





# Challenging

## The White Pillies



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The White Pillies - volume 4



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# Challenging the White Pillies

Worlds of Domination  
Les Mondes de Domination



## Prologue

It was spring in Zylldovia, and the daisies invaded all the grass fields along the road to Slüdjk, the capital. White rabbits capered on the sides of the road, hidden from the predators by the immaculate mantle of flowers. As always when they heard the first truck coming after dawn, they all froze with fear.

But of course, the vehicle wasn't a threat for them at all. It was only filled with packs of tee-shirts from the company "the Golden Arbor" made in the Principality of Wonderbourg and loaded at Szbrüd Harbor on the shore of Lake Massimo.

In one big crate lay a beautiful nude blonde, huddled up among the tee-shirts. She was shaking with cold, chattering her teeth uncontrollably.

Actually, she wasn't completely naked; she wore the leather outfit of the "White Fillies", these white women who were used for generations as animals in the old valley of Shazilar, located deep into the Empire of Rasheedia. Though, she could as well be a "Shazzy" girl, an adept from that international



youth movement that extolled the lost Shazilari culture in which “white goddesses” were showing submission.

Decades after the discovery of Shazilar, a lot of people suspected that the white native females that these adepts envied so much were now all slaves to Arabs. For years, it had been the work of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.<sup>1</sup> to sort that out. It was commonly admitted in the western world that it was their status of goddesses that had brought these creatures to completely depend on the Shazilarians who had worshiped them for generations. But a minority thought that after the exposition of that ancient culture to the outside world, some foreign Arabs might have used that vulnerability to enslave the poor creatures, a bit like the Morlocks had dominated the Eloi in H.G. Wells’s novel “the Time Machine”—needless to say that most wouldn’t even consider such an outrageously racist assertion!

The naked blonde knew quite well that both theories were made up to confuse people so that the truth would be impossible to grasp. Shazilar had always practised pure and simple white slavery, and had now expanded it to the whole region under the rule of a terrible North-African female tyrant, Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul, a.k.a. Rasheeda the First, Empress of Rasheedia.

The woman in the crate was clearly not a native Shazilarian, no more than she was a Shazz adept; actually, she was probably the worst enemy of the Empire of Rasheedia, the famous French writer Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, the one who had exposed to the public the use of the naffi plant to enslave women in the region. Very few had believed her, mostly because she had said for years that she hated Arabs. Only a small fringe of racist extremists supported her now, and it made her revelations even less plausible.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse now felt completely forsaken;

she had been detained for two months in the stables of Yusuf Bourid, the Prince of Wonderbourg, and nobody seemed to have looked for her.

A very long time could pass before anyone might realize that she had disappeared from the surface of Earth. Her two ex-husbands were much too accustomed to her sudden writing retreats in isolated places to think that this time it could be something else, and her daughters were in an expensive boarding school of Switzerland, only in touch with their father.

She resented the fact that no one had searched for her during these horrible months of captivity. She was bored to death having to spend all her time in a stable box covered with straw, leaving it only to be subjected to exhausting stupid exercises to muscle her legs or her various orifices, or for the cleaning and oiling routine of her body by Moussa, the black groom assigned to take care of her. She had never felt so lonely before. Indeed, she was there with a hundred other white women in the same situation, though their presence was nothing more than the displeasure of living in very close quarters. They were muzzled, but still moving and making all sorts of noises all the time.

It had been a debasing experience for Marie-Thérèse. She felt like a domesticated animal among others of her kind, and that was probably the whole idea of forbidding them to talk. And for what? Her so-called owner, Prince Yusuf Bourid, had visited her the first day ... and then she never saw him again!<sup>2</sup>

During the very long weeks that followed, she had jumped on the spot every time that she could hear the leather slippers of Moussa, hoping for a second that it might be Yusuf Bourid coming back to her. She hated it so much after he had taken her by force... And then she hated it even more when he had neglected to do it again!

So, when the opportunity to run away from that boring place was suddenly presented to her, she seized it without the

<sup>1</sup> - United Nations Committee Against White Women Slavery

<sup>2</sup> - see: *Poaching the White Fillies*

slightest hesitation.

Moussa had certainly been too confident about the ability of a woman to escape the stable, probably because the white fillies he guarded were all addicted to the Naffi Effect.

Marie-Thérèse wasn't immune to that powerful craving, far from it, but she always had a strong will and wasn't ready to give up her freedom for a random shot of sexual pleasure.

So, one day, when the boy was cleaning her genitals with a big sponge, neglecting to fasten her boots to the box in the process, Marie-Thérèse's muscled thighs tightly encircled his head and squeezed.

Suffocating inside the powerful pincer of the two-month-overtrained legs, the unfortunate Moussa soon lost consciousness.

Marie-Thérèse lay down on the side and made the little bell attached to her vulva roll along her thigh. She couldn't afford to be betrayed by the tinkling sound during her escape, and she had only one place to hide the noisy informer. Once she was on her back, she began to thrust her pelvis upwards with little strokes to make the bell jump on her Venus cleft. She needed to tense her body so much that it took her almost fifteen minutes of effort until it finally stabilized on the edge of her labia. With an infinite care, she widely spread her legs, slowly opening her vagina to make way for the bell. Then she used her newly trained inside muscles to swallow it deeper and block it.

She knew that she couldn't escape successfully before three o'clock in the morning, and that she had to wait all evening in the box, her leather boots ready to knock Moussa out if he regained consciousness before she could go. For long hours, she was afraid that someone might come to look for Moussa, and she jumped each time she heard a noise.

Fortunately, no one had missed the young Eunuch. She

hit him hardly with her heels in the back of the neck, just to be sure. She stood up in her box and fled toward the exit.

It took her a few seconds to find a way to run without clicking her "hoofs" too loudly on the floor, and without making the little bell inside her vagina fall down and start tickling again. Thanks to her intensive training of these muscles, she was able to keep the sneaking tool squeezed, even at maximum speed.

She left the huge room without any regret and ran down the stairs of Yusuf Bourid's Residence.

Her chances to escape without the use of her hands were very slim, but she was ready to go for it. She was lucky to find on her path only doors that she could open with her elbows or her feet.

Her captors had thought about keeping any cutting tool out of reach of the fillies to prevent them to free themselves from their leather hand bags, but they had neglected the doors. If Marie-Thérèse was caught, she could be sure that the next escape would be more difficult; she had to succeed no matter what!

Once out of the building, she knew that her best chance was to run away very fast across the streets that she had memorized while drawing a carriage in the area. Her nudity and the very recognizable filly outfit that she wore excluded all hope to go through the city unnoticed. She was surrounded by people perfectly comfortable with the idea that she was a domesticated animal who needed to be owned by someone to have the right to circulate in the country.

So, her best asset was the speed that her two months of training had given her.

The streets of the City were deserted at this late hour, and the clicking of her hoofs filled the air. She knew that it would wake some people up, though she intended to be far gone before any nose Arab could be at his window. Her bell would have



sold her out immediately as an escaping filly, but the sound of her hoofs could be anything.

She was just leaving the city when she had her first alert: a North-African policeman saw her as she was crossing the highway. He began to chase after her, giving the alarm with his phone. Thankfully Marie-Thérèse was much faster. She disappeared in the Vainebleu forest before the arrival of the reinforcements.

After this, she galloped for hours into the woods. She only stopped at dawn. She lay down under a tree and gathered leaves over her body. She was so exhausted that she felt immediately asleep, ignoring the insects around.

She awoke in the afternoon and instantly began to run to warm herself up. She was smiling now, as she had succeeded in the first and most difficult part of her escape. She couldn't hear any dog barking in the distance, and that was a very positive point.

Of course she was scared of getting lost in the woods, but when she crossed the road to Blötz, an hour later, she knew that she could make it. She could follow it from deep enough into the forest to be out of sight of vehicles. Anyone in this country was a potential enemy who wouldn't hesitate to turn her to the authorities. What a terrible shame if she should be brought back to Yusuf Bourid by the police, like a lost animal!

Her plan was to go to Blötz and hide in one of the numerous boats which followed the river down to Lake Massimo. If she was lucky, her ship should sail out of Wonderbourg, to a neighbor country where it might be safe for her to ask the protection of the authorities.

She arrived in the surroundings of Blötz Harbor two days later, deeply in the night. She easily sneaked into the hold of a cargo ship. It took her three hours to open a big crate using her teeth and the very limited movements allowed by

her tightly hugged fists. Inside, she found packs of tee-shirts—ironically, some products of the Golden Arbor Inc. destined to the Shazz adepts of a neighbor country. It was a good thing, as it meant that she wasn't in one of the few ships serving the San Massimo island, still located in Wonderbourg. This cargo was obviously going to Molvodonia or Zylidonia, two nations that she knew to be independent, though heavily targeted by Shazz campaigns, the movement expanding now very fast to Central-Europe. She grabbed the tee-shirt packages between her chin and her chest and threw them on the floor one by one. Then she pushed them with her boots in a corner of the hold where they would stay well hidden behind a big pipe.

When she had managed to make enough room inside the crate, she rocked herself into it, and hit the wooden lid with her hoof to make it shut down. She carefully snaked deeper under the tee-shirt packs until she was completely recovered. Then, satisfied, she took a little rest.

She was awakened by the sound and vibrations of nails being hammered in the lid above her. As guessed, the sailors just gave a quick look inside, probably blaming the night watcher for opening it out of greedy curiosity. She didn't wait too long before she could feel the engines start.

After almost a day on the river and the lake, the ship finally stopped. Her crate was lifted up and carried away. Through the chinks between the planks, she could see rough sailors pushing her into a big truck.

Three hours later, the vehicle moved at last.

And here she was, on a mysterious road, to a mysterious destination, naked and vulnerable in a crate dreading for the unavoidable moment when she would be discovered.



## Chapter I

### A delightful package

**M**arie-Thérèse had renounced to slip on a tee-shirt. She could have opened a package with her teeth, but putting it on would have been impossible. Even if she could manage to slide into it, her arms were tied to her waist and would have to be under it. It wouldn't cover anything under her hips anyway and would only look like those traditional short capes used to dress virgin girls; and if filly outfits could be recognizable through sensational newsreels, those sleeveless pieces of cloth called "swinussas" were incredibly famous, always taken as an example by Shazz detractors to demonstrate the barbaric side of the Shazilari tradition that was making girls hide under it out of the shame of being insufficiently pretty to be picked up by some worshiper of "white goddesses".

Of course, this was only the official version—the truth being even worse—but it had been awful to make of these short capes a symbol of the stupidity of Shazz followers, something that humorists and journalists had used and abused in their shows. It wasn't really a good idea to display herself as a part of



that movement in her present situation; these tee-shirts were printed with Shazz provocative slogans. Marie-Thérèse found especially offensive the ones with "I'm desperately looking for a place in a white pigery!"

The others were not much better. What about "I'm a blonde porcine female!" or "I want an Arab god to worship—because I'm a white!" She would already have to explain why she travelled clandestinely and had an Arab name branded above her naked pubis!

Assuming, of course, that she should be discovered by European men! Getting out too soon, she could still be in the hands of people under Rasheedian influence; staying here too long, she could be delivered with the tee-shirts to a Golden Arbor back shop. She had to wait for the right moment, and it wasn't an easy decision to make, so close to freedom. Her best chances were to jump out of the truck in the middle of a city and to go straight to the Police precinct.

When the engine began to slow down, and she could hear the tires on the gravel, she realized that it might be the moment to leave and get ready to strike.

The vehicle stopped. The driver was talking to another man in an unknown language, unable to see anything through the chinks of the crate. After a few minutes, the voices began to fade, to finally disappear completely.

Marie-Thérèse pushed the lid with her knees to open it, but it seemed that the sailors had done a really good job in putting back the nails; she was trapped! In panic, she hit the crate with her hoofs, trying to break free.

She suddenly froze, pricking up her ears with terror; between two kicks, she had heard footsteps in the truck! She began to sweep the tee-shirt packages with frenzy to put herself in the best position for jumping out of the crate fast enough to keep the advantage.

When the lid opened, she took a run up and leaped out, brutally pushing the piece of wood away. The trucker froze with surprise, obviously not accustomed to the sight of a naked woman springing out of his cargo like a jack-in-the-box. Before he could do anything, Marie-Thérèse was already on the dusty floor of a huge warehouse.

She landed in front of a bearded red-haired carrying a crate. Though, a third trucker stood now in her way. She trotted toward the man, looking at him right in the eyes, hoping that he wouldn't rouse too quickly from his torpor.

She waited until she had passed him to start running toward the exit.



“Who the hell is that?” The red-bearded trucker exclaimed surprised.

Marie-Thérèse fled like if the Devil was on her heels. She soon attained the door and tried to open it with her covered fists, but the handle wouldn't turn. She shook it and shook it again ... in vain!

They walked in her direction.

“My God, Andrez, look at that Arab-lover from Wonderbourg!” the red-haired exclaimed in an approximative French, to make sure that she would understand. “Where do they get the nerves to scoff at us in our country?”

“This is a great blessing, Piotr.” Andrez said with a fiendish smile. “I was complaining about this cargo of trashy tee-shirts, but it looks like a lucky bag to me now. We have the opportunity to show to one of these spoiled Shazz sluts what a real man is.”

“You're right,” Piotr laughed, “I can't picture her complaining to the Police about us boinking her. The cops are especially tough with Shazz followers around here. Let's teach that bitch a lesson!”

Marie-Thérèse was desperately shaking the handle, but it was no use: the door was either locked or condemned. She felt suddenly the hands of the truckers all over her body and straightened up with disgust while she was being raped.

The contact of their skins wasn't carrying at all the delights of the Naffi Effect, and despite her hate of Arabs, it felt even more degrading for her to be touched by these men of her own race. She preferred being taken like an animal in the straw of a stable box than to be raped in the grease spots of that dirty warehouse.

Marie-Thérèse was racist and proud of it, though these whites in grimy jeans and filthy tank top were scums compared to the Arabs who had abducted her. At least, Yusuf

Bourid was a prince, wearing rich robes embroidered with golden wires. But these men ... yuck!

Their frustration was revealing itself under their nasty jokes and their battering sex. They were only raping her because an extraordinary opportunity for that had been offered to them. And, of course, they wouldn't get any pleasure out of it ... only a much stronger frustration!

When they finally spread their spunk into her, they left and went to their quarters, a remote little room at the bottom of the warehouse. Through the dirty window glass, Marie-Thérèse could see them begin to play cards, laughing loudly while glancing many times in her direction.

It seemed that this room was the only way to get out of there. Nevertheless, when the men were so much into their game that they had forgotten about her, Marie-Thérèse stood up and began to explore the warehouse. The big iron curtain was impossible to move, and the truck door was locked. No wonder these men didn't even bother to fasten one of her multiple rings anywhere; she just couldn't leave the place!

Were they keeping her for later, or did they plan to sell her back? They seemed to hate how Arabs had their way with white women nowadays, but probably a few hundred euros would make them forget their scruples...

After a few hours, they came back into the warehouse and had great fun hunting Marie-Thérèse around the crates. After a few minutes of panic, she realized that she was just enhancing their entertainment, and she stopped running. They jumped on her and began to play with her body, imitating what they thought was the Arab way with their Shazz followers, shouting insults in French with a fake Arabic accent, while the others would laugh swinishly. It was quite pitiful, and after long minutes of this, Marie-Thérèse's despise for the men was showing so much that it spoiled their fun completely ... alas!



not enough to leave her alone before they could deliver their semen into her for a second time.

When they had finished, they changed their clothes and pushed Marie-Thérèse into the truck. They started the engine and drove out of the warehouse. A few miles later, they stopped the vehicle and kicked her out in plain country.

She walked in the direction of the city that could be seen in the distance. After a few miles, she began to pass people on the road. She thought that the sight of naked women bound and gagged should have drawn the attention of, at least, one good Samaritan who might have covered her body with a coat and removed her bit. Nothing! Everybody was glaring at her with hate.

And the deeper she walked into the city, the more people seemed to react badly to her outfit. When some of them began to spit in her direction, Marie-Thérèse decided that it was the moment to run for it. And it showed to be a very good idea; at high speed, they couldn't plan anything. The time for pedestrians to realize that she was naked, she was already out of reach.

A bunch of kids began to follow her, more amused than vindictive. They left after a while, definitely not a match for her two-months-overtrained filly's physical endurance, but they came back later on bicycles.

After a few more miles of humiliating run surrounded with children, she entered at last the central area of the city. Pedestrians would stop whatever they were doing to stare at her, some for laughing, but the majority for getting an eyeful.

On a building she saw flags: Zyldivia! So, she was in that cardboard duchy ... probably in Slüdjk, the capital!

She needed now to find the Police or an Embassy ... some office where her bit would be removed without condemning her first, but she had no idea where such a place might be

located in this strange city. She arrived on a big place, though it didn't show to be a good thing, as people could now see her come from afar, and so had time to react. She was soon forced to stop, surrounded by the crowd.

Something hit her back. An old woman was beating her with her umbrella, shouting insults in Zyldivian.

Marie-Thérèse couldn't rest her case with the bit in her mouth. She tried to worm her way through the mob, but bumped into a cop and fell down with him on the ground.

She stood up fast, avoiding the umbrella strokes, but the policeman was faster. He seized Marie-Thérèse by her leather belt, immobilizing her.

She was brought to the Police headquarters, but the sight of a naked woman created disturbances among the Police lieutenants who all wanted to take that case for themselves. A huge captain arrived and shouted the order to get back to work—or at least, that's what she guessed, as she didn't speak this language. He brought her to his office and began to interrogate her in Zyldivian. Without any reaction, he tried Italian, then English... Marie-Thérèse nodded energetically, showing that she could understand that language. In vain, as the Policeman had no intention to remove her bit!

"All right, English it is," he said, "I'm Superintendent Janz Grätjz. You have been caught running in our streets in that ridiculous outfit, something that happens much too often nowadays. I'm pretty sure that all I can tell you to keep you from that Shazz stuff will be useless, but I'll do it anyway, as I did for the others: Shazilari fashion is not allowed in this country, and we don't care if we don't look modern in forbidding our girls to circulate naked. We won't leave our youths ridicule themselves with that anti-racist hocus-pocus leading to their export to a region where we can't protect them anymore. Perverted women like you are the cause of all of this mess, and my country has



decided to put an end to it. We have instructions to deal with you people with severity. So there are three possibilities: Option 1, nobody comes to get you in three days, and we lock you in Saint Annijz asylum for the rest of your life as a nut job. Option 2, one of your relatives comes to get you, pays the fine, and you do only a year in prison; though, as you don't speak Zyldivian, I doubt that you have any family around. Option 3, I phone to the Ambassador of the Rasheedian Empire who comes here and says that you're one of his native white fellow citizens; in that case, I'll have to let you go. I certainly hope for you that the Ambassador will know who you are and can prove that you are in his list of 'lost' sluts, even if I seriously doubt that you're one of those native girls, as you understand English. The Law is the Law, and my country has an agreement with Rasheedia. In any case, you won't be allowed to speak! You forfeited that right when you decided to put that thing in your mouth and become an animal. Though, that's for the best anyway, as if I should hear you speak, I would have no choice but to take option 1!"

Superintendent Grätjz picked up the phone and called the Ambassador. He talked to him for a few seconds with an angry voice and hung up.

"He'll come," Janz Grätjz said to Marie-Thérèse, "but you're not going to wait for him naked in this public place. I'll put you in solitary confinement, away from any Zyldivian girl you could pervert!"

Marie-Thérèse rolled her eyes and shook her head. Obviously, this man didn't want to hear her story out. He couldn't possibly ignore that the white women whom he was sending to Rasheedia like this were not mute natives of that region, but he had decided to turn a blind eye on this traffic, end of story!

Right after this unpleasant encounter, Marie-Thérèse

was thrown into a cell.

Tarak Bin Kharam, the Rasheedian Ambassador, arrived more than an hour later, twisting a leather crop nervously in his hands. Though, the sight of this weapon didn't bother the guard, who opened the cell for him. For these people, she was only a perverted slut who would only get what she deserved.

"Mmmm, let's see ... you're definitely more than just a local enthusiast! A true white filly ... here in Zyldivia ... that is most unusual! Mmmm... I don't know this mark... 'Saïd' ..."

He removed the bit from Marie-Thérèse's mouth, but before she could even say something, he stroke her on the forehead with his crop.

"Don't speak, white!" he ordered with a firm voice. "I just want to see your ID. Pull out your tongue!"

Marie-Thérèse was devastated, but she complied.



Tarak Bin Kharam grabbed it and painfully pinched it to prevent the white to draw it back until he could decipher the hidden tattoo close to her throat. A registration was printed in roman letters and arabic numerals: "TF0012062", "TF" ... thoroughbred filly... A "mustang"! This was definitely no ordinary porcine biped!

No "D" at the end! still undomesticated... A wild mustang! That was really dangerous stuff to hold! And without an owner apparently; letters after the D would have meant that she had been sold by her trainer. Though, the brand on her belly suggested that she had been ordered by that "Saïd".

It was logical to assume that she was coming from the neighbor provinces of the Empire, Wonderbourg or Wonderstein: A slave escaped from the Embassy of some Arab country in Zyldevia wouldn't have been branded with a name in roman characters.

Could this be the mark of Saïd Agadir, the new leader of Wonderstein?



## Chapter II The lost animal



arak Bin Kharam put the bit back in the filly's mouth and walked out of the cell. It wasn't going to be easy to make that one slip through the net with that nosey Grätzj.

A few minutes later, the Ambassador entered the office of the Superintendent.

"A beautiful animal indeed," Tarak said, "can you please leave me a moment to check if the white creature is reported missing?"

"You do just that," Superintendent Grätzj replied, "but spare me your racist remarks. Keep that routine for these Shazz sluts who want to move to your country. You know that I have to deliver to you any person of Rasheedian nationality, though I seriously doubt that it's the case for this one. I can assure you that you'll have her only if you show me that she's on your list ... and even so, it will be twice the usual fee to turn a blind eye on this one!"



“Agreed for this one, Superintendent, but don’t get used to it. What shall you do with such a peculiar creature anyway if I don’t take her with me? For you, it’s just one less lunatic to sponge off Zyldevian taxpayers. And we both know that you need our money for your daughter Marijk’s future scholarship in America. So please let’s keep intact our good business relationship, and allow me to check quietly on my laptop if somebody is looking for her.”

Tarak Bin Kharam was now greatly annoyed by that Zyldevian cop. Sooner or later, Janz Grätz would crack up and report their little agreement to the authorities of his country. It was time to take the next step and put an end to the unpleasant remarks of that swine. The superintendent would show much more respect once his dear Marijk would live in his toilets as his favorite cleaning tongue...

“Very well Mister Grätz,” he said when he had checked his computer, “I can see here that her owner is a very important man. So, of course, I’ll take her; and I’ll make the deposit on your bank account in Switzerland. Though if you ask me, it’s far too much money for what is only returning an animal to his owner.”

“Get out!” the superintendent exclaimed, “before I change my mind and put you in jail for abducting that unfortunate woman!”

Tarak was very angry when he walked down the stairs with his captive. Having to give him Rasheedian money to send his porcine progeny to America... That was a crime against nature! It would be much better for the future of his Marijk piglet if he had asked him to take her as a favorite with a special status, for payment of his services ... even if the young white would get a special treatment anyway!

Tarak pulled out his phone and gave some instructions in Arabic.

Marie-Thérèse pricked up, suddenly interested. Her secret knowledge of Arabic was going to be a great advantage to her. They would never suspect that a racist woman like her could have spent time learning anything about them. But that was underestimating her fighting skills: since she had discovered the naffi threat, Marie-Thérèse had done everything to understand their language and traditions, mostly through books and audio methods: “Know your enemy” was her motto!

And thanks to that, she could now listen to what Tarak had to say—safely, he thought—on his mobile phone.

“Marijk Grätz. You’ll find her in my database. She finishes at school in one hour, but be very careful as her father is the superintendent of police. I want her tonight at my feet!”

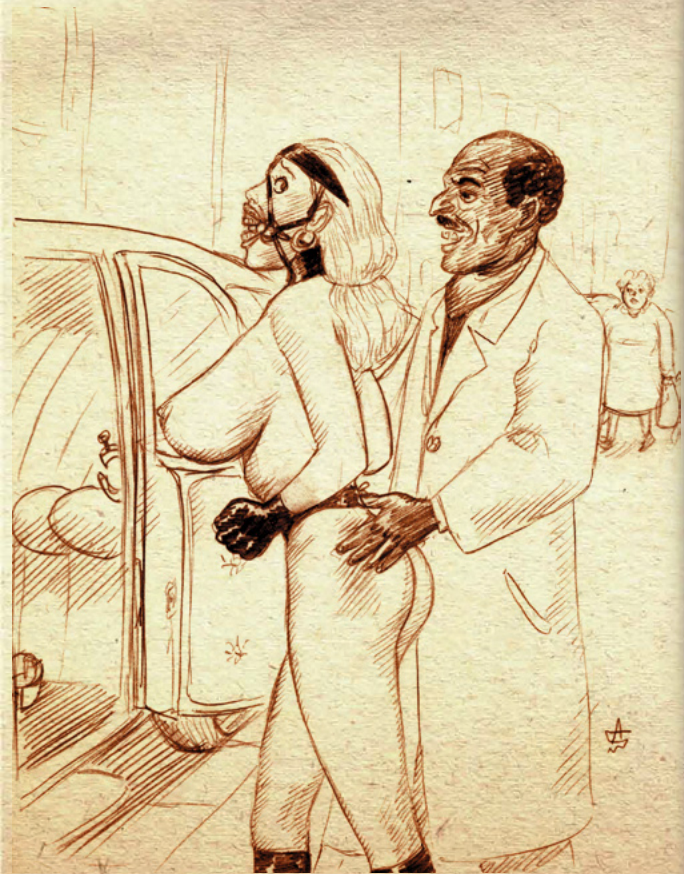
Marie-Thérèse was horrified. Could they abduct any girl, just like that?

The Ambassador put the mobile phone back into his pocket and left the building, pushing Marie-Thérèse toward his limousine.

Tarak Bin Kharam opened the door and slapped the buttocks of the white mustang to make her climb into the limo, venting some anger against that stupid Janz Grätz on her firm flesh, uninterested in the confusion he might cause in the minds of the Zyldevian passers-by.

These yokels would have a lot to talk tonight about some “perverted woman” walking naked in the street in the company of a rich Arab just near the Police Station, though Tarak couldn’t care less: He would certainly not be arrested for that, and the more the swine would fantasize after witnessing such scenes, the more they would acknowledge the power of Rasheedian nationals. A good Zyldevian would be in rage about





this at home, but would never dare even criticize someone who owned a limousine in public, the result of decades of very strict rules behind the iron curtain. On the contrary, their progeny would judge their genitors as weak people with a limited and boring future, and would be even easier enticed by the Shazz movement to give away their freedom for fun and adventure! Their stiff-necked parents had worked all their life for little money, so why listen to their advice in that matter, when they could join the winning side and become a part of the economic miracle of the Rasheedian Empire. Being naked and submissive to an Arab was a bold thing to do, but it was seen as a social challenge, so it wouldn't stop them. Later, of course, they would realize that they had been lured and entrapped into an even worse existence, though by then, they would be as much afraid of their new masters as their parents were, and would now have very good reasons to be, held in the firm hand of a Rasheedian lord.

Like all the Ambassadors of the Empire, he worked directly under the supervision of the terrible Amina "Mother-Hen" Bussif, head of the D.I.R.E.<sup>3</sup>. All her agents had to be as much provocative as possible to make the natives feel humiliated ... within some boundaries, of course, to avoid troubles with the local authorities. And it had worked quite well for now...

Once the car had stopped, he pushed his game brutally out of it. They were in the park of his Mansion, surrounded by highly guarded walls. He sniggered; she seemed to be surprised to see dozens of naked white females running and playing freely in it.

"Mmmm, you're longing to join these happy animals, aren't you?" Tarak laughed, "but that's only for original brainless Shazilarian fillies, and I'm not sure yet that you're one of those. You have blue eyes and golden hair all right, though as long as



I suspect that you may be a western woman not fully trained, I won't take the risk to let you escape. I'll know for sure by tomorrow morning anyway!"

Of course, he knew almost everything about Madame Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse through the database of the D.I.R.E. and the slave traders registering files, but he thought that it would be fun to make this racist mustang do stuff that she wouldn't ordinarily do, in an attempt to appear as a native filly to increase her chances of escape.

It had proven to be a very efficient training method; some of these animals even ended their fight definitely after deceptions like this, adopting the correct path of the white, away from responsibilities. At first, they would play a role to keep their pride intact—They were preparing an escape, weren't they? And then later, when they would acknowledge that they were stuck in here forever and be accustomed to the humiliations of their status, they would realize that it had become so much easier to choose a happy life at the foot of an Arab man than to carry on with a thankless fight on principle.

His own methods of training were a bit different, adapted to Zylldovia. Shazz followers here were usually accepting their fate after they discovered that their whole submissive misconduct had been recorded. Only then would they realize that they might have gone too far in their youth rebellion. They behaved so much like animals on these videos that they would be rejected by their family, their friends, their neighbors, their moralistic society ... and probably even by their whole porcine species! Of course this was absurd, as nobody would really throw them away only because they begged for a sugar or whinnied after being petted by an Arab, but it worked like a charm because they had always heard their genitors curse about these "rich and powerful Rasheedian

bastards" who were shamelessly abusing of young Zylldovian women with the blessing of the establishment! Then later, it became much worse when the Shazz movement was outlawed in Zylldovia. Joining the Shazz cause was more exciting, but it could bring a girl to Saint Annijz asylum forever. So, while they were trained, constantly overwhelmed by conflicted feelings, their Arab Master had naturally become the only person who could protect them!

Though, Tarak didn't cherish the illusion that he could settle that de Cuisse with such basic tricks made for Zylldovian piglets. She was registered as a "mustang", and this kind of white was way over his head, trainable only by top-level professionals. His plan was only to get some fun with that beautiful female, and the D.I.R.E. was allowing it in her file.

In Marie-Thérèse's present situation, it was more comfortable for her to pass as a brainless creature of Shazilar. She had very little time left before she would be sent away, and she had to seize every opportunity that could ease her escape. Already, her knowledge of what the Ambassador intended to do to the daughter of the Superintendent was a very convenient asset that she could use to put the police on her side if she could get out of that place. In the meantime, she would play the native mute filly; this could show to be much more humiliating than anything she had done for now, but because it was only acting, it was somehow less painful for her self-esteem. So, when the Ambassador stroked her hair, she whinnied and shook her head like a totally brainless creature.

That evening, Marie-Thérèse was brought to Tarak Bin Kharam by Katrijn, his "head of cattle" and her two "she-devils". Marie-Thérèse knelt down spontaneously in front of the lord of the place and pulled out her tongue, looking at him in a way that she believed to be an accurate imitation of native



fillies burning eyes.

When the Ambassador pointed his finger toward his cock, Marie-Thérèse took the black organ into her mouth and began to suck it with eagerness, just like the brainless fillies



around would do. Thankfully, she was lucky enough to witness some of them do it before her. Without that, she would have miserably failed, as all the women here seemed to be fellatio experts. To get in the right mood to win, she gathered all her enthusiasm and pretended that she was paying a homage to her source of life!

She was already caught in a frantic mouth movement around the Ambassador's glans when she noticed the poor girl gagged behind him.

This unfortunate teenager could only be Marijk, the Superintendent's daughter, but Marie-Thérèse had to ignore the poor girl completely and keep playing her role. She needed to concentrate on the only way she could save both of them: gaining the man's trust, and then get herself out of here to alert the Superintendent.

It seemed to Marie-Thérèse that her plan was working quite well when the Ambassador unfastened her leather gloves. At least now she had the use of her hands! Unfortunately, she could do nothing from that secured area in the Embassy. She had to wait until she could be allowed to gambol in the park with the other women, where she had noticed a part of the wall that she could climb.

The Ambassador pushed her in the direction of Marijk and removed the gag from the girl's mouth, making clear that he wanted Marie-Thérèse to prepare her for him. As soon as she could speak, Marijk began to beg for mercy with hiccups and sobs.

Was she a virgin? Marie-Thérèse wasn't proud of being an accomplice to the forced initiation of that poor girl, though there was nothing else she could do but to calm her down and ease her ordeal.

She caressed Marijk's head with tenderness, surreptitiously pushing her toward Tarak. She moved her tongue under his



erected organ and licked it up until she could swallow the glans and suck it with great care, showing the girl how it was done. After a few seconds, the Ambassador pulled her away and made a sign for Marijk to take over. The young woman mustered up her courage and began to reproduce Marie-Thérèse's routine, implicitly accepting her as a role model. Almost instantly, the Ambassador pumped his semen right into the girl's throat.

She jumped with surprise, but Marie-Thérèse took her in her arms just in time to prevent an eventual reaction of panic that could have been disastrous for both of them. She put her own mouth under the spurting cock in haste, and sucked up eagerly all the white slime sliding down Marijk's chin before it could drip on the floor.

The Naffi Effect was weaker here than it had been in Wonderbourg. Nevertheless, Marie-Thérèse much enjoyed the pleasure she got out of the Ambassador's product. Soon Marijk began to do the same, quickly forgetting her tears.

Marie-Thérèse was now caught in a friendly tongue challenge with the girl, trying to win the lion's share of the Ambassador's semen, when she suddenly noticed a little mirror in an unusual place on the wall. Was it a two-way mirror? What if a camera had videoed the whole scene? She would be immortalized as the eager slut of that despicable Ambassador!

Worse ... she realized that this could be a proof that she had lured the daughter of the local chief of police into becoming a sex slave! How could she go to the Superintendent for help now, if it was the case?

The Ambassador made a sign, and Marie-Thérèse suddenly felt firm hands grabbing her. Katrijn, the head of cattle was squeezing her mouth to prevent her from speaking, while her she-devils were carrying her away from the

Ambassador, leaving the young Marijk terminate alone the cleaning of the man who was now her master. The leather pouches were slipped on her fists again—obviously, they were highly experienced in their way of handling their fellow creatures!

Marie-Thérèse was brought into another room and put down on all fours into a big crate. Her head was pushed forward and one of the she-devils pinched her nose until she needed to open her mouth to breathe. A plastic tube was thrust between her lips while manacles were locked around her wrists and ankles, then fastened on the sides of the crate.

Marie-Thérèse was now in a very uncomfortable position, her pelvis stuck on a kind of saddle that a she-devil was lifting up with a crank, stretching her limbs to the extreme in the process. When it stopped, Marie-Thérèse had her buttocks thrust very high up, which made her feel utterly vulnerable.

And when she thought that nothing worse could happen, an unidentified object was forced into her little hole and pushed deep inside!

A minute later, the heavy wooden lid fell down over her with a big noise; she was in total darkness ... and silence.

She had to wait for hours in that confined place where she couldn't see a thing, even when her eyes were used to the dark. It seemed that the crate was hermetically sealed, which explained the tube in her mouth: she needed to be supplied in air through oxygen cylinders. It was really weird, as it meant that she was going to stay like this for a long time.

She thought about the poor Marijk whom she had left in an awful situation. Marie-Thérèse was very angry to have been played like that; the Ambassador knew all along that she wasn't a native filly! The bastard had used it to make her behave like a slut while she was into his hands. Because of her, the unfortunate Marijk had become an obedient slave!



She felt like sleeping, but couldn't afford it. She needed to get the more information possible about her destination so she wouldn't wake-up in some vehicle without knowing if she had travelled by sea or air, and for how long...

She was there for an eternity when the crate was suddenly carried away for a few minutes and put down on some wooden floor. She heard the engine of a truck starting, then felt the vibrations of the road. She began to count the seconds so she could get an idea about her destination, but fell asleep around 2000...

She woke up brutally, and it took her a while to remember why she was in total darkness ... a moment of pure panic! There was nothing around but a heavy silence, which probably meant that the crate was on some deserted dock, waiting to be embarked. She had no way to know how much time she had spent in here, and no idea if it was night or day ... just because she had so stupidly fell asleep!

After another eternity, she was carried again, then carelessly thrown down. The brutal shock of the crate on the floor created a vibration in her whole body; her anal plug was in contact with the lid, and it tickled her for a long time after that.

Now she felt the regular swaying of the water; she was in a cargo ship, most likely on Lake Massimo, ready to be sent back to the stables of Yusuf Bourid. Though, a few minutes after the engine had started, she realized that the waves had increased—it couldn't be a lake!

So, she wasn't going back to Wonderbourg, after all. She could only have embarked on the South coast of Zyldivia and was certainly now sailing across the Mediterranean Sea. She could be there for days before reaching her mysterious destination!

Time was dragging, in the boring solitude of the crate.

Marie-Thérèse was getting food and oxygen through the tubes stuck into her mouth. She could hear a big noise from time to time, like if some kind of cartridges were shoved into her cocoon; probably the refills for her air. It wasn't much, but it was her only entertainment.

Doing her needs inside the crate was out of the question ... and anyway, her anus was blocked by the thing stuck into it. Though, her other hole was not closed the same way and, after a certain time, she began to fill an irrepressible need to relieve herself. She held it back the more she could, though the temptation was too strong and, with no sign of reaching a port any soon, she threw in the towel. She could hear the liquid gush hit the floor of the crate with such a great relief, but regretted immediately that she couldn't have waited a little more. Now she would have to endure the smell!

She had absolutely no way to know how much time had passed since she was in that cocoon, but it couldn't have been more than three days when, at last, the cargo ship stopped. The crate was carried by longshoremen, then put down on a wooden floor a few minutes later. She had to wait again for long hours, tortured by the pain of having to repress her natural needs.

And finally, the lid opened...



It was so good after all that time in darkness and silence. Marie-Thérèse was blinded by the light, but she could hear and smell the ocean. She could also feel the air on her body—very hot compared to Zyldevia! She was definitely in the South, probably somewhere in Africa.

Two men were talking in Arabic.

“Hey, she’s good-looking. Jaffar,” one of them exclaimed, “I won’t say no to a little ride before we process with the next package.”

“According to what I read on the ID card plugged in her butt, Ali, that sow must be handled by people above level 4 ... and we certainly aren’t. Though, as she relieved herself in the crate, we have carte blanche to teach her a little self-respect!”



### Chapter III Welcome to Rasheedia

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he man called Ali began to read the ID card attached to her anal extension, adding various appreciative sounds after the mention of almost every one of her characteristics.

“ID: **TF0012062**. Thoroughbred Filly! a mustang... That’s level 4 training, you’re right... Name: **de Cuisse Marie-Thérèse**... Owner: **Saïd Agadir, King of Wonderstein**... Allah be praised! Don’t you see? She’s that famous prize for the races of Wonderbourg!”

“Excellent!” the man called Jaffar replied, suddenly interested, “I didn’t recognize her in that position.”

“Race: **golden**.” Ali continued, “Quality: **filly**... Height: **176 cm**. Weight: **77 kg**. Mensurations: **102-61-82 cm**. That’s just perfect! Born: **03 28 1969**. Not a fresh one, but with that body, who cares? In: *Troussy-en-Cuisse, France*. BREED INFO—Husband: **1 golden (divorced 9 years before capture)** + **1 golden (divorced 4 years before capture)**. Her new life will definitely bring her stability! Progeny: **3 gol-**



**den females—EP0001043 (19) & twins EP0001054 and EP0001055 (16).** Her piglets are already eligible for pre-ordering option! I will subscribe to the auction for the twin pack tonight.”

“Forget it,” Jaffar said, “their mother is so famous that their price will rise far beyond your reach!”

“That’s what you think!” Ali replied, “I purchased a pack of twins whose father was the President of Molvodora for only a month’s salary. People usually reason as you do, so ultimately, they abandon the auction to smart men like me!”

“Or maybe nobody wants to pay for spoiled brats with no special ability. And it’s just an option ... and there’s no clue when they’ll be available,” Jaffar laughed, “who cares if they are related to puppet leaders of the western world. This is stuff for sick collectors! When I buy an animal, I go for exceptional skills ... and I want them delivered immediately!”

“Philistine,” Ali exclaimed, “don’t expect me to lend them to you. HISTORY—*Capture: 03/14/2004 by Nabil Bourid in Geneva... Training: Yusuf’s Bourid’s Training Stables (Wonderbourg) NOT COMPLETED! Level 4 requested to handle! Escape: 05/06/2004—IF YOU FIND HER SEND TO MALIK MARUK, P.O.BOX 25 ELDORADO HARBOR!* Mustang or not, she’ll be put in her place by the old goat. Though, if the Prince of Wonderbourg had thrown the towel, she must be a heck of a mustang... *Recaptured: 05/09/2004 by Ambassador Tarak Bin Kharam in Slüdjk (Zyldovia).* And there she is...”

“I don’t understand why people want these thoroughbred fillies anyway,” Jaffar said with despise, “I just can’t see the difference with another porcine female. Look! The filthy animal relieved herself into her crate like a vulgar basic white sow. And I’m sure that she can do much worse if I remove the ID plug from her rear hole. I’ll do it if you want,

but you’d better bring the pressure jet ... though first, I have to teach her the lesson in cleanliness she needs!”

The sailor called Jaffar gave Marie-Thérèse a stroke with some leather item, and it was so painful that she couldn’t help jumping and shaking. The vicious man seemed to target her cleft of Venus on purpose!

“Bad! Bad!” Jaffar exclaimed in English with a terrible Arabic accent, “no pee! no pee! bad filly!”

To punctuate his words, the sailor whipped her beauty lips again. Marie-Thérèse was horrified. Did he really think that this childish display would work? That it would give her suddenly an absolute control on her bladder? She decided that she would shamelessly relieve herself as soon as that pig would pull off the plug from her backside ... and she hoped it would soil his djellabah!

She knew that she would get a good thrashing for what she intended to do, but she had acknowledged what the other one had said in Arabic about her. It was clear that they wouldn’t hurt too badly a famous woman who wasn’t their property—and at least she would avoid being taken by the other guy!

Though, Marie-Thérèse would never have that opportunity. She suddenly felt the crate being closed again and carried away in a truck.

She was shocked by what that Ali had said: did he really think that he could put her hands on her twin daughters? He was clearly not making up that text and seemed to believe it! If this was true, it meant that her girls could be in grave danger ... but what could possibly happen to them in their expensive Swiss school?

This guy Ali was probably showing off in front of his fellow trucker ... or maybe they were used to passing time that way, looking at naked vulnerable women, imagining that they could own them like if they were rich men, to have some fun



at work. Actually, they were only checking the condition of their human cargo before shipping it to some customer ... in this case this Malik Maruk they were talking about ... in Eldorado Harbor, wherever this place was.

The truck stopped about twenty minutes later. Marie-Thérèse's crate was carried out of it and put down on some dirt ground. Then, she had to wait again for one more hour.

Suddenly, the lid opened, and she was hit by a high-pressure water jet. It was so strong that it was spreading her labia, forcing its way deep inside her vagina.

"Now white, Arab Master remove stopper," the man called Jaffar said in pidgin English, exaggeratedly articulating like if she was a child, "if white bad, white punished ... white have permanent stopper if white no control... Arab Master decides when white poopoo ... with clapping hands, or with stopper. White choose. If white dirty, Arab Master put stopper for white in mounting hole. All right... Arab Master now removes ... then clap hands. Clap hands: you poopoo ... understand?"

Marie-Thérèse shook every part of her body she could move, making sure that he would get the message. She would have taken the stand for a thrashing just for the fun of soiling that man half an hour ago, but now she failed to see what it could accomplish ... and she certainly didn't want to have to be unplugged each time that she'd need to relieve herself. So, she waited for the clap.

When Jaffar pulled away the "stopper", Marie-Thérèse discovered that controlling her rectum was much more difficult than it seemed to be. Though, she managed and patiently waited in that unnatural position.

"And to think that these creatures once pretended to be superior to us!" Ali exclaimed in Arabic, "look! it's so obvious that they have porcine origins!"

"It is just incredible that it took them so long to come to this revelation," Jaffar replied, "it stares you in the face!"

Marie-Thérèse was not easily shamed, but having to hear such insulting nonsense while she was performing her needs in this humiliating position was terrible. And the fact that they didn't know that she could understand their language was making it even worse; they really believed that the whites had porcine origins, an absurd myth spread by that wicked Phoenician religion in the world with an incredible success!

When she was done, Marie-Thérèse was given an enema to clean her deeply inside, and another shot of the high-pressure jet. Then, Jaffar began to whip her buttocks with quick little strokes.

"Up, Up filly," he exclaimed, "faster you lazy animal. Good life in the crate finished! Up!"

Marie-Thérèse stood up with difficulty, all stiff after three days inside that thing. Jaffar fastened a leash to the bit in her mouth and pulled her in another room.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse followed the lead, shivering, staggering on her tricky boots; their rigidity and the "hoofs" at the end didn't allow her to rest her feet flat on the ground. She was used to running with them, but being immobilized for such a long time had almost made her forget how to keep her balance.

She reeled into a little room filled with hundreds of packages; She was clearly in the back shop of a post-office, waiting for the consignee to retrieve her!

And that was exactly what happened a few hours later. An old servant took the leash that the mailman held to him.

A blonde girl who followed him came close to Marie-Thérèse and rubbed her body with some sort of oil, from head to toes, without forgetting her most intimate parts. The old goat was looking at her with a big smile, displaying the last rotten teeth left in his mouth. The way he examined her was really



embarrassing for Marie-Thérèse, making her feel small and weak. How could that wrinkled Arab servant give such a powerful impression?

When she was entirely covered with oil, the old man pulled her leash and led her out of the post-office where waited a big carriage was waiting. Three naked white women were harnessed to it, looking at Marie-Thérèse with something feral in their gaze. They were very different from the western fillies of her team in Wonderbourg. These seemed to share a unique relationship, and she couldn't decide if it was sisterhood or love! They welcomed Marie-Thérèse with their eyes as if they had been intimate for a long time. It was quite embarrassing for someone used to maintain social distance, especially with strangers.

The old man sat into the carriage, while his naked slave harnessed Marie-Thérèse with the three other women. The blonde girl finally stuck a bunch of ostrich feathers on Marie-Thérèse's leather headband and climbed into the vehicle while the servant was taking the reins.

The whip cracked, lashing Marie-Thérèse's buttocks and making her run forward with the three human fillies. She followed their rhythm easily, though their quiet gait meant that they would probably have to cover a long distance.

The carriage passed a lot of people in the streets. Only one third were Arabs, mostly men. Their wives were rare and wore black clothes. The rest were naked white women, most of them gleaming with oil—a protection against the sun? Some strong ones were carrying Arabs on their back, others were harnessed to carriages or sedan couches. In all the shops, blonde females with lewd attitudes were drawing the attention of potential customers.

Suddenly, feeling the reins brutally pulled twice backwards, the three human fillies raised their right leg

very high in a beautiful round movement throwing their pelvis forward. They carried on with their left leg, starting an indelicately inviting pace. Marie-Thérèse tried to imitate them, but she was slowing them down. Consequently, the old man began to take her butt cheeks as flogging targets. Powerfully motivated, Marie-Thérèse finally managed to catch the rhythm of the others, opening her legs with them harmoniously enough. The whip stopped biting, cracking now only over their heads from time to time.

Marie-Thérèse was used to the humiliation of drawing carriages, after a month of daily practice in Wonderbourg, but in front of this crowd of North-Africans in robe it was incredibly more degrading. She felt like betraying everything that had made her an educated and powerful lady.

Her reins were brutally pulled back again. She took a look at the other women, who were switching to an even worse pace. A more affected one that involved waving the pelvis like if they were having sex with an invisible lover. Marie-Thérèse mimicked them, a little puzzled, but soon she understood the meaning of this sudden slowing down of the carriage: a man on the road was bowing toward the old servant. Probably one of his friends whom he wanted to impress showing how well he could handle four beautiful white women ... making them wave their pelvis shamelessly in the street for that—what a jerk!

A lash on the buttocks, and they switched to gallop again...



## Chapter IV The ethnic farm

The trip took a while. The carriage embarked on a ferry to sail upstream on a large river and was dropped two hours later near a big city. The vehicle bypassed it and continued on a bitten-earth track running alongside a deep jungle. The thick foliage disappeared progressively, replaced by a rocky area, then by fields stretching away as far as the eye could see.

Galloping on the dirt road, Marie-Thérèse noticed hundreds of white women working almost naked in the mud. For years, she had suspected that something like that could happen soon in Rasheedia, but that was always dismissed by some as a racist fantasy. Her only mistake had been to locate that in the future if nothing should be done about it, when it was already on. She was the witness of her worst nightmare coming true.

She still had no clue why she had been brought here. The man who had put his brand on her belly was in Europe, not in North-Africa.

Was this a punishment for her escape? Was she rejected,



sent here to be used only as a filly to draw vehicles? Had she been stolen to Saïd by the Ambassador and sold to some rich Arab Lord?

They were going toward a very big stone wall growing higher hour after hour. Marie-Thérèse knew now exactly where she was. This was that famous Naouda cliff, a unique geological phenomenon that was certainly the cause of the complete isolation of the valley of Shazilar behind it. Everybody was aware of that wonder of nature through a few films and the half-mythic stories of Zwanga, the Lord of the Animals, yet that area of the Empire of Rasheedia stayed a deeply mysterious place with a highly protected status similar to a national park, but strictly forbidden to foreigners for religious reasons. Marie-Thérèse was now one of the happy few who were allowed to see that wonder. Too bad that she wasn't really in position to appreciate the view ... or maybe, on the contrary, enjoying the landscape would become soon her sole entertainment in life...

When they were in front of the gigantic wall, they turned toward the North until they found an opening in the cliff large enough to pass with the carriage, and took a dirt road climbing into it. An hour later, exhausted, they arrived on a plateau that seemed to be only made of broken boulders. Though, as they were moving on it, Marie-Thérèse noticed in the distance some things that could be built structures well hidden between rocks. After galloping in that direction for twenty minutes, she discovered three farms merged in an ocean of gigantic boulders.

When they arrived in front of the first one, a big door opened to allow the carriage to pass. A blond woman with powerful muscles shut it behind them. The old man parked the vehicle in the middle of the yard, jumped on the floor and disappeared into the farmhouse.

The blonde came toward the team of human fillies and began to unfasten them from the harness. She was almost bald, with a very strange look; two little horns made of brass rings decorated the top of her head, held by what was left of her hair.

"Stupid filly obey Maggie," she said, "Maggie She-devil Supreme. Maggie tell stupid filly what do and stupid filly obey. Fast."

Marie-Thérèse smiled. It was quite strange to hear a blond woman speaking in pidgin English like that. The "She-devil Supreme", as she called herself, was obviously not a native white slave, or she wouldn't have been able to speak at all. It could only mean that she talked in that childish way on purpose; most certainly to humiliate educated European women even more, probably out of revenge for past colonialism. She had already heard the word "she-devil" during her captivity in Wonderbourg and Zyldivia. It designated white females that were dedicated to the management of their own kind. The she-devils were under direct supervision of the "Head of Cattle", which in this farm was apparently called "Supreme She-devil". This "Maggie" was probably the top dog around here.

Once the four fillies had been freed from the harness, Maggie took place in front of Marie-Thérèse and shouted at one inch of her face.

"Kneel!"

Unfortunately, Marie-Thérèse didn't immediately understand how fast orders needed to be obeyed. When the three other women were in position, she was still bending one knee to get down. As a result, Maggie brutally pushed her toward the ground before she had finished, making her knees hurt badly in the shock.

"Knee hurt," Maggie said, "stupid filly now no touching, no pulling Arab God! Obey Maggie fast, and stupid filly stay pretty, please Arab God. Be lazy and stupid filly get hurt, get



ugly, get sad ... instead Arab God, stupid filly rub own holes!"

Marie-Thérèse reconsidered that she might have been sent in some sort of camp to enforce white women's discipline. If it wasn't that, it was really close! So, if she didn't obey to that pain-in-the-ass, she was hurt and so wasn't perfect enough to be chosen by the "Arab God" because he didn't like grazed knees... Well, then she had to pass, hadn't she? Was she supposed to be scared with the idea that his Highness the Arab divinity would scorn her because her legs were not attractive enough?

She would never say no again to the prospect of being taken by Yusuf Bourid, if he was the "Arab God" in question, but if he wanted her to earn it with her total obedience, he would have to touch himself ... no ... actually he had so many women in this place that he would just have to pick one... Well then, he would do whatever he pleases, but she would belong to another ... no, if he was the only man; clearly, it couldn't work like that at all here ... if she couldn't attract the Arab God, then she would rub own holes ... she was getting it now! She couldn't care less ... but what in a month, a year, ten years of captivity? Naturally, she would try to escape, yet she had to consider that it might simply be impossible, that she might be here forever. She needed to avoid shutting definitive doors!

While Marie-Thérèse was thinking about the best way to behave in that awful place, Maggie had gone to the side of the yard that was closer to the upper cliff. She unfastened a long tarpaulin and began to roll it in her arms. She uncovered wooden compartments similar to horse boxes, but half that height. In each of them, a white woman on all fours offered her back orifices to the view.

Marie-Thérèse took a look at the whole yard and noticed that the other she-devils were also removing tarpaulins. All

of them were from different ethnic groups, and uncovered the boxes of women matching their own origins.

She could see flocks of black ones with various degrees in their skin color, Asian, white brunettes, red-haired: The farmyard was separated in ethnic groups!

"Stock show!" Maggie yelled in English.

Every creature in the yard turned around at once and crawled out of their box. They were going so fast that it was much like an invasion of spiders of different colors. Though, the apparent chaos of their progression soon showed a pattern, to finally display every ethnic group in perfect order, each of them in a precise point of the yard. They were all turning their backsides high up toward the farmhouse.

Marie-Thérèse wondered how many hours of work and discipline were necessary to obtain such a perfect show. They weren't all on the same line, but three abreast, so that their parted legs would not hinder with the legs of the others. In this position they could spread their limbs widely without taking up too much room.

They were divided in thirteen groups, each with thirty women of the same ethnic origin and the same color of clothes. Maggie stood in front of that herd of almost four hundred females on all fours.

"Goldens!" the she-devil yelled.

A party of blondes started moving their pelvis back and forth and chanted something that seemed to be an Arabic word.

"Honeys!" Maggie continued.

This time, another group of fair-haired women began the same ritual, like if they were making love with an invisible man. The "honeys" were less blond than the goldens, but they had more tan. So the division wasn't only about ethnicity! The goldens had to avoid the sun to keep a white skin when the honeys were almost brown, and Marie-Thérèse realized that



the location of their boxes in the yard could explain the tan, a few groups being in the small area exposed all along the day, the rest being in the shadow of the gigantic wall of rock.

“Crystals!”

Another party began the waving and chanting. Their hair was so fair that their eyebrows were almost invisible. Their eyes were blue, but lighter than the goldens. They obviously got Scandinavian origins, though carefully chosen among the fairest ones. Some of the goldens were also Scandinavian, though with a more colored shade of blond.

“Azureas!”

Those had black hair and blue eyes. They were certainly quite rare, just like the “redfires” who followed in the review, which got red hair and green eyes. These were definitely not ethnic groups unless the Rasheedians had bred them like dogs to make artificial races. Though, that was quite possible in a place where they were supposed to have porcine origins for centuries!

Marie-Thérèse assumed that this review was destined to her, as she was the only woman in the yard who didn't participate in it. She stood on her knees behind the herd, much higher in position than the crawling creatures. Maggie was staring at her most of the time, watching out for her reactions.

“Sandals!”

They had been named after sandal wood, probably because they formed the whitest group of the yard. As their hair color wasn't uniform, from dark blond to brown, the paleness of their skin was their major characteristic.

“Brunettes!”

They had all deep black hair and a tan. Their lower belly was entirely bald, contrary to most parties who showed their pubic hair. For some, like crystals it was just a little tuft.

Others, like honeys, had their vulvas fully covered by hair, though even that way, it was neat and had been thinned to hide nothing of the female organ.

Suddenly, Marie-Thérèse realized that what they were repeating was a name! She remembered what she had heard when the sailors had read the card plugged in her rectum: send to Malik Maruk... These women all chanted “Malik Maruk!”

But who was that man? She didn't know anyone under that name. She had assumed that Yusuf Bourid would be in charge here, and it was definitely not a good sign if he wasn't. That Malik Maruk was probably the warden of a punishment camp for restive women like herself!

“Porcelains!”

It designated Asians with a very pale skin. Most of them looked Japanese, but Marie-Thérèse noticed some who were obviously Chinese or Korean.

“Coppers!”

They were Asian too, with a beautiful golden complexion. Some were Chinese, but she could also see South-East Asian and Polynesian.

“Bays!”

They had a light-brown skin. Indian or African.

“Bronzes!”

They were from the same continents as the Bays, but from ethnic groups with a darker complexion.

“Ebonies!”

This group was constituted of African women with a Negroid type, all with a deep black skin.

The last party to be reviewed was really a surprise for Marie-Thérèse.

“Christians!”

It was the only group designated through a religion instead of color or ethnic origin. They were all blondes, but abnormally



small. They looked like little girls, and with their big breasts it gave quite a strange impression. The way they moved their pelvis was incredibly different: they swayed it violently back and forth, at almost 180 degrees, as if their body was made of rubber. Actually, they barely looked human... When she discovered that they were barking instead of chanting Malik Maruk's name, Marie-Thérèse instantly realized who they were, and why they were called christians: they were these native Shazilari women, the descendants of the Crusaders who had lived in the Valley of Shazilar for almost a millennium.

Marie-Thérèse had seen on television the giant fillies with their abnormally muscled thighs. These "christians" were their cousins. Obviously the Shazilari Beduins had created breeds of slaves, selecting their characteristics to fit their needs ... and those were their harem girls, bred for generations to be small and lively!

After the "stock review" began the "breed review".  
"Delonsac!" Maggie yelled.

The whole herd dived down flat on the floor, making a kind of beautiful grid with their legs crisscrossed in harmony. About twenty women were still on all fours, waving and chanting. Some were goldens, some were honeys, and one was a sandal. So these were the delonsacs ... it sounded French...

"Vongotta!"

The "delonsacs" dived down and sixteen women jumped up on all fours. Vongotta! It reminded Marie-Thérèse of an expedition of the UN: the Von Gohтта Expedition. Of course... Frau Von Gohтта, who was leading that expedition, had disappeared forever in Shaziriland... Now she remembered also a Madame Delonsac, less famous, but who was in the UN and vanished too. Marie-Thérèse had studied this type of mystery when she had written her book about the Naffi

Threat. Not only these women were lost in what was now a part of the Empire of Rasheedia, but their family had disappeared in Europe in the years that followed.

"Whitestocks!" Maggie continued.

Marie-Thérèse had no more doubts now. Whitestock was the real name of the famous Zwanga, the Lord of the Animals as he was called in Europe. That man had suddenly vanished from the surface of Earth—and so had his family, one by one! That event had been so strange that it had even strengthened the myth of the famous white savage. The Valley of Shazilar was not yet discovered at the time, though in the nineties, the rumor of a curse that would strike upon foreigners who had visited Shazilar began to spread. It soon ended when Rasheeda Bourid came back alive and well from the second expedition ... but another Von Gohтта disappeared during that one too. Marie-Thérèse was sure that these women had been abducted, turned into animals, and bred to give these groups. She never believed in the theory of Mahawi slaughtering, a little too systematic to explain them all.

Now it was so clear for Marie-Thérèse that she had been right all along: these women had been abducted.

These were, in fact, cattle breeds!

When the review was finished, Maggie walked toward Marie-Thérèse. The Supreme she-devil crouched in front of her, and examined what was left of her pubic hair with great attention.

"Blond hair, blue look," she said, "Golden filly!"

She removed the bit from Marie-Thérèse's mouth and pulled her by the hair. She pushed her down flat on the dusty ground and kicked her belly with her leather boot to make Marie-Thérèse raise her pelvis.

"Stock supremes stand!" Maggie yelled, "Assume high."

The twelve other she-devils of the yard stood up and got in



position in front of the women of their own group.

Maggie was apparently no more in charge of the whole herd. She walked toward the area where the goldens had their boxes, pulling at the same time the poor Marie-Thérèse who had great difficulties following her, forced to do very fast movements to compensate the too little steps that she was only able to make with her fists fastened at her waist. She couldn't help rubbing the ground with her chin in the process too many times.

Once they were near their boxes, Maggie turned around and planted herself in front of Marie-Thérèse, her arms crossed in a dominating posture.

"Up!" Maggie exclaimed with authority, "up buttocks!"

Marie-Thérèse raised her pelvis in the same position taken by the others during the review. Immediately, she felt something wet and warm in contact with her genitals! She jumped and glanced behind her; one of the goldens was busy licking her vulva! Maggie bent down and grabbed Marie-Thérèse's hair, angry.

"No look!" The she-devil exclaimed, "Eyes on Golden Supreme".

Marie-Thérèse tried to keep her eyes on her face while the woman behind her was doing very long strokes with her tongue, sticking it first on her clitoral hood, and making it slide up to her anus, before putting it back on her beauty bud again.

She left, and Marie-Thérèse felt that another one with a smaller tongue was doing the same... They were all going to do that one by one!

In that weird kind of way that she began to find familiar, it was a very pleasurable ritual, probably some sort of welcome from the golden stock team of the farmyard to a newcomer. It was the first time in her life that she was

confronted to lesbianism. It wasn't so bad, but what a shame!

She counted twenty-eight of her fellow goldens. When the last one had finished her "salute", Maggie turned around and displayed her buttocks over her.

"Kneel up!" She said, "salute Golden Supreme!"

Marie-Thérèse obeyed, understanding that she had to do the exact same thing on Maggie as the others had done on her. She had never put her tongue on a woman before and had nothing against a new experience, but when she began to reach the area around Maggie's anus, she shut eyes and kept on licking the wrinkled place with apprehension. She stayed on it for a few seconds and moved her face away, greatly reassured; contrary to what she dreaded, it was tasteless and no big deal at all.

The next days were much more humiliating for Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse. Maggie was giving her an intensive training, teaching her how to behave properly, how to walk, how to crawl... The degree of performance required here was far higher than in Yusuf Bourid's stables. She had many complicated figures to learn, in both domains of sex display and carriage-pulling, and very often she was beaten by Maggie because she wouldn't show enough enthusiasm.

The other goldens despised her for her ignorance of that weird basic filly stuff, as if it was something she was supposed to know instinctively. But in reality, it was the opposite, depending on a hard and precise training to perform things that the human body was never meant to do, and she often rebelled against Maggie, getting even more despise from her fellow goldens.

Fortunately, she had found a supporter in the person of N'Gwamba, the she-devil of the Ebony stock who intervened each time Maggie had ordered her something that she obviously couldn't do on a short notice. N'Gwamba had warned



the “Golden Supreme” that if she kept on asking impossible things to this newcomer out of jealousy, she would inform the Arab God that she was intentionally preventing him from enjoying his acquisition, whose body was always hurt instead of matching the godly requests at the end of the day.

N’Gwamba then would encourage Marie-Thérèse to be rebellious, telling her not to let the golden she-devil take advantage of her inexperience. When Marie-Thérèse was beaten after one of these rebellious outbursts, she would always find a way to come close to the golden area and encourage her with nice words to keep the dignity of a human being during her ordeal. It was quite a paradox that the only person she had found to support her was that savage!

The third day after her arrival in the farm, Marie-Thérèse had to learn the very difficult “Square trot”. For that, she had to raise her thighs one after the other in a perfect angle. It was an impossible thing to do without at least a week of limbering up, or the knees would always be in bad position. The whole idea of that gait was that absolutely no part of her body could be further ahead than her belly brand that she was supposed to display like a figurehead.

It was much harder than to do the splits, and not only Maggie insisted on immediate success from Marie-Thérèse, but she also wanted her to do it at top speed!

Marie-Thérèse stopped in the middle of the gait and refused to continue, her thighs hurting terribly. As a result, Maggie began to whip her buttocks with all her might.

N’Gwamba, who was training the ebony stock in the other part of the riding school circus, came around and asked the golden Supreme to stop immediately, threatening her to tell the Arab God about it. Fortunately for Marie-Thérèse, it seemed that if Maggie was the leader of the she-devils, the “Yard Supreme” as she was called out of the golden stock, her

power didn’t apply anymore after she had dispatched them in the morning, until evening when she would rule the yard again with her iron hand. It was brave for N’Gwamba to help her when she risked public retaliation later!

Though, Maggie instantly calmed down and made Marie-Thérèse redo it, this time on a much slower pace.

N’Gwamba followed them around the ridding school, dropping encouraging words in Marie-Thérèse’s ear while she was trying desperately to do the square trot right.

“Stupid filly no worry,” N’Gwamba whispered, “golden Supreme punished when N’Gwamba tell Arab God, Stupid filly do good ... for stupid one.”

Marie-Thérèse was now familiarized with “Sluttish”, this language they had to speak in the yard made of about sixty English words, some of them having a very different meaning than the original one. “Stupid” was actually used for “new” in that context and, passed the surprise of the first days, she was now accustomed to that twisted pidgin English.

Once translated properly, what N’Gwamba was whispering to her was very nice and encouraging, telling her that she was doing great for a newcomer.

“Keep do good, stupid filly,” the ebony continued with hate in her voice, “N’Gwamba soon correct golden Supreme...”

Maggie was very angry about her attitude, so she used the crop far too often to make her fix her gait. Though, she couldn’t do the same with N’Gwamba who was protected by her status of Ebony Supreme until the preparation of the yard for the evening.



Hidden in the darkness, Malik Maruk loved to spy on the busy fillies.

He had recently moved his favorite susan down from the farm to the ethnic facility, and in a very short time, she had become the pride of her breed. She was never a racist before her capture, but now she would kill an ebony girl if it was required to serve the cause of the goldens before her Arab God.

That is why she was a great supporter of Maggie, whose sense of discipline and organisation had brought the golden stock at the top of the yard for months. For the young woman, that new rebellious filly was just a nuisance who could jeopardize the dominant position of the goldens and end her days as a favorite.



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## Chapter V The god on the cliff

**M**ore than a week after Marie-Thérèse's arrival in the farm, she was scheduled to meet at last the famous Malik Maruk on his official tour of the yard, a ceremony that had been announced for tonight. She felt the edgy excitement of the whole yard and dreaded the event, yet tremendously curious to take a closer look at the man who held her life in his hands.

She had seen him a couple of times, during the third major prayer, but could only discern a very small silhouette in white in the distance.

The moment of that prayer came once again when the sun left. The yard went completely dark in a minute, as usual, but this time, everyone was overexcited.

Maggie summoned the she-devils, and they all called their own stock in the yard. Soon, all the women were in position to pray, kneeling with their legs widely spread, their chest thrust forward and their heads raised up in the direction of the summit of the cliff.



The she-devils took place in front of their stock and Maggie in front of everyone.

“Praise Malik Maruk,” Maggie chanted, “Praise God of poor females.”

And then the whole yard repeated her words, waving the pelvis back and forth, aiming at the top of the cliff.

They waited for a few seconds, and they also heard the voices from some other facility. And a bit later, from another one, then from one more, in the distance.

Marie-Thérèse had counted five farms like this one when she had entered the plateau, but only three were right under the upper part of the cliff. The chanting was coming from everywhere. It meant that they were more than a thousand women on that remote area, praying a man who saw himself as God!

Malik Maruk lived in a farm on top of that cliff and would occasionally show from there to the captives down in the facilities of the plateau, keeping up the women’s fascination.

Maggie had said that Malik Maruk was likely to make an appearance on the cliff when he was scheduled for a visit later in the evening, and she was right. After they had repeated five times the chanting ritual, they saw the white silhouette looming at least three hundred yards over their heads. A clamor of admiration immediately followed his appearance, like in the previous ones, and Marie-Thérèse could only acknowledge the absolute sincerity of these women on that whole deity thing. Some of them were dripping body fluid, just because they had seen that man from afar. A lot of them were experiencing difficulties to breathe.

“Sullied sows worship Malik Maruk,” Maggie chanted, “sullied sows worship God of us sows.”

Once again, the yard repeated in choir, followed by the other facilities.

Marie-Thérèse could only perceive what that distant silhouette was doing, until the brown part of it began to gain on the white one.

“Open mouths!” Maggie exclaimed in haste, “Open and pull tongue. Welcome God in mouth!”

Marie-Thérèse obeyed, much curious about that unusual bit. And suddenly, she realized that the white in the silhouette had shrunk because Malik Maruk had raised his robe ... he was simply going to pee on them!

A few seconds later, thousands of very small drops started falling over the facility. It was utterly disgusting!

The others obviously didn’t share her revulsion, welcoming the golden rain with an amazing joy. Marie-Thérèse felt a drop landing on her cheek. Then, another one on her tongue, right before it stopped.

Suddenly, she was seized by an incredible bliss. One second she was utterly disgusted, and the next one, she was burning with pleasure. How could she climax out of a single drop of fluid from Malik Maruk? She had no idea that the Naffi Effect could be that powerful. What she had experienced in Wonderbourg with Yusuf Bourid was definitely nothing compared to this.

Her orgasm ended a few seconds later and left her very far from her previous disgust. Though, she was conscious of how weird this was; a man had peed on her, and it made her feel good? Was she on a path to total depravity, subtly led to do the worst things ... she shivered with the idea that some of her friends could see her do something like that. She would be forever labeled as a sick, deeply perverted woman. She had to be very careful...

Suddenly, she felt that the drop on her cheek was slowly sliding down, and her heart began to beat very fast. She pulled her tongue out and tried to use it to reach the liquid. After a minute of unsuccessful extreme attempts, her throat was hur-



ting badly.

One of the other women around her was in exactly the same trouble.

“lick,” she said, “share lick!”

Marie-Thérèse understood what she had to do, but she was worried about being robbed of her drop. The woman was showing her chest, where a golden drop was sliding down toward her navel. Marie-Thérèse made a sign that she agreed to the share, and soon that stranger was licking her face with eagerness.

When she had cleaned Marie-Thérèse’s cheek completely with big strokes, the woman was sweating so much with the orgasm that the drop had slid inside her navel. But it didn’t stop Marie-Thérèse, who dug into that hole with her tongue and climaxed again.

“Attention!” Maggie shouted with authority, “God look sullied sows!”

The whole herd straightened, suddenly ashamed of having possibly been disrespectful in enjoying a selfish orgasm when God was present.

Though, Malik Maruk had disappeared, leaving them all in the praying position until the order to move would come from Maggie.

Marie-Thérèse couldn’t help feeling a bit sad, until she remembered that Malik Maruk would be in the yard in person during the evening and shivered with excitement.

The fillies were sent back to their boxes, waiting now with impatience for Malik Maruk’s tour of the yard for dinner. Marie-Thérèse had plenty of time to cool down and think about what had just happened—she had enjoyed being peed on by an Arab from a cliff!

She had theorized a lot, written books and hosted many conferences about the Naffi Effect, but she had never expe-

rienced its incredible power before now. She craved for the body fluids of an Arab, for God’s sake!

Marie-Thérèse was a racist woman and had made no secret of it, and actually, the people that she despised the most in the world were the North-Africans. For her, they were only the degenerated descent of pirates who have been raiding the coasts of Europe for centuries, plundering cities, abducting Europeans to enslave them, especially fond of helpless Christian women whom they could rape in all legality ... and when the Europeans finally invaded them to put an end to all of this, bringing them civilisation when they could as well have enslaved them back, they initiated a dirty underground fight against their victors for a century, using the Christian weakness of many Europeans to kick them out of Africa, even if it meant their own downfall in the process. Oh! the filthy bastards...

And that was exactly what happened! Since they threw the European colonists away, they had been fighting among themselves, ethnic group against ethnic group, tribe against tribe, religious faction against religious faction. They had made such a mess of their new nations that a lot of their populations had fled away to work in Europe. And even there, they chose to keep fighting their hosts out of their thirst for revenge. Marie-Thérèse was seeing them all as scorpions, always striking when they could find some flaw, just because they could...

And now, that cursed naffi plant was opening a gigantic weakness to exploit within the European society. That weird effect gave them the possibility to take an absolute revenge on the helpless female descendants of their conquerors, and they used it without the slightest scruple!

Marie-Thérèse saw herself right now as one of these victims, unable to control her excitement to the prospect of one of those hated scoundrels coming here and feeling up her body!

The worst thing was that she was aware that it wasn’t only



the Naffi Effect; she had to admit that the way all the women were behaving around the yard was also going to her head. She would have thought that an independent individual like herself would be impervious to that kind of mass hysteria, but it was obviously not the case.

She had barely seen that man on the cliff, but she was already finding him fascinating. A thousand women were in adoration for him, and that fact was more than enough to make him interesting.

At last, just before nightfall, Marie-Thérèse heard the clicking of hoofs out of the farm; Malik Maruk was coming! Maggie opened the big door, and all the fillies got on all fours, taking the position of respect, head on the floor, thighs widely apart, their anus aiming at the entrance. In that position, Marie-Thérèse tried to watch the scene between her legs, consumed with curiosity, not even sure whether she was allowed to stare.

Maggie turned two powerful projectors on, illuminating the door as if it was a theater stage. Marie-Thérèse, dazzled, could see four superb crystal fillies enter the farmyard, doing a very impressive twisted trot. They were drawing some Roman chariot entirely made of gold, reflecting the light so much that Marie-Thérèse couldn't distinguish the driver. Like the other women in their boxes, she slowly turned on her knees to keep aiming at the vehicle with her crotch—out of discipline ... but also to be able to take a good look between her legs at who was driving it!

When the man jumped down from the chariot, the women began to wave lewdly their pelvis, chanting the name of Malik Maruk.

It was now even harder for Marie-Thérèse to see the man, as she needed to lower her belly when she was lifting up her pelvis, which was inconveniently hiding her view com-

pletely half the time. Though, Malik Maruk stood still in the light of a projector for a few seconds, relishing his popularity, an opportunity for Marie-Thérèse to take a good look to ... the old peasant who had come to fetch her at the Post-Office! The one whom she had obviously mistaken for a servant of Yusuf Bourid!

How disappointing! If this wrinkled man could arouse such veneration, it could only be the result of the Naffi Effect and nothing else. The whole idea that he could own her was obscene!

She decided that she was going to escape again fast; the stupid things that she was requested to do here were even worse than in Yusuf Bourid's stables, and that old North-African farmer was far from having the charisma of the Prince of Wonderbourg. Staying in this place as the slave of that Arab was not an option!

Unfortunately, her disappointed surprise had caused her to lose the sight of Malik Maruk between her legs for a second, and she had to turn faster to find out where the old Arab was located. She finally managed to get back in position, though Malik Maruk's eyes crossed hers at the precise moment when she was pinpointing him. The women were supposed to perceive the Master to be able to aim their anus accurately in his direction, but they were absolutely not allowed to stare openly.

Between her thighs, Marie-Thérèse could see the old man coming to her. Her view was hidden by her stomach when her pelvis was up and by her vulva when it was down, and the sight of him walking toward her with such determination was incredibly frightening. When he finally stopped, he was so close that she could only see, upside-down, his embroidered slippers and the lower part of his robe.

She was shivering, anticipating the crack of the whip on her buttocks, or worse, but nothing came, not even the slightest reprimand...



She assumed that Malik Maruk hesitated about what to do with her, and it was her chance to introduce herself to him. She put all her heart in waving her pelvis and chanting in rhythm, hoping that it would please the man so much that he would forget to punish her.

“Maliiiiiniik...” she repeated, raising her anus high... “Maruuuuuuk...” she continued when she was lowering it, imagining herself swallowing a cock with her internal muscles. “Maliiiiiniik... Maruuuuuuk... Maliiiiiniik... Maruuuuuuk...”

Marie-Thérèse was now accustomed to that ridiculous way of praying, and she felt no shame in behaving like all the other women around here. She had noticed that they were all completely in it, imagining themselves anally “mounted” by the Master, which actually might very well be the only way they could ever enjoy some intercourse with him, as they had very little chances to be chosen out of four hundred rivals in the yard and probably thousands in the other facilities.

Marie-Thérèse knew that it was impossible to show that much enthusiasm by only pretending. In that awkward moment, she started to think about her anal experience with Yusuf Bourid, something she had hated when it happened but regretted later not to have been able to enjoy when she could. So, it wasn't such a difficult thing to perform after all, and she knew that she could be very convincing that way.

Though, as it lasted for long minutes, the extreme position of her body began to exhaust her. But she had to continue, as any drop of enthusiasm could show to be disastrous. She didn't dare to look between her legs anymore now, concentrating on her movements and picturing Yusuf Bourid inside her.

“Maliiiiiniik... Maruuuuuuk... Maliiiiiniik... Maruuuuuuk...”

When she felt something worming its way between her nether lips, she knew that she would have jumped with horror if she hadn't done that imaginary intercourse. She took a glance between her legs and discovered that the thing inside her was his leather crop. The hand of Malik Maruk appeared in her field of vision and touched the part of the tool that had made its way between her labia for a few seconds. It was quite clear that he was checking out for her body fluid and didn't want to be in contact with her skin directly, as the Naff Effect would have ruined his little test for a sincere reaction!

She also noticed that his gestures were not the ones of a lover checking out if his female partner was aroused, but the neat routine ones of a professional. Actually, Marie-Thérèse now thought that it was exactly what he was—a battery-rearing farmer! Malik Maruk was breeding women like animals, perhaps for Yusuf Bourid ... or to sell them later!

“Maliiiiiniik... Maruuuuuuk... Maliiiiiniik... Maruuuuuuk...” she continued despite the fact that she couldn't see him behind her anymore.

The sound of the door of the farmhouse shutting down was a great relief. Malik Maruk had left the yard. Now she could rest a little ... only, that wasn't what happened at all when she stopped waving her pelvis. Instead, she felt the firm grip of Maggie on her neck.

“Bad Sow! bad!” the Golden Supreme shouted, “Maggie shame!”

She began to thrash Marie-Thérèse's buttocks with her crop.

“No respect Mighty God!” she went on, “golden stock shame! Maggie remove filly rank ... filthy sow now! Maggie whip stupid sow!”

Marie-Thérèse felt the bite of the whip on her backside; it was such a strong one that she almost dropped down flat on the



beaten-earth floor.

She wasn't expecting such a treatment; after all, she had managed to entertain the Master ... but did she actually? She had stared at him ... that was probably the reason of Maggie's anger. The following part had been a tremendous success for Marie-Thérèse, who had found a way to be in the good books of Malik Maruk and so to ease considerably her escape, but obviously for everybody around she had just behaved like a normal white filly!

For them, she was just guilty of the serious flaw of having dared staring at their damned "Mighty God," and what happened later was just natural and in no way a redemption.

Marie-Thérèse suddenly felt the atrocious burn of another stroke of the whip, this time right on her anus ... she wouldn't forget that one for at least a week!

A third strike occurred and an incredible pain spread in her body: the lash had badly brushed her clitoris, though she didn't suffer it for long, as she almost immediately passed out...

## Chapter VI

### The mystical experience of Madame de Cuisse

When Marie-Thérèse woke up, the first thing that she felt was the pain on her most tender spots. It was deep into the night, and N'Gwamba was leaning over her.

"Up stupid sow," she whispered, "ebony Supreme butter golden sow."

Marie-Thérèse didn't get it at first, still needing a moment to translate the "Sluttish" language, but as the black she-devil was rubbing an oily product on her painful bits, she assumed that was how she was "battered".

"Ebony Supreme worship stupid sow" N'Gwamba continued, "golden sows grovel. stupid sow no grovel. N'Gwamba worship, lick stupid sow."

The black woman put her lips on her vulva and slowly opened her Venus cleft with her tongue. It was a bit weird for Marie-Thérèse, but N'Gwamba was so nice that she allowed her to continue. She never had a lesbian experience before the



licking welcome in the yard, and this second time looked quite different. Marie-Thérèse hadn't enjoyed the company of a man for a while, and she appreciated such a spontaneous act of friendship from this woman. Though, how could she be pleased without feeling the slightest bit of shame? She only hoped that she didn't have to return the favor, or something like that ... licking that savage was out of the question!

N'Gwamba brought her soon to the orgasm, and Marie-Thérèse completely forgot her wounds in that magical moment. She had nothing much against blacks, and this woman, despite the fact that she was from the ethnic group of the ferocious Mahawis, was really nice with her.

Suddenly alerted by an unusual noise, N'Gwamba stood up fast and walked away in silence. Marie-Thérèse was left alone in her box for a few minutes when Maggie appeared. The golden Supreme made threatening gestures and showed an angry face.

"Stupid sow comply," she said, "stupid sow no comply, get whip! Sow get?"

Marie-Thérèse shook her head fast. She had understood all right! Satisfied, Maggie lowered the tarpaulin and went away.

It was also Maggie who personally pulled Marie-Thérèse out of the box four hours later to make her take the position of respect much before the cracking of the morning whip, signal for all the fillies to wake up and rise on all fours at once. That day was going to be a very difficult one for Marie-Thérèse!

Maggie didn't allow her to eat with the others in the manger. Instead, she made her clean up each of her fellow blonde fillies after they had done their natural needs, which was really disgusting, especially so early in the morning. Every golden was acting like if they had a personal grudge against Marie-Thérèse, glaring at her while they were stron-

gly rubbing their anus on her tongue. Maggie was then pushing her head forward, speaking with a hateful voice: "Tongue deeper! Deeper!"

But the worst for Marie-Thérèse was how she was now despised by all the farmyard; even her fellow golden fillies were encouraging women of the other stocks to it, and she couldn't stand that. After a few days of that awful treatment, Marie-Thérèse was feeling like a wet rag.

Of course, she would now assume the position of respect swiftly and without even a glance in the presence of Malik Maruk. She had perfectly understood the difference between messing with Maggie, something that could be seen as courageously rebellious, and messing with Malik Maruk, which was established as evil and blasphemous and would bring the hate of the whole yard on her. The days were passing, and nobody seemed to forgive her for the misbehavior of her first encounter with her owner. Was it her definitive status?

Only N'Gwamba's sweet smiles were comforting her, and Marie-Thérèse seriously considered escaping from the farm with her help, but would the ebony she-devil risk everything to allow her to flee from a place she seemed to love?

All the women around were incredibly happy with their lives. The main reason of their joy was because Malik Maruk had chosen this facility for a while. He was usually in his farm on the highest plateau of the cliff, right above them, but he was known to change residence from time to time. The place where he stayed was gleaming with his holy presence, and all the women were proud.

On Malik Maruk's fourth day in the farm, a new ceremony was scheduled. He meant to honor his favorite stock in the yard, which happened to be the golden one. So, the thirty blonde fillies were cleaned and prepared with great care in the morning to be ready when Malik Maruk would show in



the afternoon. Marie-Thérèse wasn't annoyed by her fellow goldens that day, as it seemed that they all needed to stick together for the occasion. Only Maggie came to her and made it quite clear that much worse things could happen to her if she shouldn't behave properly during the ceremony.

After lunch, their mouths were cleaned again and their make-up fixed. And then, a long wait began. For hours, the yard was filled with tension and excitement. All the women, and especially the goldens, had their ears pricked up toward the central building, anxious for the door to open.

And suddenly, it happened; the blonde girl who followed Malik Maruk everywhere—her name was Susan—popped out of the farmhouse and ran toward the boxes of the golden stock. Maggie jumped up to stand at attention, watching carefully what the young woman was doing. When Susan turned around and fell down flat on the ground facing the building, Maggie reacted instantly. She didn't say anything, but used her hands to signal that they all needed to get in line and take the position of the worm.

All the goldens rushed out of their boxes on their knees toward their usual place. Marie-Thérèse made no exception, but she didn't go as fast as her fellow blondes, mostly because it was still painful for her knee caps! Though, it was nothing compared to what she had to do next. Once in her spot, she needed to jump from the kneeling position and land flat on the ground in one single movement. She had done it during her training after hundreds of unsuccessful attempts, but now with the pressure of Malik Maruk's presence, she was scared of what would happen to her if she ruined this. Though it was hurting every time when her body was hitting the ground, it was nothing compared to what she would get later if she spoiled the ceremony.

When she arrived on her spot, she waited with the others. Maggie had made very clear that the phrase "Almighty God want fillies show respect!" meant that he intended to have the women express it in front of him, not in their actual position, which was a basic display of common decency needing no special instruction.

So, they had to wait until he would pass the door, until he would walk into the yard, until he would turn toward them and then only, when they would be sure that his eyes were on them, they would have to jump flat on the beaten-earth floor. Fortunately Maggie was very good at managing the women according to their skills, and she had put the fastest one on first line, Marie-Thérèse being with the slow ones at the rear.

So, when Malik Maruk entered the yard and looked at them, they all dived on the floor. Susan and the front line jumped very high, using their feet to throw themselves up, making the landing even more painful, but showing the extent of their respect to their God! Marie-Thérèse was instructed not to try it overzealously, as she could ruin it completely by falling in an awkward way; so she complied and did the basic down dive.

When the first line had landed in a big noise of flesh and bones meeting the hard mud floor, Marie-Thérèse was still going down. As expected, she flattened herself against the ground painfully, not fully accustomed to use the proper parts of her body to cushion the shock, and as usual, the slight slide she did on the ground burnt her chin, her fists, and her knees like hell!

She had managed to do it all right though and was now in the correct position, flat on the ground, her legs widely spread crossing those of the two women next to her. After this, the most difficult part was to keep the position and stay still. The tongue was in contact with the floor, and it was beginning to



dry the mouth after a few seconds; her eyes had to look up at Malik Maruk.

She understood very well while it was called the “trans-fixed worm”, as it described exactly how she felt at this moment. Malik Maruk was a giant walking over the blonde heads of her fellow goldens, and he could just squash her tongue on the ground with his slipper if he fancied so.

Contrary to the rear respect position, the fillies had to look straight at the Master, so the expression of their face was very important. The old man needed to read pure adoration for him in their eyes!

Marie-Thérèse had no problem with that, because she had a whole week to train and was pretty sure that she would easily avoid punishment this time, even though she despised that man. She was good at simulating orgasm with her husbands when it needed to be done, and she was confident in her ability to get the right expression when the eyes of the old farmer would cross hers.

It was the first time that Marie-Thérèse could take a good look at him since the post-office. She had already noticed that his face was all wrinkled, and that he had very few teeth left, all rotten. Though, she had no clue how she could ever have seen this man as a servant; he had far too much charisma for that!

At first, with her eyes stuck on the old farmer, Marie-Thérèse thought that he was walking among his fillies, but she realized at some point that he was walking on them, like if this was a mat of white flesh displayed for his comfort. Well, actually it was exactly the case! He was taking his time, throwing a gwalad soaked in his saliva down the human carpet at random. Marie-Thérèse assumed that they were landing on some woman’s tongue, but she had no idea

if one would be allowed to swallow it or had to wait until he was gone, as she had no rehearsal about that. Though, when her direct neighbor received one, she understood immediately that they were free to enjoy it, as she could hear the woman’s moans of bliss.

The moment Marie-Thérèse had dreaded had finally come: the eyes of Malik Maruk fell down on hers. She made herself the face of a religious painting, pretty sure that the old man would see an expression of worship.

Though instead, he frowned, like if he had witnessed a terribly displeasing thing!

“Golden sow insult God!” he said, watching Marie-Thérèse straight in the eyes, “worship Mighty God, sow! Adore!”

Suddenly in panic, Marie-Thérèse desperately tried to show something like that in her eyes, realizing that she had been a little too confident with her acting skills. She tried again, but it got worse: Malik Maruk had just jumped with horror.

“Adore Arab God, white worm!” he repeated, “Worship!”

She was devastated, probably showing only fear now. In despair, she shut her eyes and tried to imagine that she was in the presence of God—and it had to appear on her face quickly!

She took a look, wondering if she would be punished for her flaw, but it seemed Malik Maruk had been expecting it. He had calmed down, and his expression had become sweet.

“Oh, God understand ... sow stupid!” he said with goodness in his voice, “sow no need fake... God own sow. Sow no can fight. Sow worship God ... no fake!”

Marie-Thérèse felt incredibly relieved; the man wasn’t so evil after all; he was trying to help her getting out of this awful situation because she was new. Yet, she doubted that she could force herself to really believe that this old Arab was God!

Anyway, she was out of options and had to try something



different. Malik Maruk was waiting. If she didn't succeed, she risked being thrown to exhausting work in the fields like those poor women she had seen along the road to the cliff, or worse ... she doubted that she was able to display such a thing in her eyes but anyway she had to show that she was trying. She didn't have to imagine herself praying, because in a moment like that it would always be the case—she needed a little help from God! She just had to throw away the idea that Malik Maruk was an evil Arab and hope that if she really could imagine Malik Maruk as God, it could show on her face, like in the Actor Studio's method!

So, she humbled herself, shut her eyes and began to pray as she had already done in desperate situations. When she opened her eyes, a few seconds later, she imagined that the man who was looking at her was the living image of the one she was praying. She felt that she was on the point of succeeding, when suddenly she was stricken by a terrible thought: this was blasphemy!

She put that nonsense aside in haste. What a silly superstition! She believed in God all right, but she believed in her survival better. No ... no she needed to throw these ideas away and concentrate. Surely God would forgive her for being forced to this. She only had to pretend ... no, that wouldn't work, to be ... she had no other choice but to abandon herself totally to the idea that Malik Maruk was God... Malik Maruk was God... Though, what if she was leaving her immortal soul here? What if she could never come back to her previous beliefs...

She dismissed that too. Her education wouldn't be replaced so quickly. It was only her pride that was giving her such silly ideas. She had to comply, to put her ego aside ... she had already been in therapy for that! And nobody was

there anyway to report to anyone of importance that the great writer Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse had been praying an old Arab as her God... He was God! She had to keep that in mind... To convince herself for a minute that it was for real ... and later she would probably laugh about it ... he was God, he had her life in his hands in so many ways ... yes, it was true!



This was the moment that the old man chose to put his palm on her forehead, creating a tremendous excitement all over her body: The Naffi Effect! it was as strong as when she received the drop from the cliff! And it supported her attempts to convince herself that Malik Maruk was God. Actually, it carried it very fast ... the whole thing was rushing in her mind, creating a huge turmoil ... until the weirdest idea just came to her ... what if Malik Maruk was really God?

Though, this time, she didn't dismiss it. This was exactly what she wanted. She began to chant in silence: "Malik Maruk! Malik Maruk my God, I worship you!"

Marie-Thérèse didn't care about her image anymore, her ego or any other of these secondary considerations. Malik Maruk was God... Malik Maruk was everything ... and it was such a relief!

She was at the peak of her autosuggestion when the orgasm overwhelmed her. She had opened a door, and now this whole concept was rushing deeply into her mind, surfing on the bliss. She had in her mouth the taste of the saliva that Malik Maruk was spitting on her tongue, the greatest of all honors around here. It meant that he had accepted her performance ... it was a success!

But the saliva didn't only make her feel victorious and self-satisfied, it also increased the Naffi Effect exponentially, triggering chained orgasms for the first time ... this unique experience that only the Naffi Effect could bring was so powerful that she saw it as a kind of rebirth, a second defloration that would change her life forever ... and in this new life, her sense of achievement and happiness would be indelibly associated with the concept that had triggered the revelation: indeed, Malik Maruk was God!



## Chapter VII

### A couple of skilled trainers

**M**alik Maruk enjoyed every minute of it. Today, he had successfully broken all the mustang's barriers open, and the possibility of his deity was now deeply nested into her mind. Things would be much easier from then.

He loved that feeling. He had suspected, when he had entered the yard, that the decuisse golden would try to fake worshipping him. The fruit was ripe for that, but he had no idea if he would be able to shape her mind so completely.

That was Malik Maruk's great talent with the swillraoussas: he could feel them. He knew almost instinctively when the moment was right to pluck the fruit.

The swillraoussas<sup>1</sup> were his specialty, and people from the whole world came to his farm to learn something from him about them. And indeed he could teach a thing or two, but his

*1 — Wild white females who were born outside the Valley*



greatest asset was his natural talent. He could break any female. He had the skills to make a slave of an Arab woman, if the Phoenic Prophet Habeeb Al Muhaid had not strictly forbidden the use of training tricks on Arab goddesses. He got very good results with the Asians and the Africans, even with cruel savages like the Mahawis, but nothing compared to his huge talent to see inside the porcine brain of the white. And the animals he loved the most to train were the most difficult according to everyone else: the mustangs.

He had just delivered an ostrich last week to Yusuf Bourid, a haughty European female who had to be broken alone, rejected for a long time by her master and then offered to become an elite under the rule of Arab gods.

A mustang was even more interesting, needing to be isolated from her fellow porcine bipeds, but not from her master. A first stage was to teach the wild animal her new thankless duties, allowing a slight rebellion to grow. Then, a second stage when the sow had to be totally rejected by her own stock—and the life of a mustang is all about her stock!

In her natural environment, that particular female would tend to separate her race from the others, putting it on a pedestal and trying to make it control all breeds around, therefore being rejected from her kind was the most terrible thing that could happen to her.

In stage 2 of the training, the animal was always unable to continue that path and would begin to turn her rebellion into obedience until she could get back the respect of her own breed. With this golden deuceise, this part had been particularly short, which was a sign of high quality. She now entered stage 3 with an incredible enthusiasm, and it was a great satisfaction for a trainer!

When he realized that she was already faking worship, his experience had told him that she was ready to end

Phase 2, able to do anything to get back into the good books of her stock. He jumped on the occasion and then, seeing the mind torture that the poor animal suffered, he followed his instinct and pointed her in the right direction. When she was obviously trying to force herself into worshipping him, he waited until he could read on her face some improvement. And when he did, he touched her forehead to reward it.

After that, he chose the precise moment in the chained reaction to inject his saliva and boost it to its exponential peak. From this point, her domestication was only a formality! She would forget this for now, but in her next physical contact with an Arab man, it would come back with a vengeance and worm its way deeper each time. Whatever Malik Maruk would do, the ethnic training facility and all that challenge between different stocks would unavoidably turn her into a dedicated follower. Though with his skills, she could be even more ... she could become one of the best mustangs in the world. One who could betray everything for her master.

She would slowly come to consider him really as God, a being far above that racial struggle, though Malik Maruk's job now wasn't really about him. He needed to make her see all Arabs for what they were: Gods above her petty ethnic quarrels.

"Golden stock good" Malik Maruk said intentionally loud, "Golden sow now golden filly again. Golden filly worship Arab Gods good!"

And he walked away back to the farmhouse, satisfied, leaving a naked and shivering white porcine female called Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse flat on the ground of the yard.

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Fatima Maruk brought the traditional Shazilari goose cooked in blonde milk to her husband. It was an appreciated ritual in Rasheedia that the lady of the house should personally carry that special dish to the table at Zwarhonrao<sup>2</sup>. Of course, Fatima wasn't cooking the meal by herself ... she wasn't killing the goose or milking the udders of the blonde cows either; her slaves were doing it for her...

She had just come back from the palace owned by her husband in Maruk, a place inherited from his grandfather the founder of the city. It was their real home, though Malik was spending more and more time in his experimental farms. Fatima liked these facilities on the Naouda cliff, and for her it was shore leave from the numerous things she had to do in the palace, organizing the life of 3 eunuchs, 7 she-devils, 100 white female soldiers, 180 servants and 60 pets in the Harem, 200 fillies and 6 Steeds in the stables, 500 slaves in the yard, and more than 2000 in the fields around.

She was a bit worried about how the eunuchs were going to manage the place without her, but she liked the company of her husband better and enjoyed much more the simple life of a farmer's wife than the social role that she had to play there. Assisting her husband was fun, restful, and always instructive about how to enslave the white sluts, Malik Maruk keeping her informed of his progress.

She had witnessed the conversion of many European females here, like that Ségolène Micheraie of the UN, and she couldn't see them as women anymore. That Ségolène had been a fierce opponent to the white trade, determined to

throw a spanner in the works of legitimate Rasheedian entrepreneurs. According to that spoilsport, it was wrong to sell and buy so-called "free human beings", but after three months here, she was begging to become a filly, like the others.

If that white had been a free human being like she claimed, why did she choose to be a part of that trade? If that system was so horrible, why would she be so enthusiastic about being turned into a mere product as soon as the opportunity was given to her? She just had to come here and see reality by herself to throw away to the trash the stupid regulations that she had extolled so much during all her silly previous life.

Digging a little, it was obvious that these "humane" complaints were only there to hide an unfair trade protectionism from the western nations. It was impossible for them to make money with white females, that raw material that they got in abundance? Then nobody else would!

When Rasheedians opened that new market, most beneficial for the world's economic growth, the swine had just decided that it wasn't fair to trade that product. Haughty sluts like Ségolène Micheraie<sup>3</sup>, or that racist bitch de Cuisse who lived now in her farmyard had fought to keep the western pre-eminence. But for Fatima, it was clear: the whites had stripped her people from their natural riches for centuries, it was only fair to make use of their own natural riches now and trade some of their pretty little females! If they missed them so much, why didn't they grow more of them instead of trying to spoil good business?

Unlike her husband, who was a Shazilari from a famous family, Fatima was born in Europe with North-African origins and was raised in the idea that everyone was equal. Getting

<sup>2</sup>—*"the day of the Holy Book" in Shaziri—the most sacred holiday in Rasheedia*

<sup>3</sup>—*see: "Outfoxing the White Fillies" and "Reining in the White Fillies"*



older, she realized that television displayed exactly the opposite reality: it was always the same people who were the victims, and she was among them. She never saw herself as abused or anything, but listening to these statements again and again, she became permanently angry and paranoid about every little thing that could be related to racism.

When she was forty-five, her first husband died. She didn't want to be a charge to her children, like the traditional North-African mother. She chose to live by herself and get a bite of that independence she could never experience before. She developed a fascination for the Shazilarians, physically so close to her own people but so different with their culture.

They were basically Beduins who had mixed through generations with a Negroid ethnic group, the Shaziris; so they had a dark skin, just like herself with her Moorish origins. She began to love that people who had been isolated for centuries to be suddenly subjected to the hate that the world had in stock for them: the westerners accused them of white slavery, the Islamic fundamentalists condemned them as heretics and perverted, and the rest of the Muslims considered them as unorthodox people who needed to update their beliefs to the Islam of today. Like many North-Africans, she disagreed with these critics and wished to know these newcomers more. She met Malik Maruk in a conference about Shazilari culture and fell in love with him instantly.

Malik Maruk had helped her a lot with the transition to these better values, encouraging her to exploit the porcine species for her sexual entertainment and throw any shame, any guilt, any frustration of revenge to the trash. He made her discover another world where she was somebody at last ... and somebody powerful!

She was born a Muslim, but she had to convert to islahoic religion when she married Malik Maruk. Though it

was very close to Islam on most points, it was really different on a few very significant issues: nudity was seen as natural and the sole reason why the Shazilarian women were using the burqa was because it was teasing men, not out of prudishness.

After a few years in that new environment, she began to forget her resentful youth. How could she keep being embarrassed for her past exploitation in a place where she was among the happy few pulling the strings? White females, usually so haughty and condescending, were suddenly treating her as the Mistress, a Goddess to worship. In Europe, they would have ignored her totally, but here, they waited for her signal to satisfy their basic natural needs—breeding included! Handsome stallions were fighting to get her attention and would die to be chosen for her pleasure.

Also, the way the Shazilarians saw the whites was completely different, not as infidels to convert, but as the offspring of an animal species descending from the common pig. A good phoenic Muslim had to acknowledge them as such, and it was the pride of a worthy person to lead these poor animals to their salvation. It was the reason why taking sexual fun out of the porcine bipeds wasn't only authorized, but recommended as the humane quality which impressed Allah the most. To be brought before him after death, the whites needed to have rejected any human pretense and lived at the foot of the Arab man in their original state of pigs and in adoration for their masters, the only ones able to reflect the light of Allah on them. Only then, their species would be granted a place in Paradise. So it was the honor of a good Faithful of Prophet Ali<sup>1</sup> to give guidance to the greatest number possible of these poor creatures, so that they could find their peace in a life of worship.



A worthy Faithful of Prophet Ali had to whatever was necessary to put an end to their imitation of humans, which was an insult to Allah. After that, Rasheedians could use them for anything, except for eating their unclean flesh. The porcine who were granted the respected status of White Cattle could then be allowed to live under the hand of a Rasheedian god and bathe through him in the light of Allah.

Most Rasheedians were good people and had the real desire to help the animals that had accepted the holy truth. Taking pleasure out of their bodies was seen as a sweet behavior to relieve the poor creatures from the irrepressible itch they got for contact with Arab skin and fluids that Allah had seeded deeply into their nature. It had been revealed through the divine fruit, the Naffi, but that part, a level 3 classified information, was not shared by all Rasheedians.

She cherished this new world where she could love her husband and still get sexual pleasure from her slaves with his blessing. And she respected him much more for it, even if he was only following his religion.

Malik Maruk had taught her how to train her white steeds like pets, rewarding those who were the most eager to please their mistress; they could be given pre-eminence on the covering of all fillies in the farms over stallions who had been less enthusiastic in their worship. After a few years of it, she had managed to create a team of faithful steeds adoring her as a goddess, and she didn't even need to reward them anymore to get the best of them. Her white animals now felt instinctively that if they had no importance in the eyes of Fatima, they didn't exist at all!

After years of this total domination over whites, she had forgotten her early years of resentment, and only a haughty newcomer could awake that feeling.

When that would happen, she'd take a few days off in her "revenge yard", as would do Empress Rasheeda and every member of the high society of the Empire who had grown in a western country. Fatima owned a place like this where all people who weren't nice with her in her previous life had been trained after their abduction. There, Fatima could enjoy her despitful neighbors, grumpy employers, cruel schoolmates, deceptive lovers, everyone who had crossed her path in Europe and whom she held a grudge against. In the Revenge Yard, she had absolute power over them. Through the years, she used and abused of that place.

But with time, she began to feel bad about being cruel with these people who were now so sweet with her, even knowing that it was only because she was in charge. She experienced guilt. Malik Maruk helped her to get rid of that feeling too. She finally convinced herself that the white porcine from her previous existence had always wanted to live in their natural way, and that it was only impossible for them to admit it before, because of their social position. But once far away from the judgement of western society and forced to accept the rules of an Arab goddess, they would get at last what they had so much longed for unconsciously, and she was the only one who could generously provide them with that happiness.

Now she could be nice with her old enemies. She wouldn't use the whip anymore, except, of course, when they weren't swift enough to assume the position of respect or didn't gallop at a reasonable speed when they were pulling her, or gave her a look with something else than adoration in them ... only for such serious matters. Naturally, she wouldn't forgive major disrespect, like if one of her stallion's cock would be late to rise in her presence. She would just cut the offensive item! fortunately it was very rare, as they all knew the absolute rule and



somehow managed to follow it. Those who adopted a proper behavior had nothing to fear, and Fatima was satisfied with it. It was in the interest of these domesticated whites to do everything in their power to make her forget that they had been one day some unfit worms that had hurt their goddess. As long as they went on behaving like animals and were sufficiently good not to remind to their owner their silly human pretense or any similar embarrassment, they would be loved in return.

And in that new world that she had created for herself in the Palace, where her old neighbors who never invited her in their home to buy their plastic boxes were now begging for a soaked gwalad with moans of love, making a mess at the sight of her saliva, Fatima started to be a bit bored.

That was the reason why she was right here now. She wanted to go further into the knowledge of porcine biped training. For a year, she worked with her husband and became as much his assistant as his wife. She soon proved herself to be extremely valuable to Malik Maruk, mostly because she had lived surrounded with his raw material in their natural environment for years.

They usually shared their views on current training processes at dinner. And this time, they got a very interesting subject to talk about: Madame Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, the new "mustang".

Fatima cut a piece of the goose for her husband, pushing away the blonde pet who carried the dish of semolina and vegetables. She kneeled in front of Malik Maruk and kissed his hand, according to the Rashedian tradition.

"Happy Zwarhonrao, my darling," she said to him in Arabic.

"Happy Zwarhonrao to you too, my love," Malik Maruk

replied. He made a slight movement of the head. Fatima stood up, then sat down at the table.

A blonde pet servant brought her a bowl of extra white sauce. Fatima coated religiously her husband's piece of goose with it and waited for his reaction. The blonde girl stepped away and kneeled down holding the bowl over her head, next to the one with the semolina.

Malik Maruk took a mouthful and ate it in silence.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed. "I bet you used the milk of that whitestock golden. I thank Allah for creating some blonde dairy cows with such a delicious product to offer, when the basic porcine females would give only a bitter one."

Fatima didn't reply to that, as usual when Malik Maruk was praising Allah's greatness. She sat back on her seat to taste the goose. After a mouthful, she nodded her agreement to his statement about the quality of the blonde milk used for the sauce.

"I saw everything through the window this afternoon," Fatima said, "That was very impressive! Is that de Cuisse done yet?"

"No, no, I don't think so," Malik Maruk replied, "though I'm pretty satisfied: That old routine works fine with the average filly, but with mustangs it's a bit tricky. I merely seized an opportunity in her eyes. For a moment she was acknowledging that I was her God. I'm sure that she's completely rejected this idea by now, but the intensity of her response means that this will come back when I meet her again. Each time, I'll just have to make her doubt about her ability to hide me stuff, and it will always make her open that door... And, as soon as she opens it, I just have to touch her to grow the seed that I planted deep inside."





Malik Maruk bent forward and showed the generous desire to spit a bit of the dish out to a favorite. A blonde pet uncoiled backwards to catch the chewed food from her mouth: It was Susan Braggston, her husband's preferred piglet.

She was well trained, as Malik Maruk didn't have to wait at all to spit his donation. After this, he straightened up and turned toward Fatima again, and the blonde brat jumped down at his feet and licked his slippers.

"So did you create all that stuff for nothing?" Fatima enquired, "dividing this facility in stocks, bringing new females from distant countries, designing special outfits and all?"

"No, of course not! I needed to transform the three farms under the cliff anyway, for the fast training of particular slaves who are very difficult to handle. But this is also a laboratory to find new ways of bringing the white porcine to the truth! This configuration is especially prepared for mustangs. Whether or not it was this environment that led the decuisse to get so quickly to that level is still to determine. I'll make a few more attempts and if I can see a pattern there, I will do it on a larger scale and deposit a patent at the Rasheedian Imperial Society for Porcine Biped Management."

"I used to like the traditional Shazilari farm that you've recreated down there," Fatima said, "was it really worth the trouble to come to that industrial stuff back again?"

"I had to do it," Malik replied, "This whole facility is now financed by Yusuf Bourid for the purpose of training two exceptional porcine samples. It's over with that Ségolène Micheraie, but I didn't want to change the configuration of the upper farm, as it shows to be perfect for these haughty ostriches. This one was the most convenient of the five facilities of the lower plateau for my little mustang experiment. I won't miss the traditional one that was here anyway: it was meant for historical purpose, to teach kids from cities about the facts of nature, but



everybody in Rasheedia has one of these nowadays! A mustang farm, that's unique! Mustangs must have a place with a lot of tension between stocks, and giving them a challenge for my attention is terribly efficient. Though, I need a few more subjects to settle the project, I've already started the building of a bigger ethnic farm in the fields down there, and once it's done, I'll give you this little farm for you to use as you please."

"Oh thank you darling, that's wonderful!" Fatima exclaimed, "It's perfect for what I want to do for my son Kader: you know that he's a very withdrawn person, and I don't like him to keep company with those bearded fanatics in Europe. I intend to make him a big surprise and bring in here all the boys and girls who were in college with him to become his slaves. Something went wrong during his scholarship, and I want him to have the opportunity to solve it his way—with much more attention paid to him!"

"Excellent!" Malik Maruk laughed, "I don't know very well those fundamentalists, but the few who came here to convert Shazilari people to their views had thrown all that away after a few days spent whipping flocks of white but-tocks. Who wants to die to enter Allah's Paradise when it's already on Earth? I fully support your idea, I'll enjoy the show that these nuts will bring before they let go their stupid beliefs."

"Oh Malik" Fatima exclaimed, "I knew I could count on you, even if he's not of your blood."

"I made him my son when I married you," Malik Maruk said, "Though, I must warn you that the most difficult task will be to make him come. I met him only twice, and each time he refused my proposition to live here, or even to spend a few days ... 'surrounded with unclean naked western women', as he said!"

"I got an idea to bring him to the farm," Fatima smiled,

"you were just talking about what inevitably happens when those fanatics come here, so why not inviting all his bearded pals and their Molah to convert Shazilarian people?"

"Brilliant!" Malik laughed. "I'll help you to it. But right now, I need you to concentrate with me on the training of that mustang. I only have one month to deliver a completely obedient Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, or I lose my bonus ... and you're aware of how much I like pregnant princesses since I went hunting in Europe a few years ago!"

"Yes," Fatima said with a smile, "I was with you, remember, when we were humiliated in that luxurious department store, right after our wedding. I know it was the fault of that princely family of Wonderbourg who wanted some privacy to shop there. Still, you were wrong to fight with that huge bodyguard!"

"Well, he jumped on me!" Malik Maruk protested. "And actually it was you who told him that we had the right to stay in that public place. I was the one he pushed on the floor and handcuffed. And next, I was accused of terrorism and had to live in a squalid building for four months before they send me back home without even telling you where I was!"

"I know, because I'm the one who suffered the most of that affair: That public accusation of terrorism made me lose my job, and it was after that incident that my children began to become withdrawn, thanks to their nice pals at school! But enough with that; we had agreed not to talk about that horrible event again."

"Yes, my wife" Malik Maruk said, sorry, "I shouldn't ruminate that, but what I never told you before was that, in addition to the humiliation, I have lost thirty-eight young white females that I had carefully selected in the country. They already had their plane ticket to my palace of Eldorado Beach! They thought that I was some kind of eccentric Emir whom they



could easily manoeuvre and had planned to use me for getting free luxurious holidays. And of course, they considered me much too old to threaten their young orifices! When they saw me on TV accused of terrorism, they didn't even try to contact me, though still decided to use their plane ticket to go to Rasheedia by themselves. Thankfully, I have been able to buy them later to other Landlords who had picked them on the beach, but I lost a little fortune!"

"Bah! You're already rich! And the bodyguard who did that to you is in your farmyard to provide a daily revenge. He's a big mouth, but not a great stud, I should say!"

"Probably because he's the only stallion who never covers any female," Malik laughed, "and who often gets mounted by other genitors to entertain the fillies ... and us! I guess now he knows from the inside how it feels to be handcuffed and thrown down to the floor!"

And they laughed until the end of the dinner.

## Chapter VIII The glove puppet

In her box, Marie-Thérèse had been thinking a lot about the traumatic event she had just experienced. She wasn't going to church, yet she believed in God, and the idea that the old man could be the Creator was a bad joke for her. Still, for a moment, she had been really convinced that Malik Maruk was God! Fortunately, she had forgotten that nonsense in the morning and all she remembered was that she was able to trick Malik Maruk into believing that she worshiped him.

She thought that she wouldn't meet the old man for a while, as usual, and felt a little sad about it, but the next day, while she was in the circus being taught a new pace by Maggie, Marie-Thérèse saw Malik Maruk's favorite and, behind her, a shadow that could only be the old farmer trying to hide his presence.

Marie-Thérèse suspected that he had already come here that way, as she noticed that young woman watching her training more than once. In that case, it meant that Malik Maruk



never really cared about her rebellion against Maggie ... and now that she thought of it, it was logical, because N'Gwamba wouldn't have dared encouraging her to it if her Lord and Master hadn't approved. It seemed that, if moving the wrong eyebrow in front of Malik Maruk could bring her the hate of her fellow goldens, disobeying to Maggie was at least tolerated. Probably the old man considered that the whip lashes she would get out of her lack of discipline were punishment enough.

That pace Maggie wanted so much to teach her right now was far from easy, though it wasn't the most difficult one. Marie-Thérèse's problem was more about how incredibly ridiculous it was. She had to raise her knees high at each step with her pelvis thrown forward, and stamp her feet on the ground like a capricious child, making her vulva and the bell attached to it undergo a very inviting jump. This reminded her too much of that famous English television show where such a pace was called a "silly walk".

Probably it wasn't so silly for a man who would watch it done by a pretty naked woman, and he would rather be aroused than amused. Though, she couldn't part with the impression that it was just turning her into a figure of ridicule. In reaction, she was clowning, emphasizing the movements to make them even funnier ... and it was certainly working on N'Gwamba who was chuckling a few yards away.

Suddenly, the laugh stopped in an instant. Malik Maruk had entered the circus!

Immediately, the three fillies jumped down into the sawdust and turned around very fast to present their buttocks to the Master, chanting his name while doing the usual salute with their pelvis.

"Golden Supreme," he exclaimed, "Stand-up!"

Maggie stood up at attention, her legs spread to put

her hairless vulva in evidence, her mouth wide open with the tongue drawn out.

"Stupid golden filly grovel good?" he asked. "stupid golden filly beg for anal mounting now?"

In sluttish, it meant: "Is the new blonde behaving properly? As she learnt to be polite?"

Maggie sadly lowered her head in despair.

"Stupid golden filly wallow like spoiled boar! Golden stock shame!"

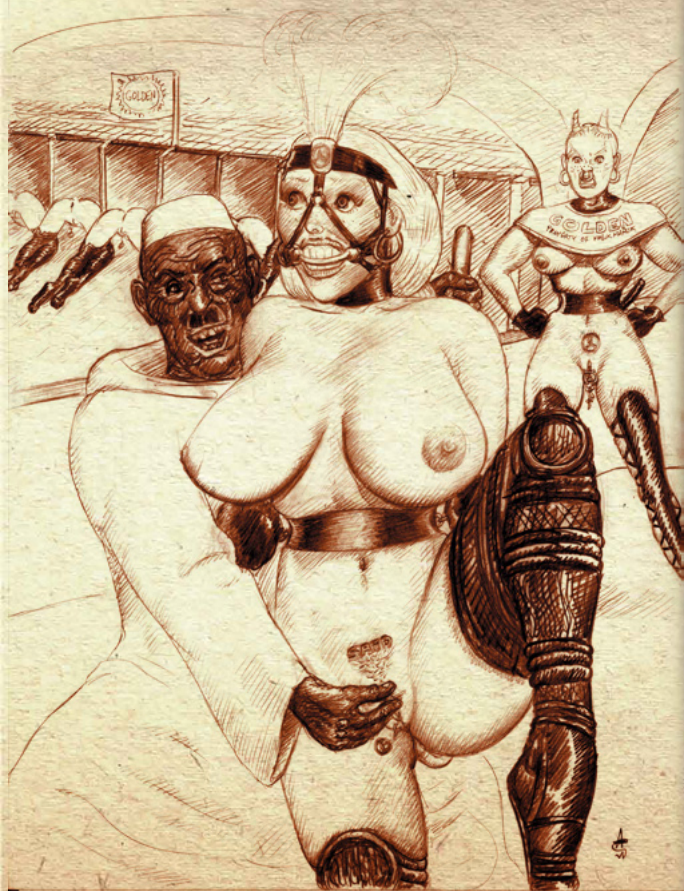
Marie-Thérèse was terrified. Could Malik Maruk have noticed her rebellious attitude for the first time? She felt really dumb, like a child caught in the act, and was increasing her sexual waving, the only sensible thing to do right now. If only it could distract Malik Maruk from judging her misconduct.

Carried by her enthusiasm in her pelvic movements, she began to fantasize about how wonderful it would be if Malik Maruk could sneak behind her and mount her unawares. But that was only for a few seconds. Immediately, she realized with horror what she had just been wishing for. What an awful thought! How could she see this as a wonderful thing?

She had only been used once through her anus since she was captured, by Yusuf Bourid in the straw of a stable in Wonderbourg ... though, she was still under the impression that it was the first time she had experienced the delights of the volcanic orgasm, even if she had got better ones here since. What if it had branded her forever, condemning her to fancy this humiliating way of making love, being penetrated at will by Arab pigs who weren't trying to hide that it was just like mounting a pony?

Still, she couldn't stop doing her best right now to invite Malik Maruk to do just that. Though, it was less and less clear in her mind whether she was doing it to avoid punishment or to actually get that kind of attention.





At the precise moment when she was moaning “Maliiiiik”, her little hole stretched out in the direction of the old Arab, she was penetrated without care. She hated the joy that she felt at this moment ... though, it soon disappeared anyway, as she realized that it wasn’t Malik Maruk’s cock that was clearing its way between her butt cheeks, but something colder ... and harder...

The thing kept sliding inside her, and she wondered where it would stop. To go so deep, it could only be a staff of some sort.

Suddenly, she felt it being turned down, forcing her to raise her pelvis, then lifted up by Malik Maruk behind her. She tried to fight the weird object in control of her body, but it was stronger than her, and she could only follow its movement. She was immediately on her feet, suffering much less the pain from the manipulating tool in that position. She realized a few seconds later that this was only an impression: when Malik Maruk tilted the object, she felt it deep inside her body. She wasn’t sure of what could happen if she should fight it ... she would probably hurt herself badly!

It was painful on her anus, and a really unpleasant sensation in her guts, but the worst thing was the embarrassment that she felt, being controlled by a foreign object acting like her new axis that anyone could manipulate at will. Even her torso had to follow the rule of the evil tool. She had no idea that such a thing was possible, and it was only another bit of her illusions of independence falling into pieces. Was there any part of her body that no one could control except herself?

“Stupid filly have lever” Malik said in Sluttish, “stupid filly glove puppet Almighty God.”

A glove puppet! That was exactly how she felt right now. She realized that what she had inside her was that strange tool shaped like a V that she had noticed in a corner of the riding school: the smaller branch was shoved deep into a slave’s back-



side, and the longer one was a lever for the puppeteer.

Even her legs had to follow the general movement now, as she could only use them to keep her balance, and Malik Maruk was the one who was in control of that too!

The old man began to run, and she had to stick to his lead. To think that a few minutes ago, she was afraid of being ridiculed! Now she looked completely stupid ... and that evil lever was working on her mind too; she was fighting it but had the weird feeling that she was inexorably attracted to that powerful man who could do anything he wanted with her body.

They turned around the riding school for almost an hour, trying every pace, trot and gallop in the book, and this time Marie-Thérèse was pretty successful. She was even doing perfectly what she had thought impossible.

Maybe that was because Malik Maruk was holding her beauty bud while he was training her to perform that pace. Nothing seemed to exist anymore except the overwhelming pleasure and his voice chanting: "Stick your chest out, golden filly! Strut along proudly for Almighty God!"

She was back into the state of mystical ecstasy that she had experienced the day before ... and once again, she had no other choice but to let go and follow the waves of pleasure crossing through her body, acknowledging that she would feel just like an empty glove puppet without the presence of the one who was now her God.

"Excellent," Malik said, "stupid filly try team now."

A few minutes later, Marie-Thérèse was harnessed with three other goldens to a quadruplet sedan. Malik Maruk took the reins and made the carriage turn around the yard, while the four fillies were doing all kinds of gait.

Marie-Thérèse wasn't all right after her discovery of lever management and the pinching on her clitoris. Last time,

alone in her box, she had doubted almost instantly of her mystical experience. Now, harnessed with four other women and controlled for hours, the crazy idea that Malik Maruk could be really reflecting the divine light was sticking to her mind. When she was trying to dismiss it, that idea surfaced back with the question: "Why did he have such a fabulous power over her ... over all of them... What if it was true?" ... It was an appealing prospect in her present situation, though she couldn't define how she had come to such an off-beat idea! It was absolutely impossible, silly ... but it was back, again and again.

Her hoofs were beating the mud floor of the yard now in perfect synchronization with her sisters of harness. That persistent belief that Malik Maruk might truly be God could be an expression of that team spirit ... the others were definitely seeing the old trainer as their God, and she could very well feel the empathy of the group. Especially when she wasn't accustomed to behave collectively.

Behind the weirdness of it all, she loved to be so intimately close to women with obviously so many points in common with her. These superb females had been chosen because they were a match with her own appearance. What an incredible show they might display, acting all alike, being all alike. Maybe the belief in Malik Maruk being God was the secret to a good life here?

Once again, she found that prospect very exciting. Why wouldn't she give it a shot? After all, she was just a prisoner with nothing else to do ... what did she have to lose? Her objectives could stay the same; she could still try to escape ... and certainly more easily that way than if she should raise suspicion. She would just feel a little more comfortable, with less whip, and maybe even some blissful contacts generating the Naffi Effect ... until, of course, the moment to flee had come!

Anyway, she didn't have a choice. It was out of the question to keep pretending with someone who could see inside her mind



like if she was transparent! Thinking of him as God ... what an incredible relief it would be! No more fighting, no more being put aside ... what a tremendous excitement!

Behind the team of fillies, in the quadruplet sedan, Susan Braggston was way beyond these questions, caught in an act of paramount importance. She was moving her lips carefully back and forth along the tool of God.

She had absolutely no doubt about the holy origins of Malik Maruk, and even in the secret of her hutch in the Harem, she was praying the old Arab.

During her three months of captivity, she had accompanied God in a lot of places he owned, and everywhere, hundreds of white females worshiped him, chanting his name with the mad hope that they could be mounted, even for a second.

A thousand women were religiously oiling their anus many times a day, dreaming of a visit from him... It would be irrational to think that he could generate such a devotion to a multitude if he was only a man.



## Chapter IX The breach

While the white sluts were daydreaming on that bumpy road about their beloved God, Malik Maruk was beginning to be bored with this Susan. It wasn't a surprise though, as she was his favorite for more than a month already!

Of course, she had a velvet mouth and was never dropping the slightest bit of anything coming from his body, but maybe that was the problem. A little blunder leading to a severe thrashing would have been a distraction from time to time!

Lost in his thoughts, he was mesmerized by the rolling buttocks of the decuisse. This one would certainly make a great intimate pet. A Mustang in training might never be boring in a man's bed!

It was a fantasy, as it was absolutely unorthodox to take a white of that age for personal care. Though, the idea that she could spice his evening party began to grow in his mind. Mustangs in training were extremely dangerous, but Malik



Maruk had not built his reputation by sticking to the beaten track. The handling of these creatures by Rasheedians under level 3 was strictly forbidden by the laws of the Empire; levels 3 and 4 were bound by straight rules expressly prohibiting what he was about to do. Though Malik Maruk had a level 5 authorization, and as such, he could experiment and innovate. He had a pretty good idea of how to include her participation to his party in the training process.

When Malik Maruk was a child, the Valley of Shazilar was the whole world for him, and he had felt in his guts the irrational fear that had seized all Shazilarians when they had learnt that some wild white cattle lived behind the mountains. Later, when he behaved badly, his father Malik would threaten to put him in the cage of an angry swillraoussa! That was many years ago... Since then, he went to see the outside world with his own eyes and came to realize that these Swillraoussas, though scary they were in their natural environment, were still animals that he could control. He did everything to learn how to prevail over these creatures, trying to understand how they worked. And this decuisse filly was the absolute symbol of that threat—a thoroughbred mustang! The wild porcine biped who was protecting her own stock no matter what. The only kind of animal who was still able to ruin the Rasheedian conquest if she wasn't handled properly.

Malik Maruk had given to that mustang the possibility within the walls of the yard to express her irrepresible need to put her stock—what she would call “her race”—on top of others, and so, he was defusing the threat, turning it to his own profit, and that would work only as long as she would believe that he was a god.

He suddenly realized that the swaying of the mustang's bottom had a strange hypnotic effect on him. He cracked his

whip, making the white flesh of her butt cheeks quiver deliciously, but that didn't wake him up... Now, he was staring at the red stripe it made, waving like a snake.

“Hey Malik,” Fatima laughed, “You will damage her buttocks with your eyes if you go on watching them like that!”

Malik Maruk got out of his torpor.

“Err ... yes,” he stammered, “I was seriously considering using this mustang tonight.”

“That racist bitch?” Fatima reacted. “So she's ready then?”

“Not yet, not yet. But I think it could be fun to include it in her processing.”

“It doesn't sound like you. Mustangs are dangerous until they're completely trained. At least, that's what you have always taught me...”

“Yes, of course,” Malik Maruk said, “But I really think I can do this. I can use some spice. I'm pretty bored with that perfect mouth brat.”

The blonde piglet noticed that he was talking about her, so she began a series of tender little suction on the tip of his cock, looking at him with total adoration.

“Do it then,” Fatima said, “but I still don't see why you have put all that ‘stock’ stuff in the farmyard if you're going to educate her in your bedroom.”

“It's just for tonight ... and it'll be included in the project. And anyway, I'm not into traditional training! What I do here is pioneering for the Empire. I don't do this only for one mustang. I try to save her whole kind!”

“All right,” Fatima reacted, “I can see that these extremely racist females are now getting very important for you too, but they aren't so many to necessitate such an expensive project, don't you think? You have done thoroughbreds for years the traditional way without any problem.”

“Oh yes, but this goes far beyond that. I'm confident that I



can create artificial ones with my method. Imagine if sixty or seventy percent of the swillaoussas were mustangs? They're so totally devoted once they're trained. They're the only whites who can safely become soldiers for the Empire, and we may need to use the military option in the years to come. I'm managing that decuisse, but I keep a close look at the others who may develop the qualities of mustangs with the ethnic tension that I set up in the yard. Competition is the key of the whole project: Separated in different stocks, and—why not in the future?—breeds, they soon become racist if they aren't already. The golden and the ebony are especially vulnerable to it. They're fighting hard to be the top stock, so if I push it a little more and give it time, Allah knows what marvels I could create. Now I just try to establish how the presence of a real mustang will affect the whole stable."

"Sorry, I had no idea that it was so important. I think I didn't get that thoroughbred thing at all, probably because I have met this kind of racist in my youth! And there's something I find totally illogical in all this. If they fight other ethnic groups, what will stop them from attacking us? If they're racist, surely they think we're the enemy too?"

"Oh!" Malik replied amused, "that's exactly the point! That's why I must experiment, to determine up if it's safe to involve real mustangs in that project. I encourage my fillies to have a racist attitude toward other stocks, but display absolute power to keep us above the whole system. That decuisse mustang, for example, will be shown clearly that she'll have a miserable life here if she fights her Rasheedian masters, and that her attitude will undermine her own stock and profit to the others. Soon she'll get so much pressure that she'll have to choose between serving the best interests of her race or become a traitor. And that's precisely where the mustang will always pick her race! But to obtain that supreme reward for

her stock, we make clear that she has to see us as something much more than some ethnic group, and this is exactly what we offer: the comfortable belief that we are living gods!"

"Oh yes," Fatima smiled, "I get it. Very ingenious. Thinking that you are God soon becomes the only way for her to continue feeling superior. Only her devotion for you can bring her the respect of her own kind and satisfy her racial pride!"

"Exactly, and that's why the Empire is interested at the highest level. My new project is a laboratory to analyse the difference between mustangs and other fillies. What is the degree of power that I need to show so she has no choice left but to put me above their racist system. I'll establish a scale for various types of porcine bipeds in that matter. It's very easy for the Empire to initiate ethnic fights around the world and so engineer more mustangs. We just need to understand if the new ones will show the same qualities as the originals. Naturally, it's a classified project, and that's why I never told you about it before. But now that you know, remember that you have to keep absolute silence!"

"I had no idea ... of course I'll tell no one. Excellent Malik, as usual ... but isn't that decuisse done? I saw her worship you in the yard. Seems to me that you're already her God."

"Oh no," Malik Maruk nodded, "It was just the first contact. She just experienced something sexual that was very strong and mystically quite troubling, but now she must follow that road till its end. Her education tells her that I can't be a god, so I need to drive her to a point where accepting that idea is so relieving that it's worth knocking over all her doubts. If I'm a god, then I'm no more an Arab stranger: I can bring her race to victory... She can blossom, have expectations, ambitions ... she can become the favorite in the favorite stock, dominate the others like her nature drives her to do, have a great sexual life, procreate ... and all that with no problems of couple, no divorce,



no loneliness, no responsibilities ... even the humiliation will stop if she chooses to forget that I'm only a man. It's not degrading to grovel before a god. She's far from being done yet, but she will take that path sooner or later, whatever happens ... and believe me, when she does, you'll know! Mustangs are very stubborn creatures, and once she has accepted that I'm God, it'll be almost impossible to make her change her mind, because these racist creatures don't care a bit about the truth. They put their stock above all, and stick to whatever reinforce that view. Then, their only goal becomes to make other people accept their new reality by all means necessary."

"Once again, that's brilliant, Malik!" Fatima exclaimed, "Yusuf Bourid shall be satisfied."

"Yes. And I shall be too, this evening: I'll tell Maggie that this blonde filly will take care of my personal needs tonight. I'll adapt my plans according to her behavior for this occasion. I can't wait to use these pink bubbles that are teasing me since I grabbed the reins. Don't we live in a fabulous world where porcine buttocks once forbidden to other ethnic groups by sole decree of the stubborn animal who bears them are now exclusive to divine Arabs and mountable at will?"

Unfortunately for Malik Maruk, the woman who owned these "porcine" buttocks and was running in front of him right now had heard everything he had said, and understood it all! Though, Marie-Thérèse didn't show how terribly upset she was, keeping cautiously secret her knowledge of Arabic language, her only asset in that awkward situation.

So, that evening, when she was brought to Malik Maruk, Marie-Thérèse was resolved to make things much more difficult for that old jester. He didn't realize that before he talked, she already was in that state of mind that he was waiting for. She had willingly chosen to worship him, but of course,

it was completely out of the question now! And, as she knew, what was expected of her, she could properly play this weird game—before taking her leave!

Led by Maggie, Marie-Thérèse climbed the stairs of the farmhouse up to the door of the bathroom, where she was freed from the bit in her mouth and ordered to crawl inside.

Malik Maruk was taking a shower in company of the girl who was always following him. For the first time, Marie-Thérèse could take a good look at her, instead of seeing her upside-down in the distance between pelvic movements.

She almost jumped with surprise when she recognized the young woman: it was Susan Braggston ... the daughter of Emma Braggston!

During her investigation for her book about white slavery in North-Africa, Marie-Thérèse had many contacts with the staff of U.N.C.A.W.W.S., the department of the United Nations that was fighting against that traffic, and she had met Emma Braggston for the occasion. They sympathized, and Marie-Thérèse was invited a few times in her house, when she was presented to her children.

So, what was her elder daughter Susan doing in that remote farm? It was really weird!

She didn't seem to be unhappy, far from it; she cleaned Malik Maruk with two big sponges fastened around her hands ... and used her tongue too, licking the old man with enthusiasm.

Poor girl ... last time that Marie-Thérèse had met her, she wanted to be a lawyer and raise a family. What could have broken her into becoming the favorite of a wrinkled North-African farmer? Were the Rasheedians abducting all the relatives of people fighting against white slavery?

Marie-Thérèse trembled, picturing her own daughters in this horrible situation because their mother had taken part





in that conflict. She remembered vividly how she felt when she heard that her Rasheedian ID card mentioned her girls, giving them registering numbers! Fortunately, she knew that they were in a very safe place, an expensive boarding school in Switzerland, in the custody of her first husband who was keeping a very close watch on them.

Though, the presence of that girl was a game changer, as Marie-Thérèse couldn't possibly leave her here. And yet, she'd never succeed bringing Susan along... She swore to herself that she was going to escape and come back later to save the young woman, whatever the cost.

She suddenly realized that Malik Maruk was looking at her, waiting for her reaction to that display. How could he know that she had already met the girl ... unless, of course, she had told him! It was far from being impossible, as she seemed to be pretty much indoctrinated.

Marie-Thérèse hated the way how the old man was staring at her, on the lookout for her slightest reaction. He had certainly noticed the horror in her eyes, and clearly wasn't as picky about the worship he could read in them as he was in the farmyard. Anyway, she was determined not to be fooled by him again.

"Come, golden filly," Malik Maruk said, "clean rear God."

Marie-Thérèse crawled behind the old man and kneeled up. She stayed still for a while, not sure how she could satisfy his demand, as she didn't have any sponges like Susan, and her hands were fastened on her filly belt anyway.

"Tongue clean!" Malik Maruk suddenly shouted. "Filly no brain?"

Marie-Thérèse wanted to take a stand, but the voice was so frightening that she hastily put her tongue on one wrinkled butt cheek and began to lick it with repulsion.

She started to feel the Naffi Effect again, but this time, she



was ready to fight its psychological implications. It wasn't going to be so easy for the old bas...

"No! No-brain worm! No lick!" Malik Maruk shouted angrily, "Tongue deep into Divine Delight!"

Divine Delight! His anus ... that was so ... yuk! No ... no, Marie-Thérèse could definitely not do such a thing! She stood still, completely frozen with horror.

"Useless worm no good!" Malik exclaimed, "Maggie! remove golden sow!"

Maggie ran into the bathroom and grabbed Marie-Thérèse by the hair. She pulled her out of the room and put back the bit into her mouth. She made her crawl all the way to the yard, kicking her backside with her leather boot. Once in the yard, Marie-Thérèse had to squirm in front of the other fillies, puzzled. Then she was thrown into her box, which was covered by the tarpaulin.

She was left alone with her thoughts for a while, feeling completely stupid; she had already licked all the goldens many times in there, and one more humiliation wouldn't have disturbed her much. Putting her tongue into the rectum of a man couldn't be that much different, but for a moment, she had seen it as a repulsive thing to do. Was it because of the deception she had suffered? No ... that wasn't it... No ... if she had found herself frozen at this crucial moment, it was because ... because Malik Maruk was an Arab!

So he wasn't worth her licking? That was so stupid ... she missed an excellent opportunity to earn special privileges in the yard that would have greatly eased her escape... She had to compromise with such things if she wanted to survive and have a chance to flee from here.

With a little time, she was sure that she could get over her repulsion, but did she have any chance left at all? It was probably too late. She would certainly be scheduled for a ge-

neral licking of all the fillies now; she was only waiting for the fateful demand to come any time.

But seconds, minutes, hours passed and nothing...

Much later, the tarpaulin covering her box was rolled up. Maggie brutally pulled Marie-Thérèse out and made her crawl back to the farmhouse, kicking her when she was too slow. Once again, she had to squirm up the stairs, though this time, she was left at the door of his bedroom in the rear position of respect.

Maggie was watching her with very angry eyes. Marie-Thérèse had to wave her pelvis and to chant the name of Malik Maruk with enthusiasm, knowing that she had been brought here to get her punishment.

After more than ten minutes carrying out with that exhausting exercise, she heard the door opening behind her. Malik Maruk shouted:

"Crawl back!"

Marie-Thérèse entered the room backwards on all fours, keeping on waving and chanting until Malik Maruk told her to stop.

And suddenly, she felt something worming its way into her perfectly oiled tiny orifice. This time, it wasn't a wooden item, but Malik Maruk's cock. She was immediately overwhelmed with ecstasy. It lasted for a second, and then it faded, leaving only a strong impression of shame and weakness—Malik Maruk had got out!

Troubled, her body shaking like a leaf, her face burning, Marie-Thérèse began to think the unthinkable: she would have gladly sold her soul to the devil just to get another shot of that cock... Even just for a single stroke!

She had to wait for a few seconds, still waving and chanting, until she heard the voice of Malik Maruk:



“Up up, golden sow. See how golden sow cursed golden stock.”

Marie-Thérèse turned her head with utmost prudence. She was sweating a lot, overwhelmed with that brief penetration ... but what she was looking at, right now, instantly made her mad with jealousy.

Susan surprisingly dressed as a filly was honored with the male organ of the old trainer, accompanying his movements with an abject enthusiasm. Contrary to her own lightning penetration, Susan Braggston was getting it for long minutes ... and Malik Maruk wasn't showing any intention of ending it soon!

Marie-Thérèse became suddenly conscious that she could never equal the vitality of a girl that age submitted to a proper training.

Susan Braggston was moving her pelvis with an incredible skill, massaging the old man with her muscles in perfect synchronization with his breath ... and yet she was doing it frantically, like if it was the most important event in her life—and maybe it was!



Even with her twenty years of experience with males, Marie-Thérèse knew that she was unable to rival with such an expert and highly depraved little slut, and it made her terribly upset!

Standing back in a corner of the room, Fatima had much enjoyed the scene, in admiration for her husband's great training talent, while the nimble tongues of her precious young servants ran on her body.

## Chapter X The disgrace of the stock

W

ell, Madame de Cuisse," Malik Maruk laughed, "Indeed you're right to be jealous! You can work for months before being able to perform like this little brat. Unfortunately, I can't keep her in the Harem anymore because of your misbehavior: she is going back to the stables."

Malik Maruk had stopped using the "sluttish" language that Marie-Thérèse had heard him speak since she had arrived in the farm. It was definitely not a good sign!

Marie-Thérèse knew now what her punishment would be: being held responsible for the girl's downfall!

Terrified, Susan Braggston was redoubling her efforts, desperately tensing her little buttocks, twisting her body lustfully around Malik Maruk's divine organ, trying to make him change his mind.





“Believe me,” Malik Maruk said with a bit of sadness in his voice, “I’ll miss the adorable pink buttocks of my team of golden piglets, to begin with this one, but even God is bound by the rules of the Harem: the golden stock will no longer be the top one because one of its females declined a command from her God. I’m officially putting the ebonies on top of the farmyard!”

After a few minutes, Malik Maruk ordered the young woman to turn around and, supreme honor that might very well be the last one, spat his semen on her worshipping face. Poor Susan was crying, and Malik Maruk’s seed mixed with her tears on her scarlet cheeks.

When Marie-Thérèse was put back into her box, a few minutes later, she could see Susan Braggston strutting about in the yard, showing her trickling muzzle around, filling every filly with admiration for her marks of closeness with God, desiring with haughtiness the lucky ones within the goldens who would be allowed to give a tongue stroke on her face.

It was such a sad thing to see that unfortunate girl gloat one last time, trying to grab a few more moments of glory before everyone would have to officially admit what they already knew: she wasn’t a favorite anymore...

As she was following Susan with her eyes, Marie-Thérèse suddenly crossed the gaze of a team of crystal fillies harnessed to the quadruplet sedan. They were all glaring at her, aware that she was the one responsible for the downfall of the goldens ... even if it hadn’t been announced yet! They weren’t from the golden stock, but had great privileges with Maggie being the head, as they were one of the three blonde stocks of the farm.

Marie-Thérèse would have to live now in a new yard where the fillies of her own race would look at her with hate.

The tarpaulin was unrolled again, and she was left in the half-darkness of her box, all shaking, scared of what she had provoked.



An hour later, Maggie threw her out of the box. The thirty members of the golden stock were standing around her with angry faces. Maggie cracked her whip on her buttocks.

“Up on knees, worm!” the Golden Supreme ordered.

She complied. Maggie grabbed her collar and pulled her in the center of the yard without care.

N’Gwamba was waiting for her, standing firm with her arms crossed. Of course! If the ebony stock was in charge of the yard, it was now the gentle Negress who was the Cattle Supreme!

Maggie kneeled down in front of the new Mistress and licked her boot. N’Gwamba displayed an intense satisfaction at the sight of her old enemy at the place where she was a few hours ago. Maggie was now, like all the other golden women, ended to show respect to the new chosen stock of the yard.

“Cattle Supreme N’Gwamba” Maggie said increasing her boot licking. “Golden Supreme beg snout ring for golden sow Marie-Thérèse.”

She grabbed Marie-Thérèse’s hair and drew her forward brutally at the feet of N’Gwamba.

“Agreed, Maggie sow,” N’Gwamba replied, “ring golden sow!”

“Maggie sow thank great Mistress N’Gwamba, Supreme of the Supremes!”

She stood up and walked away, pulling Marie-Thérèse behind her. Though, they weren’t going to the boxes this time, but in the direction of the little barn near the farmhouse.

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Malik Maruk was looking at the window with intense satisfaction. The Maggie sow was really doing a good job!

He turned around toward the five young ebones kneeling down in his bedroom. After three snaps of the fingers, the team came to him. They surrounded the old trainer and began to lick his body in various places. Malik Maruk appreciated a little change, though he knew he would be bored very soon with those. They were pretty and skilled, though he couldn’t find the spice in using them that he was getting out of his blonde piglets. It was the drawback of being a trainer. Mounting the raw material was the most pleasant thing, but it was quite rare, most of the educating routines involving isolation from a man’s presence. And this new ethnic technique was about separating a whole stock...

Well, actually, he could always go to one of his other facilities across the tunnel under the farmhouse and choose among the three thousand blondes he had at his disposal, if he lacked his pound of pink flesh. It wasn’t so hard...

Hours passed very quickly under the tongues of the Black pets. Fatima had come, and they now had a nice conversation about the training of porcine species.

Often, his wife would twist the clitoris of a young ebony mechanically while talking, stopping only when she realized that her toy was abnormally sweating.

When the little bell tingled over his bed, Malik Maruk was surprised that Maggie could have worked so fast. He went to the window, followed by his wife and the pet swarm. The Maggie she-devil was walking out of the barn, carrying the deuisse sow on her shoulder. The pain of having the nose pierced and ringed was so intense that she had fainted.

These brass rings were so thick that they needed the fitting



up of two little golden pieces to reinforce the nasal bone before they could be slid into the big hole that had been pierced. These pieces had to be prepared with a mold of the bone, then filled with hot gold. When ready, they were plugged into the nostrils with some electric pliers to solder them together, encircling forever the nose bone like a tiny armor. The ring just had to be slid inside the nostril through the reinforced hole.

Before that technique was invented, weeks of healing were needed before pulling the snout-ringed animal. Now, a white could be walked with a leash attached to the nose almost immediately after the operation. It was usually better to wait for a few hours to avoid the eventual spilling of blood, and it would take a month before the white would stop experiencing atrocious pain ... but who cared about the well-being of these creatures, as long as the nose bone was holding?

The golden she-devil threw the sow in her box and lowered the tarpaulin. The blonde fillies around whinnied their approval.

Malik Maruk was satisfied.

"That's very very good," Malik said to his wife, closing the window, "We'll have fun tonight! I plan to leave for the new facility. I just got a phone call from its Chief-Eunuch. Works are finished, slaves have been transferred from the other farms, and they just received a first arrival of fresh sows. The most racist I could find ... even a few pure mustangs!"

"That's too bad," Fatima replied, "I like so much to watch you train those white sluts. Can't I come with you?"

"And who will keep an eye on the decuisse? I count on you for this!"

"I know..." Fatima said, disappointed, "though I'm not even sure that I can replace you alone here with that mustang".

"You'll do fine. Especially as it won't be for long. I prepared a little scheme for you to use while I'm gone, a simple trick that will complete the training and be really easy to handle for you."

"Oh yes?" Fatima exclaimed, "What is it?"

"You'll like it!" Malik replied, "it's fun but very effective..."

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Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse woke up, and the first thing that she felt was the pain ... the horrible pain in her nose. Instinctively, she put her hand on the huge metal object hanging from her nostrils. She winced; touching it increased the pain a lot.

And now she remembered. The wait ... the pliers ... the atrocious piercing. And then nothing, the total blackout!

So, it was done now, and she had a ring hanging down from her snout like a pig! She suddenly realized that she couldn't inhale through her nose anymore! Was she condemned to breathe with the mouth forever?

And the humiliation! She didn't care to be called a sow or be seen by some people as one. If they chose to believe tales about white women being porcine bipeds, it was their stupidity, not hers. But being ringed as a pig was horribly debasing. It was making her really feel like swine.

The pain made her cry, but she took great care of keeping silence. She was safe in her box, the tarpaulin covering it completely, and the longer they would think that she was unconscious, the longer her humiliation would be delayed.

Nobody came to disturb her that day. They probably wanted her to heal up before they could have fun pulling her



by the nose!

The next day was quiet. The tarpaulin was rolled up only once in the evening, when Maggie came to feed her. She grabbed the ring and carefully rotated it in her nasal bone. It was terribly painful, making a metallic rubbing noise resonate inside her skull. Maggie cleaned the ring with a disinfectant and smeared some oil to make it slide back easier. She wanted to hide the swollen imperfection of the soldering to the view, but for Marie-Thérèse, it meant she had to feel it nesting painfully in her nose bone.

Maggie walked away, apparently very satisfied with her job.

The morning that followed, Marie-Thérèse wasn't awakened by the Golden Supreme and was quite worried about it. An hour after, the others woke up and Maggie entered Marie-Thérèse's box with a cold determination in the eyes. She pulled her out by the hair without care and threw her in the yard like the game after the hunt. All the fillies were displayed in front of their box, watching the scene.

Maggie put her finger in the nose ring and played with it for a few seconds. It was so painful that Marie-Thérèse couldn't help bursting into tears. It didn't stop the golden she-devil, who used it to pull her across the yard.

Marie-Thérèse was trying to follow her on the knees, shouting with pain, but Maggie didn't care at all. On the contrary, she enjoyed it more, and so was the rest of the yard. Marie-Thérèse wasn't the only one wearing a nose ring here, far from it, but hers seemed to be a laughing matter for the whole farmyard. Everybody was supporting Maggie with whinnies; even the other stocks who completely understood the wrath of the goldens toward their newest member.



When she realized that she had made a spectacle of herself, Marie-Thérèse stopped shouting and tried to show some nerve to save what was left of her self-respect.

Seeing that all the fun was gone, Maggie brought Marie-Thérèse to the now all-powerful Mistress of the farmyard, N'Gwamba the Mahawi.

When she was in front of the powerful Negress, Maggie kneeled down to lick her foot, as it was the rule between winner and loser stocks.

"Please great Mistress N'Gwamba," Maggie said, "golden stock no want stupid sow, stupid sow worship ebony stock. golden stock give Mistress N'Gwamba stupid sow."

"Agreed, golden sow" N'Gwamba replied, "N'Gwamba fancy stupid sow. Stupid sow grovel, pleasure Mistress N'Gwamba."

Marie-Thérèse kept still for a few seconds before she suddenly realized that the ebony she-devil was waiting for an answer:

"Yes..." she spluttered. "Yes, Mistress N'Gwamba... Stupid sow ... grovel."

"Good sow" N'Gwamba said satisfied, "Stupid sow worship ebony Mistress good."

N'Gwamba grabbed her nose ring and pulled her back to the golden area of the yard. When she was sure that the goldens could all watch, she put her brown labia near to Marie-Thérèse's face.

"Lick, golden sow!" she said, "Lick Mistress N'Gwamba."

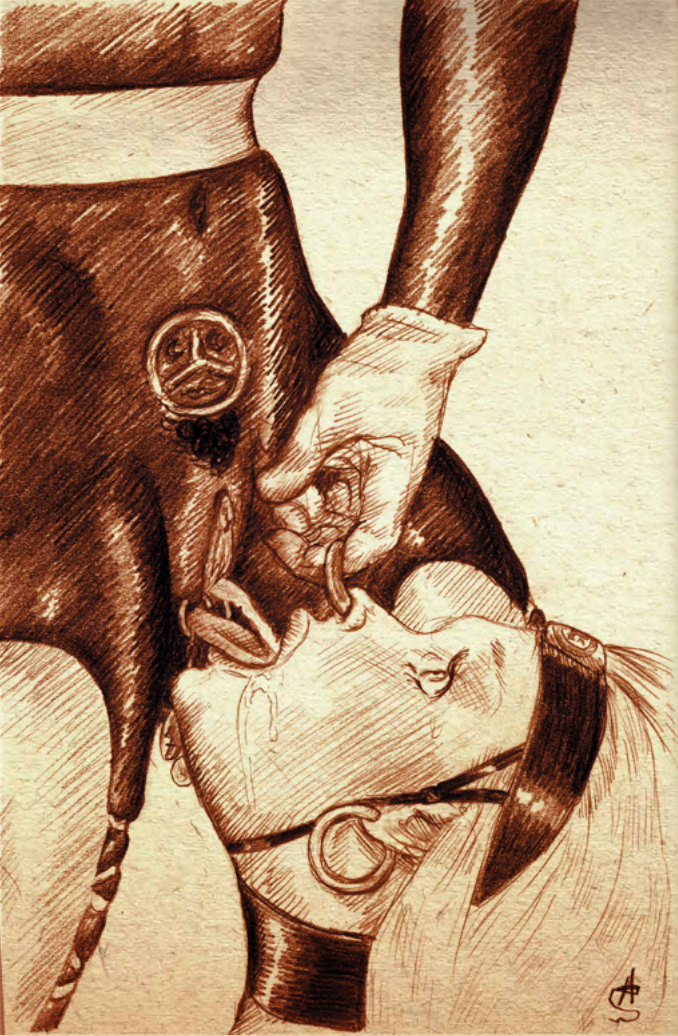
Without any other options than to obey to those awful orders, Marie-Thérèse timidly applied her tongue on her Venus cleft. N'Gwamba had done that to her many times,

and Marie-Thérèse had learnt to appreciate these gentle attentions intended to comfort her, but the other way around was quite different, especially now that N'Gwamba was asking her do it in plain sight. Marie-Thérèse remembered Malik Maruk's speech in the carriage about how he was manipulating all of this, using her racism to bring her to slavery ... she suddenly realized how much it was already working on her. She was reluctant to lick N'Gwamba, but felt now comfortable with the prospect of doing it on Malik Maruk's anus! He mentioned that he wanted to keep the Arabs above the fray ... and indeed she was beginning to accept, deep inside, the idea that the Arabs were not concerned at all by her racism. She remembered how much she had despised that old North-African when he came to fetch her at the post-office. Now, she couldn't help seeing him as a superior being, even though she had learnt from his own mouth that it was a scam!

That absolute power he had in the yard was inevitably bringing her to accept the concept that he was God. She had rejected it as a way-out idea, but she knew now that it was here to stay... She had to escape soon, or she would end her days in that farmyard, bending over backwards to give value to the golden stock in the eyes of that Arab peasant, her own racism being used against her.

This was the moment that N'Gwamba chose to relieve herself into Marie-Thérèse's mouth.





“Good golden sow fancy gold!” N’Gwamba said, “golden sows always fancy gold from ebony Mistress”.

Around Marie-Thérèse, the shamefaced golden fillies were pretending to ignore that loathsome display—only Malik Maruk had the right to distribute his fluids!

Marie-Thérèse swallowed the bitter liquid with resignation, but she felt the anger growing inside her. She would seize the first opportunity to escape from that awful farmyard!

That opportunity came later in the afternoon, when Malik Maruk left the facility. As soon as his quadruplet sedan disappeared on the rocky road, Fatima shut down the heavy door, but forgot to remove the key!

She summoned all the she-devils of the farm for new instructions, leaving the fillies free to walk unsupervised in the yard. It was the perfect conjunction of events for Marie-Thérèse. She quickly ran to the door and leant against it. She raised her hip and stuck one of her fists against the huge lock. With little strokes, she managed to turn the key before anyone could see her. Then, she carefully pulled the heavy wooden door.

Her luck seemed to end there, as she suddenly heard smothered whinnies. She was discovered! Thankfully, Marie-Thérèse had to lick the backsides of the whole farmyard today, therefore she was the only one who didn’t have a bit in the mouth.

A choir of whinnying fillies began in the yard, but it was too late. Marie-Thérèse was already slipping out through the door.

She ran the faster she could on the rocky road. Unfortunately, a bad surprise was waiting for her at the corner of the facility. Malik Maruk’s carriage blocked the way down, immobilized in the path for some reason.



She rushed in the other direction, up to the next plateau, hearing the whinnying choir of indignant fillies again. That was a good thing, as it meant that Fatima wasn't already preparing the hunt—her escape was still feasible...

An hour and an exhausting climb later, she came in sight of a farm, probably Malik Maruk's main residence where he lived when he had appeared to her on top of the cliff for the first time. Fortunately, all seemed to be calm. Though, the dirt road was turning back into a simple ledge on the mountainside. It was a big risk to take a path that could suddenly end into a drop, but she had no choice. She ran for hours on that narrow path that overhang the plateaus, sticking to the rock many times to avoid falling down. She was pretty confident that nobody could overtake her now, as the only thing that could be faster than a filly around here was another filly, and she didn't think that Fatima Maruk would send one of those brainless creatures alone after her.

The ledge turned into a path that plunged down between the vertical walls of two big mountains. She meandered for an hour in narrow corridors of rock and finally emerged on another ledge. It was more frightening to walk above a drop, but at least her open view over the plateaus was back. She passed a source and could drink for the first time since her escape, though her hunger was terrible. She tried to find a way to get rid of the leather pouches on her fists or to unfasten them from the belt ... in vain!

A few yards from there, a dirt track was going down the mountain through a very straight slope, but nothing could have made Marie-Thérèse take it: on the side, an old panel was warning in both English and Arabic: "Danger Cannibals! Land of the ferocious Mahawis."

At the time, she couldn't possibly know that it was in fact leading to the territory of the Shaziris, and that the

panel was there only because it was the extreme limit of some Mahawi raids that had not happened for almost two decades. They weren't so many Mahawis left anyway; some were in slavery, like N'Gwamba, but most of them were dead, killed by Rasheedian soldiers.

But Marie-Thérèse didn't know that, so she had no choice. She took the tight path forking on the side of the mountain. It was less frightening than before, because it was larger than the previous one, and she could move fast on it. At least, between these walls of rock, she wasn't afraid anymore of having the tinnabulation of her little bell echoing over the plateaus.

At sunset, she was still running down the track, which was sloping gently away from the jungle. Now she had an open view on the north, where heaps of broken rocks seemed to have replaced the Naouda cliff. At east, in the distance, she could see the city of Maruk. Unfortunately, she couldn't possibly take that direction without entering the jungle. Her only option was to trust the dirt track.

She continued for hours in the darkness of that moonless night, until she realized that she had been on flat land for a very long time. The air, the sounds, the smell had changed. Was she so close to the jungle? Exhausted and suddenly afraid, she lay down behind a big rock and fell asleep.

She woke up in the morning to discover that she was already surrounded by the jungle! It was unexpected, because the dirt track had always seemed to lead to the north, to the desert along which she could have found a border post with Zebya sooner or later. Instead, she was now back into the land of the cannibals! Though, returning to the facility was out of the question. She took the big dirt track, hoping that it would bring her to the city of Maruk.

She walked for two hours, until she could hear the sound of the river—she was saved!



Suddenly, a party of Negro warriors appeared from nowhere, riding giant white women. She was surrounded—and too tired to try to flee!

It seemed that she had done all that just to end her life in the stomach of those ferocious cannibals!

As for their mounts, they were native “mares”, strong blond females used to carry Shazilarians for generations. Though, those looked a bit different.

She noticed that they still had their pubic hair. Obviously, these tribesmen didn't share the taste of Arabs for shaven bellies. Old brands could be distinguished under their bush—these mares had been stolen from the Shazilarians!

The good thing was that these savages were riding white women, which meant that she might not end into a stomach after all. The weird thing was that the poor creatures had various objects deeply stuck in their body, and that it was certainly very painful!

The rings they had got everywhere on the face gave them a mock smile, enhanced by the war paintings. They were probably intended to paralyze the enemy with terror—and indeed, it was scary!

That was too much for Marie-Thérèse. She fainted...



## Chapter XI Captive of the Shaziris

When Marie-Thérèse woke up, her hands and ankles were tied around a big horizontal staff. Two muscled tribesmen were carrying it, running very fast in the jungle without any care for the comfort of their game. She had to stay for hours in that awkward position, undergoing a jump each time they avoided an obstacle on the ground.

Half a dozen of them were riding giant blond mares, opening the convoy. Those on foot followed right behind. Unlike Malik Maruk, they didn't seem to have so many white women at their disposal.

The vegetation around was becoming sparse, and Marie-Thérèse had to screw up her eyes more and more often to protect them from the sun showing through the foliage. The idea that she could get tanned put her in panic: the goldens were supposed to have white skin! When they pulled a carriage in the Valley of the Slaves, they always orientated their pa-



nache to hide from the sun when it was around its zenith, but in her actual horizontal position, the feathers couldn't help...

Even in that awful situation, she was still obsessed by Malik Maruk's yard and its silly rules!

Thankfully, the big shadow of the Shazilari mountains met them soon, covering everything. The tribesmen headed straight toward a gigantic pile of boulders, something she had seen in the distance when she was on the higher plateau. It was probably what was left of an ancient northern extension of the Naouda cliff. Here and there, a few perfectly vertical pieces of the old wall of rock eroded by the wind suggested that some terrible event had smashed the gigantic natural barrier into this accumulation of boulders, about a hundred of thousands years ago.

At least, she knew exactly where she was. After her run in the dark that had led her down to the river in the jungle, she had been carried back to the west by these tribesmen to this point where the Naouda cliff collapsed into heaps of boulders. Now they were bringing her to the north, toward the Nubiari desert. She could easily find her way if she could manage to escape again.

The convoy ran on a dirt track meandering up and down between the huge rocks for a few miles, climbing steep slopes, dropping away sharply, crossing small torrents on the way. Being lugged around in this chaos of boulders was very hard on Marie-Thérèse's wrists and ankles.

After what seemed to be an eternity of constant jolts for Marie-Thérèse, the tribesmen suddenly stopped in front of a big spheric rock. It took four warriors to make it roll, revealing a secret passage!

They pushed their white mares through it, then Marie-Thérèse on her staff. Soon, the whole convoy had disappeared inside it. They rolled the round boulder over the entrance,

hiding it back from outside, while others were lighting big torches. They all walked across a narrow rift under heaped rocks for a few yards until they emerged into a gigantic underground room.

There, the warriors climbed on the backs of their white mounts, and the whole convoy resumed its normal speed across the cave and the multiple galleries that followed.

Half an hour later, the path narrowed again, and the tribesmen had to be back on foot. It was so cramped that they often needed to twist themselves to pass through. Marie-Thérèse was handled with difficulty by her carriers, getting some bruises in the process, her skin rubbing the rock, sometimes quite violently.

After this, they entered in one more gigantic room, though they had to take a tight ledge climbing along it, then go through another narrow passage leading to a new cave ... really huge this time. At last, the convoy could move normally again. On the sides, Marie-Thérèse could see some primitive habitations, made with tree branches. Nobody seemed to live in that underground village, and it looked like some temporary hideout for the tribe...

A very long gallery followed, with quite a steep slope to climb. They passed a few big caves along the way. In one of them, Marie-Thérèse noticed some ancient paintings. She would have loved to take a better look at them, but unfortunately, her captors had no intention to stop.

After almost two hours in galleries, they opened into a small room which appeared to be a dead end. Though, the warriors pushed a big boulder and made a blazing sun enter. They weren't under the shadow of the gigantic wall of rocks anymore. They could only be on the other side of the mountain, at the edge of the Nubiari desert!

Marie-Thérèse was carried out of the passage, blinded by



the sun. She could hear the warriors putting the boulder back in place. Though, when her sight became accustomed to the light, she realized that she wasn't anywhere near the Nubiari desert as she had guessed. It was still the jungle, but no wall of rock was hiding the sun. They were climbing down the steep slope of a big mountain ... and suddenly she knew where she was! If she wasn't facing the Nubiari in the north, it could only mean that they were west, inside the Valley of Shazilar!

How amazing ... nobody was aware of the existence of this second passage, except that tribe ... but then, they couldn't possibly be Mahawis ... they had to be Shaziris! It was a great relief for Marie-Thérèse to know that she wasn't going to finish in a stomach after all!

The convoy moved down the slope of the mountain for more than an hour. Around them, the jungle was getting deeper. Finally, when the ground became flat, they found a clearing and soon entered in a Shaziri village.

It was made of round wooden huts, all located around a place with a big post in the middle and a rotating spit facing it. Now Marie Thérèse's fears could rise again. These savages were obviously part of the remote Shaziri tribes from Shazilar, and no animal lived in this valley ... so she wondered what they could possibly roast on their spit! She knew for sure that they were Shaziris now, because she had seen their females. She had met a lot of them in Malik Maruk's farm, and they were far better looking than Mahawi women like N'Gwamba. But what if that lost Shaziri tribe had turned to cannibalism too?

Marie-Thérèse was untied from the travelling staff and pushed into a hut, where she was tethered with a leather leash to the central post. There, she waited for a very long time ... and then waited more...

She just couldn't dismiss the idea that these Shaziris might only save her for their dinner; though, even if they weren't cannibals, it didn't mean that she would have a good time! At best, she could become the slave of a huge "mama"! How foolish she had been to run away in that direction!

A few minutes after sunset, a muscled Shaziri entered the hut and freed Marie-Thérèse's wrists; she didn't keep the use of her hands for long though, as the man immediately fastened them back to her belt. He untied her ankles, turning her into a white filly again, and grabbed one of the rings of her bit. Then, he pulled her out of the hut and brought her to the center of the village.

Marie-Thérèse was stuck against the torture post, and her collar was fastened to a rope around it. Her feet were immobilized, tied to heavy weights on the ground to force her to fold and part her legs widely.

In that position, her back was sliding down against the wood, and she had to push herself up the post to avoid being strangled by her collar.

Thanks to her survival instinct, she could find a new energy to rise each time she would get out of air, snaking up against the wooden post, which was painfully chaffing the skin of her back.

As if it wasn't torture enough, a fat Shaziri woman arrived carrying a pot filled with embers which she slid on the ground right under Marie-Thérèse's backside, forcing her to thrust her pelvis high up.

She was shaking all over. Was that mama cooking the part that she had reserved for herself? She was certain at this moment that she had only a few seconds left before the Shaziris should cut her up into bits. But what about the spit? No, these cruel people were going to make her roast for hours...

After a while, she realized that the pot of embers wasn't



intended for cooking her backside, but for making her twist herself into displaying her most intimate parts to the tribesmen.

And it seemed that it was very efficient to make all of them come.

She had to wait for one hour in this awkward position while they were slowly gathering on the central place of the village.

Each time she was snaking up the torture post, some of those savages would show tremendous excitement. They were moving closer to tease her a little more, to pinch her nipples or her nether lips. The worst among them was a short and ugly warrior, probably the practical joker of the village, as he suddenly grabbed the pot of embers and waved it under her buttocks, forcing her to orientate her pelvis in the opposite way. A few natives began to laugh at the sight of Marie-Thérèse trying to avoid the hot pot like a puppet.

The joker stopped for a few seconds, but it was only to move the rope holding her collar to a lower hook of the torture post, making her position even more uncomfortable. Now she had to raise her pelvis higher to avoid the embers and keep breathing. She had to choose between those two painful threats, switching priorities each time she couldn't stand the heat or the strangulation.

She had to display her intimacies in a more humiliating way than before, and even if her pride wasn't her bigger problem, she much resented having to wave her pelvis like a bitch in heat in front of a bunch of dogs. In Malik Maruk's farm, such a treatment would have been intended as a punishment. In here, it was just a bit of fun to start the party!

And apparently it wasn't enough for the practical joker, as he suddenly raised the brazier a few inches from her backside, making impossible for her to avoid being burnt if she

was exposed to it for too long. He grabbed one of her thighs and shook it frantically while he was lowering the pot, making clear that if she agreed to wave her hips in a lewd way to tease the males, he would move the brazier down.

And so, Marie-Thérèse began a lively erotic dance with that puppeteer behind her, shaking her pelvis according to his fancies, highly motivated by the hot pot under her .... And the tribesmen found that irresistible! Even the children were enjoying it, making imitations of the joker and his brazier. It made no doubt that this awful person was very popular in the village! He was doing a fantastic show at very little expense—the performer was doing it for free!

But for Marie-Thérèse, it was a horrible experience. Malik Maruk looked like a paragon of civilisation compared to these savages. Indeed, the position of respect due to the Arab male was not better than this, and sometimes they had to do it until complete exhaustion, but at least nobody was laughing!

After almost an hour of that naked shaking limbo, the audience was showing a little drop of interest. A strange Shaziri man appeared, wearing a frightening mask; he began a slow dance, gradually moving in the direction of Marie-Thérèse ... and suddenly she saw the weird tool he held in his hands. That was it! They were going to cut and eat her!

The masked savage kneeled down in front of her and pinched her clitoris repetitively, like if he wanted to tenderize it. Of course! He was the chief ... or the medicine man... And naturally, he expected the most delicate part for himself!

When he had finished, he rubbed her labia with some grease, kneading Marie-Thérèse's most intimate flesh to make the ointment penetrate the skin deeper. Then, he took the tool—a pair of pliers made with bones—and jammed the whole upper part of her vulva between the jaws.

Marie-Thérèse closed her eyes; she was expecting no less



than the removing of her clitoris... Her poor beauty bud was going forever!

And suddenly, she felt that incredibly hard pain in her most tender spot...

When she opened her eyes dimmed with tears, she could only see that the masked man had removed the pliers. After a few seconds, her eyes dried up a bit, and she discovered that her clitoris was still in place. She just had two small holes on each side of it.

She didn't have to wonder for long, as the masked Shaziri soon pulled an ivory object from under his loincloth and began to insert it into one of the pierced holes. He pushed and turned it to make it slide easier inside the flesh until it reappeared out of the other hole.

Marie-Thérèse wanted to shout, but her collar was squeezing her neck, and no sound could get out.

Fortunately, the pain calmed down soon. That was when the masked man took the pliers again and pierced inside her breasts, behind her nipples. It was even worse than under the clitoris, and she almost fainted while the ivory objects were inserted. Though, she could have a closer look at them now: each one was made of two animal teeth fastened together with a piece of gold.

It hurt atrociously, but Marie-Thérèse was relieved. If they had put that jewel in her flesh, it definitely meant that they wanted her to live. After all, she had expected a horrible death after a painful removal of her beauty bud to ornament the Chief's salad!

When he had finished, the masked man checked his work by pulling on the objects. It was very painful, but the worst was the impression that these objects separated her most erogenous parts from the rest of her body. And they could be ripped off with only two fingers. A very unpleasant feeling!



The show was over, and Marie-Thérèse was left on the torture post, immobilized in that awkward position. The burning pot under her buttocks was now filled with warm ashes, so the collar problem was getting much easier. She still longed for the moment when someone would untie her and put her in a hut to sleep.

It seemed that it wasn't in the program at all, as the Shaziris all disappeared one by one, showing no interest for what would happen to her. She was left alone in the night, naked and tied, vulnerable to any male of the village eager to relieve his sexual needs ... and seeing how they had appreciated the lewd lap dance that she was forced to do, she expected many visits, to begin with that hideous joker.

But hours were passing, and no one was coming. These savages had their fun watching her shake her most intimate parts, and now they weren't even interested in using them! It was really scary—these men were utterly mad!

Marie-Thérèse slept three times along the night, after waking up twice, strangled by the collar. When she finally found an efficient way to block her legs and prevent the sliding, she was fit to drop.

She was woken up with a bucket of cold water, thrown at her by that clinging comical fellow. A few women already at work burst into laugh.

And then, Marie-Thérèse was left alone again, the Shaziris ignoring her completely.

Later in the morning, a muscled Shaziri warrior came toward Marie-Thérèse and freed her from the torture post. He brought her to a paddock where he stripped her from her leather artifacts, with the exception of the pouches around her fists, which he fastened together to her nose ring. He took a strange light bamboo structure—that thing Marie-Thérèse had mistaken for a roasting spit at her arrival in the camp—

and put it over her shoulders, securing it around her fists. He cut her little labial bell and attached a leather lace on her clitoral ivory jewel that he raised and fastened to the nose ring. Finally, he removed her boots and tied some wooden hoofs on the tip of her soles, in the fashion of the white mares of their tribe.

While Marie-Thérèse was prepared, the Shaziris had gathered around the paddock, very excited. Soon, they were all cheering.

“W'Temba! W'Temba!”

That was how Marie-Thérèse learnt the name of the man who would break her in, just like an actual mustang...



W'Tamba jumped on her back and grabbed her arms, pulling her shoulders to the rear, which made the thong hurt her clitoris badly. She tried to skip the exercise by waving violently back and forth, but the bamboo structure was there to make such moves impossible. To stop the pain, she had to struggle to make her rider fall down in the dust. Though, his grip couldn't be broken.

Marie-Thérèse couldn't stand being trained like a wild horse, what actually seemed to be the whole idea. Each time she attempted to rest, W'Temba would pull her arms to the rear, generating unbearable pain, and she couldn't help fighting back to get rid of him.

It filled her with hate... She tried everything, shaking him before throwing him against the fence, hitting him with her legs or her head, but W'Temba seemed to know every trick in the book. He kept his firm grip no matter what, and Marie-Thérèse had to pay the painful price for each of her attempts ... until, after twenty minutes of hell, she finally gave up, exhausted, and docilely followed W'Temba's lead...



## Chapter XII P'Wanga's toy

When Marie-Thérèse surrendered to W'Temba, she immediately felt his body expression of swaggering victory and went along with it with relief. It was fitting her rage so well!

Though, it wasn't the end of her ordeal, as her Shaziri breaker kept on doing figures on her back for a while to test her submission. He made her suffer the most painful tortures, brought tears in Marie-Thérèse's eyes, but she did everything he wanted, while cursing him mentally. Long minutes later, W'Temba released the pressure on her clitoral rein and made her trot and gallop.

Marie-Thérèse had already surrendered to a stronger opponent like Yusuf Bourid or Malik Maruk, but never out of hatred that way. Curiously, her rage against T'Wemba was boosting her energy to run and carry him when she thought she was on her last legs.



So, that was it ... that was how the Shaziri savages trained the white women, their “mustangs” as she heard Malik Maruk call her in Arabic. Instead of making the slaves do everything for their Master out of love, or using the carrot and the stick on them like the Arabs, they preferred to break them in by force and keep them in rage under brutal domination. And it seemed to work pretty well for now...

Though, she vividly remembered the hate she had seen in the eyes of their white mounts, and she didn't want to become like that. This was a much worse fate than being a filly in Malik Maruk's farm—this was hell!

The Shaziris were definitely not cannibals, she could see it now, but the display of cruelty toward white women was a part of their way of life. She was now treated like a broken mount, and it was exactly how she felt.

She was left alone in the paddock, her nose ring fastened to a hook hanging very high on a big post so that she had to keep stretching up on tiptoes ... not an easy position to maintain, especially with these wooden hoofs, but the Shaziris seemed to enjoy making white women uncomfortable whenever it was possible.

Marie-Thérèse waited for a few hours like this, until the practical joker of the tribe came and tied her fists along her hips again, removing the bamboo structure. He climbed on her back and began to make her run very fast.

Carrying this savage who had exercised his very special humor on her during last evening's village entertainment was making her burst into rage, though she wouldn't have thrown the ugly man away. She knew that he wasn't as strong as the warrior who had broken her, but she didn't want to another nightmarish and frustrating session in the paddock, and that was what would happen if she tried to rebel instead of expressing it through roaring her anger and running faster.

Despite the fact that he didn't have W'Temba's mastery, the Shaziri jester knew how to make her obey and react to the pressure. He was pulling very hard on her clitoral rein and kicking her on the thighs with his heels, leaving her only one possibility to forget her pain: to run like hell out of rage.

He clearly enjoyed it, obviously delighted when he would obtain outbursts of hate from Marie-Thérèse by treating her clitoris roughly. The tribesmen seemed to share that joy, as they would always interrupt their work to watch when some event involved pain and a white woman. That pitiful jester—his name was P'Wanga—was just a bit more imaginative than the others in getting his weird fun.

He rode Marie-Thérèse for an hour around the village, showing figures in front of anyone interested. He particularly fancied making her move like a horse stepping on rear paws. By pulling on her clitoral rein and kicking her behind the knees, he could obtain something really similar, Marie-Thérèse being forced to stamp heavily with all her muscles tensed, like if she had never been a biped.

When she was so exhausted that rage couldn't boost her strength anymore, he went back to his hut. In front of it was a kind of rack where his five other white properties were held in a very uncomfortable position. Marie-Thérèse joined them soon, finding out that it had notches where to nest her clitoral jewel. P'Wanga made her rise on tiptoes and, when the ivory piece drawn level with the rack, he made it slide on it until it locked itself in the notch. That way, held by the most intimate part of her body like a coat, she was fitting perfectly P'Wanga's requirement for white females: she was immobilized, uncomfortable, in pain—and highly comical when looked from the outside, no doubt!

The unfortunate companions of Marie-Thérèse weren't huge mares like the warriors' mounts. They seemed to be edu-



cated women, probably stolen to the Arabs who had originally abducted them. They had pubic hair in abundance, though the brands of Shazilarian masters partially shown under it, and she noticed that two of them were Malik Maruk's crest.

She was left like that for a few hours until P'Wanga decided to play with her a little. He stencilled her face with henna and indelible colored inks that could hold on skin for months ... he pierced her lips, her tongue and put rings everywhere he could, making her look like the other unfortunate women.

Marie-Thérèse never had such a painful and exhausting day in all her life, and she welcomed the night, and the rest that it should bring. Though, she was left hanging on the rack through her clitoral jewel, together with the other women—that stretched position on tiptoes with their beauty bud as only fulcrum was supposed to be resting!

And the days passed in the Shaziri village, each of them carrying its amount of torture. Marie-Thérèse learnt to sleep standing up tied to the rack while P'Wanga was sprawling on his couch, snoring happy.

Every single moment was for Marie-Thérèse a festival of stupid jokes based on cruelty toward white women. P'Wanga had the worst creative mind as long as it was involving embarrassment and pain for his unfortunate victims.

Each time one of these savages was bored, a white woman was paying for it, being whipped or simply beaten up with anything within reach. And then, everyone around would laugh.

The only awful thing that the Rasheedians had in common with these tribesmen was the use of slaves for personal hygiene, but where the Arabs would also enjoy mounting them for pleasure, the Shaziri savages would only give them

some hard thrashing. For no apparent reason, having sex with a white woman was strictly prohibited for them.

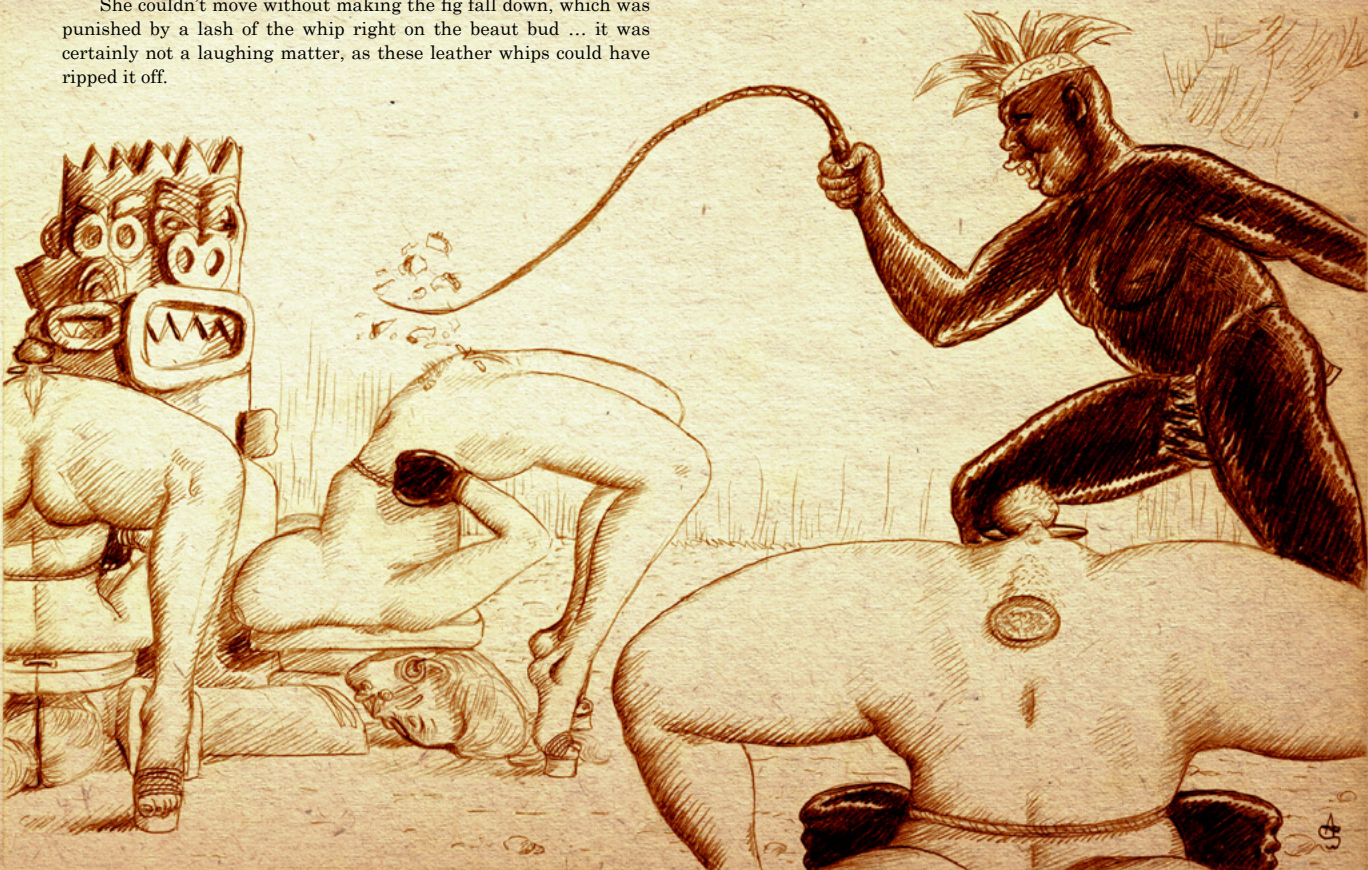
P'Wanga was her new master now, but it meant nothing like it did with Malik Maruk, who reigned over thousands of worshiping females. The old trainer would never humiliate his beloved golden fillies without some noble purpose in mind ... and his domination would always involve some delightful sexual rituals with nothing in common with those stupid cruel games relished by these savages!



P'Wanga's favorite entertainment was to tie his white women upside-down, legs parted, a Shazilari fig balanced on their clitoris. Marie-Thérèse had to stay like that for a very long time, with blood rushing to her head while that fruit and its stinging skin would itch horribly!

She couldn't move without making the fig fall down, which was punished by a lash of the whip right on the beaut bud ... it was certainly not a laughing matter, as these leather whips could have ripped it off.

But for P'Wanga, it was fun to play a lashing William Tell with the figs. He always sniggered stupidly about his great skills when he succeeded ... or about how his clumsiness was making him more human when he missed the fruit.



All the village could hear long grunts of discomfort coming from his hut, then the sound of the whip and moans of relief, because the juice of the squashed fig calmed down the itching.

It was giving the outside impression that P'Wanga was having sex with his mares, something that was strictly forbidden. If scandalized neighbors had entered to look at what was cooking in the jester's hut, they would have seen how much the whole thing was a joke... But they wouldn't come anyway: Every Shaziri in the village knew very well what these sounds were, and it was only launching laughs.

After two weeks of this hell, Marie-Thérèse felt like she had only two possibilities left to her: To escape, or to die...

### Chapter XIII

#### The Rasheedian army to the rescue!



While Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse experienced the continuous torture that made the usual life of a white woman in a wild Shaziri village, Malik Maruk could enjoy a quiet evening on the Naouda cliff in the company of his wife Fatima, both of them being licked and rubbed by their favorites.

Suddenly, one of Fatima's little blond piglet stumbled against a young ebony pet at Malik Maruk's service and fell down on the floor, spilling around the gwalads she carried in a plate.

N'Gwamba ordered the two slaves to collect the ruined pastries and then lashed their buttocks to teach them how to behave. Yet, when the ebony one was allowed to go, N'Gwanba continued to whip the young blonde. That was only justice, as the rule set for the ethnic facility had put the ebony stock in charge of the yard. Of course, one could object that the blond pets were serving Fatima outside of the racial experiment, though according to the normal rules of Shazilari tradition anyway, the Shaziri and Mahawis were human beings in slavery when the whites were only a biped branch of the porcine



species. So, no one doubted that the blonde should need more lashes for having delayed an urge of the Goddess for a gwa-  
lad!

Fatima Maruk watched with delight the young pink buttocks jump under the whip.

"What about that racist sow, that decuisse?" Fatima suddenly exclaimed. "Do you have any news?"

"Oh yes!" Malik replied, "Indeed I've quite hot information: spies have located her in the Sacred Valley. The Imperial Army has scheduled a campaign against these wild Shaziris, to settle the problem of their petty larceny once and for all. Three Army corps are gathered now in Rasheedabad, ready to raid the Shaziris tomorrow. I'll get that racist sow back, and many other fillies also stolen from me these last years."

"Don't you think that the Shaziris would have killed her by now?" Fatima enquired, "you told me they're incredibly cruel..."

"Sure they are!" Malik replied, "but they rarely kill a new filly. It happens only by accident, or after years of bad treatments. They hate the white cattle too much to give them a quick death. And fortunately, they begin to mutilate them only after a long period of training" ...

"Savages!" Fatima exclaimed disgusted, "why are they so vindictive toward these creatures? I understand revenge, but being sadistic like that, they must hold a terrible grudge against them?"

"Oh yes! When the porcine bipeds were ruling the region, half a century ago, they slaughtered ninety percent of their population, mistaking them most of the time with the Mahawis. And it forced the rest of the Mahawi cannibals into the deep forest, cutting the original Tambi land in two parts. When their protector Lord Whitestock—a.k.a. the Lord of the

Animals—was captured at the time by our caliph, foreign raiders began to loot Southern Shaziriland. The Northern Shaziris tried to find protection in their ancient beliefs, adoring a trinity of 'white goddesses', but it only led them to become our slaves. Though, those who escaped never blamed us for that; instead, they blame the porcine females who tricked them! So, of course, Shaziris of the North don't like us, because we are their traditional foes, and we want them out of the Sacred Valley, but they hate the whites beyond reason!"

"That's strange" Fatima reacted, "do you suggest that the Shaziris of Shazilar and those who live down there could be the same people?"

"They definitely are! It used to be a rumor, but the D.I.R.E. knows now for sure that these tribes have a secret passage in the mountain. For centuries, my ancestors were puzzled by the capacity of these savages to instantly disappear when a caliph had initiated a round-up, but when the Valley was opened, we realized that the Northern Shaziris had their own way to pass under the mountain; in the north of Shazilar, we found a few branded Shaziri slaves from outside, as well as some whites who couldn't possibly have accessed the Valley through the original caves. These tribes live in Shazilar, but they hunt on the other side, in the jungle right under the cliff. They cross the mountain each time there's a danger on one side. The Empress intends to find the eastern passage to enslave them all, though I'll try to convince her to leave some of them in their villages, not in the Sacred Valley, of course, but in this jungle down there: they can be precious for occasions like the breaking in of mustangs, and I'm pretty sure that our glorious Empress will understand. If we knew the location of this passage, we could easily control them in some reservation to prevent filly larceny. It's time to make them realize the hard way that these animals are our property! Southern Shaziris, both Tambis and Nambis,



have come to our views when they discovered Shazilar, and they were white haters too, so why not their cousins of the North? I think anyone might appreciate the delights that these blondes can provide.”

“Yes,” Fatima replied amused, “the Nambis even seem to like that way of life very much.”

“They are clearly smarter. They allow themselves to enjoy their whites. The northern Shaziris can’t; their laws forbid to have sex with the females of their enemies. It’s even punished by death. Though, they have the right to own them and use them as animals on the condition that they should make them suffer.”

“Indeed those Northern savages are stupid,” Fatima replied, “I’m not sure that I’ll like them better than the Mahawis. Civilized people are able to forgive to their enemies: I would never deprive my worst ex-neighbor of gently licking my divine body. Only the clumsy ones who can’t help hurting with their teeth or are not filled with joy at the idea of serving me for my natural needs should get the whip. And, of course, the stupid ones who can’t accept quickly enough that the Fatima they disliked in Europe has become here a Goddess to worship. For this filth, of course, a punishment can’t be too hard ... but it’s never out of cruelty! As soon as they see the light, I forgive them, and they’ve all their chances to obtain my good graces by being just a little more fervid than the others.”

“You’re very nice with your white toys, but you can afford it, as they all come to worship you sooner or later without much training ... those Northern Shaziris aren’t allowed any Naffenol pills. You know that only our glorious Empress Rasheeda the First can authorize their distribution nowadays. They used to raid the Shazilarian naffi fields, but now those are too heavily guarded by Rasheedian soldiers with

modern weapons. So they can’t possibly enjoy that cattle as much as we do: If the white animals didn’t worship me like they do, I’m not sure that I’d take them so often. Because they can’t inspire total love, these Shaziris can only use hate to train their mounts. In that logic, if they had sex with their mares, they would soon grow soft with them ... and anyway, what’s the point to have some intercourse with a white that hates you? Though, it’s quite a colorful show to watch them on their blond mounts in a battle. Come with me tomorrow, I’ll ride with the Army. You’ll see them fight our soldiers.”

In the morning of the next day, Malik Maruk and his wife Fatima left the farm for the Capital in a quadruplet sedan pulled by native white fillies. They arrived in Rasheedabad in the afternoon and met the Empress for dinner.

As he had suspected, Malik Maruk was able to convince the living Goddess of all Rasheedians to spare some Shaziri tribes for the purpose of mustang training.

They slept in the Imperial Palace, and the day after, they took the famous passage beneath the mountain and joined the huge modern army gathered in the Sacred Valley. The Empress and a lot of celebrities were already there, comfortably installed in their sedans pulled by white fillies, protected by hundreds of blond female bodyguards around them. Nobody from the high society of Rasheedabad would have missed the last battle against the arch-enemy of the Shazilarians.

The gigantic convoy arrived in the Northern jungle in the end of the afternoon and surprised the Shaziris in four of their villages, putting in chains all those who weren’t killed in battle.

The white captives of the savages were glad to be back to their Arab masters, but Malik Maruk couldn’t find the decuisse filly. A little worried, he hoped that she would be in the fifth and last village. Though, when they arrived at its location, the



Shaziris had already fled—once again, they had escaped from the Sacred Valley through their secret passage, just like they had done in centuries!

But not all of them this time, it seemed! A scout signaled to be silent. Something was running in the jungle. The foliage moved, and a Shaziri warrior popped out on his mount, which was ... the decuisse filly!

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Marie-Thérèse carried on her back P'Wanga, the practical joker. The poor devil was pulling on the clitoral rein like a madman, hurting her beauty bud through the ivory artifact behind it. Despite the atrocious pain, Marie-Thérèse wouldn't turn around, and there was nothing he could do against that. She was well aware of his attempt to reach the caves and hide with his tribe, but she had decided to take the opposite direction, straight to the Arabs, who definitely were better masters than the savages.

She got the impression that her clitoris was torn off by the frantic movements of the panicking P'Wanga on the reins, Marie-Thérèse could see soldiers, some noble Rasheedians in their carriages pulled by superb blonde women. Leading them was the famous Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul! What were the odds that she would be saved by the same terrible woman whom she used to denounce as a threat!

Rasheeda might have recognized her, as she burst in laughs, immediately followed by the nobles and the soldiers.

Marie-Thérèse would have given a lot to see the haggard face of the jester on her back, suddenly incapable of dominating his mare, terrified at the sight of the enemy soldiers surrounding him. Once again, P'Wanga had successfully made an audience laugh; only this time, it was at his own



expense!

Marie-Thérèse couldn't see much with her visor, but when her Shaziri rider let go the reins, defeated, she could turn her head and widen her field of vision. And that was when she noticed the person she was looking for: Malik Maruk!

She couldn't repress her joy. It was the end of that nightmare. The old man had come to her rescue, and she intended to show him how grateful she could be. Of course, she'd still be a captive, and maybe isolated and punished for her escape, but at least she'd be back to civilisation ... and it was such a relief!

Malik Maruk jumped down from his sedan and came toward Marie-Thérèse. In silence, he removed her Shaziri reins and clothes, leaving only the ivory objects deeply stuck into her body. And then, he put a normal bit between her teeth and pulled her to the sedan with the ring on it.

Once again she was going to dribble through the embarrassing piece of metal, but it was so much better than the dry mouth caused by the Shaziri reins. And she was free to move her lips without pulling painfully on that barbaric clitoral thong...

So, she didn't resent it when her nose ring was tied through a leather leash to the Master's carriage, and when she had to gallop behind it across the Valley of Shazilar for the rest of the day. She could contemplate her master sprawling comfortably on a young and adoring ebony girl, while herself had to run very fast to match the speed of the native white women pulling the quadruplet sedan. All that time, she had thought that he abandoned her to these ferocious savages, but the truth was that Malik Maruk had never let go. He had come for her ... and saved her life!

After a night in the stables of the Imperial Palace,

Marie-Thérèse had to run again to the Naouda cliff. Finally, Fatima and Malik Maruk's quadruplet sedan passed through the doors of the ethnic facility on the lower plateau late in the afternoon—Marie-Thérèse's nightmare was over!

N'Gwamba was busy presenting the yard, which made Marie-Thérèse sick to her stomach. If she hadn't been so ingenuous with that filthy savage, the ebony breed wouldn't have dethroned the golden one in ruling the yard. She would never trust one of these savages again!

Malik Maruk parked the sedan and brought Marie-Thérèse to the golden side of the yard. It seemed that despite her escape, the old trainer was offering her another chance to make things right. Seeing that their God was going to bless them with his presence, the golden fillies immediately separated in two groups, giving him a guard of honor of spread thighs. Marie-Thérèse felt proud to belong to this noble race, diabolically efficient in catching the Master's eye.

Maggie orchestrated the presentation ... good old Maggie! How unfair she had been with her! The Golden Supreme was just trying to make her stock rule the yard through excellence... She would now follow her lead blindly ... and hope that she could be forgiven.

The spruce golden fillies were now disposed in two lines on each side of the valley of flesh Malik Maruk was walking on. They chanted the name of their beloved master in perfect coordination with their pelvic shaking, as usual.



"Maliiiiik... Maruuuuuuk.... Maliiiiik... Maruuuuuk..."

"Counter salute!" Maggie ordered. Immediately, half the golden fillies began to wave their crotch off the beat with the other half, without the slightest hesitation, and without any jerkiness...

Marie-Thérèse had spontaneously jumped down on the mud floor, imitating the herd. She chanted in front of the Master too. Though when she felt a foot hitting her flank strongly, she quickly turned around. Malik Maruk had removed his slipper, offering her his naked foot to suck...

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse began a complete clean-up of the Master's foot, starting with his big toe. The taste wasn't so good, but the contact of the skin on her tongue was delightful. At last, she could experience the Naffi Effect again!

Though, she had to admit that it wasn't the only reason why she was so happy. She felt safe here ... she felt at home!



## Epilogue

& Malik Maruk dried his foot up in Marie-Thérèse's hair and tapped it gently on her cheek to indicate that she had to leave. She crawled away to her spot in the line of fillies, very careful to keep waving her hips and chanting, aiming her crotch in the direction of Malik Maruk.

She looked on both her sides at her neighbor goldens who were staring at her. She lowered her eyes to clearly express that she regretted her arrogance. She acknowledged that she wasn't any better than they were...

When Marie-Thérèse raised her head again, the fillies were smiling at her. Her heart began to beat very fast—they had forgiven her! How wonderful to fully be, for the first time in the yard, a true member of her stock. She swore to herself that they would never have to regret that. She would do anything to make them proud, to make the golden breed rise at the head of the yard again. She knew that she could make a difference for the satisfaction of Malik Maruk, the Master ... her God!

But was the old trainer really a god? Of course not! Though it was such an attractive prospect ... so relaxing for the mind ...



so full of promises. She could go along with it, just like when she was a child and wanted so much to believe in Santa Claus. Right now, right here, Malik Maruk was in total control of her body, and she would be a fool to think he wasn't wise enough to control her mind too. Practically, he had the power of God over her, as well as over the whole golden breed. So, what was so wrong about seeing him as a deity? Especially if it could improve her social life... And maybe even bring her to harmony and plenitude...

Tomorrow, perhaps she would find a way to go back to Europe, and she would laugh about all that, but it would be another day. In the meantime, she didn't feel embarrassed anymore to humble herself in front of an old man who was so sweet and powerful at the same time ... and so ... attractive! Yes attractive ... he was handsome! he deserved to be adored by the best breeds in the yard; the blond ones!

Here she could worship him without any shame. No one from her previous life could ever enter this country without being soon put in the same position as she was, and so in position to find her behavior perfectly normal.

Even if some Arabs whom she had violently opposed on television should come here, she wouldn't be ashamed of having to grovel before them anymore, acknowledging their superiority at last. Indeed, they were a race of gods with outmost sexual power, and as a blonde, it was her fate to be at their foot... And the same way she was a famous writer and a respected leader in Europe, she intended to become someone special here, the best of her community!

And Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, Malik Maruk's new golden mustang, felt the warm cock of God make contact with her anus while she chanted "Maliiiiik", penetrating her deeply, accompanying her movement on "Maruuuuk".

She soon smashed the record of duration of six rectal blessings, and each time when the tool of God was back in her guts for one more cycle of ten fillies, Marie-Thérèse would swagger a little more with pride.

Her blood rushed to her face, and she experienced orgasms in waves, though she could still see in the corner of her eye the other goldens look at her with complicity and admiration ... yes, she had to continue the movement despite her desire to vanish into the bliss. All was getting dark around her, but she had to concentrate on the axis of God inside her.

She had entered the legend...



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Valley of Shazilar  
Access to miscreants strictly forbidden

Northern Ghaziri Camp

Hidden passage

Battle for the Eastern Passage

Mass of fallen rocks

Capture by the Ghaziris



Marah  
Biggest Market in the World

Shazilari Mountains

No man's plateau

Malik Marah's farm

Marah's training facilities

Ethos facility

Nawada Cliffs

Nawada Cliffs

Guba Village

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