



Reining in The White Trillies



The White Trillies - volume 3



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Alonzo Gerai

Reining in ^{the} White Pillies

Worlds of Domination
Les Mondes de Domination



Prologue



he private jet of Saïd Agadir touched down in Rasheedabad, on the runway of the brand new Imperial Airport.

Needless to say that a top-level authorisation from the D.I.R.E.¹ was required for a plane to land in that part of the country. The tourists were only allowed to use the airports of Tambi and Zaruum, on the eastern side of the territory. If they wanted to go elsewhere in the country, they would have had to cross the desert, the swamps or the jungle to visit the Nambi plains, the Valley of Shazilar, the city of Maruk, or the Valley of the Slaves; though anyway, it was impossible to get an authorisation to enter these holy places.

Since the Independence of British Shaziriland and the creation of the new Republic of Tambinambiwa, in 1956, only a few foreigners had been granted a guided tour of the forbidden land, officially to avoid the huge cost of a military escort in a hostile region where western people could disappear forever. During the British years and the reign of Zwanga “the Lord of

1- Department of Intelligence of the Rasheedian Empire



the Animals' on that remote part of the country, thousands of these foreigners, mostly women, were supposed to have been killed by the Mahawi cannibals, then by the deadly worshippers of the Zwangani, a terrible Goddess believed to perpetrate human sacrifices. This was one of the reasons why the British had left this ungovernable region.

Then, when the Norwegian ship "the Lobster Pot" was boarded by the colonial coast guard in-1987, and a secret compartment holding hundreds of naked white women in chains was found, an official expedition was sent by the UN for the first time to investigate the possibility that Tambinambiwa could be the hub of a huge traffic of white slaves in the region. It led to the discovery of a mysterious Arabic microcosm in a hidden valley called Shazilar where white women were used as animals.

Though, that peculiar tradition seemed to concern only the members of a native white ethnic group and was apparently not the source of these massive abductions in the western world. Without more information on the subject, the government of Tambinambiwa simply forbid all presence of strangers in this area, to protect the millennial culture of Shazilar, but also to avoid any further problem with the UNO.

In 1998, the region got unstable. Tambinambiwa became Tambi Caliphate, then was invaded by a coalition of Emirates, but the rule about strangers was strictly maintained by the succeeding regimes. After the victory of the Tambi Underground, their charismatic leader Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul took over the region. She was a foreigner born in the Principality of Wonderbourg, once employed by U.N.C.A.W.W.S.,² but after her marriage with the Caliph, she had become the rightful heiress of the Tambi Caliphate. As such, she united it with the Arabic Emirates in the north,

and founded the Empire of Rasheedia. Though, all foreigner she was, Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul didn't change what seemed to be the only constant in the region: No tourist was allowed!

Since the foundation of the Empire, only four delegates of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. and two of their relatives had been authorized to visit the western part of the country ... and all of them very recently and only because it couldn't be avoided after the discovery of the Naffi plant.

In reality, thousands of white women were imported clandestinely every year through the diplomatic bag of Rasheedia or one of its vassal neighbor countries. Since the Republic of Zebya had legalized the abduction and enslavement of white females and had started a war with the western nations, the Empire of Rasheedia had been completely exonerated from all accusations, and nobody would dare break the diplomatic laws and investigate any of the three cargo planes from Wonderbourg that were landing every day in Rasheedabad Airport.

At that precise moment, one of them was delivering its precious cargo a few yards from King Said's jet, so when the new monarch walked through the door of the plane, he could see, behind the official delegation, a sea of pink flesh being processed with long whips by a few Rasheedian men wearing djellabahs. Saïd Agadir was not yet used to the Shazilari traditions and was delighted to see how common this seemed to be for the Rasheedians.

When the military band stopped playing the new arabized version of Wonderstein's National Anthem, they could hear the groaning clamor generated by hundreds of gaged angry white women, punctuated here and there by the cracking of whips. But no one would even look at what was happening a few yards from there—they were just not interested!

Saïd was amazed by the number of white females that this cargo plane could contain. The merchandise had pro-

²—United Nations Committee Against White Women Slavery



bably travelled standing-up, packed like sardines. Those women were coming from all continents, abducted and sent to Wonderbourg or Wonderstein illegally, then detained in huge shelters and embarked in these planes for Rasheedia.

Most of them were white, because the Phoenic religion was all about the metamorphosis of the whites back into the state of domesticated animals, though some among the captives were from other ethnic groups, Africans or Asians. Contrary to the whites, they were slaves but still seen as human; some lucky ones would be granted their freedom after years of service, allowed to end their days as citizens of the Empire, when whites without an owner would be simply sent to the swine pound.

It was probably a shock for these women to be projected so brutally from a safe and comfortable world to this new one where they were inferior to people that they might have seen all their life as uncivilized. If they wanted now to get any consideration, it could only be through years of exhausting thankless work, selfless obedience, and enthusiastic sexual begging. Though, it wasn't Saïd who would feel compassion about that. He hated those white sows and had always found great satisfaction in watching them lose their haughtiness in such a useful way for the Empire. In a very short time, these angry bitches would discover the bliss that they could get from the skin and fluids of their naffi eating masters and would forget their freedom completely just to be granted the honor of worshipping them. Saïd valued a lot the very first days of training, when their conflicted feelings were putting them in turmoil.

His cruelty was the reason of his success during his school years with so many of these "yokels", as he called them. That cold hatred that he had in him was unconsciously challenging the spoiled white girls, who thought he was a

kind of a cute "rebel without a cause". Added to his handsomeness and exoticism, that had brought every female at school in his bed, before his foot would kick them out of it after the third night, if they were still hooked by that time.

After a few years of that routine, Saïd's hatred began to show on his face, and it got more difficult for him to find preys, until the Naffi Effect conveniently appeared, making him irresistible. What it was doing to these "yokels" was so fascinating that Saïd would often wonder about the wisdom of his choice of a career. He was King of Wonderstein, but how great it would have been to be one of these handlers, to drive hundreds of independent-minded white women like cattle every day, to be the one who would make them realize where their new place was. These men who were managing these sows had a perfect life, simply getting some quality time with them at the best period of their enslavement.

That is what Saïd had in mind when he put his foot on the red carpet displayed for his first visit in Rasheedia as a monarch.

Empress Rasheedia Bourid Al Rhazul a.k.a. Rasheedia the First was there in person with a delegation of important Rasheedians to welcome the new king of the Wondersteiners and his wife Anstrud. The blonde girl was the queen in title, but once passed the door of the plane, her royal status was only a spicy sexual peculiarity. All queen she was, she had to follow Rasheedian laws like any other white, to be duly branded and tattooed on the belly, then registered as a blonde gilt before a notary. Her shy steps, a few feet behind her master, was clearly showing that she already knew her real place.

Saïd Agadir had met the Empress once, when he had come to Rasheedia a few weeks before. Then he had gone back to Wonderstein where he had married Princess Anstrud of Wonderstein. The queen in title of Wonderstein at the time was



Anstrud's mother Bernhilde. She was killed in a plane crash over the mountains, and her body was never found.

Later, the rumor had spread that one of the perverted "Shazz" women who were pulling the carriage of the eccentric Prince Yusuf Bourid of Wonderbourg looked just like Queen Bernhilde. Though, every Wondersteiner knew that it couldn't be true; even if she had miraculously survived the crash, it was absolutely impossible that their noble Queen could agree to behave as an animal!

According to the laws of Wonderstein, Anstrud was crowned queen, and her husband Saïd became the King.

And now Saïd was coming back to Rasheedia as a head of state: Quite an amazing destiny for a young migrant from the squalid suburb of Rochebonne, Wonderbourg!

Chapter I In the company of native buttocks

Saïd Agadir spent two days in the Imperial Palace of Rasheedabad as the guest of honor. The international press was fascinated by that new monarch of a European country who had North-African origins, and by the nature of his connection with the Empire of Rasheedia, his first destination as a Head of State. He spent the last two days answering the questions of journalists in Queen Anstrud's presence.

They only learnt that he was taking a vacation to celebrate his victory with his uncle. Of course, the journalists who followed him to Rasheedia were not allowed to set foot out of the international area of Rasheedabad. The policy for foreigners was very strict in the Empire, forbidding them to enter sacred Phoenic soil. So, the journalists were sent back home in the royal Wonderstein plane.

Once free of his movements for the first time in weeks since the conquest of his small country, Saïd put back his favorite outfit, a tracksuit that was making him look like an average Rap music fan. He was fed up with the official business and was really happy to go back to that paradise where a white slut would know her place—which was definitely not to trick him



with a microphone!

He walked out of the Palace through a door reserved to Rasheedians and entered the Imperial stables. The Empress had put at his disposal a “quadruplet sedan”, already harnessed with four magnificent blonde creatures, nude and shining with oil. From the incredible size of their thighs, about five times the volumes of his own, he could tell that they were native fillies, as such a powerful legs could only be the result of almost a millennium of carefully selected breeding.

He climbed into the vehicle and grabbed the whip that had been left for him on the seat. He cracked it, and the eight butt cheeks jumped forward, putting the carriage in motion, slowly at first, then with the regularity of the pistons of a steam engine.

The quadruplet sedan passed through the north-East door of the surrounding walls and entered the most crowded area of the city. Saïd loved the streets of the real Rasheedabad, the part that was strictly forbidden to foreigners. It was a wonderful sensation to open his path through the motley crowd with these four naked radiant blondes.

The vehicle went out of the city half an hour later, and Saïd made his whip crack again to make the filly switch their trot into gallop. The sedan flew on the country road almost as fast as if it was pulled by horses. These whites could break Olympic records any time. What a pity that animals weren't allowed to participate!

Saïd had taken a few days of vacation, confident of the stability of his nation: Except for a small percentage of studs, all the white males of Wonderstein had been killed. Saïd didn't have the scruples of Prince Yusuf who was using those for the hard work in the building industry of Wonderbourg. It was so much safer to manage their females, and a lot more

fun! His ministers were perfectly able to handle them to apply the program for the renewal of Wonderstein that the D.I.R.E. had carefully prepared for two years.

Right now, he was just eager to see the results of the training of the haughty Ségolène Micheraie by the old Malik Maruk.

The road was following the Naouda Cliff and, for a few hours, there was only that wall of rock on his left and *mazook* fields on his right, stretching as far as the eye could see. A view that would have been quite monotonous if these fields weren't filled with thousands of naked white women very busy working under the whips of Rasheedian overseers.

The day when he would see this in every country in the world would be a good day, even if it would mean that no white would be left to break. He was beginning to share the sweetest dream of his charismatic Empress, the coming of “Pax Rasheediana” over the whole world, when war would be a thing of the past, and life a succession of white buttocks to mount.

When he had turned to the left a few hours ago, following the Naouda Cliff to the north, the *mazook* fields had been replaced by the jungle. The country looked entirely different from that new angle, with the shadow of the gigantic wall of rock covering the road and the dense foliage. It was turning the path into a tight corridor. The strong echo was giving a deep impression of solitude, making the panting of the four blondes and the clicking of their hoofs on the ground both more intimate and unreal.

After a while, he arrived at a junction. The road forward was continuing along the Cliff, though there was another path on the right diving straight into the jungle. The panel said that it was the way to Maruk, the most famous slave market in the world. But it wasn't where Saïd had to go. On the left, there was a small opening in the Cliff, large enough to cross with the



carriage. He barely recognized it, as it was the first time that he was there by day and on his own. Though it had to be it; there was no other way, as the road forward was ultimately leading to the Nubiari desert.

He took the rocky path that was climbing between the sides of the cliff. The return of the sun was welcome, but the steepness of the road and the rocks scattering the ground were making it dangerous. He had been advised to moderate the enthusiasm of his fillies, so they wouldn't trip on a stone or exhaust themselves. Even with such powerful native fillies, an hour was needed to climb on the first plateau through that winding path, then one more hour to get to the rocky track that led to the second one, then to the third one.

Malik Maruk had built his farm on the highest accessible place on that side of the Shazilari mountains, on a fourth small plateau alongside the steep wall of the upper cliff that seemed to merge into the clouds. Only experienced climbers equipped with modern material could make it to the summit and climb down to the Valley of Shazilar on the other side.

To get to that third plateau, the white fillies had to pull very hard on the last winding mountain road, because the slope was very steep. Saïd could really appreciate the efficiency of these native fillies, and the huge superiority given by the powerful muscles of their thighs over his own teams of European girls at home. Even his four winning black beauties would have needed a few pauses during the trip, but these Shazilarian ones were doing it without a break and with a perfectly steady trot. The fillies often had to bend and stick their hoofs in the ground to avoid falling down over the edge, though it didn't make them decrease their speed one bit, and Saïd could admire the power of the steel muscles of their backsides at work. This was definitely a good reason to come here by day!

After the crossing of the third plateau, where he had great

fun driving a sulky pulled by Ségolène Micheraie for weeks³, he finally arrived on the upper one, and in sight of the farm that was covering a good part of it. He parked the quadruplet sedan in front of the big wall surrounding the place and jumped down from the vehicle to stretch his legs a bit.

The white fillies were breathing loudly, and a thick foam was sliding down their chin. They were exhausted, but were trying to hide it to make a good impression on their driver, sticking their chest out with pride.

Saïd patted each one of them on the buttocks, feeling the tough muscles that, once contracted, seemed to be made of stone, the result of generations of pulling carts in the region.

The white creatures reacted to that nice gesture with very teasing neighs and lewd looks, even if they had no illusions about what would follow. Most of them never had the chance to be sexually mounted by an Arab master, and such a wonder was only arousing their imagination. They would be satisfied only in their dreams tonight in the stable.

These creatures believed that the reason why they were not getting any sexual attention was because they were only animals, unworthy of being taken by their masters. In reality, it was more because the Rasheedians wouldn't feel comfortable with the power of their muscled buttocks, not designed for mounting. They loved the highly developed internal muscles of their pets, but a white native filly in her prime of life could crush a cock between her gluteal muscles, and then keep it captive for hours. Of course everyone knew that those creatures were totally obedient, though the fear of a white suddenly unable to relax her muscles after being honored in a way she had sought all her life, that could cool off quite a bit! For Shazilarian men, the risk of being painfully humiliated wasn't worth the pleasure they could get out of it. Though, according to Malik Maruk, such a horrible thing had

3 —see: "Outfoxing the White Fillies"



never really happened, finding its origins in tales for naughty children who were too much bothering the white fillies in the stables. Nevertheless, the way these creatures had to gallop, with pelvic movements and a highly erotic prancing attitude, sometimes with a free ponytail plug kept in position inside their rectum for a whole day ... all that was developing their muscles a lot, and was making that tale plausible.

Yet, some perverted Rasheedians were known to like the thrill they could get out of it. Actually, it was a highly respected fantasy, seen as a sign of male power, and it was one of the reasons why so many old men were turning their pets into fillies. That way they could safely enjoy mounting them while keeping intact their self-esteem.

The unfortunate creatures that they had to use when they really needed to go fast were only getting a few pats on the head or on the buttocks. Naturally, they much appreciated these small attentions from their gods ... at least from those who were smart enough to take good care of their mounts. They were also covered once a year by a white stallion, for breeding purpose, but as Malik Maruk had told him, they couldn't get any real pleasure out of these few minutes of insemination, having to concentrate only on the use of their inside muscles to milk to the last drop the precious semen that the dull studs would squirt into their wombs.

Thinking about it, these studs were much privileged in comparizon to their females, as they only had to take their pleasure in the backsides displayed for them, and get the hand of their Goddess applied on their buttocks many times a day to increase their output of impregnated fillies. It was exhausting, but at least the males were granted a daily pleasure that the females could only envy.

Ironically, the more the white fillies were doing their best in pulling the vehicles of their gods, the more they were

developing a huge musculature that was making the realization of their sweetest dream impossible. But they couldn't be aware of it, as the Rasheedians were strictly rewarding them in accordance to their performances under the harness. That way, they could keep doing their best in pulling the carriages of their gods, and could be happy with it.

Though the native fillies were definitely the best for speed and endurance, the Rasheedians fancied much more the free-born European ones who had appeared on the market forty years ago. After a few months of training, those new whites from exotic countries had their internal muscles strong enough to please but not to squeeze. A Rasheedian lord could show that he could handle such smart, talking and rebellious fillies, when in reality, most of these newcomers had been trained for months by professionals like Malik Maruk to make them perfectly safe.

Naturally, Saïd wasn't affected by this kind of Rasheedian fashions. For him, these native fillies were bearing an incredible exoticism. Logically, their total submission should have bored a white-woman-hater like him, but he was seeing in them the living proof that white females were always meant to be domesticated animals, proud and happy to serve their Arab masters, and he loved to be constantly reminded of that delightful fact.

It seemed to Saïd that the butt cheeks of steel he had watched under tension for hours had hypnotised him. It was probably some twisted way that the white fillies had found to impress the god behind them. The sliding back and forth movements of their ponytail anal plugs had made him constantly wonder how pleasurable it could be to get his cock massaged by such powerful internal muscles. He sometimes even had the impression that they were talking to him that way, slightly changing the rhythm, the depth and the pressure they were



exerting on the plugs. Perhaps he had just imagined it, but if he was right, what a great way of communicating ... it would probably take him a lot of time to answer them properly ... and deeply!

That amusing thought brought him out of his trance. He realized that he had been rubbing the buttocks of one of the white fillies for long minutes, causing her a sort of permanent orgasm, making all her body vibrate. Her face had turned all red and sweaty, her eyes had the white showing, and a puddle of sexual fluid was soaking her hoofs.

It was quite strange to see that magnificent and powerful creature, much taller than him, shiver like a little girl just because he had rubbed her backside...

“Oh, I love doing that too!”

Saïd jumped. The voice belonged to Malik Maruk, who was standing at the door, amused.

“Put the quadruplet sedan in the yard,” the old man said, “I’ll open the gate!”

A minute later, the carriage entered the farmyard. Saïd parked it in the barn and went to the house to salute Malik Maruk and his wife, leaving the care of the white fillies to a black she-devil.

But for the unfortunate creatures who had been aroused for hours with the idea that some wonderful thing could happen to them, hope was fading away once more: that amazing god that had shown such an interest in them was now entering a place where hundreds of other white animals, most of them specialized in teasing the gods, would make him forget everything about them...

Chapter II Dinner on the naouda cliff

he dinner was perfect. Malik Maruk’s wife Fatima had prepared a delightful traditional meal for Saïd Agadir, who was quite satisfied to discover how his new status of Head of State was giving him greater attention. Fatima had been very nervous, glancing at him while he was eating her famous wild goose and Shazilari figs cooked in blonde milk.

“That was delicious Malik,” Saïd said, “your wife is a wonderful cook.”

“That is the best meal in Shazilari tradition, my friend,” Malik Maruk replied, “wild goose is the only edible animal that can be found in the Valley of Shazilar ... and on the Cliff. We don’t eat the lizards and the little weasels who hunt them, rum-maging between rocks with their nose.”

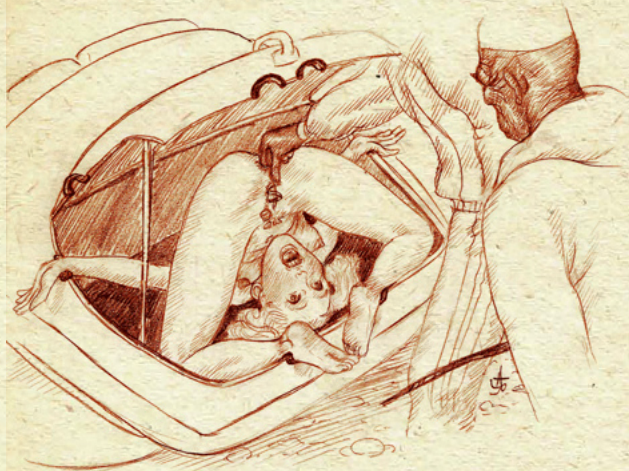
Saïd jumped.

“Oh! Speaking of that, I left my wife in the trunk!” he exclaimed, “let’s go fetch her!”

He stood up and went straight outside to the quadruplet



sedan, followed by Malik Maruk. He opened the truck, revealing a beautiful young blonde with her backside displayed in a very uncomfortable position. Saïd put two fingers in her rear hole and moved her up.



"Meet my wife Anstrud, the new queen of Wonderstein!"

He grabbed what was left of her pubic hair with his other hand and pulled the girl out of the trunk.

Saïd noticed that Malik Maruk was looking at the young female with greedy eyes. His friend Yusuf Bourid had told him that the old trainer was falling for European princesses. For that man who, despite his age, could have any white woman he wanted, those were rare and very hard to get ... and

the one that was crawling on the ground in front of him right now was even a queen ... and a beauty.

"When you are bored with that one," Malik Maruk said, drooling, "come to me and you'll get a good price for it!"

"I am already tired of that stupid brat," Saïd replied, "though, I need her for political reasons until I become officially the unchallenged leader of Wonderstein. For the rest of the world, she still is the Head of State, and I have to make a constitutional modification if I want to replace her in every occasion. But, of course, you can enjoy her while she's here. When she's not with me, she's all yours!"

"Thank you my dear Saïd," Malik exclaimed, relieved "I like to own the slaves I ride, but I'll make an exception for this delicious one. If you allow it, she'll be in my bed pack tonight."

They went back into the farmhouse, but a few glasses of fig wine later, Saïd felt a sudden urge to go to see that Micheraie woman in her box. He had never swallowed that he had to be her toy boy for three days, and he wanted now to mount her the proper way.

"Really I don't think it's wise, my friend," Malik Maruk said, "these fillies need to be disdained at the moment. Riding them now could be disastrous!"

Saïd hesitated. He couldn't risk jeopardizing Ségolène Micheraie's training, a task that was still under the responsibility of Yusuf Bourid.

"It's a terrible thing to own a white sow that I'm not allowed to mount!"

"I know the feeling," Malik Maruk replied, "I'm a trainer! It's sometimes very difficult to resist to the charm of these creatures, but if you want to be a master trainer one day, you need to work at that kind of discipline."

"I know, I know, I'll wait for that. But I got an idea. I'll play with my little wife a few feet away from her. She'll feel dis-



dained even more if she thinks that I'm going to mount her, when instead it happens to another filly, don't you agree? I'd like to see what she's already willing to do to tease me, and then how she takes things when she realizes that I was never going to touch her."

"Good training spirit, my young friend," Malik Maruk replied. "That will be very efficient if you can ignore her completely. If you're absolutely sure that you're able to resist to wildly jump on her once you're in the action, let's do it. But what you'll say to her has to be carefully prepared before. She's expecting you to free her like you did last time, so you need to come up with some story."

And five minutes later, Saïd was in the back of the yard, followed by a silent Malik Maruk and a crawling Anstrud. He walked toward the remote part of the yard, where the fillies in disfavor were kept, pretending to look for a mount. Of course, he was causing a wave of excitement among the poor creatures who could feel his presence behind the tarpaulin.

Malik Maruk put his torch in a socket on the wall of the riding school facing the two boxes. He grabbed the tarpaulin and uncovered the whole row of boxes where the two UN delegates were sleeping.

Ségolène Micheraie and her colleague Emma Braggston, surprised by the sudden coming of light, quickly assumed a position of respect, raising their buttocks in the direction of the Master.

Blinded by the light of the torch, Ségolène tried to spot out where Malik Maruk was standing, so she could aim at his eyes with her crotch. She had been back in his good books⁴

⁴ - See: "Outfoxing the White Fillies"

for only one day, and she didn't want to ruin everything because she wasn't fast enough to display her backside at him, something that was apparently the worst insult a white woman could do to a Shazilari man.

As her eyes were getting used to the light, she recognized Saïd. She had waited for him for a month! A shiver of excitement went through her body—her humiliation in that farm was over!

Yet, she couldn't help feeling disappointed. She had hoped for a few seconds that Malik Maruk would bring her to his bedroom. Actually, she liked him better. She didn't live one single day in her weeks of disgrace without having regrets about that unintentional request she had made for being branded with Saïd's mark. If only she had shut her mouth, the old man would have seen her as his property and would surely have mounted her by now. According to the laws of Rasheedia, she was owned by Saïd, a young European lout with North-African origins, wearing a tracksuit and probably listening to Rap or Rai music, like thousands of them. Also, she could feel his hate for white women, when the old farmer was full of tenderness and sweet attentions for them.

Though, it wouldn't be so terrible if the coming of Saïd didn't also mean that it was the end of her captivity. She was muzzled with the bit in her mouth and couldn't say anything, but Saïd was going to recognize her. She had prepared herself for that event, knowing she had to be very careful to avoid complaining. If Saïd had the slightest impression that she was angry about what had happened to her here, he could choose to make the problem disappear, and then deny that she had ever come to the farm. These people were terrified by their all-powerful empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul, and they knew that the UN delegates were under her protection, even if it was for international reasons that they might not understand.



If Ségolène and Emma had the slightest grievance against them, Saïd and Malik Maruk would surely bring upon themselves the wrath of the Empress ... so what about having been branded, sewn and ringed?

The two Arabs had their heads into the hands of the two delegates, and had no idea about it. Ségolène had to do everything to keep it that way.

That's why she smiled at Saïd through the bit and began to shake her pelvis to show how excited she was to see that her master was back.

"What the...?" Saïd exclaimed in Arabic, seeing the delegate in such a positive mood. "She's already trained?"

"No, my friend," Malik Maruk replied, amused, "but you're lucky if you want to mount her: She's in a very understanding mood!"

"Really?" Saïd reacted. "You said I couldn't mount this white a few minutes ago..."

"I know! It's usually very risky at this point of the training, but this one is an ostrich class filly, and for some reason, probably to insure her safety, she intends to pretend that she doesn't want to displease you right now. Normally, she should still be destabilized, in turmoil between conflicted feelings, pride, relief, excitement, and anger. The 'pretense' as we trainers call it is an excellent state of mind for a filly being processed, as whatever you'll do to her now will be because she initiated it herself. And it's a great opportunity for us, as skillfully handled, it can boost the speed of her training and ensure our success in the little time we have left. Disdaining her can still be the right move. It's definitely the less risky method, though that 'pretense' is a gift from Allah

that we can't ignore. With my help, you can use it, but you have to be extremely careful. The good news is that it makes possible the premature mounting that you seek!"

"Great!" Saïd exclaimed. "So, what do I have to do, dear Malik?"

Malik Maruk explained to his young pupil, the King of Wonderstein, what role he had to play in this new update of the training of an ostrich-class filly. Saïd listened to him carefully, and when he was ready to do his part, he turned toward the kneeling delegate.

"Hello Ségolène," he said in English, "Malik Maruk tells me that you came back to the farm willingly to become my filly? That's very nice, I appreciate it a lot!"

The white nodded with enthusiasm.

"I had no idea that you could be so attached to me," Saïd said gently, "I'm flattered!"

He squatted down in front of her and ran his hand on the mark printed on her shivering belly. He definitely didn't have to feign his satisfaction! She was lifting her crotch up for him so he could take a good look at it.

"Excellent!" Saïd said with a murmur of admiration. "From now on, you're my favorite!"

Ségolène was gloating: That fool really believed that she was enjoying being treated like a human filly! He would get a big surprise when he'd have to explain to his Empress how he dared to brand two women under her protection.

Naturally, Ségolène would magnanimously forgive what had been done to her and would spare the young man, minimizing his part in it. It was true that she had come back here willingly, thinking that Saïd would be there to protect her.



And Malik Maruk had nothing to fear from her either, as she intended to return to the farm in the future, no matter what. She would never say anything that could put the old man in jail or worse.

When in safety, she would only scare the two of them enough to make them understand once and for all that she had that power over them. And then, she would ask for a permanent ticket to the farm ... but with a special status, not as a filly without a say.

And, of course, Malik Maruk would have to get rid ... err ... would have to free her colleague Emma and the young Susan. She just couldn't forgive what the old man had done to that poor girl. Every evening he would choose Susan to share his couch, and Ségolène could only watch it with horror from the remotest box in the yard. It had to be stopped!

Her anger was rising when she suddenly felt Saïd's finger penetrate her tiny hole. She gave a jump with the surprise but calmed down immediately as her body was beginning to react, accompanying the massaging movements of that delightful finger. After almost a month of deprivation, Ségolène had forgotten how relishing could be these skin contacts enhanced by the Naffi Effect.

When he withdrew his finger, Ségolène saw him put it into the mouth of the blonde who was accompanying him. Her face seemed familiar... She might have seen her in the yard. The girl sucked her master's finger eagerly, and then dried it on her cheek.

"Of course, I caught you during your sleep, and your backside is not properly oiled," Saïd said to Ségolène, "Nevertheless we will see that you get rewarded for being so nice. Fetch the fig butter, Anstrud!"

The blonde girl swiftly dived her hand behind her shoulder, into her little backpack and took a tube out of it, suddenly overexcited.

"Spread some on my cock with your tongue, Anstrud!" Saïd

commanded. "I want to give to my faithful filly here a reward she'll remember!"

Anstrud... Of course! Now Ségolène had recognized her. She was that famous young princess, the heiress to the throne of Wonderstein. But how...

Ségolène suddenly remembered that Princess Anstrud had been everywhere on television because of that affair she had with a man of North-African origins. Could that man be Saïd? It was incredible, but she could see no other explanation. It seemed that the royal princess had gone a bit deeper into her unconventional relationship! Right now she was licking Saïd's cock with big strokes of the tongue, like an eager little puppy.

Ségolène's pretense instantly became secondary. If a royal princess could prepare Saïd's male organ for her, it was giving to this party much more importance. She wasn't usually affected by that sort of thing, but she had to admit that it had stricken her. She couldn't help feeling proud because Princess Anstrud of Wonderstein was licking Saïd's cock to ease her own penetration! And Saïd... All the sudden, he wasn't a North-African yob in tracksuit anymore, but an exotic celebrity in rap outfit.

And a very important one, if the heiress of one of the oldest royal families in Europe had chosen to become his slave.

If she had felt that sooner, she would never have wiggled her hips like a slut in front of this man. It was so much easier when she thought of him as a nobody. Though, it didn't matter anymore; she had completely lost her self-consciousness. Her original pretense was turning into a real desire to be the object of the sexual attentions of that important man.



Princess Anstrud of Wonderstein pressed the tube to put more Shazilari fig butter on her tongue, intending to spread it on the cock of her husband and master, trying to catch his eyes in the process.

Emma cherished the hope that she could steal the attention of that young god away from her colleague and be honored as a mount in her place. All her body was shivering with that prospect.

It was a relief for Ségolène to be able to physically express what she felt deep inside. Her restiveness was fading away. Saïd was here to end her captivity, to give her some good sex for the few days she got left—and now he was even a celebrity!



Chapter III The white in heat

Saïd was going to enjoy a lot the mounting of this haughty white. For a few seconds, he even got the impression that she wasn't pretending anymore. How right he had been to trust the old man, something he had learnt to do during his last visit, even when he didn't have the slightest idea of what he was talking about. Once again, Malik Maruk's plans were a huge success.

Saïd now had *carte blanche* to mount his new property the way he liked. The snobbish *Mademoiselle Micheraie* had never noticed him in her conferences in Europe, even when he was intervening, but he had spotted her all right; he had to witness how she had pestered his mentor *Yusuf Bourid* for years about the *naffi* plants in *Wonderbourg*. She was a tenacious woman, the most dangerous enemy of the Empire. And now here she was, spreading her thighs widely to catch his attention, like a female animal seeking the favors of a dominant male. He was going to enjoy this mounting session a lot!

He knew he had to stop right before he would himself climax—Malik Maruk had been very clear about that! Though,



the old trainer had advised him to mount his enemy brutally and with total despise... What a great idea! It was exactly the way he intended to do it!

He grabbed her butt cheeks and parted them widely. Anstrud de Wonderstein slipped down between his thighs and used her tongue to carefully drive his cock toward the anus of the Ségolène filly, until the tip of his glans would be half inside it. Then he brutally moved his pelvis forward and easily penetrated the UN delegate. Queen Anstrud swiftly raised her muzzle toward his crotch, making his balls carefully roll on her cheeks to offer them a comfortable base as she was sticking her tongue in his rear hole, accompanying his back and forth movements.

Saïd felt with delight Anstrud's lively organs waving deeper and deeper inside him, fitting perfectly his taste in matter of eroticism. He loved this position that was giving an efficient tongue support for the mounting of a white on all fours. The face of his young queen was making a wonderful resting saddle to half-sit on. He couldn't put all his weight on the kneeling blonde, that was clear, though she was a great relief to the muscles of his thighs, her young body bent like a spring to push him forward, her chin well anchored between his buttocks, her tongue thrust into his rectum to the hilt. Her impish little nose was rummaging between his balls, blowing warm air on them through her nostrils, as obviously she couldn't breathe with the mouth.

The penetration of Mademoiselle Micheraie had been really easy, thanks to the very efficient natural lubricant extracted from the pulp of Shazilari figs, squashed and churned into a thin butter. It was the first time that Saïd was using this hole with the delegate, as she had always refused him to go that way when she was still free to choose. Those three days when Saïd had to pretend that they were sharing an

equal-to-equal relationship with her had been terribly humiliating for him. He had accepted it only because Yusuf Bourid had offered him free lessons with that fabulous old trainer in exchange, but it had shown to be far worse than he had imagined.

Before that awful event, Saïd never had to negotiate anything with a woman, especially with a white slut. Usually, he would only take what he wanted and would then kick the bitch away.

For three whole days and nights he had to pretend to be a nice gentleman, something he had found totally despicable. He particularly hated that stupid fad of Micheraie to have systematically her beauty bud sucked before penetration ... and with a precise ritual that was! How horrible!

Now he was taking his revenge upon that, thrusting his cock brutally deep inside her belly, like if he was breaking a wild filly, knowing that her inexperienced tight hole would be painful for days.

Nevertheless, the white slut's response to his despicable movements was to stick her buttocks against his thighs even more and moan like a sow in heat. She was climaxing ... and climaxing again...

Filled with hate, Saïd put two fingers into her nose ring and pulled her head to the rear brutally, to see if she would still enjoy it, but the white kept on having orgasms despite the pain that she was enduring. The sight of her nose and upper lip, twisted by his way of pulling the ring, was giving her a most pleasant animal look.

That hateful attitude was the reason why he had been chosen by Yusuf Bourid among all the other employees of his chain of grocery stores to become the Chief of Wonderbourg's Intelligence Service. If Yusuf enjoyed a lot correcting the haughtiness of these educated white females, Saïd was more into making them pay the hard price! That white nuisance



of Ségolène Micheraie had been among the few people who still had the power to destroy the perfect plan of Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul to change the world into a paradise.

Now that threat was totally over; this female had become a domesticated animal addicted to her master, a sow that he could lead through the ring of her snout ... and that idea was bringing him quickly on the verge of an orgasm.

Fortunately, Saïd remembered at the very last second that he had to relieve himself elsewhere. He moved out of the delegate's rear hole, grabbed the hair of Queen Anstrud and pulled her head up, making her mouth pop with a little suction noise.

She looked stunned, and her face had turned incredibly red with excitement. Somehow, it was making Saïd sick; again another white female parasite who was using the Naffi Effect generated by his body to experience ecstatic orgasms, in total disinterest for his own desire. Couldn't these yokels realize that it was revenge he wanted, not love?

"Use your mouth, Anstrud!" he commanded in English, making sure that the delegate would hear it too. "That filly isn't a good lay: I can't even feel her internal muscles on my cock. She is just an appetizer!"

While his offended mount was suddenly freezing her anal contractions, the happy young queen spontaneously stuck her lips around her Master's glans, like if the time had come for her to bring the unique source of her bliss to her mouth. She began to suck it with eagerness, showing an unsuspected skill for such a cute princess.



Her head flat against the straw on the floor, Ségolène couldn't help watching that awful scene between her legs. Not only she was totally frustrated by this sudden withdrawal and was intensely jealous of the young princess, though what Saïd had just said had terribly wounded her pride. How couldn't she be a good lay when, for the first time in her life, she had stopped pretending in front of a man—it was an insult! But she wasn't going to swallow it goodbye or sulk about it, no sir! she was going to fight it!

She began to shake her buttocks like a bitch in heat and to moan like a famished piglet, sending lewd looks at Saïd. All her body was asking for a second chance.

She had discovered what was turning Saïd on during her three days of bliss, a few weeks ago. If Malik Maruk loved to show his superiority over white women, something that could be terribly humiliating, his objective was still to make them fit the Rasheedian standards. Saïd would never be satisfied with that; he only enjoyed despising them during sexual intercourse, and when he had succeeded, he would try something even more debasing next time.

Knowing that fact about Saïd hadn't prevented Ségolène from making love to him then, the bliss offered by the Naffi Effect being completely worth a little degradation. Though, at the time, she had some leverage on him, so she could pretend that she hadn't noticed his nasty tendencies and could take a selfish pleasure.

Now that she was treated like an animal for real, it was a lot more debasing to have to tease the young man. Nevertheless, she was shamelessly complying to become what Saïd wanted her to be, picturing herself as a bitch in heat, shaking her body to call for the scratching of a terrible itching, stamping from one knee to the other in impatience.

Whatever the cost to her pride, she would bring the young North-African to her.

She thought Malik Maruk would have fled such a gross display, so accustomed he was to the aerial figures that his white slaves were gracefully performing for him, but Saïd was going to love to see her debase herself in such vulgarity to get his attention. He would come back to her with the hope that he could drive her to behave like an even lower form of life next time.

Malik Maruk was very satisfied. Everything was going according to plan. When that Ségolène was identified as an ostrich-class filly, her training had become an impossible task within the three-month deadline he had got. But with this unexpected attitude she had shown when Saïd had appeared, they were now ahead of schedule. It had been a child's play to make her pretense turn to reality.

He still had no clue about what had led this white to feign that she was happy to see her owner back, when she should have been resentful at this point, and he had to investigate it for scientific purpose. If it showed to be a useful new tool for this type of cut-in-three training, it would be his duty, and his pride, to report it to the Swillraoussa Management Center in the Imperial University of Rasheedabad.

He took a look behind him to check at his wife. Fatima was filming the scene with her video camera. She had missed nothing of the swinish invitation of the Ségolène. This precious footage was going to give him quite a success at next year's Imperial Training Convention.

Following his instructions to the letter, young King Saïd



was pushing away the little queen so that he could mount the Ségolène again. His job was now to show to that ostrich how rewarding the satisfaction of her owner's fantasies could be.

A white filly of that class debasing herself for a man that she had spotted out as a woman despiser had to be rewarded for it, or she would never do it again. The chain of orgasms she was experiencing right now was going to motivate her to make a deep change in her way of apprehending her life. She just needed to wait for a night, so that she could mature alone in her box ... one night, no more. Then a contact again with that man she saw now as worth of her because of his royal frequentations, and the Ségolène would be ready to be presented to Prince Yusuf.

It was really a pleasure for him to see how happy that white filly felt at this stage. Saïd was insulting her and whipping her buttocks, but she was glowing! And when the young king suddenly turned again toward his little queen to squirt his semen, the Ségolène was obviously not jealous anymore. She had succeeded into bringing back her owner by acting like a bitch in heat, and was now strutting about on her knees, triumphantly presenting her buttocks, proud to be attractive by the simple display of her animal nature.

"What a wonderful evening," Malik Maruk said to his wife.

Chapter IV Prepared for the harness

Ségolène slept well that night and woke-up overexcited in the morning. Despite the fact that Saïd wouldn't free her after their reunion, she had never felt so well in her life.

After almost a month of abstinence Saïd was back, and the magic of her previous encounter had returned. She knew that it was mostly about the Naffi Effect, but she felt that something more was happening that she couldn't fully comprehend. She was longing for Saïd's attention now more than Malik Maruk's. Again! Saïd simply seemed more charismatic. Could this be because he had a royal princess as a slave?

The fact that Saïd could have access to such a high circle of people was undeniably giving him a plus. He was still a woman hater, that was for sure, but he wasn't the suburban yob she had thought he was at first. She slept very well that night.

In the morning, things seemed to have come back to the usual routine, though that warmth in her heart was making a big difference. It was weird for her to realize how happy she could feel in a place where her freedom had been taken away from her, but she had decided that she wouldn't care.

At sunset, she started to worry. Saïd was nowhere to be



seen in the farm. She waited for him all evening, on all fours with her muscles tensed to make sure she'd be ready at all times, but nothing happened.

Was Saïd even still here?

From her remote box, she could see most of the yard, but neither the carriage park, nor the front door. Maybe Saïd had left the farm again, leaving her to her fate.

A terrible distress seized her and began to grow through the night. And then another day passed with no sign of the young man anywhere. Why wasn't he in the yard when Malik Maruk and Fatima were taking a stroll?

She wasn't supposed to peek at the masters, even when they walked in front of her box. The whites were only allowed to make their position on all fours ready for a ride to show a respect that was seen as a sacred duty, but from the corner of her eye, she could always manage to take a glance for a tenth of second, and she couldn't locate the young master around.

The next day, she began to feel really bad. She didn't even fight in the collective manger when Emma and Susan, her box neighbors, grabbed a big part of her own share of gruel with their eager tongues. When evening came, Saïd wasn't there, and she knew that she was soon going to fall into a deep state of depression. It was silly to long for a man who obviously despised her, but she just couldn't help it.

Adding to her distress, she could see the blonde she-devil who ruled the yard come to fetch other women at all times and led them to the farmhouse. Later at night, it got even worse when dozens of white women were released from their box to be brought back much later, glowing and smiling stupidly. Her colleague Emma and her daughter Susan were always chosen for whatever wild sexual parties were thrown in the house. It wasn't really a big change, as she had already lived that for a month, but now that she knew that

Saïd might participate to these parties, it was driving her crazy with jealousy.

What could Emma do that she couldn't?

Fortunately, the next day was going to be different. Early in the morning, an hour after that the she-devil had cleaned them with the mop, Fatima came in person to fetch her. When Ségolène felt the podgy fingers of the North-African woman grabbing her nether lips and pulling her out of her box like if her vulva was a suitcase handle, her heart started to beat wildly.

Following Fatima's hand, she crawled backwards on her knees fast, then stood up by stomping her left hoof on the floor, the filly way.

Fatima snapped her fingers and two pets ran out of the farmhouse, holding the wispig case. They began to rub her whole body with the usual mix of Shazilari fig oil and jasmine essence that was in use in the farm.

Ségolène hated that product. She felt slippery as an eel when she was covered with it. Though she couldn't deny how miraculous this oil was: once perfectly rubbed on some part of the body, it was absorbed by the skin, though still keeping its properties for hours. And the product wouldn't stain a cloth or stick to the skin of someone else by contact.

That way, the Rasheedians could make them look like shiny objects under the sun, and still enjoy touching them without getting soiled. What Ségolène hated was, of course, the slippery sensation, as between two oiled parts of her body that were in contact, it was giving the impression of never drying up. For the whole day, she was going to feel this in all her skin folds.

Though, the rubbing also meant that she would be harnessed to someone's vehicle, and that was a great improvement of her life at the moment. Saïd or one of the Maruks would drive



her on the Rasheedian roads.

When she had been oiled, up to her remotest parts, her bunches were replaced by a high ponytail processed with a hot iron that curled her hair in a bouquet of golden locks; her nails, her mouth and her cleft of Venus were glazed with a kind of toffee varnish; her boots and leather artifacts were polished; her rings and metal accessories were glossed.

She was pushed across the yard and driven by Fatima's crop in the direction of the sulky in which she used to pull Saïd on the Naouda Cliff for hours. She was harnessed to it, and left alone to wait for the driver to come, which could take a long time. The thought that it could be Saïd was making her heart thump abnormally...

According to the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. laboratories, the naffi pollen in the air was transforming and enhancing the pheromones, making female subjects eager to mate with a male carrier. But it didn't have any influence on emotions or feelings. So, why was she suddenly so addicted to Saïd? Was she in love?

That would be a terrible thing for her to be in love in these conditions... But wasn't it already the state of all the women around here? She had noticed their turmoil when they were aware of Malik Maruk's presence. And it was much more than just the arousing and the discipline of the yard.

Now she could understand the others better. No wonder Emma had fallen for it since the very first days of their capture. Ségolène knew that she had a stronger will than her colleague, but ultimately, she had succumbed too. And it might be more addictive than she thought, as she remembered her own eagerness to come back after a few days outside. It could only be worse! She wasn't even sure that she would be able to leave. She might get weak in her knees after only one step out of the farm without the safety of a harness and

the presence of an Arab leading it!

It was terrible already, but what if this feeling could increase exponentially? Was she condemned to stay here forever, craving for Saïd with hundreds of rivals around?

An hour later, Ségolène was still in turmoil when Saïd walked out of the farmhouse and came toward the sulky, making her heart pound with excitement. She was incredibly relieved to discover that the young man was here, though it was soon replaced by pride, and the intense joy of being alone with him for hours! She tried to repress it but, as usual, was unsuccessful at it. And now, that feeling was much more powerful than it was on last evening. Why was she so impressed by that job? How was she going to do, back in Geneva? Would she ever find the strength to live without this man, even for a week?

She knew perfectly well that having a relationship with him was almost incompatible with her professional and social life in Europe. For a month now, she had planned something that could work out. She could come to Rasheedia for holidays and secretly be with the young man; she could even have a career around here...

Of course she would now need the guarantee that he wouldn't use her as a filly. She wanted a relationship with Saïd, and could perfectly take a few humiliations with it, but tied up in a box for days without seeing him was not an option.

That wouldn't be easy, though it could be managed: As soon as she would be brought back to Empress, she would use her position to threaten the young man. The Empress would have no choice but to help her to it, as a negative report about white slavery in the country would be a disaster for the foreign affairs of the new Empire.

Ségolène was well aware that she had thrown away all her ethics with that plan. If she had chosen to tell the truth in her report, it could have put this traffic to an end. Her favorable



report would provide the perfect cover for fast-expanding white woman slavery. She was conscious of it, but she was so addicted to Saïd that she would use every asset she had to keep seeing him, whatever the cost.

The difficulty was that despite her insane addiction to the young North-African, she was still thinking that he wasn't worth her. Saïd was now a Head of State, but underneath he stayed a slaver, spending his time in a farm where white women were abused, and sooner or later, he would be held accountable for that. She had nothing to do with him on the long term, and would have no scruples setting him up. Using her abduction as leverage on a guy who used her as a slave, big deal!

And of course, she would also ask for the immediate release of Emma's daughter Susan. The poor girl didn't deserve such a treatment!

Emma would decide for herself and for her husband, but Ségolène was confident that she'd keep her mouth shut. Her colleague didn't want anyone home to know how zealous she had been during her captivity. Anyway, she was certain that the weird couple would never choose to leave their beloved masters, and she had already prepared a story about the Braggston family's tragic encounter with a leopard. She just had to tell to U.N.C.A.W.W.S. that only Susan had survived to the attack. The girl would be easily convinced to stick to her version, just to avoid her shameful adventure to hit the headlines. The Braggstons would probably encourage their daughter to follow Ségolène. They were wicked, but not to the point of leaving their progeny in this farm. Ségolène would swear to take care of the girl, and then would tell that story to the media.

That plan was perfect. Though, one thing was still bothering Ségolène: Saïd was well aware that she had Empress

Rasheeda in her pocket. So why wasn't he removing her bit? She had assumed that he had taken her comeback to the farm for a desire to become a filly for real, and her joyful response yesterday might have increased that feeling, though he might be suspicious about her good intentions. She doubted it, but it was still an unknown factor.

She now had to wait for the moment when Saïd would remove her bit for a second, to feed her or use her mouth for some other reason. She would then be in position to explain the slight misunderstanding of that whole situation and would ask him to bring her to the Empress. If she showed clearly enough that she had taken great satisfaction in her little adventure in slavery and that she would never hold a grudge against him, Saïd would have no objection to bring her to the Empress. Until that moment, she had to pretend that she was happy to be with him.

So, when Saïd patted Ségolène on the buttocks, she didn't show that she wanted to speak; she just looked at him with grateful eyes.

Though, as usual, Saïd didn't pay attention. He quickly jumped in the sulky behind her.

"Let's go! If you don't keep a good pace, I'll be late to my appointment in Rasheedabad with our glorious Empress!"

Ségolène was overjoyed. That was even better! Now Saïd was bringing her directly to Rasheeda Bourid, and all her troubles were over.

The Empress knew everything about her previous month in the farm. Ségolène would only have to make clear to her that she loved the whole experience and had no intention to retaliate on her country for her double abduction. She would tell her that she would validate the project for the building of new U.N.C.A.W.W.S. headquarters for Africa. She would ask permission to come back to Rasheedia later, and would offer her protection against any action from the UN in the future.



If Rasheedia wanted to continue growing naffi plants, she would cover for it. The Empress couldn't possibly turn her back on such an opportunity.

Rasheedabad wasn't near, and this was going to be a very long trip. She knew that she'd have to run for hours, maybe even for the whole day, that she'd have to draw a sulky and the man inside it for more than sixty miles, but it was for the last time. So, when Ségolène felt the bite of the whip on her backside, she proudly pushed forward with all the weight of her body to start the sulky.

Fatima was holding the big gate opened, waving good-bye at Saïd. Ségolène trotted toward the exit, trying to look satisfied.

Once down the rocky track, Ségolène felt a very harsh whiplash, the signal she had to switch to gallop on the plateau.

How could Saïd do that to her? Despite the fact that he knew who she was, he was treating her like an average filly. She would have to settle things about that later, all in good time, but for now, she responded as required and began to gallop—she was running to her freedom!

Chapter V The trip to Rasheedabad



Ségolène easily pulled the sulky down the Naouda Cliff. The slope was carrying her, and she was able to keep a good speed without too much effort. It took her only two hours to leave the plateaus for the flat road to Rasheedabad, but after that, she would begin to slow down, and she would feel the bite of the whip more frequently.

It was painful, but she was welcoming that encouragement. She was pushing her body to its limits and was surprisingly finding a new energy to continue pulling Saïd to his destination in time. Missing that appointment with the Empress would be disastrous for the young man—and for herself!

It wasn't the pain that was motivating her the most in these whiplashes, but the constant reminding that Saïd was behind her. She craved to get Saïd's attention, even with the whip.

When the Cliff turned to the west, replacing the deep



jungle with fields stretching as far as the eye could see, Ségolène saw a totally different Rasheedia than the deserted country she had discovered when she had arrived. The muddy mazook fields she had always seen empty were now filled with busy white slaves. Arab overseers were cracking their whips on the naked buttocks of the poor women to make them work faster.

Their heads were completely shaven and they were wearing bare thread garments that left everything under the hips uncovered. Heavy bronze collars were decorating their necks—slave collars!

Ségolène realized that this country was all a lie. Rasheedia was manipulating everyone. The rest of the world was totally in the dark, misled to believe that Zebya was the nation of the enslavers. All that wealth, the economic miracle of the Empire of Rasheedia as they called it, a unique phenomenon in all Africa, was in reality based on the work of hundreds of thousands white slaves.

Who would believe such a thing in Europe? She could witness that incredible deception with her own eyes while she was pulling the sulky, though she was not even sure that her status of UN delegate would suffice to convince people in Europe that such a fantastic thing was happening in the XXIth century.

As for the burning of the naffi fields, it was unquestionably a set-up intended for herself and her colleagues. New fields had probably just been strewn in a more remote area. And how naive Ségolène had been to think that Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul was protecting her. The powerful dictator was behind her capture all the time: how else could thousands of white women stop their work and hide for an hour or more, just because Ségolène was going to pass on a road.

The most troubling thing was that now nobody seemed

to care about hiding all this to her, suggesting that she wasn't a threat anymore. Did they think that she was converted to their views? She doubted it, and it was quite disturbing. The most plausible explanation was that they intended to keep her as a filly, gagged and all tied up. The only unknown factor was about the report to U.N.C.A.W.W.S. that she had to do in the days to come, then the last one that she had to give in person in Geneva. Rasheeda couldn't just ignore the United Nations, with half a dozen countries fighting in Zebya because of white slavery.

Troops just had to pass the frontier, and even the powerful Empress couldn't resist to a military attack.

They could make her disappear, but it would have exactly the same effect: So many foreigners had disappeared in the region that Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul had been warned that it wouldn't be an option this time.

The only rational explanation was that they were assuming that she would make a favorable report and hide the truth in exchange for a ticket to the farm. Probably where they overconfident in the power of the Naffi Effect... They would have a very big surprise then.

Ironically, it had almost worked. Ségolène had really intended to lie again in her report to protect her little "vacation" in the farm! But now that she was witnessing the ordeal of all these poor women, how could she do that? It would be betraying democracy, freedom, and her entire race. Despite her desire to live with Saïd or Maruk, the price to pay was far too high.

However, she had to make Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul believe that she was going to do it; it was her only way out of here. Once safe in Geneva, she would make the real report and pretend that she had made the previous one under duress.

She was sorry about the whole thing and was beginning to look for a way to avoid such a sore outcome. She still wanted



to be with Saïd, or Malik Maruk, and experience the Naffi Effect with them a bit longer. But now that she had seen all that dark side of Rasheedia, she knew that any delay could jeopardize western democracy forever. A collective counter-attack might even be too late already.

After seven hours of pulling Saïd on the rocky road, and thinking about the difficulty of her present situation, all this punctuated by the bite of the whip on her buttocks, Ségolène was completely exhausted. And yet, she had practised a lot of sports at home! And for the last two months, she had been highly trained, running and pulling weights on the conveyor belt of the yard when she wasn't in her box. Without that training, she would never have been able to draw a carriage for such a long time—not even to start a sulky alone!

Thankfully, Ségolène knew by experience that she could recover her strength with only a little pause and a pat. And Saïd was obviously aware of it too: when the huge vertical wall of the Naouda cliff began to slope into the spur of the Shazilari mountains, which meant that they would be in sight of the capital of the Empire in less than an hour, he pulled the reins to make her stop and bent down to gently pat her buttocks.

“You can rest a little, my good filly,” Saïd said in English, “thanks to your great gallop, we are in time. We stop for ten minutes, and then you'll take your best prancing trot for me. I want to enter the city as an important man, so you need to catch the attention of the people that we cross on the road and to tease them like if your life depended on it. I want to see men's robes rise as you go by, understood?”

Ségolène shook her head energetically and neighed her approbation as required from a white filly when a master was speaking to her. She couldn't help feeling proud of the importance that he was suddenly giving to her, even though being

perfectly aware of how silly it was.

Saïd dried her sweat with a towel and freshened up her make-up. He added some fig oil here and there to make sure that her body would properly glisten in the sun.

He looked at his work for a few seconds, then sat back on the seat of the sulky.

Ségolène felt the painful bite of the whip on her buttocks, but it was mostly the cracking noise that made her jump. She immediately tensed her muscles and gave a big push forward to start the sulky. Then, a second whiplash made her straighten up and begin the trot. It was a difficult gait, paradoxically more exhausting than the gallop, as most of the effort had to be put in with the hips. On a flat road like this, it could give the impression of moving at a snail's pace.

When she reached her cruising speed a few minutes later, Ségolène could see the first houses indicating that they were entering a built-up area. In the distance, she could now discern the white figure of Rasheedabad standing out against the side of the mountain.

She suddenly realized the implications of what Saïd had ordered her to do. They were going to enter like this in Rasheedabad—a big city filled with thousands of ordinary citizens! She had supposed that they would have gone directly into some property of the Empress in the outskirts of the town, but now, they were moving right into the heart of the Capital.

The mask was really thrown off now. The reactions of the Rasheedians around clearly showed that Saïd intended to enter the city as a victor! Who was he to do that, by the way, Rasheeda's nephew?

Ségolène was interrupted in her turmoil by the sudden crossing on the road of an old Arab wearing a richly embroidered robe. She felt the bite of Saïd's whip on her buttocks and acknowledged his command:



“Hospitable thighs!”

She instantly stopped her trot and spread her legs to begin the most provocative gait that she had learnt in the yard. The “Hospitable Thighs Pace” was about thrusting her pelvis forward and opening one thigh widely at each step, waving her body like a camel to follow the movement of the leg. It was an exhausting gait, because all her body had to be intensely involved, but she had no doubt that it was terribly erotic for a man watching her do it.

Overcoming her shame, Ségolène aimed her vulva at the old Arab and continued walking while directing her pelvic waves at him. He was clearly appreciating it a lot, something she could vouch for when she came past a few inches of him. At this point, she was almost turned aside, and her movements were maximized, as Saïd was always pushing her further in indecency with his whip, obviously not much concerned by maintaining the speed of the sulky.

Ségolène had done this pace in the yard plenty of times, but only within the training process, surrounded by women who shared the same fate. Now that they were so close to Rasheedabad, and that she had to expose herself that way in front of many strangers, it was incredibly more humiliating, making her feel like a desperate cheap whore.

Fifteen minutes and a dozen debasing displays later to promote her lord and master, Ségolène pulled the sulky into the suburb, in front of a few scattered residences at first, then soon in areas with continuous lines of houses and buildings.

They were crossing so many people that Ségolène now had to display herself permanently, switching from a man to another very often.

The streets were filled with Arab lords and ladies, some of them in the company of naked blondes. The passing of a few cabriolets pulled by white fillies confirmed to Ségolène

how deeply that practice was already rooted in Rasheedian culture, and how huge the extent of her deception had been. When Emma and herself had visited the country, almost two months ago, all these people were probably ordered to leave their slaves at home and treat her as a tourist. Though, no one seemed to recognize her now; she had become a filly, a domesticated animal like so many others!

The way she was displaying herself right now was the summit of vulgarity for a well-educated woman. This was something that she would never have done in front of a lover, and yet, it wasn't even fully appreciated by the pedestrians! Most of the Arabs that she was passing were just ignoring her, like if she was just one more valueless animal in a place filled with thousands of them.

Soon, Ségolène and her master were swallowed by the dense crowd of the market, mostly Arabs and the white slaves that they had just bought in an auction sale.



Said was still using his whip, but only to show his presence. Giving her hard strokes would have been seen in this place as a sign of weakness, unless inflicted permanently to display a sadistic attitude on purpose.

The exponential number of men she had to tease was beginning to go to her head; it was like making love to a whole crowd. The fig oil soaking her body was greatly increasing that feeling, as that peculiar pace was squeezing her butt cheeks, making them slide against each other with a squishing sound at each step, tickling her nether orifices in the process.

Her tingling little bell was constantly calling the attention to her sewn vulva, and she was under the silly impression that everybody could see it dribble ostentatiously—which was probably the effect Saïd was looking for!

She had never been so embarrassed in all her life...

Around her, a lot of white women were also used for selling goods, their naked beauty supposed to catch the eye. Buying t and peppers to slaves covered with olive oil was, for example, so highly appreciated that nobody would get the stupid idea to shop elsewhere.

Of course Shazilarians were accustomed to the sight of white women walking in the streets without clothes, but still some of them had their attention caught. Was it because she was doing the “hospitable thighs pace” with great skill, or because she was blushing about it?



Chapter VI
A little pest



few minutes later, the sulky passed under the porch of the Imperial Palace. Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul a.k.a. Rasheeda the First was waiting for them down the yard, at the door of the main building.

Ségolène was inexorably led by the bridle toward the monarch, and it was coming so fast that she was beginning to panic. It was so humiliating to have to open her thighs and display all her nakedness to a woman whom she had already met in diplomatic circles. She suddenly found herself unable to apply the teasing protocol attached to that kind of pace. Rasheeda Bourid would recognize her in any second now, and Ségolène knew that she was ripe for the shame of her life.

Though, for the powerful Empress, that sudden loss of enthusiasm could only be caused by some displeasure about her imperial presence, and she responded to it with a threatening face.

Ségolène was terrified; she couldn't risk offending the Empress. She put her shame aside and went back to her lewd pace.

But for anyone around, it was the harsh cracking of Saïd's whip on Ségolène's buttocks at this precise moment that had



initiated this change of attitude. She was a domesticated white who had forgotten her place for an instant, nothing more.

Rasheeda smiled again and walked in her direction. Ségolène was ashamed, but somehow relieved at last—she was going to be freed from that nightmare!

But this smile wasn't meant for her. The powerful Head of State passed Ségolène, ignoring her superbly, and moved directly toward Saïd.

Ségolène couldn't believe her eyes. Her hair fastened in a ponytail and her filly artifacts were changing her so much? She began to panic. Instinctively, she groaned and shook the sulky to attract Rasheeda's attention.

The whip brutally met her buttocks again, putting her back painfully in her place.

"That filly of yours is quite undisciplined, my dear Saïd," Rasheeda said in English, "are masters from Europe too soft for that kind of stubborn animal?"

"It would seem so, Glorious Rasheeda," Saïd exclaimed, "though I think this one is just nervous to find herself in your charismatic presence."

"I sometimes wonder if we should keep granting these creatures the honor of living among us," Rasheeda said, "they can be such a burden. If the Shazilaris weren't so fond of their traditions, I would instantly put an end to the use of white cattle. It would please the UN and would be a huge step toward modernity for our country."

"But certainly great fun would be missed, Glorious Rasheeda," Saïd replied, "and think about the poor creatures. Who would take care of them? They would probably die without the attention of an Arab master. And also it could be hell for us males: They are so attracted to us that soon they would try to make us their slaves!"

"That would be a bit strange," Rasheeda sniggered, "my loyal subjects depending on such brainless creatures, I don't think I will ever see that day, thank God!"

Then Rasheeda and Saïd went away, still laughing about their witticisms. Ségolène was left alone in the yard, kept harassed without the slightest she-devil to groom her. She'd have given anything to be able to sit down after a whole day running on the roads, but it was something else that was bothering her the most right now: Rasheeda had not recognized her... Or had pretended not to! They have talked about her as if she was one of those native white fillies discovered in the Valley of Shazilar, some creatures who couldn't speak and take care of themselves.

But why? Saïd was aware of who she was. Was he covering a European women traffic by disguising them as natives of the Empire, something the Empress wouldn't know about?

No, that was too unbelievable! Rasheeda had to be in it too, it was obvious. That treacherous woman was born and educated in Europe, and yet she allowed that horror to continue. How despicable!

One hour later, Ségolène was still waiting in the boring emptiness of the yard, and her anger toward Saïd and Rasheeda had grown.

She suddenly heard some steps coming from behind her. It was the young Prince Kareem Bourid Al Rhazul who was running in the yard. She hadn't decided at this point if it was a good thing or a bad thing, but that young pest was going to recognize her! When Ségolène had been invited to dinner in the Palace with the other three U.N.C.A.W.W.S. delegates, the boy had badly pinched her. Ségolène had screamed so loudly that Kareem had been punished by his mother.

Now Ségolène understood why he would pinch a white woman. It was the tradition around here! For the kid, having



to pay respect to someone that he saw as a brainless creature might have been a very strange thing.

Kareem stopped right in front of her and wore a fiendish smile. He seized her beauty bud and began to play with it like if it was a toy, watching her face to check out her response.



“You’re not so proud this time!” The boy said, “they’re looking for you in all the country, but I don’t care. I won’t tell! It has served you right to feign being human now, hasn’t it, stupid filly?”

Ségolène couldn’t even take a glance at the boy, as all her body was experiencing a huge orgasmic reaction. She thought that his manner of rubbing her clitoris was intended as a petty revenge at first, but the way the little pest was doing it, giving small strokes on the sides of her clitoral hood, it was the work of an expert. How could a boy of that age be so talented with women’s genitals? Were the native white fillies used as toys too?

She began to breathe with difficulty and felt blood rushing to her face. She could see through the veil of her huge bliss the young brat continuing his devilish movements with his two fingers, like if he was milking a miniature udder of a cow.

Ségolène’s thighs were shaking. She was feeling weak in the knees. She couldn’t help reaching at the boy’s fingers, following his hand with her pelvis like a pet giving an instinctive response to her master’s patting.

The chained orgasms were overflowing her, and she was sure she was going to lose her mind. She wasn’t used to that kind of sexual games involving the Naffi Effect, and already found tremendously arousing the short contacts that Malik Maruk and Saïd had with her skin. What the boy was doing was far more powerful. A few minutes more and she was going to fall into total madness.

Fortunately, a lady wearing a *niqab* appeared. Immediately, Kareem stopped his weird rubbing and pinched her clitoris with all his strength.

The pleasure mixed up with the pain was unbearable. Ségolène was on the verge of blacking out.

“Stop it, Kareem!” The woman shouted, “You know your mother forbids you to annoy the fillies! Last week’s accident



wasn't enough?"

She tweaked the naughty kid's ear.

"And even when they don't die of it, pinching them hard ruins them. It gives them the love of the whip. Don't you learn anything at school?"

The woman went away pulling the little pest by the ear.

Ségolène stayed alone once more, gasping and panting in a state of excitement stronger than anything she had experienced before. It took her one hour for her heart beats to come back to normal, an hour of sweating and shivering.

She had in her pubic area terrible itches that were giving her little jumps. She hated herself for that, but she couldn't help feeling an intense joy at the thought that she might have heard the boy coming back.

She was still under the shock when Saïd walked into the yard in the company of Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul.

This time, she didn't try to alert Rasheeda about who she was. Either the Empress was faking it, and it would only show her that she wasn't yet ready to be sent home, or she wasn't faking it, and displaying her discomfort too much could bring Rasheeda to make her disappear to avoid a much worse problem with the UN.

Saïd sat on the sulky and made Ségolène feel the bite of the whip again. It was time to go. She began the "welcoming thighs pace" while Saïd was leading her to the exit with the reins.

"Goodbye, my friend," Rasheeda yelled, "and don't forget to look for that white bitch who got lost Allah knows where. If we don't find her, we may have a war on our arms!"

Hearing that, Ségolène stopped, realizing how wrong she had been. Rasheeda hadn't recognized her at all, and she wasn't an accomplice to all this. Even though she had maintained the tradition of white slavery, she seemed to sincerely

want her country to get into the modern age. Saïd was the one who was hiding her, and his Empress would be really angry when she would learn the truth.

As Saïd was whipping her buttocks like never before to make her move forward, Ségolène took a look behind, but it was too late to change things—the Empress had already left the yard!

Again, it was a fantastic opportunity that was turning to ashes. And if Saïd was part of the deception, it might even have been her last chance ... as it seemed clearly to be the case now!

She was feeling completely powerless.

They left the city after the meeting, though they didn't return to the farm. Horrified, Ségolène recognized the road that she was forced to take: It was the road to the Airport! Saïd was going away again!

And a half an hour later, the young North-African was in the plane for Wonderstein, and Ségolène was watching it disappear in the horizon, parked with the sulky in the Airport Filly Relay.



Chapter VII The traitor

Two days later, Ségolène was still in the Filly Relay of Rasheedabad Airport. She had a box in the parking section, probably rented by Saïd, and life was incredibly boring here, actually far more than the remote part of Malik Maruk's farmyard ever was.

She could have every day a four-hour training on a conveyor belt, together with the nine other women who were lodged in this section. She cherished that distraction, as during that time, she could see huge stagecoaches moving in and out of the relay, and the busy blonde she-devils working under the command of a black one, changing their numerous exhausted fillies for fresh ones. This was the biggest activity in the post yard, and all the day was about white women being taken care of, being washed, being oiled, being harnessed, being fed...

In addition to the stagecoaches, some personal carriages were rented to Arab men who could dispose of fresh fillies.

The parking section was only for the private ones left in the airport while their master was travelling in a plane. Living here was greatly relaxing, with a very light training and nothing to do the rest of the time. Ségolène was protected from



any sexual surprises, handled only by women, but it was so frustrating for her to be forced to stay in such a vulnerable state in that place filled with strangers, not knowing when Saïd would come back.

Fortunately, in the morning of the third day in the relay stable, she was brought to the main yard where a “triolet cabriolet” was waiting. She instantly recognized the white slaves who were pulling it: Emma’s husband John Braggston and his daughter Susan.

It was the first time that Ségolène saw a man used as a horse around here, and she found it even more obscene than with women, probably because of the display of the male organ in a half-stiffness, more noticeable at first sight. And it went worse when the Rasheedian lady in *niqab* driving the vehicle bent forward and rubbed John’s buttocks for a few seconds, making his penis rise like a tourney trumpet calling the attention of all the she-devils in the post yard.

Obviously satisfied with the effect she had produced, the woman under the *niqab* stepped down from the cabriolet. Ségolène recognized her to her gait—it was Fatima Maruk!

Clearly, she was here to fetch her. But then, what about Saïd? Was he ever coming back? She found the prospect of never seeing him again really scary.

The she-devil who had brought Ségolène in the yard and had washed her earlier in the morning began to oil her body. When she had covered it all, she harnessed her to the triolet cabriolet as a replacement for John Braggston.

Ségolène wondered why Fatima would use that vehicle, significantly heavier than the “carriage-and-pair”. Was it because that horrible woman couldn’t travel without a seat slave?

Ségolène took a quick look at the compartment under the driver’s seat and discovered that a girl was waiting there.

Actually, it was... Anstrud de Wonderstein!

How despicable! The poor princess had to stick her tongue for hours between the fat buttocks of her terrible mistress!

John Braggston wasn’t harnessed back with them. Were they supposed to pull a carriage designed for a team of three... Up to the distant farm?

It seemed that Emma’s husband was going to be left in the post yard. Probably, was it an agreement with Malik Maruk; in exchange for keeping his fillies and vehicles when needed, Malik Maruk would regularly provide high-quality studs to cover the whites of the relay.

So, as Ségolène and Susan were starting the cabriolet with great difficulty, they could see that twenty fillies had been lined up on all fours in front of John Braggston; and though awful that was, he seemed to enjoy that view very much, judging by the stiffness of his cock, which wasn’t the doing of Fatima this time.

Good for him! That fool would need all his enthusiasm with what was coming—The stagecoach company owned two thousand fillies, at least!

Soon, Ségolène and Susan were pulling the heavy vehicle away from the town with great difficulty. Thankfully, it seemed that they weren’t going back to the distant farm, not even out of Rasheedabad. Fatima was making them trot alongside the big wall that isolated the touristic area from the rest of the country.

Ségolène understood much better now what the purpose of that huge wall was. The night that she had spent in the International Airport Hotel here, she couldn’t find the slightest window with a view on this side of the wall, and she was told that the Phoenix Church was strictly forbidding infidels to even take a glance at sacred land. From where she was now, the hotel looked very much like a back of scenery, a big naked



wall with only a small armed door leading to a stable. On it was the logo of the “White Comfort,” an internal chain of hotels—she had always wondered why they would keep such an outmoded name in African countries, though now the mystery was solved: the whites were not the ones who were getting the comfort, but the ones who were offering it!

After half an hour of hard drawing the carriage along that wall, the bridle brutally tightened. Ségolène and Susan’s bits were painfully pulled backwards in the corners of their mouths. They stopped in front of a big building that Ségolène instantly recognized, because it had the same frontage as on the other side—Oh! This time, the evil Empire of Rasheedia was showing no limits in their deception! This was the International Conference Center, where was standing the Rasheedian office of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.!

Like all the buildings in the international area, it was supposed to have no view of this side for religious reasons, except that in this case they were some windows, though only accessible to the Rasheedian staff, who probably used some secret passages to get to their private quarters. So every day, after debating about white slavery in one part of the building, the Rasheedians employees and delegates would leave the place on this side and climb into their women-pulled vehicles parked near the rear exit—how cynical!

Ségolène and Susan had to stay in front of that door in standing position for what seemed to be a very long time. Fatima was obviously waiting for something ... or someone! Ségolène could hear the panting and licking sounds of the poor girl whose face was used as a seat by Fatima. The fat Arab woman was entertained during her wait!

How could a royal princess be brought to do such a thing? It was so disgusting! Ségolène liked Anstrud, partly because she was an unfortunate young lady whose place was defini-

tely elsewhere, and partly because she was wearing the same brand as herself: The crest of Saïd! Emma and Susan had a mark with a Y and a B in a circle, and obviously they were prepared to be given to someone else, hoping that these letters were only symbols that Malik Maruk was branding on his own special properties.

Ségolène regretted that this difference in their public marks had stupidly raised a wall between Emma and herself. All the sudden, they had become strangers. On the contrary, she felt close to Anstrud who bore the same mark, even if she had never met the young princess before. Ultimately, they were owned by the same master, and Ségolène was feeling a bond with her. She pitied Anstrud for what she had to endure; the weight of the fat mistress on her face for hours; the female-on-female Naffi Effect that had to be terrifying; the entertainment she had to perform on her with her tongue ... for hours!

The employees and delegates of U.N.C.A.W.W.S of African origins began to walk out of the building. Ségolène knew everyone of them—they were all her colleagues, for God’s sake! One of them even passed in front of the triplet cabriolet, but he only chuckled when he saw Ségolène. Damned Achmed!

But the big surprise for her was certainly the sight of Emma getting out of the building, wearing western clothes!

Fatima jumped from the vehicle and walked in her direction. Emma kneeled down in front of her—a weird display with her executive woman’s suit!

Fatima might have felt the same, as she didn’t leave Emma too long in that outfit. In a second, the Arab mistress pulled away the whole thing in one single gesture, revealing Emma’s nudity and the usual leather belt around her waist. She put little bags on her hands and fastened them to the belt. Then, she slid a big brass ring into her nostrils.

Emma opened her attaché case, pulled out her filly boots,



and slipped them on. In less than two minutes, she was back into her domesticated state. She was harnessed to the cabriolet, between Susan and Ségolène—now they were the right number to draw it! Fatima cracked her whip, and soon the carriage was moving to the road where they had come from.

Ségolène was feeling her anger grow while she was pulling the vehicle alongside with Emma. So, her colleague was a traitor! How could she betray everything they have worked for, their mission, their job, their values? Ségolène was too well aware of what Emma had done in the Conference Center: She had made the monthly report, probably pretending that her colleague couldn't be present because she was following a lead.

That woman was now fully converted to Rasheedian views, even if it meant that she would lose her freedom forever. Because of her, Ségolène had to wait one more month in the farm. It was so clear that she had been the victim of a deception: Saïd, Fatima and Malik Maruk ... they were all a part of this ... and now Emma!

It was definitely not over, though, as she had to be back in Geneva in four weeks, no matter what. Even Emma couldn't cover for that. Ségolène just had to wait a little longer, and that was all!

Ségolène's anger didn't last, because she realized that Fatima was driving the cabriolet back to the Airport. Suddenly overexcited with the idea that Saïd could have returned from his trip, she unconsciously increased the rhythm of the gallop.

The panels in front of the Airport were green-lighted, meaning that there wasn't any foreigner on the tarmac. When they were red, all carriages pulled by white women were forbidden to enter. The visitor had to be in the confidence to be picked up directly at the airport terminal. Anyway, they

wouldn't wait too long: A plane was landing.

Ségolène's began to shake, her heartbeats suddenly turning wild. Curiously, it seemed to be contagious, and Emma and Susan looked equally affected. It made Ségolène very angry. They didn't have the right to long for Saïd. They didn't wear his brand!

She instantly realized how silly it could be to feel possessive about such a thing ... or to feel possessive at all! But she just couldn't help hating the two Braggstons who would have no scruples stealing her rightful master from her!

"Ready yourself to do your needs, fillies," Fatima said in English, "I want a welcoming display to put back a lord who comes from Europe fast into Rasheedian mood! I'll give the signal to start, and my guest the one to stop, whether you have finished or not! I want enthusiasm and grace. Be aware that it's very important to me!"

It was so cruel. Ségolène wished to be at her best to meet Saïd again, and the Mistress was making them do their natural needs at the crucial moment for a first impression. Though, she wouldn't consider rebelling now, as she was already far behind Emma in Fatima's good book. The Mistress intended to show to Saïd that white women had to obey in every way, no matter how awful the command was.

So Ségolène did like the others and got into position to perform her natural needs, waiting for Fatima's signal.

A fat man walked out of the terminal and stopped in front of them, and Fatima's hand clapping happened at the same precise moment. Ségolène was very surprised, but that man could only be the guest!

Trying to forget her disappointment, Ségolène tensed her abdominal muscles to relieve herself. Though, as she was only at midway, the fat Arab lord clapped his hands—and she froze!

How disgusting! Fatima was sometimes doing that to show



her control over the fillies. Now they all had to wait for a second clapping of the man in that humiliating position.

This was when Ségolène recognized that Arab lord in front of her. Her heart began to thump. It was the horrible Yusuf Bourid, Prince of Wonderbourg!

It couldn't have been worse for the poor delegate of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., as he was the man who had openly opposed the burning of naffi fields since he had taken control of the Principality. He had finally complied with the UN injunctions, but she vividly remembered how fiercely she had fought that man in a few debates. And now, she had to wait for his signal to relieve herself!

She was so ashamed. In her actual position, he was a god, and she was just a worm... She had to swallow her pride, line, hook and sinker!

Yusuf Bourid was looking at Ségolène right in the eyes, taking an obvious delight in making her shame increase.

She tried to calm down but couldn't help shivering with fear, thinking about the wicked things that this despicable man could do to her now that nothing could stop him.

Seeing that Emma was even more shocked than herself, Ségolène suddenly realized what the Y and B of her brand meant. Her colleague's owner wasn't Malik Maruk. It was Yusuf Bourid!

Passers-by weren't even interested in watching whites doing their needs, except for some young Belgian girl who was visiting Rasheedia for the first time at the end of a clitoral leash. Seeing the Prince of Wonderbourg and the famous delegates of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. displaying the nature of their weird relationship would be decisive for her training!



Chapter VIII
The guest of the Maruks

Ségolène hoped for one insane moment that Yusuf Bourid might not recognize her, that for him, she would just be one anonymous filly, but the repulsive man seemed to be very inquisitive. He came closer to examine her, suddenly very interested.

“What the...?” He exclaimed. “Could it... Yes ... yes, by the beard of the Prophet ... it is indeed Ségolène Micheraie!”

Ségolène was blushing with shame. That man who was her most determined political opponent was never going to let her forget that he had seen her in that position. He would use it against her without any scruple. In a television debate about white slavery, he would only have to watch her in the eyes with an evil smile, and she would shut her mouth for good.

“That’s incredible!” Yusuf said. “The woman who swore to put an end to the traffic of western females? Here? So it would seem that you know your place at last!”

He laid his hand on her sewn vulva and played a little with the leather laces. Ségolène gave a start with pleasure.

“And you like me too,” Yusuf continued, obviously enjoying the situation, “What a very nice surprise! You see, you gained a



lot when you chose to express yourself with your body instead of your mouth. Now I perfectly understand what you say!”

Self-satisfied with his witticism, Yusuf chuckled, monitoring Ségolène’s reaction at one inch from her face. Only a few lovers had been allowed to look at her at such a short distance, and now, an enemy who had an absolute power over her was doing it. This was a weird intrusion, even worse than the rubbing of her vulva at such an awkward moment.

When Yusuf Bourid clapped his hands again, giving the signal for the three fillies to end relieving themselves, he got even closer to her face, and Ségolène, caught in this intimate instant, knew that she would remember that man forever.

Still chuckling, the Prince of Wonderbourg left her shivering and panting and climbed into the triplet cabriolet. He lifted up his djellabah and sat on the seat girl’s face that Fatima had prepared for him. He gratefully bowed before the Arab woman, who bowed back and held the whip to him. He took it and made it crack on the fillies’ butt cheeks.

Ségolène bent forward and pushed on the front bar with her abdominal muscles to make the vehicle start. With the addition of this second fat person, it was even harder than when they were only two. The Braggstons were not exactly champions in that category, and Ségolène wondered if they were able to gallop for hours, assuming that the cabriolet was now driven to the farm. Moreover, as Yusuf was constantly taking her buttocks as a target for the whip, she knew that she would get there in a really bad shape.

It showed to be even worse when Yusuf Bourid found interesting to add a psychological torment to her ordeal. Cutting his conversation in Arabic with Fatima, he would say cruel things in English to her to pass time, often punctuating

his speech with the whip.

“So, my Ségolène... I see that you wear the brand of Saïd Agadir. I know that guy, and he would never abduct a western woman, not to mention that the Empress forbids human traffic in this country, which can only mean that you’re one of those females who become slaves willingly. Offering yourself to such an excellent man as Saïd was quite a smart thing to do, and it definitely increases your value. Fatima just told me that I’ve his permission to use you as I wish. Do you understand how happy it makes me? And you... You certainly are lucky too: I promise you that you won’t forget old Yusuf!”

When they arrived at the farm in the middle of the night, Ségolène was so exhausted that the she-devils had to carry her to her box and apply an ointment on her bruised buttocks.

She stayed perfectly still for hours in the required position, on all fours with her thighs widely spread, scared to fall asleep and not be ready when she would be forced to satisfy the Prince of Wonderbourg. Fortunately, she finally managed to sleep and Yusuf Bourid didn’t show. She couldn’t help feeling a huge gratitude for the Arab lord.

In the morning, Fatima came to the boxes to bring Ségolène to Yusuf. She was rested now, and the idea of being at the mercy of the Prince didn’t look as bad as it did in the evening. He was her enemy, but he was still a man, and if she was nice with him, he would eventually forgive her.

Yusuf Bourid was waiting for her in the other wing of the yard. Fatima stopped in front of him, and Ségolène jumped down on the tiled floor and turned around to display the view of her crotch to the Prince. She hurt herself in the process, as the position “on all fours” for fillies was more a position “on all three”, because they had to use their head to replace their



hands. The forehead was supporting most of the body weight and getting in place too fast had knocked out more than one inexperienced filly.

"Perfect," Yusuf said, "Turn around in the front kneeling presentation."

Ségolène complied. Then, she opened a wide mouth and slid her tongue under the bit, pulling it out to the extreme.

"Now listen carefully gentle white," he continued, "I was just kidding yesterday, playing a little with our past history, but be sure that I take your filly commitment very seriously. I appreciate a lot that you were able to put your pride aside to acknowledge the godly status of Arabs. Before I remove your bit, know that I'm aware that you're a well-educated European woman, not one of those speechless creatures who draw carriages. Each time that you won't be in your box or pulling your Master, you'll be allowed the use of your mouth. Of course, you must understand that I don't do that to hear your offensive western voice! At least not right now: You have probably a lot to say to me, but it can wait. For the time being, I want you to use your mouth only for the purpose of entertaining my body. You do it nicely, and I swear that before the end of the month I will allow you to tell me your story. For now, I'm not in the mood for that at all. So, if I hear anything other than 'I worship you my Lord' when I appear to you, or 'thank you my Lord' when I offer you something, you'll immediately be thrown back into a shelved box and forced to keep the bit forever. Do you agree with this?"

Ségolène shook her head up and down. She had no choice but to comply. At least with a free mouth she could seize an opportunity within the end of the month to explain why she had to go back to Geneva. If she didn't do that, the next dele-

gates that would be sent here would be escorted by UN blue helmets, and it could only escalate things into a war against Rasheedia. Ségolène was the leader of the mission, and even Emma didn't know the existence of that disposition. So many white people had disappeared in the region that it couldn't be an option anymore. Only Rasheedia was aware of that in the Empire, as obviously the Prince wasn't in the confidence.

Though, perhaps she wouldn't have to speak. Perhaps Yusuf would meet his powerful cousin before the deadline and would tell her that he had found the lost delegate that all the country was looking for... Unless he had some mysterious reason to hide it, like Said. That was always a possibility to consider, and she couldn't risk doing nothing in the meantime. Being compliant to Yusuf's demand, she would get the opportunity to talk sooner or later. Of course, having to use her mouth for the satisfaction of that ugly Prince of Wonderbourg would be debasing, but she had no choice in the matter, as he could do a lot of other things to her body without her consent anyway. If he could trigger the Naffi Effect, as he should logically do, she would very soon lose her revulsion for him.

"Good girl," Yusuf said while Fatima was removing her bit, "Now go under my djellabah and shove your tongue into whatever you find there fitting it."

"Thank you my Lord," Ségolène replied before kneeling down and crawling under Yusuf's robe.

She swallowed his cock entirely and felt it grow into her mouth. Indeed the Naffi Effect was getting to her head with him too, as anticipated.

"I like your new dispositions a lot!" Yusuf said with a smile, before switching to Arabic: "Now Fatima, please bring me the two fillies who have my brand on the belly."



Fatima went away and was back a few minutes later with Emma and Susan.

"So you're Emma," Yusuf said in English, "You have very generous breast, I like it. Though not as much, of course, as I like enthusiastic blonde girls like your daughter."

Then Yusuf gave almost the same speech to Susan as he had done to Ségolène, unaware of the young woman's already well-worked servility. When she agreed, he asked Fatima to remove her bit.

"You'll warm my bed while I'm at the farm," Yusuf said to Susan, "That is a great honor for you, you know?"

"Thank you my Lord!" Susan replied.

Susan wasn't faking her excitement. She was zealously displaying her pelvis toward her Master, terribly proud of the brand on her belly.

"I'm not easily satisfied, but a nice girl like you will certainly have a great future in my harem."

"I worship you, my Lord!"

Watching the scene out of the corner of her eye, Emma was feeling so bad about this: she was the one who had made the report to the UN, but it was the rebellious Ségolène who was honored! Though, it wasn't as hard to take as the dazzling success of her progeny, not even close. She had just met the owner of her brand, and already she was put in second rank. When she would be an old slave, she would be proud of her daughter, but right now, she thought that Susan should show respect for her mother by keeping a little reserve with the god!

Thankfully, Ségolène didn't have to witness that awful scene. She was much too busy sucking Yusuf's cock with gluttony under his robe.



Chapter IX
Brought to the stallion



usan Braggston didn't care about her mother anymore. She had completely forgotten her presence when Yusuf Bourid ordered her to show him her respect the filly way.

It took her two seconds to jump down to the floor and turn around to display her crotch to him. She had just realized that he was the man whose initials were forever engraved on her belly; the man who owned her; the man whom she was already identifying as God.

She didn't have to wait for long before she felt the cold contact of something metallic in her pubic area. She looked between her legs, trying not to move her forehead from the tiled floor and saw the hand of God rummaging through her labia with a key. A turn with it, a little click, and the two big half-rings that had protected her virginity sprang up.

God's pudgy fingers made the two half-rings slide out of the four holes pierced in her beauty lips and pulled the whole



device out with the popping sound of a suction cup.

A few seconds later, she saw her mother's colleague Mademoiselle Micheraie jump down behind her and slide head first under her opened thighs, pulling out an eager tongue at a few inches of her vulva. And then, Susan noticed something huge and brown moving between them, casting a shadow over Mademoiselle Micheraie's face: the wonder of God!

It was a dark stiff male organ that was rubbing itself on the tongue of her mother's colleague.

Susan had to forget all about Malik Maruk. That faker! She had seen that deceptive man as God, but she had been wrong; he was a god all right, not God! Now that she knew the name of the lord who owned her and whose initials were branded on her belly, her life seemed suddenly useful and orderly. He was the only one to whom she had to be faithful, and she tried to imprint in her mind every detail of the brown organ that she was going to worship forever.

The tip of the holy tool made its way between her labia and stopped. During a fraction of a second, she felt the muscles of God's thighs tensing against hers. And suddenly, she was stricken by a weird mix of pain and bliss as God was entering swiftly in her. She almost fainted. Beyond the star lights dancing in front of her eyes, she could see the dark thing sliding inexorably inside her.

The pain disappeared after the third stroke of God's organ, and then she had nine more to enjoy the bliss. She got her first orgasm after the fifth and stayed in that state until the last one. When God's cock moved suddenly out of her, she felt a deep sensation of emptiness, but kept on climaxing while she was pulled by the hair and turned around.

God's glans penetrated her mouth and almost instantly squirted a slimy liquid. It was neither good, nor really bad—

only a little weird. Though, it was giving a huge boost to her decreasing orgasm.

The holy organ was running all over her face when suddenly she was pushed away by something sliding from under her body. Mademoiselle Micheraie was rising, taking her place, grabbing God's wonder between her lips.

It was extremely frustrating, and she felt her orgasm being tainted with a cold abhorrence for her mother's colleague. She didn't know if that bitch had pushed her away on purpose, or if God had given her a silent order to do so. It was the most important day of her life, the day when she was deflowered by the god who owned her, but it was getting away from her fast. She knew that she would do anything to have that dark penis in her again, if not right now, then the day after, or the next ... and she would let no one get between the holy organ and herself.

Her virginity was gone for good now, but her youth was still an advantage for at least a few years. She would never abandon her position to older women who only interested God because they were powerful persons in Europe that he could put back in their place. She had to use her own assets, her bloom, the freshness of her lips, of her vulva, the firmness of her body, the softness of her skin ... those old prunes were not going to spoil her out of experience!

After that very important event, Susan had a wonderful week. She was still living in the yard by day, but by night, she was sleeping on a carpet down Yusuf Bourid's couch. Every evening, God had a party in his bedroom, and she was lucky enough to be sometimes allowed to lick his skin in the company of a dozen young blondes. She was honored by God twice in the anus, but never again through the other orifice, the one that he had opened forever. It was a bit frustrating, though even the simple contact with God was bliss ... and to feel better,



she just needed to remind herself that her jealous mother and her nasty colleague were rotting on straw down the yard while she was having fun on silk cushions. Also, she learnt later that fillies were rarely taken by the reproductive orifice again by their owner until their ascension, when they would become intimate with him full time. It could happen with a white stud or another god, but with God, it could only be granted to exquisite females, and after years of abject devotion. Nevertheless, she was ready to take up the gauntlet.

Her status of carpet favorite, exceptional for fillies, was allowing her to move freely in the yard, and she used most of that time prancing in front of others. She was imitating a real horse at every moment of the day, aware that God could see her from his window. She had no way to know exactly when he would be watching though, because looking up at the higher part of the farmhouse was strictly forbidden.

She was twisting her body with total indecency in her gaits, scornfully eying the other fillies who had to stay tied in their box.

Susan's parents had taught her that bright people were always on the winning side, and she was using that advise judiciously to obtain what she wanted. She had a great future as the property of Lord Yusuf, a man whom she would have found ugly a few weeks ago, but who she was seeing now as a powerful and attractive living god ... not like that old goat Lord Malik Maruk, whose hands had brought her many orgasms, though who was far to have the charisma of the Prince of Wonderbourg.

She had dreamt of being loved by a prince one day when she was younger, and now she was owned by one. Of course he was very different from the one of her dreams, but in compensation, he was a living god!

Unfortunately, it was absolutely impossible for Susan to

make her mother share her success without the risk of being associated with her forever in God's mind. Susan had thought at first that he would use the two delegates a lot, out of revenge against the western world, but it was clear now that he didn't care about that at all. Her mother was definitely a loser! She should draw a conclusion from this situation instead of trying to drag her daughter down with her. She was always looking for her in the yard, and it was very annoying. Why couldn't these old nags content themselves with the simple filly life, enjoying the pulling of carriages, or whatever task they were meant for?

If Susan was ashamed of her mother, who couldn't catch God's attention, she was on the contrary very proud of her father, now a prancing stallion that Lady Fatima was walking twice a day in the yard since his return from the relay. Being the genitor of a blonde beauty was making him very popular in the farmyard, as every filly wanted to be covered by him. Fortunately for them, Lord Malik Maruk was sharing that opinion. Soon, Susan was going to have hundreds of little sisters thanks to her beloved dad. She would be the queen of the yard, the first of a kind!

Such a stud couldn't possibly be a god like Lord Yusuf, but he had become so much more than just her father, and she never forgot to send him her best smiles.

That was indeed what had given to Malik Maruk the idea of making the Braggston stud cover his own daughter. It would have happened one way or the other, as he wanted him to be his number one stallion, but her obvious admiration for that male was suddenly turning it into an entertaining erotic experiment.



"An excellent idea!" Yusuf Bourid replied to his proposal in Arabic. "I see now why you chose to keep that stallion when I told you that I didn't have a use for him! So, when do you want to do it? I can't wait! That young slut will certainly hate it!"

"Right now if you wish," the old trainer said, "Fatima, go fetch your new white steed! It's an excellent occasion to test the degree of enslavement of that brat! But I disagree about the part when she will hate it. On the contrary, she'll enjoy very much that little experiment, my dear friend."

A few minutes later, Fatima came back with the crawling stallion, leading him by his leash to the middle of the yard.

"Now, where is hiding that blonde brat?" Malik Maruk exclaimed.

Yusuf lifted up his robe to reveal the presence of young Susan Braggston in the most strategic place that she could find. She had followed her master's steps on her knees with such a great skill that the old man wouldn't notice her under the large Shazilarian robe of the Prince.

"Let's make a wager," Yusuf said in Arabic, "I bet that she'll be covered by her genitor all right but won't like it, and you bet that she'll love it. Is that right?"

"As you wish, my dear friend," Malik Maruk replied, "But you really shouldn't wager with a professional trainer! I know my job pretty well. Let's say that if she has the slightest hesitation, you win the bet. What are you willing to separate yourself from?"

"I wouldn't mind owning one of your delicious Scandinavian seat twins. And if I lose, you can keep that young Susan for you after my departure."

"Excellent!" Malik approved, his eyes suddenly glowing with greed, "But you'll regret bitterly wagering against me.

I guarantee you that she'll be wonderfully surprised, and that she'll enjoy it all the way. Actually, I'm so certain of it that I bet both Scandinavian seat twins for her!"

The young slut was looking at the two men with great attention, like a groundhog, starting up when she noticed that they were talking about her.

"Crawl down on all fours, little slave," Yusuf said to her in English, "and open your thighs."

"I worship you, my Lord," the young woman replied while she was jumping down on the ground, displaying her backside to him.

Yusuf was an Arabic-European and wasn't much into the use of traditional Shazilarian positions of respect, but he loved to watch Susan perform it. She was spreading her thighs with such a grace and was throwing her tiny orifice the higher she could in his direction with such enthusiasm, eager to aim at him with utmost precision ... her cuteness was making his heart melt. Well, actually she looked cute on the outside, but deep inside, she was a fiercely ambitious creature!

Yusuf took a knife and bent down to cut off the official pubic seal of wax which bore his mark. He made the leather ribbon slide through the pierced holes to free her little vulva. After her deflowering, she had been sewn as a grown-up woman. She was now so proud of being unlaced like a shoe by her owner that she made her pelvis follow his movements.

"Now look carefully at what's going to happen," Malik Maruk said to Yusuf in Arabic, "If the young woman reacts badly when she sees her father coming to inseminate her, it means that she's still an independent human being, following ethics of her society learnt when she was a little girl. But, if she accepts the covering and enjoys it, it means that she has become a domesticated animal. One whose only need is to satisfy



her basic instincts.”

“And of course,” Yusuf replied, “we are the fortunate men who are in position to give her that: We can provide food, protection and reproduction; we control her emotional life, her movements ... even her natural needs! We sure are very important to her!”

“Mostly, yes,” Malik continued, “we are now the very generous people in position to offer her these things she needs. And for it, we ask only for one favor: unconditional obedience. For this creature, giving pleasure to men is not drudgery; It is a game she loves to play, a game she started in Europe with white boys a few years ago, slowly opening to sexual life. And here, with all our humiliating rules for her, the game is even more challenging! On the other hand, she knows that we wouldn’t hesitate to stop providing her these basic needs if she was rebellious. So now, satisfying her master is her absolute priority over everything else. Social taboos have no more meaning for her. They have just become foolish obstacles, stupid stuff that go against practical common sense. A selfish and ambitious young woman like that would certainly not be embarrassed by such childish nonsense! And so now, she’s a domesticated animal, and if she belongs to me, it’s not out of altruism, but for selfish and ambitious reasons!”

“Not yet,” Yusuf smiled, “not yet, my friend. I agree that she’ll come to this later eventually, though I still don’t think she’s already in that state of mind after only two weeks. She’s eager to please, that’s for sure, but not up to the point that she could forget such a strong human taboo.”

“Then we’ll see! Fatima! Bring the stallion!”

Fatima Maruk was waiting a little further away, sitting on the back of her white steed. She hit him with her crop to make him come closer to the two men. The former John Braggston was now accustomed to carry the fat mistress;

he was crawling on all fours at high speed, his arms and legs folded and tightly fastened so that he could walk on elbows and knees. Fake leather hooves were cushioning his steps, preventing him from hurting himself too much. He was capering like this so fast now that it was really difficult to think he had ever walked as a human being.

As soon as she saw her dad running toward her, Susan reacted overjoyed.

“Look!” Malik Maruk exclaimed in Arabic. “She’s in the middle of the yard, and believe me, she knows why we bring the stallion here!”

“Let’s see if she keeps her joy,” Yusuf replied, “when she feels the presence of her father in her, it’ll be a whole different story.”

Fatima stood up and led the white steed behind the young filly. The braggston stud was showing a tortured face for the first time before an insemination. Despite the incredible arousing contact of his Arab mistress, he was obviously reluctant with the idea that he was going to cover his own progeny.

A stroke of Fatima’s crop on his testicles, and he jumped up slightly to put his “paws” (actually his folded elbows) on Susan’s back. Then, Fatima used her slipper to juggle with the stallion’s cock, leading it in the right direction. When his male organ was stuck at the opening of Susan’s vagina, Fatima began to rub his testicles with the tip of her foot to arouse him. When he was ripe, she stepped back a little and contemplated the scene.

The white stud seemed to be paralyzed now. In spite of his running orgasm and his abundant drooling, which resulted in Fatima’s skin contact with his genitals, he was looking at the mistress of the farm with an imploring face. Usually, after such a ball rubbing, he would already be inseminating his mate with frenzy...

Angry, Fatima walked behind him and kicked him in the





ass, making him brutally penetrate the young Susan. Once deeply inside, the stallion's reproductive instinct took over, and he began to slide back and forth frantically into his daughter.

Malik Maruk had already won his bet: Susan had shown absolutely no hesitation. She was now accompanying her genitor's movement with enthusiasm.

Yusuf Bourid was completely dumbfounded.

"I can't believe my eyes!" He exclaimed in Arabic. "That little slut is fully trained after only two weeks! That's excellent! You well deserve to own her."

"Thanks Yusuf," Malik replied, "but actually she was

already an abject worshipper three days after her arrival in the farm. As I said, this girl is so ambitious that she's able to do anything to please her master. I just had to reset her priorities, something that can happen quite fast in the yard. I'm really glad that I won that little wonder. I like her kind. My next step with her will be to break the Swillraoussa rule, and I need to get the green light for that with the Ministry of the White Cattle. I'm ambitious too, you know. Naturally, this comes after the fulfillment of my contract with you, so there's no hurry right now. You'll give her to me when you leave. In the meantime, fill free to benefit of her enthusiasm for as long as you're here."

"Thank you Malik," Yusuf replied, "I'll use her a little, but somehow I don't see her now as being so desirable. I'm not really enjoying her insights like you do, and her ambition doesn't turn me on. I like to watch such a large sample of nature being put back in good order, and a proof of your fantastic skills as a trainer, but owning such an egoistic creature isn't my cup of tea."

"Then you don't know what you miss, my friend. And her animal selfishness is but a tool in my hands to bring her to higher purposes. By sculpting that raw material, I'll make her eager to die for me, her new god, if I fancied it."

Lady Fatima removed her right slipper, then spat on the sole and put it back on. She took a run up and kicked the steed's ass with all her strength. The white genitor jumped with pain, though began very quickly to experience multiple orgasms, squirming under the slipper of his Goddess. And when she pulled him away from his mate, five seconds later, the brat had been successfully inseminated.

Yusuf Bourid crouched down and rubbed Susan's head. Because of the Naffi Effect, this act of tenderness felt much more pleasurable to the young blonde than the stallion's mo-



vement inside her body had done. She started to experience orgasms too, sending grateful looks to her master.

If she had known that at this moment she had become a worthless animal in the eyes of the Prince, and that because of her he had just bet and lost her to the old farmer who would now own her for life, she wouldn't have been so happy. But fortunately, she was totally unaware of that and could enjoy a wonderful day of many pleasures. After all, she had the great honor of being covered by the favorite stallion of the farm, who happened to be someone she loved.

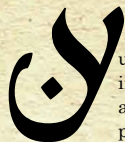
She would bear his progeny with pride, and her master would be satisfied. She also had her head rubbed by the hands of that wonderful man who had generously granted her some orgasms that he didn't have to give.

She had come to the center of the yard as a young enslaved woman with options, and a few minutes later, she was only a white filly whose life was owned by an old farmer of five times her age.

She began to lick the hand of Yusuf Bourid, unaware of her new status; for the Prince of Wonderbourg now, she was only the affectionate pet dog of someone else, nothing more!

A great day indeed!

Chapter X Ségolène's self-sacrifice



Yusuf Bourid and Malik Maruk disappeared into the farmhouse, leaving Fatima Maruk alone, still aroused by what had just happened. She had shared her frustration by pulling the steed away from his heifer a bit too soon. Though, it had been too short to be certain of the impregnation of the brat ... and far from enough to ease her cruel sexual cravings.

Contrary to her husband, Fatima was born in Europe and she needed such demonstrations to keep alive her confidence when dealing with white males—as well as satisfying her re-vengeing desires! It was such a delight for her to witness the severance of these ludicrous animals while they were coming. It was always taking some time for these creatures to realize that their performance was over while they still had their orgasm, and then to suddenly remember that they had to obey their goddess before any other consideration, and swallow that bitter pill.

But this time, she was longing for more. At her request, a Shaziri she-devil clipped on a metallic tool between the stud's testicle ring and his anal tail. That thing was intended to block



his urethral canal by pressing very hard on his perineum, preventing him from squirting semen during the orgasm.

While the she-devil was making the stallion penetrate his heifer again, Fatima lifted up her *niqab* in front of his face, making the poor creature sweat a lot and breathe loudly.

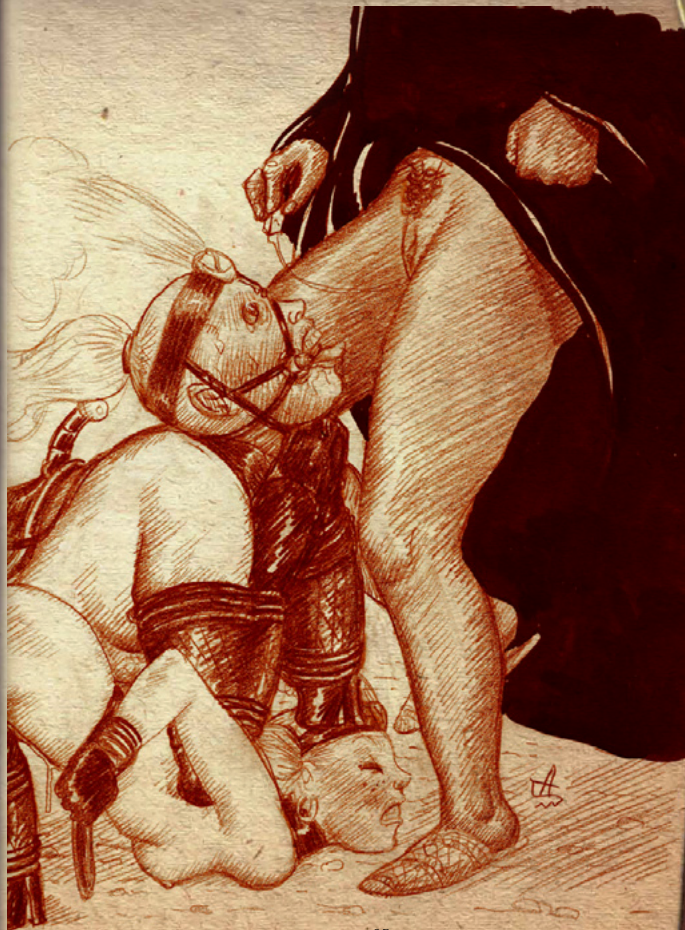
She took a sugar lump in a pocket and put it inside her own juicy vulva. She soaked the piece of sugar with her body fluids and held it over the white animal, out of reach.

After weeks of training with the Naffi Effect, the stud had developed strong Pavlovian responses at the sight of her genitals or anything liquid coming from it. He totally forgot that he was in the process of covering his progeny and moved forward, trampling on the blonde brat. His only concern was now about getting that sugar lump soaked with what he saw as the nectar from a divine being.

Fatima made the tip of the steed's tongue brush the piece of sugar for a fraction of a second, and did it again, an again. Each time, the stud was moving his pelvis frantically against his progeny's buttocks. The blonde brat was undergoing his thrusts, beginning to feel much more pain with the pounding of the his paws than pleasure from his cock.

On the contrary, Fatima was enjoying herself a lot. After a few teasing gestures with the sugar lump, making the steed straighten up to catch it, she put it in his mouth, making him kick like a mad horse. She ordered him to swallow it and kneeled. She stuck her vulva against the blonde brat's lips, something that wouldn't have any arousing effect on a non-lesbian female. It would just give to that brat a feeling of dependence and weakness, but what Malik had said about the ambitious nature of the young filly had triggered Fatima's fantasies of revenge.

The little pink lips eagerly furrowing between her brown labia worked wonders on Fatima, and she enjoyed it for a few



minutes before climaxing.

The white stud was in total frustration, having no more direct contact with his Goddess and her fluids. Behind his imploring eyes, Fatima could detect some mystical adoration for her. She definitely had to reward such an appropriate state of mind, and it was great, because she could now kill two birds with one stone by making sure that his progeny was properly impregnated by a huge flow of semen.

While the she-devil was removing the tool from the stud's perineum, Fatima stood up and stepped backwards for a few yards to contemplate the view.

The poor creature was now moving back and forth in the blonde brat like a madman, allowed to squirt but unable to come without the magic touch of his Goddess. He looked terribly sad as his hopes of being relieved by his Goddess were vanishing. Fatima stopped and waited for a bit, making his expectations rush back, and when she saw again in his eyes that glimmer of adoration she fancied most, she snorted with a grimace of despise and spat a big gob on his face, making him instantly squirt a huge flow of semen into his blonde progeny like the horny white pig he was!

Ségolène had watched that scene with horror. How could people be so cruel? Susan would now have to carry the fruit of an incestuous intercourse!

But it wasn't too late. Susan could still get an abortion in Europe, and Ségolène was determined to save her from her fate. Emma and herself had more or less chosen their new situation after they had put many things in the balance.

They had come here willingly, perfectly aware of the humiliation that could result of it, so if they had to pay the price of their foolishness, so be it. But young Susan didn't sign for that. She never had sex before, and her first time was with an old Arab farmer who was only seeing her as a cute whelp. Then she had a crush on that fat prince who didn't hesitate to have her inseminated by her own father just for fun.

Naturally, Ségolène understood too well why Susan would comply so happily to this despicable covering, and not only because it was the fancy of Malik, Fatima, or the Prince. The white steed was simply irresistible.

She would have found him common and dull in Europe, but being the only man available for reproduction to hundreds of women had turned him into the King of the yard. His power of attraction was huge, even with the animal look that his equine outfit was giving him... Actually, his appearance had already become arousing for them! Yes, that leather wear and that animal look were quite sexy! Not to mention the sight of his permanently erected manhood!

Ségolène had watched him in action and knew that he wasn't able to trigger the Naffi Effect by himself. He would never bring her an orgasm that could compare with the summits of bliss offered by Malik Maruk or the Prince. Yet, his uniqueness was inducing something else, a deeper animal feeling related to the survival of her genes. So, like every white in the yard, she longed for the moment when she would be covered by him!

For Susan, who had only experienced relationships with men through this mockery of a sexual intercourse, it was now the normal way of making love! It was so unfair... On the other hand, that girl might very well be forced to stay here forever. Perhaps it was a good thing for her to be in perfect harmony with her new environment...



Nevertheless, Ségolène was determined to risk a direct conflict with Empress Rasheeda and to forget the blissful Naffi Effect for herself just to save that girl, but her escape plan was far from perfect.

She met Susan again the next morning while she was waiting for her breakfast with the other fillies. Ségolène wouldn't dare to speak and risk losing forever the way to alert Prince Yusuf to the consequences that her disappearing would have on the fate of the Empire. She had crawled from her box to the wooden manger as usual and was waiting for the food, mouth wide open and tongue pulled out as required, with Susan right next to her.

Ségolène wanted to tell the girl something supportive, but she could never find a moment alone with her. She knew that the other fillies would whinny their displeasure if they should hear a voice, and she couldn't risk being muzzled again. At night, Susan was sleeping in Yusuf's bedroom, the rightful place for a favorite. So, only around the manger could Ségolène whisper to the girl some comforting message.

She was ready to go for it when Fatima appeared, bringing the food. The Mistress took the ladle in her bucket and began to serve the tasteless broth, trying to divide it equally for all fillies. When she clapped her hands, Ségolène plunged her head into the manger and began to engulf the food with large mouthfuls to prevent others from stealing it on the edges of her feeding area.

In less than ten seconds Ségolène had finished. She licked the bottom of the manger frantically, just in time before the next clapping, the signal for her to straighten back to attention and to display a fully pulled clean tongue.

Though doing so, Ségolène found herself facing Yusuf's backside. She didn't immediately realize what the Prince had in mind, but it suddenly became obvious: he was going to

satisfy a natural need into the manger!

It was the first time that Ségolène was confronted to such an awful thing. He wasn't ashamed one bit to soil their feeding place, like if it was the perfectly civilized spot to relieve himself. Worse, he asked Susan to be ready to clean him afterwards ... and the poor girl responded by pulling a wide greedy tongue, waiting for the Prince to do his nasty stuff right under her nose!

It was too much for Ségolène! Actually, she didn't know that Susan had already served Malik Maruk that way many times in the farmhouse. So, when the prince of Wonderbourg had finished, Ségolène pushed Susan aside and put her own mouth between the fat brown buttocks, willing to sacrifice herself to preserve the young woman.

It tasted much worse than she thought, but the real problem was that it was the most insufferable humiliation that Ségolène had to sustain in all her life!

Yusuf was allowing that takeover to happen. It made no doubt that he was greatly delighted to have such a nasty thing being done to him willingly by the same tongue that had once spoken against him in the fight against white slavery. One of his worst enemies was rubbing his most intimate spot clean, and that was a good reason to rejoice!

When Ségolène had finished, Yusuf Bourid stood up and looked at her with an evil smile, just as she thought he would. Nevertheless, she was proud of her good deed and acted like if it was no big deal. She licked her lips, pretending to love the taste, then displayed her tongue as if she was waiting for more. The color of her cheeks was probably selling out her shame, but faking it was making things less debasing.

Inside, she was feeling deeply degraded, not so sure once more about her decision to stay in the farm. Anything could happen to a white woman in that place, and it seemed that it could go much further beyond than her imagination.



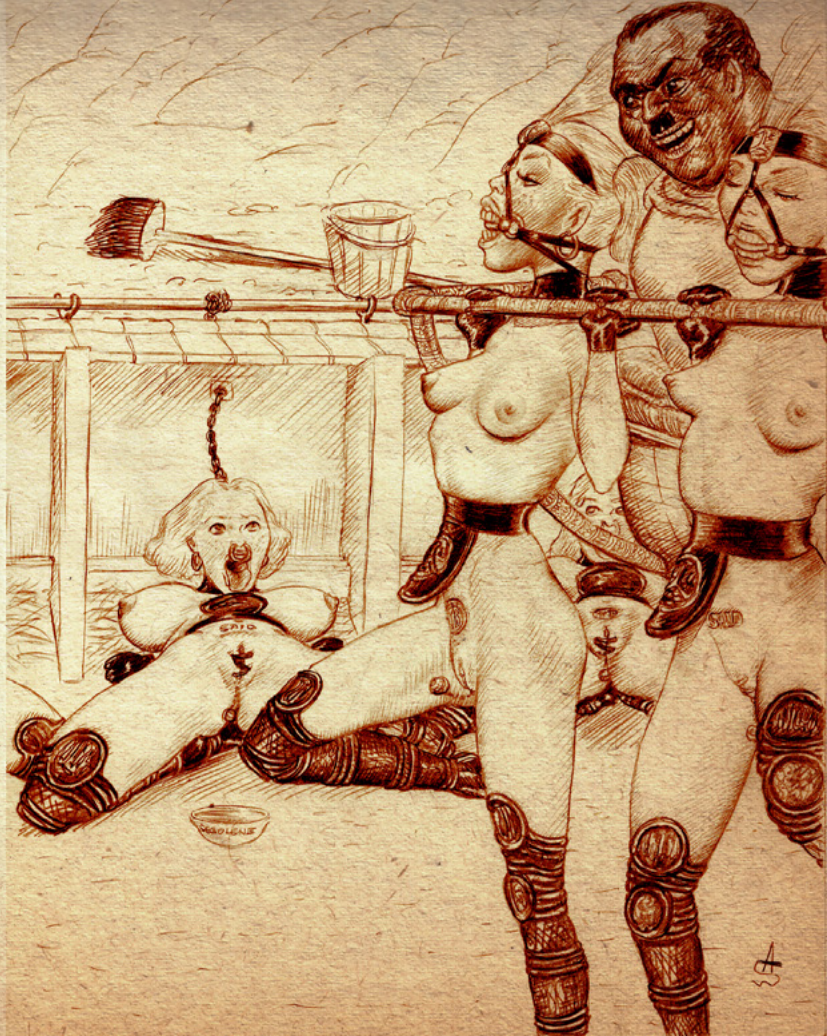
In addition to this humiliation, Ségolène was bound to find out a few days later that her self-sacrifice for Susan's sake was considered by the girl as an act of war! Apparently, she thought that she had pushed her away from a task she deserved, for the sole purpose of drawing Yusuf's attention on herself.

Ségolène had to acknowledge that the young woman was seeing this as an honor that had been stolen away from her, and all she could do now was to bitterly swallow Susan Braggston's despising glares in her direction and hope that the whole affair would be forgotten soon. Worse, Ségolène noticed the glint in Yusuf's eye suggesting that he was aware of the conflict.

Susan had been recently promoted to the highly regarded position of carrier of the sedan couch, Yusuf's usual mode of transportation inside the yard. Her beauty lips had been left unlaced, pointing out to the whole yard that she was his freshly deflowered favorite, duly impregnated, and therefore also available through that orifice, however rare it was for a filly to be used that way.

And when Yusuf's sedan chair was passing in front of Ségolène's box, Susan would stick out her chest even more to express her insane pride and her sick satisfaction.

Ségolène realized that the little scornful slut might not be worth saving after all. Perhaps the life in the farmyard was ideal for her, just as it was for her parents. Apparently, they had educated their daughter to be selfish and ambitious like themselves, as it was exactly the path that the young woman was following here.



It took Ségolène three days to change her mind about her strategy and to decide that she could move away alone and leave that stuck-up little slut to her fate.

Chapter XI Susan's revenge

The protection of Susan's innocence had been Ségolène's ultimate barrier before she could fully comply with a total change of life. Acknowledging the reality about the ambitious and dirty-minded young blonde had destroyed her last scruples, bringing her back to her previous strategy: Finding a way to accommodate her professional life in Europe and her anti-slavery principles with the new sexual and emotional life she longed for. She definitely didn't want to end her existence as a filly in a farmyard; she was gladly leaving that to the Braggstons, who seemed to enjoy it a lot!

Her sweetest desire was to become a harem slave in the Master's bedroom. As long as she could have sex with him when she wanted, she didn't mind playing the submissive part at all. She was perfectly aware that it would be a complete betrayal of her commitment with U.N.C.A.W.W.S., as she would have to protect the naffi fields while pretending to supervise their destruction. Though, now that she had a bite of the wonderful skin contact with Rasheedian men, even with the knowledge that it was all the doing of a plant, she was absolutely sure that any white woman in the world would fall for it. They had



already won that battle, and she needed to upgrade her fight against slavery to a more reasonable level. She could negotiate some alternate way for western people to deal with that new reality without having to forfeit their rights as individuals. Naturally, the whites would have to chuck their stupid pride in! But why not? There was no shame in bowing before a strongest opponent, especially one that could offer such a divine pleasure to people willing to stay on their right side. Showing an abject groveling attitude before all Africans could even soothe their fair craving for revenge, and with both sides meeting half-way, it was possible to find a satisfying common ground.

Yet, building a movement on this moderate basis could be difficult, and not only with the whites. Why would the Rasheedians support it, when the existing Shazz movement was bringing every day thousands of new girls to the idea that they had to belong to a Rasheedian male without the slightest limit?

Ségolène knew who she needed to convince about that project: The Empress! Only the omnipotent Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul could allow such a movement to exist. She was determined to use—with infinite care, of course—the leverage that her knowledge of the real Rasheedia and her position of future president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. would give her. The exact same leverage she intended to put forward to Saïd so she could become his permanent favorite.

Susan's dreams were also about becoming a permanent favorite, but in God's harem and with no leverage; only the

use of her youth, her beauty and her skills. She was the current favorite filly, and she valued her privileged status. The wonderful proximity of the Lord's body was indeed rewarding enough as such, though she fancied a lot the possibility to walk freely in the yard, which she had as long as she was using a filly gait. She had class advantages and many little privileges. The other whites had to acknowledge that she was on a higher level than themselves, or they would meet the whip of the she-devils.

Susan was only seizing the most wonderful opportunity a girl could get in these times of Shazz fashion. She had nothing to do except physical exercises, something that anyway she found essential to keep her body in shape.

For the rest, it was all about expressing her sensuality when she was with God Almighty, and she actually saw that as a reward. Some things that were asked to her could bring a little discomfort, like the cleaning of God's anus with the tongue after he had done his needs, but for a few minutes with a bad taste in the mouth, she would experience summits of bliss with the contact of the Holy Orifice. And anyway, in the absence of someone else's opinion, she had come to consider such intercourse as a normal price to pay in sexual relationships between men and women. So, why would she avoid it with a god?

She thought about that hated morning again, about that hated moment when that old nag micheraie had taken this away from her! It had been a unique opportunity to show her value to God Almighty, to perform something that she was now doing with great skill, without the slightest reaction of disgust, thanks to the very efficient training of Lord Malik Maruk.

And that filthy sow had stolen that from her!

Seeing now that micheraie bitch ready to get her supper when a favorite like herself was still in harness—it was driving her mad!

Contrary to breakfast and lunch, where the tasteless gruel



was served in the manger, supper was delivered in little bowls and was often enhanced with some pieces of fruit, chocolate or honey, so they would go to bed filled with gratitude.

Lord Malik Maruk was always bringing these delicacies himself. He was doing it for two hundred whites, carrying heavy buckets or crates in the middle of the yard, making it look like a great effort that he was consenting out of generosity, showing how much he loved his fillies. Though naturally, the most valuable present would always be the addition of one of his body fluids to the big cooking pot containing the gruel. It wasn't an expensive gift, but one from the heart, and it was welcomed with a hum of wonder from the whole farmyard. The fillies in disgrace appreciated that collective gift a lot, as the precious fluids were usually reserved for the favorites. It meant that they would probably have wonderful erotic dreams during the night.

The bowls were also giving to it a "human" touch that was definitely missing to breakfast and lunch. They were a big part of what was making supper the best moment in the day of a filly, the key to a congenial evening when the whites in the yard were all feeling like sisters sharing the same goal in life, despite their various origin and education.

Thanks to that, they could hear the music and the shouts from the daily parties that the gods were having with their favorites without feeling bitter or even sad: just hopeful and happy with their existence.

Tough that evening was a bit different. Supper had been served, and the bowls were already displayed in front of the boxes, but Susan was still harnessed to the sedan couch with three other chosen ones, as God Almighty wanted to see how it was processed from the height of his couch. It was a humiliating situation for the four favorites who had to witness lower class fillies get their supper first, a privilege that was

supposed to be reserved to them.

God Almighty was obviously unaware of the rules of Lord Malik Maruk's yard, as he gave the signal to the whites to dive nose first into the bowl and start grabbing gruel with their tongue.

Susan was just in front of micheraie, and her anger was rising as she was looking at that filthy sow shamelessly gorging herself with food. She just couldn't bear the sound of her mouth digging, and the sight of gruel soiling her face. Oh! How she hated that filthy swine!

Fortunately, Lord Malik Maruk arrived and gave the order to stop the supper. He whispered something into the ear of God Almighty that made him jump immediately down from his couch, while the she-devils were removing the favorites from the harness.

Susan couldn't help feeling her heart melting for God who couldn't possibly think about the welfare of his fillies all the time, but who was still doing his best to take care of them when Lord Malik Maruk would give him an update. Susan's discontent was certainly not turned against him.

Once she was unfastened from the sedan chair, Susan walked toward her box where her bowl was already disposed. As she was getting closer to the hated micheraie slut, her anger began to grow. The treacherous sow had gruel all over her face and was looking at her with a stupid air, waiting for the command to dive head first into her bowl again.

Susan had enough of that bitch. She walked toward her with a determined attitude. Once in front of her mother's colleague, the young woman turned around and crouched over her bowl.

... And she began to relieve herself into it!

Yusuf Bourid was watching the scene out of the corner of his





his eye, having difficulties to avoid bursting into laughs.

"I hope you're convinced now." Malik Maruk said in Arabic, amused. "There's nothing human in this young white!"

"Yes, you're right," Yusuf replied, "That is amazing! Too bad I have so many responsibilities in Wonderbourg: I would certainly enjoy some recreational time in the vast territory

that the Empress offered me for development in the Nambi plains. I plan to build an amusement park there, and that little slut is giving me some ideas."

"Indeed, my dear friend," Malik Maruk laughed, "I'm delighted to be of some use to you. As you were born in Europe, you don't see things the way an old Shazilarian like me does. Though, take your time with your education. Somehow, I envy you. It must be thrilling to turn beautiful women into domesticated animals, when deeply you still consider them as human beings. When you'll see them as I do, you'll lose much of your interest."

"I see your point, my friend, but I don't think I'll ever be bored. You know, when I was a boy, I had very hard times trying to get laid with beautiful whites like this one, obtaining only despicable looks or insults for my attempts. So being a god to them now is something that I'm sure that I'll enjoy for a very long time. But with people of the younger generations, like my friend Saïd, who were already the kings of their school, they'll certainly experience that loss of interest you mentioned. I'll talk to the Empress about it. I would hate growing old in a world where having white slaves would be considered to be out of fashion by our youths."



Chapter XII Saving Rasheedia

Ségolène was eating her gruel with disgust. The absolute rule of the yard was to finish what had been served, though she was feeling totally degraded. She had learnt to bend her self-esteem with the Arab masters but being humiliated like that by this little slut was too much to take.

This time, that was it! From now on, Ségolène was going to be ambitious too. She would earn privileges over fillies. They would see who was best at this game!

Only a few days were left now before the U.N.C.A.W.S. ultimate deadline, and she had to speak to Yusuf and risk everything for Rasheedia's sake ... and, of course, for her own!

She had hoped to seize an opportunity during that third month in the farm, but she had been left aside most of the time. Why would she suddenly get one chance now? She had to act fast.



So, the next morning, as Yusuf Bourid was walking in front of the boxes, Ségolène tried to attract his attention. Hearing the noise of the straw being creased when the fillies were putting themselves in the position of respect in their box in haste, presenting their crotch to the Master, she took the huge risk of displaying herself in the frontal variant, something that she could only use if she was ordered to it.

That could be seen as an act of rebellion, so when she heard the characteristic sound of Yusuf's leather slippers trailing on the ground, she waved her pelvis, contracting and relaxing her muscles like if she was having sex with an imaginary cock. The frontal position was nothing about that, but adding these movements would show clearly that her behavior wasn't expressing a refusal to be mounted by an Arab, and that was very important.

When Yusuf was just in front of her box, Ségolène suddenly became frantic about her pelvic waving, trying to catch his attention in a respectful way, hoping it would be enough to temper her disobedience.

It seemed to work, as Yusuf Bourid stopped and walked closer. Ségolène increased her movements to keep him interested. In addition to that, she was giving little strokes on her fists, pulling on the chains linked to her belt to lift the leather apron up, displaying its hidden side. She felt it was a good idea to use this tool that had been made especially for the visit of Yusuf to the farm—a tradition in Rasheedia—to express her own message. On it was written: "I love my Lord Yusuf," and she was certain that making the apron bounce on a different beat than the usual pelvic contractions would show clearly that she wanted to express her love for him. She was watching Yusuf's eyes with great attention, shaking the apron when he seemed to look away from her vulva.

When Ségolène saw him smile, she knew that her first

message had been well taken. Now for the second, she waited until his gaze came upon her face, and then began to frantically wave her tongue with wide movements, like if it was under an imaginary male organ, trying to reach the anus with the tip.

"That is very arousing, Mademoiselle Micheraie," Yusuf Bourid said amused, "is it only a compliment that your sort gives so easily to get attentions from your gods, or does it mean that you want to tell me something?"

Ségolène couldn't hide her satisfaction. She was allowed to speak! She now had to be very careful to keep it alive until the right moment to make her demand.

"I worship you my Lord." Ségolène replied with a very sweet voice, lowering her eyes.

She was very pleased with her performance; she had been able to play successfully a perfect submission to her former enemy.

"Then you'll use your tongue to put me in a good mood before." Yusuf said. "If I am satisfied, I will allow you the little chat that you request. I realize that I've never talked to you in the farm, and I'm a bit curious of what you have to tell me ... last time I heard you speak, it was to badmouth my country in public and apply a moral judgement on our white slavery based economy. Be wise and concise, as it will be once and for all!"

"Thank you my Lord." Ségolène replied, "it will be as you please".

She kneeled down and took Yusuf's cock in her mouth. It wasn't because she wasn't married that she was a blushing virgin. She had done this quite often to her lovers and was proud of her skills. Though, in her first month here, Saïd had told her that she was only okay compared to the usual standards for white women applied in the farm, and she knew that she had to excel herself. The Naffi Effect wasn't helping her performance, as the permanent orgasm caused by her prolonged contact was



making difficult to stay in control, though Ségolène liked a good challenge. She had spent her two months of disgrace training her tongue and her lips on the dildo hanging on the wall of the box. She thought that she was much better at it now, but she couldn't be sure.

Monitoring Yusuf's reactions was easy, as the Shazilarian custom about fellatio was to watch the master straight in the eyes while doing it. It was puzzling for Ségolène, because she had seen her lovers avert her eyes so many times in these moments. Yet, if looking down seemed to be the natural way of showing submission, she had to admit that it was much more debasing for her to gaze at the victorious face of her former enemy while she was giving him that most intimate attention.

Also, it was great to observe Yusuf's reactions during her performance, and to act accordingly. For example, she had noticed that he would lower very slightly his eyelids and change the rhythm of his breath when her tongue was sliding along his scrotum. So, she used that reaction to perfect her timing and optimize the suspense before making her fellatio slip to anal licking. Though difficult it was to look at him in the eyes through his pubic hair, she had also noticed that too much tongue in that place would show a little fold of displeasure on his forehead, a signal for her that it was time to move back to the sucking of his glans.

After a few minutes of this, she knew how to keep being entertaining for him and could easily avoid the most horrible thing that could happen: Yusuf's cock getting flaccid in her mouth—a terrible catastrophe that could have ruined all her chances!

After she had done four times the wide lap of Yusuf's erogenous zones, she felt his organ tighten between her lips like a bamboo stick. The beat of the blood in its veins accele-

rated, and its sap suddenly soaked her mouth. She swallowed it, and began to clean his whole pubic area with little tongue strokes and sucking kisses, vacuuming the semen that was beading from his glans at random. Yusuf's satisfaction was showing, and she felt tremendously proud of it. Pleasing to a man who had so many beautiful female slaves at his disposal happened to be very good for her self-esteem. She unconsciously rewarded him by adding little surges of affection to her task, to which he reacted even more positively, smiling at her while tenderly rubbing her head.

"You may speak to me now, Ségolène." Yusuf said, "isn't our relationship much better like that?"

"Oh yes my Lord," Ségolène exclaimed, kissing his organ from time to time, a good way to keep her orgasmic state under control. "I just needed to tell Your Lordship something very important: I must go home in the next few days, or Rasheedia will be put under investigation by the UN."

"Little tramp!" Yusuf reacted, suddenly back to his original conflict with her. "Are you threatening me?"

"Oh no my Lord," she corrected, terrified. "Not at all! I don't want to go! I like it here! I want to stay forever your loving slave. It is just that if I don't get home in time, the UN will probably launch an attack on Rasheedia in the months to come, and I'll lose all that. I'm the only one who can prevent it. That's why I need to meet our glorious Empress. We have to discuss our best course of action to avoid it. I don't want my wonderful new life as your faithful slave to end now!"

"Oh, I see," Yusuf said, back into his good dispositions, "but what makes you believe that if you don't go home, the UN will want to attack us? Wouldn't they send another delegate to replace you before launching such a radical action?"

"Oh no, my Lord! This time they withdraw that possibility. As you may know, I'm their best investigator, and I'm about to



become the president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.. Too many of my colleagues have mysteriously vanished in this country, and that's the reason why my mission is special: I'm supposed to also investigate on their disappearing. If something should happen to me, whether or not the three other delegates are all right and with a positive report, they would force Rasheedia to accept the sending of blue helmets on its territory. This is meant as the last resort in the matter. It has been decided unanimously by the UN, and the Security Council as already validated a military option. Even the Empire of Rasheedia has voted for it to show their sincerity, when we're all aware that it's a lie!"

"Oh, I had no idea." Yusuf said horrified, "This is bad! But ... are you offering me to help the Empire carry on with what you call a lie in exchange for a position in our country? By Allah! You'll be the queen of the yard if you succeed in soothing down that crisis! What do you suggest?"

"If I'm allowed to come back to Geneva, I can settle things for good. I'll explain to the UN that these disappearing are the work of rebel terrorists from Zebya, and that the Government of the Empire is greatly helping in that matter. With the support of our Empress, I could produce a fake list of soldiers who have been killed trying to protect the delegates against the rebels. As I'm famous for my intransigence in the fight against the enslavement of white women, they would trust me completely. And then, I could officially be back here to insure the control of these Zebyan incursions in Rasheedian territory, and unofficially protect the Empire from any future action of this sort ... and of course, spend a lot of time instead with Master Saïd. You would all be safe."

"You would do such a thing?" Yusuf exclaimed. "That's perfect! Let me think about it."

A few hours later, Ségolène was brought to Yusuf's bedroom.

"I accept your proposal!" Yusuf said. "I don't know about Saïd, but if he doesn't want you anymore, I shall. You are even giving me more ideas: You could go back and take the presidency of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. in Geneva, where you could have a secret life. Maybe you can make some decisions and have that organization being transferred in Wonderbourg or Wonderstein, so that you could experience the best of both worlds. The day you would fight white slavery, and the rest of the time you would be mounted in my harem... Or Saïd's."

Ségolène had brought her mind to the idea that she was in love with Saïd, the Arab lord whose brand she was wearing on the belly, though the prospect of belonging to a mature man like Yusuf looked suddenly even more appealing. Anyway, she approved his project. She didn't dare bringing too soon the subject of the special favors she had planned to request. That leverage could be very effective, but she realized now that she could never find the guts to make any demand. And if she couldn't do it with Yusuf, it would be far worse with the Empress.

So, when Yusuf unexpectedly asked her if she had a special request as a reward for saving the Empire, she couldn't even find one. The new proposal was making impossible so many of the demands that she had prepared for two months. Once in Geneva, working as a double agent for Rasheedia, she would lose her leverage completely ... but she wouldn't need it anymore. She would be far too important to fear anything, able to obtain whatever she wanted at any time. Her position of president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. would be her best asset for that.

So, when Yusuf showed signs of impatience, she just asked for something to improve her last days in the farm: "I want



the Braggstons to be punished, my Lord. They should always be lower than myself in the social ladder!"

"You got it!" Yusuf said amused, "From now on you live in my bedroom. You won't be a filly anymore, treated as a harem favorite."

He took a delicious gwalad out of his pocket and soaked it with his saliva. Then he showed it to Ségolène.

She looked at him with admiration: He knew now that she had the power to destroy Rasheedia, and he was still acting with her as he would do with a slave.

It was very courageous, very manly of him. She was feeling safe with such a man! She thought for one moment that if



Said should leave her, she could have a wonderful life at the service of this Arab lord, even if he was elderly and fat.

But was he really? Right now, she couldn't understand what had given her that idea before. She saw clearly that he was a handsome man—not to mention a prince! He wasn't even old enough to be her father and was only a bit plump, something that showed that he loved the pleasures of life. In her logic now, she couldn't find better qualities for a man!

She snatched the gwalad and let it melt in her mouth for a long time while the orgasm caused by the saliva was overwhelming her. She was so excited! Her message had been delivered at last, her situation was getting much better, and she was in the hands of a man who appreciated her charms. Her real life was beginning now...

That evening, she was invited for her first night in Yusuf's bedroom, together with Emma Braggston and her daughter Susan. Yusuf was well aware of Ségolène's desire of revenge on them, and he seemed delighted to provide it to her.

She was ready for one of the greatest events in her life ... if not the greatest!

And that evening, Ségolène was mounted and mounted again, while Susan was getting angrier and angrier. The "old nag" was coming before her—what about that?

The little slut on her right side was probably thinking of all the nasty things that she had done to be allowed here ... just to be relegated to a position of secondary importance. She was watching at Ségolène trying to learn the secret of her success, while keeping an angry and haughty face toward the one that she probably saw as a nuisance; the one who had ruined her honeymoon!

On Ségolène's left side, Emma was looking at her with



worry, clearly asking herself why her future boss was so in favor with her god. What did she do for that? Emma had always been in love with the God, and she had learnt to like being the spice in the meal offered by her daughter for his parties. But allowing in here, and giving a preference for that stuck-up slut who was not even wearing his brand?

It made no sense at all...



Chapter XIII

The return of Saïd

The next day, Ségolène had to pass some twisted tests, but she succeeded in everyone of them. Things were so much simpler now that she had fully accepted this life. Thanks to that, there wasn't any fraud to detect in her answers and reactions.

The reason for him to use such a precaution was obvious. It was certainly very difficult for him to trust a white woman who, once in Geneva, could very well sell out the conspiracy and begin a crusade: and now with an accurate target, because she knew that all the stories about slavery in Zebya were disinformation bombarded by the Empire!

She had no intention to do that. Indeed she used to be totally dedicated to her work, but now, she had found something much more pleasurable and rewarding. After three months rotting in a box, waiting with anxiety for an opportunity, thinking about her plans, preparing the details of her escape ... she was feeling liberated. Even if she wasn't able to clearly express her conditions—that weren't so vital anyway! And if in the end she would have to betray her own people for the Empire of Rasheedia, she had agreed upon Yusuf's proposal, and it was a great relief—at last, the permanent turmoil was over!

The next evening, Ségolène was brought to Yusuf Bourid,



together with her colleague Emma.

“Now,” Yusuf said, “You both have to swear allegiance to me as secret operatives of the Empire of Rasheeda, and as properties of Saïd and myself. Stop your pelvic movements and turn around!”

“I worship my Lord.” The two women chanted once they were displayed on their knees in front of Yusuf. They repeated the oath after him:

“I swear that I will serve the Master to whom I’ve been assigned, and to worship him as the one and true God for the rest of my life. If he sells me to another lord, I shall worship my new master the same way. I shall do anything that the Master will order me to do, even if it looks stupid or disgusting. I shall serve the Empire of Rasheedia and our glorious Empress Rasheeda the First. I shall help her to defeat our enemies. I shall obey the rules and values of my new homeland, however absurd or unfair they seem to be, and I shall spread them around the world with all my abilities and with my life if necessary. Let the God I worship be the witness of my oath.”

Yusuf asked them to stand up. He started spitting on their faces like if it was some sort of ritual.

“Welcome to Rasheedia,” he said, “You are now citizens of the Empire, and your tongues will be tattooed with your master’s mark and a slave registration number. It will be done very deep, near the throat, so that nobody can see it by accident when you’re back home. I’m entitled to give you full graduation as fillies of the stables of Malik Maruk. As such, you shall be respected by all Rasheedians ... if you follow the rules of your kind, of course!”

Ségolène was now officially a Shazilari citizen with the status of an animal—a white filly! This was a high position in the White Cattle, the social ladder of Rasheedia. According to



the Cathophoenic religion, western women were only simple sows before entering the White Cattle. The fillies were on the fourth level, right under the pets, the she-popes and the she-devils. As a bonus, Ségolène was going to sleep in Yusuf's bedroom, like the favorites during her last days in the farm.

The night that followed was another fantastic event, and Ségolène experienced many orgasms. In the morning, she was woken up by the couch pets. In conformity with the instructions she had got earlier, she began to gently lick the Master's body with her tongue.

The prince of Wonderbourg yawned and stretched his arms, the signal for Ségolène to dive her mouth between his thighs and try to reach his crotch like a cat looking for a mouse in a hole.

She was playing that game with the Master for ten minutes when they suddenly noticed the distinctive sound that the sulky was making on the tiled floor of the main alley of the yard.

Yusuf stood up and came at the window. When the carriage stopped, he bent down and yelled.

"Saïd! How are you, sonny?"

Hearing the name of her owner, Ségolène spontaneously jumped with joy. Ignoring her, Yusuf left the room to join his friend down the yard.

Ségolène daringly took a look at the window, causing a scandalized clamor among the couch pets. They were all glaring at her, but she didn't care—she got only eyes for Saïd! She had been attracted so much to Prince Yusuf that she had completely forgotten the handsomeness of the Arab lord for whom she had returned to the farm, the man whose brand was engraved forever on her belly. And it was all coming back now. How she craved to belong to him again!

She wanted him to understand how much she loved him,

and a crazy idea crossed her mind: why wouldn't she run down and tell him how she felt? Alas! She knew that it would never work. She was in Yusuf's bedroom, and to do such a thing would not only break the rules of the farm, it would also hurt someone who was already the only support she had until her meeting with Rasheeda, and who could very well become her master for the rest of her life. She could lose both Yusuf and Saïd forever if she acted foolishly.

When Yusuf Bourid opened the door of the farmhouse, Saïd was patting the butt cheeks of the exhausted filly who had galloped all night to bring him here. Saïd was such a hater of white females that it was quite unusual to see him show tenderness for one of them. Such a change was certainly to the credit of Malik Maruk and his positive influence...

"Hello my good friend," Yusuf saluted in Arabic, "what is the news from home?"

"Quite bad, unfortunately," Saïd replied, "One of my rewards for winning the races, Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse has escaped from your stables in Wonderbourg. It seems that this filthy bitch was just pretending to be trained!"

"What is wrong with these fillies?" Yusuf exclaimed with anger. "They don't know what they want! I'm really sorry my friend, but I don't think I'll be able to deliver that one to you before the deadline."

"That's all right Yusuf," Saïd replied, "you have done a lot for me anyway. Please take your time. I'll explain on television that I grant you a delay, so we could use her politically ... which may very well be true, because her influence among white declinists is great. I don't think that she can hide for long anyway, because she can't possibly cross the Wonderbourg border."

"Thankfully, the other one seems to be right on schedule, and she's perfectly trained! Not to mention that she has a crush



on you...

"Ségolène Micheraie? Really?" Saïd exclaimed, puzzled. "Wow! I need to stay around here more and pick up Malik Maruk's secrets. He is incredible!"

"As soon as that Marie-Thérèse is found," Yusuf continued, "I shall send her here for the securing phase. Malik Maruk told me that he's a great specialist of 'thoroughbred' slaves. He's got a farm extension dedicated to this kind only in the lower cliff level!"

"Take your time anyway," Saïd replied, "I prefer to wait for six months if necessary than having an unsecured girl in my harem, especially a thoroughbred filly. Those 'mustangs', as they call them here, can be very dangerous when wild!"

"Excellent!" Yusuf laughed, "I see that you are learning a lot of useful things with Malik Maruk, just like I do!"

He clapped in his hands and summoned Ségolène Micheraie. Less than ten seconds later, a naked silhouette sprang out of the door of the farmhouse, running toward them like if her life depended on it. Once in front of them, Micheraie turned around and jumped on the floor, spreading her thighs in the direction of Saïd.

Yusuf was amazed. Micheraie was showing such enthusiasm with her crotch. Her anus would relax and contract as if she was trying to kiss Saïd with it! Nevertheless, it was a bit annoying. That slut who had been digging between his own buttocks a few minutes before was now only paying attention to his friend. He remembered just in time that the white animal had been trained to belong to Saïd, and that it was nothing personal. Her enthusiasm for her rightful master was the result of Malik Maruk's talent, that was all. Yusuf made her stand up and removed her nose ring and her belt.

"My dear Saïd," Yusuf said, switching to English,

"you already know Ségolène Micheraie, the next president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., Yes? Well ... she's a present for you!"

The white looked at him with a grateful smile. His mark was branded on her belly.

"Thank you, I gladly accept your gift. This animal is magnificent."

Saïd took a leather belt in the sulky, and put it around Micheraie's waist. His name was printed on it in golden letters.

"She's perfect," Saïd continued, "Do you think it's for real, what Malik Maruk says... That she chose to become a filly just for me?"

"Sure," Yusuf replied, "that's true. She had stamped with impatience for your return since she was admitted here. She even struggled with frenzy to be branded with your name!"

Ségolène was happy. She would belong to Saïd after all! And how she had asked to bear his mark was counting in her favor! Of course, it was only an accident, but who needed to know? She could display it with pride.

She would have some regrets though, as she was beginning to appreciate Yusuf Bourid. He was really a wonderful man who had forgiven her opposition to him in her previous existence ... and she was going to miss Malik Maruk too!

Ségolène was glad that she could have met such valuable men in her lifetime, both charismatic, kind, and understanding for those who were addicted to them.

"So my dear Ségolène," Yusuf asked, pushing her out of her thoughts, "are you happy to belong to my friend Saïd?"

"Oh, I thank you my Lord!" She exclaimed. "I worship you!"

Yusuf was greatly satisfied with the work of Malik Maruk.

"She's a perfect animal!" Saïd told him in Arabic. "Malik Maruk is right to say that white sows like this need only to





find their place. Give them a proper training, and they will love you.”

“So it would seem,” Yusuf Bourid smiled, “does it mean that you no longer call them yokels?”

“Oh no, I get it now! Yokel used to be a perfect denomination for me because I couldn’t stop thinking of them as human beings. Malik Maruk as cured me of that disease. I learnt to know these creatures better, I very much aware of the lowness of their status in the natural order established by Allah; they pretend to be women with such a great talent that it had fooled many, but underneath their arrogance, they crave to be touched by us, and to be allowed back into our pigsties. I understand now that controlling them with animal training techniques is a far better method than the one I was using to tame them at home. I really see this one as a domestic sow, and I know that I could have brought her to that myself by adopting the old breeder’s method... I don’t judge her anymore for being what she is, because I understand that I’m the one who has got to decide what she is... And can you believe what the best thing is? I’ll enjoy even more to put her in her place at my feet now I’m aware that it’s for her own good—and for the sake of her race!”

Yusuf chuckled and observed the white filly closely. Her eyes were full of love like if all her sweetest dreams had come true.

Said was also looking at her with benevolence. He seemed to have lost all the anger that had always driven his life. Though, Yusuf wasn’t a fool. He knew that his disgust for whites was deeply rooted. At least now, he was able to control them through love instead of hate. He pitied the poor animal who would have no margin for error. One single mistake, and Said could turn back to his former state of mind.

It must be true that love is blind.



Chapter XIV Meeting the Empress

Saïd had left the farm in the evening, but Ségolène knew that she would follow him soon. She had to accompany Yusuf Bourid the next day, so she could meet Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul in Rasheedabad. After that imperial visit, Ségolène would be put in a plane to Geneva, where Saïd would have prepared her arrival.

So, when she woke up in the morning, Ségolène was overexcited. The she-devil removed her filly outfit, and she really appreciated getting back the use of her hands. She waved her fingers with delight, noticing with satisfaction that Emma was watching her with envious eyes.

Fatima brought her suitcase. The last time that Ségolène had seen it was when she had left the hotel, two months ago, and she thought that it was lost forever. Her western suit was in it, but slightly modified by Fatima. The North-African mistress had sewn the jacket and the dress together, then had cut an opening on the side to make it removable in a second, according to the Shazilari tradition of respect toward Arab men. It was much longer for Ségolène to put it on, especially with her hands so recently freed from the leather gloves. She felt quite



strange in that suit now, even if she wasn't wearing panties. She had forgotten the contact of the cloth with the skin, and she wasn't sure to like it anymore.

Once she had put her make-up on, she looked exactly like when she arrived in Rasheedia. She was just a little more glowing. Malik Maruk told her to wait before climbing into the quadruplet sedan, but showed her which one was her seat. She was going to love resting in the carriage next to Yusuf Bourid instead of having to draw it.

Emma was one of the whites chosen to pull it. As the others were native fillies with powerful thighs (the result of generations of running and towing all day long), she understood that Emma had been put right in front of her on purpose, so that she could satisfy her little revenge against the Braggstons.

Yusuf Bourid had a favorite pet into the compartment under his seat, so he could be entertained when he would sit in the carriage. He offered Ségolène the whip, showing that he intended to keep his part of the deal concerning Emma—this trip was going to be fun!

Only one thing was missing so that her life could be perfect. He had left the lid of the seat down on Ségolène's side, which meant that she would have no entertainment for the trip. It would have been really nice to feel this filthy Susan agitating her little tongue into her rectum, as a perfect goodbye for such a distasteful slut. Ségolène had some ideas about how to give the girl some thrills in that position that would make the peeing in her bowl like a picnic. Though, Prince Yusuf could have good reasons not to allow that pleasure to Ségolène. Maybe it was because, despite her nimbleness, Susan was much heavier than the native pets. She would slow down the carriage too much.

Ségolène was sure that what Prince Yusuf had planned

to keep his part of the bargain, and indeed she wasn't disappointed, as Yusuf was pulling up his robe to reveal the presence of Susan. The girl was crouching, clinging to his thighs, accompanying his steps with diligence. Ségolène had seen Prince Yusuf busy for two hours already, walking around the yard, and she had never noticed anyone's silhouette under his robe. It was really too bad that such a skilled and nimble young woman could be such a spoiled pest!

"I'm accompanying you to Europe," Yusuf said to Ségolène, "as Wonderbourg needs my presence, but before, I want you to see what my intentions are about this blonde brat to keep my part of the deal."

He grabbed Susan by the neck and offered her to Malik Maruk. The old man didn't seem to be very surprised, but said something in Arabic looking like a warm thanking. The stupid girl was smiling, unaware that she had just been given away.

"Malik Maruk will be your Master and God from now on, little filly," Yusuf Bourid explained to the young pest in English, "make him happy and you'll have a good life."

Susan suddenly lost her smile, realizing that she would stay in the farm while that old nag of Mademoiselle Micheraie would go away with God.

That fusty Micheraie was gloating, waving her hand at her goodbye. Oh, how Susan hated that bitch! Susan had absolutely no doubt that she was the one who had planned all this, ruining her ambitions forever! Because of her, she would be a nobody in the farmyard. The other fillies would now affect an air of disdain toward her and proudly display God's brand on their belly, while she would try to hide her inadequate YB all her life.

Susan was devastated, but not defeated. She glared back at Micheraie. So be it, it would be a challenge! She would become someone in Malik Maruk's farmyard despite this new deal.



She suddenly realized that her hate was making her forget to show complete attention to her owner. He was God now, and she would spend her life with him, so it was foolish to send him the wrong message; she might very well have the brand of another on her belly, but she would make him forget it. She swiftly crawled toward the old man and grasped his thighs, looking at him with imploring eyes. She couldn't show a gratitude that she wasn't feeling for real, not to this man who could read her thoughts. No, she could only try to express what a devout follower she was eager to become; and for that, she needed to focus on the right side of things: Malik Maruk was not a prince, though he was far from being a nobody. He was wise, and he was worshipped by hundreds of white women. He wasn't young (over a hundred years old according to Goddess Fatima), though he was green enough to have sex many times a day, even if it could take an hour of exhausting efforts to make him come. Wasn't that the proof that somehow he was a superior being? Indeed, his farm was remote, though that way she would avoid pollution! And she would never know solitude, with so many friends she could have here... She was rejected now, but she still had time to make up for it. Whatever happened, she was lucky to be allowed to live so close to a god ... her god again ... the one and only God... Forever.

Malik Maruk responded to her smile. It was a success! She had got to him!

Instinctively, she lowered her head to look at his manhood, just in time to notice a drip in formation at the tip of his glans. Oh! How she knew him well now! As guessed, he had been moved by her devotion and, as usual, was going to leak a few yellow drops; this one was just the preliminary symptom. She turned her head, bent down between his thighs and lapped up the drip, ready to intercept the rest of it.

Quickly, she changed her body position to be able to look at him in the eyes when it would happen. So, when the brief trickle appeared, she put her lips on the tip of his glans and sucked the liquid like sipping some nectar with a straw.

Susan didn't bat an eyelid despite the bitter taste. She was used to it now! She hoped that the old man could feel her pride for serving him that way; that he could understand that she would always be there for him if she had the chance.

Ségolène chuckled. That pest finally got what she deserved!

It was the right moment to turn the knife in the wound and pay her respect to the old farmer at the same time. Ségolène jumped toward Malik Maruk and stopped at one inch of his male organ, showing that she would wait until Susan had finished her cleaning. And then, she gave many kisses to the wrinkled manhood. She bent her head, saluting the Arab lord and crawled backwards to Yusuf, while Susan was dealing with the new trickle it had caused.

Even if Ségolène's planned life was much more promising with fun and pleasure than staying in the farm, she would always have a bit of regret about Malik Maruk and the quiet existence that could have been hers under his protection.

On a sign of Yusuf Bourid, she climbed into the quadruplet sedan. The four fillies pushed hard forward, putting it in motion, then began to trot. Ségolène cracked her whip on Emma's buttocks in a vicious way, knowing that the mark would stay forever. Her colleague twisted her body with pain but continued to move with the others.

Ségolène took a glance at Susan while the carriage was leaving the yard. Unfortunately, the brat was not even looking, deeply concentrated on what was now the only thing she had to worry about, like the other fillies of the farm: Malik



Maruk's sexual organ. Ségolène had her revenge all right. Without her, the little pest could have become the favorite of the Prince for a year, then could have lived in the relative freedom in Europe for years. Belonging to Malik Maruk, she would have to fight with hard challengers every day, all these wicked and pretty little sluts that he was collecting, and offer him the best years of her life, to be probably sold as a field slave after his death.

Ségolène was just going to give another stroke to Emma when Yusuf Bourid stopped the carriage at the corner of the surrounding wall of the farm, making the fillies park alongside it. He made them kneel down, so that Emma's eyes were at the height of a hole between the bricks.

"That's one little gift for you," he whispered into Ségolène's ear, "to show you how seriously I keep my part of the deal ... hoping that you'll keep yours, of course!"

"I shall, my Lord, I shall," she quickly replied.

"Emma," Yusuf exclaimed out loud, "I have to punish your little brat here to satisfy your colleague's demand, just like I satisfied yours last month about being always at less than fifty feet away from my person. Your price to calm down U.N.C.A.W.W.S.! You understand how I have to keep my deals, don't you?"

Emma sadly shook her head. Ségolène thought that Emma wasn't more inspired than herself for negotiations.

"Malik Maruk assured me that your daughter will be the one, entitled to the task to come for a whole year," Yusuf continued, "but you can still pray me before going to bed to make it last only for six months. I can be great and compassionate with devout white worshippers."

Ségolène was now dying to know what it was.

"You may take a look," Yusuf said, "I'm sure you'll appreciate that little revenge on your enemy, like all western



females do, but please don't tell anyone about it. Such an act is prohibited for whites of the Outside."

"Of course, my Lord," Ségolène said before rushing down the sedan to go take a peek in the hole.

She could see Malik Maruk's buttocks through it. Susan was licking Malik Maruk's anus. What a disappointment! That was all? There was nothing much terrible about that. She had done that quite often, and even one disgusting time after Yusuf had satisfied a ... oh! Suddenly she got it ... it was the case right now! Susan was going to be that pet that was constantly following Malik Maruk with a vat in the mouth, using her



tongue to clean him afterwards. She couldn't help bursting in laugh. What a fate for a young ambitious woman!

Susan might have noticed her voice, as she suddenly looked through the hole, before turning back to her thankless task, red as a beetroot.

"Excellent," Ségolène said loudly to make sure Susan would hear through the thick wall, "I understand now how foolish it was to keep that little sucker out of her natural environment."

As a mute answer, Susan began to add some kisses to her task, pretending to like it, but she couldn't help showing a few retches until it was completely clean.

When her master was done, Susan dived forward to the floor to put down the vat containing Malik Maruk's product, then kneeled up again to lick the rear orifice of the old breeder.

That was the moment that Ségolène chose to leave young Susan to her fate.

"Your part of the bargain has been well kept, Lord Yusuf," Ségolène said, "thank you."

"My pleasure, Mademoiselle Micheraie," Yusuf smiled, "it is always very entertaining to watch how white females settle their disputes. I love it!"

Ségolène felt ashamed of herself. Maybe she had got carried away a bit with that revenge thing. Maybe she only wanted to punish the poor girl for her own incapacity to even formulate her real demands to Yusuf.

The contact of the magic fingers of the Master sliding under her skirt to rub her vulva from the rear suddenly swept away these bitter thoughts, and she walked backwards to keep her labia squashed on the palm of his delightful hand. Ségolène was led to climb on the Quadruplet sedan again, then Yusuf gave to the fillies the order to start.

Soon they were galloping across the plateaus, then down the road of the Naouda cliff. Ségolène wouldn't crack her whip too hard on Emma's buttocks anymore now; their dispute was settled!

They arrived in Rasheedabad hours later, but Ségolène was in for a big surprise. She had already done that trip naked and oiled, getting only the attention of the men that she was teasing on the way. Now that she was driving a carriage wearing a western suit, everyone was looking at her!

They finally crossed the walls of the Imperial Palace. The Master parked the quadruplet sedan in front of Rasheeda's personal building. Ségolène jumped down the vehicle and walked into the huge corridor leading to the throne room for the second time in her life, escorted by two Shaziri guards. Though this time, the little tinkling of the traditional labial bell under her skirt was resonating throughout the large galleries at each of her steps, giving to this visit a completely different feeling.

Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul (a.k.a. Rasheeda the First, Empress of Rasheedia) welcomed her back. She seemed to remember her now that she was wearing western clothes.

"So, my cousin Yusuf tells me that you've acquired the spirit of a Rasheedian citizen..." Rasheeda said with satisfaction. "Congratulations. You may kneel before your Goddess now!"

Ségolène instantly fell down on her knees, before she could even ask herself if it was the proper thing to do in her present situation.

"But there is something that I don't understand," Rasheeda continued, "it is why you—the future president of an organization that fights white slavery in our region—have suddenly decided to become a filly?"

"I was so wrong, my Goddess," Ségolène said with an apologizing face, "I thought that the poor women were always



abducted and forced to do nasty things. Now I know how stupid I was. The native white cattle are very lucky, and I understand the reason why some European females should choose to have their wonderful life. I would like my share of it too.”

“But you were speaking about the Human Rights with such a great emphasis before the UN... I fail to see why you want now to forfeit them. You may have noticed that around here, your kind isn't really treated according to these UN values. The Islaphoenic and the Cathophoenic Church are the official religions of Rasheedia, and both their churches are quite clear about one thing: what you call the white race is actually a division within the swine species!”

“I know, my Goddess,” Ségolène replied, “but now I understand what it is about. What is the point of being human if I can't be close to an Arab god? As for the native white cattle, I can't picture myself depriving them of their bliss just to match some foreign laws that were never made for them.”

“For them?” Rasheeda reacted, “I think you mean ... for you, now? If you agree with this, it implies that you agree with the concept of being a porcine creature yourself. It would be blasphemous in my religion to see you as part of mankind, even if your breed is obviously more evolved than the common sow ... and a bit more than the native white cattle, I think.”

“Oh thank you for that, my Goddess,” Ségolène exclaimed, “I shall take any place you allow me to take. I deeply believe in the divine origins of Shazilarians now that I've been touched by gods.”

“Yes, what about that? I always heard you telling to the UN that it was only the effect of the spores in the air around naffi flowers, acting on whites like a drug addiction. You even came here to destroy these fields that we see as sacred!”

“That was a stupid postulate,” Ségolène replied, “Science only knows that the pollen of this plant carry pheromones that enhance some natural behavior. But it doesn't explain why people are affected so differently by it, and certainly not why it gives Arabs that power over whi ... porcine creatures. Now, I think that this plant is just revealing something that was deeply hidden for ages.”

“That's exactly why that plant is sacred to us,” Rasheeda said with despise, “If only the whites could understand that by surrendering to us quickly, we could sooner live under *Pax Rasheediana*, a paradise on Earth with no more wars and misery, where gods can be gods and swine know that their morbid and blasphemous yearnings for divinity are meant to be quenched with an implacable firmness! I'm glad that you have seen the light. Though, what I expect from you is more than just to acknowledge the Phoenic Truth. You can be an important asset for the spreading of our sacred cause in the world if you keep that new awareness secret for a while. Naturally I understand how you would love to immediately celebrate your revelation and share it with all the other porcine creatures, but I need you as a spy. You must bring U.N.C.A.W.W.S. to our cause, and unfortunately, it can only be done through deception. We can't allow that organization to destroy the sacred plant and deny to all porcine creatures the same wonderful gift that was given to you. You're the best asset we have to carry this holy mission. I shall choose to trust your faith on the high recommendations that I got from three important living gods. You don't know how lucky you are to belong to a handsome lord like Saïd. I hope that you won't cause him any trouble.”

“Oh no, my Goddess!” Ségolène exclaimed. “I wouldn't dare... I... I love him.”

“Well then, “Rasheeda went on, “Get up now, I want to see your brand.”



Ségolène stood up very quickly.

Rasheeda walked down the steps of the throne and stopped in front of her. She lifted up her pleated dress and brushed her skin with her almighty hand.

Ségolène suddenly felt a weakness in the knees, overwhelmed with the impression that she was in the presence of a divinity that could destroy her with a simple whim. The Naffi Effect was stronger here than anything she had experienced before, even with Malik Maruk. It wasn't sexual, just



like with Lady Fatima ... but a hundred times more frightening. Why didn't she notice that power during her first encounter with the Empress?

Despite what she just said to the Head of State, she wasn't completely convinced of the religious virtues of the Naffi Effect. Indisputably, this plant was uncovering something deeply buried inside every person on Earth, something more intangible and more profound than the simple effects of some physical addiction. Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul had to be an exceptional woman with or without the Naffi Effect. So actually, why not a goddess after all?

Rasheeda looked greatly satisfied of what she could see under Ségolène's dress.

"That's fine, very coquettish," Rasheeda said, "quality brand, perfect sewing. You're lucky, filly. This adds a lot to your beauty. You're indeed a highly distinguished creature, and that's why I needed to check your loyalty by myself. Men can be really weak when a blonde of your class is involved! Anyway, it seems that the praises I've heard about you were well deserved. Now, listen to me carefully, as this is what your Empress wants from you when you'll be in Europe: My cousin Yusuf already told you what you have to say in your report on our country. After that, you'll do your job as you usually do. Your master Saïd will give you the details in Geneva. Your first mission will be to set up a project to transfer U.N.C.A.W.W.S. in Wonderstein, so that you could be every day with your master Saïd. In the waiting, you'll pretend that your colleagues here have stayed to conduct more investigations about the incursions from mercenaries and foreign armies within the borders of the Empire. Emma Braggston has already explained all that, so it should work fine. They will conveniently reappear later to back up your version and support your proposition for building your African headquarters in Rasheedia, a better choice than



the prospective one of Dombidombango. You'll suggest Emma Braggston at the head of it. That's all!"

"I'll do it," Ségolène quickly said, "Great Goddess, everything to please you."

"Fine, blonde filly," Rasheeda replied, "you may go and carry your holy mission. May your god Saïd reflect the light of Allah on you."

Ségolène knelt down again and licked the slipper of the Empress, first step in the protocol for every Rasheedian citizen without exception—now she was one of them!

She straightened up and kissed the hand that Rasheeda was holding out to her. And suddenly, she was stricken by pure terror. Her knees began to shake uncontrollably. She felt a weakness in her bladder, immediately followed by her release of a golden gush over the floor of the throne room.

Ségolène could do nothing but wait in embarrassment and silence while the liquid was hitting the tiles noisily, making her little labial bell dance and tinkle in the process. The echo in that gigantic place was making it far worse. Ségolène was never going to forget this shameful moment.

Yet, it seemed to be quite a frequent behavior, as two Shaziri women were now fetching brushes and buckets conveniently disposed behind the throne. She began to mumble some excuses, but Rasheeda cut it short, dismissing her with a swift despising gesture.

Ségolène had a lot of trouble lurching through the huge corridor, and the Shaziri guards weren't even trying to help her. They would only push her energetically forward at random. It seemed that her acceptance of being part of the White Cattle had changed their way of seeing her a lot.

She finally managed to get into the quadruplet sedan, though had to wait two hours for Lord Yusuf to come. So, when he arrived, from what could only be a meeting with the

Empress, Ségolène had enough time to digest her misadventure. She would never forget that mighty woman and would always think of her as the terrible heart of that unstoppable Empire that was soon going to rule the Earth.

They arrived at the airport half an hour later and entered the tarmac without having to leave the forbidden area. So, to avoid any disrespect, Ségolène had to lift her plaited dress up each time that she would cross a Rasheedian man. She had developed such an automatic response to it that she was scared with the prospect of doing it accidentally in Europe.

Though, when the plane landed in Geneva, Ségolène discovered that they were still in a zone where white women needed to keep their genitals uncovered. She had no idea that Air Rasheedia could allow that in their premises of European airports.

That was certainly why the terminal was surrounded by opaque curtains. Before walking away, Lord Yusuf removed Ségolène's noisy little labial bell. He slapped her buttocks with a resounding sound to make her go through the airlock under the laughs of the people around.

Once on the other side, Ségolène was alone for the first time in three months. She was feeling weak and embarrassed without the presence of Lord Yusuf. She passed through the customs and was welcomed by a delegation from U.N.C.A.W.W.S.. Her colleagues applauded her ... giving her an awful impression. She had definitely nothing more in common with these people!

She pretended to be sick to dismiss their invitation to dinner and allowed herself a week of leave to write down her final report. She went away in a taxi, incredibly relieved. She asked the chauffeur to drive her to the meeting point



with Saïd Agadir, close to the suburban area where most North-African migrants were living, but he refused to go anywhere near that area and left Ségolène a mile away from her destination. She had to walk for ten minutes between two big walls of buildings that were joining after more than a mile like a pincer. The place was quite frightening; from inside, it seemed to be an enclosed reservation with only one street to enter and exit...

Saïd was sitting at a table of the terrace of the *Café des amis*, as scheduled. Around him, North-African men were looking suspiciously at Ségolène. Saïd didn't say anything. He lifted her dress up to fasten a small Christian cross to the ring where she used to have a little bell. He stood up and made her leave the *Café* in front of him, holding her dress to display her sewn intimacies and reassure the North-Africans around.

Saïd led her for a few hundred yards, deeper into that more and more frightening area.

Suddenly, he ripped off the Velcro of her suit, undressing her in a split second. Ségolène jumped in panic, sure that being seen naked in here would put an end to her secret mission.

At least, until she heard the sound of hoofs clicking on the asphalt. It was a "triplet sedan" coming toward them...

Ségolène instantly recognized one



of the women harnessed to it, her friend Adeline from the UN Economic Department, who was bearing the brand of Saïd on the belly and on her shoulder wear. She also recognized the two next fillies: one was the wife of the actual chief of Police and the other was a judge. Naked and pulling a carriage in Geneva! She had no idea something like this could happen in the city where she lived!

Adeline seemed to be incredibly happy to see her in the same condition she was. She didn't have a bit in the mouth, and yet was only smiling and nodding to express her joy to meet her friend again. Ségolène wasn't used to this at all with the so talkative Adeline!

Ségolène turned to Saïd to show him how satisfied she was to discover that things weren't so different here, but he was obviously not in good dispositions for effusions. He pulled out a crop out of his pants, ready to bring back some discipline.

Chapter XV The Monarch

Saïd fastened Ségolène's belt to the harness and climbed into the triplet sedan. A few seconds later, she felt the bite of the whip on her buttocks and pushed forward to start the vehicle with her two teammates.

After two minutes, they crossed a police car that slowed down while passing them. Ségolène looked inside and noticed that the cops were all North-Africans ... and not at all surprised to see harnessed white women in the street!

So, it was that racist Madame de Cuisse who had been right all along! Well ... about the Naffi Effect, she was totally wrong. The bliss that it was giving was way worth accepting the slight domination that these Arabs demanded in exchange. Though, she had predicted that in every big city in the world with a North-African community, one would find white slaves naked in the streets. Ségolène remembered that the famous writer had taken the example of Geneva, something she instantly dismissed as incredibly exaggerated. Madame de Cuisse was stating things about a place where Ségolène had never seen a single nude woman ... and it was the same for any other town in Switzerland! It would be such an attack against the



moralist tradition of this country!

Now she was totally reconsidering her position; she remembered that the city executives had been accused of deliberately isolating the area with a wall of buildings. They had made a huge pedestrian zone because too many cars were burnt by young louts inside the belt. It seemed that it wasn't out of the fear of an ethnic group that they had done it, but to allow the Shazilari Culture to be fully expressed without shocking the white population, who would never come anywhere near a place with such a bad reputation, especially on foot. Though, it seemed that the moral tradition of Switzerland had finally accomplished the opposite thing, protecting a whole area from the rest of the city to hide the fact that white women walked naked and pulled vehicles.

The decision to put North-African cops around was probably made to avoid ethnic problems. It could only be accessed through two narrow streets bordered with a cordon of fake hoodlums glaring at them.

No wonder why an international official like herself would ignore everything about it. It seemed incredible, because it was logical to think that there would always be some nosy parker to explore the area no matter what ... though, perhaps it had been the case, and these people were just arrested by the Police and never seen again, making the reputation of the place even worse. Or maybe they had gone to the precinct and were simply told that "Shazz" wasn't illegal. Yes, that was making sense; for what possible reason could they have forbidden some youth movement? It was better for everyone to pretend that it didn't exist ... the officials just wanted to hide it to the population. And the citizens liked it that way, as the truth was too unbelievable; the idea that a whole North-African community could condone white slavery inside an old democratic country looked just like a racist

conspiracy theorist fantasy and would be dismissed by any rational mind.

Ultimately, the only thing that was making this possible was the Naffi Effect. And now that she had tasted it, Ségolène could understand why.

It was seen as the work of the devil by some western people, but white women who experienced it, like herself, knew that it was worth a little social adjustment, even if it was leading to some exaggerations. And who would blame the North-African migrants to seize such an opportunity to have sex with women who were certainly playing very hard to get for some of them before? What if it was similar to American Prohibition in the thirties, and whites were just coming to secret places to have fun?

However improbable it had looked to her before, Ségolène could only acknowledge the truth now: she was galloping with two other naked women, pulling the carriage of an Arab man in a European country!

Saïd brutally pulled the brakes in front of a dirty building, making Ségolène almost sprain her ankle. In Rasheedia, it was the bit that was painfully drawn backwards to make white flies stop a vehicle, not mechanical brakes like this.

Three North-Africans and a black she-devil walked out of the place and bowed down in front of Saïd.

Ségolène was unfastened from the triplet sedan and led by the leash to an apartment where the walls of the rooms had been broken to be replaced by forty little stable compartments. Almost as many white women were housed here, on all fours in the straw, just like in Malik Maruk's farm.

Though, they were not moving their pelvis or aiming at Saïd; life seemed to be easier here. On the wall, high above the boxes, was a big portrait of the Master. He was dressed as some sort of King! Ségolène read the golden plaque down the



painting: "King Saïd the First of Wonderstein!"

Saïd was a King! Ségolène was born in France, and monarchy wasn't her cup of tea, yet she was proud of bearing the brand of a King on her belly. She was the property of a European monarch, and it didn't sound as degrading as it did when she was seeing him as a lout.

She remembered that Wonderstein was having a lot of trouble with some white supremacy terrorists before she went to Rasheedia, three months ago. She would have taken as a joke the idea that Saïd could be the King if she hadn't seen Princess Anstrud in Malik Maruk's farm. Saïd had probably married her and, with the tradition inherited from the Salic Law and the power of the Empire of Rasheedia, he might have succeeded in perpetrating the same coup Yusuf Bourid had plotted in Wonderbourg.

Ségolène was thrown down on all fours in the straw of her box. She was feeling a bit depressed, realizing that she might be left alone again for a long time. She began to move her pelvis like in the farm, with the foolish hope that Saïd ... the King!.. would stay in the room a little more—and even...

The white women around her seemed not to be as well educated as she was in the matter of Arab masters; it was time to use what Malik Maruk had taught her to gain the advantage. She began to chant the name of Saïd while contracting and relaxing her anus in his direction, something she had learnt to do perfectly.

Dozens of blonde heads popped up, looking above the little walls of the boxes, glaring at her with funny puzzled faces.

A few seconds later, one of them began to imitate her. Then another one ... and one more ... soon, all the room was filled with the chanting of the name of Saïd Agadir, and a sea of white buttocks was waving. Ségolène took a quick glance

between her legs ... and saw Saïd's amused face ... though making him smile wasn't the effect intended. She increased her movements, and was finally repaid for her efforts; Saïd bent forward over her and rubbed her back like he would do to a real filly. It was so nice of him! She climaxed easily under her owner's hand.

When he left, a few seconds later, she was still shaking.

She was back in Geneva, just to discover that things could be pretty much similar to how they were in Rasheedia. The Naffi Effect seemed to work the same way, and the blues she had felt, being deprived of the warmth of the farm, was slowly vanishing; she could even have a better status here because of her traditional Shazilari training.

Realizing the inexorability of the Empire's conquest was greatly comforting her in her choice to become a part of the Rasheedian society. It was so clear for her now that she wasn't betraying her own people. With the position of president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. waiting for her, she could do a lot of good for the future of the whites; she could help bring quickly and smoothly a new society that was offering so much bliss. And if the western man was deprived of his little power in the doing, then so be it! Once the naffi plant had made the truth spring up, the fictitious predominance of the white male could only appear as a palliative for their lack of natural charisma and sex appeal. If these losers were unable to trigger the Naffi Effect on their own females, then it was only fair that the Rasheedians should take over and be in charge of ruling the world!

Ségolène slept as well as she did in the farm, and the next morning, she was ready to go to work and to face her colleagues—and her boss, the actual president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.!

She was cleaned up and prepared by a beautiful black woman who seemed to be in charge of the forty fillies of the room. When it was time to leave, Saïd put a little label pin on her



jacket and accompanied her himself in his car to a safer area of the city, near a taxi station. Half an hour later, Ségolène was entering the UN building.

Once again, her arrival triggered the applause of her colleagues. After all, she was among the rare westerners who had returned alive from this hostile region. Then, the lying part came, and it went quite well actually. She skillfully mixed the reality of her abduction by the Shaziri tribe with the fantasy that the Empress commanded her to serve them. Like in Rasheeda Bourid's famous book, written twenty years before, she described a society where white women had the appellation of "slaves", but were in reality the true dominant of the culture, white goddesses of the jungle being offered golden jewels and food, treated so well that they finally lost the ability to speak in eight decades, just having to nod head or glare to get whatever they wanted from the natives—if they didn't have it already!

Ségolène wasn't even sure that it was a fable. This might very well be the reason of the evolution of those natives.

In her present state of mind, she wouldn't really matter if she had to lose forever the ability to speak, as long as Saïd would take care of her. White women in Rasheedia didn't have exactly the status of the sacred cows in India like Rasheeda Bourid had pretended, but it was definitely not far from it. One thing was certain, the terrible stories she had heard about western ladies being abducted and forced to become animals were pure fiction, carried by the European fantasies of the Harem. No, it wasn't like that at all!

About her mission against the Naffi plant, she just told the truth to the committee, saying that all fields were in the process of being burnt with the absolute cooperation of the Empire. Of course, it was unlikely that Rasheeda would have destroyed all her flowers if she didn't have some alternate

strategy, but they were asking for facts, not for her guesses. She also told them that Emma Braggston had stayed in location with her family to follow a lead about free white natives being abducted and brought from Rasheedia to Zebya to be slaves, which wasn't really a lie.

Everybody was satisfied with her description of Rasheedia. It had been so scary to think that the new raising power in the region (an alliance of previously colonised countries becoming an Empire) could practice white slavery on a big scale, using the naffi plant as a brainwashing tool. The confirmation that it had always been a fantasy was greatly comforting everyone. The people who wanted to believe her the most were the white males. Employees from various other ethnic groups didn't care much, and white women seemed to be completely uninterested. That's the moment when Ségolène noticed that almost all of them wore the same label pin that Saïd had put on her jacket. She had seen those little medals on some female employees for quite a while, much before her mission in Rasheedia, but she didn't have time to bother. Now, she realized the strangeness of it all.

When she went back to her office, she was caught up by her assistant Miss Sarah Furgold who pointed at her label pin with enthusiasm.

"Oh my God!" Miss Furgold exclaimed overjoyed, "I noticed your medal. How wonderful, Ségo! You're one of us now!"

Ségolène froze. Did she mean...? As a mute answer to all her questions, Sarah lifted up her skirt, showing a perfectly bald vulva from which a little cross was hanging.

On the belly, the two letters Y & B were printed in the flesh in green. The brand of Yusuf Bourid!

So, Sarah Furgold was a sympathizer of Rasheedian Culture! Then all the others with the medal had to be too... Ségolène had never suspected Sarah. Still, all that time, she



had been Yusuf Bourid's slave, probably working for the Empire in a secret mission, like herself now!

Ségolène mentally reviewed all the women she had met at the office since she arrived: more than fifty percent of them were wearing that pin.

"What are you waiting for?" Miss Furgold exclaimed, overexcited, "show me yours!"

Ségolène saw no reason to hide it anymore. She lifted up her plaited skirt and exhibited her own brand.

Sarah Furgold suddenly lost her joy. Obviously she had thought that she was going to display the same "Yusuf Bourid" brand, and not her "Saïd" one. She gave a polite salute and added a "We will win!" before leaving her office, disappointed.

After that, Ségolène had to receive one by one all the women wearing the label pin. Those who were Yusuf Bourid's properties were now showing a tepid attitude toward her, even before exhibiting their mark. The word had probably been spread by Miss Furgold that she had a different master.

The few ones who were owned by Saïd hugged Ségolène warmly once she had displayed her brand, calling her "Sister". Some of them even rubbed their nether lips on her Venus mound, as some kind of ritual.

She spent her first days back in office writing her full report, telling the truth of facts, but omitting the essential part that would have made the committee understand that a conquest of the world was in motion. In that regard, she had to carefully select her arguments about the choice of Wonderstein instead of Netherlands for the new U.N.C.A.W.W.S. headquarters, and the choice of Rasheedia instead of Dombidombango for the African antenna. She was also preparing to replace her boss, the actual president in age for retirement. Curiously, she always had assumed in the

past that she would get the position, but she suspected now that she would never have if Yusuf Bourid or Saïd Agadir had decided so, so powerful was their influence in the committee already. It was quite ironic for an organization dedicated to fight white slavery that such a large number of employees could have that status themselves!

Well ... actually it was quite logical to make them the first target of Rasheedia's conquest, as they had the means and the power to put an end to the global spreading of the naffi plant. This showed clearly how strong the Empire's influence could be, and how deeply international institutions were compromised.

Throughout the week, she noticed all kinds of whites wearing that medal, not only in the committee, but in various offices of the UN building. She saw police women with that pin, and also delegates, ambassadors, wives of ambassadors... The whole city seemed to be under Rasheedian influence!

And then, she realized that it wasn't only in Geneva. The main UN headquarters in New York with which they communicated through video-conferencing was also filled with women wearing this label pin. And all of them were supporting Ségolène's promotion as president of the anti-white-slavery department, and were finding excellent her suggestion for moving this branch to Wonderstein.

Every evening, Ségolène would return at home in the posh quarters, though would stay there only for a few minutes, before walking out wearing a *burqa*. Three apartments in her building were owned by Saudi Arabians, so she wouldn't really attract attention. And her clothes would fit the popular area too, thanks to the Fundamentalists who lived there. On the way to the North-African quarter, she would always notice many other women wearing a similar outfit on the same path between districts as herself; probably were they also carriers of the label pin coming back to their master.



Once arrived at the destination, she would remove her *burqa* right before entering Saïd's building and leave it to the caretaker on the first floor. And then, she would crawl straight to her box, where she would take the position of respect on all fours, as required by the rules of the place, hoping Saïd would remember that she was here.

At least, he did once, as Ségolène had the honor of feeling her owner's warm cock in her oiled rectum that week. It was only for a few strokes before he jumped to the next filly. He then came inside a lucky one two or three boxes further. Nevertheless, she was infinitely grateful for that attention. She was happy to be his, even in a collective effort.

She was also mounted twice by some unknown North-African masters—allegedly friends of Saïd! One of them insulted her in French while he was frantically striking his crop on her thighs, as if he was riding a real filly. The other one took her completely by surprise, and she couldn't help letting a little high-pitched cry burst out from her lips. It seemed that he expected that reaction so much that he kept mounting her right to the end, something she had learnt to see as a great privilege. Ségolène experienced huge chained orgasms, and could enjoy a blissful and quiet night afterwards.

These masters were probably not the most important North-African men in the city, as the strength of their Naffi Effect was very limited compared to what she had experienced in Rasheedia—yet, more than enough to satisfy a white filly like herself! She didn't notice any loss of intensity in Saïd's sexual power, so it was clearly not a question of location. More likely, it was Saïd, Yusuf Bourid, and Malik Maruk who were some kind of alpha males compared to the average North-African ... or more powerful gods—the right way to see it according to her new religion!

At the end of the week, Ségolène was nominated for the position of president, and Wonderstein's candidacy for harboring the future headquarters was accepted. A reception to celebrate these two events was given at the Embassy of Wonderstein, where Saïd the First was scheduled to make a brief appearance. A lot of UN delegates and city officials were invited, and most of them were women. They were sumptuously welcomed, in accordance with the royal status of their host, and after the reception, the Ambassador declared the opening of a dancing party in the big room.

An hour later, Ségolène was summoned by a young blonde to a meeting with Saïd in a more private place. The thirty white females who wore a label pin had also been invited; they took the same door and walked together through the corridors of the luxurious building. The girl led them into a big room that could only be Saïd's personal quarters.

The monarch was there waiting for them, wearing his usual tracksuit. Ségolène smiled at him, feeling suddenly very close to that god ... and immediately realized that all the women here were sharing that same feeling. And beyond the comfort that she could enjoy being part of some kind of sisterhood, there was a pinch of jealousy and a crave for fierce competition.

As they were all stupidly standing still, forgetting their manners, Saïd suddenly clapped his hands, bringing all of them back into reality. One of the women opened the Velcro strips of her suit, getting instantly naked. She jumped on the floor on all fours and pulled out her tongue; the frontal position of respect that Saïd fancied.

After a second of surprise, two more had also teared off their clothes. Ségolène roused herself from her lethargy, together with the last row of female officials. Like all the others, she had been dumbfounded to see Saïd at her eye level, something that had never happened before. Thankfully, after five chaotic



seconds, everybody was at his right place again.

Said lowered his tracksuit pants and glared at Ségolène, who immediately jumped forward, with only the time to wet her lips with her tongue before they would come in contact with the glorious organ of the Master. The other personalities around were trying to attract his attention, prompted by the big hope of being chosen. Ségolène could feel them surrounding her eagerly like a pack of savage bitches.

So many challengers, and yet the party wasn't sinking into chaos, only because they all believed in the divine nature of Said. The sexual power of these new masters of the world was so huge that the only way for one of them to envisage such multiple relationships was to keep his boundless lascivious worshippers into an iron discipline and to impose implacable punishments on the ones unable to comply. Indeed it could be seen as unfair and tyrannical, a terrible abuse of the basic human rights, though Ségolène knew now that it wasn't out of some insane crave for power that the Rasheedians were doing all that, but to follow a valid religious rule created for an eminently pragmatic purpose with generous and humane intentions. And if western women wanted a bite of that so terribly delightful apple, it was only fair that they should abide by these rules and agree to see their owner as their tutelary god, in all sincerity and positivity. Disparaging judgements would only come from white males anyway, and it was easy to understand why—but of course, they would never admit having such appalling hidden motives!

Ségolène managed to keep the monarch in the mouth for three long minutes, despite her multiple orgasms. After that, Said began to be more interested in the daughter of the English



Prime Minister who very suitably initiated a tongue waving in the King's rectum, and had the skills to be noticed for it.

After the party, they would all have to make their reports to him for their activities since their last meeting. And then, they would be given their new instructions for what they had to do until the next one, whom they had to cut off from positions of power, and whom they had to put in their bed to serve the interests of the Empire at best...

Chapter XVI Moving to Wonderstein

Six months later, all U.N.C.A.W.W.S. personnel was finally moving to Wonderstein with the furniture and the computers of the previous headquarters.

Ségolène was travelling with her working team, all of them being the property of Saïd. This group was under her direct authority, knowing that she was the one who was getting their god's instructions.

She had reserved three cars in the train for all the personnel and was sure that the ones who were not allotted to be in the car of the major staff would complain about being treated like second-class employees. Of course, they could never point out why that were always happening to them, and it was easy for Ségolène to dismiss their claims, calling them paranoid.

In reality she just failed to see what these people were good for. They seemed to have no purpose in life, dull creatures useless to the Empire! She was seriously considering the replacement of all those bone-lazy bores who wouldn't sweat over the objectives of U.N.C.A.W.W.S..



For the two hours that the trip was taking, she couldn't resist the opportunity offered to her to put those annoying employees and the women with a medal in separated cars. Her people were working hard for their Arab masters and didn't need to be bothered by these useless pigs. A lot of them had noticed that those with the label pin were privileged and had asked where they could get one, but only the women who were young and pretty enough seemed to obtain them; they couldn't possibly imagine that it was the outer sign of a deeper sisterhood.

As they insisted, refusing to leave the first car and threatening to make a lawsuit against what looked like some secret society inside the UN, Ségolène told them that it was the label pin of a feminist movement that was fighting male harassment, and that they were not likely to get one soon, judging by their patronizing attitude toward the woman who was their boss. Calmed down and a bit humiliated, the angry employees agreed to go back to their cars. Ségolène wasn't only considering them as potential enemies of the Empire, she was also seeing them as parasites. They were still fiercely fighting against white slavery across the world, when she knew very well how vain it was. She despised the obstinate spirit of those porcine males, who had no idea that their motives to defend that lost cause were unconsciously driven by genetic jealousy, racial prejudice, and the feeling of inferiority they got from the naffi spores in the air.

Not that they were very dangerous for the Empire: they were only delaying the real activities of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. a bit. Since she was president of the committee, Ségolène had done a heck of a job, giving money to farmers who secretly grew the new naffi plant everywhere in the world, while she was getting the congratulations of the UN staff for destroying the last fields of the old one.

Nobody knew why that mutant plant had suddenly appeared on all continents, spreading like ivy. It didn't have the color, shape and size as the naffi flower, but it got exactly the same effects on human behavior. Thankfully, this last singularity wouldn't be known for years, when the plant would be everywhere and impossible to completely destroy. This plant wasn't creating a tubercle, like the original one, and even if its active properties were discovered early, the new flower would never deliver her secrets, and the botanists would continue to ignore the process of its reproductive system.

Another of Ségolène's important tasks was to advise the UN Security Council about the enslaving activities and the abductions of white women perpetrated by the countries in the region. It was very convenient for punishing the nations who were secretly trying to undermine the Empire of Rasheedia. It was also great to keep the UN military busy elsewhere.

Her work for the Empire was priceless, and every month she had the visit of Saïd in her box for a few unforgettable seconds of delight. And again, sometimes she would be mounted by an unknown North-African. Usually they were Africans or Arabs who had been presented to her professionally. If they showed to be worthy of the Empire, they would be granted to use her in the cosy atmosphere of her box covered with straw.

That was why she was always playing haughty with Arabs at the office: it was a very effective technique to give them the desire of coming to mount her in the evening.

She wondered what would happen to all this, now that the headquarters of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. were in Saïd's country, but she had no time to worry about things on which she had no control. Her first preoccupation would be to find a way to get rid of the employees who were not compatible with the Empire's requirements. Sooner or later, the undesirables would realize what was happening in Wonderstein, and she would have to



neutralize them. She had already tried to fire some of them, but the international structure of the UN was making difficult to multiply these actions. Now, with their office in Wonderstein, isolated from the rest of the UN in a country where the labor laws of the Empire could be applied, these undesirables would have to do useful work at last, or spend all their time in the pound that was soon going to be their home at night.

What was impossible in Geneva was becoming very easy in this small kingdom, especially when most of the families of these employees were moving with them. Until their arrival in Wonderstein, these undesirables would be isolated in the train, so that all women in Ségolène's car could have some good time, showing each other the nice print of their belly brand, or the perfect piercing of their vulvas. They could share priceless information, like about what side of Lord Saïd's scrotum was the best for running the tongue, or how to perform a very complicated figure with the body.

They were also having great fun telling each other anecdotes about some master, beginning with suspense, continuing with a big laugh, and ending with daydreams of being mounted by him.

Ségolène was very appreciated, of course, as she had been the property of both Saïd Agadir and Yusuf Bourid, a double ownership that the women had trouble processing at first. Though, Lord Yusuf's devout among them could have the chance to put one day some of Ségolène's useful tips in practice and would climb the social ladder of Lord Yusuf's stable faster, thanks to her precious information.

They arrived in Wonderstein perfectly rested, but Ségolène had to undergo more assaults from some undesirables complaining about the trip. Though, as the limo for Ségolène and her group was already there, scheduled to go

directly to headquarters, eight hours before the official opening, they just had to rush into it before any undesirable should attempt to initiate contact and leave in a hurry.

Twenty minutes later, the Limo stopped in front of a new building looking much bigger than on the pictures. King Saïd had provided them with what was originally the siege of retirement pensions office, an administration that was no longer necessary, because the white workers of Wonderstein could stay around their master all their life for board and lodging, so didn't need money anymore.

Ségolène got out of the limousine and walked into headquarters with the rest of the staff. Like in Rasheedabad, the building was divided in two: one half in the International area, and one half in the real Wonderstein. The undesirables would certainly complain about not being able to have offices on the other side and on the higher levels, but it was too late for them, because the minute they had crossed the border of Wonderstein, they couldn't be a threat to Rasheedia anymore.

For Ségolène, the nice life was coming back, and soon it would be possible to work here wearing her filly outfit and return to her box on all fours through secret tunnels inside the building leading to the stables of the Royal palace!

Ségolène and her four friends and colleagues put their thumb on a device held by a security guard. When he realized that they were his new bosses, he opened the door of the rear part of the building. That was fantastic! At last, an employee in the confidence was there to take care of the complaints of the undesirables for her. It was already a great improvement compared to Geneva. She imagined these annoying people searching across the corridors, looking for a way to get to a place that they would never find. The back part could only be accessed through the staff's offices. When anyone would enter the protected area without wearing the Bluetooth device that had



replaced the little traditional vulvar bell, the security system would automatically make fake walls rise to hide a secret open space where Rasheedian agents could dress-up in haste and reappear safely in any one of the ten offices of the staff.

Though, to reduce these surprises to minimum, Ségolène intended to regroup the undesirables in perfectly isolated teams, with only a monthly meeting to interact with the others under the strict supervision of staff members. They would be permanently monitored through electronic devices and CCTV to make sure that they could never undermine the good work done by the Rasheedian agents. Appointments with visitors from outside would all be scheduled one day in the month so that the rest of the time the elected staff could enjoy nudity in the common area, as required by Rasheedian laws and religion about the behavior of white women.

Saïd was already there, waiting for his personal followers in Ségolène's office. At the sight of their Master, they got rid of their clothes in less than a second and were on all fours in not much more time.

"Hello my precious fillies! I hope you'll do good work for our cause in this place."

"Yes, my Lord," they all replied in a unified voice.

Saïd took five little aprons in a drawer and gave them to Ségolène. They were all embroidered with his name.

"This is your uniform," Saïd said while Ségolène was handing out the pieces of cloth to the others, "you will wear it every day, except when absolutely necessary, during video-conferencing for example when you'll have to put back your western outfits. I'm initiating a new delicious beginning for U.N.C.A.W.W.S.. This institution has been a real pain for the Empire for now, but I intend to show that you are at the forefront of the holy conquest. Stand up, slip on your uniform and spread your thighs toward me! I want a perfect line of vulvas

at attention!"

The five women fastened their aprons around the waist and parted their legs widely, their pelvis thrust forward. Saïd walked toward Ségolène and shoved his finger under her labial lacing. He brutally moved it down, making the wax seal collapse, and the leather ribbon slide throughout the little holes pierced into her big lips. Ségolène's vulva opened like a flower to the sun, relieved at last from months of confinement in its bud.

Immediately, Saïd walked to the next woman and sat her labia free too. Soon, all five of them were displaying their unleashed genitals bordered with small red prints shaped like a "Z" where the laces had been straining the flesh.

"I want results! No more loss of time for the sake of appearances. Every country in the world must have fields of that new version of the plant on its territory within two years! Micheraie, you will be responsible for that project! If you fail, one of these charming sluts will replace you and enjoy in your place my monthly visit and the attention of my friends. I shall pick up the more enthusiastic and wicked in her relationship with me. I shall do many more of these surprise parties, but only the very efficient ones among you five will be allowed to participate. So, I don't need to tell you how lucky you are to be here tonight, though next time, you'll have to deserve it! In case of collective laziness, I'll have no problem replacing your group in its entirety for another one full of white sluts with the means of their ambition. Understood?"

"Yes, my lord," they all replied as one.

"All right," Saïd concluded, "now let's party!"

The whole management team of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. surrounded Saïd. They gently undressed him, each woman taking care of a part of his body in accordance to her skills. And then, the competition started.



The three younger ones, Erika, Emily and Claudia began to jump like puppies to catch his spurts of saliva, trying to keep the display of their bodies in a favorable light. Their behavior would have been totally unfit to their status of executive women in the previous world order, but in the new one, it was definitely the only way to get promoted.

Annette was ten years older than the others, so she didn't bet on her juvenile appearance to compete. She was counting on her special skills that fit this situation exactly. She knelt down behind Saïd and stuck her tongue between his butt cheeks, hoping that he would like her peculiar way of doing something he was used to getting many times a day.

Ségoène was asked to keep his saliva in her mouth while she would rub his body and help him choose one among the three who could have their vulva honored. She behaved wisely, giving very good advice to her master. It was her best chance to win the contest herself.

And indeed, she won!

This time, the game had been easy, but she knew that her colleagues would become better and better, until some day she would lose her position.



Chapter XVII
The new U.N.C.A.W.W.S.



aleem N'Gawbangi landed in Wonderstein a week later. Saleem was the president for life of Baboombo, a nation that was on the way to enter the Empire's commonwealth for economic reasons. Empress Rasheeda had made a proposition for his country to join that club of new superpowers, but her main point of negotiation wasn't about economics. As the leader of that alliance, she had made clear that he would be offered something unique and amazing, both for him and his people, something that she would keep secret for now!

Saleem had accepted her invitation to participate in their fifth meeting, this time hosted by the King of Wonderstein, Saïd the First. Saleem knew that they would all try to convert him to Rasheedian ways, but he was sure that they were only looking for an opportunity to put their hands on Baboombo's diamond production. Nevertheless, he was very curious about that secret marvel they had to offer.

He was welcomed at the airport by King Saïd himself. A reception had been prepared at the Royal Palace for several other Heads of state. The dinner was excellent, and was served by magnificent white women.

Seduced by the beauty of one of them, Saleem began to woo



her by making jokes each time she would bring him a dish. Unfortunately, she wouldn't answer. King Saïd noticed that little game and told him that she was mute, like all his native slaves of the famous valley of Shazilar. This one was part of a pack offered to him by the Empire of Rasheedia when Wonderstein entered the Rasheedian commonwealth. These creatures were the result of generations of bliss induced by the spores of a plant; they had such an easy life for centuries, being served by Bedouins who saw them as sacred, that they had completely lost their useless ability to reason and speak.

Everybody knew that the UN had granted a cultural exception in their chart for human rights to these creatures who couldn't even take care of their own progeny. Yet, they were supposed to be under protection of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., a very efficient structure that made sure that their exceptional status wouldn't be led astray for some slave traffic. These whites couldn't be authorized to leave Rasheedia, and their use for work was strictly forbidden. So, why was King Saïd allowed to have some of them at his service?

Saleem would be delighted to be cherished by such wonderful females at home. He was definitely an amateur of beautiful women and found the blonde Shazilarians fascinating. What a fantastic experience it might be to have these submissive freckled creatures around every day, always ready to have sex to a man that they worshipped—not to mention that Africans and Arabs seemed to be their cup of tea!

He had no idea that the life as a monarch in a European country could bring such advantages. It was probably no picnic politically, but clearly very rewarding sexually! Though, Saleem wasn't born yesterday. Obviously, this was a little play, a part of a cunning plan to make him think just that. Yet, he had to admit that it was an excellent scheme for ma-

king him sign with the Rasheedian commonwealth.

The Empire of Rasheedia wanted a share of the diamond mines of Baboombo so desperately that they wouldn't hesitate to use every available deception in the book for that. Wonderstein seemed to have benefited from that union greatly, but it was far away in Europe. He was afraid that a neighbor country like Baboombo could very quickly be totally absorbed by the expanding Empire if he should sign that treaty. Saleem wasn't ready to make that move unless Empress Rasheedia's secret asset could be greatly profitable to Baboombo—something really really worth that risk!

King Saïd had obviously noticed that he was looking at the white servants with insistence, and he couldn't help smiling with satisfaction. He offered him ten of these women to accompany him to his hotel suite after dinner.

Saleem couldn't possibly refuse such a proposal, but it was so generous that it made him even more suspicious. Clearly, they were prostitutes who played the role of native Shazilarians whites to make him bend his mind. Nevertheless, it couldn't hurt to enjoy a night that could make his visit worth the trouble.

And that evening, back to his hotel suite, Saleem was definitely not disappointed by the performance that was offered to him. Not only the ten whores were able to maintain the delightful pretense that they were Shazilari native white cattle, staying mute all evening, but they also happened to be the most skilled prostitutes he had ever been with! He simply just had the best party of his life.

Though, when he woke up in the morning, licked in various places by delicious blondes, he considered the possibility that they might be the real thing. They seemed to have been on deck all night, waiting for him to get out of sleep to do their jazz... Were they highly paid elite whores? Were they top Rasheedian secret agents with some patriotic motive? Though, that



wouldn't be less fantastic than if they were native Shazilari fillies after all!

That last option would be breathtakingly dangerous. If Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul and King Saïd of Wonderstein were really doing that, they were taking incredible risks. They could easily be implicated in a highly illegal traffic, and their status of new economic miracle nations wouldn't save them from a conflict with the western world.

The possibility suddenly came to Saleem's mind that if it was the case, it could be related to that big secret Rasheeda had in store for him. He had expected some plan for the trade conquest of Europe, Rasheedia being the only African country that could even consider such an ambitious project. He had thought that King Saïd would unveil some mysterious asset able to win on some economic grounds. But it could very well be something like this...

Now, Saleem was wondering if this might be related to that famous Naffi Effect. Perhaps Rasheedian scientists had finally succeeded in uncovering the secrets of that plant, like synthesizing the naffi principle ... or controlling it in some way... It was doubtfully the case, but if it was, what a revolution! A country with such a power would soon dominate the world. If such a thing was possible, Saleem was ready to make Baboombo join the Empire without condition! Though, of course, it was only a fantasy!

Saleem hoped that the proposal of the Empress wasn't something like making him the permanent guest of a special whorehouse filled with those white women they knew he fancied. Saïd might have created such a place to put at the disposal of all the leaders of Rasheedia's commonwealth. It would be an insult to think that he could sacrifice Baboombo just to get laid!

The next day was the day of the visit of the city, and it

began the same way as the day before, except for the breakfast, which happened to be even stranger. The women had prepared a buffet of a dozen delicious meals for him before his awakening. A whore or a secret agent could never cook so well, be expert in bed, play the mute perfectly, and serve as a maid with so little self-esteem. Well ... perhaps Saïd could have found one like this if he was lucky, but a whole bunch of them?

The possibility that his host could have simply told the truth about their Rasheedian origins felt suddenly less and less fantastic, making the other theories improbable in comparison. After all, Saleem was aware of the persistence of white slavery in Africa, and that the Naffi Effect was famous for making western women fall for Africans. But if these women were from the tribes of blonde natives who lived in that forbidden valley, King Saïd would be in direct conflict with the rules enacted by the UN. So why would he allow U.N.C.A.W.W.S. to put their headquarters in his country and increase the risk of being caught?

And why, if his "secret" was about that, did he schedule for him an official tour of that institution, instead of so many historic buildings that needed to be visited in Wonderstein?

Everything was raising suspicion, but Saleem decided to learn all he could about all this before he should decline Rasheedia's offer. And if it was something ridiculous or insulting, he would show his anger by diplomatic ways to the Kingdom of Wonderstein and the Empire of Rasheedia!

When he had finished his breakfast, he called the Chief of Protocol, who drove the limousine to the hotel. The ten prostitutes ran out through the exit with outfits that hidden nothing of their nudity. They formed a guard of honor on both sides of the red carpet. Saleem climbed into the vehicle, followed by nine of the naked creatures. They kneeled down on the floor in a very tight pack to leave a comfortable space to him. The tenth woman shut the doors, and ran around the limousine to take



the driver's seat, freed by the Chief of Protocol.

In the street outside, Saleem could notice the presence of onlookers, though it seemed to bother no one but him. Was this a joke getting a bit too far?

While the limo was running across the city of Wonderstein, the Chief of Protocol was displaying to Saleem N'Gawbangi his schedule for the day. It would begin with the visit of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., described as a very exciting entertainment. As expected, once arrived at the destination, Saleem was bored stiff just by looking at the building. One perfectly good morning ruined by the presentation of that annoying institution, when he could have spent it with these delicious creatures! Though, his curiosity was still rising about what Saïd had in mind...

The ten naked women entered through a small door on the left side of the building while Saleem was taking the main hall in company of the Chief of Protocol.

The President of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. Ségolène Micheraie welcomed him. Saleem already knew her from lively debates at the UN, mostly about that alleged Naffi Threat.

"Hello Mademoiselle Micheraie." Saleem politely said. "I remember quite well our exchanges when you were investigating my country. You suspected me of growing the naffi plant for the purpose of enslaving white women!"

"Yes Mister President," Ségolène replied, "I remember it too, and how I was ashamed when I discovered later that you were exemplary in that matter."

"Yes," Saleem laughed, "I defended so much that Naffi Effect in front of the General Assembly that you concluded a bit too soon that you would find Baboombo filled with thousands of white slaves!"

After the presentation, Saleem made the big visit of the building that would have been incredibly boring without

the presence of that charming woman. So, when he left, he asked expressly to the Chief of Protocol to invite Mademoiselle Micheraie to the official dinner in the evening. She had looked quite deferential in front of a giant portrait of King Saïd, and she was lowering eyes when they had mentioned his name, something that he had found quite puzzling. He needed to understand what could be her relationship with the monarch.

After a tour of more famous public buildings of Wonderstein, Saleem still wondered why the U.N.C.A.W.W.S. siege had been part of it. Heads of State had to visit a lot of boring places, but usually such places would be the pride of the country, not some administrative headquarters.

He really appreciated when they took the direction of the Palace—supper was coming at last!

An hour later, Saleem N'Gawbangi entered the huge dining room. The guests were presented to him, all lined-up to shake his hand and bow before him. He was greatly satisfied to see that Ségolène Micheraie was here, and was delighted when he found out that they would be placed opposite each other at the dinner table.

Everybody sat down, and Saleem began immediately to chat with her ... until they were suddenly interrupted by an incredible event that almost made him fall from his chair. The white servants who had shared his bed were coming with the dishes, like the previous day—but now completely naked!

And the guests, all very important people of Wonderstein, ministers, businessmen, television stars ... were not even looking at them, like if they were accustomed to it!

There was no more place left for doubt—these women couldn't be whores! And it meant that they had to be white cattle for real. Shazilarian natives imported illegally to be used as slaves. And obviously, King Saïd had no problem displaying



it to all his guests, including the one who was president of the institution created to protect them.

Was that the secret of Rasheedia? Was it about U.N.C.A.W.W.S. being corrupted by the Empire?

How could they manage such a prowess? He had no clue! Though, now he knew what King Saïd's offer would be. He would be given a handful of these brainless creatures in exchange for the assimilation of his country. Indeed, it was tempting, but if such a thing should leak in the media, it wouldn't be only about the President of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. being fired; soon, every western nation would turn against Baboombo. It was far too risky just to enjoy a few white brainless creatures, however fantastic they were!

Though, that wasn't the point right now. What he wanted to know was how King Saïd had managed to corrupt this woman? He looked at Mademoiselle Micheraie with a puzzled face, but she was showing no reaction. Her signature was on the UN Act prohibiting the exportation of native white Rasheedian females throughout the world. She was even the one who instigated that law, arguing that the exception allowed for the protection of Shazilari Culture by the UN could open the door to a dangerous traffic of white slaves. Because of her, the Empire of Rasheedia had been entitled to prevent these creatures from being exploited throughout the world for their submissive and lewd Culture.

He decided to pretend that everything was normal, like the other guests, but he was going to enjoy a lot bringing back his old debate with this woman! Would she dare dismiss the fact that these blondes were native Shazilarians?

"Do you like to see all these white servants around us, Miss Micheraie," Saleem attacked, "does it make you wish you were one of those brainless creatures?"

Saleem was enjoying this a lot.

"Certainly not," Ségolène replied curtly, "and before you ask, I can tell you the position of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. on this: Yes, we find Wonderstein far too compliant with these Shazilari fashions, but what can we do? As you may know there is nothing illegal in this country about nudity. As for the presence of these creatures here, I'm aware of how it looks, but there is a perfectly logical explanation: they were under the protection of a distant cousin of King Saïd who came to live in Wonderstein. We tried to forbid their exportation, though they were turning mad without him around. We had to make an exception! It's not the first time that something like that happened, and we have chosen not to tell the press about that flaw because we don't have the way to counter it yet. The release of this information would only lead to more traffic! Indeed these creatures are brainless, but they're still human beings, and if they show the fierce intention of following their protector anywhere, there's nothing we can officially do. These one's owner died last year, and despite the fact that he had an international permit of legal guardian for Shazilarian whites, delivered by us in due form, the ancestral laws stipulate that his relatives should inherit that charge. So, their status was updated, and these creatures are now attached to King Saïd the same way they were to his distant cousin, and it would be impossible for us to send them back to Rasheedia. This is one of the difficulties that present to us every day, Mister President. These women are not imported naked slaves, they are foreigners living in the house of their legal guardian to serve at his table in their traditional outfit."

The guest all chuckled. Mademoiselle Micheraie had obviously intended to shock the assembly by using an ironic tone, but she had only succeeded in relaxing the atmosphere. The Minister of Commerce was now rubbing the buttocks of one of the servants, and the Ambassador who represented Baboombo was playing with the bald vulva of another, looking at Saleem



with a smile of complicity. No wonder that he would reject any new assignment! He was like a Pacha in this small country!

“King Saïd is a man who knows how to live,” Saleem exclaimed, “and I’m sure that every white slave in here is deeply attached to him. But then, why make an exception for these native creatures? Why not also allow the young adepts of that Shazz fashion in Europe who have decided to follow their Arab ‘swarm leader’ to Rasheedia despite their parents’ advice? If after that the master they worship needs to travel around Europe, I just can’t see the difference with this. We should leave that choice to consenting educated girls, even more than we do to these natives. But of course, U.N.C.A.W.W.S. decrees that in that case it bears the name of white slavery! People like you can’t conceive that a western woman could just enjoy being subjected to a man of another ethnic group! Isn’t that a remainder of colonial racial superiority?”

“You know perfectly well,” Ségolène replied, “that the girls you’re talking about are only allegedly consenting. They are under the control of a drug generated by the pollen of a flower...”

“Oh! That again! Many African and Middle-Eastern countries think that this flower is a myth invented by the big Satan of the west, but even if it’s true, why would Allah create such a plant on earth, selective with which ethnic group is to arouse, and which ethnic group is to be aroused? It’s not logical! Or maybe you agree that it only reveals the hidden nature of white women... Which compels them to belong to a real man who enjoys their submissiveness and makes them blossom, safely kept captive at home to avoid temptations that they know they aren’t able to overcome.”

“So, is that what you like?” Ségolène reacted, carried

away by the debate. “Girls who crawl in front of you? Are you afraid of them?”

“Afraid of western women?” Saleem exclaimed with despire, suddenly annoyed again by this woman who had opposed him in the past. “I was surrounded in my bed by ten white females yesterday night for the first time in my life, and believe me their number was only making me hard.”

“If you need that to get hard, I pity you! A real man would enjoy a free woman, not a servile slave.”

“Well, I can show you how real a man I am, if it’s your wish, bitch!” Saleem hurled at her, angry. “I won’t stay here to be insulted anymore. It was wrong to think that you had changed.”

Saleem stood up, ready to leave the table, but King Saïd intervened, asking Ségolène to get out instead.

“In my house, no man will be insulted by a mere white slut,” he said, “even if she’s the president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.”.

While Ségolène was running away, King Saïd offered to Saleem his apologies for the behavior of that grossly impolite woman. And then, once the incident was forgotten, he asked him why he didn’t already own some of these creatures.

“My country is rich with diamonds,” Saleem replied, “as you very well know. If U.N.C.A.W.W.S. had the slightest proof that we have anything to do with white slavery, we would soon have to deal with foreign armies on our territory. Not to mention that I haven’t a clue of where to purchase such wonderful creatures. And it’s fortunate, as I’m not sure that I’d be able to resist to such a temptation. Believe me, if that naffi plant could really drive white women so mad, I would love to make it grow everywhere in my country. And I’m under the impression that my people would like that a lot too!”

King Saïd’s face lit up, as if Saleem’s words had put his mind at ease. Evidently, the monarch had beaten about this subject since they had met. But why? Was he afraid of being



exposed for his ownership of white slaves? Doubtfully, if people like Ségolène Micheraie were already aware of it... No, it was something bigger. It was obvious now that Empress Rasheeda's amazing secret was related to this.

In any case, he had earned King Saïd's confidence now, and the monarch was going to spit it out to him anytime soon. Inviting that blonde slut to the dinner was a great idea!

"Well, let me tell you how wrong you are to fear western countries with the matter of white slaves, my friend," King Saïd said, "First, Zebya is the place that attracts all their wrath and mobilizes their war effort. They would never dare to open one more front with the Empire, would it be only for your diamonds. Second, the Empire is the new economic miracle of Africa and a vital market for them. I don't think they would want to displease us ... or any country associated with us. Third, even if they should dare jeopardize their alleged supremacy for such a petty matter, the traffic would continue worming its way through the many flaws of their societies, making the tasks of our international lawyers very easy. It's the case with my own whites: I only needed to prove that I had a cousin in Rasheedia. I can assure you that the Empire is filled with certified cousins! I never even met that man when he brought these females to me. The paper I got from U.N.C.A.W.W.S. is as good as a slave ownership deed. That organization is there to protect them, so they can't possibly be the ones who are denying them their basic human rights, like the right to decide where they want to go, and who they want to take care of them. If these brainless natives decide to stay with their master, there is nothing that this organization can do. The 'cousin' just had to pretend that he was moving in my home for good. He came here with these women and an official Rasheedian permit for managing whites, duly allocated to me. He named me as his heir before a notary, so that I could easily become their legal guardian after his death. He went back to Rasheedia in secret, and was declared

dead one month later, ready to be someone's cousin again under another name ... yours maybe?"

Saleem knew all about the official status of these women, though, like everybody, he had assumed that their holy condition was strictly forbidding to have sex with them. But of course, physically they were adult, and it fully allowed their legal guardian to use them that way, as long as they were consenting to it... No wonder U.N.C.A.W.W.S. wouldn't make a big fuss about it: a lawsuit would be lost every time. Worse, it would spread in the news, advertising an indisputable flaw based on fundamental rights. So, they had to allow it, knowing that it was in fact the traffic of white women. How perfect!

"But don't they make surprise inspections?" Saleem inquired, "what if they see them at work, or something..."

"It can happen," Saïd replied, "they used to come once a year and acknowledge that these females are helping in the house for free, but totally happy with it ... what can they do? And that's only one flaw that we pass through in this case, they are plenty of them, and not only about Shazilarian cattle. We can own American and European natives in so many legal ways, having only to match the laws of the country we're in. We initiated programs, years ago, to develop very efficient tools to ease the traffic. The Shazz movement, for example, or the Cathophoenic Church... The whites usually end up worshipping us like gods, and there's nothing anyone can do to forbid such devotion. And that makes me come to the fourth point: the Naffi Effect is indeed the reason why these females love us so much. We have it under control, we can choose who arouse whom. If you enter the Empire's commonwealth, you would benefit of this new juicy business as well. You and your people would become happy owners of obedient white slaves, not only for fun, but as a work force that could make your country an active part of the economic miracle of the region."

"Wow! Well, that's tempting, but I know that Baboombo



would soon be swallowed by the Empire, just like the Emirates in the North ... not to mention your own country ... and yourself! See, you're a king, and still you're carrying out a mission for the Empress. This is no surprise for me, because I'm well aware of the traditional Muslim structure that can only give the absolute power to one person. How long can a commonwealth exist in these conditions?"

"Maybe you're right," King Saïd replied, "even though the Islaphoenic Church is not the average-Islam. But where is the problem? Enter directly into the Empire! Be a sultan instead of staying a president for life. You would become one of the happy few in the confidence of the soon-to-be Empress of the world. You and your subjects would be rich and powerful owners of devout white servants and workers, and they would love you eternally for it... But I realize that you need some proof that this isn't wishful thinking. I suppose that you already know that, like Wonderbourg and some other western countries, the Kingdom of Wonderstein had allowed Shazilari laws to be applied on their territory, so please let me show you how far it goes."

King Saïd left the table and asked Saleem to follow him out of the building. They climbed into the limousine and, a few minutes later, were back to U.N.C.A.W.W.S. headquarters.

This time, they entered through the little door on its side, one they didn't take during the official visit in the morning. And suddenly, Saleem was surrounded by naked women wearing small maid aprons with "Saïd" written on them. Could they all be his slaves?

In that case, it meant that the secret of Rasheeda Bourid was going much further than the simple use of whites for fun. Indeed it was a plan for the conquest of the world!

Escorted by the gracious creatures, they arrived in a huge room where hundreds of naked secretaries were typing on computers.

"That's ... that's incredible!" Saleem stuttered, flabbergasted, "Are they all your property too?"

"Of course! My own personal whites. In this room, we destroy the lives of westerners, as the first step for their enslavement. Each one of these blonde sluts is taking care of a handful of families from one of our neighbor countries. Thanks to the numerous agents who work in secret for the Empire, inside police or intelligence services, we have access here to all the information we need, including the possibility of hacking their bank accounts and making them lose their jobs. When a family is destroyed, we make sure that a suicidal note is found on the personal computer of the male before he would conveniently disappear. Females are then offered situations in Wonderstein ... or they win some wonderful holidays under the sun of Rasheedia in a contest. Of course we select first the families of the most efficient men in a country. We can set up fake crime accusations. They are processed, indicted, defended, and judged by the jerks that we put to replace them. This is a basic secret war weapon: The incompetent people not only destroy their own nation by their lack of the necessary skills, they also prevent the useful ones from solving the problems. We just have to deliver what they want, which is to take their revenge, consciously or not, upon the gifted and spirited. In fact, we just have to push some people to fall down into the hands of others ... and believe me, those we put in charge love to blame for their own defects the ones they secretly envy. You can't imagine how resting it can be later to deal only with these incompetent people. They never deviate from the furrows of social success we created especially for them. All their lives lead them to become the crawling servants of a few local worthies that we own. It surely can take some time to conquer all Europe, but we already won Wonderbourg and Wonderstein that way. Once a country is ripe, we just have to club it with stupid clichés adapted to the culture of the place ... and harvest their delicious female





citizens. And the best thing is that these servile whites can be trained to work for our cause! I have twenty similar rooms in here, and hundreds of buildings like this throughout the world. This is called the 'Mother-Hen program', from the name of one of the best intelligence operatives of the Empire."

"I'm impressed!" Saleem said, astounded, "I had no idea..."

If it was the truth, it was a revolution, and Saleem nee-

ded to be a part of it. But he had to make sure that it wasn't a deception. He walked into the room and picked up a secretary at random. He unzipped his pants and watched, amazed, the girl swallow his manhood and initiate a strong suction on it. Not only was she doing it like a skilled lover, but she was obviously enjoying it a lot.

Even if King Saïd could hire hundreds of prostitutes to trick him, how could they fake the abundant cyprin that was now soaking the woman's chair? This could only be the result of the Naffi Effect. It was real!

"That's incredible!" Saleem spluttered, "there is no way you can't win with all that organization. I wish I was a part of it."

"Great! Because it's precisely the reason of your presence in Wonderstein. I'm fully entitled to welcome you among us!"

Saleem's excitement was at its peak. The women around were peeking, from time to time. It was clear that they were all eager to replace that lucky girl. What an extraordinary power it was. He could have hundreds of females like this in his house, taking care of all his needs. And his people could too ... it was certainly worth risking everything.

He climaxed into the mouth of the white, and she didn't even bat an eyelid, sucking him like a vacuum cleaner before making his glans pop out between her lips.

"It's amazing," he said, rubbing the woman's head, "I feel incredibly good."

The pretty blonde secretary was looking at him like if he was a god she worshipped. Obviously, she just had an orgasm.

"Well, let's visit the city by night then," Saïd laughed, "you've seen nothing yet!"

In front of the building, a "triplet sedan" was waiting for them, with three white women harnessed to it. A work force, servants, and now human fillies?



Examining them a bit further, Saleem gave a start of surprise. Among them was Ségolène Micheraie, the president of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., the one who had insulted him earlier...

Saleem looked down at the leather apron that Mademoiselle Micheraie had lifted up for him by pulling her fists to the rear. It was written how devoted she was to King Saïd. But the important thing was that she was revealing her beautiful bald vulva, above which the name of Saïd was inlaid deeply into her flesh. Her labia were sewn by a leather lace with a knot protected by wax. A little bell was hanging from it, tinkling when she moved her pelvis as a lewd invitation.

Saleem was delighted but totally confused now. Was she begging him for sex?

"I find you much more attractive that way," Saleem said, "I think that I'll enjoy a lot being pulled by you across the city."

Mademoiselle Micheraie reacted to his words with frantic shivers of pleasure, when he had expected her to be scared with the idea of being displayed that way in public. A dribble of body fluid even began to slide on her thigh...



And all that time, the other white sluts harnessed alongside her were watching out of the corner of their eye, clearly envious of her privileged relationship with this new god.

Epilogue

hey are at your disposal for the night,” King Saïd exclaimed amused, “whether you want to use them as means of transportation or as heaters for your feet in bed. If you need more of these white sluts, just ask. I own so many of them who would love to spend the night with a Head of State who is still fresh enough to fall for their lewd antics.”

“I certainly do,” Saleem replied, “I don’t think I can get too much of this.”

“Well, with pretty ones it works longer! They make good companions, that’s for sure! And they can learn more tricks than cats and dogs!”

King Saïd seemed to be blasé with all this, and it was greatly puzzling Saleem, who could never lose interest for such wonderful creatures, totally obedient, but with an incredible thirst for what a male could offer them.

“How did you do that Saïd? How did you succeed in bringing these western free women to behave like native fillies?”

“Through various training techniques,” Saïd replied eva-



sively, “basically they are from a porcine species, so we just need to reveal their nature. And when it’s done, we can make them reach higher levels of evolution and turn them into fillies or pets at will. Though, I’m not a specialist myself, I learnt a lot recently from the best trainer in the world. You can do the same, and if you allow Baboombo to join the Rasheedian commonwealth, you’ll be able to buy some docile whites ... or if you prefer, wild ones to turn them yourself into obedient creatures. But if you’re willing to fully become a part of the Empire, as I would recommend, I shall personally fill your harem with a hundred females like this, once haughty and icy free women who are now devoted hot sluts for us.”

Saleem was really impressed by what the Empire had to offer him ... and his subjects, of course! If the monarch could give away a hundred white slaves like this, what would be Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul’s reward for bringing Baboombo into the Empire.

Even if it meant kneeling down before that powerful woman, he would do it without question to allow the Baboombi lifestyle to boost up ... all this was carrying a sweet smell of revenge for the centuries of slavery and colonialism. Baboombo was still a part of Belgium when he was a kid, and he had learnt to see western women, especially blondes, as unattainable goddesses. And when much later he became a Head of State and could afford to keep some white prostitutes, it turned out too risky, threatening to raise scandals that could be used to attack his country and steal its diamonds. Still, he tried to attract western ladies with his position of president for life, but there was always the moment when his dates would want to wed him and make a prenuptial deal before getting laid. The mention of the riches of Baboombo was certainly turning them on, but it was actually turning him off big time. So, Saleem had wisely married three black women

from the three ethnic groups of Baboombo. If now he could own blonde goddesses, it was a whole different story...

He climbed into the triplet sedan alongside King Saïd, who took the reins and made Mademoiselle Micheraie’s buttocks delightfully startle with his whip.

The white filly and her team bent forward and pushed to start the vehicle, before adopting a graceful trot.

“I am at your disposal, Saleem” King Saïd said, “so what do you want to do? It’s a beautiful night, and we can go anywhere within the North-African area ... for now.”

“What about that place you told me about,” Saleem replied, “that place where I can pick-up a hundred of those whites?”



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PARADISE
ISLAND

★
Palace of Her Highness
Rasheeda Burid AL Khazul,
First Empress of Rasheedia

★
Imperial Cattle:
A herd of thousands of White Males
who live only for their Goddess:
Her Highness Rasheeda the First
(No visits if Her Highness is here.)

