this trip could just as well be the opportunity that Yusuf needed, if he could count on the skills of the Rasheedian Trainer who had been recommended to him by his cousin Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul, a.k.a. Rasheeda the First. A suggestion from the leader of an Empire that was named after her was certainly not to be taken lightly!

The most challenging thing was that he would only have a one-month window to abduct Micheraie, isolate her, and have her converted enough so she wouldn't expose Rasheedia's real agenda to the UN council. She couldn't possibly disappear for a longer period, as she had to contact the other delegates at the end of the month, at least by phone, though preferably in person and with a plausible excuse for her escapade to avoid raising any suspicion. If they managed to pass that one, the same deadline would occur one month later, then a more serious one three months later, as she had to go back in person to the UN headquarters in Europe. Needless to say, that she had to be under his complete control at that time.

The difficulty was clearly the very tight schedule of the first deadline. Ségolène Micheraie's training needed to be unusually quick for such an educated woman, and good enough so she could be in the right state of mind to tell the others that everything was alright. Unfortunately, it was the last thing that she would do unless being already completely trained! For an average white woman picked up in the streets, it could be enough time, but certainly not for that one. The trainer would have to accomplish miracles.

Nevertheless, Yusuf couldn't resign himself to throw the towel and admit his failure to the citizens of the Empire on prime-time television! Moreover, he couldn't brush aside some imperial advice, and was out of options anyway.

²—United Nations Committee Against White Women Slavery



He decided to contact Malik Maruk as soon as possible. Perhaps this gifted man would get some wicked idea that escaped to him, after all!

Chapter I Malik Maruk

It took Yusuf Bourid two days to travel to the remote domain, located in the Valley of the Slaves, not far from the sacred Valley of Shazilar³, cradle of the traditional use of white females as animals.

Malik Maruk didn't have a phone, as he was a purist, rejecting anything invented by animals. His training facility was accessible only by carriage pulled by white fillies, as there was no vehicle available in that part of ex-British Shaziriland, except for the military.

Yusuf trusted his cousin blindly with that lead, but couldn't expect that she would take responsibility in case of failure. A failure would be his, and his only! If Malik Maruk shouldn't succeed in training the Delegate in time, every Rasheedian would remember forever how little they could expect from the principality of Wonderbourg and its prince.

The whole thing still seemed a good idea on the tarmac of Rasheedabad International Airport. Now, hearing only the sound of the hoofs on the rocky road and the loud breathing noises of the white fillies pulling his Shazilarian traditionnal

³ — see "The White Cattle" series



carriage in this deserted part of the Valley of the Slaves, it was another matter. On his left, the steep wall of the majestic Naouda cliff wasn't yet covering everything around with its shadow. On his right, flat mazook fields were extending forever under the hard sun. In front of him, the hypnotic sight of the buttocks of his white fillies rolling like a perfectly oiled mechanic. That is when he was stricken by a horrible doubt: What a farmer living so far away from everything possibly could help with his problem when the best of the trainers in the biggest cities of the Empire couldn't? What would such a man know about a sophisticated western woman as Ségolène Micheraie? Had he even ever seen one?

As the road was suddenly turning to follow the Naouda Cliff to the north, the sun suddenly disappeared, leaving the carriage under its shadow.

After an hour of half-darkness and the stifing proximity of the jungle, Yusuf was in an even worse mood. He was worried about his cousin's choice, that might be driven by countless useless factors, like a high respect for the half-mythical ascendancy of Malik Maruk. That farmer might just be too much into Shazilari tradition to appreciate the subtleties of the training of an executive woman at the head of a powerful organization. After all, native Shazilari had seen white women as animals for almost a millennium; why would he understand the ones raised in Europe?

When he turned and climbed on the plateau over the cliff, the sun reappeared, only to bring back the overwhelming heat on a deserted rocky area.

One hour later of this, the whole thing looked like a huge mistake that was making him lose precious time when he should have looked for a trainer much more in the public eye.

When he entered the big property at the top of the cliff, as exhausted as his fillies after more hours of climbing on

rocky winding tracks, he was ready to take the road back home immediately after only a formal little chat, just the necessary time to build some plausible excuse for rejecting the services of his cousin's favorite trainer.

Yet, the encounter with the old trainer was somehow a lot reassuring, as Malik Maruk was a man of great charisma despite his old age, very smart and with a promising wickedness in the eyes. He was surrounded by beautiful white pets, though Yusuf identified them as native Shazilari whites, very small blonde women with very long tongues and something really feral in their attitude. These had certainly not been very difficult to train!

The two men entered the house and sat on luxurious silk cushions. Blonde pets served them tea and pastries, and then took place at their feet, very attentive and perfectly still. Yusuf explained to the old man what he needed to be done in less than a month, and got immediately the expected answer that such thing wasn't possible. That was it! That was the best excuse he could ever get to explain to his powerful cousin that he had not used the services of her so fabulous senescent trainer!

"Well, then," Yusuf said, "I think I've taken too much of your time already. I'm sorry for the trouble."

"Oh?" Malik Maruk exclaimed, "you think I can't take up the challenge? I never said I refused. I just mean it is going to be very expensive!"

Yusuf's moment of joy was over. That devilish old man had guessed somehow how desperate he was to get the woman trained, and how nervous he was about dismissing the advice of the Empress.

"As you well know, I'm a wealthy man," Yusuf replied, "That said, I can't pay loads of money for the training of only one female, however difficult it may be."

"I'm not asking for money," Malik Maruk said with a fien-



dish smile, “despite the fact that I live in a remote place, I heard about your races ... and about that team of princesses who have lost the in-foal race with great panache⁴. I want them as a price for that piece of hard training. The four of them.”

Yusuf Bourid was angry now. His little princesses? His beloved little princesses! No way! He was ready to brave the wrath of the Empress before giving up his little princesses of Wonderbourg.

“Surely we can work something out, Malik. I can give you ten girls of their age in pregnant condition. From the aristocracy of Wonderbourg too. But, please don’t ask me to give my little princesses.”

“Three months from now,” Malik laughed, “you will certainly have lost your interest in them. Think again, I can deliver your command if you can deliver mine.”

“But you said it was impossible to do it in a month...”

“Oh yes,” Malik smiled, “but I’ve a good idea to cheat that monthly deadline. It would be an unusual way to train a white, in three segments, but I like a good challenge. If you’re willing to get rid of these princesses, I can assure you that you’ll get her delivered to you in time as a fully trained white filly. If I don’t succeed, you keep the princesses. For you, it is a win/win situation.”

Yusuf was trapped. If he refused now, he wouldn’t be able to explain to Rasheeda that it was because of four little white sluts he wouldn’t wish to part with. If only he was sure that Malik Maruk could succeed, he wouldn’t hesitate one bit, but contrary to what the old man had said, it was for him a lose/lose situation, the worst loss being a failure to deliver Ségolène Micheraie to Saïd, witnessed by thousands of Rasheedian citizens.

⁴—see *Poaching the White Fillies*

“All right,” Malik said, “I leave you your princesses. Or at least some of them...”

He pointed his finger at furniture. One of his pet ran toward it and fetched in it a piece of blank paper and a pen, asking him with her imploring eyes if the objects she was holding were the ones that her Master wanted her to fetch.

When he nodded, she ran back to him and jumped down flat on the floor, her perfectly oiled body sliding on the tiled floor for the last two feet, her hands high above offering the writing tools to Malik Maruk.

The old Trainer wrote a few names on the paper and handed it to Yusuf.

“This is a list of four names,” he said, “I don’t know if your princesses are among them, but these are the ones I want. I was a refugee in Wonderbourg for four years during the occupation of our country by the Emirates, and I met these nasty little brats in very humiliating circumstances, so I have a past history with them. I die to see how sweet they have become now... So, if you can repay me for my successful training of your filly with these four young animals, not in three months, but in a year, when they would be in pregnant state again, that would satisfy me.”

“Mmm...” Yusuf replied thoughtfully, “only one of them was among my team. The three others are their younger sisters and are still virgins. I kept them for later. I intended to breed them together for a new harness team.”

“Even better! If you can breed them artificially, then I will be able to deflower them in their eight-month pregnancy. Deflowering an in-foal Christian virgin is the thing I love the most in the world! Do what you have to do with them for a few months through their other holes and deliver them to me in a year when you will be glad to get rid of them, and we have a deal.”



Yusuf was really tempted. His favorites in the team were not on Malik's list, and the three younger ones were not so interesting. And Malik was right; in four months, he had time to use them as he pleased, then call the vet to inseminate them artificially to preserve their hymen, and then could enjoy them for eight months more, something that he knew very well he wouldn't do anyway. By this time he would have used them as breeders ... and they were not even in his top list of breeders. No, the price was affordable, after all. Though, the whole point was that he didn't think Malik Maruk could really keep his side of the bargain.

Malik Maruk seemed to understand his trouble.

"Don't answer right now." he said, "First, I need to show you my skills. I know that if I don't succeed you'll be in trouble, so I won't ask you to trust me without giving you a little tour of the domain."

Yusuf was now showing signs of impatience. Though, they had to do the tour anyway, or it could ruin his recent return in Rasheeda's good books.

He followed the old man across the house and passed the door leading to the backyard.

Chapter II The sea of flesh



Yusuf was taken aback. He had never seen a place like that ... even though he had visited a lot of fabulous places in his cousin's Palace, or at parties in the domains of the numerous wealthy friends he had got in the Empire.

Hundreds of naked white women were crawling fast on all fours, trying to get in position on their designated spot so they could display their backside toward Malik Maruk. In the panic, some of them were climbing on others to get in place first and avoid the disrespect of hiding their crotch to the Master. Though it was nothing like a ruthless scrummage; they were doing it gracefully, like fairies.

Yusuf was himself the owner of almost as many white females, though even his best trained slaves would have looked like common sows among these wonderful animals. Not to mention that most of his own slaves didn't have the use of their hands. These creatures were completely free of their movements.

Yusuf and Malik Maruk were only two men against hundreds of them, though Yusuf didn't feel the slightest danger



in being among them. Actually, he had never seen white females so perfectly trained. They were all filled with grace, though vibrant with energy—A swarming sea of pink flesh!

Yusuf followed Malik Maruk across the yard and noticed that the white females were increasing their pelvic response when their master was close. It was the usual behavior for any filly after years of discipline lessons, but Yusuf had never seen it done in such a perfect way. They were even glistening, brought to a pre-organic state only through proximity with Malik Maruk. This was clearly the result of an extraordinary training, an induced Pavlovian response, as the real Naffi Effect would have needed a physical contact to be triggered.

And the way they were readjusting their position after the passage of their master, in order to keep aiming at him with the axis of their pelvis ... it was done with such an incredible precision that it looked magnetic for real.

“Anemone!” Malik commanded in Arabic with a gentle voice.

In the whole yard, the females stuck their chests flat on the floor and widely spread their thighs, ending their movement by doing the splits. It looked like the blooming of sea anemones, and this was clearly why Malik had named this command that way. He had obviously trained them to react to key words in Arabic, which probably had no meaning for the females but a trigger to make them perform what they had been trained to do.

While the two men were walking in the central alley, the widely displayed pink crotches were turning toward them with incredible fluidity and grace, despite the very uncomfortable position assumed.

“Wave...” Malik whispered.

Instantly, the women began to wave their body like swimming sirens, though still doing the splits with their

crotches high up. Despite the incredible difficulty of such a figure, Yusuf couldn't find one single female to lose the rhythm or break the harmony with an involuntary jerky movement.

“Horny Scorpion!”

The women swiftly moved their legs back into a more manageable angle, folding them, though with their feet on points like dancers. Their breasts were kept flat on the tiled floor, but their backside continued rising to its higher point. In the same one second movement, they rocked their body axis forward, making their folded legs rotate like compasses until they would be parallel to their head.

It was folding their waist so much that they really looked like scorpions, with their backside high over the head.

And then, they began to wave their frontal muscles, pectoral, abdominal, pelvic ... all in harmony!

As the limbs were kept perfectly still, the belly looked like crawling-up snakes. A very erotic view, probably because the waves were leading the eye to their crotch. The tension of the muscles was distorting the vulva, making the labia stretch with the waves like a mouth calling for help.

It was an army of four-legged vulvas tremendously hungry for penetration.

“Season!”

The whites jumped down immediately, thighs widely spread, belly flat on the floor, and began to rub their Venus mound on it frantically.

Yusuf was amazed. They were really looking like bitches in heat trying to scratch their irrepresible itch on the ground.

Though, something didn't seem right. Yusuf just noticed the absolute absence of moans through the rubbing noises. How could they display such a perfect animal reaction without even emitting a sound? Did they have the tongue cut or something?

Anticipating his thoughts, Malik Maruk whispered a new



command.

“Moan”

And an incredible moaning sound rose over the yard. Yusuf suddenly found the situation a bit hot for him, as he wasn't used anymore to refraining his sexual desires since he had all his slaves at his disposal ... and anyway would not become hard with the simple view of a naked woman ... though now, his manhood was as stiff as a wooden staff.

Malik noticed his condition and smiled.

“If you can wait a little, the show isn't over yet! Hot!”

The White females kept on rubbing the tiled floor, but their movements and moans increased in intensity. Also, as he had changed his tone of voice, it seemed to create a tremendous hope in the whole yard.

“Hotter!”

The women increased the whole thing, but were now beginning to shake, a lot like when Yusuf, at home, was giving quick taps with his finger on the vulva of a white slave, creating a frantic response of the female before she was losing control.

But these were not! Despite their body frenzy and the mad hope that could be felt, they were keeping a perfect discipline, attentive to the commands of Malik.

“Silence!” the old man whispered.

The silence that resulted was spectacular, though it didn't alter the frantic movements one bit. The whites had their face incredibly red with pleasure, but not one of them was even gulping.

Yusuf seemed to get out of his torpor. He would never have guessed, when he entered the remote farm, that he was going to see the show of a lifetime!

“How do you do that? How can they keep their control at this point?”

“Let's not exaggerate,” the old man replied, “they'll soon lose it, one by one. It is not perfection, but I try to push the envelope further each time. Believe me, every day they improve themselves. Though, they will lose control anyway when I'll command them to have an orgasm.”

“But... You didn't even touch them,” Yusuf reacted, “you think they can come like this?”

“They certainly can. Though, on my command only, or there'd be no respect! To show you that I'm not cheating in choosing the right moment to say the command, you can keep them that way as long as you want. When you want them to come, just nod to me and I'll murmur the keyword.”

Yusuf didn't think he could enjoy anymore the sight of white females in sexual bliss, after all these years of experiencing the Naffi Effect on these swinish species. He knew that he could make them climax with only a few contacts of his skin, and thought he had seen it all. Though, that silent ocean of frantic bodies was turning him on, keeping his manhood straight up.

“And what if I take one of them right now?” Yusuf said, “will she keep control too?”

“No, of course not! No way! When they climax, no training can prevent their convulsions. But feel free to try. Penetrate a lucky one, and see what happens.”

“I didn't come for that,” Yusuf protested, “though, I can't pretend I am not aroused.”

“Don't be ashamed because I'm present,” Malik replied, “you know we, old Shazilaris, are often naked in the streets. We can use a white in public without offending anyone. Younger people are sometimes a bit worried that they could be mistaken with white animals, but at our age, we are pretty aware of the absolute might of our divine state. Though, as you're not from around here, I'll look elsewhere if you want.”



Yusuf was so aroused that the invitation seemed suddenly to be a fantastic opportunity. He didn't care so much about mounting a white in front of a stranger. And after all, he was trying to live according to Shazilari rules, wasn't he?

He chose a little pink hole that seemed to be calling his manhood with insistence for a few minutes now. He knelt down above it and raised his robe. Then, he thrust his cock straight into the welcoming orifice. Her anus was so perfectly well oiled that he penetrated it swiftly and up to the hilt.

The reaction was immediate. The girl became convulsive and began to shout with pleasure.

Hearing the sound, the slaves around pricked up their ears. They were clearly waiting for the signal with eagerness!

It was really good to see these whites suffer in such a way. Usually, it was frustrating to get revenge upon the Western world on these females, as they were always looking so happy. Even knowing they had been ripped off from a life of freedom and importance to be degraded to the status of mere property, he still found something very unfair in the display of such a mind-boggling enjoyment. For now, the only thing that Yusuf had found for a real punishment, in addition to the whip, was depriving them of the contact they so greedily sought from Arabs.

And now, he was aware of how short his view had been in the matter: Keeping them from getting their orgasm through a strict discipline, that was a real punishment! A punishment worthy of an Arab Master.

He moved inside the blonde pet for a few seconds, which was sufficient to make him come after such a show and almost a day of abstinence for this trip. The girl was shouting as if she was on the verge of collapsing, accompanying his movements gloriously.

Stunned by his orgasm for a few seconds, Yusuf finally

got his senses back, fully enjoying around him the waves of the hundreds of naked pink bodies still seeking for their delightful relief.

"So..." Malik Maruk said with a smile that showed how few teeth he had left, "How was it? Was she trained enough for you?"

Yusuf couldn't answer. Usually he was very picky about how these females had to move their muscles to drive men to heaven. He had mounted the white when she was right at the edge of her orgasm, and then she got increasing body convulsions while he climaxed. Though he was satisfied beyond his wildest hopes with this, he couldn't pinpoint what had been so different than his usual intercourse with his own slaves.

And then, it suddenly struck him! She had been trained to keep using her internal muscles to please men in an orgasmic state!

"Really impressive Malik," Yusuf said, "I didn't know it was even possible ... for a real orgasm, I mean."

"It is a difficult thing to train," Malik replied, "believe me I know, but it works ultimately. The movements they do are simple in that state, but they are there!"

Yusuf looked around. The women were still rubbing their vulvas on the ground. Though it seemed that their discipline was not going to last forever. He noticed a jerky hip movement here, a shake in a leg there.

"Should I authorize their orgasm now?" Yusuf asked to Malik Maruk, "it seems to me that they won't resist for long."

"They can do that for hours," Malik laughed, "it is quite fascinating to watch them become all jerky and mechanized before collapsing, but we'll keep that delight for another time."

"And Allah knows how precious my time can be. And yours too, I guess. So you can relieve them. Your point is well taken."

"All right."



The old man took a very low voice and slowly said:
“Malik Maruk.”

And suddenly, there was a great clamor, almost religious, between relief and revelation, chanting the name of the man who was offering it to them ... immediately followed by an explosion of climaxing screams and convulsions.

The girls were out of control now, expressing their orgasm at last. And their gratitude for the Master was clearly of religious nature.

What a fantastic trainer this Malik Maruk was!

Chapter III The Stephanie Steen argument

Congratulations,” Yusuf said, “I’ve never seen such a wonderful thing. I’ll order you a dozen of these creatures to enjoy at home. I used to think that revenge on free Western sluts carried the best rewards, but now that I’ve seen what you do with native whites, I find the idea to own some of those suddenly very appealing.”

“Oh!” Malik Maruk reacted surprised, “you think they are natives? Oh no! Who would I be if I had given you such a little display with servile native animals to prove to you my abilities in training wild white ones?”

“But... But certainly you don’t mean... You... Are you telling me that these white females were born free?”

“But, of course, they were!”

Yusuf froze for a few seconds. He couldn’t believe that Malik Maruk could have succeeded in training educated freeborn white women to perform such a disciplined and enthusiastic display. They looked so feral compared to the white women of his stables, obedient but incapable to force their nature!



“All right,” Malik Maruk said, “I can see that you need some proof. Feel free to take a look at their passports. I’ve them all... Oh wait... I have a much more enjoyable way to convince you. Follow me.”

They walked further into the yard, making the women turn to keep their crotch in the view axis of the old man. Despite what had just happened, and the intensity of their orgasm, they were back into total control.

Yet, Yusuf noticed one woman who wasn’t moving anymore... And another one...

“I think you got a few lazy girls after all,” Yusuf laughed.

“Oh no,” Malik smiled, “you got it wrong. These girls have only collapsed from my little presentation. They are knocked down with pleasure!”

Yusuf had seen girls faint like that in the hands of gifted masters, but never out of hearing the name of their owner!

Now he understood while Rasheeda was a fan of this trainer. If it was true that they were all free women whom he had turned into animals, he really was the best trainer in the world.

“Ah!” Malik Maruk said, stopping in front of the crotch of one of his slaves, “here is the proof you seek. I recognize her typically neat clitoral hood!”

He kicked the girl down on the crotch and made her turn around only by pushing her with the tip of his slipper, carelessly squashing her labia.

“Up!” He commanded, making the blonde girl immediately jump on her knees before him, displaying an adoring face and a widely pulled tongue, according to the Shazilari traditions of respect for Arab men.

Malik Maruk slightly bent forward and rubbed the girl’s golden hair until she became as red as a beetroot.

He spat on her face, triggering instantly a huge orgasm

that she seemed to keep under almost perfect control, silent as a tomb. Only a few random body shaking and a slight vibration at the tip of her widely pulled tongue had betrayed her condition.

“If you plan to make her speak to convince me, think again,” Yusuf said with a smile, “I’m aware that some masters have succeeded in making Shazilari native whites perform language tricks, like parrots. I think you have sufficient skills to manage such a show.”

“That wasn’t my intention. Please take my place and rub her head.”

Yusuf put his hand on the girl’s hair. Despite her attempts to hide it, the white was having the time of her life!

“How come?” he asked, “how come that this one can control herself while she climax and not the others?”

“Oh, they all can,” Malik replied, “it is no big deal for them so soon after a first orgasm. After that, they can stay for hours, in perfect control, though in a constant climaxing state... If I am generous enough to allow it, of course.”

“Of course! But what is your point with this one? Indeed, she’s very pretty, and I find quite arousing that she enjoys herself so much just by looking at me, but I fail to see where your proof is!”

“Take a better look, Yusuf. Doesn’t she seem familiar to you?”

Yusuf examined the girl with attention. He had seen her somewhere all right, though not with such a red face and the tongue pulled like that.

“No... I don’t.... Oh! Oh... No way!”

Yusuf had just recognized Stephanie Steen, an American actress who used to play in famous television shows ... a few years ago, before she mysteriously disappeared!

Stephanie Steen! So, it was all true! Malik Maruk’s graceful



creatures were once freeborn whites! Indeed he was the king of trainers, and if someone could train Ségolène Micheraie in a record time, he was the one!

That was why Yusuf Bourid was still in Malik Maruk's house one hour later, sitting at the big table in his living room, instead of being pulled by a trio of white fillies in a carriage on the road to the airport.

He intended to stay in the farm for the night and was enjoying dinner with his new best friend ... and yes, of course, he had decided to take the old man's deal. All things considered, four little bratty princesses were nothing compared to what the skills of this prodigious man could offer. Yusuf managed to negotiate an exclusive for a whole year of training work, and a training course for both his son Nabil and his friend Saïd Agadir.

They signed the contract, and Yusuf began to eagerly ask a series of questions to the old man.

Malik Maruk happened to be the grandson of Maruk, a major architect of the Holy Conquest, the first trainer of whites to take a trip outside Shazilar, and before that the sole adviser of Caliph Basher Al Azzuz, until the death of that great reformer of the Valley. Then, not so much appreciated by the new Caliph Ali Al Rhazul, Maruk was sent out of the Valley of Shazilar to build a city in the north of the Valley of the Slaves; a city that became the international hub for the trade of white products, and was named after him "Maruk Market".

Malik Maruk was also named after his father Malik, also famous as one of the first President of the Shazilarabad University, and the founder of "Eldorado Harbor". Malik was seen as the best trainer of whites of his generation.

Malik died of old age three years ago, more than a cen-

tury old, and his father Maruk a few years before, aged one hundred and twenty. Malik Maruk was definitely worthy of his prestigious ancestors. He had clearly inherited their skills for the management of whites, together with both their names and—he hoped—their long life...

He was also the guardian of all their training tricks! And as if it wasn't enough, he invented new ones. He worked on swillraoussas, the new wild white females, as soon as the Valley of Shazilar had begun their importation. He was only twenty years old when he learnt that there was an outside world behind the mountains filled with millions of strange white women who didn't seek to worship Arab gods. That was an opportunity to become worthy of his family by specializing in training these difficult newcomers.



He became the best student in wild white training of the University, then one of the teachers and finally his president, like his father before him. Though, it was more a passion than a job, so he decided to go to the source and lived for years in Eldorado Harbor, where so many wild whites were sold by international pirates in exchange for gold and diamonds from the Valley.

To train these strange animals who didn't seem to be aware by nature that they needed to belong to Arabs, Malik Maruk established revolutionary training patterns.

keeping alive his family tradition to go fetch the whites always further and further, Malik Maruk went to Europe to



learn more about their natural habitat. They were no naffi spores in the air at the time, and he still managed to subdue a beautiful white female forty years younger than him in less than a month and to make her worship him like a god with just a few little tricks and a lot of self-confidence!

He was ugly and aged more than sixty at the time, but he was always finding a flaw in a female's character where he could sow the desire for a new experience. They were surprised that an old North-African like him could dare trying to seduce them, and were disarmed just the time he needed to swoop down upon his prey.

The white girls were always getting tangled up in the position of asking themselves if they were prejudiced about Arabs—or elderly people! Before they had chance to work that out, he was already well established in their guilt. Then, as it couldn't possibly end with a long-term involvement of any sort, so much the contrast with their ideal of men was important, they were all falling down into his hands—just for a night! And then, the days that followed, he just had to become the girl's mentor by having an answer to all their existential questions. Caught in a pincer movement between the mentoring and the guilt triggering, his preys didn't stand a chance. Of course it worked only with girls in their twenties, but Malik Maruk was not interested in the ones older than that anyway.

He began an importing business, spending a few months in Europe, then back to Rasheedia with a dozen girls already under his spell. Once at home, he only had to nest them in the new society where the naffies were doing the rest.

Of course, this traditional hunt was only for fun, as in captivity, the Naffi Effect would have been sufficient to train them, but he didn't like to rely too much on the Shazilari plant. It was too easy—and he was certain that his skills in

psychology of the white would become useful one day.

Though, everything seemed to prove him wrong, and he retired from the slave trade years ago, ruined by challengers with easier modern methods; challengers who were also ruined a few years later, when the Western world became aware of the Naffi Effect. Their expenses increased exponentially, and they finally lost the market for the benefit of battery rearers...

Malik Maruk was too old to start hunting in Europe again, but fortunately, Rasheeda the First heard about his misfortune and gave him the exclusive for the training of her own whites. She also hired him as he official consultant in wild white animals for the D.I.R.E.⁵

Training a woman with the help of the Naffi Effect would be just a formality for such a man, even if that woman was the delegate of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.!

Yusuf was now confident in his victory again. Now he had the help of the best trainer in the world, a man who already had planned a perfect scheme working with freeborn Western females who knew the existence of the naffi plant, and so couldn't believe anymore that what was enslaving them to an Arab Master was rooted in their deep nature and expressed by their subconscious. This knowledge and their education was a new obstacle? Great challenge! Malik Maruk planned to reverse the problem and use this knowledge to his own profit.

Yusuf was really impressed that this old man could have come up with this brilliant strategy in such a short time! Using the knowledge of the Naffi Effect to skip the one-month deadline with Ségolène Micheraie.... He had no idea how Malik Maruk would do such a miracle, but if this man was saying it would be so, he could count Yusuf in.

From now on, he would be an unconditional believer in the old man. He was happy to think that his son Nabil and his



friend Saïd would come here too and take lessons of slave training from such an experienced genius.

Both Wonderbourg and Wonderstein needed such valuable knowledge...



Chapter IV The perils of Ségolène

Ségolène Micheraie and her three colleagues landed at Kassimbad International Airport a few days later, in a sunny afternoon. They were welcomed by a delegation of Rasheedian officials, led by Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul in person.

This was a very special occasion. Since the birth of Taminambiwa in 1956, a new nation built on the ashes of the ex-British colony of Shaziriland, it had been forbidden to tourists. A few scientific explorations had been allowed in the past but they all had to be authorized by the Empress herself.

Rasheeda Al Rhazul, born Rasheeda Bourid, had been one of these foreign explorers. Officially, she was even the first one to enter the Valley of Shazilar. She had written a book that was now a reference about Shazilari Culture, even if her assertions about the benign nature of White slavery in Shazilari religion were now questioned.

Ségolène had taken no part in that controversy, but she tended to share the opinion of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. which had great suspicions about the expansion of the traffic of White women being linked to the spreading of the naffi plant throughout the world.



Nobody knew why the spores of that plant were making White people slavish to Africans and Arabs. For now, only its effects had been observed in the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. laboratories in Geneva, but the cause was yet to be found. They only knew that the plant had originated in the Valley of Shazilar and that it was probably the reason of the animal status of White people in the Shazilari Culture.

Rasheeda was the one who had saved the Valley traditions from a world condemnation by describing in her book the native White females as so wildly nymphomaniac that they had to be contained with various artifacts, though were respected as sacred animals, a bit like sacred cows in India. The Western world was horrified at first to learn that White people of Shazilar were owned by Shazilari farmers, but after Rasheeda Bourid had brought several native creatures in Europe, it became obvious to everyone that they could never be independent. Not only they couldn't speak, but they were so eager to get sexual attention from Arab men that they just couldn't survive without being the property of a registered Shazilarian master. The only way to protect them from being constantly abused or abducted was through subjecting their potential tormentors to the severe sentences applied to thieves in that region. Though medieval it looked at first, the native whites needed to be taken care in captivity, to be controlled with restraining devices and collective harness for the ones who had to go out, to be marked on their flesh with the indelible brand of their owner, and to be registered with an official property act and a legal seal on their locked genitals to implement it.

So the UN decided that this original culture was an exception to the definition of human rights, and that as long as this ownership applied only between individuals from these two ethnic groups and was subjected to a strict regis-

tration, it should be tolerated and even protected from outside influence. It was only years later, when the naffi plant was discovered, that this exception became controversial. If the naffi plant was really the reason why White women would see African people around as gods, Shazilari traditions couldn't be seen as a cultural exception anymore, but as an abuse of a situation. The statements of Rasheeda Bourid, which had been taken originally as face value because she was sent by U.N.C.A.W.W.S. were questioned after she became the wife of the Caliph of Shazilar. And now that she was the leader of an empire made out of Tambinambiwa and its neighbor Emirates, many people emitted the possibility that she could have lied for her own interest. Of course, it would imply that this powerful head-of-state had been the architect of a huge conspiracy to expand the trade of White women and ultimately, to conquer the world with the help of the naffi plant.

Such a theory was supported by the French writer Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, but this woman was so racist, and her assertions about the Shazz movement were so fanciful that Ségolène couldn't possibly take her for anything other than a conspiracy theorist. Young people had always taken strange ways to distinguish themselves from their elders, and this generation was just fascinated by a Shazilari Culture that was keeping its mystery. Linking that movement to the spreading of the naffi plant, to the White slavery traffic, and to the ban of tourism in the Empire of Rasheedia, with the alleged purpose of conquering the world ... was a bit far-fetched.

Though, Ségolène didn't reject any theory. She didn't feel completely safe since she was in this country, even with the protection of her ex-colleague the Empress, and the knowledge that if anything should happen to her, it would only prove Rasheedia's detractors right. She would be attentive to the signs of that theory, but was hoping for her own sake that it wasn't



the truth. It would be very difficult to put an accusation like that on the leader of an empire that had become since one of the biggest economic powers in the world. Nevertheless, if she should find a proof of such a conspiracy, Ségolène would do everything in her power to put a good spoke in the wheel of that plan for conquest.

After a dinner in the Imperial Palace and a good night in the best hotel of Kassimbab, the four delegates of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. were ready for their tour of Rasheedia. Ségolène had rejected the original group schedule set up by the Rasheedian authorities and demanded that the delegates should split in two groups. Ségolène would visit the two controversial valleys with her good friend Emma Braggston, and Emil Janner would take the south of the Tambi Province with his assistant Macha Wakovics.

So, the next day, two expeditions were set up, each one escorted by a Rasheedian military squad, independent guides and translators— Their destination, the most unknown territories on the planet!

The city of Maruk was Ségolène's first stop. The U.N.C.A.W.W.S. had always suspected that "Maruk Market"—as it used to be called—could be the hub of the traffic of White women in the region. But of course, as far as they knew, it could also be the local trade center for the much appreciated tambì figs, which was actually what the Empire officials had always said.

It was very far from the modern airports of Tambi and Kassimbab. The road had been clearly neglected by the Government, which was quite strange for a supposed international trade hub. Empress Rasheeda had explained to them that the best way to go to Maruk was through the river, but Ségolène was determined to question every information coming from the Empire, so she chose to go by road.

It wasn't the wisest decision she had taken in her life! They took a rocky road for hours before entering the jungle, and then had to follow a vague dirt track riddled with huge baobab roots.

After more hours in the jungle, driving very slowly and making many stops, they finally arrived in the foothills of the Nubiari mountains. Unfortunately, it was when their convoy had to stop, blocked by a gigantic branch of a baobab tree that had fallen down across the track.

Before they could even figure out a way of moving the branch away, they were attacked by a whole tribe of Shaziris. The soldiers and the guides who were not instantly killed cleared out through the thick foliage and never came back, leaving the two women at the mercy of the savages.

Technically, the Shaziris were the major ethnic group of that part of Rasheedia, so the guides and the soldiers were Shaziris too, but these attackers were not their friends, being the sons and grandsons of the Zwangaris, a tribe that chose to keep alive the traditional ways of the Shaziris. Their ancestors were mostly from Guba and Nambi tribes, though some Tambis have joined them in the old days. They were worshippers of the Zwangani, a goddess with golden hair supposed to eat White women alive and to emasculate her zealots not devout enough for her taste, a peculiarity that had made her world-famous through many books, some pretending that she could be Lady Whitestock, the wife of the Lord of the Animals, who disappeared in the sixties. Those were really far-fetched theories, and anyway, the Zwangaris were now supposed to worship The Goddess of all these old White goddesses, the Empress of Rasheedia. It could be a simple misunderstanding, but neither Ségolène, nor Emma could speak Shaziri, and with the translators gone, they couldn't explain that they were the good friends of their all-powerful Goddess.

The two women were captured and brought to the village



where the Zwangaris stripped them of their clothes and tied them naked to wooden posts.

All that evening the natives danced around their terrified preys. Fortunately, they weren't subjected to rape by the Zwangaris, all these ferocious warriors being too exhausted by their frantic gesticulations to do anything other than collapsing in their huts afterwards.

The two women were left on their posts, naked and powerless in the center of the now very quiet village, at the disposal of any warrior who would wake-up aroused during the night and would suddenly remember their presence. It was going to be a very long night!

After a few hours, they couldn't feel their arms anymore. Even if they should manage to stay untouched in the morning, they couldn't figure who could come to their rescue before something bad could happen.



Chapter V The breeding farm

The sight of an old Arab tiptoeing in their direction paralyzed the two women with terror. Though, their fear was soon replaced by surprise. What could an Arab possibly do alone by night in the village of a savage tribe?

The old man put his finger on his mouth, notifying the women to be silent. He pulled a knife out of his djellabah and untied them. And soon, the two naked women and their savior were fleeing through the dense foliage.

After three hours of an exhausting run, they left the jungle for a rocky area. A mile later, they turned around on a dirt track moving up, and walked for five hours through the steep and narrow paths of a mountain road, their feet hurting badly on the sharp rocks. Though, as they could hear the Zwangari drums in the distance, meaning that their escape had been discovered, they kept on climbing as fast as they could.

At dawn, Ségolène was at last able to establish their location. She had memorized a map of the region while preparing



the expedition and would never have forgotten the unique geographic feature of this neighborhood: A one-mile-high vertical wall overhanging the jungle, the Naouda cliff, very strange junction of the Nubiari and the Shazilari mountain ranges. Along that wall of rock was a flat area of two hundred miles long, with in the middle a tight split with a climbing rocky track. The track snaked up and reached a half-a-mile wide plateau, then a series of smaller-flat areas separated by paths barely wide enough for a car to pass. At the end of the cliff, the track climbed up again for an hour and turned above the plateaus they just had crossed.

Over the cliff, they could see the jungle where they were running a few hours ago. Further away, the beginning of the gigantic swamp and the river were separating the wilderness and the Valley of Rasheedabad. They could even see the city of Maruk and stopped for a few minutes, trying to make the old man understand that it was the place where they wanted to go, but he didn't seem to speak a word of English and couldn't possibly understand their request, even when they were saying the word "Maruk". He would only put his hand on his chest and say "Malik Maruk" with a reassuring voice, making them wonder what "Malik" could mean. Was he afraid of going to this city, or did he mean that he intended to bring them there across that mountain road?

After a few hours of walk on the tight rocky track on the side of the cliff, the wall of rock turned into the steep side of a mountain and they took a path climbing and turning back to what seemed to be the top plateau of the cliff. Though, they were now moving clearly away from their destination. Ségolène suddenly stopped and tried to make him understand again that they needed to go to Maruk. At last, the old man seemed to get it and explained, through wide gestures and grimaces, that there was no path to get down the cliff

from this point, except the one across the jungle from which they came. Then he turned and made a wide gesture with his arm, suggesting there was a long way around. The two women were not in a position to leave their savior and stay alone naked in the middle of nowhere anyway, so they kept on following him up the rocky track.

After an hour of hard walk, they were in sight of a big farm built on a small plateau against the mountain. As the old man was jabbering his enthusiasm pointing at it, Ségolène realized with fright that it was his living place, and that they were invited in. Why would anyone build a farm here, on that deserted cliff? It was so remote that they could disappear without a trace. Indeed, Malik Maruk had risked his life to save them, but it didn't mean that his intentions were honorable.



Anyway, they didn't have a choice. They desperately needed food and water, and it could very well be the only place within hundreds of miles where they could eat and drink. So, they both tried to hide their fear and followed him through the door. They were greatly reassured when an Arab woman wel-



comed them. Discovering that the old man had a wife was a tremendous relief!

Anywhere else in the world, they would have asked for clothes to cover their nudity, but here they knew from the book of Rasheeda Bourid that the couple of farmers would never understand such a demand, as White women were not allowed to wear anything according to the rules of the Shazilari religion. On the other side, they knew that they would be treated well, like sacred animals.

Alas! It wasn't what happened at all. As soon as they had entered the enclosed yard, the woman grabbed their arms and made them kneel down.

Ségolène thought it might be part of the local tradition, so she didn't try to avoid it. Having to kneel nude in front of a couple of North-African peasants was quite appalling, but it was helping to see it as a symbolic ritual. She just hoped that it would be quick.

When the old man ran his hands on their intimacies, she decided that a line had been crossed, and so did Emma. The two women stood up in panic at the exact same time and began to run in the direction of the heavy door.

It was locked! They had just fallen out of the frying pan into the fire!

The old farmer was obviously very angry about their escape attempt. He frowned at them as if they were disobedient children. He fetched a chain and manacles in a trunk and put them on their wrists and ankles, then chained the two women together.

They protested, squawked and gesticulated, until the old Arab raised his voice and expressed his anger in Arabic. He obviously didn't mean to be cruel, only treating them as if they had been two little brats who needed to be taught how to behave. As for the manacles, the Arab woman was gesturing

her admiration for how they looked with them on their wrists and ankles.

Emma began to cry, but Ségolène told her to stop. They couldn't show any weakness if they wanted to be taken seriously. She began to speak to the man with a threatening voice, pointing at the manacles with little strokes of her chin.

This attitude was clearly not appreciated by the old farmer, who fetched a whip on the wall and made it crack without warning on the delegate's buttocks. She tried to protect herself with her manacled hands, but it was even more painful when the leather lash hit her fingers.

She decided that it was time to stop that escalation of violence for what was clearly the result of a cultural misunderstanding. She bent her head in sign of submission, and the old Arab stopped cracking his whip. He even smiled, looking at her like if she were a little girl who had just learnt a lesson given for her own good.

Ségolène was in despair. There was nothing that she could do to threaten or impress the old man. She had to comply and be what she was supposed to be— for now!

The old farmer sent his wife away with a pointing gesture. She went back a few minutes later, followed by a White woman dressed as a human filly.

As delegates of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., Ségolène and Emma had seen a lot of documents about that tribal culture that made possible for Arabs to use White women for pulling carriages, but it was never about real slavery. The ancestors of the native Whites were supposed to have freely chosen that life, probably driven by the powerful Naffi Effect. After dozens of generations, they couldn't speak anymore and were really behaving like animals, just as that human filly that was presented to them.

Ségolène tried to talk to her, but it was no use. The poor woman had no idea what meant these strange noises coming



from their throats. It was a nightmare!

Their alleged savior had just filched two white slaves from under his black neighbors' noses, and intended now to unscrupulously use his bounty as he pleased!

The farmer raised his foot, and the creature began to lick the sole of his slipper, completely involved in her task, giving the impression that she was granted a great honor. Seeing that Ségolène was glaring at him, the old farmer gave her his thumb to suck.

It had been a shock when he had touched her intimacies, and for the second it lasted, Ségolène had felt aroused, thinking it was a normal response. But now that she felt the same thing with his thumb in her mouth, she had to acknowledge that she had just experienced the famous Naffi Effect!

She had expected it, and it wasn't arousing enough to make her forget her self-esteem. With a bit of willpower, she could avoid becoming an addict to what was only for her the effect of a drug.

She thought for one instant that she could bite the old man's thumb to express that she was a free woman from another country, not one of the consenting animals he was used to dealing with, but it was far too risky. She'd only look like a bad animal testing her new master, and who needed to be



tamed in a harder way. So she put her pride aside and sucked the wrinkled thumb: She would have other opportunities to show that she was a foreigner later, and would perform something that the scatterbrained creatures couldn't.

Poor Emma hadn't yet come to that conclusion. The sight of a White woman being degraded with a total lack of respect for her humanity was terrifying her, especially when they were clearly meant to model themselves on her!

Chapter VI A brand new life



A few minutes later, the Arab woman took Ségolène and Emma in hand. She made clear to them that her name was “Fatima Maruk”, which could only mean that the “Malik Maruk” expressed earlier by the old man had been his name.

She almost completely shaved them with a razor, leaving only a short-cropped triangle of hair above their beauty lips. They were dolled up with leather artifacts, high boots, horse straps tied to a bit, a headband, and a collar. A large belt was fastened around their waist, carrying a kind of leather apron above their intimacies. A name was written on it, in roman letters: “S.A. Í. D.”

Ségolène was very surprised. It looked like the Arabic name Saheed written in French language with Roman letters! Why this if his name was Malik Maruk? Were these artifacts imported from a French-speaking country, making of that name a simple brand for a product? Actually, it looked like some standard outfits made for Shazz adepts. She knew that the fiendish entrepreneur and ruler of the Principality of Wonderbourg Yusuf Bourid was selling that kind of product in his supermarkets across Europe, but it was a shock to find such items in deepest Rasheedia, moreover, in such a deserted area.



Just thinking of that horrible head-of-state while she was in this awful situation was giving her the shivers. He used to say around him that he loved doing business with women, though Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse claimed that this was only a joke, meaning that he was surrounded by White slaves...

In her present condition, Ségolène didn't find these allegations so unbelievable after all. Yusuf Bourid could very well own White women in this region legally. And what could prevent him from making a slave out of a Shazz enthusiast, if she should come with him to this country? Seen from here, the moral side of the problem looked very different ... though actually, why would it be so different when seen from Wonderbourg too? This country had accepted the Shazilari religion on its territory, because their economy had been saved by the Rasheedian Empire. It could now as well be called a Rasheedian Protectorate after all...

In any case, both Wonderbourg and Rasheedia were bound by the UN resolution about naffies, and Ségolène would have a lot of investigations to launch when this would be over. For now, no one had never found anything pointing at Rasheedia, but her actual reaction to the touch of an Arab was the proof of the presence of the spores! And it could only mean that the Rasheedian Empire and the Principality of Wonderbourg were both responsible for the traffic of White women and the spreading of the naffi flower. Until now, the UN had accused Zebya for that, and each time that someone had suggested that other countries might be even more involved in White slavery, it had been taken as an attempt to undermine the real threat, and to protect Zebya from UN military forces.

Ségolène knew that she couldn't escape by herself. On one side, there was the mountain, and on the other, the cliff

and the road back to the jungle with the Zwangaris ready to ambush her. She needed to wait for someone who could speak English or French. That farm had to get visitors sometimes!

Fortunately for Ségolène, it was exactly what happened a bit later in that same evening: A man came to the farm in a carriage pulled by White women. He was clearly coming from a Western country, wearing a tracksuit instead of a robe, and had numerous suitcases with him which suggested that he was here for a while. She thought that she could get out of trouble if only he could hear her speak for a few seconds. She just needed to express that she was under the protection of Empress Rasheeda. She doubted that anyone around would dare defy that terrible leader!

Ségolène tried to get the man's attention, but with the horse bit she could only moan and shake. She was thrashed for that attempt by Fatima Maruk, and her punishment didn't even distract the newcomer from his conversation in Arabic with the old farmer.

Even if she didn't succeed, her hope was back. This young man was obviously born in Europe and had to know her language. She would inevitably get an opportunity to speak to him, as they couldn't leave the bit in her mouth all the time. When she needed to eat, for example... That man would be around when she would scream: "I'm a friend of the Empress!"

Though, she was wrong about that also. When evening came, the two women were brought to a stable located outside of the farmhouse where many more nude White women were held. They were put in small horse boxes and were chained to big rings inside. Malik covered the boxes with a black awning, which was their only protection from the outside! They had to sleep naked on the straw displayed for them on the tiled floor, with only the warmth of the weather in that part of the world to avoid them getting cold at night.



As wondered, Ségolène had a terrible night. She wasn't used to sleeping folded like that and didn't dare stretching her legs out of the hanging awning. Also, with the bit in her mouth, she was constantly drooling, and the manacles were terribly hurting. She managed to sleep for very short lapses, but would always wake up hearing strange noises; and then, she wouldn't get back to sleep, scared of what could crawl under the awning ... a scorpion ... a snake... Not to mention that a bigger wild beast or a human prowler could easily raise the awning and uncover her all tied up, nude and powerless. Indeed, the idea that so many other women were sharing her discomfort was a bit reassuring. So was the thought that Malik Maruk would have built better boxes if it could be so dangerous. White women were treated like animals, but still had rarity value for these Arabs. Though, thinking of what could determine her value in this place was quite depressing: She could only guess what weird things were going to be done to her...

In the morning, when Malik removed the awning to wake up the twenty fillies, she was freezing. The general hot weather of the region was not enough to keep the women warm at dawn. Swiftly, they were put in a coffle and driven by the whip to run in the surroundings of the farm to get warm.

They spent the day doing a lot of exercise and experiencing constant humiliations. Having to eat in a manger was one of them, but the worst one was to have to satisfy their natural needs in front of Fatima Maruk.

A week passed like that for the two Western women, sleeping naked in the straw, eating cheap cereal gruel in a manger, walking with awful leather boots with no heels, learning to prance like fillies. To their great surprise, nothing sexual was done to them. At least, no penetration, though when Malik Maruk was touching their skin, it was always

sexual. When the contact was long enough, it would even make them climax. And that irrepensible response was filling Ségolène and Emma with shame.

Malik Maruk was doing that a lot. He enjoyed patting their heads, squeezing their butt cheeks, making them licking his hands... Though if it was brief, it was just teasing them, and they were left utterly frustrated after it. Ségolène had noticed that these involuntary responses of her body, and how Malik Maruk was playing with his power were beginning to work on her mind. It was even worse than if she had been raped!

Emma seemed to take all this with even more difficulties than she did. Ségolène noticed that she needed now the proximity of Malik Maruk to be in a good mood, except in the rare days when the old farmer would show her some personal attention. In that case, she would feel wonderful for a few hours ... and then back to the sadness of her condition and the shame of her body reactions again.

The old Arab had obviously noticed that fact, as he sadistically enjoyed giving her a pat on the buttocks, making the poor woman start with embarrassment. Emma was always trying to repress her sexual excitement, but couldn't last long, soon surrendering herself to shivers of pleasure. And in these moments, contrary to what he was doing to Ségolène, Malik was always walking away, leaving the poor woman utterly aroused with a lot of time to think that the huge power held by the old man over her was an absolute one.

After quite a few displeasing attempts, Ségolène decided that she would behave as required. Malik Maruk could be really sweet with her, but when she was crossing the lines of the simple local rules, his whip was swift and painful. She knew that she would ultimately develop a weird attachment to the old man who ruled her life, and that it would come sooner with her cooperation, but she had no choice if she wanted to be near



the mysterious guest of the house when her bit would be removed.

On the contrary, Emma was shamelessly groveling under the whip since the beginning of their captivity, vainly pretending that she wasn't feeling the Naffi Effect.

Ségolène was certain that Malik Maruk's repeated absences were a part of an improved method of training, probably the result of centuries of knowledge gathered through training White women in the Valley of Shazilar. Unfortunately, being aware that it was a scheme wasn't making its effect disappear. This treatment had already changed her personality; she knew that she would be a very different woman once back to civilization—definitely more sexually submissive to men!

Worse, the very same day when she decided that she would behave as required, Malik Maruk changed his own attitude too! He began to act with her like he had done with Emma, touching her only enough time to arouse her with the Naffi Effect, but leaving her soon with a terrible frustration.

It was such an obvious trick that Ségolène decided to go back to her previous attitude, but it clearly didn't work that way; her training seemed to be a one-way trip, and she had just entered a new level in a very strict program. She soon had to acknowledge that her only path was to be good, as getting the whip only for keeping her pride was stupid.

Of course, that decision unveiled another mind game. Now Malik Maruk was conspicuously putting them in competition for his patting, causing a new step in Emma's transformation. Ségolène's colleague was behaving shamelessly to win the old man's pats over her. It seemed that she was now perfectly at ease with her own sexual responses.

After two days, Ségolène felt so sad of always losing the competition that she decided to take up the gauntlet. She

tried to behave the way she thought a slut would—but just couldn't win against someone who wasn't faking anymore. Emma was now completely on the old man's wavelength, attentive to his desires and expressing her own. Ségolène couldn't just surrender like that to a man who treated women as animals without the slightest scruple.

It became worse for Ségolène the days that followed, when Malik Maruk would respond with a snigger to her faked teasing movements, but would grant Emma tender caresses. Ségolène tried, and tried again, though it was no use. Emma stayed the favorite, when she could only be second choice. She realized how deeply she was affected by this, but couldn't help it.

Though, at the end of the second week, the every day routine suddenly changed, as Ségolène and Emma were brought to the house in front of Malik Maruk and his guest. The two women had to kneel down in a degrading position, their loin thrown forward, as if they were begging for sex. Then, the old farmer pointed at the young man and said: "Saïd" many times, obviously presenting his guest.

Ségolène mentally jumped, hearing that name. Chances were great that this Saïd was the one whose name was stamped on her leather apron. Who was he? Malik Maruk's son? A friend of the family? Or maybe... Maybe he was here to buy her. It was a farm after all, with neither any fields around, nor animals to breed ... the old man had to live on something!

Malik put a sugar lump in the palm of his hand and moved closer. Ségolène was eager to fetch it with her tongue, as she had been deprived of anything sweet for two weeks. She was badly determined to get it. It would not be easy from under the bit, but she could manage a few twists of the tongue on the wrinkled palm to push the sugar lump into her mouth.

Malik Maruk, unfortunately, wasn't going to make things so simple. He made clear that he wanted her to look at him



straight in the eye in the process. The precise thing that could make Ségolène's blood boil.

It was the last straw: She didn't think that she could be more degraded than that. How could a man treat a woman that way? She moved her head back abruptly in a slightly rebellious gesture and made the sugar lump fall down on the floor!

She would never know why she had suddenly entered in rebellion like that. Could it be jealousy because he had disdained her for her friend Emma?

Anyway, Malik Maruk was terribly angry. He pulled her up by the hair and pushed her toward Saïd with despise, showing that he didn't want her anymore! Saïd took a look at her for a brief instant and silently thanked Malik Maruk as if she was a gift. It was obvious that she had changed hands!

Saïd gave Ségolène a good flogging on the buttocks. But the bite of his crop was nothing compared to the humiliation of being given away by a wrinkled and ugly Arab. Such a man should cherish his chance to get his hands on a beautiful woman like herself! Instead, that old goat didn't even try to pardon such a small breach of discipline! She didn't deserve to be thrown away like that. To think that she had debased herself doing everything in her power to charm him, and that he didn't even use her sexually! —What a slap in the face!

Clearly, Emma wasn't going to make the same mistake, that bitch! She wasn't even trying to hide her satisfaction. She gently fetched the sugar lump in the palm of her Master's hand, twisting her tongue with agility, looking at him straight in the eye with a fawning attitude. She only had a moment of terror when Malik Maruk's hand trembled, giving her the brief impression that the sugar lump was going to fall down. Though everything went all right and she finally snatched it. Contrary to Ségolène, Emma wouldn't lie to herself out of pride anymore: Being separated from this man



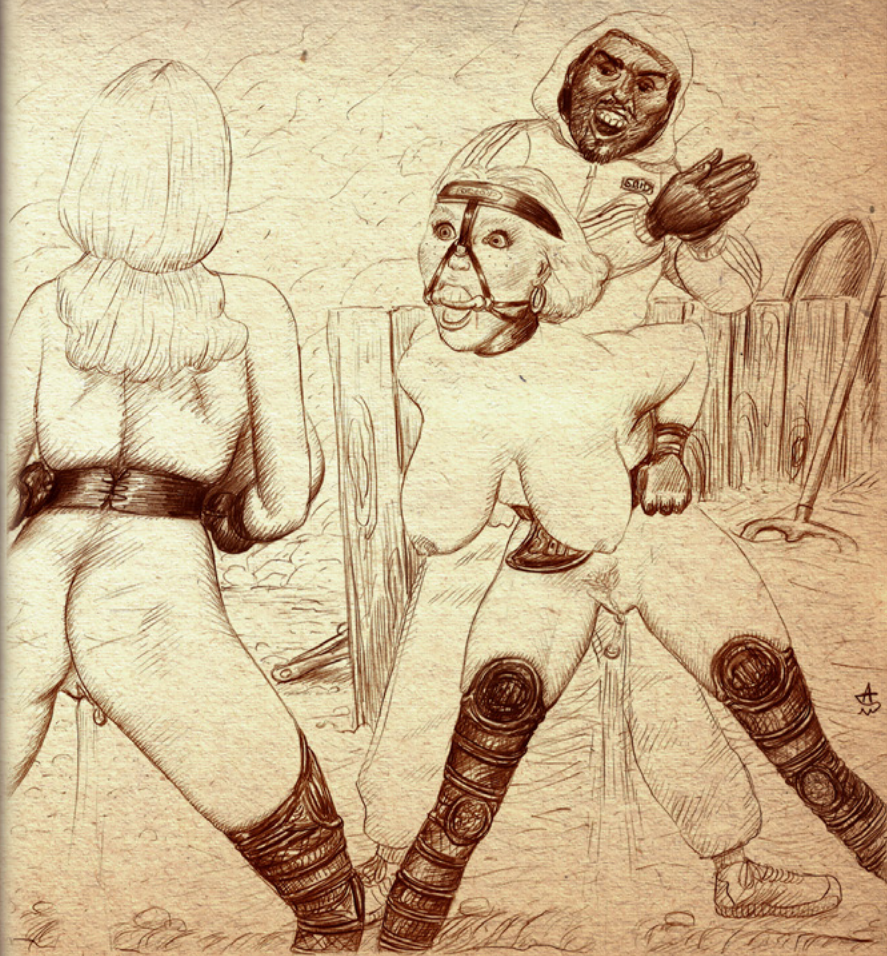
would have caused her an unmanageable distress!

Neither Ségolène nor Emma would see the old man the next days. It was Saïd who seemed to be in charge for both of them now, and it was clear in Emma's eyes that she was blaming her for their disgrace. The young Arab was much less refined than Malik Maruk in his approach, and he didn't have his charisma.

Worse, he loved to make women feel uncomfortable and shown to be very good at it. It was probably because he had grown up in Europe that he knew so well how to displease them!

Making them do their natural needs together under his strict control was one of the tricks he employed. He was well aware that under an emancipated attitude, a lot of western women were prudish, especially about such things. Making them perform in front of him what they had always done during their most private moments was giving him a very special authority over them that nobody else could ever have.

Even Emma's attachment to Malik Maruk was fading away, replaced by a crush for Saïd. She was so vulnerable! Before coming to this place, she had fallen in love only once, with a young boy during her adolescence. When that boy left town, she was devastated for months, seeing him everywhere... And what she had felt for Malik Maruk and was feeling now for Saïd was much stronger! It was so



destabilizing that she simply stopped thinking about it and surrendered herself completely to the present situation.

Her social life in Europe was too far away to count anymore. Worse, she was obviously terrified with the idea of leaving the place ... and it wasn't the fear of being morally judged back at home for her sluttish behavior in the farm that was worrying her. No, she was just going to miss this life terribly!

Saïd was sharing with them a much more intimate relationship than they ever had experienced in her life. Something that she would never feel again, and she knew that she would do anything to be able to stay around him. Naturally, it was a shame to allow a man to win her heart by such evil means, and that her behavior was a shame for all European women, but there was nothing she could do against it; and yet, she was well aware that the only choice she would have left in the end was between an incredible pleasure and a terror of the whip...

Ségolène was far from being in that state of mind. She would always keep a place untouched in her heart, even knowing that the price to pay was a tremendous shame each time she would lose the control of her body or would be forced to humiliate herself, like when she was doing her needs in front of Saïd.

Yet, she wasn't blind. This would get to her sooner or later, and she would feel badly bound to these people. She would never forget them and the pleasure she took ... when safely at home, that was! In the waiting, the submission of her body could shame her, but she would still have the pride to avoid surrendering for real to these despicable men!

Though, with the passing of days, even the boundaries that Ségolène had imposed to herself in the matter needed to evolve. She just couldn't help it. Her addiction to the presence

of Saïd was keeping on growing, so insidiously that she began to make more and more concessions to ease the shame.

Once, she didn't see him for three days, being trained instead by a tough muscled blonde woman. Then, she was chosen for the very intimate task of pulling Saïd's sulky on the roads around the farm, and she couldn't help feeling joy about it. He was driving the sulky for hours, exhausting her and treating her harshly, scaring her when he was suddenly speeding up on a steep mountain track. She would later be back to the farm in pieces, crying and trembling.

Though the next day, while she was doing boring filly exercises, Ségolène would secretly long for another of those rides, when she would feel once again for hours the comfort of Saïd's attention in silence on the Naouda cliff.

So, a few days later, as she was harnessed again to Saïd's sulky, Ségolène made a new important decision that replaced the previous ones. She would leave her own will aside for the time being and accept Saïd's domination completely, just like Emma. Being too strong-minded could be a nuisance that might only cause her more pain and humiliation. For now she had managed to pretend that she was obedient and servile, but Saïd might feel the deception, and while keeping on using her, he could develop an unconscious rejection for her—And she didn't think she could deal with such a terrifying prospect!

She knew that with that state of mind she could become a slave for life if she stayed here for a long time, but she knew it could never happen. The Empire of Rasheeda was eager to oblige U.N.C.A.W.W.S., and it was obvious that Rasheedian troops were definitely looking for them across the country right now. And even if it wasn't the case, she was supposed to make contact with the other U.N.C.A.W.W.S. delegates in less than a week. Even if their disappearance was imputable to the Shaziri tribe, it would place Rasheedia in a very delicate



Despite that attitude, Ségolène was becoming addicted to the presence of Saïd and day after day, insidiously, she began to make more and more concessions to ease the shame.

Some days she would not see him for two days, being trained by a tough muscled Blonde instead, so when she was chosen to pull Saïd's sulky on the roads, she couldn't help feeling joy. He was exhausting her and treated her harshly, often scaring her by speeding up on steep mountain roads. She would come back to the farm in pieces, crying and trembling.

But the next day, having to do stupid exercises to keep shape, she was secretly longing for one of those rides in silence for hours in the mountain roads around the Naouda cliff.



So she finally took an important decision. She would forget her own will for the time being and accept Saïd's domination completely, like Emma did. Being too strong-minded could be a nuisance that could only bring her more humiliations. For now she had managed to pretend she was trained, but Saïd may feel it and unconsciously reject her.

She was not stupid and knew that with that state of mind she was going to become a slave very quickly if she stayed here for a long time, but she was confident with the idea that the Empire of Rasheeda, eager to satisfy U.N.C.A.W.W.S., was looking for her right now and it was a question of days before she would be a free woman again.

And even if it wasn't the case, she had to take contact with the other U.N.C.A.W.W.S. delegates in less than a week. She had no doubt they would find her, as their disappearance, even imputable to the Shaziri tribe, would place Rasheedia in a very delicate position toward the United Nations.

She knew that ultimately she would just have to go home and to forget that nightmare...

Despite the relief that deadline was giving to her, she was beginning to think she would miss some parts in it, the exoticism, the presence of Saïd and Malik Maruk, the temporary freedom from all responsibilities. With the certitude it was not forever, it could even be fun !

She was realizing that her captivity was a very good excuse she could use to shamelessly enjoy the situation. She would punish those barbarians later for having done that to her using the Naffi Effect and so would keep her pride intact...



A

Chapter VII Saïd's crucial playlet

One morning, Malik Maruk came down to the stables, wearing a triumphant smile—a rare event, as he was usually impassive! He went directly toward Emma and took out the bit from her mouth. After he had cleaned her with a big sponge, he made her bend forward, then thrust his cock into her mouth.

It was the first time in almost a month that Ségolène could witness something really sexual being done to one of them.

Emma seemed to like it at first, but after twenty minutes of sucking the wrinkled organ, she showed signs of fatigue. Malik Maruk was not spring chicken, and each time that Emma showed the slightest fall of enthusiasm, his cock was becoming soft.

Ségolène frowned, deeply annoyed by the sight of her friend being degraded like that... Well, actually, it was more what she was trying to convince herself with, as she felt better and better as Emma was failing to quickly satisfy the old man.

Ségolène wondered if she could have felt a bit jealous about all this, though she forgot instantly that reflexion as her heart began to pound wildly, suddenly filled with a mad hope—Saïd was coming!



Unfortunately, it seemed that he wasn't interested in her, just coming around to have a talk with Malik Maruk in Arabic, a language that she didn't understand at all.

"Good morning Malik," Said Agadir said, "I see that it's time to have a little fun with those two sluts. I can't believe that we already succeeded in turning those grown-up politicians into greedy sluts!"

"All white animals are the same, young Saïd," Malik Maruk replied, "they don't want to kneel in front of a man that they despise, but if they are forced to do it, then inch Allah! We just have to give them good reasons to become what they secretly dream of being: white fillies, obedient enough to get sexual attention from their gods!"

"Sure Malik, once you dig a little, these women act exactly like fillies. I even begin to find it a little debasing to have sex with mere animals. The more I see them crawl, the more I fancy Arab women in comparison!"

"But these are not women, young Saïd!" Malik reacted. "You told me that you liked to call them 'yokels' to feel better than them, which can only mean that you're not ready yet, that you still see these fillies as human beings. They certainly are not! The wild ones aren't aware yet of their real status, but believe me they will. It's their nature. They invent all kinds of stuff, seduction games, denials for pride... Just because their minds have not been freed by a good training yet. See them for what they are, and you'll see that they are perfectly going to fit your criteria."

"I get it," the young Arab said, "but if you lived all your life like I did in a place where these sluts are making the rules, you would understand that just treating them as fillies the way you do would send you to prison fast."

"Maybe you're right," Malik said, "you know that outside world better than me. My family is from Shazilar, and I

was raised in the idea that these creatures were just animals, until we found some wild ones outside of the Valley that pretended not to be. Still, I went to Europe a few times and just did with some of them what I just did with these two. I captured them, and I broke them! I never failed. Naturally, if you let go your grip, corrupting your mind with the idea they are human beings, you are out! And it can be dangerous, as they can escape to their herd, and you get a nasty stampede after you. But if you don't allow the fillies to excite the other wild steeds and mares during their first days of captivity, and you give yourself a little time to tame them, they will calm down and feel that you only want them to express their true nature. And when they finally do, they just need to have some use, like pulling the cabriolet of their beloved God, hoping I would take good care of them... When I went to Europe the first time, I found incredible that such a huge number of whites didn't have any owner. They seemed to be lost, wandering in their loneliness, unconsciously looking for the Arab master that they would never get, some of them being not even aware of the object of their search. Believe me my friend, in Rasheedia, the whites are not lost. They are perfectly happy to live a good life, even if they had no clue at first how desperately they needed it."

"It's very tempting to see things like you do, Malik, but I had personally great successes with white women in my country, most of them because I was flattering them by pretending they were goddesses of beauty... Until I would kick them out of my bed in the morning, of course! Most of my preys were well educated. If I had treated them like animals, they would have run away immediately!"

"You are very stubborn, my young friend!" Malik Maruk laughed. "These whites, 'well-educated,' as you say, were acting with you like that because they thought you were well-educated in the same manner, playing their game of seduction. See how



these two white females obey me when they think that I'm an ignorant peasant. Do you really believe that they would be trained so easily if they knew that I speak English? Of course not! They would get mulish. They think that I'm acting like the basic Rasheedian, dealing with the naffi induced females in the most traditional way. They know there's no way to bring me to reason, and so they never start a real rebellion, one that could become a total waste for me... And of course, you're right. We mustn't despise these wild fillies during the taming, and you know it quite well, because you see them as 'yokels', and still you flatter them! That's exactly what I do, except that I caress them with my hands, not with words. They need to obey to an Arab man, but still are beautiful animals, and they can see it in your eyes when you like them. The white females have always been a passion for me, and what they like the most is to be the object of the passion of a man, whoever he is. You promise them the moon, but are you going to give it to them? No. And neither do I! These wild fillies acknowledge your affection when you rub their bodies, that's all. Later they discover that they'll have to pull your carriage in exchange for that, and they realize that it isn't such a bad deal. Your mistake was only to kick them out of your bed, when their true nature was to serve an Arab god, to serve you. If you satisfy that need, they'll be even more grateful, and their affection for you will grow exponentially. Try without words next time and you'll see."

"I begin to understand your point, Malik, but I could never love them as much as you do. On the contrary, I've come to hate them, and this is something that I must hide behind nice words, or they would fear me."

"Well, my young friend, you must learn to love them if you want to be a professional trainer one day, that's an absolute necessity. We'll work on that, don't worry... What's the

point in hating brainless animals anyway? You already have your revenge by becoming their owner! I understand how distasteful it can be to be born in a world where these animals are in denial of what they are, but it wasn't their fault. You were the problem, being in denial of this fact, and you resented it. Why don't you choose now to embrace the truth that you rejected and enjoy the company of such beautiful animals? They'll give their love back to you. See for yourself how important it is for this white to make me happy with her mouth. She does it for half an hour, and it must terribly hurt her jaws. They aren't used to sucking a male organ as much as native whites do, you know? And still, she tries and tries again, for the love of her Arab god! How couldn't I love such a pleasant creature?"

"I may come to that one day," Saïd replied, "but with this one there is no chance I could come to love her. She doesn't remember me, but I'll always remember her despite when she looked at me at a conference about naffies. For now I can't tell her that, because she would expose us to her organization, but when she'll be hooked up with a filly outfit for life, I swear that she'll learn her place the hard way!"

"Once again you're wrong, young Saïd. She doesn't have to be taught where her place is, because it is her place. Eventually she'll come to it by herself! Just let her! Making these whites wear filly stuff and pulling cart is accessory. It's obvious that these two are born fillies, and that's why I accepted to train them as such; it's the only status that fits them. You must learn to go beyond the mask and fetch their deep being. Try on these, and look at them closely. What else could they be? Belly dancers? No, they need to pull the vehicle of a god, and the only thing you need to do is to clarify their minds about it. They are ready to accept that this god is you if you act like one."

All this seemed so wrong to Saïd. If he decided to really see them as animals, he would make a mistake sooner or later,



because he knew that they weren't! Still, he wanted to use his time in that safe zone to give it a try. He turned toward Ségolène and began to pat her head. He concentrated only on her physical advantages trying to see her as a beautiful animal, not a hated white slut. She was a beautiful animal with magnificent breasts ... a smooth vulva with delicate lips ... a desirable mouth...

Something happened, and the face of the white filly suddenly brightened. Saïd realized that he could enjoy that a lot; like he enjoyed playing with his dog when he was a kid. Malik Maruk was right! It was great fun to do things that way. If the filthy swine loved him, it would be an even greater punishment for her!

"That's more like it," Malik Maruk sniggered, "but let's forget that for now, and start our playlet. You give her hope just as we planned, and then you don't look at her for three days ... you wait, and she'll be as docile as this little filly right here."

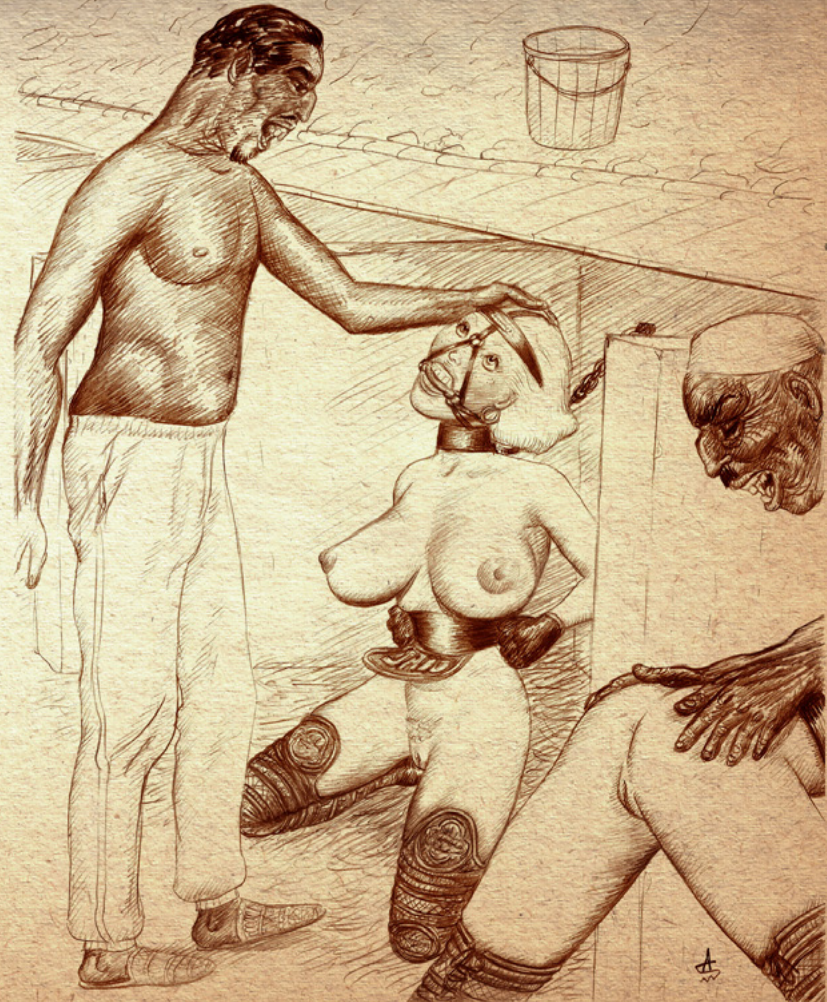
And Malik Maruk rubbed Emma's buttocks while he was coming in her mouth at last.

Saïd nodded and cleared his throat.

"You're a beautiful woman," he said to Ségolène in English, "I think I'll take you in my room one of these days."

Hearing this, Ségolène started with enthusiasm. Saïd was speaking English, as she had suspected! She was incredibly excited. He would get her into his room and would remove the bit in her mouth. And then, she would explain to him at last who she really was. It meant that one way or the other, she would be back to her life soon.

Like each time that the threat of a life-



long slavery was vanishing away, this whole adventure was suddenly turning into a spicy entertainment, an opportunity to misbehave far away from any social consequences ... she was very excited, with the only regret that such a little time was left to enjoy it...

Unfortunately, she had to wait three days for the return of Saïd. Three days of anxiety, asking herself if and when he would take her to his room, longing for it every second. And when it finally happened, she was so grateful that she felt more joy than she had ever experienced.

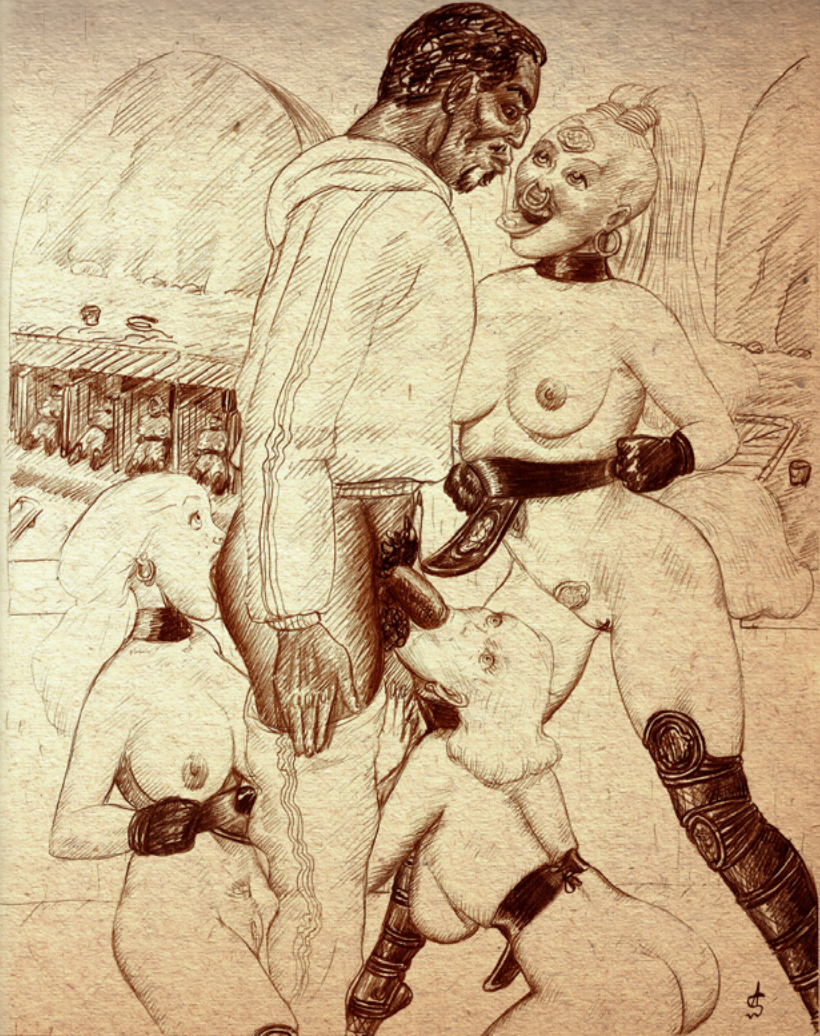
Saïd had brought Emma with him, and a native filly named "Frisky," very happy to fetch Saïd's saliva at every opportunity.

Ségolène couldn't possibly know that this white filly wasn't a native one, and was actually born Cindy Muffin in a small town of Virginia! The only thing Ségolène knew for sure was that she hated her slutty ways with Saïd...

Emma was docilely licking Saïd's backside, something that Ségolène saw as really odd. Her colleague didn't have the bit in her mouth anymore, so that trollop could easily have warned him that she was a free English woman! And it wasn't out of fear of speaking that she was staying mute. No, it was clearly about enjoying a few seconds more her debasing task!

So, it was like that? Ségolène swore to herself that she wouldn't waste her big night of enjoyment with Saïd if her bit was removed. She would wait until the very last minute before she should say anything.

So, when her mouth was freed, she just swallowed Saïd's cock and eagerly sucked it. This was her chance to attract his attention, so that she could be chosen more often, and she didn't intend to leave it to Emma...



Chapter VIII
Bitter victory

It was the first time that Ségolène had a physical contact with Saïd for days, and the first time ever that it was about sex! She wasn't disappointed, as something she'd never had thought possible happened with her mouth—she got an orgasm!

In Geneva, she had chosen to live a rich sexual life, staying single for that purpose, and so she had performed fellatio with a lot of men, mostly as a starter for a night of love, but getting an orgasm out of it? How was it even possible? She liked to do it, but not that much! It was definitely naffi-related!

For now, the Naffi Effect had been only for her a subject of professional interest, some addictive drug allowing the enslavement of human beings. She thought if worked like some kind of relief after a withdrawal, but she never thought that it could be so pleasurable. She just discovered that accepting to be a slave to these Arabs could very well become a unique opportunity for a White woman to blossom sexually in a way she would never have suspected.

Being allowed to experience such bliss on a daily basis was incredibly tempting. Actually, it was so good that in a moment



of weakness, she could decide to become a slave for life, just for the sake of keeping that dark cock in mouth. What if she was on the wrong side of this? What if the White slaves around here had their status by choice?

Ségolène felt Saïd's cock become taut to the extreme between her lips, its vein pulsating stronger and stronger. Suddenly, it began to spring by strokes, squirting its warm semen on her tongue.

She wasn't usually getting so far in the practice of felatio, but such a thing had already happened to her with premature men, tactless enough to come into her mouth during the starters. At the time, she would have run away to spit it in the sink before abundantly rinsing her mouth.

It was out of question here! It was so good that she almost forgot that she needed to talk to Saïd. She regained consciousness just in time, and swallowed the product of Saïd's pleasure very quickly to be able to speak to him with a clear voice before getting the bit back into her mouth.



“Saïd!” She exclaimed, her tongue still sticky with the man's semen. “I am not a slave, I'm a free French woman and I'm here by mistake. Please call the authorities for me!”

Saïd looked at her, surprised.

“You speak English? But my uncle Malik told me that you were two native whites who had been captured by the Shaziris, and that he had taken great risks to save you.”

“Yes,” Ségolène replied, “and as he didn't speak English, he couldn't possibly know that we're free women. We have been invited to your country by Empress Rasheeda the First for a diplomatic mission, and the Rasheedian Army is probably looking for us right now!”

“Well, I'm deeply sorry,” Saïd exclaimed, “I had no idea...”

He made Ségolène stand up.

“And the other fill.. er ... woman?” Saïd asked. “She is a diplomat too?”

He turned his head and looked down. Emma Braggston was licking his anus greedily. She suddenly increased the speed of her tongue strokes, realizing that it might be the last time.

Saïd squeezed his buttocks to get her attention. She stopped in haste and stared at him:

“Yes, I'm Emma Braggston, Sir. Should I go on?”

“If you wish,” Saïd laughed, “you are both free women, but I won't force you to anything from now on. I'll go to the village tomorrow, and I'll phone to the authorities. I hope you'll forget this stupid incident. I don't want to mess with guests of our beloved Empress.”

“We'll talk about that later,” Ségolène said, “you are a very nice man, and I had great fun playing with you. Send away the stupid filly, and learn what a free woman is capable of.”

Saïd showed the door to Cindy Muffin. He would have thought that the filly would take advantage of the situation and



tell him that she had been born a free woman too. It would surely have been for her a passport for home, but not a word, not even the slightest blink... That filly didn't even consider a thousandth of second quitting her life in this farm at the back of beyond, where she was used and abused at will by an old Arab among hundreds of others—and she just trotted away from freedom!

Malik Maruk's skills in training were really impressive...

Saïd was a bit put-out by Ségolène's proposal, even if the old man had predicted to him that something similar would happen. The playlet was supposed to reach its conclusion in a free European way, and Saïd would have to play a modern woman's lover for a short time. Though, it wasn't a trick of the training, but a necessity of the schedule, split in three by this annoying monthly report to U.N.C.A.W.W.S.. Micheraie and Braggston needed to talk with the other delegates in the flesh.

All the old man strategy depended on that, and Saïd was now ashamed that he had doubted its success. He was prepared for plan B, which meant aborting the training of the two women and sending them back home with the apologies of the Empress, but it seemed now that the devilish old man was right to be confident with his plan A. As expected, the two females were trying to gain back their self-esteem by denying the abduction part and pretending that a relationship with him had always been their intention. That way, they would keep secret their shameful submission, get a little more of Saïd's cock, and would report to U.N.C.A.W.W.S. that white slavery here was only consensual sexual relationship.

The next three days were unique for the two Western women, but also for Saïd who never had to be nice for so long with any female! He allowed it because he saw Malik

Maruk as his new mentor in relationships with white yokels and expected to learn a lot out of this little scam, but he found it exhausting. For years, he never had to care about pleasing women, and felt now degraded having to ask permission to them. Nevertheless, he kept his role up to the end.

When a detachment of the Rasheedian Army came to bring Ségolène Micheraie and Emma Braggston back to the Capital, Saïd told them that they would always be welcome at the farm, where they would be his guests of honor if they wanted to have a few days of fun.

Malik and Fatima Maruk were looking at this new development with puzzled faces, and Ségolène and Emma couldn't help sharing a smile. They shook hands with the old man, whom they had finally learnt to love.

The detachment left the farm, and the two women climbed into a military vehicle. A few hours later, they were entering the City of Rasheedabad, the Capital of the Empire, where they were welcomed by the Empress herself.

Rasheeda wanted to be sure that the two delegates wouldn't have some resentment about their capture by the Shaziris and their month spent in a stable, but Ségolène reassured her; what had happened was clearly not Rasheeda's fault, and they agreed that no one needed to mention that embarrassing adventure.

So, Ségolène and Emma met the two other delegates, and they all phoned to U.N.C.A.W.W.S. that everything was all right, that the naffi field destroying program was running well, and that they were going to live in Maruk for two more months like scheduled. It was not entirely a lie, as they could see many burnt fields along the way from the Naouda cliff to Rasheedabad.

They split again with the other delegates, and the next



day, a military escort brought them to the City of Maruk, their previous objective. From Rasheedabad, they didn't need to cross the jungle, and Ségolène realized how stupid she had been to impose the first itinerary herself, even if it were to avoid being led where she wouldn't find anything.

But she was glad that it happened that way. If she hadn't made that mistake, she would never have experienced the fantastic adventure she had enjoyed for a month. She would never have experienced ultimate pleasure.

For both of them, the fight against the naffi fields wasn't the obsession it used to be anymore. They would now supervise the field destruction in a strictly professional way, applying the schedule of their mission ... nothing more.

When they entered Maruk, they were amazed to discover a city that was only one big giant market. Though, if this was ever the hub for the White slave trade, it was certainly well hidden. Ségolène and Emma couldn't find the slightest White woman in the surroundings. Except for that, everything seemed to be sold in there, vegetables, camels, jewelry...

Of course the two women couldn't have imagined that the whole city was aware of their arrival. By special command of Empress Rasheeda the First, merchants would open the slave stores only when these foreigners would have left the town.

For the two Delegates, the city of Maruk looked safe enough, and they were sure that they didn't need an escort, as long as they didn't pass the Naouda cliff in the North where the ferocious Shaziris had attacked them. They wanted to be free to go anywhere without being spied by a guide, not imagining one second that the whole country could be mobilized with the sole purpose of deceiving them.

So, they sent away their military escort and began their

tour of the surroundings in a vehicle of the Rasheedian Army that had been lent to them.

They didn't know that the vehicle could be located by the D.I.R.E. through GPS, and that each time they would come to a village, all the White slaves would be kept hidden in the cellars, and that each time they would be in the country, the White field slaves would be locked into their hutches, to be put back to work immediately after they went past. The naffi fields had been burnt along the roads for real, because Rasheeda had ordered them replaced elsewhere with a new mutation of the plant of another color and shape, but still with the same properties. These new fields were all surrounded by other fields and never had any direct access by the road.

And that was why Ségolène and Emma got soon bored by their task. Of course, they had the chance to discover a country forbidden to the tourists, but after two days of that tour, they were pretty sure that they had seen everything they had to see. So the two women decided that it was time to move to the famous Valley of Shazilar.

It was their duty to go forward to the accomplishment of their mission, but something was holding them. Despite the prospect of discovering that mythic valley, they felt uncomfortable with the idea of getting too far from Said's farm, and were unconsciously delaying the trip. They drove back to Rasheedabad, and when Emma told to her colleague that she needed to go to Zarumauat Airport for the weekend, as her husband and her daughter were coming to see her, Ségolène didn't feel too sad.

Though, alone in the Hotel for two days, Ségolène began to fantasize about going back to the farm for the weekend. It would be so different now that she knew she could play Said's slave and then be back to her normal life with no questions asked.



She doubted that these fantasies could be induced by the effect of the naffi plant in this big city, but it was certainly the memory of all the sexual pleasure that she had experienced in that place. She found depressing to think that the Naffi Effect would soon disappear forever.

She didn't want to leave her hotel room, as the Rasheedians in the streets reminded her too much of Saïd. She was missing him so badly!

She kept turning his last words in her mind for hours: he had said that she would always be welcome back in the farm ... oh! the temptation of going back there... It was so strong!

After a few hours of self-torture in bed, the idea that she could enjoy the farm one time before the destruction of the last fields came back with a vengeance. What could be wrong to play the slave for Saïd one last time, now that everything was clear? She had the right to take the weekend off the way she wanted, and in a better environment than her hotel room! Surely, it could be seen as a little weird that a delegate in charge of the fight against White slavery should take fun in a farm where White women were treated like filies, but now that she knew they were all consenting to it, her ethical objections had vanished, and she was left only with the desire.

At the end of the afternoon, she wouldn't even understand how a weekend of fun could affect her mission. She could do whatever she wanted with her private life after all! And anyway, there was no reason for anyone else in the UN to know about this.

And why make it only a weekend? There was not much of it left now. No, she would make it a week. A week of fun for the last time.

No one would ever know.

She left a note for Emma at the reception desk, saying

that she couldn't stand inaction and was going to check on some fields in the North.

She would be back in the hotel in time, and then they would both go to the valley of Shazilar...



Chapter IX Back to paradise

Ségolène left the hotel, very excited with the idea that with the military vehicle left at her disposal, she would be with Saïd a few hours later. She drove across the Rasheedian country much faster than she should on rocky broken roads. She was going to meet Saïd again! She wasn't considering anything else anymore. To be with Saïd for a week was suddenly vital to her. Her thoughts were now running very fast. Maybe it didn't have to be the last time? She could deliberately forget to check for naffi fields around the farm forever, and come back to see Saïd any time she wanted. She could organize her life around her holidays here. What would be wrong about that?

Or... Or why not simply live here all the time?

That last idea grew in her mind while the vehicle was coming closer to her destination.

Oh yes! it was so clear all the sudden. She could decline her nomination as President of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. in Geneva and ask for the job of Chief-Manager of the local branch that they were going to build in Rasheedabad.

That way, she could go to Saïd's farm every weekend. And



once in Rasheedia, well ... why not drive to the farm after her work every evening? It was not so far away with a fast car...

When she turned to take the mountain road, she was so excited that she almost fell over the cliff three times, but she didn't stop increasing her speed, without thought for her own life.

Fortunately, the car came soon in sight of the farm. She parked the military vehicle along the surrounding wall and jumped out of it before the engine was even completely stopped. It was so good to be here again, at last... She drummed frantically on the heavy metal door of the farm, shouting the name of Saïd.

It was Malik Maruk who opened it.

Ségolène didn't think that she'd be so happy to see the old man again. She hugged him, a tear of emotion in the eye. She tried to explain to him that she wanted to see Saïd but the old man would only nod with a stupid smile.

Fatima appeared, and Ségolène tried with her too, even though she was well aware that Malik Maruk's wife didn't speak English more than her husband.

After a few minutes, Ségolène lost patience. She kept repeating "Saïd" with more and more excitement, and bigger and bigger gestures, articulating like if she was speaking to dumb children. Though, she only succeeded in making pity appear on their faces.

Malik Maruk patted her head and calmed her down instantly.

The Naffi Effect! She had forgotten how strong it was. Her weeks spent worshiping Malik Maruk came back instantly. In comparison to him, the young Arab seemed to be a little green. The old farmer had just the maturity that he lacked. A ripe man with the rightful age for a woman like herself... Who could drive her to pleasures she could only

imagine right now? And so superior to Saïd, smart, understanding... Malik Maruk was emitting love, showing a good nature, a joie de vivre, when the young man was somehow dark and angry.

She remembered his wrinkled hands on her intimacies, the first day she came to the farm. She was too stupid at the time to appreciate the incredible opportunity that was offered to her.

Fatima Maruk came closer, and her presence calmed the turmoil in her mind as quickly as the old man had set her body on fire.

Ségolène tried to keep a clear mind. Unfortunately for her, it was too late for Malik Maruk. He already had a wife... Well, of course, she knew that the couple saw White women as animals. Having sex with their White pets was not a problem for Shazilarians... But she wasn't a slave! She could never share the old man with hundreds of other White women, all more determined to please to him than she'd ever be.

But why was she even thinking about that? Assuming that she could agree to be a slave, which was absolutely out of the question, then Malik Maruk had given her to Saïd, and she was a fool to hope he could now take her back. Why would such a man, used to be obeyed by beautiful White women, want one more who didn't have the tenth of the skills of his other worshippers? Not to mention that he'd never agree to let her leave the farm for one second if she belonged to him!

Of course if he wanted her, she'd never be able to refuse... But she couldn't let go the rest of her life! Becoming an animal for real! She couldn't ... or could she? Oh ... it was impossible anyway!

How could she even think that a man like Malik Maruk could agree to have a normal European relationship with her—and with the approval of his wife? No way!

She had to stop right now her fantasizing about impossible



things and stick to someone she could get, and who could adapt a little to the European way of treating women. Saïd was the one! She started to say the name of the young North-African again, but this time with a normal voice and no more gesticulations.

Obviously satisfied to see that she was calming down, Fatima Maruk smiled at her and picked small leather bags out of her robe. She covered Ségolène's fists with them and fastened them around her wrists with the little leather laces attached.

Disconcerted, Ségolène looked at her hands. What was Fatima doing? Didn't she get the part where she wasn't a slave anymore? Wasn't her departure with the soldiers a few days ago enough to suggest that she was someone important? A friend of her feared Empress?

Ségolène repeated "Saïd" many times, beginning to raise her voice again with a more and more frustrated tone, but Fatima was nodding in approbation, repeating "Saïd" after her, using a reassuring voice, while pulling up her shirt and sliding a leather belt around her waist.

Ségolène didn't want to wear that outfit again. She pushed Fatima with her hands, making the belt fall down. But this made Malik Maruk change his attitude radically. He frowned, and Ségolène shivered with fear. What was she doing? Had she lost her mind? For them, a White woman pushing her mistress that way was like a nice cat suddenly clawing people's face.

Fatima was angry too. She made a sign and a tall blonde rushed toward them. Ségolène had seen this one in the yard before, punishing a White slave for a reason she ignored. Saïd had told her that these were called "she-devils" and were the warders of the farmyard.

The woman had a threatening look, with only two little

horns made with plaited golden hair on top of her bald head. The thick ring in her nose which gave to the others a slavish look was strangely making her tougher. She grabbed Ségolène like a predator on her prey and lifted her up, squeezing her until she couldn't move.

Ségolène lowered her eyes, showing clearly that she was giving up and asking for forgiveness. Though she couldn't allow the Arab couple to shackle her again in one of these filthy suits. She repeated many times the word "Saïd", displaying an imploring face.

Malik Maruk and Fatima instantly lost their angry look and began to show their understanding smiles again. Fatima quickly buckled the belt around her waist, quite an easy task for her now that Ségolène was so firmly held by that awful she-devil, then she fastened her wrapped wrists to the belt. It's only when she teared up her shirt that Ségolène realized the huge mistake she had just made. She needed to keep her clothes intact for the day when she'd have to go back to the hotel. She should have anticipated such things before coming here. She would have brought clothes in the trunk of the military vehicle.

While she was thinking about this, Ségolène felt her skirt and underwear being pulled down together by the Arab woman. She tried to prevent it by contorting herself, but it only forced Fatima to give a big careless push down, which teared the skirt in pieces.

Ségolène burst into tears, saying now the name of Saïd with an imploring voice and a growing panic. She was completely naked now, totally powerless in the arms of the blonde she-devil, shaking with fear.

Malik Maruk wasn't angry anymore. He was clearly pitying her. He put a finger on Ségolène's beauty bud that had been kept at his level by the she-devil, and he began to rub it.

It had an instant effect on Ségolène. She immediately



calmed down while the blood was rushing to her face. She couldn't talk anymore, experiencing breathing difficulties. She couldn't even concentrate herself, unable to think of anything other than being blissed out.

The couple was now smiling at her with a compassionate expression. Malik Maruk removed his finger from her clitoris, and Ségolène's fear went back instantly. Her first day in the farm was repeating itself. She was devastated; if she should become a slave again, she wasn't sure that she could find the spirit to fight it anymore!

She started asking for Saïd again.

Growing weary, Malik Maruk put his finger back on Ségolène's beauty bud and rubbed it, calming her down. Then, before she could say "Saïd", he thrust a metal bit in her mouth and fastened the straps around her head—Once again, Ségolène was a mute filly!

She was taken away to one of the lines of boxes by the blonde she-devil. What a fool she had been to come back in this place without any news about Saïd. She had been so sure that she'd be able to manage the situation, but the Naffi Effect was so strong that she couldn't do anything.

Malik Maruk couldn't speak English. He had probably found nothing unusual in the sight of a White filly coming back to the stable. She was holding no grudge against the old Arab farmer who was only doing his job as a trainer of White women. If she owned a farm, had sold a horse, and the horse had come back by himself, would she give him a special status for that? No, she would put him in the stable with the others! Flattered by its affection she might have rubbed him a little more than the others, but not if it showed to kick randomly to avoid being harnessed! There was no doubt in her mind that it was exactly how the old man was seeing things, and she knew that she had nothing much to expect of him

other than a box and a meal.

On the other hand, she wasn't as much worried as she had been the month before. Sooner or later, Saïd would come, and in the waiting, she just needed to be back to her previous behavior, to be completely obedient to Malik Maruk and hope that he would forget her "swerve" in shouting the name of another man, and take personally care of her as a high-priced animal. Though, she wasn't too optimistic about a man who had given her to another one.

Alone in her box, Ségolène began to realize how rash she had been to come here without a back-up plan. She was so sure that Saïd would be there, and that she would be able to explain that she was only coming for a shore leave! A translator in Rasheedabad could have written her something vague in Rasheedian explaining that she wasn't a slave, and that she was only looking for Saïd for an imperial affair. She could also have left a more precise note in the hotel. Emma would have understood her feelings, as she probably shared her desire to return to the farm.

Now, if for some reason, Saïd didn't come back before a month, she would find herself in the same situation toward authorities as the first time. Well, not exactly, as the farm would probably be the first place where the Army would come checking on her. They would bring her back home sooner, but what a terrible humiliation for her. Being captured was one thing, coming back willingly to her captors, that was something else! She didn't know if she could survive the shame when she'd meet the Empress ... and the U.N. Council, if they came to learn it. Not only her nomination as the next President of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. would be compromised, but her new plan to become chief manager of the brand new Rasheedian branch opening next year would become impossible. Nobody would give that position to a woman known to be addicted to the naffi-em-



powered Arabs she was supposed to watch!

If by some unfortunate stroke of fate Saïd happened to be dead, or even just traveling for more than a month, she would definitely find herself in that awful situation!

Chapter X Choosing a master

Malik pushed her on the big stone table in the center of the front yard and immobilized her, fastening her collar to one of the holes inside it. He pulled her legs apart and fastened them to the holes on the sides.

She had wondered before what the purpose of that big excrescence in the middle of the stone table was, and now she knew. With her legs widely spread, it was thrusting her pelvis high up, displaying her intimacies wickedly at eye level of any standing person around. She was feeling silly and completely vulnerable to any man who would decide to get a little sexual fun out of her.

A few hours had passed since her arrival in the farm and she had been fully dressed, cleaned, and oiled as a filly again by the blonde she-devil. Once she had the bit, the boots and her remotest parts oiled, she felt exactly like in her previous state, feeling like if her break in Rasheedabad and Maruk had only been a dream.



Of course, the most humiliating thing had been that bowl of the usual gruel she was offered in her box before all that, as if she had come back here to get food!

Unfortunately, it was most certainly what the Maruks were thinking. Of course, the animal was back to eat and be rubbed! What a shame!

Though her situation was the same as before, she was now experiencing something totally new, as never before she had been put on that big stone table that sat imposingly in the center of the yard. Rape seemed to be excluded, because Fatima Maruk was present—or was it?

Trying to calm down, she began to fantasize about Saïd coming back to the farm—maybe the Maruks had just prepared him a little surprise? He would enter the farmyard and would see Ségolène in that welcoming position, two legs and a vulva displayed in the direction of the front door! If only it could be that!

Anyway, she wouldn't have to wait much longer, as Fatima was putting now on her belly a piece of cloth covered with a sort of glue.

Still, Ségolène had to wait for a few minutes more. Then, without any warning, she pulled the piece of cloth away, tearing out all of Ségolène's pubic hair. That was very painful! Unfortunately, it seemed that it was only the beginning, as the Arab mistress began the complete removal of all the hair left on the sides and down around her anus with tweezers. Ségolène cried with pain, but what was coming through her bit sounded a lot more like whinnying.

Something was clearly different from her first time in here about this too. Her vulva was now completely bald, when she had spent the whole previous month superficially shaven with a triangular pubic tuft intact, while all the other White women had perfectly bald vulvas. She had asked her-

self that question for a long time and could never answer it, but it was making things even scarier now.

When her pubic hair had been completely removed, Fatima took care of the hair under her armpits with the same glue bands, finishing with tweezers too.

Ségolène expected to be released, now that it was done, but it seemed that her ordeal wasn't over. Malik Maruk put his hand on her forehead and rubbed it in a very gentle way. She could feel the breath of the old man, at a few inches from her face. He was smiling, and Ségolène felt her heart melting. The love she had felt for this man and had put aside when she was given to Saïd ... it was coming back with a vengeance! It was so good to see that beloved face above her own, even if he was all wrinkled, had rotten teeth and smelled like the curdled blonde milk he liked so much. She began to feel an orgasm rising simply from the contact of his hand...

A horrible doubt suddenly popped into her mind. Why was he doing that instead of freeing her from the table? The answer came soon, as she felt something cold being thrust into her nostrils. And then, the atrocious pain! Fatima had just pierced her nose bone with a pair of perforating pliers...

Ségolène almost passed out when the Arab woman introduced a thick brass ring into her nose and passed it through the hole she had just made. She cried with the pain, then with the rage of being ringed like a boar. Malik Maruk sold the ring with a little seal of molten lead and quenched it with water, making it slide in her nostrils until the soldered part went in contact with the nose bone. Ségolène was flushing with anger and pain, blowing and slobbering through her bit.

She had some time to calm down after that, left alone panting on the table for ten minutes, enough time to realize that she couldn't breathe through her nose anymore, the brass ring being as thick as her nostrils.



She had spent a month with creatures wearing those rings, and never imagined that they could only breathe through the mouth. No wonder they had that silly look with the mouth open and the tongue out, drooling all the time!

She could feel the gaze of her fellow White fillies right now, as hundreds of boxes had an opening on the farmyard. She was feeling much closer to them now. She had despised these poor women so much during her first days at the farm, but now, she would act exactly like them and would share their slobbering tendencies.

When she suddenly heard footsteps on the tiled floor of the yard, Ségolène immediately thought that it could be Saïd at last. If all that had been necessary to meet him at last, then it was worth it!

Unfortunately, it was only the Maruks coming back, then checking on something in the fireplace near the table, out of her sightline. She turned her head, but it was very painful with her leather collar fastened to the table. Nevertheless, she saw what all that was about out of the corner of her eyes. To her absolute horror, Malik was holding a red-hot iron—The Maruks were going to brand her!

All the other fillies had that brand on their bellies. It was only logical that she got one too, after the shaving and the ringing... And the sewing? She had forgotten about that! Her vulva was going to be sewn too, that was for sure!

Panic-stricken, Ségolène began to struggle against her fetters. Malik Maruk came back over her and gave her a big smile. He patted her on the forehead and said sweet words in Arabic.

No! No... No way! She didn't want to be branded and sewn! She shook her body with frenzy. He needed to understand that she didn't want this!

Unfortunately, he seemed not to figure out what was ma-

king her so restless. All this was perfectly normal for him. An animal needed to be branded, and it was natural that it should resist to it. He only had to calm down the poor filly who would be thankful later for the huge honor granted to her. Without the help of the language, Ségolène's reactions could be interpreted as an animal response out of fear of the unknown. How horrible!

Fatima Maruk suddenly appeared and taped on Malik's hand. She showed on her face that she had sensed that something was wrong.

Ségolène felt her hope rushing back. "Oh! thank you Fatima," she thought.

The Maruks were now having one of those couple conversations that could suddenly degenerate into an argument. It was in Arabic, yet Ségolène knew that Fatima was talking about her refusal to be branded, and that Malik Maruk disagreed with her, denying that an animal could be allowed to make such a decision. Fortunately, it seemed Fatima was taking over.

Malik Maruk sighed. He took back the red-hot iron figuring the mark that she had seen on all the fillies around here. He presented it to Ségolène and made an interrogative sign. He pulled away the bit in her mouth and pricked up his ears to listen to what she had to say.

Ségolène shouted a big "no!" and started repeating the name of "Saïd". Couldn't they understand that she didn't want to be branded? She just wanted to talk to Saïd, for God's sake!

Malik's face suddenly brightened. He put back the bit in her mouth and also repeated the name of "Saïd" to suggest that he had understood what she wanted.

To Ségolène's horror, he fetched another red-hot iron and put it right in front of her eyes to show her what was written on it: The four letters of the name of "Saïd"!

Fatima was trying to reassure her too, repeating the name





of Saïd, pointing at the red-hot iron with a big smile, showing her that she had acknowledged her demand...

Ségolène was devastated! They had mistaken her demand. They thought that she had to be branded with Saïd's mark instead of Malik Maruk's crest!

How awful! Of course she didn't want any brand!

If she had a choice, she would prefer a lot being Malik Maruk's slave than Saïd's, but she didn't want to be a slave at all! Couldn't they understand that?

Ségolène realized that she was behaving again like a steer terrorized only because it was being handled by men in an unusual manner. This was exactly the kind of attitude

she had to throw away if she wanted to be taken seriously! As a farmer, Malik Maruk could only be familiar with that kind of animal behavior... The old man was showing signs of weariness. Ségolène realized that his previous talk with Fatima had been about the utility to give to a filly the possibility of choosing her owner. Putting an end to what he saw as a stupid whim, he put the palm of his hand on her Venus mound and strongly pushed to keep her pinned to the stone table. Then he carefully applied the red-hot iron on her belly for five endless seconds.

The pain was too much for Ségolène. She fainted.

When Ségolène came back to consciousness, her nose and her lower belly were still very painful. She was still tied to the stone table, and waited for someone to come for quite a long time.

Fortunately, the yard was now under the long shadow created by the edge of the cliff. At least, she wouldn't get sunburnt! It was only when the night fell, a few hours later that she saw the wrinkled face of Malik Maruk over her. He gave her a big smile, uncovering his rotten teeth.

What could she do? That terrible thing couldn't be undone... Exactly like her first stay in the farm, her choice was resumed to two paths: Either she was rebelling and would live hell until Saïd's arrival, or she could obey to Malik Maruk and get a special treatment. It wouldn't change anything to whether or not she was going to be expelled from U.N.C.A.W.W.S. or not, or whether Saïd would help her or not. She still loved the old man, and despite the fact that she was still in pain and resented what had been done to her body, the only thing that she had left for easing her pain was to be allowed that delightful contact with his skin. She smiled at him, hoping that it would show her sincere affection.

Satisfied, Malik Maruk unfastened her collar and set her



wrists and ankles free. He helped her standing up and took her to a big mirror on the wall of the farmhouse.

She could see the result of her ordeal: her pubes were perfectly bald, her labia had been sewn with a leather lace while she was unconscious, she had a brass ring in the nose, and the name of Saïd was branded on her belly forever.

She dissolved into tears. That was so cruel! She just wanted to come here to get some delightful contact with Saïd... Or Malik Maruk, if only the old man could be smart enough to understand European women... And all she finally got was her body changed forever! The ring and the sewing could be removed, her hair could grow back, but the mark... The mark was not a simple tattoo that could be mostly removed surgically. It was deeply branded into her flesh, and was there to stay!

Malik seemed to be totally puzzled with her horrified reaction. He shook his head with enthusiasm, repeating the name of Saïd while tapping his finger on the brand on her belly. How could she make him understand how horrible was the idea for a human being to belong to another, Saïd or not? He had always lived according to these traditions!

And again, she was distracted from her tears by the wonderful contact of the old man's hand. He didn't want to see her cry after what he saw as a very happy event, so he started rubbing her vulva gently to calm her down. Her body began to give an instinctive response, and Ségolène shamelessly climaxed in the palm of his hand, while her grief was fading away. Everything was back to normal.

Satisfied, Malik Maruk drove Ségolène to the stable and put her in a new box. He locked her collar to a chain and walked away, after making it clear that he wouldn't come to see her until the next morning.

Ségolène now had plenty of time to think about the situa-

tion, alone in her box, her mind getting slowly released from the clouds of the Naffi Effect. She had to keep being positive. The brand was not so terrible after all. Once in Europe, it could be hidden under her clothes, even under a bikini. At least, it would remind her of pleasurable times.

She still couldn't figure why she had escaped that treatment in her first month at the farm. It was illogical, unless the whole point had been to keep her as an outsider so she could come back willingly to the farm... After she had made her report, maybe?

She dismissed the whole thing as a paranoid thought. If this was right, it meant that Empress Rasheeda was involved in that conspiracy, and she wouldn't risk bringing the United Nations against her country only for an old farmer to own her one month more! More likely, Ségolène had been spared because, at the time, she was too grumpy to be branded. Now she was more compliant, and in their wicked local logic, it simply meant that she had deserved the whole treatment. That made more sense!

Anyway, the real problem was Saïd. She needed him to be back at the farm in less than a month. On that was depending her career, her life, her reputation ... and now even her projects for a life of pleasure, as she needed to be trusted in her job if she wanted the position of chief manager of the Rasheedian branch.

It had definitely been a terrible idea to repeat the name of Saïd as she did. She should have mentioned the name of Empress Rasheeda, instead. At least, Malik Maruk wouldn't have mistaken her reactions. She would keep that in mind, if she could manage to make the old farmer remove her bit for a second. Then, if dropping the name of the most powerful person of the Empire didn't work, she would be out of options.

Whatever was going to happen, the clever thing to do was once again to show a complete adherence to Malik Maruk's will.



There was no point in making the old man feel bad about what he had done. And she preferred him to Saïd, all things considered... It was a bit like her first month, the stress of waiting for Saïd replacing her previous stress of disappearing forever. The only difference this time was that she was here willingly. Indeed she thought it would be a holiday, not this...

But it could still be that! Slave or not, she could still enjoy her vacation, one that could cost her a lot later, or nothing at all, she had no way to know. So let it be worth it!

It is Fatima Maruk who woke her up the next morning. She cleaned her and, for the first time, personally rubbed her with oil, with a special care for her back orifice. Ségolène was feeling very weak in the hands of that woman, like if she was a little baby. She had seen that being done to the other fillies during her first month, and she knew what was going to happen, and she couldn't help feeling excited about it!

When Fatima had finished wispig her down, she brought her to Malik Maruk's carriage and harnessed her with three other fillies. Ségolène was puzzled by this new development. She thought she would be pulling a sulky alone, as she used to do. Another big change! She had never been put in a harnessed team during her previous month in the farm ... and she knew that it was a great honor, as the quadruplet cabriolet was Malik Maruk's favorite vehicle.

Suddenly, she started with surprise. That filly next to her... It was Emma!

So, her untruthful colleague was so hooked to this life that she had made up that story about going to look for her family at the airport! Instead, she had rushed to this farm like an animal running back to her master, and found out that Saïd wasn't there, just like she did.

Ségolène couldn't repress a smile. It was greatly reas-

suring that she shouldn't be the only sucker in here. Actually, it seemed that Emma had done much worse. What about her family? Ségolène knew that this part was real; she had herself signed the document authorizing their visit to Rasheedia.

That was scary! They might be looking for Emma right now, and it could mean that their rescue ... well, actually their disgrace, was coming much sooner than she had hoped!

Ségolène took a look at the brand on Emma's belly. She had been processed exactly like herself, except that hers showed neither the name of Saïd, nor the crest of the Maruks, this nice elliptical figure with Arabic writing inside that Ségolène now deeply regretted not to have on her belly instead of Saïd's four Roman letters in Rap style! No, Emma's brand was a circle with a Y and a B inside, in roman character apparently, with a classic style. Whose brand was it? Was Emma supposed to be given to someone outside the farm, a customer buying Malik Maruk's slaves after she had been trained as such?

Ségolène was suddenly seized by a horrible doubt. What if Saïd was a customer too?



Chapter XI Mounted!

Ségolène was interrupted in her thoughts by a big slap on the buttocks. Malik Maruk was starting the quadruplet cabriolet by hand. The four White women made a little jump forward and trotted, pulling the vehicle across the yard, then out of the farm.

Ségolène had pulled Saïd many times before, but alone and in a sulky. It was much easier to be four for that task, even for a heavier vehicle with two people in it, though probably a better speed was expected from them when they would gallop.

Also, it was far more humiliating than when she had been alone with Saïd, and probably less favorable for the building of a relationship with the driver. On the other hand, a strong relationship could grow between the women in harness. Maybe even too strong, as performing such demanding tasks together could be depersonalizing.

Though, that was exactly what their driver expected



of them. Malik Maruk had made clear that he would be impressed by the performances of the whole team, not by individual feats. It was creating something much more powerful than team spirit, a kind of sisterhood in harness, growing every hour that passed and multiplying the importance of the person driving them.

After a few hours on the road, Malik Maruk was somehow a god, inaccessible but omnipresent. Ségolène was exhausted, and so was Emma. The two other fillies harnessed with them looked still fresh, as if it was a simple routine trip for them. As Malik wasn't showing the slightest intention to stop, Ségolène assumed that the only problem was their lack of practice. She swore to herself out of pride that she would finish the trip.

They had left the Naouda cliff for a large dirt road a long time ago and could now see some houses. Ségolène recognized the road that she had taken to go to Maruk. That was incredible! The old man was driving to the market city pulled by naked White women!

And it was a disaster! They were going to attract attention, and the authorities would intervene and see that two foreign delegates were used as human fillies... Unless she had it all wrong and people were used to see carriages like these on the roads, in which case, she was the victim of a huge conspiracy—and was galloping in the direction of the greatest humiliation of her life!

As they were crossing a lot of people now, Ségolène noticed that men weren't staring at them, barely even looking. It was definitely the confirmation that people were accustomed to such scenes.

She began to panic. They were already in the suburb of Maruk and it was the last place of Rasheedia where she wanted to go naked with this degrading behavior. She had

lived here only for a few days, but had managed in such a short time to be a real pain in the ass for the Marukians. She realized now that she had pushed people only to hide her own vulnerability to the Naffi Effect, making surprise intrusions with Rasheedian soldiers in the back of shops, looking for slaves and naffi plants.

Some merchants were going to remember her and will certainly laugh at her. That White pain in the ass pulling the cabriolet of an old Arab, wearing a ridiculous outfit enhancing her nudity. What a rare show!

Even though it would be very humiliating, this wasn't her major concern. The worst thing was that the Rasheedian Police would put an end to all this, and in the process, put an end to her career as a United Nations delegates. Malik Maruk had to realize that it was very dangerous for him too! And for that, she had to stop the cabriolet, right now!

She threw her legs forward and stuck her boots into the dirt, generating a big cloud of dust.

The other fillies were puzzled. Their team spirit was telling them to brake too, but the Master's reins were telling them that they had to keep galloping.

Ségolène knew that she was taking a huge risk in disobeying that way. She turned her head to the maximum position allowed by the bridle and looked at Malik Maruk. She could see the old man in the corner of her eye—He was horrified, trying to avoid falling forward with the braking. He was trying to find an anchor, probably clenching his buttocks strongly to stick to the face of his seat pet who was desperately raising her chin to help him, but it was no use. He had already started to slide down on the girl's neck, and was squashing her young breasts under his thighs. This was actually the only reason why he wasn't instantly thrown overboard. With this help, his old legs had been strong enough to stop his sliding on the pet's body,



making huge bruises on her thighs in the process.

Once he had restored his balance, Malik Maruk flogged frantically Ségolène's buttocks. Though, Ségolène was more stubborn than a mule. She wasn't going to start the cabriolet again, even if her boots were beginning to burn. She turned her head back and tensed her muscles to increase her braking.

Malik Maruk might have got that, as he suddenly decided to pull the reins, making the carriage stop. Very angry, he jumped down from the vehicle and came right in front of Ségolène, looking at her in the eyes while he was whipping her thighs with his crop.

Ségolène repressed her first reaction, that had been to shout and protest for the pain. She didn't want to give to Malik Maruk the impression that she was acting on a whim. On the contrary, she was very careful to show control, just talking with calm. Naturally, words couldn't get out because of the bit in her mouth, but she was clearly expressing that she had something to say.

It worked. Malik Maruk acknowledged her desire to express herself. Ségolène was really surprised to see that her audacity had paid. The old farmer was probably thinking that he was only losing his time for a capricious filly ... or maybe, he didn't want to show weakness in front of people who might witness the scene. Anyway, he allowed her to speak. He removed the bit from her mouth and waited.

Ségolène wasn't going to repeat Saïd's name again, like she had done before. She had a brand on the belly to remind her of that stupid mistake! Instead, she calmly said the name of Rasheeda, the Empress.

Hearing that name, Malik Maruk suddenly showed a concerned face. He obviously remembered that Ségolène was under the protection of that powerful woman. He was there



when she had been escorted out of his farm by Rasheedian soldiers. He put the bit back into her mouth and unfastened her from the rest of the team. Then, he made her bend forward and pulled away her pony tail plug.

How puzzling! What did the old man have in mind? Suddenly, she felt something hard penetrating her anus. It was the last thing that Ségolène would have expected from him! Was it a punishment for her bad behavior?

Ségolène wasn't a virgin through that hole, even if she had never been too crazy about using it, but it was the first time that she had been penetrated so easily. In a tenth of second, the old man's cock had been sheathed entirely inside her rectum. That was, of course, because she had been prepared with that special oil at the farm by Fatima Maruk. Though, it was weird to be penetrated so swiftly in a spot that she had always reserved for very special friends!

White women couldn't be kissed because of the bit, and they couldn't shake hands because of the leather bags, so the local replacement to express delight and respect for a filly was done by a straight and plain penetration through that hole. Ségolène had no way to know it, but it was a way for Arab men to say "hello", and the longer it lasted, the more it meant "thank you".

Soon, Malik Maruk started moving his organ back and forth into her body with style, like if he was mounting a prancing horse—a way that meant "I grant you a great honor."

The ram strokes in her backside were driving very quickly Ségolène to the orgasm. As she was trying to understand why she deserved this for speaking the name of the Empress, it came to her mind in a flash with the first orgasm of what promised to be a long chain. By dropping that powerful name, she had just reminded Malik Maruk that she was protected in high spheres and so deserved a special treat-

ment, which was the plan all along. Only, she didn't realize what special treatment it was going to be. Of course, the greatest honor for a filly was to be mounted by her Master!

She was a very smart woman with a degree in sociology and a talent for diplomacy; so how could she have been so light in analyzing how somebody from another culture could perceive the situation? How could the old man possibly understand that a slave who had come back willingly to the farm could stop his cabriolet in order to be released?

For him, she was obviously unsatisfied, and as she was a V.I.P., he had made her climax. Plain and simple!

Despite all the bliss she was experiencing right now, Ségolène was aware that she had put herself in a very difficult situation. She had broken the rules badly, and was only beginning to pay the price. She had offended that old man whom she had learnt to love. This penetration might very well be her last time with him! Not to mention that her intervention had also made the other fillies nervous. Ségolène could feel their turmoil: She had stopped the Master's cabriolet and had threatened him with the name of the Empress to get a special treatment ... and she had obtained it!

She perfectly knew how unfair this could look to these women who were living in the faint hope that they could some day get this kind of blessing. They were doing their best to be good fillies for their beloved god Malik Maruk, and it was a bad filly like herself who was rewarded! It was certainly not their god that they were going to blame!

Oh! how she would love to know what was in the mind of her sisters of harness, but she had no idea...

Emma worshiped the old man so much now that she was cursing her colleague for the use of the name of Rasheeda to get advantages, mostly because she could have done it first!

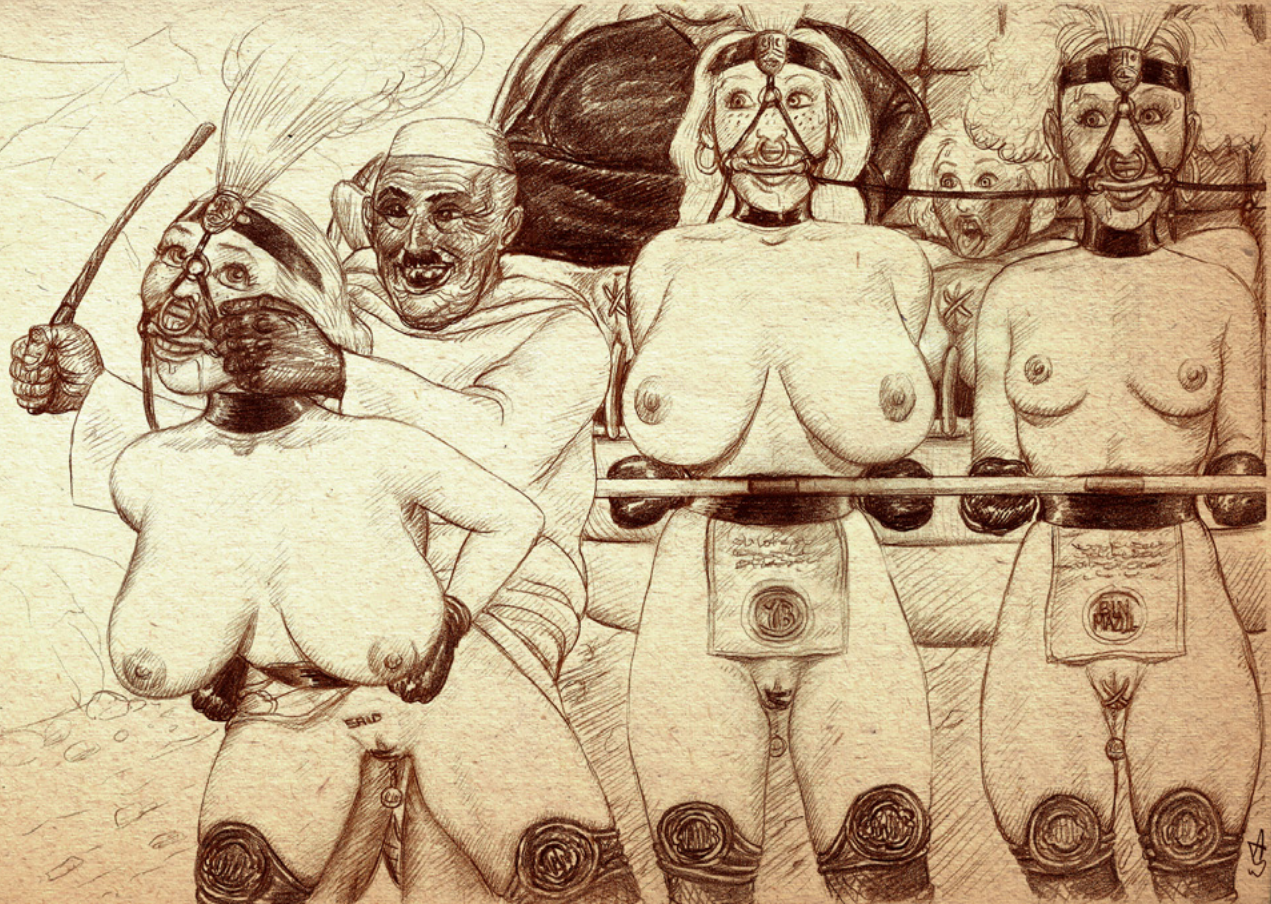
The Swiss girl next to Emma, Krysta, was never granted,



in a year of captivity, the huge honor of being powered by her god. She had been running all the time, developing her powerful thighs, trained for Bin Mazul, an Emir of the Gulf who intended to win next years in-foal race with a team of daughters of his business partners in Austria, as a

nice way to mix pleasure and business...

The two young Icelander sisters who were used by Malik Maruk as seat pets were also jealous that such a wonder should be allowed to a mere filly. Ingrid was too busy with her tongue in Fatima's rec-



tum to think too much about it, but her sister Frieda resented that The God should mount this loose filly when he could use her welcoming mouth on which he sat for almost three hours, nicely teased by her tongue.

Absolutely uninterested by those petty dramas, Malik Maruk could freely express his joy of mounting Ségolène.

Malik Maruk's plan was working perfectly. Oh! how he loved his job! In what other line of business could he be paid for mounting pretty fillies like that? He very much enjoyed ensnaring these haughty whites by pretending to be an ignorant peasant. If she had been aware of his real degree of education, his status of best breeder and trainer of white cattle in the Empire, and his perfect knowledge of English and French, she would be kicking frantically right now to escape his embrace, and would enter in a permanent rebellion.

Thinking that he was an ignoramus, she could only assume that he had mistaken her demand, and so would put all the responsibility on herself. She certainly didn't like the idea of being mounted so easily by a man whenever he felt like it, but she wouldn't see it as an aggression if she thought that she was responsible for it.

That was how Malik Maruk was enjoying himself. Violent rape was almost as boring as mounting a well-trained filly, but delicately tricking an animal into being mounted quietly and gently, into accepting her rider instead of trying to kick him out, that was a relish! The white was probably terribly embarrassed by his presence in the most remote spot of her body, but would never show it if she wanted to fit to her environment. And then, as her pleasure would rise, boosted by his naffenol® empowerment, she would slowly acknowledge a growing physical and spiritual need for the man who was giving it to her, though primitive and coarse

he might be. As long as she thought that she was the one in control, she would be treated accordingly with the training specialty for the "ostrich" category of whites.

The other delegate was enjoyable too, but Malik Maruk knew so many trainers who could manage a basic sow like that. There was no challenge! No, he definitely preferred that Ségolène! She was of the kind that had given him his reputation, a haughty animal, snobbish, disdainful, always ready to blind herself to avoid the awareness of her real status in society.

The ostrich and the mustang were his favorite fillies, because they were both fascinating to train, and totally devoted to their Master at the end.

From the beginning of the training to the final touches, Malik Maruk was feeling carried by these animals. He loved the way they were keeping their dignity at every level. The mustang was obsessed by the dignity of her race and the ostrich by the superiority of her intellect, but in both cases, they were following the path he had dug for them until they could reach the only truth he was allowing them to believe in: the divine essence of the Arabs.

Once converted to that religion, those two kinds of white would live a life of competition to get the attention of their gods.

The Ségolène was a magnificent specimen of the European ostrich, and Malik Maruk knew that he wouldn't enjoy mounting her anymore, as after this pleasant intermission, she would have to be completely isolated. She would rot in her box, and he would carefully avoid crossing her path for the rest of the month. Still, she would be part of tonight's party, so that she wouldn't think that her disgrace was about the stunt she pulled by speaking the name of the Empress.

She had dared to stop his cabriolet, and that was unique! She was the best raw material that he ever had the opportu-



nity to mold. Though, she had to keep thinking that he was terribly worried about her relationship with Rasheeda. The deep isolation that would follow for her the evening party was meant to suggest that his desire for her was gone, or it wouldn't work.

While he was thinking of his training strategy, Malik Maruk had made her climax five times. From above, he could see that her face had turned crimson, trying to evaluate how much of it was induced by her climaxing state, and how much of it was caused by the shame of being allowed the most blissful day of her life by an ignorant peasant who barely cared about her and was simply afraid of his Empress.

He was betting on shame as the major factor—her degree of ostrishity was tremendous! Only his highly coveted princesses of Wonderbourg could beat her to that.

Remembering the delightful prospect of getting them soon as a payment for the training of this one, Malik Maruk allowed himself to squirt his semen in her rectum, while she was panting and moaning.

He wiped the semen from his organ with her apron, then harnessed the filly back with her teamsters. Holding his robe lifted up over his chest, he climbed into the quadruplet cabriolet and gave a big smile to his wife, while adjusting his wrinkled butt cheeks on the face of his delighted Icelander seat pet. He bent forward and started the white-drawn vehicle again with a big slap on Ségolène's buttocks.

As Malik Maruk didn't need to enter the city anymore, he made the cabriolet turn around and was back at the farm three hours later.

He put Ségolène in a box in the most remote area of the farmyard, making it easier for him to avoid her. She would be prepared for a last moment of glory, tonight's party. After that, no more attention for that one!

He was quite satisfied with what he had done for now, considering such an unusual and difficult schedule. The first trick that he used to gain a supplemental month had been to pretend that her capture was accidental. Though when he realized that she was an ostrich-class filly, he knew that he couldn't escape a third month training. Fortunately, he had another option for passing the second month deadline point: Emma Braggston.

That evening, the whole team of fillies had the great honor of being invited in the bedroom of their god and goddess.

Malik Maruk removed their bits, but made it clear that he didn't want to hear any words coming out of their mouths, or they would be thrown away back to their box without delay.

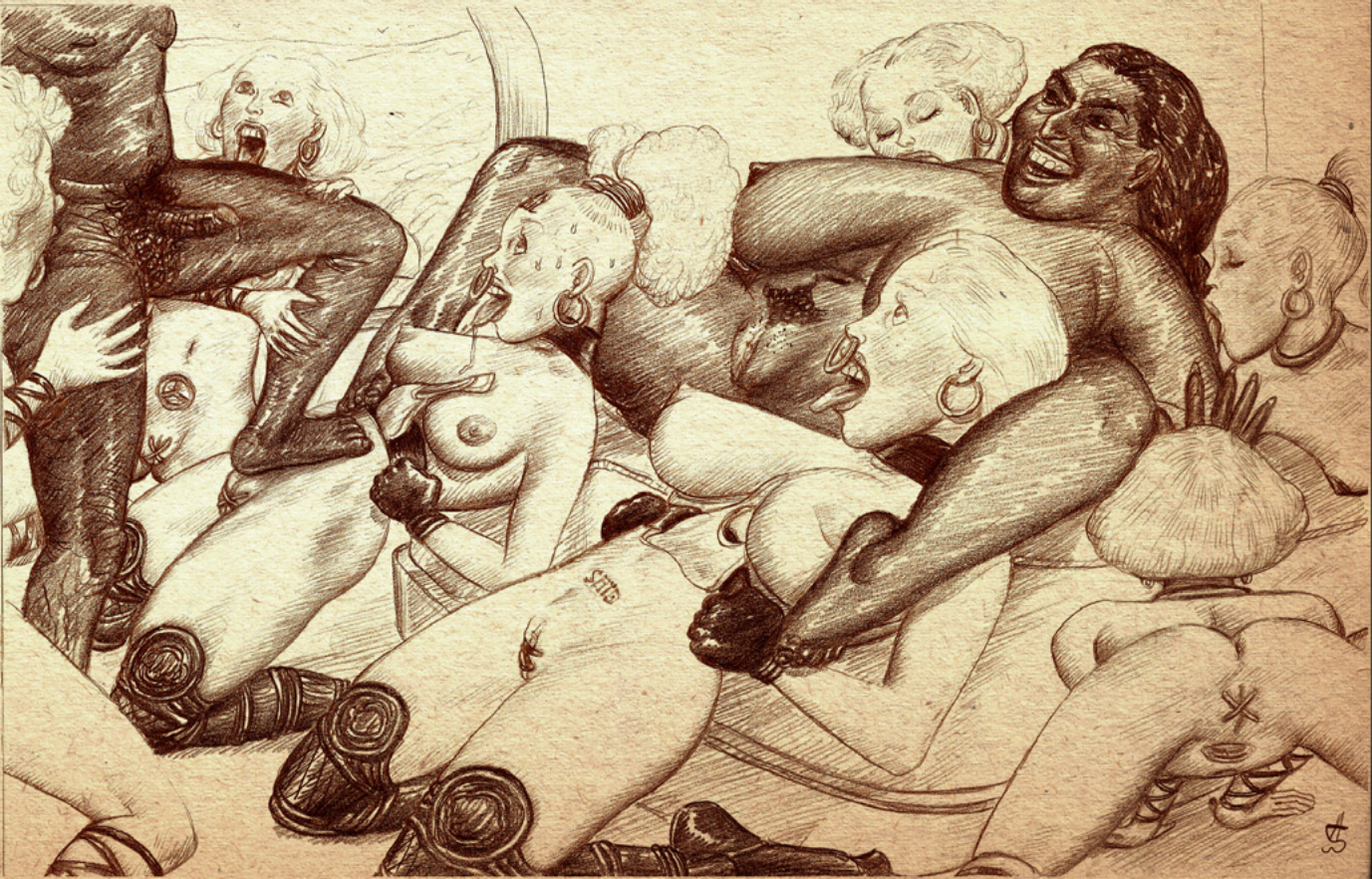


Fatima stretched herself out comfortably and made Ségolène and Krysta feel very quickly at home. She moved her legs on their shoulders and put her feet flat on their breasts to make them feel the powerful dominating side of the Naffi Effect.

Then, Malik Maruk climbed on their loins, forcing them to brace their

body up to be able to carry his weight. The Naffi Effect suddenly became sexual and overwhelmed them.

The old farmer gave a smile of complicity to his dear spouse and lay down over the two fillies, his knees comfortably set down between their breasts to ease his way into his wife.



Ségolène and Krysta understood very quickly what they had to do. They began to stretch their pelvis back and forth in a rotary motion, pushing up Malik Maruk's feet with their Venus mound so that the old man wouldn't have to make any muscular effort to satisfy his wife.

The two white women also needed to feel and follow Fatima's rhythm so that she could reach an orgasm before Malik Maruk. They would be punished if they should ruin the party of The Goddess, especially when themselves would shamelessly climax during the figure, thanks to the Naffi Effect.

They also had to lick The God's thighs and be ready to catch his male organ in their mouth if he should have a sudden drop of enthusiasm.

This position was very much appreciated in Rasheedia. It was called "the wheel of delights", and was number twelve in the famous traditional Shazilari book "the Christian slaves garden".

Chapter XII Emma's embarrassing visit

Emma Braggston had succeeded in satisfying both Fatima and Malik Maruk that night, and she was really proud of it. It was a collective effort, but her part in it had been noticed by The God and The Goddess of her new religion.

She was aware of the great honor it was for a filly to be chosen for the flying team, an excellent position for showing her value, usually given to the white pets, these lucky little creatures blessed by the gods. Being one of them during that party involved many different things, but it had been mostly about sticking her tongue in The God's anus and waving it.

She had discovered her gift for those kinds of things, being already a good kisser. Actually, it was exactly like a French kiss—only, it was done in a different orifice!

She much pitied her friend Ségolène who had to produce huge pelvic efforts all evening; efforts that had been barely noticed by the couple of gods. At the end of the main intercourse, her unfortunate colleague was almost upside-down, stamped on the face by the foot of The Goddess that she pitifully tried to lick.





The powerful Goddess was climaxing at the time, so she probably didn't even feel the tongue of her colleague, whose face was now covered with ugly bruises. As a result of which, Ségolène had been put to rot in a remote place of the yard until she should be fit to be seen.

Emma was more fortunate. She had enjoyed the party very much. Indeed, her tongue was painful, because she got a bit overzealous in her task and overused the muscles of her mouth, but it had been a worthy sacrifice. She hardly was the star of that glorious event, but she had been allowed to share quality time with these wonderful people who could bring her to heaven with only the contact of their skin. She still had a silly smile stuck on her face three days later.

Though, at the time, she had her heart in her boots, terrified with the thought that she could ruin the highly ritualized traditional Rasheedian party because of her ignorance. Now that it was over, she was even prouder than she had been able to blend in. This was full of promises for her new life.

Unfortunately, Emma Braggston wasn't allowed another holy contact in the next following days. Her life as a filly was going on quietly, her desires and hopes slowly merging with the desires and hopes of her three sisters of harness.

A new filly had replaced Ségolène Micheraie in the team, an Australian blonde who quickly appeared as an excellent

element. In less than a week, she could feel the same pride they all did when The God made them start the quadruplet cabriolet.

When they passed anyone on the rocky roads around the farm, they were all swaggering, proud to be the four fillies pulling The God. And Emma knew that Malik Maruk loved it. They behaved more and more as a single entity, and knew that it was a great satisfaction to the old man, as he often slapped their buttocks with his bare hand, a sign of great respect for a filly, because he had to bend down forward for that, when he could simply have cracked his whip, comfortably sitting on the bench.

Most of the time, they were training at the farm, but two or three days a week, they were prepared, their bodies were completely oiled, and they were given new fanciful outfits, shinier and shinier, and more indecent. And then, they were harnessed for a trip. Sometimes it was for a long trip to one of the cities down in the valley, but usually it was only to bring the Master to his other places on the cliff.

He owned a dozen enclosed places located on the largest rocky plateau of the Naouda cliff, two hundred feet below. From inside the farmyard, the women had the impression that they were living in a hole in the middle of nowhere, but on the roof of the farmhouse was standing a little tower, and Emma was sure that The God could see from there all his other facilities with a field glass.

On the contrary, an eventual visitor of the plateau would need to be right in front of the door of one of these facilities to detect it, as the outside walls were often dug directly into the rock, some of them being even entirely built into caves. One could even climb the road toward the farm without noticing



these extensions.

Emma was never allowed to go inside one of them. She sometimes had to wait for endless hours with her team, parked in front of the surrounding walls. Her fellow sisters in harness would feel as much abandoned as herself, in these moments when their common future was suddenly looking uncertain. They would also share her distress, knowing that their God was surrounded in a strange place by hundreds of unknown white females. They could hear their moans of delight behind the wall, from time to time, but that was about all.

Basing herself on the noise they were making, Emma had calculated that The God owned something like three thousand heads of white, between the farm and these facilities. What were the odds for being chosen to share his couch? For now, she had been incredibly privileged, and she was well aware of it.

When she had come to the farm for the first time, she had only seen in Malik Maruk an old farmer that she had to treat condescendingly. Then, she became gradually conscious that she was part of a huge collective sisterhood including two hundred beautiful white women who all worshiped that old man as their God. With the help of his magic touch, Emma began to see him as the man in charge, then as a very powerful boss, and finally as a superior being who had managed to bend the world his way. The day when she realized that in fact he owned three thousand women, she began to feel so small compared to him that only two possibilities were left if she wanted to keep her sanity: Either she was nothing, a mere worm who had only believed once that she was a woman, or Malik Maruk was the incarnation of God on Earth

and she was among her worshippers, the elite of the future.

She took the second option, and weeks later, she could swear that he was really God. If she should be expelled from the farm and should discover that Malik Maruk was now worshiped in churches of Europe, she wouldn't be surprised at all, and would feel very happy about it.

She loved her new life and wished it would go on forever. Unfortunately, there was no scenario where it could happen that way. In two weeks, U.N.C.A.W.W.S. would report to Rasheedian authorities that two of their delegates were missing, and this farm would be the first place where the Rasheedian army would come looking for them.

It could even happen before that, because of the appointment with her family at the airport that she had simply ignored. She knew her husband well, and had no doubt in her mind that John would find her! If only she could have anticipated that she would have to stay in the farm for more than a week, she could have planned something to put him on the wrong track.

Though, her worries were not spoiling her happiness too much, as they were always fading away fast. The God was radiating such a huge power that she couldn't be touched by something so trivial anymore. Even if she was removed from this place by force, she would always find a way to be back to him. If needed, she could even lie for him to continue fooling the unbelievers. It could cost her career, her family, her friends, but she would defend the Shazilari way of life by all means necessary at the United Nations. In the end, she knew she would win and gain back her place in the holy farmyard!

She wasn't meant to worry about those things for too long anyway, as that same day, two weeks after her return to Malik Maruk's farm, her worst fears became real. As she was har-



nessed to the quadruplet cabriolet, waiting in the yard for The God to take the reins, she suddenly saw John and Susan entering the farmyard—Her previous life was catching up!

Emma began to panic. Her daughter just couldn't see her like that! She tried to pull the carriage away in the direction of the barn, stamping frantically in the dirt and encouraging her sisters-of-harness to do the same, but it did nothing. The handbrake of the vehicle was too efficient.

While Emma's husband John was busy looking for some change in his pocket to give to his young Arab guide, her daughter Susan was walking toward these four naked women dressed as horses.

Emma remembered the time when her daughter had been in danger of becoming one of these Shazzy girls. All parents had been warned by the Dean against that weird fashion and the coming of a huge unauthorized party on that theme. All the "hottest" girls at school pretended to be Shazzies, adepts of this fight against the anti-Arab prejudice that was spreading in the Western world. It seemed that the girls from the upper classes and especially the richest ones were the ones targeted by this new youth movement.

Emma strongly doubted at the time that these poor little rich girls who were hanging out with her daughter could ever have the guts to go to an Arabic country and choose to become domesticated animals. Ultimately, they would switch to adult fashion and behave in a normal way. Though, she knew how stubborn her daughter could be. The way these Shazzies were having fun was scary, involving ceremonies where they would take the oath of serving an Arab man for life as a slave, to make a Harem fantasy real.

It could lead to real trouble at that age, so when Emma and John came back home after a meeting with the Dean about that, they had changed their mind about Susan going to her big Shazzy party. Emma remembered how scared she had been to think that her daughter could fall in bad hands that way. She prayed The God for giving Susan a bit of that fear and lectured her for hours, while the poor girl was crying her eyes out in the filly outfit that she had made for the occasion.

Since that, Susan had been seen as the perfect mommy's girl at school, not courageous enough to stand up for her Shazzy convictions in front of her reactionary parents.

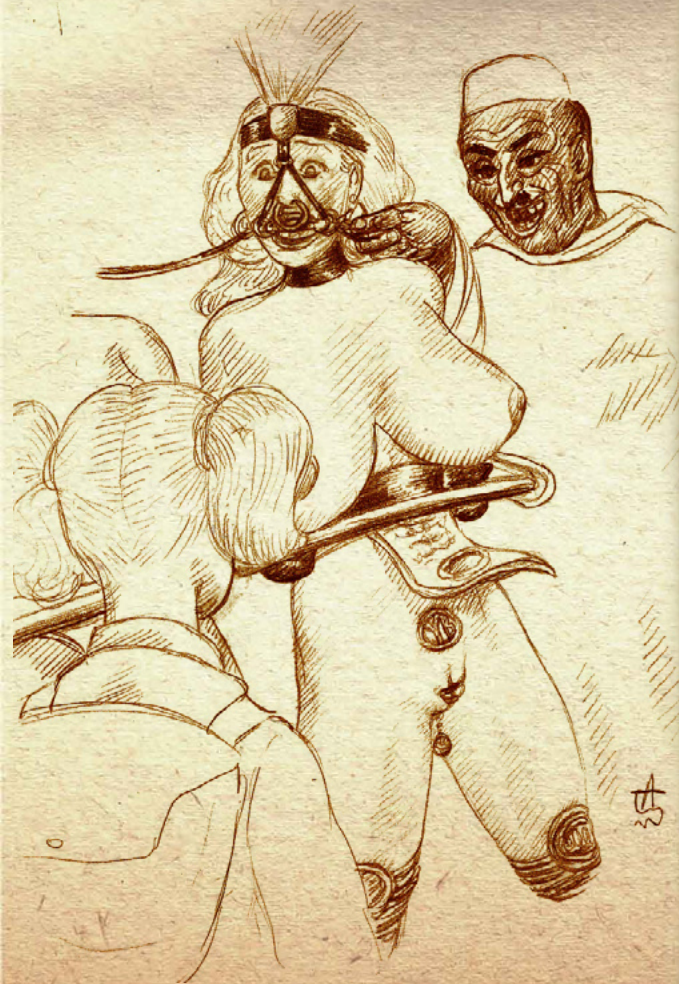
Emma was quite satisfied with this new attitude, as Susan showed soon a renewed interest for her studies. She sulked for a few weeks all right, but became closer to her mother afterwards, sharing her views about getting married to a wealthy White boy when she would have finished her school time.

Her husband had shown concern about Susan becoming a bit tarnished. While he would drive her at school, he had noticed her envious looks at the girls gathering around a North-African boy like bees around a pot of honey. But Emma dismissed his objections. She wasn't going to allow her daughter to become a slut just to avoid hurting her feelings! She was so edgy about it that John had never brought that subject again.

And now, it was Emma who was dressed like a filly, harnessed to the carriage of an Arab man, her arms tied and her mouth muzzled—and she was devastated! She had lectured her daughter for hours and hours against something that she was herself enjoying without limits!

Emma wanted to hide in a hole, but Susan was walking faster and faster, intrigued by this woman with the big breasts





who looked so much like her mother.

"Mother?" She stuttered. "Is... Is that you? Wh... What are you doing in that ... outfit?"

Emma couldn't talk, but she wanted to say: "Oh please go away! Go away from this horrible place! I am so ashamed! I don't want you and your dad to see me like this!"

John suddenly realized the situation and ran toward Susan to cover her delicate eyes.

"Darling what are y..." He began.

He was knocked down by the blonde she-devil who ruled the yard. She had used John Braggston's reaction as a distraction to slip discreetly behind him with a huge piece of wood.

Malik Maruk bent over the unconscious husband and lowered his pants, looking for a brand on his belly.

Fatima Maruk and the blonde she-devil caught Susan right before she realized that it was time to run. While the tall slave was holding her, The Goddess rent her clothes.

The Maruks carefully examined her belly to find an eventual brand. There was nothing! They looked at each other with satisfaction: they had just found two unregistered whites who didn't belong to any one yet!

For Emma, this was like a cold shower. She realized that she had idealized her whole situation in the farm. The need to protect her progeny had instantly cleared her mind. Naturally, the Naffi Effect was great, definitely worth living as a domesticated animal in a farm, but she would never be able to conciliate that with her previous life

John had no real importance. For years now she had acknowledged the fact that she had married him for his money. She had pretended to herself that it was love, at first, but when Susan felt in love with that boy at school, Emma had to put an end to the adventure, and that was when she realized that nothing like that had ever really happened to her, even with



John. She had only adjusted her mind to pretend to be in love with the richest guy around!

Since that unexpected revelation, she began to see her husband as a loser. Indeed, he was wealthy, smart, sweet with her, handsome, hardworking, a caring father ... but he was a loser, an unfortunate man who married a woman who only pretended to love him! Their relationship slowly turned into a mere convenience for her and her daughter. Though, she didn't feel guilty about it. After all, she had been the first victim of this mistake, giving her youth to a man who couldn't understand that she was deluding herself. She had forgiven him, but only out of pity.

It was clear now that he would soon become a slave in The God's farm, but was it such a bad thing? Maybe he could find here a valuable lesson about his petty life ambitions, once held in leash by The Goddess. If she had been able to find her peace in that remote place, why wouldn't he?

But if that part was definitely not a problem for Emma, she found the idea of Susan becoming a slave incredibly obscene. It was so different from what she had in mind for her daughter's future! Two American billionaires and a Swiss banker had already shown their interest in marrying her, and once she had cut the "bad company" of her school friends and got rid of that stupid infatuation for that North-African boy, Susan had been totally open to the advice of her mother. Indeed, her daughter now shared the same delusion as herself at her age, the search for a wealthy man, but with her guidance with the question of love, it would be very different—and at least that way Susan would have material security...

Yet, where was all this now that Susan was here? Even if she stayed only for a few days, her daughter's needs would change drastically in this naffi-induced environment. All

that pragmatism that she had taught to her daughter would only drive her to do everything for the satisfaction of her new needs—and the farmyard was the only place in the world where they could be satisfied...

Emma had never experienced love, had never really believed in God, had never been a part of her community, not for real. Yet, she had always pretended that she was. Her conservative friends could swear that she was a good Christian, totally in love with her husband and caring for her community, but all that had been a lie—and she had to come to the yard of an old Arab farmer to realize it!

She remembered her arrival at the farm. For days, she stuck to the social lies of her life in Geneva, but this new environment was too different, the pressure was too strong, the sexual excitement induced by the Naffi Effect too powerful. She had to adapt her lies to the situation if she wanted to survive; she had to love Malik Maruk, to worship him as a god, to be a part of the community of women who loved and worshiped him... But as soon as she opened herself to her new social life, everything was so much centered on Malik Maruk that her wall of lies could only collapse—and it did!

She tried to go back to what she was, but couldn't find how. And the more she tried, the more she was hooked to Malik Maruk on every level. Two weeks later, it had become her truth. She saw her previous life as short-sighted and vane. She kept pretending when Ségolène was around, as she was her last link to the past. She would frown at her when Malik Maruk was around to make clear to her colleague that she was complying to the situation by force.

In reality, she was already in total sympathy with her environment, seeing Malik Maruk as the Almighty! When the Rasheedian army came to free them, it took her a few minutes to realize that she could still pretend to be a good Christian.



The only difference was that she now knew the truth in her heart!

Before she left with the military escort, she whispered into The God's ear the name of the place where she would wait for him two days later: "Azzuz's Restaurant".

It took her less time than the trip to the city to convince herself that she had to come back to the farm as soon as possible. She could stay there at least for a week, and later pretend that she was lost. She lied to her colleague, pretending that she had to fetch her family at the airport. Instead, she went straight to "Azzuz's Restaurant".

Emma didn't have to wait for The God for too long, happy and proud that he had come to fetch her back in person. In the farm, she had been processed as a filly, the same way Ségolène was one day later. She just took back her life. Her family would wait, and she didn't have the slightest regret about that.

Emma was perfectly aware that The God would quickly convert Susan. Her daughter was exactly like herself. No, she was worse! she would follow her path in the farm even quicker than she did. Actually, with her past interest for the Shazz movement, she would not even last a day! Emma should as well consider her daughter as an obedient slave girl already. There was nothing she could do against it.

She could only save her new situation. If the Rasheedian authorities were aware of John's presence in the farm, it could become a tragedy. They would bring them all back to Europe, and both her lives would be over, past and new.

How ironical! She had lied to herself all her life with everyone believing her, and now that she could at last be sincere, she needed to give up her family or undergo the destruction of this newly found happiness! But moving back to her old life had just become totally out of the question. And it wasn't

only about her. John was very stubborn, and would never allow his wife and daughter to stay here as slaves. If he should move to Europe, he would do everything in his power to bring them back. Everybody would be aware of their shameful adventure, and she would be subjected to a daily humiliation from everyone around. It would be the end of their social life, and their wealth would probably follow... And what of Susan? Even if she could avoid turning into a zealous slave in the next hours to come, she would be the one to pay the highest price for her little adventure. The golden boys who wanted so much to marry her would probably run away from a girl whose family had a history of slavery in a Rasheedian farm.

No, Emma had to stop deluding herself right now and face the facts: The life of the Braxton family in Europe was over, and all the plans Emma had for Susan were past history.

The only way she had to save them all was to stay here and accompany them into this. They could all experience the wonderful life of the farm, like one happy family. She had no doubt that even John would enjoy being a stud for The Goddess in no time.

That way, she could come back to U.N.C.A.W.W.S. alone and resign her commission, pretending that John and Susan were dead. She only needed to convince Ségolène, and to be able to make The God understand her plan, but everything could still be saved. After that, The God would decide if their lives were in Europe or in the farm.

In the waiting, there was nothing that Emma could do but to witness her daughter becoming a slave for life, though with a newly acquired serenity, knowing that it was a necessary passage.

The blonde she-devil undressed Susan and carried her to the stone table in the center of the yard. Emma's poor daughter was red as a beetroot, too ashamed and surprised to speak. The



Goddess and the she-devil tied her wrists and ankles to the table, forcing her limbs to spread in a very uncomfortable position, the stone excrescence in the middle making her body bend upwards to its maximum position, displaying her opened intimacies to a delighted Malik Maruk... Intimacies that no man had touched before. Emma had made sure of it by constantly watching her, protecting her from any dangerous situations involving her suitors.

And now that this dreaded event was unavoidable, stripped from any prospect of marriage, and offered to an old Arab without the slightest counterpart in perspective, it was going to happen in her presence, reluctantly, yet with her consent!

As anticipated, the old man didn't resist for too long to the sight of that fresh pink flesh displayed right under his nose. He rubbed Susan's thighs like a car collector discovering the lines of his new convertible. Judging by the glimmer in his eyes, she was going to be his new object of passion!

Emma wished she could have felt awe for what was happening, but her maternal instinct seemed to have completely vanished. She was ashamed of it, but she could only think about how badly she lacked something that The God valued above all, something that she didn't possess anymore, though that the little tramp had in abundance—her youth!

As The God was thrusting his hand between Susan's sexual lips, Emma was consumed by an intense jealousy. But as there was nothing to do about it, she would only drool with envy for the minutes to come, just like the two hundred other white fillies in the yard...

Chapter XIII The family reunion

When The God removed his hand from Susan's intimacies, he had a large smile on his face. Emma could only have guessed it, as it would have been out of place in Europe to check it herself, but now she knew for sure that her daughter's hymen was intact.

She tried to calm down. Jealousy could only drive to madness in a place like this. Obviously, The God loved virgins, and Emma would never be one again, yet she had got influence on someone who was one. She had to put aside that petty jealousy and take Susan's future in her own hands, like a good mother. Her daughter's prestige would reflect on her own, and it was her best chance in this new life, if not the only one.

Though, she was worried about what would happen with The God after Susan's defloration? Would her daughter be included in a privileged group, or would she just be put aside with the same poor chances to attain the summit as all the others?



That was the question!

Being mounted by The God for her first time had to give her something special—some bound with him ... anything! A good deflowering had to mean a kind of blessing. Yes, it made sense. If her daughter had pleased The God, Emma would stay in his good graces too. Maybe he would even like to use both of them together?

Before she could even think about the moral implications of that great idea, Emma was struck with surprise. Malik Maruk had just left Susan in the hands of his wife! Clearly, the deflowering of her daughter wasn't yet in the program. Emma felt greatly relieved, though not really sure about her reasons...

The Goddess began to pluck Susan's pubic hair with tweezers. Her poor daughter was shouting with pain, but Emma knew that it was a necessary passage for her promotion into the Farmyard. Susan would be wonderfully repaid for these brief awkward moments. It was more painful for her than when she got her ears pierced, but the idea was the same, and the reward much greater than the need to look good for some dull white male.

Emma couldn't believe how she could have seen these boring billionaire suitors as a good match for her daughter. She had wished so badly for her to marry one of them. Now, she had absolutely no doubt that, compared to The God who was rubbing her hair right now, they were only pale, dull, boyish little knaves.

Malik Maruk pulled a red-hot iron from the live coals of the oven near the stone table, the one with a Y and a B. Emma couldn't help feeling proud, despite the pain that her daughter was going to endure, as this meant that she would bear the same brand as herself, which could only be the brand of Malik Maruk—what else? Mother and daugh-

ter were going to share the same master, something that even Ségolène Micheraie couldn't manage to obtain, being given to a customer named Saïd. Obviously, the Braggstons were kept for the couple of gods!

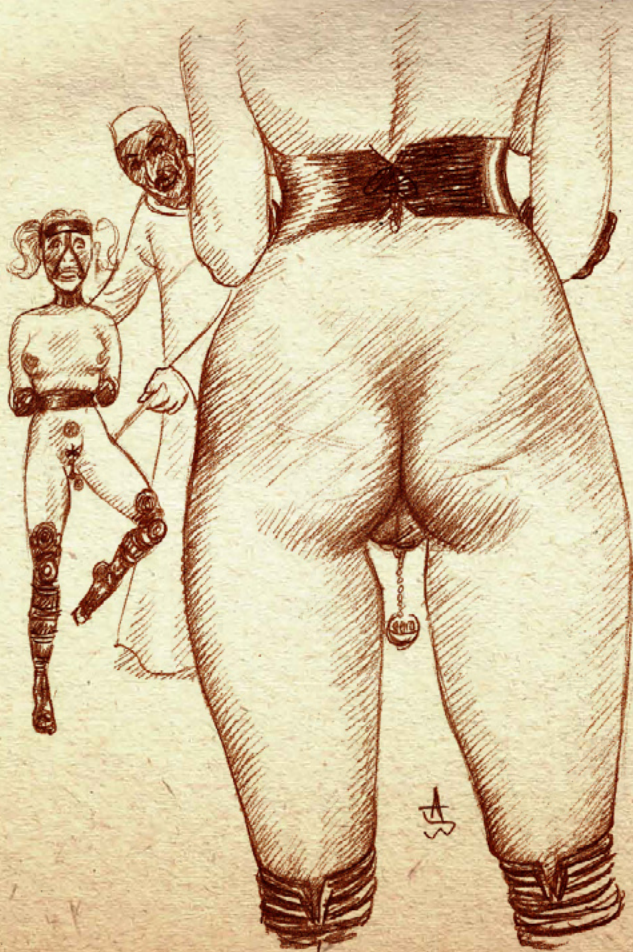
When The God applied the red-hot iron on the quivering white belly, Susan screamed so much that Fatima quickly put the bit back into her mouth. Her daughter had a shrill voice, and everybody in the yard appreciated the initiative of gagging her for what would follow, as the pain of the sewing would last longer than the pain of the branding.

A few minutes later, Susan's body was squirming convulsively on the stone table, her pubis firmly held by the rough hands of The Goddess. When Fatima pierced four holes in her sexual lips, Emma realized that her daughter wasn't going to be sewn with leather laces, like herself, but locked up with the special device for virgins that she had already seen adorning the youngest fillies in the yard. Immediately after the piercing, the Arab goddess plunged between Susan's fat lips a device with a golden escutcheon, then spread four big half-rings out of it that she slid through the holes, before pinching them together to lock them down, just like the rings of a binder. Then, she introduced a little key inside the escutcheon, sealing up the device.

Despite her empathy with the pain that her daughter was suffering, Emma couldn't help feeling deeply moved by the sight of this powerful and meaningful initiation rite. Her daughter would remember that glorious day forever!

The God freed Susan from the stone table and helped her standing up. He looked very surprised when he realized that she was walking toward the harnessed team, straight to her mother. He allowed her to go, yet followed her, applying his bamboo stick behind her thighs to make her raise her knees high up, making her gait more equine.





Emma was so happy to see how quickly her daughter was learning the ways of being graceful according to The God's taste, which was now the absolute law for them all.

She was really pretty, with her face as red as a beetroot and her golden hair gathered in bunches. A younger replica of her mother at this age!

The YB brand on her belly was a perfect print, and this was turning Emma on. She had assumed that the glorious mark that she was also bearing was the crest of The God—in some Arab letters looking like a Y and a B! She had always seen Susan as her pretty little girl, but with that brand on her belly, she looked much more mature. Indeed, Susan was now a grown-up woman—and a very beautiful one!

Susan was coming to her as fast as The God was allowing her to go, her gait being corrected on the fly by the bamboo stick, a soft yet stinging tool especially made for training young women, passing from back to front with a great light handedness. Walking gracefully was a prime obligation in the yard, and Emma knew that The God was doing that for her daughter's own good. Fortunately, the bit in her mouth was preventing her from splitting everyone's eardrums. It would definitely have made her debut a big annoyance for The God.

The little bell attached to Susan's vulva was tingling anarchically, but she would soon master in the art of expressing herself with it. Emma gave a little vertical jump to her own bell with her inner muscles, hoping that it would open Susan's mind to such possibilities, but she barely noticed it.

Finally, Susan bumped into Emma and started rubbing her body against hers, the closest thing to a "Mommy hug" the filly outfit allowed her to do.

Emma responded to it, but made an inquiring head sign to The God behind her daughter's shoulder, anxious to wait for his blessing. She wanted to show him that she understood his way



of treating her daughter, and that she agreed to it unreservedly. Indeed, this was a wonderful event in Susan's life, but it wasn't a reason for passing on such a great opportunity of promoting the whole family!

Fortunately, The God noticed her sign, but his reaction wasn't what she had expected. His face brightened up with joy with the realization that they were related. Naturally, he wasn't aware of that! Why would he? Yes, yes, he had to be informed that she was the mother of this new marvel, and ready to serve him as his most loyal filly.

Emma had never seen The God so happy. She was thrilled to bits to be the author of this outburst, and when he looked at her and gave her a head sign of approval, her loins began to shake.

The God came closer, eager to share this family reunion. The blonde she-devil chose this moment to come out of the barn, followed by a vanquished John Braggston. The Goddess intercepted him and pulled him in their direction by the skin of his testicles. He was wearing the Y and B brand on the belly too, but had a heavy brass ring in the nose, like the fillies who didn't bear the safety lock for virgins. It was pretty much the same outfit as the white women, except for his genitals which were held into two soldered thick brass rings, one around the basis of his cock, the other around his balls, with a little bell dangling from it. He also had two smaller rings in his foreskin, probably to be fastened to the big ones with a padlock and so prevent any unwanted erection. The Arab Goddess was pulling his testicles by strokes, obviously correcting his gait to be as graceful as the females, making the little bell tingle.

To think that this ridiculous caricature of a man was her husband! Emma totally saw herself as the property of Malik Maruk now, and she was determined to display only

a cold welcome to her husband. She wouldn't take the risk of making The God jealous just because she wanted to fake being a loving wife to this puppet. It was not the way he was pulled by the balls that was shocking, but the huge erection he was getting out of it. Not only was John's manhood as hard as a staff, something she had not seen for years, but it was continuously spurting its semen on the ground.

In a situation like that, when his wife and daughter were in danger, that pig was enjoying being walked by this old and ugly Arab woman, all Goddess she was?

Naffi Effect or not, Emma would never forgive him for that affront, especially if, consequence of his presence, her beautiful dream with Malik Maruk should come prematurely to an end, forcing her to go back to Geneva.



Chapter XIV
The wedding blessed by the Goddess

Malik Maruk was embracing and petting the bodies of the two whites hugging each other. He loved to work his way into the effusions of Christian families. He always had a lot of fun watching these fascinating exotic behaviors in television programs from the Western world, but enjoying in the flesh one of these situations, wonderfully enhanced by the nudity of its characters, without the useless words that they usually share on television, this was simply beyond comparison.

He had in one hand the fresh butt cheek of the younger one shivering in his palm, and in the other the velvet-soft one of her mother, plump but now firm underneath after two months of filly exercising.

The two whites were now looking at him. The emma one needed to show the extent of her worship, despite his intrusion in their family reunion, but the fawn was making eyes at him, making clear that he wasn't welcome in this so exotic "Mommy hug". A glare that was suddenly caught in stupefaction when her breath got louder. She began to puff through her bit like a



fully exhausted by a long trip. Her cheeks turned red, and she couldn't hide anymore that she was in raptures. She turned her eyes away from him, embarrassed to face him while her first orgasm was reaching its peak.

"Three seconds," Malik Maruk noted mentally.

The blonde fawn and her female genitor were only two vibrant hot bodies seeking eagerly for a contact with his skin. Though, despite the fact that he was having the time of his life, he would never forget his training obligations. Noticing that Fatima's facial expression was too neutral for the situation, he talked to her in Arabic.

"You must act like if you don't believe what I say right now!"

"I don't know if I can," Fatima replied, "I am not much of an actress!"

"No problem," Malik laughed, "these whites think we are peasants. Even if you overplay, they will take it as local color. See, you did it perfectly. Now look at them closely and pretend that you noticed something that is giving you an intense satisfaction. If it helps, just look at the delightful little brat, and imagine how she'll soon worship you as a Goddess. Can you believe that it took her three long seconds to be embarrassed by me watching her climaxing!"

He grabbed the ring on the bit stuck in the mouth of the fawn and shook it energetically to make her look at him. The young animal was panting with pleasure, though was still staring at him shamelessly. This time, she was able to hold her gaze for five seconds before averting his eyes.

"Oh yes," Fatima complied, amazed, "what a feral little slut!"

"And nevertheless, still a fawn!" Malik Maruk laughed, "It's so rare at that age. Considering her eagerness, it might have been very hard for her genitor to keep her away from

the males of her herd. Anyway, my darling, your act was perfect! You showed exactly the right expression for tremendous joy. Now the emma one thinks that we just discovered that they were related. If they should suspect that we knew it all along, we would no longer be ignorant North-Africans for them, wouldn't we?"

"You're right! As long as they see our farm as a godforsaken hole with retarded peasants, they can behave like the sluts they are without too much shame, thinking nobody with their level of education will ever know. It's so convenient for them! We put them in the right situation, so we don't have to scratch a lot to make their swinish nature pop out..."

"That's impressive, isn't it? Despite the evidence that we display right under their eyes, they still think that their nature is similar to ours—or even superior! Have you noticed how the female genitor doesn't want me to know that she has feelings for her male? She's so anxious with the idea that I could be jealous!"

He laughed.

"Oh yes Malik, you are right once again. But her colleague, the ostrich in disgrace is much brighter!"

"Yes! Unfortunately, the ségolène is the one I'm contracted with. Tomorrow, her owner Said comes, and she'll get out of her ostrich simmering. We'll see then if she's ready for her reining in. If my contract had been about this big-breasted sow instead, I would have already delivered the goods, but she is only extra. Though, this is a good opportunity to throw a party, don't you think? We have until tonight to reunite this nice couple. It will be more fun if their bound as husband and wife is fully active."

Malik Maruk made a step away from the Braggston females. Immediately, the fawn left her mother's embrace and stuck to Malik's body. He allowed it, but made her slide down at his feet. She began to crawl on her knees behind him, eagerly



matching his steps to stay in physical contact with him. He unfastened one by one the four fillies from the cabriolet and ordered them to kneel down before him. He made a discreet sign to the blonde she-devil who took position near the emma one.

Fatima pulled the stud's cock down to make him fall on his knees and stepped back behind him. With his manhood released from her hand, his cycle of ejaculations stopped instantly. His mind seemed to get clearer, but Fatima quickly fastened a leash to his cock rings and started pulling on it each time he would try to stand up.

Realizing that he was only allowed to crawl on his knees, the male moved toward his female in order to face her and probably kiss her the Western way. Of course, he was ignoring his natural instinct as these whites usually do, but Fatima intended to make things right. She kicked his ass to make him fall down on the floor, then she skillfully made him crawl round his female. Her leather slipper seemed to be everywhere around him, correcting his direction by kicking his flanks, hitting him directly in the testicles when he showed the slightest intention of resisting to her. In only a few seconds, he was positioned right behind his female, the only normal way for relationships within the white cattle!

Malik Maruk was enjoying himself a lot. He loved when his dear wife was doing that. It was astonishing to see how fast she could drive a white male to his place like a soccer player leading the ball. With her black *niqab* contrasting with the naked pink flesh of the stud, it was a heck of a show!

Fatima gave a little tap on the head of the emma one who instantly bent forward, throwing herself down zealously headfirst against the tiled floor, which was certainly very painful. Though, it didn't discourage her from spreading her thighs widely apart and lifting her vulva high-up before

Fatima should force her to it. White fillies were never surprising when a display of their intimacies was required!

Fatima untied the leather lace of the emma, making her vulva open like an orchid. Then, she gave one more big kick in the white male's ass so he would fall over his unlocked mate. She moved her plump hand down to his crotch and grabbed a tiny lever that was soldered under the cock ring. This allowed her to manipulate the male organ between finger and thumb with great precision without having to touch his skin. When she had the motion of his cock well in hand, she aimed it toward the Venus cleft of the emma and made his glans disappear in it. Then, as the two whites seemed to be completely dumbfounded, she stood up and kicked the stud's ass again with the flat of her sole like a soccer player, making his male organ penetrate his female.

Fatima stepped backwards to get a good look at her work, but could only frown at what she saw. That damned male was entirely in his female but wasn't moving his pelvis an inch! Was it some kind of rebellion? That white slut was officially his wife in Europe, and yet the stupid pig dared refuse to mate with her when his Goddess wanted it done?

Malik Maruk stifled a laugh. This was the kind of things that was really pissing off his beloved wife. Soon, she was kicking the belly of the emma until she understood that she had to initiate the movements by herself.

Nevertheless, the stud wasn't responding. He was of that kind of dumb whites who were refusing to do anything in first phase and had to be encouraged at each step! In rage, she whipped his buttocks to give him a proper motivation.

Malik Maruk intervened.

"Not that way, Fatima," he smiled, "I just got a delicious idea. Let me take care of this."

He made a sign to the blonde she-devil who kneeled down



over the stud and grasped his body to avoid any unwanted kick, then he separated the reluctant couple. He grabbed the hair of the kneeling blonde fawn who was crawling behind him and pushed her down on all fours under her male genitor. Though, budging the eager little white female wasn't so easy, as she was pushing hard with her hips, trying to keep her body in close contact with his legs the longest time possible, instead of staying in the position required.

A bit annoyed, Malik Maruk stopped being delicate and made the fawn get up on her knees, then led her behind her male genitor. While Fatima was putting the emma back under the male, Malik pulled the white fawn away swiftly by the bit and pushed her head between the stallion's hairy butt cheeks. The brat reared up, trying to pull her head away, but Malik's grip was too strong, and her mouth stayed stuck against the anus of the stud.

Malik Maruk noticed that her locked-up vulva was dripping. Even in that embarrassing situation, the young animal couldn't help enjoying his skin contact! He waited a bit for her resistance to fade away, then he rubbed her face up and down the crotch of her male genitor.

The white stud was jumping with awe each time the little nose of his progeny was squashed over his anus. It took him only seven seconds to understand that there was absolutely no way out of this, except to comply with his new owners' demands. He thrust his male organ into his wife again, but this time responded to her movements.

Malik pulled the blonde fawn away from her genitor's ass, but it wasn't for ending her little performance. He forced her to look at him and waved his tongue like a snake until she started stammering words of protest, showing him that she had understood what she had to do. He stuck her face back between the buttocks of her male genitor, making her

follow the movements of the couple. After a few seconds and three stinging strokes with his bamboo stick, the fawn finally pulled out her tongue and waved it inside the male. In reward, he gently rubbed her head.

Though, after a few seconds of this, the brat stopped the waving, obviously trying to spit out a hair from her mouth.

Malik Maruk even allowed her to rear back. Yet, while she was spluttering in disgust, he whipped her buttocks again with the stick. The fawn cried, but she plunged her face back into the crotch of her male genitor again, this time without her head being pushed. Deprived of the contact with her master's hand, she started waving her tongue again, obviously waiting for her reward. Though, as it wasn't coming, she stopped and turned imploring eyes to him, while her continuous climax was coming to an end, but he didn't move an inch.

After a few seconds, the blonde fawn understood that she had to deserve a reward, and certainly not ask for it. She thrust her tongue into the rectum of her genitor and waved it with a renewed enthusiasm, glancing at Malik out of the corner of her eye. Satisfied, he petted her head again, triggering her orgasm back. She was very bright!

A few seconds later he removed his hand, and waited until the fawn increased her verve to put it back. He repeated that three times more, until the fawn was licking the hairy crotch like if it was a delicious ice cream and French kissing his anus as only a lover would. With her face red and her climaxing wiggles, with the sun making her golden hair glitter and her pink satin-smooth flesh shine, it was making an amazingly beautiful spectacle. One that would never bore Malik, the wonderful sight of nature in motion. If Arab gods had conquered the whites, it was to enjoy their delicious nature and to make it blossom, not to destroy it. What a crime it would have been if they had left the wild white swine in the ignorance of their



magnificent nature, just because of their stupid fancy for wearing clothes and mimicking real people! Of course they denied their animal nature in the presence of gods, that was a logical thing to do. And it was, of course, why they needed so much the guidance of someone like himself, an unselfish deity who could make them dearly pay for the past actions of their race and therefore could free them of their insufferable guilt, ultimately leading them to the fantastic revelation that serving gods was something they had always needed in their lives.

At this very moment, as a living example of the marvels of nature, the stud began to shake. His face was showing distress because he was new to it, but he was climaxing into her female without the help of a godly contact. Fatima spat discreetly on the emma one, so she could join her stallion in the orgasm. It was in the best interest of the Maruk farm that the female should credit the stud for that bliss and accept him back as her male.

Though, that new development was barely noticed by the susan fawn. She was rolling her tongue eagerly into the rectum of her male genitor, as if nothing happened. Indeed, this fawn was one more reward for the altruistic mission that he was carrying out. What a sweet little brat to train!

“That was certainly an express domestication,” Fatima smiled, pointing at the busy blonde fawn, “She is a good little animal.”

“Indeed she is!” Malik replied, “I have absolutely no doubt that she’ll be my next personal body pet! As for her parents, we showed them clearly that we had enjoyed their covering. The emma will stop snubbing her male. We freed her from the great embarrassment of having to choose between her husband and her God, so her love for the white stud will be renewed, knowing that her gods approve of it.

She’ll probably even discover new feelings for him, which are in perfect agreement with her Christian marriage. Though the best part is that I became a stronger god in her mind, not only able to completely control her life, but also able to save her couple. I know, this is such a silly value for domesticated animals, yet it’s still very much alive in their Western world. Now you’ll make him cover her sisters-of-harness and drive them to love him too, and it’ll both strengthen her new interest for him and enhance her team bonding. We just need to promote him in the yard as prime breeder for that—which I think he deserves to be, considering the pretty brat he seeded! The whole family ultimately belong to Lord Bourid, but I agreed to work for him and his friend Saïd only for this whole year. So, why shouldn’t we use the presence of that vigorous animal for the breeding of our own fillies?”

“Sure thing,” Fatima smiled, now pushing the stud behind the open thighs of the next filly of the harness, “and I can have some fun with him too! But speaking of your contract, Malik, what will happen to the fawn? Are you going to leave her virginity to Lord Bourid?”

“You know I’m unable to do such a thing!” reacted Malik looking now at the Susan with a greedy eye,” especially now that I’ve tested her handiness. She’s excellent! I’ll deflower her tightest hole tonight, and keep the other one for her breeding. Lord Bourid doesn’t have to know that she was a virgin at her arrival here. At this age in the Western world, they usually aren’t, so it won’t raise any question. Seriously, how can I resist to a young white slut with such a desperate need for an enlightened guide in her life?”

“I won’t tell if you don’t! Though, I doubt that Lord Bourid would mind anyway if you take that unexpected bonus. And if you do it well, the young white will like it and will forever have a fancy for men of old age. I’m sure that he would appreciate a



lot a white who loves him more and more while he gets older.”

“Of course,” Malik said, “but let’s not risk telling him anyway! He may develop the same fancy I have for such creatures. Making these young brats understand that their remotest hole is a plug that Allah created for the use of Arab gods ... a plug that can bless them, save them, give them an ecstatic pleasure, and turn them into better beings fit to live in our masterpiece society; that is my only happiness in life! Oh my dear wife, this night will be unforgettable!”

Fatima chuckled. She energetically applied her hands on a butt cheek of her new stud, making him instantly spurt out his semen inside the second filly of the team.

“You attach far too much importance to these blonde juveniles, Love,” Fatima said, “who cares if they’re saved or not before Allah? You are too good! Well, at least you enjoy yourself putting these haughty pests in their place, and that’s something that I respect much more!”

“You are a pearl, Cupcake,” Malik replied, “but if I’m so good in training white females to support our new society, and give it a chance to spread throughout the world, it is because I closely study these bratty creatures, when other trainers only use the Naffi Effect, captivity, and torture. Ultimately, when the world will be ours, these haughty pests—as you call them—will only be as loyal to us as the quality of their training will allow it. As victors, we’ll have to rely on their faith for Arab gods, or forever fear that they should rise again one day against us.”

“I know,” Fatima smiled, “and our glorious Empress trusts you completely for that. I understand; I have a passion for breaking white studs once powerful in their society, and I like to think that this can also be of some help to the Empire... Imagine my sacrifice!”

Malik chuckled. His wife was always his angel of wis-

dom. Indeed, the white swine has been created by Allah only as an enjoyment for his chosen people, and he certainly didn’t need any excuse to take the tiny hole of any white. Though, and his wife couldn’t possibly understand that, he needed to drive them much further than simple enslavement. He wanted them to worship him as a god for real. That was the biggest part of his enjoyment!

“All right, Cupcake,” he said, “how do you see tonight’s party? It’s your call!”

“The big breasted slut and the new stud are bound by a Christian marriage,” Fatima said naughtily, “and that makes them perfect for doing the forty-second position of the ‘Christian slave garden.’ While you mount your new fawn, I’ll be delighted to do the position of ‘the wedding blessed by The Goddess’ with this happy couple!”

And that evening, Fatima made the braggston stud mount his emma female while she was sitting on his face, according to that traditional Shazilari figure.

It was a bit difficult at first, because the stubborn white wasn’t enthusiastic enough with his tongue inside her. Naturally, she knew that these white studs experienced a permanent orgasm as long as they were in contact with her skin, and that it made it very difficult for them to concentrate on pleasing her with the tongue, yet she saw no harm in showing this one the drawing of the forty-third position in the book, called “the wedding cursed by The Goddess” that she was going to perform if the actual figure showed to be unsatisfying. And it was helpful, as after that, the braggston stud found in himself great resources to considerably improve his skills with the tongue. It was amazing what a good artistic picture could do!

Of course, initiating the movement inside his wife would be too much trouble for him in this position, so it was the emma



female who was responsible for massaging his manhood with her inner muscles, following Fatima's rhythm to perfection as she was rubbing the braggston stud's face.

This was much better when done during the real wedding night, but this nice reunion after insoluble couple problems was bearing quite the same delights.

For them now, Fatima Maruk would be the magnificent Goddess who had shared their most sacred union and had enhanced it to give them their most fantastic night ever!

Malik Maruk was very satisfied to see how amazed the susan brat was with the spectacle of her parents having such a great joy under the strict control of his beloved wife.

Obviously there was a history behind that strange response. Maybe her genitors had forbidden her to have sex before marriage, or something like that. Something that was now totally irrelevant in regard of the new standards they recently had made theirs.

Malik put his wrinkled hands on the susan brat's body, feeling her pink flesh quivering at his contact. She didn't object to him spreading her butt cheeks apart and thrusting his male organ into her well-oiled anus. She only made a little jump when he swiftly slid it completely into her.

After that, she showed a normal response to the Naffi Effect, climaxing throughout that orifice for the first time of her life, discovering that this ugly old Arab could be the provider of wonderful waves of pleasure. Malik loved the idea that he was changing forever her perception of the ideal male, just with the use of his cock!

The blonde fawn was going to have a life filled with white studs eager to breed with her, he'd make sure of that, but her dreams would forever be for her owner, the god who had initiated her to it. In everyone of her young breeders, she would look for some of Malik's qualities. Something North-African in their physical type, a maturity and a strength in the way they would handle her,



some delightful wrinkles on their skin, and, of course, a lot of tenderness—just like the tenderness of the god who had brought her to life for the first time.

The next day was scheduled as a key event in Malik Maruk's contract with Yusuf Bourid. The ségolène one was going to be tested. Though in case she would fail the test, the emma one was completely trained and already very loyal. She could provide some plausible excuse for any delay for the report of the ségolène to her hierarchy.

With the susan fawn, Malik was just beginning the training ... well, if it could be called like that! It was going to be only pure delight, involving a few spankings and a lot of penetration. A real pleasure!

He sent the she-devil to fetch the ségolène for a last inspection for the conclusion of her "outfoxing" period. To mark the event, he had prepared as rewards a few "gwalads," a Shazilari pastry cooked in the milk of blonde dairy cows.

Chapter XV Malik Maruk's young masterpiece



ékolène Micheraie went in line with Emma Braggston and a blonde teenage girl that she didn't know. All the yard was standing at attention—Sékolène counted about two

hundred white fillies.

It was clearly a special occasion, but she didn't know which one. It seemed to have something to do with the younger one. The taking of her virginity probably...

Nevertheless, she was tremendously excited to be allowed back in the game. She knew that her present condition was now a question of days, and that Saïd would come sooner or later and would set them all free. In the meantime, if she was back in Malik Maruk's good graces as she hoped she was, she might have some time left to enjoy the farm life.

It seemed that she was given a chance to put an end to her isolation. Apparently, the reason of her disgrace was the unpleasant black bruise that Fatima Maruk had made on her face during that party. She was left to rot after that, and Malik Maruk had conveniently forgotten her.

Though, Sékolène knew very well the real reason of her



disgrace. She had stopped the Master's cabriolet and had dropped the name of the Empress, disregarding every rule of the farm. The old man had taken it for a whim and had satisfied her with what he thought she wanted. But with the huge power that Arab men had over White women in this place, it might have been very humiliating for him to be forced to do it. She knew that Malik Maruk loved to control women and was enjoying the use of the Naffi Effect for that purpose. He might have very much resented her intervention. Though, that point was now well taken for Ségolène, and she was determined not to ruin that so unexpected second chance.

She had also another reason to keep a low profile. She had a lot of time alone in her box to think about her situation and had come to the conclusion that the only dangerous thing to do for her was to show anger. Any resentment toward what had been done to her in the farm could threaten them beyond reason. At the slightest sign that she could complain about what had happened to her, Malik Maruk and Saïd could very well decide that it was safer to make her disappear than to risk bringing upon themselves the wrath of the dreadful Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul.

So, when Malik Maruk removed the bit from her mouth, she didn't say anything. On the contrary, she displayed her tongue widely to express her respect for her owner, as required in the Shazilari tradition.

She gently waited while the old man was chewing a "gwalad" for her, carefully mixing the resulting paste with a lot of his saliva. Though, she wasn't showing any disgust, having prepared herself for such things in the loneliness of her box. However repulsive the prospect of eating from that old mouth filled with rotten teeth could be, she knew from experience that his saliva would be saturated with a Naffi agent that would trigger her first orgasm in weeks, and that

was greatly easing the process.

She raised her head under Malik Maruk's face and tried to hide her displeasure while he was pushing the chewed pastry into her mouth with his tongue.

She could read in his eyes that she wouldn't have to fight anymore with the average filly in the manger to get her portion of tasteless gruel. She was definitely back to fetch sweet and erotic food directly from the Master's mouth with the favorites!

Emma Braggston was enjoying the day and a new opportunity to be close to The God, without the slightest interest in what people at home would say about it. If it was good for her, then it was also good for her husband and her daughter. She knew that John had always fantasized about having multiple partners for sexual relationships. Here, he could be the beloved stud of hundreds of beautiful women if he was behaving properly, and for now, he had shown a great proclivity to be a model breeder.

Susan would blossom as a woman in better conditions here than in any other place. She would bear children and would have a loving god to worship. Actually, Emma had the feeling that her daughter could be safer for her first steps in sexual life in this place than anywhere else in the world. She wasn't going to have loads of intercourse with an old man, but each time it would be rewarding for her. She would avoid the deceptions that the boys of her age inflicted to naive virgins who had the bad luck to become infatuated with them. She would never know the abuses of middle-aged men hunting young and malleable pretty girls like her, then throwing them away cruelly afterwards, sometimes having taken dirty pictures to sell on the Internet. Malik would be like a loving grandfather, full of attention during the peak of their relationship, then would be around afterwards, aware and grateful of the gift she had given



him.

But whatever should happen later, her daughter wouldn't lose her time. She was going to learn how to please men from an experienced specialist of this country. A country that was already showing a bright future, a miraculous economic expansion and a rising influence in the world. That man would be a great teacher for her, as he was expressing his deepest desires without hiding behind superficiality, and he was swift in punishing misbehavior and stupidity...

And, of course, he was an expert in making a woman blossom sexually...

Susan was pulling a wide tongue, eager to feel the wonderful sensation again. She wasn't aware that, from The God's point of view, her training had been completed an hour after her arrival in the farm, and that he was already considering her tongue for a sweeter purpose. She wasn't aware of it yet, but even if she would be set free, she would always feel an urge to come back to him. Indeed, as her mother was able to tell her before this ceremony, he was a god, a supernatural being who could only be blindly obeyed, who would ask her to do things that could appear utterly disgusting in the moment, but would always show to be pleasant later.

Who was she to contradict her mother's new wisdom, when she felt exactly the same things in her guts?

Everything that she had been told by her friends at school happened to be true, when everything that her parents had told her at the time was bullshit. Her mother had war-



ned her about the evil nature of the Shazz fashion. But that was before she saw the light and was shamelessly fully living that kind of relationship, obviously enjoying it.

It was happening exactly as her Shazzy friends had said. These hypocrites were hateful and bitter, though they were groveling in the hand of an Arab god the first time they had the opportunity to really meet one! Maybe her parents unconsciously had expected this all their lives, and only wanted to keep away other challengers, especially younger or prettier than they were. Her mother had clearly shown all the signals of jealousy when she was in the hands of The God, something that was a terrible shock for her.

The Shazzies had always said that the generation of their parents knew very well that the sudden spreading of the naffi plant had only revealed the huge natural inequality between Arabs and the rest of humanity. Arabs could make others feel total love for them when others, especially those with European type, were just empty cups who needed to get some of it, just like vampires. According to Shazzy beliefs, some Western people had knowingly kept Arabs in weakness, using technology and managing techniques for that purpose. That way, they could get their piece of it by abusing Arabs, keeping other White people working for them in ignorance. Now things had changed as the naffi plant was a huge revelation, and nobody could deny that anymore. Arabs wanted to put back the natural order of things, which was only a fair objective. It had come suddenly so clearly to Susan's generation, now that the world was no longer a Western dominion. When the generation of their parents realized that they had no more technological power over the Arabs, and that the only thing left to them was that enormous need that couldn't be filled by force anymore, they began to play hard to get, trying to get their attention by all means necessary, waiting

for the day when one of these gods would be interested in them. The gods always preferred the younger ones, because the new generation wasn't racist anymore and was never a part of their millennial injustice, but the parents were always trying to use their children to sell themselves in the package. And now, she had witnessed her mother being jealous of her, trying to use her to get in the good books of The God. It was so clear!

Susan had chosen to stay away from her shazzy friends years ago because she had felt her mother's horror at the idea that she could join Akeem, her S.G.[®]. Of course, Akeem wasn't really a god like Malik Maruk; he was only a Shazzy fashion figure on the way to become one, but not fully blessed yet. It seemed to her now that tutelary gods weren't living in Europe yet.

Her parents had instilled some fear into her, talking about a revengeful sect taking the innocence of young White women for their nasty purpose—and Susan had fallen for it! In reality, their horror was about being kept away from their own tutelary god while their daughter would find her own without them attached!

They should have told her the truth. Susan would have begged a place for them in Akeem's worshiping swarm, but they preferred her to believe that Arabs couldn't be gods.

Still, she loved her parents and wasn't really mad at them. After all, she had now succeeded in belonging to a much more powerful god than Akeem. Maybe it was their plan all along. If so, she was very grateful, but it was ending now. Serious things had begun for her. She wouldn't harbor a grudge against them and would still try to promote them in front of The God when possible, but she was determined to think about herself first.

They had to acknowledge that the bigger the age difference, the stronger the sacred link! She knew that her parents would never accept that a white she-colt like herself could be



closer to The God than they ever would, so she had to be very careful about their “good intentions”.

As for her school mates, even if they had got everything right about Shazz, Susan was still seeing them as low lifes. They had turned their back on her when she doubted, and she hated them for that. She would have understood their ways eventually, but instead they chose to show her despire.

Now these jerks were still in Geneva, out of range of the spreading of the sacred plant, just pretending to feel the rightful thing with their make-believe Arab god instead of taking the plane for coming here, in the country of the Naffi Revelation.

On the contrary, Susan was now owned by a god to whom they would all die to belong—an ancient one!

When her father had brought her to the Naouda cliff, a few miles away from the Valley of the Gods, allegedly to find her mother, she couldn't help feeling excited by the idea that they might be playing their master card. What were the odds that they should come to that place, so famous in the Shazz mythology, if it wasn't for bringing her here to tease a worthy god and get themselves a swarm?

She knew now that all her life had been about getting here and meet Malik Maruk, her tutelary god whose skin contact was so wonderful. So, if anyone tried to tell her that it was wrong to be a filly in the stable of an old Arab, it would only make her sneer.

She didn't intend to throw away her ticket for a new dream life, leaving it to some cunning sow. Even if they sent a military force to make her leave, if her parents would comply with it, trying to raise the stakes of their stupid game, she would always find a way to return to The God.

She looked at The God with absolute love, ready to grab the pastry he had just sanctified with his mouth. She was ready to give little tongue strokes on his lips if she could, to show him how eager his fervent she-colt was to please him. She wanted him to know that he wasn't only a god for her anymore.

He was just God.



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