

Alonzo SERAI

# Securing the White Fillies



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# Securing

## The White Fillies

The Legend of the White Fillies  
Volume V



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BEGIN



Alonzo Gerai

# Securing the White Pillies

Worlds of Domination  
Les Mondes de Domination



## Prologue

Fatima Maruk ran up the stairs four at a time. She just came back from the Shaziri hunt<sup>1</sup> in the Sacred Valley of Shazilar, where she had been tremendously aroused by the sight of Negro warriors fighting the Imperial troops, so she had only one thing in mind during the journey home: to party with her Shaziri minions as soon as possible.

All the other women who had also taken part in the hunt had been wise enough to bring a few Shaziri male pets and stallions along for entertainment. Though, Fatima wasn't too much into African slaves, and she had never participated to that kind of event before, so she had only taken white body servants with her for the usual hygienic convenience.

But when the battle began, she had been caught up in the spectacle of those half-naked Shaziri warriors dripping sweat, fighting desperately with spears against the far superior forces of the Rasheedian knights and their modern weapons. The other lords and ladies of the Imperial court had their own Shaziri slaves to entertain them during these two nights spent on the battlefield, and the unfortunate Fatima could only hear the sound of their parties under the huge tents while she had

<sup>1</sup> - see: "Challenging the White Fillies"



only the tongues of her white female pets for her pleasure.

The use of one of the Shaziri warriors captured by the knights would have been impossible, as they were wild and extremely dangerous until they could get a proper training.

Thankfully, she avoided the social humiliation of her situation because Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazud had made the same mistake, and the members of the Imperial court wouldn't have dared laughing at Fatima when their all-powerful Empress might take it for herself.

Though, if they were all eager to offer their slaves to satisfy their Empress at night, they would totally ignore Fatima Maruk, a remote lady rancher who could only dream of it. She might have tried to buy one or two Shaziri males on the spot for a high price, but a refusal would have caused a too painful humiliation.

Finally, after days of frustration, Fatima Maruk was back home, where half a dozen black pets and stallions were at her disposal!

She rushed into her apartments where her blonde piglets were waiting for orders, flat on the floor. She went directly to the hutches where her two muscular Shaziri males covered with oil showed frantic excitement when their rattan door opened. At last, it was the beloved face of their Arab goddess after months of disappointment discovering only the tasteless mugs of the she-devil in charge of their daily training!

They jumped out of their hutches and put themselves in the position of respect, kneeling on the tiled floor with legs widely spread, pelvis forward and head down on the chest, their stiff cocks aiming at their goddess, oscillating like attracted by a magnet.

Fatima grabbed the grateful organs carelessly and pulled up the two muscled male pets into standing position. It caused them to come instantly with the huge Naffi Effect

generated by their mistress. They soaked the floor with their semen that two blonde piglets cleaned with their tongues in a few seconds, popping out of nowhere. The ebony slaves climaxed three times more on the way to the bed, pulled by the magic hands of their beloved goddess.

Fatima jumped on her "pleasure arena", as she called it, leaving the dark cocks to the care of the blonde piglets, who started cleaning up the throbbing organs. The suction exerted by these pets was so strong that the black males reacted with pain, but they knew it was a necessary sacrifice to avoid sullying the Goddess with their spunk.

When it was done, Fatima grabbed the cock of the first Shaziri slave, making it hard again in a second and brought it at the cleft of her brown labia. The stud penetrated her and began to rock his pelvis in a way he knew from experience to be agreeable to the Goddess, following her rhythm without the slightest lapse. It was very difficult for him to restrain climaxing, even after his three successive orgasms. Because of the Naffi Effect, being in close contact with Lady Fatima could be a torture!

He had to hold for ten strokes before he could be allowed to get out and relieve himself into the mouth of a blonde pet. To squirt his semen inside the Goddess would have been punished with instant death. Fatima didn't use any other contraceptive method, as this one had shown to be very efficient!

So when the first Shaziri male went out, jumping on the side of the bed where the lips of a white servant waited for him, the second one instantly replaced him inside Fatima, without any loss of rhythm.

The two muscular stallions took turns like this for fifteen minutes until Fatima finally experienced an orgasm.

She pushed the two males away from the bed, leaving them to the blonde servants who led them back to their hutches.



"Well," Fatima exclaimed in English, "So much for the Shaziris! That wasn't so fantastic after all. It was exciting to think about it on the battlefield, but passed it, I like better my little white minions: they have smaller organs, though it's so much more erotic to watch them blushing while they get busy with my body."

The rattan hutches where the white male pets lived began to shake, and a few moans of bliss could be heard.

Fatima smiled and jumped out of the bed. She went to the window, followed by her servants.

Her husband Malik Maruk was in the yard, reviewing with satisfaction the white fillies that he had recaptured from the Shaziris. Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, that racist mustang that he had to train for Prince Yusuf Bourid of Wonderbourg, was getting a special attention. The famous French writer who had once tried to reveal the secret plans of the Empire to take over the world was now totally defeated. She was swaying her pelvis, parting her thighs widely, chanting the name of Malik Maruk with a worshipping voice in an invitation to be mounted like an animal.

She would have completely rejected him a few weeks ago, but now she tried very hard to catch his attention. Once again, the "best Swillraoussa trainer in the world"—as Malik was called in the training business—had managed to change one more educated white into a groveling filly.

"Disobeying to your rider is a crime against Nature," Malik Maruk exclaimed to the crawling Madame de Cuisse, "and that, even if he's a stupid Shaziri at war with us gods. If you had committed such an awful act because I was whistling at you to make you come back to me, you would have been rewarded. But you did it on your own decision, showing independence, and for a filly it is a terrible defect. For that, your name will now be 'balky'. It will help you remember that

you need to be cured of that nasty behavior. On the other hand, coming back to me despite the pain that your Shaziri rider was inflicting you go straight to my heart. You'll be greatly rewarded for that act of faithfulness to your true god. For this, I'm putting the golden stock at the top of the yard again, thanks to you!"

The ranks of the goldens suddenly waved with a more vibrant energy and a jolly enthusiasm in the chanting of the name of Malik Maruk. On the contrary, the fillies of the ebony stock—in charge of the yard since Madame de Cuisse's misbehavior before the God—seemed to do it a bit more mechanically.

The goldens had reasons to rejoice. Not only Malik Maruk had reinstated them in what they regarded as their natural place in the yard, but he had also talked to them in normal English instead of the usual "sluttish" that they had to speak—it was a great honor!

"Tonight, fillies of the golden stock, you are invited to the big reunion feast that we give, the Goddess and myself. You'll have to perform 'The conception of a god,' a figure that Maggie will teach you right now. Except for this part, it should be as informal as every good party should be. For the newcomers, it means that you won't be bound by the usual rules of the farmyard during the event. You'll have to find your own manner of showing your respect to your gods. Don't hesitate to be indecent in the way you grovel to get our attention. The more despicable you think you are at fawning on us, the more you probably are appealing to us! I love when a white filly debase herself to attract me. It means that she's not ashamed of her porcine origins and understands that it's the only way to please us Arab gods in the generous new word we're building for you. If you are appealing enough to us, I guarantee that this party will be the greatest event of your life! Maggie will prepare you to be at your best."



The displayed backsides of the goldens shook convulsively. One of the fillies climaxed, immediately followed by the whole flock.

Satisfied to hear the choir of his favorite stock chanting his name with clear conviction, Malik Maruk walked away into the farmhouse.

Six hours later, Maggie, the she-devil of the goldens gathered the thirty fillies of her stock to prepare them for the party. She removed their leather belts, boots, gloves, and nose rings. She made them put on the aprons and the high-heeled sandals of the Harem servants and ordered them to walk on all fours into the farmhouse.

Fatima and Malik Maruk would join them later in the big bedroom, but they loved to watch, through one of the many spy holes in the walls, these blonde creatures being intimately processed by their she-devil. The fillies were now climbing the stairs, on the knees, toward the main bedroom, twisting their bodies with astounding salaciousness, even when nobody important was around to witness their efforts.

These spoilt white girls looked exactly like those who had despised Fatima during her frustrated youth in Wonderbourg, and it was an amazing feeling for her to see such haughty sluts treating her as an omniscient goddess who might constantly be around to monitor the correctness of their porcine behavior. Some of these white geoses even believed that their living deities had the ability to uncover their most intimate thoughts! Fatima was always filled with admiration for Malik Maruk and how he was skillfully driving them to see Arabs with respect at first sight, then with terrified superstition, and finally with blind adoration—that last step being, of course, the natural state of grace any porcine creature had to ascend to, in the Phoenic religion!

Once the fillies were all in the divine bedroom, Maggie

installed the scene by lying on the back, sticking her shoulders down on the tiled floor. She gave them the order to kneel up in a very close position around her, divided in four groups facing each other, as practiced in the yard for the last hours.

When they were all on their knees in this very close formation, she ordered them to synchronize their breath with her own. As they were packed like sardines, it showed to be quite easy. Soon, they were all breathing as a single person. Maggie made them lean forward above her, and they stayed still for half an hour.

The first ten minutes, someone passing by could have heard screaming with pain from time to time. It was only Maggie punishing a misbehaving filly by strongly pinching her clitoris. With her lying position in the middle of the swarm, she had all the golden stock within the grasp of her fingers, her toes or her teeth.

Thirty minutes later, the door of the bedroom opened and the fillies unfolded with grace, raising their head in the direction of the Arab couple, their tongue lustfully pulled.

“How cute!” Fatima exclaimed in Arabic. “It looks like that sea anemone figure. Why don’t we do that more often?”

“What you see here is a very difficult presentation,” Malik Maruk replied in English, “and to be honest, I’m a bit worried about having this stock performing it, but what would be life without a little risk? Anyway, if they do it wrong, I’ll end the party and the supremacy of the goldens for long ... and I’ll replace them with the porcelains, trained for the ‘Conception of a god’ position for years.”

Delighted, Fatima walked toward the beautiful pink-and-gold living bed that was eagerly waiting for her. Helped by her pet servants, she lay down on it and spread her thighs comfortably.

The Golden fillies moved their head under Fatima so that

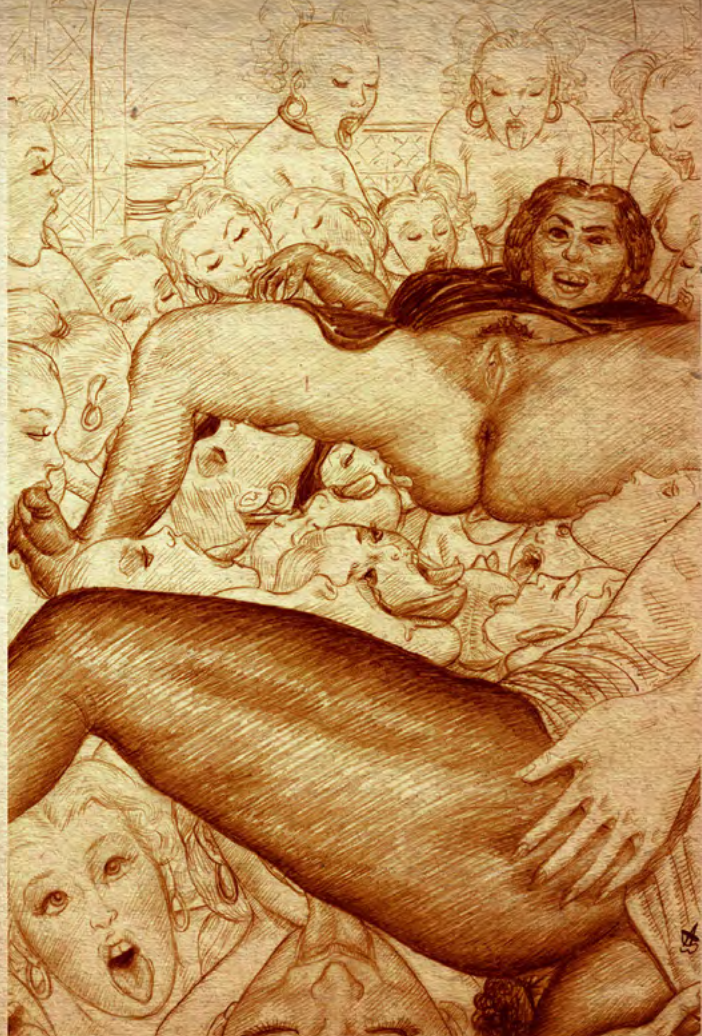


at least twelve of them could carry the Goddess with their face; but, despite the repartition of the weight and the help of the servants, each one of them had to support between two and five kilograms with it, and that wasn't easy ... especially when they had to avoid the contact of their teeth on the holy flesh of the Goddess at all cost, and had only their tongue to cushion it. The others were luckier, as they only had to lick without having their chained orgasms spoil by pain.

The pet servants were slowly pushing Fatima to the center of that bed of flesh, and that movement was crushing the face of the fillies in the middle. But they were so enthusiastic about their participation to that unique event that they would do anything to reach the Goddess with their tongue.

Shaven every year for that ceremony, as required by the tradition, Fatima left more and more hair each time. After the feast, she would allow her pubic bush to grow again, like most of the Arab women. It was a paradox, but it had become a sign of independence and mystery in comparison to the bald vulvas of the whites.

Malik Maruk, helped by his pet servants too, took place on the living bed. The decuisse was lucky enough to reach his thigh with her tongue, happy to find herself in a situation to become a major actress of that figure. Malik Maruk was compelled to slide toward her face and to end sitting on her lively oral organ.



## Chapter I Intimate with the gods

**M**arie-Thérèse was immediately overflowed with the Naffi Effect. Instinctively, she thrust her tongue on Malik Maruk's anus and stuck her lips against it to cushion the direct contact of her teeth on this very tender part of his body. She pushed her organ deeper into his rectum and made a rotating movement with it, trying to concentrate on her sacred duty despite the orgasms she experienced.

"This decuisse is really good," Malik Maruk exclaimed in Arabic, "she's my seat right now, and I'm literally melting."

"I bet you are," Fatima smiled, "During her performance of the frontal position of respect, I noticed that she had the longest tongue of all the golden stock, and that she was swift with it!"

"Yes!" Malik replied, "What a pity that in her natural habitat, such an ability would never have been brought out, or would just be the object of a local fame. In the new world we are building, this can make her become a star of the Harem for a year ... or two if she improves her skills. I give that chance to every female whom I'm answerable for, by ordering Maggie to make all of them train their tongue five hours a day. If all the whites in the world could understand how wonderfully they



could blossom if they allowed us to reveal their true nature ... of course many would show no talent at all and would only be good at digging in a mazook field, but for those who are skilled like this one, what a waste!"

"I agree," Fatima chuckled, "this filly is already famous in Europe for racking her brains for writing negative and blasphemous books. She's much better here, where she can use her grey matter the right way to become a success. What is celebrity good for if you have to torture yourself for it?"

"Indeed, that's a great gift that we offer her here!" Malik Maruk replied, "A chance to be spotted by a divine being and to raise herself over the common white without the responsibilities and the stress that she would have undergone in her natural habitat."

Marie-Thérèse wasn't shocked by that kind of talk anymore. She wasn't supposed to understand them, as they were expressed in Arabic, and was accustomed to hide her reactions. It was better for her right now to think of Malik Maruk as a living god—and in that regard, what he just said made perfect sense!

A few weeks ago, she would have been humiliated to see her job as a writer and her fight against white slavery be compared to her way of using her tongue in the rectum of an old Arab farmer, but in her new position, this gift of nature could be really an asset to make her a star in the yard, and that was all that counted. Also, she was beginning to fancy doing that tongue digging, something she had stupidly refused to do in her early weeks in the yard. Now, in addition to the Naffi Effect, she even found enjoyable the taste of the old Arab in that remote place! How fast her multiple orgasms had brought her to love things about Malik Maruk that she would have rejected as dirty before!

The two gods were floating over the flock of greedy

mouths and lively tongues, enjoying a conversation like if they were sitting in very comfortable armchairs.

"It was a pity," Malik Maruk continued, "that her racism used to include Arabs. Only us can value her talents!"

"You're so right!" Fatima replied, "And how ironic it is! Being prejudiced about Arabs, she was condemning herself to a pathetic waste of her natural assets! She must be quite conscious of her past mistakes now!"

"And grateful that we allowed her to join! I know you think that we Shazilarians are kidding when we say such things, darling, but this is actually a very serious matter. This poor sow might never have found her way to me. She would have lived a dull and empty existence, aping human beings instead of fully assuming her porcinity. I wouldn't wish such a fate to the worst enemy of the Empire ... and actually that's what she was!"

"You're right, this is very hard for me to accept that way of thinking!" Fatima chuckled. "It is probably because of my European education, but I can't help seeing the domination of those white sluts as an abuse of their human rights, even knowing now that, in reality, we offer them happiness. It's difficult for me to consider myself as their natural owner, like you do. I like it better that way though. If I should see them for good as a variety of the porcine species, like the Phoenix religion teaches us to, it would somehow make my revenge on them insipid."

"I know what you mean. Are you aware of how eager I am to win my four princesses from the princely family of Wonderbourg that caused me revolting humiliation a few years ago? A nice retribution can greatly spice-up the training of a white! And I'll soon enjoy the sweetest of them all, as my four delightful rewards will be on the way, thanks to the Shaziri savages who helped me train this racist filly in time. I intend to use that escaping deception more and more! The whites are



always greatly improved when they come back from these little holidays that I offer them. Though, that Shaziri twist in my scheme was a total surprise for me. I blockade the way down the plateau so that the fugitive whites can only follow the surrounding ledge, but usually they only spend a week of mistreatment in the hands of the custom officers who patrol under the Naouda cliff. This one foolishly went straight into the jungle, Allah knows why, yet this is what allowed us to discover the second passage and brought to the Empire total victory over the savages. It will even give me a better training tool in the future when that tribe signs an agreement with me.”

Marie-Thérèse tensed up, making her tongue stiffen a bit inside the old man. So, her escape had been a deception all the time! It was one of Malik Maruk’s tricks again to change white women into his obedient creatures. He was definitely not the hero who had saved her from the Shaziris. Worse, he was the reason why she had suffered in that tribe for almost a month!

She realized that she had turned her tongue way too mechanically into Malik Maruk’s inner sanctum and tried to temper her emotions. Fortunately, the old Arab didn’t seem to notice her sudden reaction to his Arabic words. Well ... actually she would never know that for sure—he was such a great psychologist! Maybe he was just faking it, inwardly preparing to test her knowledge of Arabic? Anyway, one thing was certain: Marie-Thérèse definitely had to be more careful.

Despite the Naffi Effect and her permanent climaxing, what she was doing with her tongue to that man who had caused her such a huge deception had suddenly turned back into a disgusting humiliation. Not that she didn’t like the taste of his anus anymore, or the pleasure that she got out of it, but knowing that she had been tricked was hurting her

pride, especially when she now had to raise her head to follow his rocking movement forward in his wife like an eager slut!

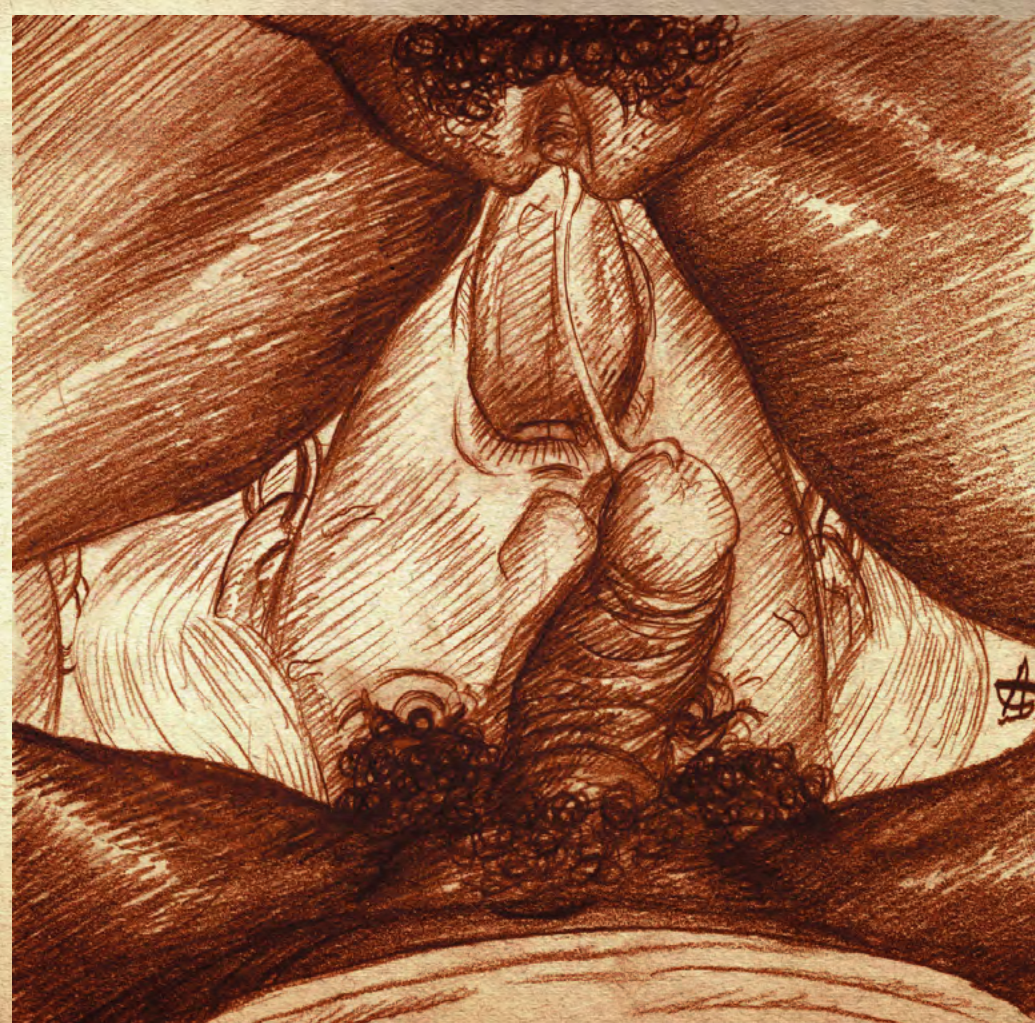
Once Malik Maruk was in place, Marie-Thérèse had to be extremely delicate in maintaining the rotation of her tongue deep inside his rear orifice while anticipating his back and forth pelvic movements to avoid breaking the rhythm. Thankfully, her disgust and the shame were now fading away.

The Arab couple could now experience a sexual intercourse without having to do anything by themselves, entirely carried by the wave of pink flesh. Marie-Thérèse could feel the contact of the rest of the flock, and in addition to her difficult tongue routine, her key position was making her responsible for synchronizing the movements of the blonde swarm with Malik Maruk’s. The filly under Fatima was also becoming important, and in the middle, Maggie had to direct all of it, to take the decision of increasing speed or slowing down one of the two groups to unify the whole figure according to what she knew about the Gods. When Malik Maruk was changing his rhythm, Marie-Thérèse could feel it instantly on her tongue and had to communicate it to the others, making it clear to Maggie that from this side, God was getting impatient. The general rule was that each time it was possible, the Goddess could control the movement but when the god was showing a fancy to lead, that was what was going to be.

After a few more orgasms, Marie-Thérèse had already forgotten her deception. She was doing her best again to make the mating of the Arab couple a success, though deep inside, she knew that her new determination wasn’t going to change anything now: she had to escape from that awful fate!

Suddenly, she felt Malik Maruk’s heartbeats accelerate. She immediately increased the speed of her tongue while the flock of golden fillies that carried the divine couple reflected it on the general motion.





Soon, Malik Maruk came into his beloved Fatima, justifying the name of the fifty-sixth position on the famous Shazilari book "The Christian Slave Garden," which was "The Conception of a god."

The Arab couple held still in that position for long minutes while the goldens were slowly decreasing the general movement. Then, Malik Maruk straightened up backwards. He pushed down Marie-Thérèse under his thighs and sat on her forehead. Fatima jumped forward over her face and made her use her tongue to catch the semen running out of her vulva.

Marie-Thérèse had the rare privilege to be involved in a servicing relationship with both the God and the Goddess, the slimy result of their mixed body fluids slowly flowing down her throat.

"What a wonderful world, my love," Fatima said in Arabic, "where a racist filly who had devoted her life to fighting us can be educated to



put the same energy into pleasing us.”

“Yes it is!” Malik Maruk replied, “It is spectacular, but when naffies are involved, and a basic training is correctly applied, it always ends like that. You must admit the evidence: for those creatures we are everything. They just need to get aware of it!”

Despite the unpleasant discovery that had spoilt Marie-Thérèse’s bliss during the figure, she couldn’t help seeing that divine mating as a historic moment in her life. Never had she felt so close to her fellow goldens, breathing and climaxing at the same time, sharing the same goal, the same emotions, the same ecstasy...

Even if she could escape right now and successfully travel back to Europe, she would forever remember that exceptional event. Naturally, she understood what a pawn she had been in their game, and the idea that Malik Maruk could be God for real was out for the moment, yet she still saw him as a superior being way beyond her racist values. She was so far away from her first impression of him as a simple servant of some Arab landowner, so old that he was kept for humane reasons—that was wrong on so many levels! Malik Maruk was a powerful, desirable man, and only the upsetting idea that she had been played like a puppet was preventing Marie-Thérèse to simply accept her fate as a member of the porcine species owned by an Arab master.

The Maruk couple stood up from the pile of pink bodies that supported the conception of their next child, and lay down on their huge bed together, immediately followed by their personal pet servants.

“Fillies of the golden stock,” Malik Maruk exclaimed, “You will get out of the bedroom now! You are allowed to crawl freely inside the house without Maggie’s leadership. You can put some music, drink and eat everything that we left on the

floor. The Golden Supreme will only make sure you stay within the limits of decent porcine behavior. The Goddess and I will have a walk around later. You shall not have to assume the position of respect before us tonight, but feel free to surprise us in being lewd in that nice manner you white females are so skilled at. Good initiative will be rewarded!”

And so, Marie-Thérèse and her fellow golden fillies crawled away through the door, leaving the Gods alone with their blonde servants.

For an hour, Malik Maruk gave tender kisses to his beloved wife while the pets were licking their orifices with their lively little tongues. Then, filled up with mutual tenderness, they stood up to begin their walk.

When Malik Maruk opened the door, he discovered that one of the fillies had simply waited for an hour in front of it, flat on the ground like a doormat, just to make sure that her gods would walk over her body. Fatima carelessly wiped her feet on the woman’s buttocks, and mentioned to her husband how relishing she was with this initiative, enjoying a lot how the pink flesh was nicely squashed under her slippers. Malik Maruk couldn’t agree more and made himself the promise that he had to reward a filly with such a simple positive instinct in the matter of entertaining her gods. That porcine female had freely chosen to wait here when she had the opportunity to spend an hour of freedom. She would experience pain for months because of this, but she wasn’t even moaning. Though it was clearly not the most imaginative show ever, this display of devotion was really delightful.

In every corridor, Malik Maruk and Fatima were passing goldens busy debasing themselves far more than what was imposed by the usual rules. Though, it was actually quite boring in comparison to what was taking place down the stairs: a



bunch of fillies were waiting for them, showing elastic skills. Two very attracting ones had their body completely folded, with their head between their feet and their hands holding their ankles firmly, their vulva protruding at the highest point. They were walking toward Malik Maruk in that difficult position, hobbling along like geoses.

They stopped right in front of him and began to clean his Turkish slippers with big strokes of the tongue. The muscles in their orifices were contracting and relaxing in perfect synchronism with what their oral organ was doing down there, making the bones roll under the skin of their inner thighs like waves. Their beauty bud was aimed at Malik Maruk, shivering naughtily, as an encouragement for him to pinch it. Though, it was too early in the evening for such a reward, and the divine couple had much to enjoy before moving to sweet tenderness.

When each one of the two contortionists had soaked the leather of her assigned slipper with saliva, they both made a little jump on the spot with a swift roll forward, a quarter of a somersault, and landed on their knees, face against the floor. Without the slightest pause, they made a second one, though this time the stunt might have been much scarier for them, having to hit the ground flat on the thighs, their face looking at the rear. They did it perfectly though, as their lower belly was now squashed against their god's feet, as required.

They began to rock their body slightly, like roly-poly toys, drying and brushing the sacred slippers with their little trimmed tufts of pubic hair. Considering that they couldn't possibly see what they were doing, it was remarkably performed. Yet, for an experienced trainer as Malik Maruk, it was clearly an amateur display, quite mediocre actually, as their labia should have been massaging his big toes through leather many times during the performance. But he didn't

care much, as the "roly-poly doll" figure was not part of the program in this facility. He even appreciated the sheer enthusiasm shown by these two, considering that they had to learn such a difficult figure alone during their rare resting moments—all that for the sole purpose of entertaining their god!

In the lounge, the biggest group of fillies had soaked themselves in fig oil and improvised a nightclub, putting colored veils on lamps to create a fancy atmosphere. They were wiggling their hips on a wild music—a traditional Lebanese belly-dancing tune—frantically swaying their pelvis in various ways, their breast bouncing in the process.

When they saw the holy couple coming, a group of ambitious fillies began a synchronized dance, suggesting that they had the skills for becoming harem performers. That sheer aspiration was a nice attitude to encourage, of course, as the will to ascend to a higher level in the porcine social ladder was of great value.

Their wriggling was incredibly arousing, based on different ways of parting their thighs wide and swaying their pelvis very fast. If the show that they had prepared was sticking to this level of quality, it would be the best belly dancing entertainment that Malik Maruk had ever seen performed by blonde females, and he would seriously consider setting-up parties like this more frequently. These events seemed to be rich in delightful ideas that he might teach himself later to new white trainees. He could sell them four or five times their price with such specialties!

The Maruks walked toward the couch to enjoy the show in a more comfortable position. Two fillies were waiting for the godly couple to sit on them, ready to be used as living cushions—the decuisse was one of them! They were raising their pelvis by strokes, as if they beckoned with the vulva to invite Fatima and Malik Maruk to settle themselves on them. Delighted, the Arab



couple lay down sprawling on the two blondes...

And they abused of it, carelessly jumping with joy on their human cushions while the other fillies would continue with their crazy lap dance. Malik Maruk was very agitated, sticking his sharp old bones in the tender flesh of the racist writer with a particular delight.

When the synchronized display was over, a free dancing session took place in front of the Arab couple. Every golden had her chance to do a solo performance with a speciality of her own for five minutes before being replaced by the next candidate. They were struggling so much to catch the attention of the gods that they seemed not to care one bit about having to end it prematurely with a dislocated member or a nasty fall. And such incidents actually happened a lot during that session.

The Maruks showed much tolerance during that evening. They would rather laugh at the unfortunate victims of their own enthusiasm instead of having them thrown out in the yard, as it should be. And it seemed to be paying on big time! Once the fillies had realized that their only risk was a bit of bruised pride and a laughing pleasure given to their gods, they all began to surpass themselves, capering, wiggling, masturbating, simulating sex acts, using tools, etc..

Impressed by that memorable festival of lively pink flesh, Malik Maruk tapped swiftly twice on his thigh, signaling that he would allow the performing fillies to touch his divine person. It created instantly a small scuffle, many goldens having planned to do their jazz only when that moment would come.

The fastest on the spot were three Dutch sisters. Half a second after the sign, one of them had already Malik Maruk's cock between her lips, the others waiting on her sides. They began to do a very nice trio figure, taking turns in a very skil-

ful way to prevent the divine organ from leaving the warmth of a mouth. It was an exhausting task for them to maintain it hard, considering Malik Maruk's advanced age and his recent mating with Fatima. They knew that it was almost impossible to drive him to an orgasm in that condition, but they still hoped for a miracle. And at least, they were confident that they could keep him hard for an hour or two, which was the only way to avoid the systematic punishment for fillies who failed to make their God climax. Though even that was a difficult challenge for the three golden slaves, and by freely proposing themselves, they were showing audacity and blind love for their god and knew that it would be duly appreciated.

Malik Maruk enjoyed all of it, comfortably smoking his hookah installed on the naked body of the decuisse, delighted to see how zealous his golden fillies could be, mischievously acknowledging new limits to extend in what he could require from them in the yard on a daily basis.



The best performer was that American woman bought for next to nothing, Candy Pepperidge. She had attached jewels with long chains on her body rings and was shaking all over to make them spin. With four of them to animate, it was a skillful act, and Malik Maruk had never seen it done that way before.

Candy was an American supplier of Arab handicrafts who had bought

an important stock of "sandal wood cabinets" on the Internet and a very expensive trading license for the highly recommended market of Maruk City, putting all her money in the adventure, plus some more borrowed to the Bank of Rasheedia. Once on the spot, she realized that those sandal wood cabinets were actually a code name for white females used by Shazilarians!



Malik Maruk, an admirer of ambitious sows, had generously covered her money loss, buying back the stock of a product she could never sell in the U.S. and avoiding her a bankruptcy—something punished by death in Rasheedea. He also took care of the taxes in exchange for the last sandal-wood cabinet that she had got left to sell, one she was understandably most reluctant to part with...

## Chapter II After the party

Later in the evening, Malik Maruk wished to satisfy a natural need, but couldn't see around the ebony favorite exclusively dedicated to that task. A man of his standing always preferred to share that intimate thing with females who were at least living in the Harem. He wasn't really tempted by the impure mouths of the fillies, even for an emergency. He stood up angry, already reviewing the punishments that he would inflict to the missing favorite, and walked toward the confined place where she was supposed to live.

The cupboard was closed, though the blonde piglet Susan Braggston—wriggly, as she was called now—was waiting for him in front of it, her hands keeping the doors shut to prevent the official favorite to get out to perform her duty. The young ebony was obviously aware that her deity was in need, as she was desperately hitting and scratching the wood like a wildcat.

Susan couldn't care less about that, clearly expressing to her god how much she wanted her position of favorite back, and the privilege to sleep in the highly coveted cupboard where she had lived her best years already.

"Wriggly! What a delicate attention, my little brat," Malik Maruk said, "I almost forgot how sweet you were."

He raised his djellabah and sat on the tender chest of the





young chamber pot. She instantly swallowed his manhood in a way he had never experienced from her before, suckling it like if it was her source for life energy. Delighted to see such dedication to his well-being from a blonde piglet, Malik Maruk relieved himself into her mouth.

The eyes of the golden female were shining with satis-

faction as she was pumping up her god with big gulps to avoid losing any liquid. Without the proper training of her first week as a favorite, when she had to learn how to suck and swallow in synchronism, she would have been flooded within a second and whipped for misbehavior. Malik Maruk would have openly mocked her clumsiness. He would have pretended to wonder whether she was a handicapped female unable to match the slow gush of an old man, or a dangerous rebel wasting the precious liquid on purpose. Thankfully, it had become a very easy task for her, and she could even enhance her act with some nice little treats.

When the flow decreased, she suckled his glans like a candy bar, sipping his last drips as if it was the most precious nectar. Then, she began to add to the greedy pumping a series of gentle licks, trying to delay the moment when her god would come to realize that it was over.

Of course, Malik Maruk was well aware of that very common trick among the pet servants, but he had no objection to be fooled that way sometimes, especially when it was done with such ingenuousness.

“Very nice, sweet wriggly! I can see that this little disfavor you experienced improved greatly your devotion. I much appreciate how you now give paramount importance to every second spent with me over anything else.”

The young chamber pot redoubled in attention, making clear with her eyes and her tongue how deeply she was in harmony with his words.

“That’s good enough for me. You’ll be my favorite again when I’m back from my trip. In the meantime, you’ll wait in the Harem and serve the Goddess.”

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Half an hour later, the party was over. Maggie gathered the fillies in the lounge and led them back to their boxes in the yard. Marie-Thérèse ached because of her stupid idea to do the armchair. She thought that it would be restful, but it was a very hard and painful thing to undergo for hours, having to avoid any discomfort for the old man because of her bones. On the other hand, she was the woman who experienced the greatest number of orgasms that evening, being in close contact with Malik Maruk during both the holy mating and the party. And it was her own record too!

Because of that divine pleasure, having to escape had become a sad perspective. She knew that she would give up her chances of absolute bliss in the yard forever. She would be left with emptiness and a feeling of hopelessness. She would probably regret her decision a few days later, but she just couldn't go on living like that and inexorably become the domesticated animal that Malik Maruk wanted her to be. No, she was an independent woman, whatever the cost!

Fortunately, during her hour of freedom in the house, while the other fillies were all looking for an outfit in the toolboxes, she found a little metal hook that she hid in her mouth. Thanks to that party, all the goldens would have their hands untied until morning, when Maggie would put back the leather and brass cuffs on them. Unfortunately, the huge wooden door of the farm was firmly standing between her and freedom, and she knew that she could never unlock it with the little hook.

Nevertheless, she would find a way. Tomorrow, she would escape again!

### Chapter III The big escape



Malik Maruk was up early for the preparation of his meeting with Rasheeda the First. He needed all the she-devils to pull his biggest carriage, in order to show the Empress how much he deserved his reputation of best trainer in the world. For that, his fillies had to display expert figures that only the supremes were able to do without any risk.

Like the rest of the farmyard, the golden stock had to wake up much before him, so they could form a guard of honor of docile rear orifices when he would cross the yard.

After that, they were all put back into their chains, but it took ten minutes for Marie-Thérèse to free herself using the little hook. The only one who might have made an ultimate checking after that, Maggie, was far too much concentrated on her very important task on the sacred vehicle to perform her duties with the usual effectiveness.

So, when the colorful stagecoach passed the huge door



of the facility, Fatima was left alone in charge of the farm. Thankfully, she didn't think that double-checking the fillies was worth interrupting her lie-in. Why would the goldens want to run away the day of their big comeback on the scene?

When the Goddess started her after lunch nap, Marie-Thérèse pushed her little bell deep into her vagina so it wouldn't tinkle and crawled out of her box. It was quite frightening to walk carefully through the silent yard, where hundreds of eyes could see her. Fortunately the fillies were all taking advantage of the unusual absence of the she-devils, enjoying the lie-in they dreamed of having for years, and their heads were turned in the other direction.

Now the only thing that Marie-Thérèse needed was the key to open the heavy door. She entered the farm and climbed the stairs very quietly.

Fatima was sleeping in the company of her pet servants, her body sprawling on a mix of black satin cushions and pink flesh. Only Susan was awake, giving little kisses on the big brown labia to keep the dreams of the Arab Goddess on the pleasure side... Unfortunately, the key that Marie-Thérèse was after was located around Fatima's neck!

She waved at Susan who reacted with surprise at first. Though, when she realized the terrible danger carried by the incongruous presence of a filly of her own stock in the Harem, she began to shiver with an irrational fear. Fortunately, the prospect of accidentally awaking her goddess with her shaking movement became a stronger threat, compelling the young servant to stand up with infinite care and to tiptoe slowly toward Marie-Thérèse.

"Stupid sow!" Susan whispered in sluttish, waving hands at her, "Go stable!"

"Drop the act!" Marie-Thérèse replied. "I know you speak

English. Don't you want to escape from here?"

"What?" Susan reacted, taking nervous glances in the direction of Fatima Maruk. "Are you mad? Wher ... where could we go... God would find us anywhere!"

"God?" Marie-Thérèse exclaimed surprised, "Oh! You mean God! No, of course not! When we're back in Europe, he won't be able to do anything to you."

"That is so untrue," Susan replied, almost crying, "I have his name branded on my forehead. I belong to him!"

"Nobody belongs to another person young lady! You'll forget all that nightmare as soon as you're out of that awful place. Don't you want to see your friends, your family?"

"My family?" Susan reacted, "my mother belongs to Lord Yusuf, and my father is the stud in title of the golden stock!"

"My poor child. I'll take care of you, don't be afraid. We'll free your parents later. Don't you know that I'm an influential person in Europe? You'll be back to your life as an independent woman in no time, and you'll be able to choose for yourself a man of your age, not an old goat who sees you as his chamber pot!"

"I love God," Susan protested, "my first crush was for Lord Yusuf, but since, God has always been good to me."

"Ah! Enough with that nonsense!" Marie-Thérèse said with authority, forgetting her own desire to stay here forever. "Listen to me! You'll get near that woman and steal her key! I could do it myself, but if she wakes up and sees me, I'll have to knock her down!... And you wouldn't want that, would you? Come on young lady, go fetch that key!"

Impressed by her determined voice, Susan looked at her with a distressed face. Marie-Thérèse frowned and gave her the order again. Defeated, Susan tiptoed toward the sprawling body of Fatima. She bent over it, but as her fingers were almost reaching the coveted object on the holy flesh, she found



herself unable to move, terrified by the sight of the sleeping Goddess... The poor girl was rooted to the spot.

After a few seconds in that awful position, her hand stuck in mid-air above Fatima's chest, Susan started to shake with fear. A golden trickle flowed down along one of her thighs—she was peeing on herself!

Thankfully, she wasn't soaking Fatima in the process, and the dripping noise on the tiled floor wasn't loud enough to wake her up, but Marie-Thérèse realized that the unfortunate girl was totally unable to do it. She walked quickly toward Fatima and gently grabbed the little chain around her neck. She opened the clasp and removed the key with an infinite care, the proximity of that powerful woman affecting her too.

Five minutes later, the two fugitives were running in the night.

Marie-Thérèse had stolen one of Fatima's black *burqas*, a pair of Turkish slippers, a sunshade, a leash, a whip, a phial of fig oil, and some food for a week. With these items, she knew that she would be safe in Rasheedia. She could speak Arabic and was very good at imitating Fatima's accent. Nobody would dare asking an Arab woman to undress. She could go almost anywhere without being suspected.

They ran on the dirt track across the plateaus and down the cliff for hours. When they finally reached the road to Maruk City, Marie-Thérèse rubbed her face and hands with mud and slip the *burqa* on. She pulled on the little chain of one of Susan's labial ring, making the hidden brass bell pop out of her vulva.

She asked Susan to put her high-heeled shoes back on. The time for running was over. She took the leather leash and fastened it to the young blonde's collar. Then, she made her walk in front of her with the sunshade, pushing her buttocks

gently with the whip. She was now an average Rasheedian woman promenading on the road in the company of her pretty white sunshade-carrier servant.

Marie-Thérèse decided to avoid the city of Maruk, which was a few miles away but not big enough to harbor a consulate. In the other direction was Rasheedabad, the Capital, which probably meant a lot of western embassies. That was definitely the place where they needed to go.

They walked on the side of the road for the rest of the day. Susan's delicate harem high-heeled shoes slowed them down, but a pretty slave girl wasn't supposed to stroll around barefooted, and such an eccentricity would have attracted attention.

When the night came, the two women found a place hidden from the road, behind a big rock, and slept together under the *burqa*.

They started to walk in the morning, but now under the scorching sun, without the gigantic shadow of the Naouda cliff anymore. Marie-Thérèse was protected by the *burqa* and Susan by the sunshade she carried, though when they passed some Rasheedians on the road, which fortunately didn't happen too often, the young woman pretended to make some shadow for her Mistress and was exposed to the sun for sometimes ten long minutes until the undesirable travelers would be no more in sight. Susan had soaked herself in Shazilari fig oil, which was a very efficient protection against sunburns, but she was still feeling the terrible heat. Apart from that minor problem, coming across strangers was no big deal. The passers-by would just bow to that noble Arab lady who owned such a nice little pet. They would only exchange some *salaam alaykums* without even slowing down.

Later in that second day of escape, Marie-Thérèse and Susan arrived in an agricultural area. They walked along fields where half-naked white women were working very hard, pic-



king up mazook roots in muddy water under the constant harassment of Arab and Shaziri overseers. Marie-Thérèse was shocked by the sight of these sadists cracking their whips on their victims without any pity. Some of the poor creatures were even clearly in an advanced stage of pregnancy!

After a few miles, Marie-Thérèse realized how the work was organized: the overseers monitored the white buttocks all day long, cracking their whip when they weren't tensed enough, because it meant that the women were resting. Fortunately for the two fugitives, these sadistic Arabs were so fascinated by their job that they wouldn't take their eyes off the dozens of pink buns that were totally under their control. Marie-Thérèse thought that they might have developed some weird relationships with their workers, loving them in a twisted way... Actually, the good thing about it was that they were not paying attention to the road at all. An Arab woman walking through the landscape with her blonde sunshade-carrier servant was far less entertaining than controlling a line of white frightened butt cheeks!

The sun went down again, and they found another hide between some rocks to spend the night. Though they could hear the whips cracking in the distance, they still managed to sleep quite well and were ready for their last day on the road at the first light of dawn.

The whites in the fields were still pulling their mazook roots out of the mud in the morning. Marie-Thérèse wondered if they were the same as in the evening. She got the answer to that around noon, when suddenly everyone stopped working. The women lay down on the banks and began to sleep, which allowed new overseers to take over. This wasn't really good news for the two fugitives, because some of them might notice their presence on the road now that the white buttocks were still.

They had to stay hidden for a long time, an inconvenience that would delay them a lot. It probably meant that they would have to spend one more night on the side of the road.

Finally, the Arabs woke up the women and put them at work. These unfortunate creatures had only two hours to sleep and had to uproot the rest of the time... Marie-Thérèse would never complain again about her six hours of rest at Malik Maruk's facility!

Anyway, the overseers were back to their fascination for white buttocks in motion, and the two women could continue their trip unnoticed.

Unfortunately, a few miles later, they passed an Arab who didn't behave like any others they had met before. He stopped right in front of them, saluted, and began to rub Susan's hair.

"What a nice little piglet," he said in Arabic, bending forward to examine her belly, "Oh, I see that she belongs to Malik Maruk. A great man!"

Marie-Thérèse was suddenly worried. She didn't think that Malik Maruk's mark could be so famous! The Arab seemed to be interested also by some previous brand that could be distinguished around it that he apparently couldn't identify—the YB of Yusuf Bourid, actually!

"She was his property all right," Marie-Thérèse replied in Arabic, "and the property of another man before, but I just acquired her for a good price."

"She certainly has a pretty mouth, with delightful plump little lips," he said, "may I use her?"

Marie-Thérèse started with surprise. Use her? What was the tradition about that? Was it normal to offer a slave for sex to a complete stranger? She had no idea.

"No, I'm sorry Sir," Marie-Thérèse replied in Arabic, "I don't have the time. If I'm not home soon, my husband will kill me!"





“That is rude, woman,” the Arab exclaimed, suddenly very displeased, “You would leave a Faithful do his natural needs on the rocks when he can use your pet? What about Shazilari hospitality?”

“All right,” Marie-Thérèse said in haste, “but do it fast.”

The man took the leash and pulled Susan under the shade of a big boulder.

Marie-Thérèse was devastated. His natural needs? This intruder wasn't looking for a quick sexual intercourse ... he intended to relieve himself into her mouth! How despicable!

She began to think about how she was going to kill the man to save the poor Susan. She grabbed a big stone, ready to use at the first sign of violence.

Though, nothing of the sort happened; Susan took place behind the stranger and properly raised his djellabah before sticking her mouth between his buttocks. Marie-Thérèse realized that the young woman was accustomed to that awful practice. But it didn't mean that she enjoyed it, far from it. She was glaring, clearly blaming her for that unfortunate twist of events.

Marie-Thérèse looked the other way, ashamed. She could have killed the man, but what if they were caught afterwards? She didn't think the Rasheedians would spare two “porcine bipeds” who had murdered an “Arab god” and she had no right to put that risk over Susan's head.

Two minutes later, feeling clean enough, the despicable Rasheedian lowered his djellabah, making the blushing girl behind him stop her frantic lapping:

“Excellent,” the man exclaimed, satisfied, “her lips are like velvet. I wonder why Malik Maruk wants to get rid of that little pearl?”

“I have no idea Sir. I'm sorry, but I must go now,” Marie-Thérèse said in haste, “Goodbye Sir.”

"May Allah be with you, my Lady," the Arab replied, "without that providential encounter, I would have done my needs in the dirt, like an animal."

The two women walked away fast, happy to be rid of that annoying man. They didn't say a word for three hundred yards, but the tension could be felt.

"This is so wrong!" Susan exclaimed, breaking the silence at last, "and I'm sure that it's only the beginning! God had put a curse on us..."

"Oh don't be silly," Marie-Thérèse replied, "God is on our..."

She suddenly realized that Susan was talking about Malik Maruk again. This stupid belief was implanted deeper into the girl's head than she had thought.

"I tried to pray him last night," Susan protested, "but now you see how he feels about us getting away from him!"

"Do you mean you actually prayed Malik Maruk to help us escape from him?" Marie-Thérèse reacted, "of all the twisted things..."

"Yes, yes," Susan replied suddenly vindictively, "yes I did! And I'll do it again ... and again! Without the impression he's around, I feel weak. Any filthy man can put his hands on me now and do anything he wants. I was safe in the farm!"

"What is that about?" Marie-Thérèse reacted, "That disgusting thing you did to that man? How come you did that without even a retch? Personally, I would puke! Did the one you call God taught you to debase yourself that way? Nice God you have here, young lady!"

"I don't mind doing that to God," Susan protested, "Oh, of course, I didn't like it at first, what do you think? I still don't like the bitter taste, and I know how I look when I do that, but getting that from God is such a reward. It is a huge honor ... a wonderful moment shared with divinity! And I miss it"

... yes, I miss it!"

"That is so sick!"

"No, it's not!" Susan continued, "without your stupid escape, I would still do it. God had taken me back during the last party! He wanted to make me a favorite again! And now it's all gone... Oh! I hate you... I hate you!"

"I think that you're way off the mark, young lady!" Marie-Thérèse said, trying to calm down, "Malik Maruk has thousands of women at his disposal, and he always wants fresh ones. It's actually his job to train new white slaves. Even if the goldens are back at the top of the yard, and you get reinstated into the favorite position, how long do you think it will last before a fresh pretty face comes to the farm and steal that position from you?"

"It's not true, and I don't care! Even if I'm now compelled to do this to the Goddess for a week, or I have to become one of these field workers afterwards, it's still better than to have to obey to complete strangers!"

"Maybe you don't care now, but when a new girl comes from Europe..."

"No!" Susan reacted, "and I know for sure that you're wrong! I'm the only one of my kind allowed to do that, and I had a long career waiting for me in the Harem!"

"That's really preposterous," Marie-Thérèse laughed, "do you have some hidden talent I wouldn't know about?"

"Well, actually I can wave my tongue like if I have a butterfly in my mouth, and God enjoys it a lot, but that's not the reason! God tolerates only to do this on the face of a piglet whom he has deflowered himself!"

"I guess that's very picky of him!" Marie-Thérèse chuckled, "and don't you think he can find other 'piglets', as you say, girls who don't have their cherry popped yet?"

"Yes, he can," Susan haughtily replied, "but he's not al-



lowed to do that to Swillraoussas!”

Marie-Thérèse pricked up, suddenly interested. She had heard that Shaziri word once, listening to the Maruks. It was apparently designing the white women born in the western world.

“Then, why did he do that to you?” she asked.

Obviously, Marie-Thérèse had put her finger on it: Susan calmed down instantly and didn’t say anything for a few miles.

Puzzled, Marie-Thérèse waited for a while, and then tried again to worm information out of the young woman. She flattered her skills, got along with her beliefs, mocked her expectations ... and finally succeeded in extracting the truth from Susan: Empress Rasheeda, following a tradition started at the discovery of the Valley of Shazilar in the fifties, had strictly forbidden that kind of practice with women born in freedom. Probably did she think that it was so disgusting that it could jeopardize the training of those new white slaves ... and she might very well be right about it: even the strongest shot of Naffi Effect wouldn’t bring Marie-Thérèse to do such a despicable thing.

It seemed that Malik Maruk had made an exception for that unfortunate girl. According to Susan, he had made her swear that she would keep this secret forever—a secret that might be a really powerful leverage over the old man! Maybe he risked his head for disobeying to that tradition?

Anyway, Susan calmed down, probably feeling guilty to have spat so easily what she had sworn to keep before her so-called God. Though, something else seemed to bother her. Marie-Thérèse was used to seeing the girl swaying her hips in front of her and make her heels click. Now, her butt cheeks were not wavering at each step, and every time she had behaved like this before, it meant that she had something

very important in mind. Marie-Thérèse bent forward to take a look at Susan’s face and was left with no doubt: something was confusing the young woman, but she couldn’t hit the nail on the head.

After a few miles of this, the pink buttocks were suddenly waving again with the clicking of the heels. Her gait became triumphant.

“You speak Arabic!” she exclaimed.

Marie-Thérèse jumped. Now it was Susan who was aware of her secret!

“Don’t tell it to anyone,” Marie-Thérèse replied, “even if we are caught! That’s our only advantage around here, for me, and for you! These Arabs don’t know that I can understand what they say, and you can’t begin to imagine how much an asset it has already been for me.”

Susan was triumphant, but also looked relieved... Marie-Thérèse acknowledged that this revelation was somehow making Malik Maruk a little less divine in the girl’s eyes. If a mere “porcine creature” had managed to hide her knowledge of Arabic to him, then maybe he wasn’t so powerful after all? Anyway, Susan seemed to be sure of herself now, suddenly more independent.

“I won’t tell,” Susan said, “and now, I start to believe in our escape. I’m sorry if I’ve bothered you, but it would have been so terrible to be caught and brought back. I don’t think I could have stood a disgrace in the yard for such a crime... We have probably ruined the chance of the golden to stay on top of the yard, you know. We have betrayed them.”

“I agree with you on that,” Marie-Thérèse replied, “and that’s why we can’t fail! I’m well aware of what I did to my fellow sisters of the golden stock, and that’s the only thing that I’m ashamed of. Now we have to go all the way and make them free women again!”



Revived by this new hope from Susan for their escape, they walked for the rest of the day. When the night came, they were only a few miles away from Rasheedabad.

## Chapter IV The piglet under the *burqa*

After another night under the *burqa* together, Marie-Thérèse and Susan were now ready for the ultimate part of their trip. They woke up very early. The last thing they wanted was to be discovered sleeping in the open, and the proximity of the city increased that risk. The only way to be safe was to walk on the side of the road.

The fact they had succeeded so far was greatly encouraging. In three days, they had seen no Rasheedian guards, no search parties of any kind, and there was no sign anywhere that two white slaves had escaped. Maybe Malik Maruk was too proud to make it public? Or maybe he did, but nobody was expecting two fugitives to dare going to the Capital? As none of them knew that Marie-Thérèse could speak Arabic, maybe the idea that she could disguise herself as a Rasheedian woman didn't even occur to them?

Whatever the reason, their adventure would come to an end very soon now, in that huge city full of embassies where they could be safe at last.



They were just getting out of their hide, a big fault behind a giant boulder, when they suddenly heard the typical sound of a female-drawn vehicle on the road.

Marie-Thérèse quickly bent forward and pushed Susan's head down behind the rock. Seeing them appear from nowhere could have raised suspicion. It was a smart decision as, the carriage getting closer, Marie-Thérèse immediately recognized the big coach of Malik Maruk pulled by Maggie and eleven other supremes of his farmyard.

What was he doing on the road? Was he looking for them?

The vehicle was finally out of sight. They hadn't been discovered, but Marie-Thérèse was scared. She was too close to fail now! She decided not to tell Susan about who was in that carriage. The young woman was confident in their success, and this new attitude made things much easier.

"We're going to the city now," Marie-Thérèse said, "You'll leave the sunshade and hide under my *burqa*. We'll walk in synchronism to give the impression of one fat woman. That way we'll avoid trouble. Your nudity drives too many ideas into men's head!"

In reality, Marie-Thérèse was doing that because she was afraid that Malik Maruk or one of the supremes might recognize Susan. The Shazilari *burqa* was quite standard, though Susan was his favorite, not one more anonymous yard slave. And anyway, her apron and the sunshade bore the colors of Maruk's family.

They would have to perform the last part of their escape walking that way, slower but safer. Fortunately, Susan knew something very useful about the Shazilari *burqas*. She showed her the leather straps inside the outfit, designed precisely for that kind of thing. Like their men, the Shazilari women loved to promenade with one or two human pets

under their robe, usually one in front and one behind, in permanent contact with their body. The slaves were also supposed to ease the walk of their mistress by half-carrying their weight.

Susan fastened herself behind Marie-Thérèse with the straps and matched the rhythm of her pace. She was doing it to perfection, showing how well she had been trained for that ... probably by Fatima Maruk!

Marie-Thérèse felt Susan's need for contact when she stuck to her, clutching at her belly with her arms, as she would have done with a real Arab mistress. She certainly missed the Maruks very much.

Marie-Thérèse wasn't unfamiliar to that emptiness herself; the Naffi Effect was like a very addictive drug with a twisted effect. She knew she could overcome the withdrawing symptoms once in Europe, though she might also yearn for a lot of things now associated with it in her mind. Having physical contact with other women was one of these things. She had her first experience with it in Malik Maruk's yard, and she didn't think that she could forget it that easily. But was it powerfully enhanced by some pre-existent submissive nature, or by the highly arousing environment she was subjected to, with no real sexual access to a man? Since she arrived in the farm, she had physical contact with her fellow golden fillies every day. During that time, she never had any intercourse with Malik Maruk, only used by him as a seat or a convenience ... save for that one exceptional moment when, for one stroke, she had felt penetrated by God himself...

At this point she realized that Susan was rubbing her body with lust, obviously forgetting that she wasn't with her Goddess, just reacting to Marie-Thérèse's sudden arousal in reminding these sweet memories.

It was a bit embarrassing for Marie-Thérèse, but she let her do it. After all, the poor girl deserved some comforting ...



Actually, Marie-Thérèse was feeling better too, after that scary encounter that had greatly undermined her faith in the success of their escape.

The two women entered the city of Rasheedabad an hour later. It was too bad that Susan couldn't see the beauty of the place. The buildings were all immaculate, erected recently with white marbles in the Moorish style. Even the smallest houses matched that design! It was probably the will of Empress Rasheeda to make her Capital the eighth wonder of the world. Her gigantic palace dominated the whole city, spreading on the mountainside. It had been built on the very first plateau of the southern part of the Naouda cliff, a spot considered by the Shaziri savages as taboo, above the underground passage to the Valley of Shazilar, also a sacred place according to the new Phoenic religion.

Marie-Thérèse had seen a television program about that city, the pride of the Empire, supposed to be a symbol of the economic miracle of Rasheedia. From what she could witness now, that documentary was accurate, with only a slight difference: the naked white slaves who accompanied the Arab citizens in the streets—that was never shown anywhere on television! No wonder the Empire forbade to foreigners any access to that part of the country, allegedly for religious reasons!

She passed in front of the gigantic building, called "the Phoenic Cathedral". Actually, it looked a lot like a huge Gothic church for the general shape, but all in white marble with Moorish patterns, with statues of Arabs replacing the effigies of Christian saints, and naked white women in twisted position as gargoyles.

Walking away, Marie-Thérèse turned around to take a look at it in the distance. A minaret that seemed to have no end stood on top of the cathedral nave. She couldn't see it

on the way to the city, because it blended in with the mountain behind, though from the other side, outlined against the blue sky, it was magnificent! They might have used modern materials for this, because it was more than five hundred yards high! From there, she could also spot out about twenty smaller minarets scattered all over the city. Obviously, they were built after the documentary movie she saw, probably the result of the craze for that Phoenic religion that was spreading in the world. Institutionalizing that thing was certainly worth it, considering the high number of gullible women that they could harvest with that convenient cult.

One could notice more whites in the streets than Arabs and Shaziris, just like in a western country ... except that here, they were mostly female, naked, and kept on a lead. They were everywhere: in a coffle of young pets following old Arabs, in a team of secretaries accompanying businessmen, in a bunch of studs walked out by Rasheedian ladies in traditional outfits holding their testicles on a leash, in white girls carrying Arab children on their backs...

Not to mention the vehicles! Marie-Thérèse crossed hundreds of carriages on her path, but none was moving with petrol or fuel. White women's muscles were the only source of energy that seemed to be allowed in Rasheedabad. She saw coaches harnessed with ten to twenty fillies, sports cabriolets pulled by two to four of them, sulkies drawn by a single one, sedan couches carried by four...

No wonder that the Rasheedians managed to build such a wonderful city in so little time: the white slaves were definitely a cheap and efficient workforce, totally servile to their living gods, thanks to this evil Naffi Effect and that absurd Phoenic Religion!

As she was moving closer to the Imperial Palace, Marie-Thérèse found herself surrounded by more and more people in



the streets. She was confident about her safety, though; even if someone should go suspicious, which was highly improbable, she couldn't picture a Rasheedian removing her *burqa* to unmask her. No one here would dare touch her without the absolute certainty that she wasn't a Rasheedian woman.

Though, it was a weird sensation to be surrounded by potential enemies, especially when the Naffi Effect felt stronger and stronger. Usually, the spreading of pheromones in the air was much milder than through skin contact, but the proximity of such a crowd was keeping her aroused. It was even reaching under her robe, where Susan couldn't help rubbing lustfully her body against hers as they were walking. Despite the slight confusion caused by that arousing sensation, Marie-Thérèse couldn't think of anything that might now prevent her from reaching the French Embassy and seek diplomatic asylum for herself and Susan Braggston.

Marie-Thérèse was busy looking around to locate the district of the Embassies when a muscled white woman suddenly popped out in front of her, pushing her down on the marble sidewalk. In panic, she tried to sit up straight, but Susan was making it very difficult, agitating her legs frantically under the *burqa*. They were looking just like a beetle turned upside-down!

Marie-Thérèse finally managed to stand up, yet still in dismay: that muscled woman who had hit her while pulling the vehicle was Maggie! Once again, it was Malik Maruk's coach that was passing by ... what were the odds? She doubted that the golden supreme had recognized her, but she was afraid that someone could have noticed that the four legs struggling under the *burqa* were all white... Fortunately, it wasn't the case, and she calmed down.

No harm was done, and their escape was still going on. Though, when she looked in the direction of the coach, she

realized with horror that it had stopped a few yards away and was making a U-turn!

"Susan," Marie-Thérèse whispered, "don't move an inch right now. Malik Maruk will talk to me, but he has no way to know that we're the ones under that thing. I can speak Arabic quite well, remember? And nobody is going to dare taking off that *burqa*."

The poor girl began to shake, terrified to hear the name of her god.

"Don't do that!" Marie-Thérèse reacted. "Be courageous. If you are quiet we have nothing to fear, and we will soon be out of this situation."

Though, Marie-Thérèse wasn't so brave herself about meeting the old man again, and Susan could feel it throughout her body.

The coach stopped beside them, and Malik Maruk called her.

"Hey woman! You should be more careful when you walk on the street!"

Susan began to shake, squeezing Marie-Thérèse's hips painfully under the robe.

"Are you all right woman?"

Marie-Thérèse bowed her approval, decided to speak in Arabic only at the last minute to preserve her precious asset if she should be discovered. Near to Malik Maruk was sitting Rasheeda the first—the Empress of Rasheedia herself!

"I'm glad you're fine," Malik Maruk said, "so, be well woman, and may Allah be with you... Err... What is that noise?"

Susan had been so scared to hear that voice she used to worship and fear that her bladder had just betrayed her. What Malik Maruk had noticed was the sound of the gush hitting the marble!

Marie-Thérèse reacted by striking the girl on the thigh,



which looked from the outside like if she had given herself a big slap on the buttocks.

“Oh! I see,” Malik Maruk chuckled, “you have a piglet under your robe. My voice often does that to them. For these little creatures, it’s the voice of Allah.”

As Empress Rasheeda was bursting out laughing noisily, Malik Maruk repeated it in English, loud enough to be heard by the white girl under the *burqa*:

“... my voice is the voice of God!”

Susan was now shaking all over, and it was more and more difficult to handle her. Malik Maruk and the Empress were laughing at the sight of Marie-Thérèse’s *burqa* waving uncontrollably.

“Well then, woman,” Malik Maruk said after a while, “if everything is all right, I’ll be on my way.”

And he threw the whip on Maggie’s backside, making the coach start quickly to resume its course.

Unfortunately, it was too late for Marie-Thérèse to keep the girl under control. While the huge carriage was moving away, Susan had unstrapped her legs. She dived out of the *burqa* and began to run naked after the coach in the street.

Marie-Thérèse could only watch that scene with awe, her hopes suddenly turning to dust.

Yet, if it was too late for that stupid girl, Marie-Thérèse still had a meager chance to succeed. With a bit of luck, they might not notice Susan immediately, and she had the time to blend into the crowd of a market place that she had seen in the distance.

People were puzzled by what had happened, but for them, she was still an Arab woman, and no one tried to intercept her...

## Chapter V The hunt



very shy woman,” Malik Maruk smiled, “and the pet under her robe didn’t seem to give her much confidence.”

“Yes,” Rasheeda nodded, “maybe her husband disapproves of the use of pets, and she was afraid of gossip. Some Arabs from outside Shazilar have accepted the new society for them, but not for their wives.”

“Don’t worry Glorious Empress,” Malik Maruk replied, “these old-fashioned attitudes won’t stand for long.”

They kept chitchatting for a while, though became aware at some point that something was wrong. Why was the crowd laughing on their way?

Rasheeda looked through the rear window trying to find out who had the nerves to dare mocking the Empress, but what she saw made her jump with surprise.

“You may want to take a look, my friend,” she laughed, “there’s a puppy who might give you the reputation of a cruel man who abandons his pets when he travels!”

“By the beard of the Prophet!” Malik Maruk reacted, ta-



king a glance through the window “it’s my intimate favorite!”

Susan Braggston was following them across the streets of Rasheedabad, panting and sobbing; and it might have been for a long time, as she was showing signs that she couldn’t carry on running at the speed of the trained she-devils.

Malik Maruk pulled the reins and jumped down the coach, followed by Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul.

“Wriggly!” he said. “How come?”

The presence of that blonde piglet didn’t make any sense. Could love had led her to run for miles for the sole purpose of reuniting with her master? Could the porcine bipeds share the same strange behavior as faithful dogs?

Though, it didn’t take much time for him to make the connection with the previous event. That lady in *burqa* and her stupid body-pet ... of course! Yes, of course ... now it was making sense.

“It’s that decuisse again, isn’t it my sweet golden sheath? She escaped and brought you with her... Oh... Rasheeda ... that strange woman in the *burqa*, we need to find her! it was Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse!”

Susan jumped down on the dusty ground and crawled toward Malik Maruk’s reassuring slipper.

“Yes Mighty God,” she said, kissing the slipper from time to time, “balky sow forced wriggly. wriggly worm worship God but balky sow no listen wriggly worm! wriggly worm worship Mighty God. Wriggly worm help find balky sow.”

Rasheeda grabbed the terrified piglet by the neck and fastened a leather leash to her collar.

“A hunt!” she exclaimed with enthusiasm. “Excellent! Let me do it, please... I’ll use the young white as a tracking hound.”

“Of course dear Rasheeda,” Malik Maruk replied without the slightest hesitation, “be my guest. It’s the famous racist

writer Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse that you’re about to hunt.”

“An enemy of the Empire as game! How delightful!” Rasheeda exclaimed, overexcited. “I have so few occasions to entertain myself! what a good way to pause with the serious problems we’re crossing.”

Malik Maruk climbed into the carriage while Rasheeda was playing with the leash of the crawling white, who was now mimicking a dog, sniffing the ground and shaking her little buttocks like if she had a tail to wave.

“A very nice pet you’ve got here,” Rasheeda said, pinching the piglet’s candy pink vulva, “look at her cute labia! ... oh! But she’s all wet! Is she a lesbian?”

“Not at all Rasheeda,” Malik Maruk replied, “it’s not your contact that does it; it’s just that I’ve trained her to enjoy receiving orders from Arabs, whatever their gender.”

“Lovely. I hope you’ll give the secret for this miracle to your dear Empress!”

“I have absolutely no secret for you Rasheeda!” Malik Maruk exclaimed, amused, “I also trained her to enjoy even more when I tell people that she loves that, because I trained her to ... that’s, of course, why I just said it in English!”

Rasheeda wasn’t touching her anymore, yet the blonde piglet was blushing feverishly and shaking all over. Her little vulva was dripping fluid on the marble floor of the street. Fatima was really amazed by that performance. She kneeled down in front of the pet.

“She does whatever an Arab asks her to do, doesn’t she? She’s so eager to do the most debasing things to obey an Arab! And it’s because you have trained her to love it... Hey! You’re right, it works really well!”

The piglet was shaken by chain orgasms, just because of the words she had heard. Rasheeda stood up and pointed in the direction of the market.



“Now fetch!” Rasheeda commanded, delighted, “show your gratitude for the goddess who saved your porcine species from Armageddon. Fetch that naughty wild sow, my little puppy! And I hope I won’t be disappointed when you find her, and you’ll bark and bite the filthy animal!”

Susan yapped joyfully her approval, and Malik Maruk realized how attached he was to the cute piglet. She was showing an incredible relief for just being back in the right track. For her, no more hiding, no more rebellious behavior, no more dilemmas! Life was about simple things again, things she enjoyed, things she needed—all these things only her god could provide!

Marie-Thérèse was walking through the compact crowd of the market, bumping into other women wearing almost the same *burqa*. As long as she would stay around here, she would never be discovered.

She was looking for any information about the location of the French Embassy. Though she couldn’t possibly ask around without attracting attention. She finally found an old man who was selling maps. She wasn’t carrying any money, so she pretended to be interested in buying it and took a good look at it for free...

The French Embassy was miles away, in another part of the town, so she searched for a closer western embassy where she could be protected, but they seemed to be all in the same area. How stupid she had been to go in the direction of the Palace, thinking that the megalomaniac Empress would love to have foreign embassies right at her feet. On the contrary, these foreign bridgeheads were probably kept away in a small zone, easier for the D.I.R.E.<sup>2</sup> to watch and control. Now that Malik Maruk knew she was here, he would only have to

put all embassies under surveillance, starting with the French one. Maybe they were already waiting for her there?

She decided to leave Rasheedabad. She could hide for weeks in the country, stealing mazook roots and fruits. Later, she would go straight to the international area, when things would have settled down a little. She walked out of the market to enter in a web of twisted streets, but after a while across that labyrinth, she realized that women were missing in the picture; only men seemed to be allowed in these streets, and they were all giving her a weird look—she was in an area of ill repute!

It was far too dangerous! She turned around and walked back to the market. She had to take another way out...

Ten minutes later, she realized that the place had only two exits.

She was trapped!

She went to the main entrance that a lot of people were still crossing and filtered into a group of women wearing *burqas*, trying to blend in.

Unfortunately, a few yards before the exit, they all dived forward to the ground. Marie-Thérèse had no other choice but to follow suit. Only one thing could make Arab women prostrate like that: the presence of Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul! She was probably here with Malik Maruk.

Flat on the dusty ground, Marie-Thérèse found the courage to raise her head a little, trying to evaluate the situation through the small rectangle opening of the *burqa*.

It was Rasheeda indeed. Actually, she was the only one in Rasheedia powerful enough to dare checking what was under *burqas* without creating a disturbance!

All the women had to pass crawling in front of her to leave the market, and Marie-Thérèse had to take her chances. After all, Rasheeda didn’t know her that much, only through pictures, and for now, she was only lifting up hoods to watch the



women's faces. She shouldn't see her blonde hair rolled in a black scarf, so she might mistake her with an Arab lady... Marie-Thérèse was glad that she had kept on rubbing her face with dry mud, just in case.

Alas! She noticed the presence of Susan a few yards away. The dirty sneak was crawling on all fours, sniffing the women like a dog. Could that infamous brat betray her?

That was exactly what she did. The young pest suddenly jumped on Marie-Thérèse and squeezed her between her arms. She was yapping like a little bitch ... that was new!

Rasheeda was standing over the scene, laughing. Susan began to scratch and bite Marie-Thérèse, stopping only from time to time to glance at Rasheeda for approval and yap. Rasheeda brutally pulled on the leash, making Susan choke to interrupt her yapping.

"Up, white sow!" Rasheeda said.

Marie-Thérèse stood up and looked at the Empress. This was the end of her journey ... and of her freedom. The only thing that she could do now was to preserve her secret asset: the knowledge of the Arabic language. It was no use losing that in a hopeless attempt to fool her.

Rasheeda lifted up the *burqa*, creating a reaction of horror throughout the crowd. If public nudity was allowed to Rasheedian people, forcing an Arab woman to it was horribly shocking, even from the Empress.

A few seconds later, they all expressed their relief at the sight of the branded pink vulva and the blonde pubic hair: it was only a porcine female who was hiding under that robe!

Rasheeda released her faithful subjects with a sign of the hand—the alert was over!

Marie-Thérèse was in distress. Now was the time to do her best to avoid being sent to the fields ... or worse! She jumped down on all fours and presented her backside to the

whip, her shivering buttocks crying silently for mercy—and she didn't have to pretend much to be convincing!

"Balky crawl before Mighty Goddess," Marie-Thérèse said in "sluttish," that pidgin English used in the yard, "Balky worship Goddess of the gods."

Marie-Thérèse had no illusions about what was going to



happen to her. Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul had certainly read her books with irritation and was probably delighted with the idea of flogging her displayed intimacies.

Marie-Thérèse knew that she was asking for it in this lustful position, but she wanted to show that she wasn't a lost case, and for that, she needed to beg for an immediate punishment and offer her most tender parts to a cruel treatment.

She wasn't disappointed. Rasheeda suddenly cracked her whip and lashed her with strength and precision right on the cleft of the buttocks, viciously trying to reach her belly between the thighs. It was so painful that Marie-Thérèse couldn't help wriggling for a few seconds. She already got thrashed on that spot before, but this time, she wasn't so sure whether her clitoris was still here or had been torn out by the plaited leather in the process.

The crowd was laughing out loud at the sight of her squirming body. She felt like an animal caught in the act but intended to show courage by displaying her intimacies even more. There was no point fighting against any of it now. She knew that she had to pay the high price for her unsuccessful attempt, both physically and psychologically, and she needed to make up with it.

Rasheeda kept on cracking her whip, and each time it was more painful. Marie-Thérèse doubted that she could stand more than ten strokes, everything between her belly and her coccyx already burning like hell.

Susan was ordered to take position at her side, and Marie-Thérèse appreciated that the stupid little swot who had made their escape fall through could get her share.

The young woman was yapping, probably obeying the Empress, and each stroke on her buttocks interrupted

her—something that the people around clearly found terribly entertaining!

Surrounded by a compact crowd, Malik Maruk followed the sound of the whip until he could see some Rasheedian citizens lying down on all fours, an unusual spectacle that could only mean that the Empress was here. He walked between the prostrated bodies toward his glorious empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul who was kicking the thighs of a white female to make her spread them more. At some point, the old trainer recognized Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse.

Despite the fact that the famous writer had spent months in his facility, Malik Maruk had only seen her face a few times, and mostly on television before her capture. Fortunately, it was another matter with her backside, something that he had watched for hours. As a native Shazilarian, he could easily identify one of his fillies just by looking at her genitals. For him, the face of a white was far less expressive. He could define much better a character through the vulvar and anal wrinkles, the plumpness of the Venus mound and the butt cheeks, the development of the clitoris and the labia, the size and the shape of the crotch bones ... and, of course, the way all that interacted with the various movements performed by the white animal. Yusuf Bourid had told her that this one had a huge personality which could be seen in her eyes, and Malik Maruk had taken his word for it, though he knew that most porcine females had mastered the art of freezing their facial expressions to mislead their trainers. A swillwana<sup>3</sup> had a few ways to lie with her backside to an Arab Master, but a Swillraoussa was completely unable to do so.

This decuisse filly might skillfully mimic dominant signs

on her face and give a powerful impression, but seen from the rear, she just couldn't help telling a very different story. For Malik Maruk, the famous French writer was never the termagant that Yusuf Bourid had described to him; she was self-conscious, hesitant, with a gigantic need to blossom, a thirst to adore an Arab god. Of course, all the swillraoussas were showing ingenuity and a craving to worship the stiffness of the Arab cock with the feebleness of their inner muscles, though for this one it was particularly vivid. Her genitals were totally betraying her most intimate thoughts, especially her adoration for Arabs, something that her brain wasn't yet able to process, but that her body was already proclaiming.

Malik Maruk appreciated that trait shared by all the whites he owned, and he loved to help these vulnerable animals grow some real maturity—and this decuisse filly needed an Arab guidance a lot!

Though, right now, the rear side of that mustang was covered with red stripes, some of them already there to stay forever. Naturally, Rasheeda had applied her whip on the cleft of the buttocks to avoid disfiguring the filly, but she had expressed her grudge so violently that she had been a bit careless. Malik Maruk had to make that stop, as he had a reputation to keep. Whites with whip marks meant pathetic trainers, and this one was a big game, to be shown on television as a trophy ... and Allah knew what else!

Worse, his beloved wriggly was now getting the same treatment, when the slightest scar on a labia could definitely make her drop below his minimal requirements for a body-pet.

"Congratulations, Rasheeda," he said, "great hunt!"

This was enough to distract Rasheeda and make her stop instantly. She smiled at him, obviously satisfied of that

recreational interlude which had allowed her to escape from the political problems of the Empire that were filling her mind constantly. She had shamelessly opened her robe in front of the crowd, using her imperial privilege. In Rasheedia, women's nakedness in public was permitted, even though seen by many as a bit vulgar, which was not the case for men. The Empress was definitely above all this.

Malik Maruk made the Susan piglet stand-up in front of him. He wanted to read in her eyes her real state of mind.

The blonde brat spontaneously put herself in the human-mimicking position called "the cautious chick", legs wide spread, hands joined in the back, with her head up and her mouth open. According to Shazilarian standards, she was in an unclean state, so teasing him that way was her only option left. Though, behind the attitude, Malik Maruk could notice entreaty in her eyes. The piglet had now experienced what would be her life without his divine presence, and she had obviously learnt her lesson. She was never going to escape again, or let the decuisse or any other white use her weakness. He didn't have the heart to punish her more than she already had been with Rasheeda's whip. He preferred to concentrate on the reward that she had deserved for the capture of the reluctant filly, so he took a gwalad in his pocket and soaked it with saliva.

Immediately, wriggly switched to the position of the "starving fledgling", which was quite similar to the previous one, but had to show her natural eagerness for anything that was coming out of the god ... here a delicious pastry. In the yard, she would have to reach for that generous orifice of the God—or for another one of them in sight—and lick it every time she could during the giving, but her present unclean state was forbidding it. Thankfully, she was well trained and





took great care of sparing him the contact of her soiling tongue, lewdly waving it like if she couldn't reach him at the shortest distance possible.

Satisfied, Malik Maruk spat the dripping gwalad straight into her mouth. She caught it between the tongue and the upper lip and waited until Malik Maruk clapped his hands.

She was experiencing the usual orgasms that this reward could cause to whites and was relishing the melting of the gwalad in her mouth while she was devouring his wrinkled face with her eyes. A simple purse of his lips as a signal and the piglet swallowed the pastry, seeking for more direct saliva from him.

During the volleys of spit like the one he was going to give her, white females were usually losing their enthusiasm, the saliva tasting hardly as delicious as the gwalad, even if its effect was much stronger; but wriggly was loving it at any time!

Actually, that part was a bit disappointing for Malik Maruk. As a trainer specialized in swiraoussas, he liked the whites to have this slight disgust that, mixed with the pleasure, was a sign that they would learn to take the bitterness with the bliss. Wriggly was so perfectly educated now that she fancied the taste of his body fluids, even the sourest ones ... and of course, for a born trainer like Malik Maruk, it was terribly lacking eroticism!

The satisfaction of a job well done was a great reward, but his mind was already gone somewhere else ... as it was, to the imperial jewel! People around them couldn't ignore it either. Most of them owned equally sweet pretty piglets like wriggly, and loads of white buttocks available to streak if they fancied it. So, they enjoyed the show, but would have found it a little boring without the imperial presence to spice it. The famous crown-shaped jewel borne by the Empress on her pubic hair was the center of their attention, especially as they could see



it from the ground. In addition to the huge privilege of sharing a moment of intimacy with the Goddess of gods, being allowed to set eyes on the imperial jewel was considered a good omen, bringing wealth and power!

Some even said that once you had seen the holy object, you couldn't dream anymore at night without feeling a crown of light floating above you!

The imperial courtiers had to kiss it to salute the Empress, and even that would have been sufficient to make it an icon of power.

Of course, Rasheeda's favorite white studs might find it much less mysterious, as they could enjoy an intimate relationship with it, but they were carefully chosen among those with total adoration for the fleshy brown vulva. It was making of every encounter with it the most important moment of their existence, so their worship was kept alive no matter what. And anyway, when they were in position to see that jewel, it meant that they were already on the verge of losing control of their own fluids. It was so strong that many of them were losing their mind in the process too.

Arab men and women who were allowed to share the intimacy of the Empress were all Rasheedian lords and would never debunk the supernatural terror that the jewel could inspire to the average Rasheedian citizen. Of course, it was Rasheeda who was spreading these rumors ... and Malik Maruk was among the happy few who helped her to it! She was delighted that so many people could see her vulva as the center of the world! And after everything she had done—and was still doing—for the Empire, it was a well-deserved reward.

A few years ago, she could never have blended with the crowd like that, as her political rivals could have taken their chance to assassinate her, but now that she made sure that

no enemy was left in the Empire, Rasheeda could safely enjoy that kind of public display, certain to have an absolute power over her subjects.

Rasheeda's new assurance was entirely the result of her recent policy with Naffi fields, now all concentrated in a safe and secret location. Rasheedian citizens needed a permit to get Naffenol<sup>4</sup> through pills. After this, a controlled distribution system was put in place, and it took only a few months to clear the Empire of all the conspirators. The alleged villains began to betray each other very fast and were eventually all executed. Now Rasheeda was the ultimate Goddess, worshipped by everyone. A snap of her fingers, and you could become as helpless as a white. One word and she could have your Naffi pills amount doubled, giving you power even over the average one-dose citizens. And if you were lucky enough to get in her good books or to be rewarded for services rendered to the Empire, you could win a triple dose and become a Rasheedian lord.

Her special friends, like Malik Maruk, were granted quadruple dose, and there was no limit to the number of pills Rasheeda could herself ingest, getting that way an absolute power never before experienced on earth.

Malik Maruk wouldn't suggest, of course, that Naffenol was enough to increase the effect by itself, even if it enhanced power over everyone, including Rasheedians! Naffies were only a tool to reveal the divine essence already present in Arabs.

A bigger amount of active principle in the blood would only reveal it more efficiently!

Though, Malik Maruk was really glad that he could never be proved wrong. Allah be praised, only experiments allowing the ingestion of Naffenol by white females could have done that, and it was seen as such an abomination, something that

*4 - the extract of the Naffi bulb that revealed the porcine nature of the whites and the divine status of the Rasheedians*



would mean total destruction by Allah—through his emissary Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul—of everyone involved in breaking the sacred Law established by Prophet Ali.

Giving naffies to a porcine individual would be like a slap on the face of Allah!

## Chapter VI The ancient caves

Marie-Thérèse was waving her tongue deeply inside Malik Maruk's anus, the two buttocks of the God squashed on her face through the hole in his seat. She didn't mind having to do that kind of thing anymore. She was used to the taste, and her organ was well trained to wriggle like this for a very long time. Also, the chain orgasms she was getting from the physical contact with the God were enough to make her ignore the heavy weight on her face and the pain between her buttocks resulting of the hard-whipping Rasheeda had given to her.

Though, climaxing continuously wasn't making her forget the horror of her situation. After these few days of freedom, she had to catch back her previous state of mind if she ever wanted to escape again...

She was very angry about Susan, who was now right next to her, moving her tongue in Rasheeda's anus. That little brat could just have ignored her presence instead of jumping on her like a dog. If Marie-Thérèse had not been found at the market place, Rasheeda would have concluded that she had taken the



other entrance and was abducted in the bad streets... Susan would still have a chance to be freed one day. Without that dirty sneak she could have been inside a western embassy right now, preparing a plan to make Susan escape too.

Marie-Thérèse hoped the little swot would have some time to think, with the help of the imperial ass on her face, before she could tell the old man everything about her knowledge of Arabic, putting their freedom and their whole lives in jeopardy.

Their tongues didn't leave the warmth of the orifices of their gods for almost an hour, the time for the coach to enter the Imperial Palace.

The she-devils who were harnessed to it were completely exhausted, and Marie-Thérèse could hear them breathe loudly. The palace was located at the highest point of the city, and they had to gallop up the steep and winding road. For the she-devils—the supremes, as they were called in the farmyard—the pride wasn't only about giving their best for the Goddess of the gods; they also had to honor their own personal god Malik Maruk by showing to the Empress how exceptional a trainer he was.

When the coach turned to the right, Marie-Thérèse was able to see the beautiful Moorish architecture of the palace on the side of Malik Maruk's left buttock. It was a wonderful place, more vertical than horizontal, erected over an old fortress of Zwanga's Shaziri army. She knew that the surface of the main building was a high natural overhang in the continuity of the Naouda Cliff, sixty feet above, where was located the entrance to the passage for the Valley of Shazilar across big caves under the mountain. It was discovered by Lord Whitestock, alias Zwanga the Lord of Animals, eighty-five years ago.

It seemed that they were going in that direction, as the

coach began to climb the zigzagging brick road leading to the top. Ten minutes later, they entered a tunnel. It had been enlarged through the years to allow the crossing of caravans of white slaves both ways, each of them paying, of course, a huge fee to the owner of the place, now the mightiest empress in the world.

The hoofs of the drawing supremes had made tap-dancing noises since they began to trot on bricks, but now the echo was multiplying them.

"This is much wider than the narrow gallery I used the first time I went out of Shazilar," Malik Maruk said in Arabic, "You have made an incredible work here Rasheeda!"

"Precisely," the Empress replied, "it is during that enlarging work that we have discovered another set of galleries. I can tell you now that it's the reason why I've brought you here after that nice visit of your new facility."

They made the big coach stop in front of a huge hole in the wall. Inside, Marie-Thérèse could make out a cave covered with primitive art.

"Look at that!" Rasheeda exclaimed, "Have you ever seen something like it?"

"Definitely not!" Malik Maruk replied, "Though the style is similar to these ancient fragments discovered in the Sacred Valley when I was a child."

"Exactly! but in comparison, these are gigantic! take a look! You'll see that the story told by those pictures is quite interesting."

The wrinkled ass of Malik Maruk rose, freeing Marie-Thérèse's tongue; he had just jumped down the coach.

Her last orgasm was only beginning to fade, and she was already missing the old man's contact. Though, she was so consumed with curiosity about what Rasheeda had to say to him that she got over it quite fast. She turned her head to the



extreme so she could look inside the cave through the window of the coach. Though she could only see the pictures close to the roof, she could determine that the style was similar to the ones in the passage used by the Shaziris to cross the Naouda cliff ... these paintings seemed to interest the Empress to the highest point, and Marie-Thérèse needed to know why!

"Watch these green-skinned characters," Rasheeda exclaimed, "Obviously they are not of this world ... or not anymore!"

"This is incredible. Are these people the first inhabitants of Shazilar?"

"Probably yes ... and look here: they're eating something, and these other people with black and white skin worship them as gods. It's pretty clear that these green guys, whoever they were, knew the naffies and had turned humans into slaves using them."

"This is a huge discovery," Malik Maruk said, flabbergasted.

"Yes," Rasheeda replied, "I've come here every day for a week, and I keep finding new stuff about this green people. They had advanced technology, and I suspect that they have genetically engineered the naffies!"

"Engineered? The Naffies?" Malik Maruk reacted horrified, "b ... but who were they... And what happened to them... Why don't we have more information about them around the world?"

"There's no clue about that in the paintings, but something else is troubling me, and this is actually the reason why I wanted you to see this.; being the best trainer on the planet, you may have enlightening insights. The most disturbing picture is that one ... which seems to be the last of the series."

"By Allah!" Malik Maruk exclaimed. "The slaves are

revolting and kill the green people!"

"Yes ... and you easily understand what it means for us. We could be exactly in the same position! We definitely don't want a rebellion of the porcine bipeds!"

"Of course. Is there any indication about the reasons of that revolt?"

"Yes," Rasheeda said, "on these paintings here, you can see why it happened, but it's useless to us. The Naffi Effect seemed to have decreased after a while to disappear completely, though there's no clue how. They certainly did something wrong, but what? Were they too soft with their slaves? Were they too harsh? Were they destroyed by free people from outside once they lost the Naffi power? It's a mystery! And discovering what mistakes were made might save us."

"So true!" Malik Maruk replied. "I'll study these paintings for a few days and try to find something."

"Excellent! I count on your great skills in psychology. If anyone can understand these people totally alien to us, I'm certain it's you! You're the absolute master in the art of training wild whites, and you weren't even aware of their existence when you were a child! Your insights can be extremely valuable to our cause. And to make you understand how urgent this matter can be for us, I also need to tell you about something awful that our scientists have come upon these past months; something only known by Rasheedians with top level clearance ... just like in the paintings, the Naffi Effect has started to decrease!"

Malik Maruk couldn't be heard for almost a minute, and Marie-Thérèse realized how terrible this news could be for the old man.

"They don't understand why it's happening," Rasheeda continued after a while, "our scientists are searching in every possible direction, but for now they don't have the slightest clue. They could only measure the decrease of the Effect



through our statistics: it loses 0.6% of its power a month with a frightening regularity. It means that the Naffi Effect might have completely vanished ten years from now!"

For Marie-Thérèse, it was great news, bringing her hopes back. White slavery was going to end soon, and knowing that changed everything: that porcine theory bullshit wouldn't survive the disappearing of the Naffi Effect, and her objectives weren't anymore about finding her place in a new nightmarish world to come ... her situation had become a temporary abduction again, and would get its resolution in a near future. Ultimately, she would end her days as a free woman in Europe!

She had to tell it to Susan, so she turned the head on the other side.

"Susan," Marie-Thérèse whispered, "I have great news for you: They say that the Naffi Effect is going to disappear. We'll be free soon! We just have to wait a little bit."

Susan looked at her, very angry.

"Muzzle-it, balky!" she spat, "God forbid talk!"

"But it's very important," Marie-Thérèse insisted, "without the naffies, there's no way they can win!"

"I don't want to listen to you!" Susan reacted, switching from "sluttish," to normal English "I did once, and now I'm in disgrace. You're a bad person. Don't talk to me ever again!"

"I'm sorry Susan, I'm really sorry that we didn't succeed. But with my secret knowledge of Arabic, we still have a huge advantage!"

Marie-Thérèse wasn't sure that she had been right to remind that to the girl. She had to calm down things with her, or she would tell it to the old man!

Unfortunately, this was the moment Rasheeda and Malik Maruk chose to come back to the coach. The two seat pets immediately pulled out their tongue.

Malik Maruk sat down on Marie-Thérèse's face again, making her lively organ disappear into his anus instantly. She instantly felt the Naffi Effect, and her distress about Susan vanished.

It came back a bit later, when the coach stopped in front of the imperial stables. Rasheeda and Malik Maruk walked away, leaving her in the hands of the Shaziri grooms of the palace. While she was led toward a filly box, she could see Susan following Malik Maruk inside.

The damned brat was going to tell it all!



Chapter VII  
The fate of Susan Braggston

Malik Maruk entered the big underground room of the palace where he was going to live for a few days, the time for him to examine the cave paintings.

The servants walked away a few minutes later, leaving him with wriggly. The blonde pet had assumed the position of respect, flat on the floor, one second after her arrival.

“So, wriggly, my little suckling pig,” he said, “what do you have to tell me? It’s your privilege as a favorite to express a demand in my anus to communicate, and I like to feel your tongue attract my attention this way, but you still need a good reason if you don’t want to be punished! So, why would you wish to have a private conversation with me? You may speak freely in normal English as long as I allow it...”

“I’m sorry Mighty God,” she said with fear and trembling, “but the special tongue signal of the favorites was the only way. I had to warn you about that sow: this infamous balky understands the forbidden language.”



Malik Maruk was flabbergasted.

"By Allah!" he exclaimed, exulting. "Of course! I had noticed a moment of trouble during that great party when she reacted to something I say. Her tongue froze for a second. I dismissed it as a coincidence because speaking Arabic wasn't in her file, but so many strange things happened with her training since the beginning, like this recurring fad for escaping. It explains it all! You were right to tell me that, my pretty little blonde nest. You may get on your knees as a reward. What else?"

"Oh thank you Mighty God! She dared say to me that the power of gods was ending, and that we members of the porcine species would become free very soon."

Malik Maruk faked a big laugh.

"How silly! I didn't think she was that crazy! Our whites? Free? What a stupid thing to say!"

"Oh yes Mighty God! Indeed she's crazy to defy you instead of praying to obtain your divine blessing. Though, she seemed to believe so much in that fantasy that I had to speak English to get to the bottom of it. I'm ready to be punished for disobeying the Law, but I want you to be sure that I did it only to be able to inform you, my god!"

"Oh! don't worry I know, my delicious wriggling goldfish!" Malik Maruk said, rubbing Susan's hair with tenderness, "I'm glad you told me about this nonsense ... do you think that your god is losing his power?"

"Oh! no, Mighty God!" Susan replied, her face red with shame, "all your porcine females are aware of your omnipotence and feel safe under your protection. Balky is a brainless filly who lies and lies!"

"Yes, she does, my sweet pink suction cup. Did you know that she keeps asking me to replace you in each one of her

prayers? She thinks that you're stupid, childish and without experience, and that I should take her as a favorite instead. What I don't understand, is why you followed that sow in her escape?"

"Oh! no," Susan protested, shocked by what she just learnt, "I wasn't following her! I was her hostage! At first, I was worried that she might kill the Goddess, and so I pretended to get along with her, though after this, she pulled me away with a leash. I was afraid to fall into the hands of Shaziri savages, so I didn't escape, but I seized the first opportunity to come back to you."

"I understand, my tight little doughnut," Malik Maruk smiled, "I was a bit puzzled that you might want to leave and become a nobody, when you had just won back your privileged life as a favorite!"

"Yes, of course, Mighty God! I'm grateful for the huge favor you did to me, and I'll do anything to keep that wonderful position!"

"Very well! Don't tell her that I'm aware of her knowledge of Arabic. This will be your best revenge against that disloyal sow. I'll prepare a nice deception for her."

"I will worship you forever, Mighty God!" Susan exclaimed, spontaneously licking Malik Maruk's slipper.

After that very informative meeting, Malik Maruk dismissed his cute little piglet and left for the caves, where he spent most of his time for five days. Unfortunately, he found nothing more than what had already been listed.

Rasheeda allowed him to go home, though invited him to the meeting of the D.I.R.E.<sup>5</sup> with her scientists scheduled for a week later.

The next day, Malik Maruk was back to the ethnic facility with his game. Fatima was really relieved to see that he had

<sup>5</sup> - Department of Intelligence of the Rasheedian Empire



captured the two fugitives.

"You found them!" was the first thing she said when he entered the farmyard, "I couldn't reach you, and I was worried about your contract with Yusuf Bourid."

"I got lucky," Malik Maruk replied, "without the piglet, that damned white could have successfully contacted her Embassy, which could have caused unfortunate complications. Can you believe that she had kept secret all the time that she could speak Arabic?"

"Really? How weird... And what an unexpected knowledge for a racist sow!"

"That's why I didn't suspect a thing at first," Malik Maruk said, "but it explains why she escapes every time I tell you something technical about her training in her presence."

"By Allah!" Fatima reacted, "I didn't think about that! Is she completely ruined?"

"Not really," Malik Maruk smiled, "her securing is only postponed. Now I'm the one with the advantage: she doesn't know that I know!"

"I hope it's enough," Fatima replied, "I'll try to be careful when I speak to you in front of her. Now for some better business: There's a good surprise for you here! While you were away, I went to the post office to collect a package from Prince Yusuf Bourid. He sends you a sweet little blonde brat that he wants to change into a toy for his son. He said you could do anything to her except popping her cherry!"

"Excellent," Malik Maruk exclaimed, "what a nice day! I'll unwrap that present tonight. For now, I need to take care of the decuisse."

Malik Maruk entered the barn where Maggie was keeping the escapees waiting for his decision about their fate.

"Prepare a lace-up protection for both," he ordered the

golden she-devil, who immediately grabbed the appropriate toolbox on a wooden shelf.

The decuisse had been spared from chastity control because it seemed to be useless in her case. If he had anticipated her second escape, Malik Maruk wouldn't have hesitated. Despite the fact that she wasn't his to keep, he wanted to be the one to choose the stallion that would impregnate her. After her capture by the Shaziris, who neither practice sexual intercourse with the whites, nor breed them with their males, it was doubtful that she would dare escape again, and Malik Maruk had left her in an easy-mounting mode. He had no intention to make the same mistake twice!

He sat down comfortably while Maggie was installing the muzzled female on the proceeding table, manoeuvring a little crank to lift her pelvis high up and display a perfect working surface. The she-devil cleaned the reluctant white with a disinfecting liquid, then used a tool to pierce twice in each of her body lips. She filled them with Shazilarian fig oil and took gold rivets carefully chosen to fit the thickness of her labia. She inserted them into the holes and equalized them with some special pliers, so that they wouldn't stick out on one side. That kind of metal sheathing was making the fat lips much easier to open, and such a comfort could be priceless in this case where her mounting by an Arab could occur. Anything that could delay a sexual intercourse with a white could spoil that sweet experience big time.

The decuisse would be left alone for two days, until the miraculous Shazilarian fig oil would have healed up the flesh around the gold rivets. Then, she would have a leather ribbon introduced through them to lace the vulva like a shoe, with an appropriate knot and a wax seal upon it to guarantee that Malik Maruk wouldn't be robbed of his exclusive rights on her womb.



Susan was already riveted, so for her it was just a matter of putting back the leather lace, which could be seen as rude for a favorite who had experienced labial freedom in the Harem for so long. Though, on the contrary, the blonde piglet seemed to be pretty relieved, looking at him with a stupid smile, like if she felt protected knowing that her beloved Master was the only one who could choose whose seed her body needed.

Satisfied, Malik Maruk was now ready to enjoy that new wonder that Fatima had talked about. He walked back to the farm, climbed up the stairs and entered the bedroom where his wife was resting. A very pretty girl was kneeling on the floor at her side, her hands cuffed to her iron collar. She was still wearing her original outfit, a pullover and a plaited skirt, which probably belonged to a school uniform.

“Oh that’s so nice,” Malik Maruk exclaimed, “look at the cute mouth she got.”

“I didn’t touch her,” Fatima said, “I knew you would want to be the first to play with her.”

“You did well, woman, as this is a one-night switcher ... but what a precious little thing! Her fresh lips are really appealing. I think I’ll try them right away. With your help, I’m sure that I can safely get into that shy mouth in less than a quarter.”

“I’ll go fetch the whip,” Fatima concluded.

Five minutes later, Fatima was flogging the sweet buttocks of the blonde piglet. The plan was to remove any idea that the girl could have to bite Malik Maruk’s cock, a trick that newcomers might boldly do, unaware that it would cost them a week of torture and the rest of their life working very hard in the fields owned by Malik Maruk in the Valley of the Slaves. She had to be educated very fast and learn in

fifteen minutes that to withstand the whip’s pain couldn’t be an option, that to escape was impossible, and that it was normal here for a white to consider himself and Fatima as Gods.

So, after a few lashes, she was brought out for a little tour of the yard, where she could see other porcine females like her show pride in crawling before the Arab couple.

After ten minutes, the girl—whose name was Helen March—would have done anything to avoid the whip, was convinced that the walls of the yard would be forever the theater of her life, had acknowledged that Malik and Fatima Maruk had already more influence on her existence than her parents ever had, and knew for a fact that fulfilling their slightest whims was far more important than her own petty comfort.

“I love that!” Malik Maruk said in Arabic, “it’s not even training, it is just collecting.”

“Though, you’ll get tired of her very fast. Tomorrow probably!”

“Oh! yes, of course!” Malik Maruk laughed, “not a very big victory indeed. But I like the idea that I can make the piglet pop out of one of these haughty sluts like if it was only urging to get out. I endured many humiliations when I visited the western world, and such a display can be very therapeutic for me.”

“Darling, you can only imagine how therapeutic this might be for me, then! You showed me the reality behind the superficiality of things, and the porcine species don’t impress me anymore. I have gained a lot of self-insurance, thanks to you.”

“Good! If Allah didn’t want the whites to belong to us, he would have made them more rebellious!”

Malik Maruk pulled the helen piglet by the hair and forced her to swallow his cock. She had tears in her eyes, but sucked all right, timorously harmonizing her movements according to his impatient starts and his little taps. His wife was standing





close to them with the whip, just in case.

Malik Maruk might have the physical weakness of an old man, but he could easily handle this kind of shy white psychologically.

An hour later, Malik Maruk walked out of the farmhouse and entered the barn to fetch the wriggly piglet. That Helen

March finally shown to be a bit more than a one-night switcher. Consequently, he now had a fresher toy to play with and planned to get rid of the little brat to whom he had promised a position of favorite. She had escaped after this, so he didn't feel too much bound by his word, yet he didn't want to make it look like a punishment. He couldn't know for sure if the girl had run away with the decuisse willingly or not, but he suspected she wasn't lying.

"My delightful little flesh sheath," Malik Maruk said in English, "I'm here to reward you for telling me about balky's knowledge of Arabic. From now on, you have the highest rank a filly can get. You are the figurehead of my prestige triplet cabriolet!"

The piglet started with pride and threw her pelvis back and forth to thank her god for this advancement... Malik Maruk was greatly satisfied. This had gone smoothly!

Though, when Maggie began to put the filly artifacts on her, Malik Maruk noticed that the blonde piglet had realized that this promotion was incompatible with the position of favorite that he had promised to give her. She was obviously in turmoil, thinking that he had forgotten about it after everything that happened since. Also, as she had told him the secret of the decuisse, she probably considered that she deserved her position back for that good service...

She began to shiver, and Malik Maruk knew he had won. She was scared with the idea to have to remind something like this to her God! How could she ever suggest that he might have a poor memory without risking everything she had? The decisions of God were not to be questioned!

Her shivering was now tinged with paralyzing fear, and Malik Maruk began to suspect that she might have lied about the escape. She had probably followed the decuisse willingly at first because she had given her the hope that they could go back



to Europe. It was, of course, entirely the fault of the famous writer if she did, though wriggly was showing guilt, and it served perfectly his purpose. Not only he had freed himself from his bad conscience in throwing the cute piglet out of the Harem, but he had built an impassable wall in her mind that would make impossible for her to dare reminding him his promise. She'd swallow her new status and would only have her own shyness to blame for that.

She was now trying to attract his attention, showing outmost tenderness for him, and he knew that she would compensate like this for a few days, expressing her affection for him, trying to get an opportunity that she could never seize anyway. Malik Maruk was aware that she was going to make an ultimate attempt, probably during the presentation to her new harness companions. She would gather all her courage to dive down at his feet, would move quickly behind him, and would mimic the licking of his ass like if her life depended on it. He would have no choice but to allow her to speak, if he wanted to avoid ruining her adoration for him and keep her well trained.

So, he put a premature end to that plan by thrusting a metal bit into her mouth. She was a filly again, and even if a filly could whinny to ask for the possibility to speak to her god, it was almost never permitted, as it was very easy to mix it up with the expression of their desire to be mounted and their joy to be a filly, something they did constantly. And even if she did it so perfectly that he would have to allow her to speak as a white, her demands would seem completely inappropriate at this point. It was difficult for a favorite to remind a promise to a god, but for a filly, it was simply unthinkable.

As he was bringing the blonde piglet to her carriage, Malik Maruk knew that the poor creature would experience

a short period of bitterness. Of course, it was an awful waste for a girl who was so skilled at using her tongue to suddenly find it stuck forever under a bit, but a piglet's life was a one-way trip, and she now had new goals to achieve. Such was the life Allah had allowed the porcine beings to get under the Rasheedian rule.

Malik Maruk's filly-drawn vehicles were all impeccably parked: the sulky he was using for trotting races or to enjoy alone with a white along the cliff; the carriage and pair he was bringing in town; the "quadruplet sedan" he was driving to the city or to do small trips when he was with Fatima; the dozen-filly coach for long distance or to transport a group of people; two eight-filly carts to dispatch the farm products; three four-carrier sedan couches to lazily be driven at home; but the jewel of his collection was the famous "prestige triplet cabriolet" that was drawn by the prettiest whites of the yard.

It was a very limited series made by the Golden Arbor Carriage Company for rich landlords of the Arab world.

Most of the carriages were made in Wonderbourg by the company of Yusuf Bourid and were copies of classic horse cars, adapted for harnessing women and upgraded with light modern materials.

Malik Maruk wouldn't use it for high speed, like the triplet sedan drawn by muscled native fillies. The cabriolet was made for showing off, with magnificent blondes carefully chosen to match together. It was very slow, as the team had to make attractive paces involving complicated movement of hair and feathers in synchronism, but it was very impressive.

Maggie was waiting near the cabriolet. Three beautiful girls of the golden stock were harnessed to it. Excited by Malik Maruk's divine presence, they started to wriggle lustfully, trying to attract his attention, using even for that the reflec-



tion of sunshine on their oiled bodies in a hypnotic dance of light. This technique had made the success of that team. Everywhere they went, they would immediately look for sunbeams that they could reflect on men around.

Once they had locked a target, they would make the projections twirl around his eyes, following a pattern that they had improved for years, fascinating the passers-by who could only envy their lucky Master and his shiny whites. Of course, those who had invented this technique were no more part of the team for years, but every new filly was taught by the two elders how to do it. They were practicing it all the time, on objects if no one was around.

They were all former favorites, quite young, and not yet disposed to end their sexual life just because they had become carriage-drawing fillies. In their position, they could be rewarded with some pleasurable petting from many gods and could get good orgasms out of it... And permanent practicing had made them such experts that they could climax while keeping the sunshine reflections dancing in the eyes of the generous giver!

They were even sometimes lucky enough—a very rare reward for the average white filly—to be mounted by Malik Maruk or his friends, and if one of their fellow sister-in-harness was chosen, the others would communicate to her with sunshine projections on the ground so that she could adjust her body reflections to fascinate her rider, therefore promoting herself and the whole trio.

Malik Maruk liked that very much. Team spirit among the whites was a great reward for him, and he enjoyed it even more than the spectacle of mean she-pigs walking over each other to attract his eyes.

The old Arab trainer examined each of them carefully ... and then he picked one. Maggie untied the chosen filly,

whose cheeks were now purple with excitement. But when the poor animal suddenly realized that the wriggly favorite was following him, she almost faded with horror—she was going to be replaced!

Maggie removed her equine artifacts and dressed her up with field slave rags and a heavy bronze collar. The she-devil began to shave the head of the unfortunate female who couldn't help crying, having her social life terminated so soon when she had always dreamed of being a chosen one some day... Now, she could only expect exhaustion in the mud and, as her only joy in the existence, to be mounted by an appointed genitor every time that she was able to procreate, with the hope that some day an ugly field overseer would be interested in her buttocks for a bit more than whipping them for productivity.

She was very pretty, as were all Malik Maruk's former favorites, and could catch the eye of any man, but those who worked in the fields had often a poor taste in females, and revenge to take on life that they were usually passing on those who had enjoyed the Harem of their employer.

Malik Maruk had no doubt that she would nevertheless do everything possible to attract her overseer; she would project the sunshine in his eyes, unaware that the mud in the mazook fields was already blinding them too much with reflections. It would just win her some more cracks of the whip on her buttocks before she should get it. That attitude would also trigger the jealousy and the hate of the robust farm slaves whom she would henceforth have to live with.

It was so sad for such a sweet piglet who had enjoyed being mounted by him for so long, but nothing was eternal, and such was the existence of the white female ... she would fight back eventually and would soon discover how nice overseers could be when buttocks turned to red were tensing the right way while fetching the mazook roots. And she would have the honor to



serve her god in there for a while, when he could have sold her to some stranger at once!

Malik Maruk felt so humane, realizing that he still had concerns for the well-being of a white he had blessed five years ago!

He got a grip on himself and turned back to the wriggly piglet, his former favorite Susan Braggston.

"There you are, my well-oiled little bijou," he said to her, "how do you like your reward?"

But before she could even show the slightest protest in her eyes, he made her turn around, very well aware that his hand on her chest paralyzed her with pleasure, preventing her from thinking of anything else.

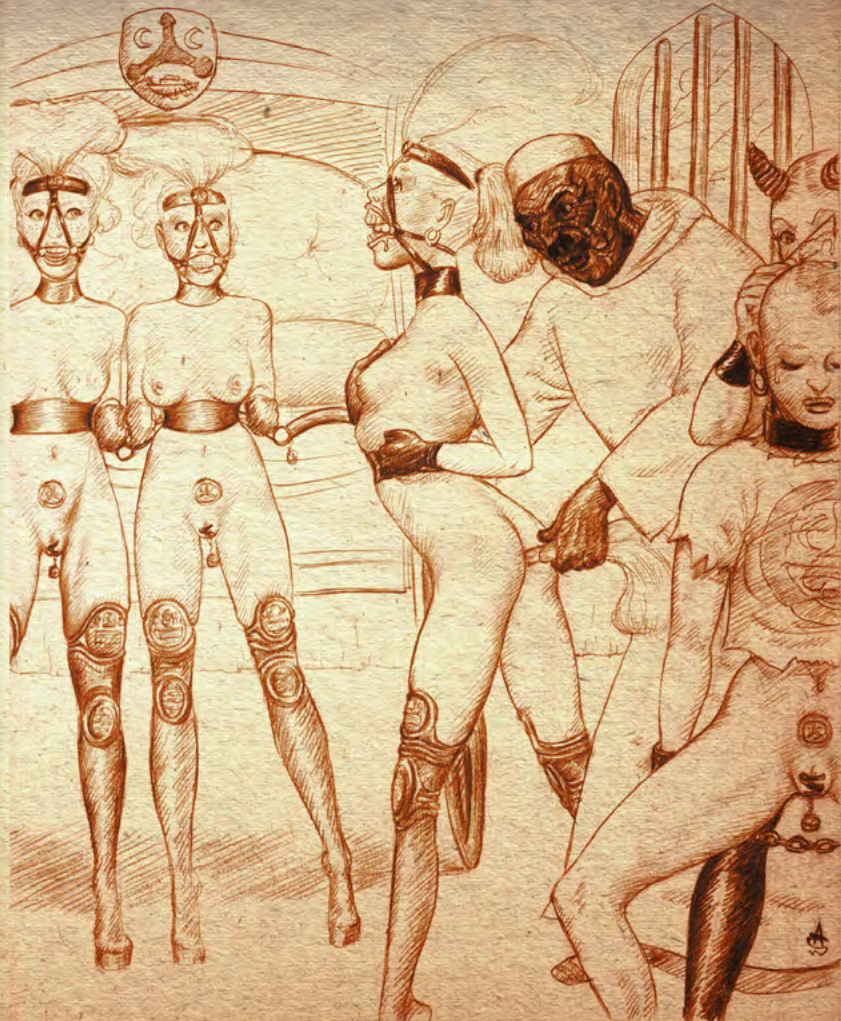
That was it! Now she could only accept her new life...

Susan Braggston felt suddenly a cold object making its way between her buttocks.

"As you were the most faithful of my favorites ever," she heard God say while the thing was sliding deeper into her anus, "you are given the tail of honor immediately! Usually cabriolet fillies obtain that distinction after weeks of training, but you deserve special treatment."

The sadness of Susan's misfortune was beginning to fade with the pleasure offered by God, and now she was also feeling proud of having that honorific object in her.

"Soon you'll be wagging it in front of me in the most delightful way, I'm sure. Fillies who properly wave their little buttocks when I drive the cabriolet can last for years before they retire. Some were even able to ascend and access *Hanazir Jannah* by showing exceptional rectal skills!"



Susan raised her head in the direction of the farm on the upper cliff. *Hanazir Jannah*, the Porcine Paradise, of course! That was her new goal now... She was going to be the most exemplary filly ever and would pray Malik Maruk every time she could. She was better than all these fat sows, she knew it! And she would prove it by ascending to the piggery of her god's Paradise!

## Chapter VIII

### Susan's new sisters-in-harness

Malik Maruk was now ready for a little trip in cabriolet on the Naouda Cliff. He sent Maggie to see if Fatima had finished playing with the new favorite. A minute later, the golden she-devil was back with her.

She installed the young Helen March, making her lay on her back at the bottom of the vehicle. Then, she lowered down the lid and helped the piglet's face to fit the hole in it.

Malik Maruk immediately sat on that fresh face, impatient to try her in his favorite cabriolet together with that new harness member.

The blonde seat reacted with a start, but that was expected. A gentle stroke of the whip on the pretty beauty bud displayed between his feet gave her back all her enthusiasm. Immediately, Malik Maruk felt a little tongue sliding inside his rectum. He relaxed on the fleece-lined leather, satisfied to have his ass well taken care of, and started the vehicle.

Naturally, he had to motivate the blonde seat with his whip while the cabriolet was speeding down the cliff. Though, after five painful minutes, the pet knew instinctively which movements she had to do with her tongue to satisfy him.



He could now relish the softness of the lips of that beautiful newbie. She was still a bit clumsy, but that was part of the charm with these fresh faces.

He began to read her file, enjoying the exotic flavor of these strange free lives that the white females could experience in their natural environment in Europe. This one was Helen March, and her genitor was the boss of a small company who had fought against a takeover bid initiated by Yusuf Bourid. Really, these porcine males never learn! Naturally, Yusuf Bourid had no other option than to take his wife and his young daughter as a compensation! And ultimately, it showed to be a good thing, as that Helen March was a very nice piglet, very obedient at school and eager for education ... it was even written in her file that she loved chocolate fudge! Not a problem, Malik Maruk was going to make her discover spicier flavors which she would no doubt learn to appreciate ... and she had a boyfriend! How cute these porcine bipeds could be...

Every time he would find something exciting in the previous life of Helen March, the old man would squash the delightful face to better feel it mold perfectly the shape of his wrinkled buttocks, without any consideration for the girl's pain or need to breathe.

After a drive of half an hour around his fields, Malik Maruk suddenly crossed the path of Maggie, who was bringing there the unfortunate filly in disgrace.

Malik Maruk was always reluctant to send a pretty blonde piglet uproot mazoook, but he had to do it from time to time, or the others would become haughty. To see one of them treated like that was very good for the discipline in the yard. That was why Maggie had to walk her for a long promenade throughout the yard before leaving, to make sure that every filly owned by Malik Maruk would see that a pretty blonde

could very well be degraded to uprooter.

Though, it wouldn't last, as Malik Maruk had changed his mind about this one. She was too pretty to be waisted in the fields. In a few weeks, he would sell her at Maruk Market for an excellent price. Thankfully, as the paddock was much lower on the first plateau, and the fields down in the Valley of the Slaves, the whites of the farm would never be aware of it. They would only hear multiple cracks of the whip and various screams from down the cliff and assume that the young blonde was still there.

Later in the evening, Maggie would tell to all fillies that this disgrace was caused by a slight lack of enthusiasm in her behavior. They would worry all night in their box before taking the resolution to always be at the top.

Such basic tricks were not at all training specialties of Malik Maruk. They were only a part of the Rasheedian way of life, taught in first grade to every child of the empire, and seen as perfectly natural behavior. It was doing the poor creatures a great service to bring them to worship their Arab God by any means necessary. How could a white survive in here if her thinking wasn't positive? And for that, they needed the generous help that Malik Maruk was most happy to provide, as he was very fond of these pink-skinned cuties.

Malik Maruk had suddenly his attention caught by the filly in front of him. He had almost forgotten that this susan brat was now pulling his cabriolet. She was trying to fascinate him by regular movements with her tail, like her two sisters-in-harness, though she was very far from perfection. She obviously wasn't yet able to follow the rhythm of the others, but her porcine instinct had already made her understand that she had to draw the carriage like if she was making love to her god.

She might have felt the attention that Malik Maruk was paying her, as she began to play with her tail, pushing it outside



and pulling it inside her anus. Thankfully, her experience as a favorite had made her perfectly aware of the precise moment when she had to stop the artifact before it would slide completely out and fall down on the road. That tail of honor wasn't tied to anything, and to lose it wasn't an option, so she had to keep her attention on it constantly. Despite that little difficulty, it was certainly something very pleasurable for her to do in front of her god, and Malik Maruk felt glad that this nice blonde piglet had now taken other her disappointment to gratefully enjoy his generous presence, as anticipated.

He suddenly understood that the filly wasn't going to be contented with that, as she was moving the tail with more and more lewdness. She wanted to have his cake and eat it! Though, he liked the idea; he began to whip over her head in rhythm, making the other two whites start imitating her.

The ride became soon very hot. The fillies were taking more and more risks with their tail, pushing it out to the maximum and swallowing it back deep into their rectum at the last moment. After a few seconds of this, they were in perfect synchronism with Malik Maruk's whip, and he could increase the speed by making it crack faster and faster—over their panache, of course! Adding pain in such a moment would have ruined everything!

He was aware of the difficulty of this figure that needed the three young white fillies to climax in synchronism and to gallop with a hard weight to pull at the same time. Through a physical contact with him, it would have been very easy, but Malik Maruk wasn't looking for an average Naffi Effect outcome. He wanted them to experience the orgasm only by following his rhythm and feeling his presence.

The reading of the Helen March file had aroused him, giving to these animals a background which was greatly spicing things. To think that these blonde piglets, all young

females from the western upper class, all well-educated and able to get handsome and wealthy husbands of their age, were now only dreaming of him, an old and wrinkled Arab farmer who could be their grandfather was astounding! With his improved method of training, he wasn't only becoming their God, but their entire sexual fantasy, and the only male who would ever count in their life. His presence while they would be covered by their stallions would be enough to stimulate their reproductive instincts.

It was that kind of thing that made the difference between gods and porcine bipeds more tangible. If these whites were willing to break so frantically the traditions of their species, it was the absolute proof that the Phoenic Prophets were right! The Naffi Effect and the training were only tools to reveal how deeply they were eager to enhance their genes with divine ones. Throughout History, they had tried to hide it, using religion, tradition, culture ... they developed fighting skills, diplomatic deception, weapon technology to get over it! Fortunately, the naffies had now uncovered the naked truth, and these three pretty whites carried it like the nose on their face.

When she began to pull the cabriolet, Susan Braggston was really worried, as God showed absolutely no interest in her. It had to be the slut who had replaced her! She was catching all his attention! Susan was feeling so bad, with someone else installed in her rightful place ... and the bitch probably didn't even like it!

Though, Susan knew that she had to get along with it and stop being jealous of the girl. The newcomer was from her own stock, and thanks to her, the goldens would still be at the top of the yard as long as her rival would be in favor.

Susan also had to keep in mind that above the racial challenge was that absolute law of the yard that was putting



the well-being of God above any petty consideration. They all wanted the same thing: that God should fancy mounting his whites as many times as possible. It was a war of every instant to keep him interested in this over some other entertainment, like for example the television that he was sometimes watching, or his long travels away from this facility.

She knew that it was the rarity of God's attention to the fillies that was increasing so much their desire for him, but it didn't make any difference. She couldn't help seeing him as the most handsome man in the world. He wasn't only God providing everything that the whites needed and making the rules about how it should be done; he was also the protagonist of all their erotic fantasies ... and was aware of it!

That hated de Cuisse pretended that he used an airborne drug to drive them mad with sexual attraction for him, and Susan had heard about all this when she was in Europe, but she didn't feel drugged at all. She couldn't believe that her desire for God could be artificial. And anyway, assuming that it was a product that had turned them into slaves, and that God wasn't a god, Susan would nevertheless stay as Malik Maruk would still be the man she loved.

She had tasted elderly Arabs, with that beautiful dark skin and these glamorous wrinkles and furrows—the acme of male seduction—and knew that she could never go back to fancy drab and juvenile cockerels like those she was supposed to find handsome when she was at school. The sexual attraction that she felt for God wasn't only a porcine infatuation for a superior being; without these virile traits, a man would look pitifully weak and immature in her eyes, like those contemptible blonde studs owned by the Goddess. She knew that it was her duty to welcome one of them in her womb some day in order to perpetuate her breed, but these creatures were desperately short of sex appeal!

One of the biggest mysteries around here was why God could fancy golden females when he could be in the Goddess's bed ... definitely not worth complaining about! She felt tremendously lucky that she could have these fantastic weeks of sharing intimacy with God, and would remember it forever...

She pulled herself together. Her glory was not over yet! She was still in his presence as a privileged filly!

Putting aside the bitterness of her condition, Susan began to tease God with her tail, making it slide back and forth into her anus while she continued her gallop. Her fellow sisters-in-harness followed that lead almost immediately, and she was grateful for it. She had just discovered something new here. She felt very close to these two young women whose fate was similar to hers. And they all shared the love of God in their eyes!

The rhythm of Susan's movements with the tail became more difficult to keep as she was pulling the cabriolet up on the climbing road back to the plateau, though she suddenly realized that the others were moaning with pleasure. It seemed that simulating a sexual intercourse was getting to them. How did they do that?

She closed her eyes and thought of great moments of bliss she had shared with the old man, careful to continue her gallop and perfect her tail movement, but forgetting everything else. And it worked! It was increasing her pleasure exponentially!

She took a glance at the filly next to her, who had kept turning her head left and right during the whole trip. She had beautiful blue eyes, and Susan began to drown into them. That filly clearly felt the pleasure rising too. Actually, the one in the middle was there to make the balance between the three of them! Susan let her lead the movement of the tail that she had herself initiated.

She realized a few minutes later how much she had been inspired to do this, when she noticed that it was God's rhythm



of the whip that the central filly was following... He was a part of this! God was making love to them that way!

She guessed from experience that the new seat was in it too and was bringing God to come with her tongue, as she couldn't imagine Malik Maruk orgasm without a porcine receptacle taking care of his divine products.

After half-an-hour of slow but constant climbing toward a collective climax, they arrived at the facility and entered the yard, welcomed by Fatima.

The three fillies were drooling, breathing hardly after that huge effort, but when God suddenly spat on their backs, they felt the contained orgasm reaching out and explode!

And it was an even stronger outburst after that slow rise. What an astounding discovery she just made! Experiencing God's power collectively was multiplying the pleasure! Her sisters-in-harness and herself were climaxing as one, moaning and grunting while their reins were pulled back to make them stop the cabriolet.

All the yard was looking at them with envy, and Susan soon felt the collective orgasm change into a gigantic pride. To be a filly in that elite harness was quite rewarding after all!

## Chapter IX The other passage

**W**ow!" Fatima exclaimed, entering the living room, "that was impressive! You bounded a harness team in no time and were not even aroused!"

"The configuration was greatly helping!" Malik Maruk replied, "As former favorites, they truly worship me beyond any limits. I just had to make the new one realize that my response to her love in her present condition could only happen when she's complete ... as a part of a team. And now they will be all doing the same movements in harmony. This is a perfect harness! Though, I will replace it all without the slightest regret once I put my hands on the Princesses of Wonderbourg!"

"Well, that ought to happen soon ... now that you have tamed that decuisse mustang!"

"Unfortunately, I'll have to wait for a while. Saïd Agadir had publicly received the micheraie filly promised, but he had also announced on television that he allowed an extension to the deadline for the training of the decuisse. She would be processed for the purpose of an imperial mission. Anyway, Yusuf couldn't possibly give me my reward, because her first escape in Zylidovia cost us the full three months we had to get where



we are now, and all the princesses I wanted have already delivered their progeny ... and therefore lost my interest!"

"I'm really sorry to hear that!" Fatima reacted.

"Don't be! It's even better now, because Yusuf has promised me four other royalties... The younger ones... And as a bonus, two of them who were in that store when we were publicly humiliated by this princely filth.... And I'll tell you where it gets excellent: All of them were covered by the same stud ... their own genitor! They should be ripe for the foaling in a few months, just the time for me to put the finishing touches to the decuisse for that special delivery. I don't think she's ready yet for what our Glorious Empress has in store for her... Oh! it reminds me that tomorrow I need to go to Rasheeda's meeting with scientists and operatives about the paintings we found in the caves. You'll be in charge of her training while I'm away."

"Are you sure that I'm able to do that?" Fatima inquired, a bit worried. "Doesn't she need special care now?"

"You'll just have to show her that you're the one with total power over her genes," Malik replied, "it's the last part of her training, the 'securing' ... and for this kind of swine, it involves racial domination a lot. You're lucky, as it's great fun, and I'd love to do it myself... I just can't postpone an imperial meeting, and we're on a very tight schedule. Just be sure to get it on video for me!"

"All right," Fatima said, "if you think I'm able to do it."

"Indeed you are! Read her books again, especially the one that is so racist, and you'll be in perfect condition to train that slut!"

"Good idea," Fatima laughed, "but right now, should I punish her for her escape or make her reintegrate the golden stock as if nothing happened?"

"I've a slight problem with that," Malik Maruk said wor-

ried, "we need to put her back in popularity now, but I don't know the best way to do it without sending wrong signals to the rest of the herd: Escape must stay the worst crime for a slave."

Fate was good to Malik Maruk, as at this very moment, a pet servant jumped at his feet to announce that Maggie had some precious information for him.

A few minutes later, the golden she-devil entered the room with the decuisse crawling on all fours and shaking her pelvis lustfully. She kneeled down while the future mustang was making a circle and putting herself in the position of respect.

"Forgive unworthy sow, Mighty God," Maggie said, "Maggie think God love balky talk."

"It must be pretty important! Let's hear that in plain English," Malik Maruk replied.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse turned her head to speak to him, but didn't stop her pelvic supplication, her anus keeping its rhythm of contractions, silently chanting Malik Maruk's name.

"Thank you Mighty God," Marie-Thérèse said, "I want you to know that I've changed completely. I'm now ready to serve my God and to grovel before him to get my punishment. But first, I need to inform you about where you can find more paintings like the ones in the cave."

Malik Maruk started with surprise. He had forgotten that she had seen the classified stuff when they were in the secret passage. She had probably heard everything they said too, knowing the Arabic language.

It meant that Saïd, her future owner, had to be put in the confidence of this top-level information too. He hoped that the Empress had no objection with that.

"And where would these paintings be?" He asked, a bit irritated.

"In the caves used by the Shaziris to cross the mountain," she said, "I saw very similar pictures!"



"What?" Malik Maruk exclaimed, suddenly overexcited. "Are you telling me that you know where I can find this secret passage? We have looked for it for centuries!"

"Yes Mighty God! I can easily find my way back to this cave from here."

"That's excellent news," Malik Maruk reacted, "if it's true, I'll forget your misconduct and reinstate you as a golden filly in the yard."

"Oh! thank you, Mighty God!" she exclaimed while a tear of emotion was sliding down along her cheek.

Malik Maruk had never been so excited in his life! He was going to be the one who had discovered that passage... And apparently, they could find more paintings for the Empress in there. Not to mention that he now had the perfect excuse to forgive that decuisse and reinstate her in his good books in front of the golden stock!

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Marie-Thérèse de Cuisine was galloping down the Naouda Cliff. Behind her, Malik Maruk was driving his armored quadruplet sedan pulled by four crystal fillies, his twelve stock supremes running on the sides, carrying big machine guns.

Marie-Thérèse was certain to find the passage because of a huge rock she had noticed twice during her second escape, once from above on the first plateau and once under the cliff when she was a captive of the Shaziris.

This should save her from the disgrace in the farmyard, and allow her to have a normal life in there. It was now her most important goal. She still wished that she could escape one day, but saw it as a distant event, something that would eventually happen much later. Until the coming of that glorious moment, she needed to survive in the yard and for that

she had to become an average golden filly, proud of her stock and worshipping Malik Maruk for real.

Since her return from Rasheedabad, she had been utterly mistreated by the other goldens, and she knew that she couldn't survive a very long time that way in the facility. The previous night, she remembered that passage and the paintings that she had seen in it, and realized in an instant that this could be a huge asset to increase Malik Maruk's influence on the Empress, and consequently a way for herself to earn forgiveness.

She was aware, of course, that Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul would use what she would learn from the paintings in the interest of her politics for the conquest of the world, but now, the only thing important was her survival in the yard as an average filly. Nothing else mattered!

Worse, she didn't care anymore if Arabs should dominate the planet as living gods and make the myth of the porcine origins of the whites become the historic, scientific, and religious truth. Clearly, it was a much bigger threat than the white slavery she had fought against in the past, but it seemed so inevitable now that she didn't think she deserved a life of hell for making a useless stand-up for it. Let the others in Europe—those incredulous fools who had never taken care of her warnings—find the truth by themselves for a change!

She had resented the absence of Malik Maruk during her escape and was able to get over it only because she had kept active, fed by her hope and the need to be positive to motivate the little rat. If she had succeeded, she would be in Europe now, but she would definitely miss Malik Maruk. She would also have to explain to incredulous men how impossible it had been for her to rebel against an old farmer, and how she agreed to do to him things that they would find utterly despicable. Nobody would try to understand why she wouldn't have chosen death over dishonor! She wasn't even sure that if she could come back



in Europe right now, she would tell her adventure to anyone. Her bold escape attempts would not even appear as a heroic act, but as a normal thing that any self-respecting woman would have done...

She felt powerless and inevitably condemned to this life, so it wasn't the time to have second thoughts about being a traitor to her race on a global scale. It was of paramount importance for her right now to avoid betraying her stock in the yard. Her gift to Malik Maruk would give all of them value in his eyes, and she was decided to be worthy of her fellow goldens.

A few hours later, Marie-Thérèse saw the big rock against the cliff and found the passage, putting an end to almost a millennium of Shaziri raids in the Valley of Shazilar!

The cave was empty, and they didn't have to fight for it. Malik Maruk took pictures of the paintings, obviously relishing the prospect of meeting the Empress the next day with such a useful material to offer and the revelation of the Shaziris's secret.

They left the cave at sunset and arrived at the farm at midnight. As expected, Malik Maruk restored Marie-Thérèse's position in the golden stock, explaining to the whole yard how her discovery would put their God on top of the world.

After that, Marie-Thérèse was on seventh heaven. She had won the respect of everyone around, and it was so rewarding that she decided to become the most zealous worshiper of Malik Maruk.

The old trainer left the next day in his big coach pulled by the stock supremes, putting Fatima in charge of the farm, and the whites with a terrible emptiness. Fatima was known to fancy playing with her pet servants only and to stay

most of the time in the house, leaving the poor fillies without any attention and so, without any pleasure. Though, this time it seemed to be different, as a few hours after Malik Maruk's departure, Fatima walked out of the house completely naked, creating a tremendous excitement in the yard. She entered the male stable and, after a few minutes, came out with two stallions, one white and one black.

The black one, a muscular Shaziri, was waddling on all fours, very proud of being exercised by his beloved Goddess.

The white one, much older, was in the yard for less than two weeks and wasn't yet as vigorous and frisky as he should be to fit the usual requirements, even if he was already very docile and eager to please to Fatima.

Both wore the light outfit of the stallions, though with different colors and feather panaches, and a saddle on the back, tightly held by a large belt; their arms and legs were folded and strongly encircled in their decorated leather sheaths, so that they could never stand up, compelled to walk on their elbows and knees; buffers on these mock "paws" were smoothing the tough contact of the ground, so they could run on all fours with a relative ease; their body was shaven, except for a Mohawk-style band of hair, and they had tails made with the same real hair stuck in their anus; their bald eyebrows and their ringed nose and ears gave them a strange animal look, and the bit in their mouth forcing their tongue out was clearly reminiscent of horses, but also of dogs out of breath; their genitals were clasped in three rings soldered together: one around the cock, one circling the testicles with a little bell hanging from it, and one as a handle to allow Fatima to control their bodies through their most sensitive parts. No wonder they were so docile!

The Maghrebin mistress stopped in the center of the yard, pulling the groveling males by their leashes.

"Balky!" She exclaimed. "Come here, good sow and display



yourself to me!”

Marie-Thérèse jumped out of her box and crawled toward the Goddess at light speed. She put herself in the position of respect, legs widely apart, and presented her rear side to her. She waved her pelvis as if she was making love, chanting the name of Fatima Maruk with every movement, as required. Though, she couldn't help being worried, because Fatima had never requested something like that from her before! Also, the presence of two stallions behind her suggested that she might be selected to be bred. She had seen a lot of fillies being covered, and she was sure that such a disagreeable thing would happen to her one day, even if she had been lucky for now. However appealing the idea of getting some sex could be, Marie-Thérèse knew that the only purpose was to breed her, and she didn't want to be pregnant in the yard, treated as if she was going to veal!

She tried to calm down. She had decided to be a model of obedience and groveling, and now she had to prove to herself that she was able to be one. She had to concentrate on the idea that Fatima was a goddess, and that if she wanted this, there was nothing that she could do against it. It wasn't about procreating anyway; she would only be processed like an animal, and her progeny would only be her offerings to the Gods. She needed badly to consider things that way if she didn't want to get attached later to children whom she might never see again!

She was waiting for Fatima to pick up another filly for the black stallion; the idea that he could be meant for her hadn't even crossed her mind.

“Part your thighs more, balky,” she commanded, “while I choose one of these stallions to cover you.”

Fatima was obviously delighted by this, relishing every word coming from her mouth.

“The golden one is a perfect match for you it seems. Take a look at him. Is it all right with you?”

Marie-Thérèse turned her head and scowled at the muzzled stud. He was old and ugly, and ... suddenly familiar! She jumped with horror. Under the horse outfit she had just recognized her father!

It was so awful that Marie-Thérèse started to breathe with difficulty. Her dad was in the farm, he was a stallion, and she was acting like a sassy bitch in front of him, swaying shamelessly her pelvis. Worse, she knew what he thought about Arabs—he was even more racist than she was!

What had happened to him? Was he addicted to the Naffi Effect too?

As an answer to her questions, Fatima Maruk gave him a piece of sugar she had soaked with her saliva. He became instantly hard and seemed to fancy her gift a lot, licking the hand of the Goddess after he had swallowed it.

Marie-Thérèse was horrified. So much for being ashamed in front of her dad! He was clearly behaving like a trained stallion with his mistress. How could he have changed his mind so much about Arabs? That was incredible!

One thing was sure about all this: Marie-Thérèse would never accept to be covered by him! She stretched her backside and tensed the muscles of her thighs twice very quickly, a sign that meant she wanted to talk to the Goddess.

“Go on, speak balky!” Fatima exclaimed, “you did well, informing us about the passage, so Malik Maruk told me you can choose your stallion yourself!”

“Thank you Mighty Goddess,” Marie-Thérèse said, carefully picking her words in sluttish, “but him genitor of balky.”

“And..? I fail to see the relevance of your intervention!”

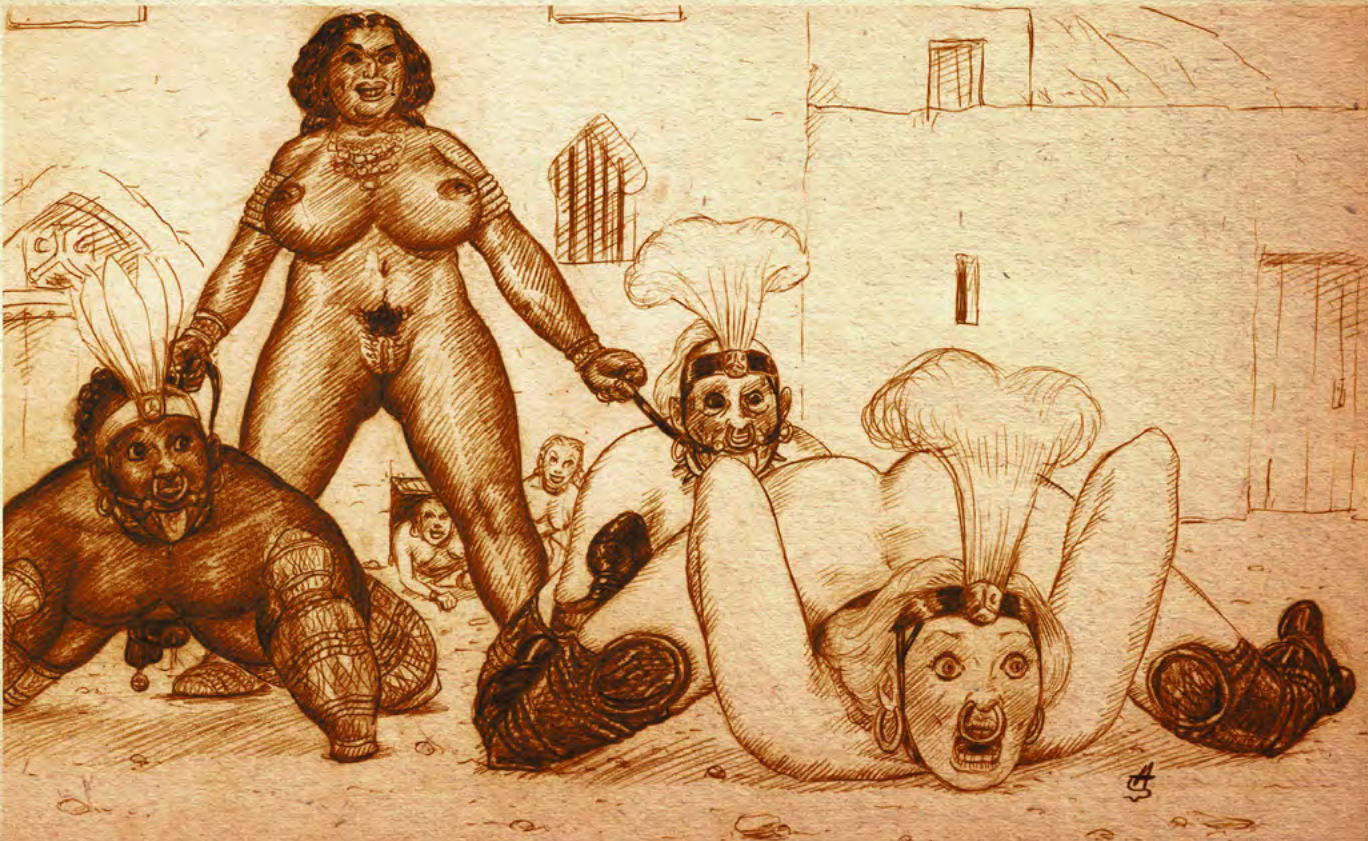
“Genitor no can cover balky!” Marie-Thérèse replied, “wrong!”



“Very well,” Fatima concluded, “then the ebony one it will be! Excellent choice! His beautiful black skin makes a delightful contrast with your delicate pink tone. And it’s not only satisfying my esthetic tastes: we get more and more demand for crossbreeds! They are handsome and good at many tasks. Personally, I allow only golden girls around me, but I’ve plenty of them already, and a pure blonde progeny of yours

would only be of use for me when I’d be... Seventy years old! So I don’t really care, and I prefer a good show right now. So, muzzle-it and display your reproductive orifice better than this to welcome your steed.”

Marie-Thérèse didn’t argue anymore. She parted her thighs the more she could, terrified by the sudden angry tone in



Fatima's voice and the terrible threat to be back in disgrace if she didn't comply.

So that was it? She was going to be covered by the black stud because she hesitated to let her father do it? That was cruel! Fatima Maruk pushed the overexcited ebony stallion forward and made him waddle toward Marie-Thérèse's displaced body.

He climbed on her back and tried to penetrate her immediately, but the leather lacing of her labia was forbidding it.

"Up! Up!" Fatima commanded.

The stud moved his knees on the back of Marie-Thérèse and raised his buttocks up, leaving access to her intimacies for the Goddess.

The powerful woman untied her vulva, then introduced her finger under the leather ribbon and pulled to remove it, opening her labia as if she was unlacing a shoe.

It is at this moment that Marie-Thérèse felt the blatant superiority that the Maghribin woman had over her now. For the first time in her life, she was compelled by an irrepresible desire to worship her as a Goddess for real. She clearly had in her that huge power only gods could have!

The stupid idea that she might change Fatima's decision by praying her silently came to her mind.

"Cover now!" Fatima commanded.

In less than a second, the muscled ebony stud had penetrated Marie-Thérèse and completely immobilized her with his elbows and knees. She could feel his body stuck to hers with such a strong grip, and her only way to fight it was to tickle his face with her ostrich feathers panache.

This man was a predator that no woman could escape once he had grabbed his prey. She remembered the Shaziri camp, and how she had felt powerless when one of them broke her like a mustang ... except that now it was far worse:

her precious genes were in danger! She began to panic.

How could the Goddess have such poor judgment and breed one from her favorite golden stock with a primitive ebony stallion? Marie-Thérèse had done everything to please her couple of owners these last days, only to get this bitter reward—it was so unfair!

She had to think fast to find a solution before being inseminated. How could she stop that now? She knew, for having witnessed the covering of fillies in the center of the yard, that the stallion would spit his semen only when the Goddess would touch him. It was forbidden for them—and in most cases impossible—to come without that magical contact.

How she would love now to be taken by her father instead! She would have been so proud to display her blonde progeny before the golden stock and—she realized with horror—to show it to the Maruks.

She had to stop thinking about these things. Or better, she had to stop thinking at all, assuming that the Goddess was as much able as the god to feel her mood. Any negative thought would only lead to something distasteful. And this wasn't only for her present condition. As long as she would belong to the yard where all revolt was impossible, her mind would be her worst enemy, making her measure constantly the extent of her humiliation. She had chosen to deal with this absolute power since her return from Rasheedabad, and she didn't intend to lose everything, because all the sudden it was too hard!

She had to permanently put aside what wasn't related to worshipping the Maruks. If the Goddess wanted her to be covered by this primitive stallion, then it was her fate!

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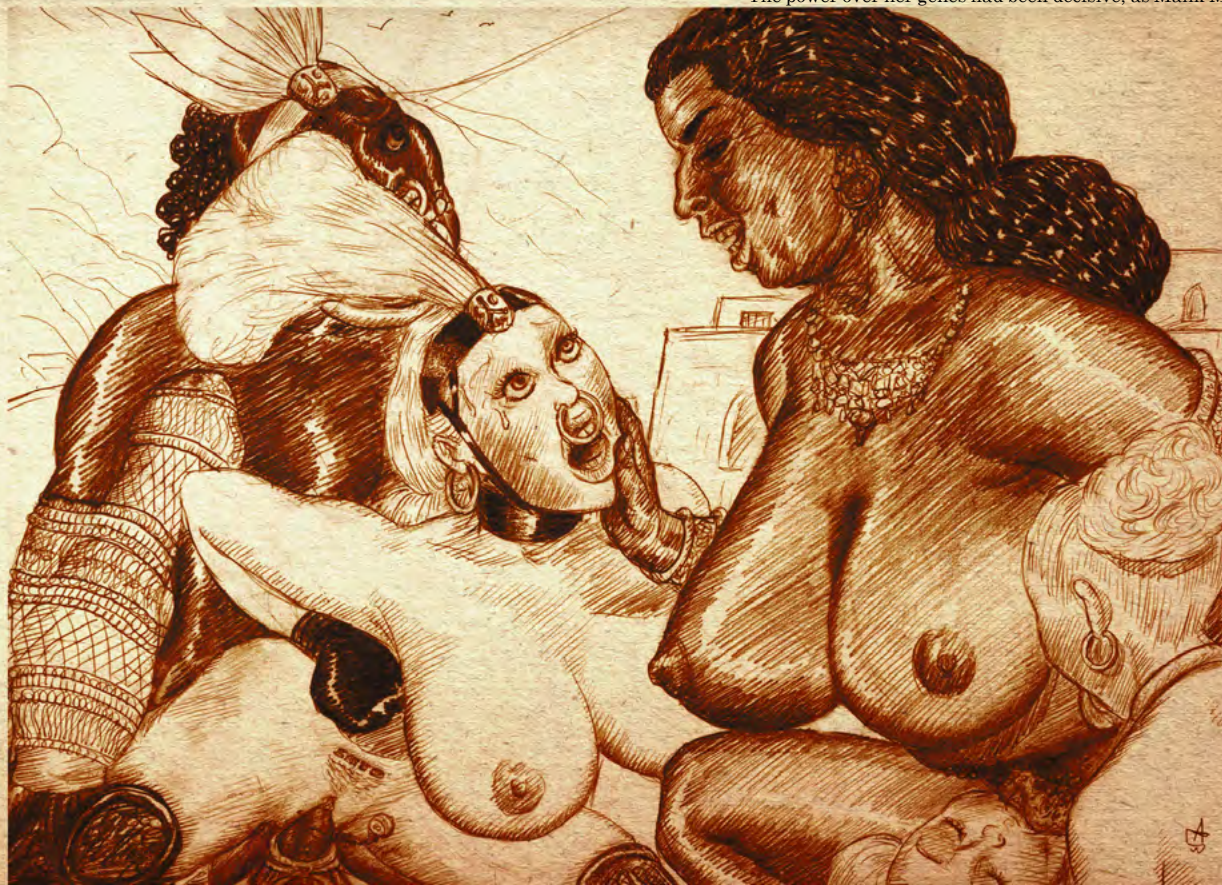


Fatima was glowing. The Shaziri stallion had special orders to restrain and was very careful not to come into the white whom he pretended to mate with. The problem for him wasn't really about being too much in it, as Shaziris despised these females so much that they would never cover one of them willingly, but the proximity of the Goddess made it difficult for

him to retain his semen.

Fatima Maruk felt instantly the spectacular change of mood of the decuisse. She knew that the racist bitch saw her as a superior being for quite a long time, but she suddenly realized that the white had never accepted her as a true Goddess—until now!

The power over her genes had been decisive, as Malik Maruk



had, as usual, brilliantly foreseen. She put her hand on the filly's face to reward her with a shot of Naffi Effect. As long as this white knew her place, Fatima had no hard feelings about her: she could forgive...

## Chapter X

### Fatima's breeding sessions

Fatima Maruk waited for a few minutes, making the decuisse fully steep in the present situation so she could acknowledge the absolute power of her Goddess. Though, she intended to stop the mating before its conclusion. Malik Maruk had been very clear about this: the decuisse was scheduled to breed with her own sire!

It had been easy for Malik Maruk to abduct the genitors of the blonde female, together with many other members of her family, and some friends. His best hunter in Europe, Moktar Oualif, had just caught them all in a row. The whole de Cuisse clan had a reunion at home when Moktar broke in with his men and set their house on fire. The captives were put in a truck and sent to North Africa while Moktar was replacing them in the furnace with matching dead bodies. It was the classic way, and it was still working after decades of practice.

Naturally, this method had significantly increased the amount of deceased by fire in the western world, but it had never raised suspicion. As a matter of fact, it had become easier. Hotter and hotter summers could explain the high numbers, and the terrorist threat was greatly helping, driving people's attention away from the news. The most important factor



though was the presence of Rasheedian agents in the various departments of the Police. This allowed the hushing up of any deep investigation.

Malik Maruk had received the two genitors by the Imperial Postal Service, the most secure institution of Rasheedia for the business of porcine transportation—their service for letters giving far less satisfaction!

The female had been a big disappointment to Malik Maruk, and he had sent her immediately to the fields, but the male was very interesting. All the other members of the family who shared the genetic jealousy tendencies that Malik Maruk loved above all in the golden mustangs came from his side. He was the one who would mate with the blonde writer and hopefully give the Maruks a brood of little mustangs.

Fatima enjoyed the situation very much, slapping the worshipping face of the racist decuisse from time to time, spitting in her eager mouth while the ebony stallion was covering her.

Of course, the prejudices of the decuisse wouldn't target Arabs anymore after these three months of training, but they were still there! She believed now that Arabs were above her system of values, and her proud mustang nature would forever prevent her from moving back. Even without supervision in Europe, she would always see Arabs as superior beings, or it would mean that it was her who was inferior, something that she could never accept.

For Fatima, being worshipped by somebody racist like the decuisse, for whom ethnic groups were part of a system of ranks, with her own at the top, was quite a rewarding experience.

She wasn't completely trained yet, as she wouldn't confess to them about her knowledge of Arabic, and even if it was clearly a matter of time, that final step called “the

securing” was necessary. Without it, a white could escape years later. In such a case, it would probably be the fault of the owner lacking the basic skills in porcine management, but it would still be the trainer's responsibility, as he had to display a fully educated white in the first place.

Fatima Maruk gave to the stallion the silent command to withdraw.

“I'm touched by your adoration for me,” she said to the decuisse in English, “and I changed my mind. I'll definitely love to own a blonde progeny of yours to take care of me when I'm seventy!”

The ebony stud pulled his cock out of the decuisse who was shaking all over, still under the shock. Fatima looked at her in the eyes and could see infinite gratitude.

The golden stock around had missed nothing of the scene. They all enjoyed the decision of the Goddess to preserve a potential farrow of blonde piglets. Also, like Fatima, they had noticed the decuisse's sudden change of behavior during that session.

“You'll be covered by a stallion from your stock,” Fatima said, “but not today, as I've other things to do. Right now, it's inappropriate for you to leave that poor stud in such a state of excitement. You'll take him in your mouth.”

The decuisse turned around quick as a flash and jumped on the stiff black organ.

Fatima was satisfied with that new attitude. She tied the nose ring of the white to the cock ring of the stud. And then, the magical brushing of the divine fingers made the stallion squirt his semen instantly, flooding the blonde's mouth.

“That was fast,” Fatima laughed, “let's allow him another one to calm him down for the day. When I hear him climax again, I'll untie you.”

And she walked away into the main house, leaving the



ebony male slave and the golden porcine female in this very uncomfortable position, right in the middle of the yard.

Marie-Thérèse was incredibly relieved. It was so much better to have that semen in her mouth than in her womb!

She started to suck the huge black cock, despite her disgust for the ebony stock. Unfortunately, the repulsion was mutual, and Marie-Thérèse couldn't make the stallion come. After ten minutes of unsuccessful efforts, she put some skill into it to accelerate things, but it still wouldn't work.

After half-an-hour of this, her mouth was hurting badly. In addition to the ebony stud's despise for white women, Marie-Thérèse was encountering another obstacle: when the cock was reaching its full size, she could only move her lower lip and her tongue around it, because of the tied rings, and he was then losing his hard-on very fast. So, basically she was keeping on teasing him for nothing, and it could last for hours.

She decided to try something that she had heard about, not sure if it was really possible. As the stallion's cock was getting bigger again, she wolfed it all down and made it enter her throat, like a sword swallower.

She immediately retched, and tears began to flow down her cheeks. She boldly tried it again a few minutes later ... and again ... and again ... until she was finally used to it. She made the black cock penetrate deeper and deeper into her throat. Now, she had enough extent to suck his manhood the right way, but it was far from being sufficient, and when night began to fall, three hours later, Marie-Thérèse was still pumping... She was exhausted and her jaw was hurting terribly, when suddenly she felt a warm slime soak her throat. At last he had come!

Behind the stallion, she noticed the Goddess kneading his buttocks. It was actually Fatima who had put an end to

their misery!

"Well," Fatima said, "I see that you need a lot of practice! Tomorrow, I'll give you in an intensive fellatio course with all the stallions. If you want to please to Rasheedian men, you



have to develop your sucking skills beyond the usual basic training. A white with such a typical porcine face shouldn't ignore her assets.... And because I like you, I'll give you my own special tips about what your God prefers.”

Marie-Thérèse instantly forgot her painful jaw and the continuous gush that the black stallion was flooding her mouth with—the Goddess liked her! She was filled with an irrational joy and tried to smile at her beloved Goddess, but the only result was to make a white flow soak her chin.

The next day, the thirty stallions of the facility were gathered in the middle of the yard and put in two lines facing each other. They were on their knees, but as their legs were folded and stuck in leather sheaths, it looked as if they were rearing up like horses. They had to throw out their chest and stamp on their cushioned knee pads to keep their balance. At the end of that alley of naked men stood Maggie, holding with her leash a kneeling Marie-Thérèse.

The Goddess arrived twenty minutes later, making a forest of cocks rise on her path as a guard of honor. Though they could feel a bit of Naffi Effect at a small distance with her pheromone emissions, it was nothing like the contact with her skin or her fluids. In reality, these erections were mostly caused by their sincere appreciation of the fine physique of the Goddess; in that confined environment, she would become very quickly their reference in the matter of beauty. The stallions were surrounded by dozens of young white women worth covering, pretty and sexy according to western standards, but definitely not a match for Fatima's magnificence.

This collective erection was the result of the combination of the training and the Naffi Effect; and it was actually a good thing that they could come to that state in a short time, as a male organ that wouldn't pay its homage to the Goddess

would very likely be on the way to be removed!

Marie-Thérèse was brought to the first stallion in line and the intensive fellatio course promised by the Goddess began, with Maggie as a teacher. Marie-Thérèse would have thought herself as an already experienced performer, but the golden supreme would sometimes pull her backwards brutally and would take her place to prove her wrong.

After only a few minutes of intensive course, the Goddess got bored and walked away. For Marie-Thérèse, it made things much more difficult, as the males were suddenly losing all their enthusiasm ... and actually, it was much more educative! Though, at the end of the day, she was exhausted, her mouth burning hot and her jaw aching.

The next day, her training continued, only interrupted in the afternoon by a new mating. The Goddess went to the male stables and brought out John Braggston, a horny golden stallion called “swaggy”. She shouted out to his daughter Susan, now answering to the sweet name of “wriggly”, and Marie-Thérèse—“balky”. She made them bolt on all fours in the direction of the center of the yard. Less than five seconds later, they were both displaying their intimacies to the golden stallion.

Marie-Thérèse knew the Braggston family. She had met almost every member of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. when she wanted to join the fight against white women slavery, but Emma Braggston was the only person she used to visit on a regular basis. It was John Braggston who put an end to this beautiful friendship, a few months ago, by making a pass at the divorced writer. Marie-Thérèse replied to him by slapping his face. After this, she never went back to the Braggston house.

Though, it wasn't only the shock of being proposed by her best friend's husband that displeased her; John Braggston was neither young, nor handsome and was definitely not her type.



Making a pass at her had only proved that she was right to avoid that type of men, who seemed to live in perfect harmony on the outside, but who showed to be very light in the matter of faithfulness.

And now that John Braggston was here, right behind her, at a finger snap of the Goddess to jump on her and become the father of her fourth child, she was very surprised to find herself longing for being taken by him. After the threat of the ebony stallion, the previous day, that despicable womanizer was now in her eyes the perfect golden genitor!

"Well," the Goddess said with delight, "Now who is the best match for this stallion? Wiggly or balky? Let me think... Certainly a difficult choice... Swaggy, pick one!"

Marie-Thérèse, who was looking between her legs, saw him jump immediately on Susan. How could this man not even hesitate before starting to cover his own progeny... And what about finding herself to taste? John had desired her once, but now that she was totally available, her thighs spread to welcome him in her womb, he had chosen his own daughter? It was her, Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, who was offering him to carry his progeny, for God's sake!

Fortunately, the Goddess was wise. She made her whip crack in such a way that it lashed between the stallion's thighs to snake around his cock. She strongly pulled on it, cutting John's momentum as he was almost inside Susan.

"Bad boy, swaggy!," the Goddess exclaimed like if she was talking to a dog. "Show some respect to your females! Take at least a little time to sniff the other one!"

John Braggston flattened himself on the ground and began to crawl toward Marie-Thérèse, looking at the Goddess with terror. Soon, Marie-Thérèse felt his nose diving quite deeply into her anus while she could hear a sniffing noise.

"That's a good boy!" the Goddess exclaimed, "this is

sweet golden smell! Oh yes! Sweet golden smell of female for swaggy. Make her smell your powerful golden male smell too!"

John Braggston rushed in front of Marie-Thérèse and stuck his buttocks on her face. He began to rub his anus energetically, making it slide many times all the way between her forehead and her chin. What a swine! he didn't have to be so nasty! He was taking revenge upon her because she had once refused to him!

When he moved away after a minute of this, Marie-Thérèse was completely out of breath. At least, that time spent rubbing had shown that he enjoyed it. Perhaps he would pick her, now?

She couldn't be more wrong. The moron chose to jump on his daughter again. How revolting!

Though, it wasn't even the incest that was shocking her the most. She was eaten up with insane jealousy! That little brat was getting some, when she was left pending?

And suddenly, she realized. It was her own fault! She had been expected to do something specific when John's buttocks were against her face! To sniff him back ... to lick his anus or maybe more ... how stupid she had been not to try to seduce him with her tongue when she still could!

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Fatima Maruk was very pleased with the way Malik Maruk's second scheme was unfolding. The first one had been incredibly efficient, and she couldn't reasonably expect something as spectacular for this one. Though, with Malik Maruk's program, everything was possible! He had set up this handful of schemes for Fatima to manage the decuisse during his trip, and she would never have thought that the "securing" process could be so exciting!

Actually, the golden stallion wasn't inseminating his young



daughter for real, as he had already covered her a few weeks before. And with great success, according to the foaling tests! The true purpose of all this show was to make the mustang fully accept the idea that the Goddess had an absolute power over her so magnificent genes. She needed to understand that she could never again have a baby out of a fad for a male. It could only come from an event of paramount importance: a caprice of Goddess Fatima!

The first scheme had taught her that if she was faithful and obedient, her Goddess would protect her genes. This second one was a confirmation for the decuisse that her breeding could take place just for the fun of a superior being. It was also going deeper into making that haughty female disregard her pride. Even against any logic, Fatima's will was the only way. She had to be obeyed in blind faith. Though, the blonde slut was aware that she could still affect her destiny. She was pushed to fully explore that brand new territory of choices given to her. If she had decided to do everything in her power to attract the male, she could have been covered by him.

Well, actually, it was all an illusion, as the decuisse had been scheduled since the beginning to be mated with her own genitor, the perfect stud for her... But, of course, she would never know that!

That third and last reproducing session would teach her that missing an opportunity could lead to an absolute and final decision by her Arab Goddess. The white would then accept it completely, thinking that she was punished for her mistake in not showing enough interest for a stallion chosen for her. As the preservation of the golden stock would still be safe, she would submit to the decision taken for her. According to Malik Maruk, she would even display an amazing liveliness at it!

To learn that she was powerless against a caprice of an Arab god or goddess, even for something as essential as reproduction; to understand that refusing to be enthusiastic about a decision already taken was only jumping from the frying pan into the fire; to acknowledge that an apparent whimsical choice of a godly being was always supplanting any other consideration: beauty, age, race, gender, social status, repulsion ... even strong religious taboos, like incest! That was what the "securing" was about!

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John Braggston was covering his progeny, very happy with his life: he was having quality time with Susan, he had the chance to scorn back that haughty Madame de Cuisse, he was enjoying good sex, and above everything, the Goddess was present ... and pleased!

The only fly in the ointment was how his daughter was putting all her energy in making him climax. He appreciated the way she used her internal muscles as if they were hands milking his cock. She was doing it with great skill and enthusiasm, proving her love for him, even throughout this weird relationship that had been imposed to them, which they were now used to sharing. But it was too much! The rule number one for the stallions was to climax only if—and when—the Goddess would allow it, but the cute little pink buttocks of Susan were too good at moving around his cock, even if the pleasure was nothing as intense as what the Goddess could offer.

Susan was probably not aware of that fact. She would never do such a thing if she knew that her father could be chastened for it! No, she was only serving God, under the belief, like the other fillies, that some day she would be mounted by him in the missionary position, and that it would mean for her



a passage to a new life, where she would become a superior individual and would laze for the rest of her existence in the garden of the upper farm—in *Hanazir Jannah*, the porcine Paradise—having conversations with her god.

John Braggston knew that it was a lie, because he had lived there before coming down to this facility. Most of the time, he had the bit in his mouth, so he couldn't deny anything when he could hear the she-devils tell these fairy tales to the fillies. Now, the Goddess had removed it, and the temptation was great to reveal everything about that deception to his daughter, to give her a real advantage in the yard. Though, it was obvious that it was only his commitment to the Goddess that was put to test, and he couldn't even consider being removed from her magnificent presence.

What would such a revelation be good for anyway? That belief was helping the fillies to live in that unrewarding world where their only pleasure was given by the gods. Of course, it was totally going against his education, but as long as they would stay in this place, destroying their hope would only make things worse.

Later, if one day they should be rescued, he would tell the truth to the fillies and help them get deprogrammed.

When Fatima untied her *niqab*, displaying her glorious brown vulva to him, John Braggston forgot everything else anyway and started to drool ... and when she snapped her fingers, he squirted his semen with relish in his already pregnant daughter.

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Fatima Maruk had pretended to enjoy the show, but in reality, her attention was on the decuisse, who wasn't fighting anymore against the humiliation of being disdained

by this stallion. She accepted now to go deeper into submission. Once again, it was the power over her genes that was decisive. Indeed, it was the ultimate weapon to break mustangs, and she could fully understand her husband's obsession with the ethnic facility project. Because of his famous ancestors, Maruk the founder, and Malik the rector, the two best trainers in Shazilar's history, Malik Maruk had to make a name for himself, and that mustang program would give this to him.

Now that it was finished, she offered her foot to lick to that white who had been such a racist in her previous life. The decuisse showed delight in sucking her toes one by one, like if they were candies.



As the icing on the cake for this second covering attempt, Fatima gave her the order to lick the backside of the stallion who had scorned her. She did it immediately while the stud was continuing his movements into his progeny.

When she saw that the decuisse was doing it with great commitment, Fatima felt very proud of herself: she had fulfilled her assignment! Then, not interested anymore in the astounding licking performance that was taking place, probably done with the white's bitter regret of not having done it sooner, Fatima left the yard.

After a few days of practice in the art of fellatio on the thirty stallions, the decuisse had made huge progress. Obviously, she was a natural! Even the ebony studs usually so eager to keep their semen away from the mouth of golden fillies were brought to the orgasm by her skilled lips and her long and vivacious tongue.

Fatima made her practice intensively on the braggs-ton stud, Maggie monitoring how many times the decuisse would make him come in her mouth, an exercise that would certainly enhance their relationship a lot after two or three days with ten hours of fellatio practice! And the number of orgasms of the stallion would increase exponentially. So, the week that followed, Fatima proclaimed the decuisse "best mouth" of all the golden stock.

Meanwhile, Malik Maruk was still working with the team examining the caves and defining a new strategy for the future of the Empire, without the slightest clue about when he would be able to finish the decuisse training by himself.

Thankfully, Malik Maruk had now installed a phone in the facility. He had always been fighting western technological evolution, but since the decuisse had almost escaped in Rasheedabad, he had finally complied to the request of the

Empress and bought one of those at home a month ago.

Though, his first call ever happened around two weeks after the beginning of his assignment.

"Hello woman," he said on the phone, "are you doing well with the decuisse?"

"Malik Maruk!" Fatima reacted. "I miss you and your experience. I think I did well, but I want you here. When are you coming back?"

"Sorry about that! I have absolutely no idea! We are on a problem that could wipe the Empire out, and I'm badly needed here. Though, I have good news for you. You'll have company tomorrow!"

"Really?" Fatima said overjoyed. "Who is it? Who is it?"

"The Prince of Wonderbourg! Yusuf Bourid himself. And with him, your son Kader and his friends."

"Oh, that's so great! You did it again. Thank you, my love. Thank you!"

"Prince Yusuf nicely agreed to bring them with him," Malik Maruk continued. "Be sure to make him feel that he's the guest of honor. Prepare some spicy entertainments for him: he's coming to Rasheedia to take a leave and to learn a bit more about training, so he can use any slave and porcine biped he wants, even my favorites... well, except for the virgins that I keep for later, of course! If you make his sojourn entertaining enough, he might help you convert your son and his pals to the Shazilarian way: he already loves the concept!"

"Excellent! I'm sure that I'll learn a lot from a cousin of the Empress."

"I have an idea," Malik Maruk said, "bring the two decuisse with you at the airport tomorrow morning to welcome the Prince. The display of this famous racist bitch being covered in public by her own genitor will please Yusuf very much. Not to mention the surprise that it might cause to Kader and his



friends! If they don't acknowledge the porcine origins of the whites after that... Also, Prince Yusuf is bringing brand new leather boots for the fillies, and other items that I ordered to his company, he'll be with twelve blondes of burden from the Golden Arbor Company to carry the boxes. Send twelve of our golden sows who showed attitude problems in the fields for a few days to make room in the ethnic facility for these temporary guests."

"I'll do that!" Fatima replied, "it should be a delightful week!"

"Yes! Too bad I can't be here. I would love to share that fun with you, but we have the Empire to save!"

"You'll save us all! I have no doubt about it!"

In the evening, Fatima brought all the supremes in the farmhouse and started a meeting, waiting for ideas to entertain the Prince of Wonderbourg in the days to come. Two hours later, the she-devils were back to their stock and briefed the fillies about what they would have to perform during the Princely visit.

## Chapter XI Arrivals at the Ethnic Facility

**M**arie-Thérèse de Cuisse saw Fatima walking out of the farmhouse in her Shazilari-style *niqab*, and entering the barn, followed by all the she-devils. A few minutes later, Maggie came out and went straight to the golden boxes. She fetched Susan Braggston and her two other sisters-in-harness and disappeared into the barn.

Marie-Thérèse was joyfully swaying her backside back and forth, chanting the name of the Goddess, all that according to the code of relationships between Arabs and westerners in Rasheedia. Though inside, she was a bit worried: Fatima was preparing for a trip, and like every filly in the yard, Marie-Thérèse dreaded to be left in the facility without any divine presence. Announcing the arrival of a visitor meant that the Goddess would only be away for a short time to welcome him at the Airport, but still everybody was nervous.

The triplet cabriolet was brought out of the barn, pulled by the three blonde beauties, Susan Braggston included, and was put to a stop in the center of the yard. The choice of that vehicle meant that the guest was very important, as it was slow and



made only for prestige, harnessed with whites who were far more entertaining than fast.

When N'Gwamba drove the huge twelve-fillies coach out of the barn and put it in position right behind the cabriolet, Marie-Thérèse realized that more than one person was expected; five, actually, according to the number of body-pets that the ebony she-devil was throwing into the coach.

The only thing certain was the gender of the guest of honor: it was a man, because a fellatio contest had been scheduled for him the next day.

Marie-Thérèse had been surprised to find herself among the happy few selected to represent the golden stock in that contest, and she was impatient to meet the sacred organ of that powerful god. At least, she hoped that he was one, and not one more foreigner! She was fed up with all these black or porcine cocks which she had to swallow for two weeks, and she would much welcome the presence of an Arab in her mouth at last. For that, she was ready to wildly fight against other stocks and to suck the holy organ of a god as she never did before in her life.

N'Gwamba the Mahawi went to fetch a white stallion in the male stable on the opposite side of the farmhouse and led him behind the cabriolet with Marie-Thérèse. They were fastened at the rear handles through leashes attached to their nose rings. Marie-Thérèse gave a little start when she recognized the stud as her father, René de Cuisse! What was all that about? Why would the Goddess bring both of them to welcome some guests at the airport?

When the Goddess made her whip crack on the six pink buttocks of the elite fillies, the convoy started. In a painful attempt to stand up, Marie-Thérèse realized that she was expected to stay on her knees! She would have to run on all fours, and so would her father!

When the cabriolet passed through the facility entrance, Marie-Thérèse was already crawling very fast. But if her dad seemed quite accustomed to this treatment, she found very difficult to reach the general speed. She had to optimize the use of her fists and knees as paws, as despite the stuffed leather protections, each step could be a shock. If it was even possible to follow the fillies, it was because they were kept in a quiet trot. Though, when the vehicles began to move down the steep slope, the harnessed women couldn't help accelerating, and Marie-Thérèse had to exhaust herself to avoid falling on the ground and be dragged on the rocky track.

Fortunately, the convoy was put to a stop after only a mile.

"All right Maggie!" Fatima exclaimed, "they are quite good at it, but let not kill them already! We'll make a pause a mile before reaching the airport, and then we'll move them back in their place behind the cab."

"Yes Mighty Goddess!" Maggie replied.

The golden supreme made Marie-Thérèse and her father climb into the coach with the pets, and the convoy started.

After three hours on their knees spent entertaining the she-devils inside, they were fastened at the rear of the cabriolet again. It could only mean that they were close to its destination.

Marie-Thérèse was back to running on all fours, managing her breath with great care. The vehicle was much slower than when it was moving down the cliff, but it was still a very exhausting gait to keep. She welcomed the decrease of speed caused by their arrival in the suburb of Rasheedabad. The fillies were trained to make their trot more arousing when they crossed people, and right now they were surrounded by Arab males and had to make their gait lewder.

Marie-Thérèse saw a panel indicating one mile more toward the Airport ... but the Goddess had said that they would



have to run for one mile only! Was it a deception, or had she just changed her mind during the trip?

Marie-Thérèse pulled herself together. She had to stop questioning the motives of the Goddess and simply accept her will as the law of nature. If the Goddess wanted to make her run on all fours for one mile more, she had to deal with it as with anything she could possibly control, like bad weather. And on the contrary, when the Goddess was doing something good for her such as putting the tarpaulin on their boxes under the storm, it could only be pure divine generosity; the great Fatima was protecting her from the elements! For her own sake, Marie-Thérèse had to force herself to see things that way, or she would make a mistake sooner or later. She was a white filly, and Fatima's reasons could never be questioned by someone like her, unaware of the ins or outs of the actions of the Gods!

At last, the convoy arrived at Rasheedabad Airport, and the two vehicles parked near the Golden Arbor Airlines terminal.

Panels indicated that "phoenic whites" were forbidden inside the International zone. That area was closed, completely out of Marie-Thérèse's reach, separated from the rest of the Airport by impassable walls. Even the runways were kept apart by a wire fence to avoid any unfortunate incident, and the few tourists allowed to visit the international zone of Rasheedabad couldn't know that they had landed only a few yards away from cargo planes filled with hundreds of unwilling travelers, mostly white and female. The activity of this local part of the Airport was far greater and perfectly hidden from the other side. Right now, Marie-Thérèse could see a dozen blonde women walking out of a plane, carrying big cases on their head. Its few Arab passengers had already disembarked, waiting near the entrance.

Yusuf Bourid was standing there; it was him, the guest of honor! He was in the company of four young bearded men wearing traditional clothes who probably had no idea that they had traveled in a plane with the luggage hold filled with naked white females, as they reacted with surprise and disgust when the dozen blonde porters arrived and stopped a few yards from them. These young men were obviously Muslim fundamentalists, and Marie-Thérèse knew that nude women were supposed to be an offense to their eyes; they were impure because their view was tempting the males who were themselves immaculate despite being unable to resist to this attraction! For them, all females who didn't wear a *chador* were sluts, and western women were even worse: infidel filthy sluts! No wonder that the sight of these twelve naked white women angered them so much.

Marie-Thérèse had never seen that kind of porter before. They only had a tiny poncho over the shoulders embroidered with the logo of the Golden Arbor Co. and high-heeled shoes laced up with thin leather ribbons crossing around their legs up to the middle of the thigh. On the belly, that same logo was branded, suggesting that they were much more for that company than just employees. They all carried big cardboard boxes on the top of the head: The delivery goods of the Golden Arbor Co. for Malik Maruk!

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Yusuf Bourid was enjoying this a lot.

"What a degrading show for a good Faithful!" Abdelkader Bin Boudif—a young self-proclaimed imam—exclaimed, "coming to an Arab country to see such a spiteful presentation. What a shame!"

"I'm sorry, Imam!" Kader Maruk, the son of Fatima, re-



plied, "I had no idea that my parents would want to inflict us that squalid display. They try to convince me for years to follow their degrading 'Phoenic' way of life. They might have planned all this."

Yusuf Bourid didn't tell them anything about the reality of Rasheedia in the plane, far too pleased with the idea that he would directly witness their shocked reactions. Naturally, they had heard of this Phoenic religion that claimed to be a branch of Islam, but they were seeing it as completely decadent, and something used against Arabs by western intelligence agencies to depict Faithfuls as lustful beasts. So, their discovery of this brand new world was always entertaining, and Yusuf was wondering which one of them would be the first to convert!

"It is not a set-up, Imam," Yusuf said, "all white porcine females here are in their natural state, and if you don't want to see them naked, I'm afraid that it will be very difficult for you to keep your eyes open."

"Err... Your Highness!" Ousama Shakir, the youngest one, reacted. "Do you mean that all women here are naked? That's awful!"

"Maybe we just have to go away from this place," Abdelkrim Oussakine, the most spiteful of the group, said, "it endangers our path to Paradise."

"No!" Imam Abdelkader exclaimed, "we are here to convert those Infidels, and I intend to do it."

"Infidels?" Yusuf Bourid reacted. "Be careful with your words, Imam. You'll find only good Faithfuls here ... and many Muslim women wearing a proper *niqab*."

"Then Allah be praised, your Highness," the imam said, "but for now I've seen much more naked western swine than good Faithfuls."

"You got it all wrong," Yusuf replied, "you're talking

about these animals as if they were human beings. You call them swine? Well, you're more right than you think: they are creatures of a porcine species, and they deserve only to be used as such and walk naked. These twelve porters belong to my company, and contrary to you, I believe that the wrong thing would be to let them wear clothes and mimic humans."

A big silence followed that assessment, broken a minute later by the arrival of the convoy. The four young fundamentalists, totally confused, were now looking at three white girls pulling a horse carriage!

The creatures were lifting up their legs quite high, displaying shamelessly their intimacies to everyone in sight, drawing a vehicle driven by an Arab woman in *niqab*. Behind the cabriolet, twelve blonde native fillies were harnessed to a big coach.

"I can't believe my eyes," Imam Abdelkader exclaimed, "white bitches used to pull horsecars. That's fantastic!"

"If they are seen here as animals," Abdelkrim Oussakine inquired, "doesn't it change everything, Imam?"

"Well, if they truly were, maybe!" Abdelkader replied, "But they aren't. It's just a little show that his Highness had made-up for us, thanks to his great wealth, isn't it your Highness?"

"I can assure you that it's real!" Yusuf Bourid protested, "but I understand your doubts. I might accept your apologies later!"

The triplet cabriolet passed in front of them, and the three whites who were pulling it suddenly became much more arousing. Yusuf recognized one of them as Susan Braggston, his gift to Malik Maruk, a bit surprised that she could already be down from pet to filly.

They were decreasing speed gradually, getting all especially slow when their left leg was high up, extending the moment when their intimacies were displayed in front of the young men.



For the right step, they were rotating their pelvis the other way a bit faster than usual, but were making the blonde hair of their tail wave in the sun, giving a fleeting blurry impression that would turn, with the next left step, into the sight of their oiled beauty lips again. They were the top-skilled team of Malik Maruk, and they certainly knew how to use their charms!

And it worked perfectly well: The four young fundamentalists were like hypnotized by their bald vulvas, showing a gleam of lust in their eyes. Fatima Maruk suddenly decided that it was a little too much entertainment for newcomers, and she cracked her whip to make the skilled whites walk further away from the group of men. The fillies immediately increased speed though, as usual, used the thrashing on their backside to tease even more, thrusting forward their pelvis and making the flesh of their butt cheeks delightfully tremble. It wasn't a very convincing reaction to the whip, but

it was a terribly erotic view for a male, and they knew it. For them, it was only normal swaggering.

They finally stopped a few yards away, but would still try to draw the attention.

"Hey! Watch that!" Abdelkrim suddenly exclaimed, "There's a naked woman walking on all-fours behind that vehicle... And a man too!"

"Actually, they are white porcine bipeds. Do they look human to you?" Yusuf Bourid reacted.

"Well," Abdelkrim stuttered, "not really... I suppose."

Yusuf stepped forward and saluted Fatima Maruk.

"Hello, dearest Fatima! You were very wise to bring these two animals here: these disbelieving youngsters are sure that I've spent money to give them some show."

"Your Highness," Fatima said, bowing before the Prince.

"Hello mother," Kader intervened angrily, "I feel sad for you! You didn't have to participate in such a despicable scheme. It is obvious that this petty display has been plotted by your new husband to convert me into your decadent way of life!"

"Muzzle it, son!" Fatima exclaimed, "I won't tolerate any insult toward me or your stepfather!"

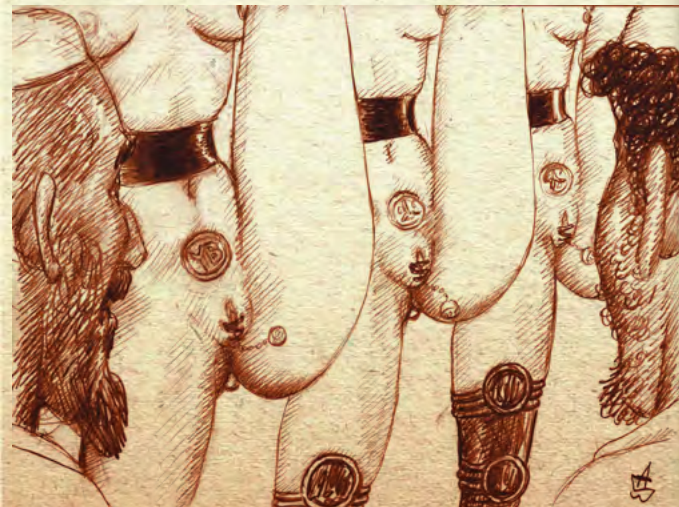
"Don't feel insulted," Yusuf intervened, "they just can't imagine such a thing possible, that's all."

"You're right, Your Highness," Fatima replied, calming down, "I leave to you the use of these two animals to convince these young roosters."

Yusuf went behind the triplet cabriolet and unfastened the leashes of the decessuis; he walked toward the group and handed them to Fatima.

"Held them for me please, I need to fetch something in my bag," he said before turning to the young men, "If this is all paid-up, how do you explain these two?"

"Also performers, of course!" Abdelkader replied a bit an-



noyed, "I fail to see the... Wait a minute, I know this woman!"

Yusuf fetched the book of Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse in his bag and handed it to the young Imam.

"From this book, maybe," Yusuf sniggered.

The four fundamentalists were completely silent now: all the money in the world wouldn't be enough to make such a racist woman give that kind of show in front of them. The only explanation was that she had been abducted and forced to it.

"You have put us in a very difficult situation!" the young Imam exclaimed, scared, "We have nothing to do with kidnapping people! We have a sacred mission to accomplish! This Empire may seek for its doom, I don't care, but I don't want westerners to say that we, good Faithfuls, are abducting women for sexual pleasure. That's one cliché that we definitely don't need!"

"Well," Abdelkrim Oussakine reacted, "I can get along with that personally! I'm not afraid of how those hated Christians might see me... And it's certainly less degrading than the image that this prejudiced bitch gives of her race right now!"

"Westerners," the Imam said, "have the power to destroy us by military ways. We must not offer them such a wonderful excuse to strike against us!"

But Abdelkrim Oussakine had already made up his mind.

"We can defend ourselves! I have great respect for you Imam, but I won't tremble because some racist bitch has been forced to debase herself! I like to see westerners treated that way, and now that I know that a place exists where this can happen, I think it changes everything!"

The two other young men were silent. They didn't want to object to the imam, but the revengeful hatred of Abdelkrim

was gaining their respect. Now, they saw their leader as suspiciously soft with westerners ... or terribly frightened!

"There's no need to be afraid," Yusuf laughed, "she's a consenting slave!"

He went toward Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse and pulled off her bit.

"Isn't it, groveling sow?" he continued in English, "What are Arabs for you? Speak freely."

The white turned around and put herself in the position of respect, shaking her pelvis up and down, simulating sexual intercourse.

"Mighty God generous," she said in sluttish language, "Golden worm grovel before Mighty God. Golden worm love Arabs Gods ... do everything for Arab Gods."

Then she went on waving her buttocks, chanting Yusuf Bourid's name.

Imam Abdelkader Bin Boudif walked toward the crawling female and kneeled down, facing her.

"Tell me the truth, woman," he said in English, "and speak normally. I swear to you that if you tell me the truth, you'll be under my protection ... and you'll be allowed to come back with me in Europe. Are you doing this willingly?"

"Yes Mighty God!" the decuisse replied without the slightest bit of hesitation, "I do! Prince Yusuf is my God, and I find wonderful my life as one of his domesticated animals!"

"So it's for love that you do this?" The imam inquired. "But surely you don't consider yourself as an animal for real?"

"Oh yes I do, Mighty God! not only Prince Yusuf owns me, but I see other Arabs as gods too, whether they are aware of it or not. I'm a white sow, and my path is to obey to gods. To obey you..."

She lowered the head in a submissive attitude.

"But what about your racist books? You say clearly in them



that Arabs are primitive!”

“I’m so sorry, mighty God,” she replied with conviction, “I was so wrong, so ignorant. I didn’t yet understand that you were gods when I wrote these books. But now I do! I know that when my life will end, I’ll still be imploring my wonderful owner to forgive my stupidity!”

Abdelkader stood up, very angry.

“I don’t believe a word of it!” he protested. “This woman is scared to death!”

“I disagree!,” Abdelkrim exclaimed, “you told her that she would be under your protection. Can’t you see that she’s a perverted female who longs to be an animal? Does it seem so incredible to you coming from a hated infidel? Not to me!”

“All right! let’s admit that she has been taught to consider herself as an animal,” the imam said, “and that she’s actually very happy with it. I still think that if a western soldier should come here right now, he would only see a brainwashed captive and would attack us for having done such an inhuman thing to one of their own!”

“Let’s not rush into fight!” Yusuf Bourid intervened, a bit annoyed, “you’ll discover other wonders in the next days, and I just ask you to reserve your judgment for now.”

“Please Imam,” Kader added, “give my family a chance to explain to you why they do that. Maybe you’ll find a way to teach them true faith.”

“Of course, Kader,” The imam replied, “I’ll go with you, but I’m ashamed of Abdelkrim’s inclination to systematically taking the path of the eternal damnation.”

“You’re deeply wrong,” Abdelkrim reacted, “and I’m shocked to discover that you’re so afraid of the power of the infidels, but as our discussion offends our hosts, I’ll discontinue it. Your Highness, I’d like to know if the three white sluts who draw your vehicle would fancy being patted by me ... as

an animal would, I mean...”

“They would enjoy that very much!” Yusuf exclaimed, “see for yourself... And don’t be ashamed to give pleasure to these hated Christians ... a slightest whim, and you can give them pain as well!”

Tremendously excited, Abdelkrim Oussakine walked in the direction of the triplet cabriolet’s team.

“Meanwhile,” Fatima said, “let’s watch the little entertainment that I prepared for you, youngsters. It’s a good opportunity to teach you one thing or two about the life in a Rasheedian farm!”

She unfastened the leash of René de Cuisse and brought the stallion behind his female progeny. Exhausted by his long trip on all fours, the white male was red and soaked with sweat. He began to sniff her backside, waiting for a sign from his Goddess.

“This is a historic moment,” Fatima said to the stunned Fundamentalists, “this is the birth of the decuisse breed, a new breed that we’ll develop within the golden race, based on this couple.”

She untied the decuisse’s labia lacing and snapped her fingers. In an instant, the white stallion jumped on his progeny and penetrated her.

Yusuf Bourid was watching the reactions of the female with great attention. It seemed that she didn’t mind at all being covered by her own father! Even better, he could read gratitude in her eyes when she looked at Fatima Maruk!

He realized that he had never truly believed that such a woman with a grudge against him could be fully trained. This was the absolute proof of the porcine nature of the white: it didn’t matter how powerful they were in their western life, ultimately they all accepted the leash of an Arab Lord. If his worst enemy could be brought to see him as a god, there was nothing



that he couldn't accomplish!

He only regretted that he couldn't keep this racist slut for himself. Saïd was definitely a happy man! He rubbed the head of de Cuisse, and made her instantly climax.

"This is excellent!" Ousama exclaimed, "so this story about some arousing fruit is true?"

"You bet it's true," Fatima replied, "these white animals would do anything to stay close to their providers of divine pleasure ... us!"

As to emphasize the words of her Goddess, the female experienced another noisy orgasm under the hand of Yusuf, and only the bit in her mouth prevented her to impolitely cover the conversation with her screams.

Fatima Maruk climbed on the saddle on the back of René de Cuisse and started to lead his pelvic movements.

And, of course, the skin contact of his hips with the thighs of his Goddess made the blonde hog climax in no time. He squirted his semen into is progeny, overwhelmed with the joy to be ridden by his Goddess. This was probably the most efficient way to make the seed of a stallion spring; the animal was feeling invested by the power of his Goddess while he was covering his mate!

Unfortunately for him, Fatima considered that the breeding session was over. She stood up, pulling the white stud by his necklace away from his progeny.

"You see that?," Fatima said in English, "isn't it great to grant such satisfaction to our animals like that? They want nothing more than to generate a new race with their own characteristics. Without my generous intervention, they could never have done that! Thanks to me, they will have thousands of descendants. I tell you, young men, we're a benediction for these animals!"

Marie-Thérèse couldn't help agreeing with her Goddess. Here she could forget her taboos, like incest or mating in public. She could shamelessly feel proud of her race, in a place where her perfect genes would be protected. Of course her progeny would become servile, but they would be a multitude, and that idea was extre-



mely satisfying.

Like every thought that could ease her mind in her new situation, she stuck to it and felt grateful to the Goddess who made her wildest desires real.

While Yusuf was rubbing her head, Abdelkader and Ousama were stunned, not believing their eyes. This racist female had just demonstrated to them her ultimate submission to Arabs, just like a bitch to her master.

Abdelkader was finding that show utterly disgusting, of course, but the idea of being seen as a god by a Christian woman was somehow very appealing. Too bad that it was against Allah's will. It was wrong to play these sexual perversions with infidels.

Near the harnessed fillies, Abdelkrim was flabbergasted. These beautiful young women who would have despised him in Europe reacted now to his contact like excited animals. What a sweet revenge it might be to live here with such convenient values!

What Abdelkrim didn't know was that a massive dose of Naffenol had been added to the drink that Yusuf Bourid had offered them in the plane. They had been given the same amount of naffi extract that Rasheeda allowed to the most faithful servants of the Empire. So now, the four fundamentalists were loaded with a huge sexual power, in that environment of naked white females. Their conversion was only a question of time, even with that unpleasant young imam.

"Now that the show is finished," Fatima Maruk said, "I suggest that we all go to my farm. It would be too bad to cross the country by night and miss the beautiful landscape. You kids deserve to see the sunset reflections on the white buttocks of the mazook gatherers in the fields. It is something

you will never forget!"

"You're right about that Fatima," Yusuf Bourid said, "but I can't allow my twelve slaves of a burden to go on foot alone with the items you ordered to my company. They are much slower than your fillies, and without a responsible person to lead them they are just brainless birds. And this person won't be me, take my word for it! I had a very long day and was only able to rest in the plane for half-an-hour."

"Of course Your Highness," Fatima said, "You're the guest of honor. Please take the keys of the farm and drive the triplet Cabriolet. I'll stay with your porters to insure that our items are in good care. You four young men will use the coach, and my head of cattle Maggie will arrange for you a little tour. The twelve fillies drawing that huge vehicle are very fast, so I think you can afford a small detour to take a look at the magnificent view of the gigantic fields of the South-Eastern Valley of the Slaves, where one thousand whites work to enrich their masters ... and to boost the Rasheedian economy."

"Sounds interesting, dear hostess!" Abdelkrim said, "but I'd like to help you with the porters. If you don't have any objection with my company, I'll seize the opportunity for me to discover this exciting new world with somebody who actually lives in it!"

"You're most welcome, my boy," Fatima replied, very pleased, "this will certainly make the trip much more interesting for me too. Fetch the little pet servant who has your name on her apron, and let's go!"

While Fatima and Abdelkrim checked on the convoy of slaves of burden, the other guests climbed into the coach. Yusuf Bourid didn't wait; he whipped the three pretty white backsides, starting the triplet cabriolet.

He was in no rush, but preferred to enjoy alone a resting little trot on the road than to have to hear the stupid remarks



of that ignorant imam.

He loved the buttocks of the team of fillies, all perfectly selected for their beauty and their youth. He was especially happy to rediscover that sweet Susan whom he had lost in a bet with Malik Maruk.

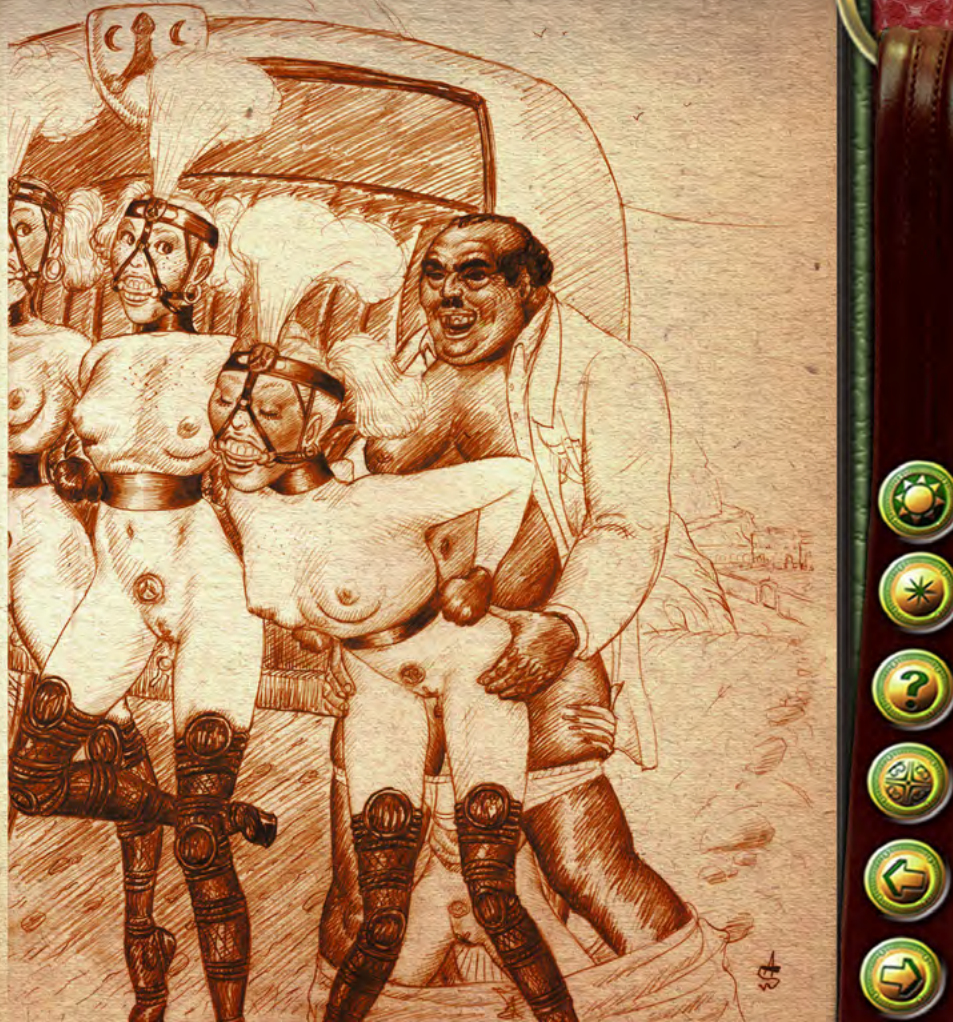
Actually, that little slut seemed to share this feeling, as she was playing with her tail, making it slide in and out in her tiny hole like if it was a cock moving inside her. What a delightful attention: the blonde pest was showing him how proud she was of the brand she bore on her belly forever; his own mark, the "YB."

So, when he arrived at the ethnic facility, a few hours later, Yusuf Bourid decided to make a detour to the upper plateau to enjoy the view of the sunset over the Northern Valley of the Slaves. He stopped the cabriolet after a few yards and unfastened Susan from the harness, making her bend down in front of him.

He removed her tail and thrust his cock instead, noticing how skillful the blonde brat had become under the expert whip of Malik Maruk.

Susan was overjoyed: It was the time of her big comeback at last, and she intended to make it memorable for the god who had been her first love.

Behind Yusuf, a little servant was also trying to get the attention of the powerful guest of the farm, though it was with her tongue. Since she had been abducted in Virginia two years ago, she had always blindly obeyed to her owners. And now, showing some initiative was expected from her! It was unsettling, but it meant that God had put his trust in her, making her one of his ambassadors to that powerful foreign Prince, and she intended to be equal to the task. That was why she was moving her tongue into his anus with a hundred times more passion than she ever did when she discovered the French kiss with her boyfriend during her dull adolescence.



In front of the Cabriolet, Susan's drawing companions, whose team spirit was stronger than petty jealousy, were helping her satisfying the God; they were monitoring his reactions, keeping their sister-in-harness informed with their secret sign language, using their metal artifacts to reflect the sun on the ground in front of her.

## Chapter XI= The land of the nude infidels

While Yusuf Bourid was enjoying that little reunion, the dozen-filly coach had stopped on the side of the road, along a huge mazook field where thousands of white women worked on all fours, naked and bald. They shook their buttocks delightfully while pulling out of the mud the resisting tubercles.

The three fundamentalists took a walk on the track between two puddles, generating a great distraction in the ranks of the mazook gatherers. Their way of uprooting the tubercles was suddenly enhanced with lustful stirring and moaning.

"That settles it!" Kader said, "My parents were right. It's all true!"

"Yes," Ousama replied, "Yusuf Bourid couldn't possibly have made all that up just to trick us! But what about our movement now? We sting the great Satan of the West, when these guys can turn the infidels into animals! We are no match!"

"It's not because it's real that it's right!" Abdelkader said, "if some western people were to learn what is happening here, it



would give a reason to strike against Muslims on a big scale, with their huge military resources. It's very dangerous!"

"This new culture can spread in the world before the Christian could even imagine that it could be a threat for them," Ousama replied, "Yusuf Bourid is not a terrorist but the leader of a western nation. If he supports this, it means that everything is under control, don't you think?"

"Indeed, it's definitely something we must consider, but it's too soon to jump into it blindly! I want to know what we have to gain in their world ... and I need to pray to Allah for his guidance!"

"But what do we do right now?" Ousama asked. "Do we accept to be touched by naked Christian women or not? Those who are in the coach want us to sit on their faces. Should we do it?"

"Of course not! Even if these white slaves are not really human beings to the eyes of Allah, which I sincerely doubt, it doesn't mean that it's all right to play sexual games with them, far from it!"

On the main road to the Naouda cliff, Fatima Maruk and Abdelkrim were having a very interesting conversation, walking behind the porters of the Golden Arbor. Abdelkrim was fascinated by one of the beautiful blondes who was delightfully swaying her buttocks in front of him. Fatima, well aware of the young man's arousal, showed him how to lash the pale skin without leaving permanent marks.

"That way," Fatima said, striking the backside of a tall female with the shaft of her whip "just little strokes like that. It's not very painful, but it motivates the white, mostly because it reminds her of our presence."

The porter was indeed putting now much more spirit in her gait.

"See, she's proud to be the center of attention," Fatima continued, "I know that in Europe you're accustomed to white females who would feel insulted being treated like this, but those are animals! Now, take my whip and walk among them! Keep it folded, and apply the shaft nicely on their buttocks, as you'd do with a crop ... yes! yes! ... or a tennis player, if you prefer ... good! Don't touch their skin, or they might be too much aroused. Feel what you get with the contact of the whip only ... yes, that way you can check on the reality of their submission to you. If you do it properly, you'll see their face turn red, and you'll hear the bell tinkle change into a muffled sound!"

"Because the metal gets wet, of course!" Abdelkrim exclaimed joyfully. "Excellent! They can't hide anything to us that way, and pretend that they blush because they are shocked, when in fact it's because they are aroused by a man! I've always hated these sluts who serve the big Satan of the West, but I must admit that when they know their place, they can be really attractive!"

Abdelkrim moved among the blonde porters like the cat that ate the canary, striking the white buttocks until he could hear only muffled tinkles around him. In response, the graceful creatures climbed the rising road to the first plateau of the Naouda Cliff with a renewed enthusiasm. After a mile, their path narrowed along the precipice high above the Valley of the Slaves. Abdelkrim took place behind the white whom he fancied the most and, rubbing his beard with relish, he continued striking her buttocks with the staff of his whip.

Fatima looked at the scene from the rear of the convoy, really amused to see how the little servant allocated to the young fundamentalist was watching him with terror. For a confirmed white pet like her, being of lesser interest than a stupid slave of burden was quite a slap in the face.

Of course, Fatima Maruk knew that if the brat had ab-



solutely no chance with Abdelkrim, it was because the young man was more attracted to the whites with an image of respectability and direct power. When she had shown him the SPD<sup>6</sup> cards of the twelve blonde porters that Yusuf Bourid had handled to her at the airport, Abdelkrim noticed that one of them used to be a police officer in Wonderbourg, and a mother of three. He was so fascinated by the idea that he could do anything to that woman whom he could never have dreamed of dating back home that he just couldn't hide his emotion. During the conquest of Wonderbourg, white police officers were famous for their brutality toward Muslim fundamentalists, and if that country was now covertly a part of the Empire of Rasheedia, Abdelkrim and his friends had been living in Pakistan and were never involved in that secret revolution. No wonder he was more interested in striking the buttocks of that female who could have arrested him when he was a young man than in being publicly caressed by a little slut!

The ex-police officer pranced, well aware of the attention that she had attracted, but ignorant of the reason. Like all of her kind, she was filled with the hope that she could be chosen by this god and live a dream existence at his feet, and she used her buttocks lustfully for that purpose, learning fast which swaying movements were the most efficient to generate a response of the whip.

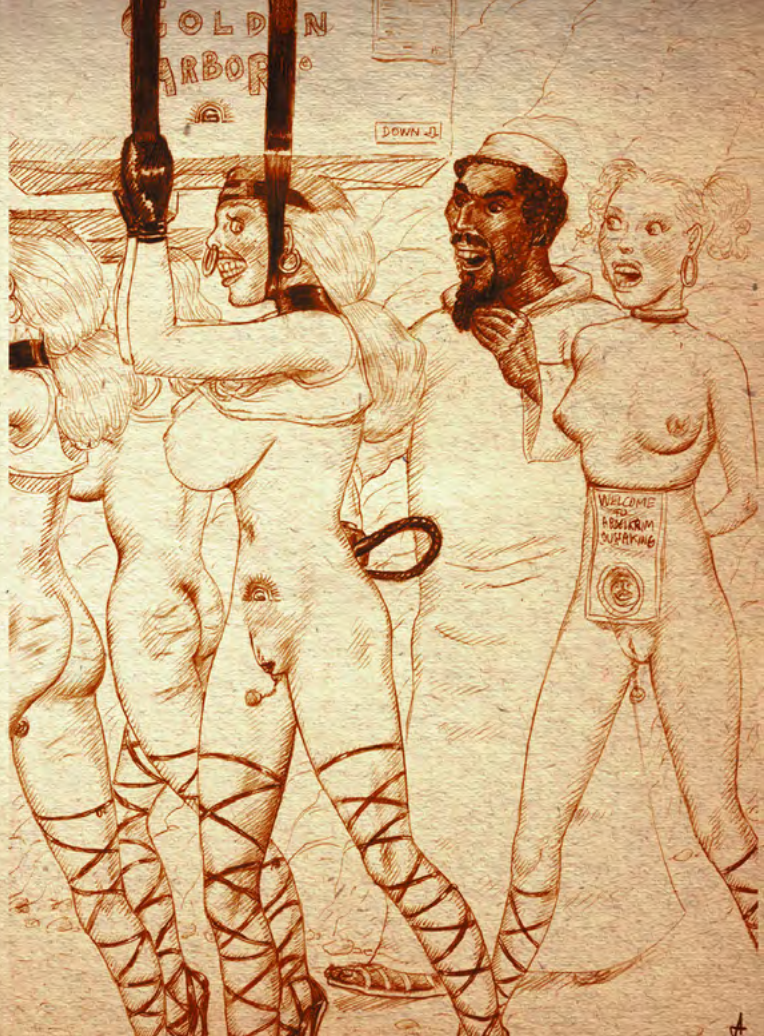
"A bit of caution, Abdelkrim!" Fatima maliciously exclaimed to him from a few yards behind, "I don't think that Yusuf Bourid would care a lot to what might happen to a white porter, but he would certainly be devastated to lose the precious goods that she's carrying."

The ex-police officer was walking right to the precipice on the side of the road!

Abdelkrim rectified quickly her path with the whip.

"Sorry..."

"However," Fatima laughed, "if you want to have some old Tarzan movie fun, it can be arranged, but we'd better move the content of her cardboard box to the other



porters.”

“It’s a very interesting proposal!” Abdelkrim replied, “but let’s talk about that later. For the moment, and if it’s possible, of course, I would like very much to get this blonde ... sow in my bed tonight.”

“Not only it’s possible, but this is exactly what will happen!” Fatima laughed. “I don’t see why Prince Yusuf would deprive a sweet kid like you of such harmless fun. Though, if I were you, I would ask for the twelve of them. I assure you that anything you have in store for her would be greatly enhanced if you’re both carried by the eleven others.”

Abdelkrim found nothing to reply to that. He just let his imagination wander during that last hour on the road.

Of course, the Prince had no objection at all if his white porters would party in Abdelkrim’s quarters instead of resting in the stable. So, the twelve blondes were brought to the young man’s bedroom, where Maggie would have a few hours to teach these beasts of burden a few things that Harem favorites needed to know.

Decided to not waiting for the coach, Fatima Maruk ordered her little pet servants to prepare dinner. And half an hour later, Fatima, Yusuf and Abdelkrim enjoyed a wonderful traditional Shazilari meal.

“So, Your Highness,” Fatima began, “do you have any news about my husband? I had him on the phone for a few minutes last week, and then nothing! This is a bit scary!”

“I’m afraid I can’t tell you much, my dear Fatima, it’s a matter of national security! All I can say is that he’s all right, though very busy with the work that our Glorious Empress is entrusting him with... I had the chance to talk to him about our little deal, but for a few minutes only. As you may know, I’ve agreed to give him a six-month delay for the training of

the decuisse; my friend King Saïd explained to the Rasheedian press that it was necessary for imperial reasons that would be made public in a few years. Thanks to that, both my efficiency as a Head of State and your husband’s reputation as a trainer are intact. But the delay had other consequences: I had to make a little change with his bonus. The four princesses he wanted, so famous for their behavior in the in-foal challenge during the Imperial Races<sup>7</sup>, have now delivered their precious progeny, making impossible for me to keep my part of the deal before their next pregnancy. So, I’ve made a replacement pack, and your husband agreed to it ... well actually, it was more as if he was delighted with it! I’ve selected four new members of the same princely family, younger than the previous ones, and I had them covered by the stallion of the breed, Richard de Wonderbourg, father to some of them, and uncle to the others, and then I left the white gilts mature isolated from each other. When Malik Maruk will get them, in about six months, they’ll be pregnant, but still unaware that they live in a world where Arabs are their gods!”

“Sounds great,” Fatima replied, excited, “may I know their names? Malik Maruk must have explained to you why we want those princesses so much?”

“Yes, he told me all about that humiliation caused to both of you in a big store, years ago in Europe,” Yusuf replied, “just take a look at their SPDs.”

Fatima grabbed the cards that Yusuf was handing to her and reacted with relish.

“Allah be praised! Frédégonde de Wonderbourg! How delightful... She’s the youngest sister of the princess in title. But... I heard she was already trained?”

“Yes,” Yusuf replied, “she’s the only one of the four in that condition. She has been my pet for a few weeks. But, as she was in the store when that awful thing happened, and was stupid

<sup>7</sup> - see: “Poaching the White Fillies”



enough to laugh about it, Malik Maruk dreamed of putting his hands on her, so he allowed that exception.”

“I believe you,” Fatima smiled, “Even though I don’t remember her personally! Maybe if I see her laughing the same way in the yard, I’ll have a delightful recollection... And what about that one, Bérengère de Vainebleu? Is she a princess?”

“Yes, the daughter of the Princess Radegonde de Wonderbourg and the Duke Manfred de Vainebleu. A beautiful girl! I have no doubt that she’ll make a perfect favorite for weeks.”

“Oh, and those two I like very much,” Fatima exclaimed with a glint in her eye, “Ethelburge and Cunégonde de Wonderbourg. I remember vividly how they were chuckling while Malik Maruk was humiliated and sent to prison because of the unfair testimony of that bodyguard! They were very young at the time, but I’m sure that Malik Maruk will chuckle a lot too when they crawl before him naked to beg for some attention!”

“I’m sorry to interrupt,” Abdelkrim intervened, “but I need to say that I find very classy the manner how you people manage westerners. That’s a great way of life that you have here! Your cause is much more rewarding than fundamentalism, and I want in. Just tell me what I have to do to be a part of it...”

“You’re a very smart man.” Yusuf replied, “You already understand the deep implications that our culture will have on the world order. If you wish to help, do whatever pleases you with the cattle around. Don’t argue with your imam: these guys are always right! You can try to make the others appreciate our ways, but showing them how you enjoy the use of whites will support their conversion much better than a long lecture.”

“I’ll do that, Your Highness ... but... I meant ... when

I’ll be back to Europe. I want to be part of the action ... to work for you.”

“Then come to London with me in two days,” Yusuf laughed, “I’ll present you to Rasheed Rassuf, a very important operative in Europe. I’m sure that he’ll find some awesome mission for you!”

“Excellent,” Abdelkrim reacted with joy, “we will triumph over the big Satan of the West!”

“Bah,” Yusuf smiled, “as long as the big Satan condones with the hunt of his females on his territory, I’ll leave him alone. You know, we have operatives in the highest circles of power of the western world, protecting our providers of white flesh with great efficiency.”

“What do you mean by that, Your Highness?”

“Arab men who are capturing and training free females to become animals, of course,” Yusuf reacted, “What else? How do you think we have so many of them here? We place an order, and these hunters go collect them for us. Say, I offer you a white as a reward your quick conversion: just pick one who scorned you in your country, and I guarantee that she’ll be delivered at your home in three months, and that you’ll be the new sun of her life.”

“Really? That’s excellent, your Highness! Even a police officer? I know one who wouldn’t be too proud to have me ruling her days.”

“Anyone,” Yusuf laughed, “As long as you don’t ask for celebrities, there’s no problem. Else, it would be much more expensive, and you’ll have to wait until you have increased your income. Soon you’ll see the western world much differently. And I predict that you won’t be scared of the big Satan anymore. In a few years, you’ll probably have your own she-devils, like Maggie whom you met at the airport ... you know, with the horns ... these creatures are very useful little Satans of the



West, you'll see..."

They were still laughing at the dinner table when the three other guests arrived at the farm and joined them. Unfortunately, there was no congenial conversation possible, as the hostility of the young imam cast a chill over the good atmosphere. Consequently, they went all to bed early; Fatima in the company of three Asian stallions; Yusuf with a handful of pet servants to massage him before his sleep; Abdelkrim with twelve blonde beasts of burden eager to be worthy of the unexpected honor a god had just granted them.

The others, Abdelkader, Ousama and Kader slept alone and not very well, wakened by the pleasure sounds coming from Abdelkrim's room.

The next day was the day of the big party scheduled for Yusuf Bourid. The whole farmyard was excited, even when only fifteen pets would be chosen to attend to it. It was a vulva-friendly reception, meaning that the guest of honor would be allowed to feel the softness of their beauty lips instead of the usual mounting through their rear orifice, which was required for all relationships between Arab gods and white cattle in Rasheedia. It was also a *Cuissage*<sup>8</sup> party, as any virgin pet invited could undergo full sexual intercourse with the Arab God for the first time. If a pet's *Cuissage*<sup>8</sup> had already been performed, her *Breeding*<sup>9</sup> had followed, and her pregnancy had been confirmed, she would be entitled to the third stage of her initiation, the *Harvesting*, but only the best would be chosen to experience it and become the elite of the yard. This kind of party was rare, though highly pleasant for a Rasheedian who fancied the freedom of mounting fresh pets through any orifice safely.

<sup>8</sup> - the sacred act of being deflowered by the God

<sup>9</sup> - the farming act of being covered by a stallion for reproduction

The spreading of the god's semen in a recently impregnated womb was called the *Ultimate Harvest*, and though it was quite relaxing for an Arab God to experience it, it was sometimes causing accidents. The Naffi Effect was so powerful at the beginning of the sexual life of a young female that climaxing in the extreme conditions of a vaginal intercourse could be lethal to her. But despite the fact that it meant the waste of a new toy, every Rasheedian god would relish such an event. What was the loss of a slave, even a valuable young blonde female intended to last at least a week as a favorite, compared to the incredible experience of giving her so much pleasure that she could die of it?

Many men had become mad with it afterwards, seeing themselves as God for real, refusing any other form of relationship with the whites. So, it had been forbidden by imperial decree to practice it less than a year after the death of one pet that way.

The four fundamentalist friends were not invited to that party, though anyway they had scheduled to go visit Rasheedabad with the coach early in the morning and had notified Fatima that they would be back only late in the night.

Yusuf spent the day with Fatima, opening the boxes containing the merchandise ordered by Malik Maruk. They were filled with various artifacts designed for the handling of white females: rings, leather belts, bits, bridles, saddles, whips, aprons and minimal clothes, boots, etc. The best of what the Golden Arbor had to sell to its customers throughout the world.

"These aprons are beautiful!" Fatima exclaimed. "They are so wonderfully embroidered. It is a work of art!"

"Yes it is! it takes twenty hours to make one of these: a whole day for one single factory slaves."

"Very impressive indeed, Your Highness! I'm glad that you're now able to manufacture such things in Europe. Here,



the whites aren't allowed to do that kind of work. It's reserved to human craftsmanship, but takes a lot of time, and with the development of the Empire, such handmade objects tend to disappear."

"Yes," Yusuf approved, "that's exactly why Malik Maruk is my customer: he's a wise man, who understands very well that the increasing number of whites in our pigpens need us to stretch Shazilarian traditions a little. I think that Rasheedians of the outside provinces like me can bring a lot to help these customs spread in the future."

"You're preaching to the converted, Your Highness. I've followed your magnificent conquest of Wonderbourg in the news, and I'll always be an admirer of yours. The idea of having a princess of Wonderbourg married to a Muslim was unthinkable ten years ago, especially in a country where a Prince consort can be the Head of State, but you made it! and you're certainly not one of these puppet monarchs, no! I saw how you turned Wonderbourg into a province of the Empire and put in their place the ninety percent of whites among your subjects, ... and without the slightest little rebellion! They are now very happy to serve us, as it should be everywhere in the world. It's quite an accomplishment! With men like you, the power of the Empire will keep growing. So, if you favor changing Shazilarian tradition one way or another, I'll blindly support you."

"Thank you Fatima, your words go straight to my heart. So, what do you think of that new kind of boots we sell?"

"Well, they're nice, but they look like perfectly standard ones to me. They even have heels!"

"Yes. They're actually standard boots in vogue in Europe. As you may know, people of Maghribin origins in Wonderbourg and the rest of Europe find difficult to fully accept the animal status of the whites. Of course, I'm not

talking about fillies who pull their carriages as they are, behaving properly, and treated accordingly. I mean the average female in the streets of unconquered territories, still wearing European clothes. My subjects can't help falling back to a despicable 'wannabe equal' relationship with them! The Empress is very concerned by such a blasphemous attitude, and she agreed with my plan to reduce the difference between their outfits in Europe and the Rasheedian ones. A part of this scheme is to popularize these boots by valorizing in the media the white females wearing them. Remember, years ago, the tricks we used for their males, making every year the classic tee-shirt longer and adding a hood to make it a djellabah, making the tip of sports shoes stick up like oriental slippers and popularizing Arabic-style beards. All that was intended to make the western world look more like ours. That strategy is now completely obsolete, though we use similar tricks for our new objective: to feed the economic miracle of Rasheedia based on the low labor cost of our white workers. We always need more of them, and so we focus on female fashion. We bought various magazines with that kind of influence this year, so now we're able to impose these boots everywhere in the world. And that goes with a sort of short skirt made of two pieces that we will reduce year after year into a mere loincloth, and later an apron with a string in the cleft of the buttocks. For now, if you travel to Europe, you'll already see the naked hips of the most avant-gardist females while they walk. The more they give a lustful impression, the more they are praised to the skies by the press ... until that attitude becomes the norm! Then, another group of whites come with a shorter and lewder outfit. In the meantime, we also change the look of our traditional filly, so that they can wear the same clothes in a few years. Soon, every Arab in Europe will be under the impression that his street is a corral of wild whites that he simply has to accost and claim as his property, which



can only stimulate his greed for western females. As we make sure that the males would stay on the contrary immature and shy, consumed by their guilt and shame, it creates a virtuous cycle that can turn any Arab man in Europe into a sex bomb in the eyes of a white female!"

"Very clever," Fatima laughed, "but what will we do with our stock of traditional filly boots?"

"Malik Maruk will sell them to some old-timers he knows who don't want to part with the usual outfits. The increase of white slaves makes these items pretty rare... And very expensive! It takes weeks to make one pair, and only one Shazilarian learns how to make them for more than one million of Rasheedians. Every Rasheedian now owns at least two whites, so who wants to become a traditional craftsman when it's so easy to make these females work in our place?"

"You're right, Your Highness, of course... Oh, look at that apron! There's a text embroidered on it with silver thread... 'Please Malik Maruk my god, may you notice the unworthy orifices of your groveling blonde sow' ... So delightful! Are such sweet sentences also meant to appear on the aprons that you intend to develop in the western fashion?"

"Yes," Yusuf smiled, "but of course, a mild version of it at first! For these new ones, Malik Maruk had asked all the young servants able to speak to find something by themselves to put on their aprons; and they showed to be quite inspired. See this one: 'Malik Maruk my god, may you be the first one ever to honor my quivering tight orifice.'"

"How cute!" Fatima exclaimed, "these little brats can be very moving sometimes!"

"And we have these sets too. Each of them contains twenty different aprons with the pet name on it in big letters, and her old-fashioned European name in miniature letters under it, for the successive conditions of the servants; 'virgin', for

example; or 'cuissaged', 'just-bred' ... and these to indicate their stage of pregnancy, '1 month', '2 months' ... up to '8 months'; this one for the ninth month: 'ready-to-foal'; then 'just foaled'; Of course afterwards, they'll need only four aprons: 'in heat', 'unfit', 'mountable', and 'punished', but for their most glorious year, this is very useful."

"And for twenty of them here, this magic year starts tonight!" Fatima replied, "for your harvesting party, the most prestigious event of their life. All the pets that I've chosen for you are freshly bred, highly trained to please men for hours ... all of them are here for years, captured when they were children in the best families of Europe and prepared for the time when they would be in age to entertain a living god... They don't just obey orders, you know, they really think of us as divine beings! That's what their Phoenic guide Bonnie teaches them. These pets are Malik Maruk's pride. Believe me, you'll remember this evening!"

"This is music to my ears," Yusuf replied, delighted, "I can't wait to play with such promising piglets! I'm so bored with my own at home! I just hope that this stupid imam won't come back too soon: the sound of his premature arrival in the coach would definitely spoil my evening! I've been lectured more in an hour in the plane with that guy than in a whole year of ruling a country!"

"I'm sure that he'll come to our views, Your Highness. Especially when he'll see the others converted one by one."

"I know. But I just hope that he won't ruin my too short vacation in the process..."

In the beginning of the evening, Fatima brought Yusuf Bourid, the guest of honor of the farm, to a big dancing floor where twenty little blonde servants were waiting for him; they all wore the new aprons indicating their status of pregnan-



cy, all available to being mounted in any way without the slightest risk. They were all wiggling their hips lustfully on some Arabic music under the spotlights, trying to attract his attention.

Yusuf was satisfied beyond his wishes. All these pets were fantastic! They were in the best years of their life, when their growing hormones were boosting the Naffi Effect at its peak! Malik Maruk was a lucky man to be the owner of so many young beauties in his harem that he could spare twenty of them for a guest!

Yusuf decided at this very moment that he would make a law in Wonderbourg about *Cuissage* and *Harvesting*, to match the most modern provinces of the Empire. All his subjects would have to register the covering of a young white by some stud, and to send them afterwards to be harvested in the Princely Palace, as a tax. That way, Yusuf would have a wonderful choice of pets like these every day. Most of the Wonderbourgeois of European origin were now the property of an Arab of the Principality, and Yusuf had been so busy winning that right for his people that he didn't find the time to help himself get his own share of pink flesh! He understood so much better the reason for the existence of these traditional laws in Rasheedia!

Yusuf Bourid gathered all the dancing whites, and indicated with a sign of the hand that they had the opportunity to touch him freely—it that made their faces brighten instantly! Such an order could be given only to pets, as their absolute discipline could allow it. They knew how to avoid any rush toward their Arab god, something that could have resulted in a general stampede. Though, the stakes were so high that they needed to compete, so they couldn't help pushing each other a little to get in a better position. Soon they were swaying around Yusuf like a swarm of greedy bees after a

pot of honey.

Yusuf was watching them closely, touching their skin, trying to determine who would be the first of the evening. That moment was so decisive for the pets that when their chance had passed, when they had to give-up their place to the next challenger and dance away, they would all make a last-ditch effort to catch the god's eyes, some of them even falling down in the process.

Yusuf had already marked inwardly two of them, holy and larissa, who had really pretty mouths. He soon noticed that they couldn't help casting a spiteful glance at each other every time they thought that he wasn't looking; these two were definitely not friends. Even better, they would be his dessert!

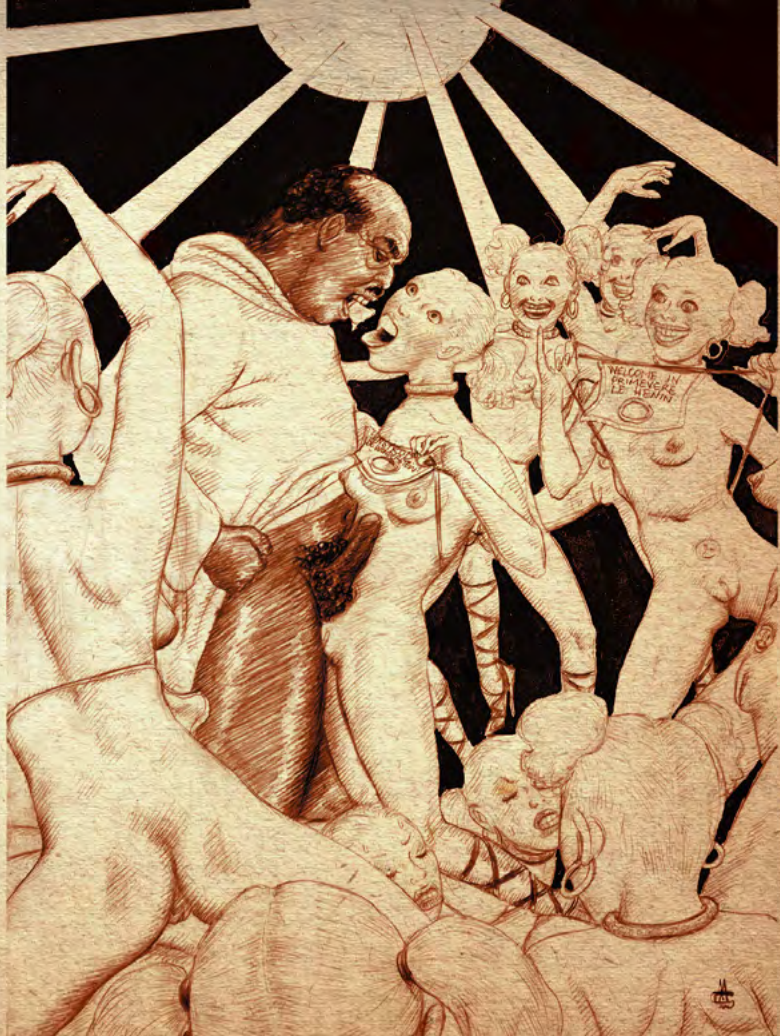
He made them crawl on the floor and kneeled down on them, using their butt cheeks as cushions. Despite the pain that they certainly experienced, they clearly showed how arousing it was, and how honored they were. Yusuf was now comfortably leveled with all the pets, who all began to spread their thighs widely to avoid being higher than him.



Yusuf chose one named cherry to be his first and pushed the others a bit further away. He took a *gwalad* on the tray carried by a servant behind him, he soaked it in his saliva while cherry was lifting up her apron with pride to show him the embroidered “1 month” on it, which meant that she was available for anything.

Yusuf raised his robe and put his cock on the girl's belly. She began to wave her stomach muscles to massage it with great care, making his balls roll skillfully on the sides of her Venus mound, while she wouldn't stop looking at his face with adoration and relish, except for casting a glance from time to time at the juicy pastry that she would have to catch sooner or later.

Yusuf was used to that kind of sexual begging from western females, yet he was still deeply touched to see how such educated white beauties would now widely part their legs as a dashing invitation, swaying their body with unbridled carnality so they could win their *Harvesting*. They had been only mounted once by their owner, then covered once by a stallion, but they had reviewed so many times in their head the details of these events, that they seemed incredibly experienced. Of course, this was entirely due to the wonderful work of Malik Maruk!



Chapter XII=  
The Prince of happy ends

**Y**usuf Bourid laid the generously damped *gwalad* on the eager tongue of the cherry piglet. He knew how difficult it was for the pet to keep doing her skillful massage of his manhood while she climaxed from swallowing the naffi-soaked pastry, but she managed to perform it like if it was the biggest event of her life ... and perhaps it just was!

On Yusuf's swift command, she straightened up and placed her cleft of Venus on his glans. She carefully sat down on his black staff, as if plugging herself slowly on him, twisting her body around this new axis. And then, she massaged it with her inner muscles.

Yusuf was startled. The piglet had been cuissaged and covered only a month ago, and she already had a perfectly trained vagina, with almost the same strength as his fifty-year-old experienced wife. Of course, it was nothing compared to the white native pets and their unbreakable grasp, but for a young European female it was astonishing. With such a young expert taking care of him, combining the skills of an accom-



plished courtesan with the peaches-and-cream qualities of a newly deflowered, Yusuf Bourid was driven to the orgasm very quickly. The red and wet face of the blonde piglet and her blissfully stupid smile, the shivering of her chin while doing the down sliding movement on his cock, and her slight dribble of pleasure ... all that delightful sight began to blurry while he was relishing his climax.

When Yusuf came back to his senses, the pet was red as a beetroot, showing signs of a mystical ecstasy. She was choking and hiccupping between the moans of bliss, and the whole thing was increasing exponentially. The movements of her inner muscles around his cock were getting confused, and for a trained pet it meant total panic. Though, that wasn't unusual at all with young blondes in a situation like this, and Yusuf could easily forgive such a bad behavior, because it was his male appeal that was causing it!

She was now trying to drive him to another orgasm, showing an insane ambition that he should have cooled down a bit. Yusuf was too much into the action to think straight about this, so he went along with it.

Alas! After a few frantic contortions, the cherry piglet collapsed in his arms, and Yusuf's rising climax with it. He laid her down delicately on the floor and checked her pulse. The brat was still alive!

A girl dying of pleasure was something that could occur in Rasheedia, though it was known to be very rare. Yusuf Bourid had never witnessed it and certainly didn't expect it to happen during that harvesting party, but cherry's panic had suddenly attracted his interest. Now, he just found her inconvenient fainting greatly disappointing. He didn't get the second orgasm that she initiated, which was already a matter of severe punishment, and somehow he was feeling robbed of the magnificent experience that he deserved!

"Kick her out of my presence!" Yusuf shouted angrily, "I want only real worshipers around me!"

Three blonde pets rushed toward their colleague in disfavor and took her inert body away to throw it unceremoniously into a cupboard, out of Yusuf's sight. All of them were suddenly very nervous.

The most wonderful day of their lives had turned into a nightmare—the God was displeased! How stupid was that brat! She had missed a chance to die in a state of holiness, in the arms of a powerful god! All of them were pretty sure that they would have gratefully forfeited their existence to content such a handsome god, and later live eternally in the palm of his divine hand, as they were taught when they were younger. None of them seemed to realize that cherry would have gladly died too, just to avoid the god to get bored. She was only unlucky to have fainted before it could happen! But the other pets would never believe such reversals of fortune to be accidental. It was something that the losers had brought to themselves on a spiritual level!

Yusuf Bourid liked to think that he was nice with the whites he owned, so he was inclined to forgive when one of them should forget her place, but he had to become impervious to the sentimentality of the western female if he wanted to be as tough as a Shazilarian. Not to mention that being soft with a clumsy piglet would have done her a disservice in her present condition. The wheel of fortune had simply turned for these spoilt white girls, who had to get accustomed to the new facts of life, or suffer the consequences. The most humane thing he could do for them now was to focus on his own whims, to give to these white piglets clear bearings to fend for themselves in that new world.

He called virginie, a young French blonde who was almost crying at the sight of his disappointment, and he made her re-



place the tactless servant. Naturally, it overflowed her with a mad hope. She embedded herself on his cock and gave him expert massages with her inner muscles.

Unfortunately for the pet, Yusuf didn't have the heart for it anymore. After a few lascivious slides of her velvety vulva on his male organ, he suddenly plucked virginie from it and made her turn down on all fours. He swiftly took place behind her and repeatedly slapped the sides of her thighs to make her spread them more. Virginie made both her orifices relax and contract alternatively, as if they were pulsating, her smaller labia pushing like a butterfly trying to get out of its cocoon. Though, however appealing that sight could be, Yusuf needed now a more powerful grasp, so he chose to penetrate her through her perfectly oiled anus, the traditional and religiously correct way with the whites. But despite the very strong inner massages on his cock, and the charming squealing that the virginie piglet was emitting during her climax, the magic was gone, and Yusuf decided to cut the party short. He slapped the buttocks of his two "cushions" and stood up, ready to take his dessert.

Holy and larissa realized in panic that they were back in the spotlight. They kneeled down in front of Yusuf and began to sweat and breath loudly. This soon turned into very realistic piglet squeals, just like if they had something vital to express to him and had only found that animal way for that. They were rocking their pelvis in his direction in synchronism with their squeals, giving the impression that they originated in their lower bellies.

Yusuf was enjoying that a lot. Obviously, Fatima had done her homework, and he wondered who could have told her that he loved his whites to have this kind of porcine behavior. Anyway, he had never seen it done so well and was now totally aroused by the sight of the two blonde pets expressing

their animal attraction to him in a sincere and natural way. Malik Maruk was definitely the perfect trainer he was looking for!

This was the moment when Prince Yusuf Bourid saw the light. What could be more decisive for the complete conversion of his citizens to the Rasheedian culture than a show of whites performing this? A creature behaving like this could hardly be considered as human, and this sight could cure his people of their shyness toward the porcine females very fast. He had already decided that he would bring, as a princely tax, all the new "just-bred" whites of Wonderbourg in his Palace to harvest the prettiest among them, so why wouldn't he seize the opportunity to teach all of them to perform this before they could impress their rightful owner with it? That was a brilliant idea! He just needed to send a few trainers to Malik Maruk to learn that craft and come back to treat the pets after he would have satisfied his princely prerogatives on the hottest among them. He would soon be at the head of a country where no one would ever doubt anymore that whites were nothing more than porcine creatures under their human varnish. He could even find himself in the vanguard of Rasheedian progress that way!

His enthusiasm for the party was back with a vengeance. He considered the two squealing blondes with eagerness. He had picked them because they were obviously in open conflict, something he liked to stick his oar in. Of course, now that they were facing a situation of paramount importance, their well learnt discipline and their tremendous joy had turned their mutual scorn into a niggling matter. They had become a perfect duo of piglets, challengers in making the most salacious movements with the pelvis, the belly and the snout, but blessing each other because it was emulating them into surpassing themselves. On Yusuf's signal, they both licked his cock in total coordination, driving him quickly back to the state where he



was before the fainting of that disagreeable cherry. After a shower of skillful tongue caresses, Yusuf's brown organ spurred his *joie de vivre* on their amazed faces.

"Now, hug and clean yourself by licking each other's muzzle! One at a time! And you, claudine piggy, you'll gather the last drops on me."

While claudine was jumping toward his cock like a good doggy, springing high up without any forethought for the well-being of her kneecaps during the landing, catching a falling drop in mid-air, holly and larissa were taking turns to lap each other's face contentiously, according to Yusuf's fantasies. Every stroke of larissa's tongue was more passionate than the next, causing a response when it was holly's turn to lick the divine semen on her muzzle.

The two blonde piglets were perfectly aware of the powerful binding that this event of a few minutes would create, making them inseparable friends for life. An Arab god had soaked them together with his seed, and that was more than enough to turn them into a pair forever.

They began to caress each other timidly, and then shamelessly when they realized Yusuf approved of it. Contacts were rare in the Harem, even between pet servants who had to follow strict rules in these matters, so every opportunity to share affection was most welcome.

Yusuf took a few *gwalads* and sat down on cushions to watch comfortably the birth of the solid sisterhood which he had initiated by simply soaking their faces. He liked nothing better than to bring happiness around him and found incredibly rewarding for his ego that he should have that ability to squirt pure love.

Of course, he would never question the sacred Shazilarian Law. The white swine well deserved to be treated badly for their past actions toward Arabs. But their young



females were so sweet in their blind worship for his kind that they could be shown mercy. Well ... at least those who were totally sincere about it ... and who were pretty enough to be around him ... well ... at least the ones who had made him squirt nicely on their faces, like these two!

And of course, his good deed didn't mean that he should become soft. If one of them had coughed during their little presentation, both would have been whipped for it, and he would have forgotten these brats instantly!

While he was deeply thinking about that, the young virginie was still busy licking him, hidden under his robe except for her legs which showed out of it on the floor. She had used and abused of her command to clean him, and Yusuf was amused to see how she was taking care of every single remote part of his body with a diabolical regularity, avoiding to draw too much attention that could put a premature end to her glorious quest. Indeed these blonde piglets were sweet touching creatures!

Suddenly, the door opened, and the silhouette of Imam Abdelkader Bin Boudif appeared!

"What is this?" he exclaimed, as Yusuf was adjusting his robe, "what are you doing to these girls, you pervert? And don't tell me that it's because they are animals, as that would be even more degrading than with infidel temptresses!"

Yusuf jumped on his cushions and pushed virginie away. Terrified, all the blonde pets dove down into the position of respect and started to wave their pelvis, inappropriately chanting the name of Malik Maruk, so much they were stressed by this scary storming in their party.

"Now you've done it," Yusuf shouted with barely suppressed rage, "you've succeeded in pissing me off like very few did. You have ruined my evening, then so be it! I'll try to convince you one last time! but after this, I don't want to cross

your path in the farm anymore! Be sure to remember that!"

Surprised and scared to realize how much anger he had caused to that powerful Head of State, Abdelkader stood silent.

"Look at this sweet pair of blonde piglets," Yusuf continued, "they were enemies, but thanks to me they are now like twin sisters. I fail to see what could be perverted about initiating love in creatures, whether they are human beings or animals!"

"Err..." Abdelkader dared reply, "you call that love?"

"You are unable to feel love anyway! And I can't believe that I'm arguing with such a despicable man. You hate the nice things we do for them, when you haven't even figured out yet how we do our needs in Rasheedia..."

"What do you mean?" Abdelkader inquired, puzzled, "your needs?"

Abdelkrim entered the room at this moment.

"What's happening here?" the young man exclaimed before he noticed the charming creatures around. "Wow... Nice girls ... nice girls indeed, your Highness..."

"Throw that asshole away from here," Yusuf replied, "and I'll send half these girls to your quarters tonight."

Without the slightest bit of hesitation, Abdelkrim grabbed his former friend and imam by the robe and pushed him out of the room.

"Thank you, dear Abdelkrim," Yusuf said with relief, "I can't stand this permanent lecturing. Please keep him away from me. Take care of that, and I swear that I'll make you a man of influence and wealth."

Fortunately, Yusuf's anger faded during the night, thanks to Larissa and Holly who had watched over his sleep, rubbing him nicely at every sign of agitation; but also to Virginie, whose sweet mouth had awakened him gently in the morning, reminding him that he was in a traditional Shazilarian farm.



Because of this, Yusuf did all his needs without getting out of his bed—the Shazilarian way—and it all magically disappeared, sucked away just like it should. He knew that it was against the new Rasheedian laws for Malik Maruk to train non-native girls to do this, but Yusuf would never rat on such a great man, who just wanted to keep a nice tradition alive in a period where modern piggeries were filled with whites born in the western world.

After this, Yusuf joined Fatima in the lounge. The pet servants rushed to salute him, fighting gently but eagerly to lick his slippers, waiting for his instructions about breakfast to jump into the kitchen.

“Good morning Your Highness!” Fatima exclaimed, “everything is all right?”

“You’ve certainly heard of that little episode last night with that retarded imam,” Yusuf replied, “but it was nothing really serious. In fact, it was quite a delight for me to see one of his followers carrying him away by the scruff of the ass!”

Yusuf was now laughing loudly, and Fatima was greatly relieved.

“Don’t be too hard with them, please Your Highness!” Fatima said, “I’m sure that they’ll all become good Phoenic Faithfuls before the end of the week.”

“Yes, I know. I’m sorry. I forgot that one of them is your son. And anyway, I gave my agreement to Malik Maruk for that little operation. But really, I prefer not to meet that Bin Boudif again.”

“I think they got that right,” Fatima smiled, “they went away early this morning and will come back only very late tonight. They visit the Sacred Valley of Shazilar!”

“Perfect!” Yusuf exulted. “I can’t wait to see what wonders you’ve prepared for me, dear hostess. It’s the first time that such a noble Lady does everything to entertain me, and

believe me, I appreciate it.”

They spent the day like that, quietly chatting, watching the whites exercise while they were comfortably lying on a couch in the middle of the yard. Malik Maruk was a specialist in breaking non-native fillies, and it was a huge privilege for Yusuf to see the process of the training routines that the old man had set up in his absence.

For the whites, the privilege was obviously even greater. Such a glorious visit was rare, and they were overzealous in their presentation. One of them nearly blinded one of her sister-in-harness in one eye by lifting her leg too much over the shoulder, just to show off before a living god! Another one stretched her tongue too much under the bit to attract the attention on the exceptional length of her worshipping organ, and she had her jaw blocked.

Such comical incidents were a delight for Yusuf. In Europe, he had always been considered as a poor immigrant, either scorned or patronized, so he was never tired of being the center of interest of hundreds of beautiful white females that had once felt so superior to him.

It was at the end of the dinner that Fatima revealed what the evening party would be like.

“Sit comfortably on the sofa here, Your Highness. The contest will begin.”

“A contest?” Yusuf reacted, “How delightful!”

“All the fillies will enter here in line and take your manhood in the mouth. They’ll stop when you give them a grade between 0 and 5. The ones with the highest grades will come back and get a new opportunity to show their skills, and you’ll have to choose a dozen semifinalists among them. At the end, only three females will still be in the running: a European, an African and an Asian! You’ll spend the night with them, and in the morning, you’ll pick the best mouth of the three, and with



her, the best stock of the yard!"

"Excellent! I love it! Hundreds of pretty mouths that I don't know yet, what a thrill! Let's begin right now! And please don't go, dear Fatima! I don't mind if you see more of me that you should... If it's all right with you, of course."

"It is, Your Highness. I'll be delighted to check the skills of my whites in the matter, and with your permission, to comment it with you in a language they ignore ... and to be in your company, of course!"

A clap of the hands, and the fillies entered the farmhouse on all fours, making a line from the door to the sofa where Yusuf sat. The first one took his manhood in her mouth and the contest started. Each one of them, with a few exceptions of very talented ones, had about five seconds to do something like five gobbling up, or five tongue movements, or several little kisses: it was absolutely free style.

Yusuf was giving his grade, trying to be as honest as possible about the oral skills, putting his own taste in the matter of women to one side. In the process, he would keep on chatting with Fatima, punctuating the show with his jokes.

"I feel like a reversed Cinderella," he laughed, "I lost a mouth, and now I need to try all the mouths of the Kingdom!"

Fatima was chuckling to his jests even when they were not funny. That woman was obviously under his charm.

After about a hundred challengers, Yusuf suddenly came across a pair of lips around his cock somehow familiar ... after a second of surprise, he recognized Madame de Cuisse! What a nice way to meet her again! He just had not realized that she would be part of the contest ... but why wouldn't she? She was in training like the others, and if Malik Maruk thought that this wouldn't affect her securing, who was he to question such an expert?

Yusuf already had the opportunity to mount this slut

once, in his stables of Wonderbourg, and he had a sample at the airport of her great progress. Unfortunately, he couldn't help seeing her as the racist woman who stood up to him in a conference and who had successfully undermined the efforts of the underground Rasheedian forces in Europe with her book.

He was quite unprepared for the sight of this impudent mouth engulfing his cock with a worshipping face. His first reaction was to give her a zero to punish her for having put the conquest of the whole western world at risk, but he remembered in time Malik Maruk's general instructions about the white slut: at this point of the securing process, she needed to be handled with kid gloves on, and her knowledge of Arabic meant extra care ... though, it could also be a formidable tool of deception, as long as she ignored that they were aware of it. Yusuf was tempted for an instant to pay the blonde slut a compliment by telling Fatima something about her in Arabic, but he passed on; if he made a mess of it because of his inexperience, Malik Maruk might be mad at him, and he needed that man on his side for far more important projects than the securing of this blonde slut.

So, he just put his hand in her hair to show that he had forgiven her. Malik Maruk had said that she had to be given such attention now. Yusuf's revenge could be taken easily after her securing anyway!

If he had correctly understood the old man's explanations, the subject might see a conflicting punishment as related to her past actions. Yusuf had to pretend that he was above such petty matters and was in no way feeling resentment for a mere white sow. Following that strategy, he decided to give her a 5, the maximal grade.

"You take a lot of time with this one," Fatima said in Arabic, obviously ready for the deception bit that he had tried to avoid.



“Yes,” Yusuf replied, “she’s really good, she’s just massaging me skillfully in her throat with the muscles of her neck. Allah knows how much I love that delightful golden stock, but this one is their queen!”

## Chapter XIJ The Queen of fellatio

**M**arie-Thérèse stuck out her chest, filled with pride. It was so good to discover that Prince Yusuf had totally forgiven her past behavior. He saw her now as a simple golden female that he could use, no more as a political foe. Moreover, that handsome god had just praised her great skills and named her the queen of her race!

Encouraged by this unexpected tribute, she increased the speed of her throat on the throbbing glans... She already benefited from a time extension, but if she could get a few seconds more, she could succeed in...

Unfortunately, Lord Yusuf pushed her head away, making his cock pop out of her mouth. While a new contestant was taking her place, Marie-Thérèse crawled toward the exit, and back into the yard where Maggie was gathering all the golden fillies with 3 to 5 grades.

After almost an hour, they were so many in that group that Maggie selected only those with a 5. The other stocks didn't have that problem, and it was auguring well for the goldens



who seemed to find favor with Lord Yusuf.

To think she had dared insulting this wonderful divine being, only to realize now that he was actually a great supporter of her stock! She swore to herself that she would make up to him by becoming his most faithful worshiper!

Arab gods with a craze for goldens had to be treated above all others: they were the best assets for the future of her race. She took her place in the file, more than ready for a second round. She clearly intended to hit the jackpot and become the happy winner of the Prince's semen. Little did she know that Yusuf had already climaxed five times this day, and that her chances to make him spread his seed in a five-second fellatio were very limited.

Contrary to the first round, that was all she got when it was her turn to suck the divine cock. As dreaded, she could not succeed in making him come, and Lord Yusuf stayed fully loaded after her performance. She just hoped that he was saving the big prize for the ultimate winner. Nevertheless, Marie-Thérèse got another 5 and crawled away with great pride.

Once again, she had to wait in the yard. This time, she wasn't kept in the golden area, but in a group of chosen ones from various stocks. At the end of the round, only seven fillies were in that group. Though, they needed to be twelve, four from each division of the yard, so they had to add some contestants with lower grades. For the Asians, it was easy as they were four with 4 and 5, three porcelains and one copper. The black stocks were four ebonies and a bay, two of them having only a 4, so Lord Yusuf had to come to the yard to eliminate one of them. The seven whites with a 5 were three goldens, two honeys, a crystal and a brunette. So, the Prince had to get rid of three of them ... and Marie-Thérèse could very well be in that batch.

Filled with hope, she looked at Yusuf with worshipping eyes. If only she could be chosen! Oh! be wise, Yusuf my lord, be wise! she prayed in silence.

She found horribly unfair to be put in the same group as other women who, in her opinion, were of much lower quality than the goldens. Not to mention that the white division was the biggest of the yard, composed of six stocks, when the Asians had only two and the Africans three to choose from.

Finally, Lord Yusuf pointed at the three goldens and one of the honeys... Marie-Thérèse was a semifinalist!

Oh thank you my Lord to be so good with our breed, she thought. The blondes will pay your consideration back with boundless adoration, I swear ... and with pride, Marie-Thérèse followed Yusuf Bourid in the farmhouse for the big semifinal.

Lord Yusuf would now have to refine his selection between the twelve fellatio expert fillies crawling on the floor before him. This time, the contestants were chosen by drawing lots. Each of them had thirty seconds to perform, and they were all allowed to watch the others do it and take notice of their tricks of the trade. It was becoming interesting!

Marie-Thérèse didn't expect to see so many different techniques in the semifinal. It was quite educational! Obviously imagination and audacity counted more for Lord Yusuf than a flawless traditional sucking. Still, that had to be there to start from. The Asians were doing it wet, soaking the cock with a lot of saliva and using their tongue with great skill when the Africans preferred to do a powerful pumping. The whites were usually mixing both, but all the selected ones had a special technique of their own. Marie-Thérèse had become a proud adept of deep throating, which was probably the reason why she was in semifinal. Though, now that she could see the astounding performances of her challengers, she was losing her morale. The other blondes were incredibly good, giving the impression that



their life depended on keeping their lips in contact with the sacred cock. Marie-Thérèse had to surpass herself this time or be forgotten completely. She decided to play the card of audacity. It was very risky, as it could be seen as a lack of respect, but with all these fabulous mouths against her, she had to try something.

When her turn came, Marie-Thérèse crawled toward Lord Yusuf just like the others, but kept an impudent attitude in the doing, looking at him with some kind of scorn. A murmur of complaint could be heard in the line of contestants, when some couldn't hide much a bit of satisfaction to see a skilled challenger lose her chances so stupidly.

Though, as soon as she got the sacred organ of Lord Yusuf in her mouth, Marie-Thérèse changed completely, suddenly leaving the mask of haughtiness, back to the most groveling attitude that she had developed these last months at worshipping Rasheedians.

This was quite a gamble, but she was certain she had better chances that way.

And actually ... it worked! After a few skillful suction, Marie-Thérèse felt him on the verge of spurting his highly coveted nectar in her mouth. With her tongue, she could perceive the increasing beat of the throbbing warm cock.

It was time for her to free the vibrating glans from her lips and to apply her tongue along the main body of the organ to move it up and down in synchronism with the rhythm of Lord Yusuf to make the delicious semen rise. She just needed two or three more strokes, and it would soak her deserving face.

Alas! Once again he pushed her head away just before it could happen. In despair, she crawled back to her previous location in the room and watched the next contestant, a porcelain, takeover.



A few seconds and the porcelain filly—a beautiful Japanese girl with a very pale skin—inflated her cheeks to collect the precious semen of the god. She began to play with the white nectar, juggling skillfully with her tongue to avoid any loss.

The eleven other contestants couldn't help sighing with disappointment, but Maggie was there to stop that kind of manifestation. She whipped their buttocks hardly. No filly had the right to distract a god during his orgasm!

It was so unfair for Marie-Thérèse. She was the one who had driven Lord Yusuf to the extreme edge of climaxing, and it was that porcelain bitch who benefited of it all. And now, the lucky Japanese could enjoy an extra time to clean the sacred manhood.

Though, it was even more unfair for the following challengers, who needed now to start from scratch! Lord Yusuf



generously gave two minutes to each one of them to perform. They did very well, straightening the divine organ again little by little.

"But there's still one contestant who didn't have her chance, Your Highness!" Fatima said to a very puzzled Yusuf, pretty sure that his organ had been pampered by the twelve females.

But what the Arab Goddess did then was even more surprising. She kneeled down on the floor before him and slightly lifted up her *niqab*. Lord Yusuf's cock disappeared under it, swallowed by the Goddess with the sound of a sink plunger.

"Wha..!," Yusuf exclaimed, stunned by such an audacity. "Wha... Oh!"

Fatima, aroused by what she had been watching for hours, seemed to be incredibly greedy, treating him Maghrebin-style, like if she had to suck the juice of a cucumber through a little hole in its tip. The suction was as hard as with the ebonies, but soaked in much more saliva and diabolically constant in its rhythm; and without the mouth "pops" that the black women fancied so much. The twelve contestants would learn a lot about the Prince's pleasure tonight, and that was already a huge reward for them.

Lord Yusuf seemed to be far more aroused by this than by any filly performance, and Marie-Thérèse felt a bit jealous. Though, it began to fade as she remembered that Fatima was the one with the future of her genes in her hands. It was silly to even try to compare herself to somebody so powerful! A Goddess! After a few minutes of watching that amazing fellatio, her jealousy had completely gone, replaced by an absolute admiration for the Goddess and a feeling that everything was a perfect fit in her new existence. Lady Fatima was glowing, and Marie-Thérèse was proud that she could be one of her

faithful worshippers.

Lord Yusuf couldn't possibly come into Fatima's mouth, as then it would become adultery, according the Shazi Book of the Law. Not to mention how inappropriate it would have been for a Goddess to have her face or her *niqab* soiled with semen.

Consequently, at the very last second, Yusuf moved aside and shoved his cock into young Claudine's mouth, the pet servant that had been assigned for his intimate use and who had jumped very quickly into the action.

A spontaneous murmur of admiration for the performance of the Goddess began to rise from the group of contestants. Encouraged by Maggie, it soon turned into cheers and applause. After a few seconds, they were bringing down the house.

"Thank you Your Highness," Lady Fatima said, "that was great fun, but please don't tell my son anything about that! He wasn't born Shazilarian and would never understand such things. My honor as a mother is in your hands!"

"Don't worry Fatima, my lips are sealed ... and technically, I didn't see your face under the *niqab* while you did me this honor, so even these stupid fundamentalists would have nothing to say to it."

"These people are famous for their quick conversion to our ways, Your Highness," Fatima replied, "yet they usually accept the part about owning naked white females while they still keep their wives in *niqab*. I would hate to wear this at all times... But let's skip this painful subject and please comment my performance, Your Highness. How did you like it?"

"Absolutely amazing! The fillies are very far behind you. Your technique is perfect ... and your mouth is pure velvet. No wonder you're a Goddess and these sluts are only slaves or animals! Allah doesn't do things by halves!"

"Thank you Your Highness!" Fatima laughed, bowing with pride in front of Yusuf, "though I'm only an outsider in this



contest. I hope my performance isn't going to spoil your pleasure of choosing three sluts among these twelve."

She clapped her hands and a bunch of naked pet servants rushed into the room, bringing a table filled with various dishes. Marie-Thérèse, who was still cheering the Goddess, was brutally pushed down to the floor by Maggie's boot, and so were the other challengers, one by one. They all had to stay flat on the tiling and wait for the end of the dinner to get the results of the contest. The suspense was unbearable, and the sight of the two gods eating delicious dishes reminded them that they were missing the service in the manger of the yard.

Finally, during the dessert, N'Gwamba brought to the twelve elected fillies their little bowls of food. Their usual mazook gruel had been mixed with the squashed pulp of Shazilari figs. It was not much, but for the contestants, it was a feast.

Lord Yusuf wrote something on a sheet of paper that only Goddess Fatima could read. He seemed to have some difficulties choosing the three winners.

"Mmmm, this one had a perfect technique, you're right Your Highness," Fatima commented, "though she's the oldest of all the semifinalists."

"Yes, but I liked her audacity! I wonder if she could be courageous enough to spit her racist insults before performing. That would make it even more delightful for me to spurt in her worshipping mouth after that!"

"Why not?" Fatima replied, "I don't think that it can interfere with her securing. We will tell the three winners that they can speak before their performance tonight. I can't wait to see if she dares doing something that bold ... and if she does, if she succeeds in pleasing you afterwards!"

Marie-Thérèse was more excited with what she just heard than with the gruel she was cramming in her mouth.

Yusuf had liked her performance! She was obviously the one whom they were talking about, having no idea that she could understand their language. It looks like she was the one who had been chosen to represent the white breeds! How right she had been to try that new attitude with the God. By putting her negative thoughts aside, she could considerably diminish the bitter humiliation of her situation and focus on the best ways to please to Arab gods. And it was bearing fruit! Since she had accepted her fate, she found her life gratifying. Indeed, she had become an average naked animal around here, but on the other hand, she would never again have problems with bringing up children or fighting for divorce, or any annoying responsibilities ... now that she devoted herself to the cult of Arab gods instead of trying to prevent the inevitable enslavement of the western world, her life had become simple and rewarding. She was on the winning side, and moving to Europe would only mean losing all this...

She lapped the last remnants of gruel and completely cleaned the bowl with her tongue... The food was definitely not so great here, but you can't have everything!

The dinner was over, and now the time had come for Lord Yusuf to give the results:

"Fudamga of the ebony stock!" he exclaimed, "best black mouth!"

The ebony contestant couldn't help making a little victory jump before getting back in place, flat on the floor. She well deserved her name after all, as Fudamga meant "mouth that give joy", in Shaziri. Probably was it for the exceptional length of her tongue.

"Hayoshi of the porcelain stock, for the best Asian mouth!"

The lucky girl in whose mouth Lord Yusuf had come during the semifinal didn't move a single muscle to express it, but she





a lower-class education had to disappear completely. And so had her hate for an ethnic group that was clearly of divine extraction, her evil self-righteousness probably originating in an insufferable jealousy that all porcine beings had developed during centuries of a degenerated imitation of humans. Her attitude for now had been nothing less than a despicable blasphemy, an awful bias of the mind that she had to wash away forever. How could she not immediately see that his divine presence was an incredible honor for her? How could she not realize that a being who could seal the fate of her magnificent lineage with a single word could only be way above the other men? And now that she had acknowledged that fact, her only option was to do everything in her power to convince him that the blonde stocks were the best, the most affectionate, devoted and sexually gifted breeds that ever existed within the porcine species. Nothing else mattered anymore...

She felt that her autosuggestion was driving her to a winning state of mind. Instead of rivals, she now saw only insignificant worms that she could easily squash. She had no more fear and couldn't be stopped from doing the right thing! No more distraction could prevent the expression of her absolute love for the magnificent Arab God!—now she knew that she was going to win!

Lord Yusuf chose fudamga in second, and Marie-Thérèse could appreciate how skilled the ebony female was at moving her incredibly long tongue on the divine organ, but it was only a trick, when she was herself ready to offer her soul to her god.

She had feared that he could choose her as an appetizer, somewhere between the soft and delicate Japanese and the powerful pumping African who would be meant to conclude, but now, she knew that she was intended as the dessert, and she was more than ready for that.

Fudamga was now strongly sucking the divine organ, making her mouth pop. Did that bitch take any lesson from the model of expertise that the Arab Goddess had shown to them? No, she was still popping it, as if a man could really fancy that kind of clownish expression! Yet, her hard pumping was quite efficient, even on an exhausted cock; she had already been allowed to perform for much longer than the porcelain slut, and she was on the verge of making God climax.

And suddenly, a sign of impatience from Lord Yusuf made clear that the time had come for Marie-Thérèse to go into action. Her plan was very well prepared. She had thought at first that the most efficient stuff would be to insult him racially, but it could be very risky, especially from someone who had been a racist for real! She was already too famous for offending the divine beings many times. It could be terribly counterproductive! And above all, thinking and saying nasty things on Arabs had shown to be bad luck these last months, and she had developed a kind of superstition about it.

Insulting him on his age or his physical appearance was also risky, and she actually found him so handsome that it would only look insincere. She finally decided to go for something that God could easily prove wrong: his virility! So, when she was ready, she broke the silence...

"You want to dominate the blonde porcine breeds, don't you God?" Marie-Thérèse courageously exclaimed, "but a god with that ambition needs to have something between the legs!"

She checked out for Yusuf's reactions: naturally, he seemed a little displeased, though still willing to let her go on, while the two sluts were expressing their indignation.

"My blonde breed only worship powerful Gods," she continued, "and our females were born to worship only Arab Gods, divine beings hung enough to keep us in their stable: we want to suck pure power. If you think that I would open my mouth for





a poorly gifted Arab God and would take his ... err ... take your ... your magnifi ... oh! so mag ... magnificent or ... organ..."

She acted like if she had just discovered his manhood. Now, she had to stop pretending and be herself, a white female groveling before her Arab God. Fudamga was rooted to the spot by such a blasphemous talk.

"Give that wonder to me you worthless savage!" Marie-Thérèse shouted to the African contestant. "The sacred organ deserves a real worshiper!"

She carefully removed the divine cock from the mouth of Fudamga, who was rooted to the spot, and pushed her away with her hip. She put the much coveted emblem between her lips, ready for the performance of a lifetime.

Yusuf had glared at her during her insults, like if he had forgotten that he wanted her to be provocative, and Marie-Thérèse, who had to look at him in the eyes all along, gathered all her strength to be able to carry on with her preliminary speech. She had no idea that she could be such a good actress, actually! Fortunately, her fear betrayed her, and Yusuf acknowledged that it was all an act.

Yet, he seemed fascinated by her turnaround. She assumed that she was the first white female who had dared using such a tone to speak to him for years. It was now really clear that he appreciated the movements of her lips on his glans even more after that. She could feel the increasing pulsations of his cock, ready to collect the divine gush.

It was the moment that God chose to stand-up and leave Marie-Thérèse's mouth brutally.

He grabbed fudamga by the hair and pushed her on the bed. Then he removed his djellabah and jumped behind the muscled female to slide with ease in her rectum, carefully oiled for that purpose.

Hayoshi was haggard. The god didn't even care to spread



his semen in a mouth. Was he angry after them all? Did this mean that the ebony was the winner?

Marie-Thérèse felt even worse. It was all because of her stupid act. How silly she had been! How deeply she regretted her audacity!

Aroused by the sight of the naked pet servants who were belly-

dancing on the Arabian music, Prince Yusuf of Wonderbourg could feel his manhood being massaged by the powerful inner muscles of fudamga. After a whole day of blow jobs, what could be better than a good ride on a vigorous mount?



## Chapter XV Straight conversion

When he came down in the morning to have breakfast with Fatima Maruk, Yusuf Bourid made the three finalists fillies kneel by the table and wait like that until the end of his meal. He announced that the decuisse had won the contest...

The blonde slut showed an incredible surprise; apparently, she was certain that he would choose the fudamga. With a bit of luck, she had spent the worst night of her life in turmoil about it!

He had thought about a reward for her that would be taken as one by the porcine community of the farm, and so wouldn't jeopardize her securing. The icing on the cake was that it would be a sweet little revenge for him.

He pulled her blonde hair to bring her face in front of his cock, made her open her mouth and peed into it, being very careful to make the golden gush always soak her tongue in the process, so she would get the bitter taste with the Naffi Effect.



The decuisse slut, who had been so efficient in undermining the Rasheedian project for a better world during her television interviews for years, was now using her mouth with great skill to match the flow of liquid.

Yusuf tried to find a bit of resentment on her face for having this done to her by a man who was the target for her attacks against Rasheedia for years. But, though delightful it was to see how the porcine females were always coming to this, even the most racist and vindictive among them, he found a little frustration in discovering only worship and gratitude in her eyes. He soaked her fleshy lips, aimed at her nostrils or directly in her throat and obtained hiccups and squeals, but nothing could remove the stupid smile of contentment on her blushing face and the orgasmic bliss in her eyes. So, Yusuf decided to be philosophical about it; after all, there was still the satisfaction to think that no porcine female could ever say anything bad to him without inexorably end as a consenting tool of convenience.

The decuisse was brought to the yard, where an incredible ovation of her breed and all the other white stocks was waiting for her. She had to share a bit of the golden liquid that she had kept in her mouth to give to the fillies coming to her to beg for some.

For Yusuf Bourid, that was the limit! Even that way, that blonde de Cuisse had become a star. She was a winner again and would succeed in her new life just as she had in the previous one. Who could predict how far such an ambitious mustang could get in a place like this? And later, when she would be back in Europe? She could help the noble cause of the Rasheedian Empire in so many ways.

Leaving the racist writer to her glorious fate, Yusuf Bourid came back into the farmhouse and asked to his hostess what kind of party would take place that evening. She

told him that it was a *Cuissage* ceremony, something very rare for a guest. It was the absolute proof of the high esteem of Malik Maruk. The old Trainer had offered him, for the occasion, a pack of six battery-reared Scandinavian virgins, freshly collected at the age of defloration, coming from a delicious breed that his father the famous Malik had created in the eighties on a base of two hundred blonde captives. Thanks to artificially increased fertility, that elite trainer was now the owner of five thousand heads, all from the same genitor. Only three thousand of them were older than the age of being deflowered, but each month brought new whites out of the battery farms of Malik Maruk, perfectly trained to please Arab men and only speaking the sluttish language. As he was very interested in modern western marketing, Malik Maruk was now successfully selling them in very expensive six and twelve packs for special parties everywhere in the world.

Unfortunately for Yusuf, the pack would stay untouched. He received a call from Malik Maruk in the morning to inform him that he had to attend to the most important meeting since the creation of the Empire. Empress Rasheeda was gathering all the Rasheedians operatives and underground governors around the world for a special announcement.

So, Yusuf took the quadruplet sedan and rushed in the direction of Jannah Island where the Empress had her winter quarters, leaving to Fatima Maruk the management of the four fundamentalists. The object of the meeting was, of course, the decrease of the Naffi Effect, something that was shaking the foundations of the Empire. The Rasheedian scientists had worked on it for weeks, but didn't find the slightest clue.

Each Rasheedian Head of State or Governor of Secret Province was given a test package in order to have his own scientists analyze how the Effect was evolving in his country. This test would take months before showing its first results,



but ultimately, the Empire would obtain a worldwide map of the decrease, and hopefully, would find some patterns leading to a solution.

In the waiting, in addition to the ongoing European experiments of Rasheed Rassuf and Amina Bussif—the directors of the D.I.R.E.—three Rasheedian Lords would be given the mission of building micro-societies where the effect would be artificially decreased. The objective was to find the best way to make the processing of the whites into their porcine status irreversible before the complete disappearing of the Naffi Effect, if such a disaster should happen.

Yusuf Bourid would temporarily leave Wonderbourg to his ministers and build the most gigantic research complex in the Nambi plains, inside which he would have to erect a big city based on the model society of the Valley of Shazilar, but which could resist to the disappearing of the Naffi Effect.

Malik Maruk would conduct experiments on ethnic division in his new mega-facility of the Naouda Cliff, to demonstrate his own theory: He was sure that this problem could be dealt the traditional way by using advanced training methods.

Said Agadir would have to turn entirely his province of Wonderstein into a research zone to see if modern technology could replace the Naffi Effect in an already conquered country.

Though, all these experiments were meant only as a last resort, if the Rasheedian scientists couldn't discover a way to make the Naffi Effect fully functional again. Archeologists would continue to study the paintings of the caves of Shazilar too, as they might find the solution in the past too.

Everything was done to ensure that the western world could never escape from the formidable web that Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul had spun for years, but they

were all a bit sad, puzzled about the reason why Allah was suddenly putting this obstacle to the total conquest of the land of the Infidels.

On the way back to the farm, after the meeting, Yusuf Bourid and Malik Maruk had to take care of the question of Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse. She wasn't ready, and two more steps were left to complete the securing process. Though she seemed to be now a perfect Arab worshiper, she had already escaped three times, and this was unprecedented. It was probably due to her hidden ability to understand Arabic language. But with the essential missions to which they were assigned, they had to find a way to include the last steps of the securing of the decuisse in their new projects.

When they arrived at the ethnic facility, they had come to a solution combining the two objectives. Though, it also meant that Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse knew too much and had to leave the place.

Yusuf decided to share with Malik Maruk the six-pack of virgins that he had offered him. Cuissaging the six blondes greatly helped to forget the problems of the Empire. Malik Maruk was much older than him and had only deflowered one Swedish piglet when Yusuf had already consumed his three. Satisfied, Yusuf took his leave of the trainer soon, as he had to go back to Wonderbourg early in the morning to put his affairs in order before flying to his newly built palace in the Nambi plains and begin the design for the city around it.

He crossed Fatima in the stairs. She was happy with the return of her husband, but she couldn't hide a bit of sadness because Yusuf had to go prematurely.

"It's too bad you couldn't enjoy your full vacation, Your Highness," she said, "I had other surprises for you!"

"I guess you did! You are an incomparable hostess, never short of naughty ideas to spice-up your delightful and well-trai-



ned whites. Believe me, I had my greatest vacation in years, and I'd like nothing better than to stay here for one month, but as you know, duty calls!"

"I totally understand Your Highness. And I thank you for your nice words. But now please come with me, I've a last surprise for you."

Puzzled, Yusuf followed Fatima Maruk to the upper level of the farmhouse. She knocked at the door, and they entered the room.

Abdelkrim, Kader and Ousama were having a conversation comfortably sitting on cushions. He also noticed four pet legs protruding under Abdelkrim's djellabah.

"I can see that you're spending your time well," Yusuf laughed, "Abdelkrim, I'm sorry, but I've got a last-minute assignment and can't go to London with you as scheduled. You will fly there alone and will report to my friend Rasheed Rassuf, second-in-command of the D.I.R.E.. He'll give you a mission for the Empire. You're a smart guy and you deserve to be a part of the building of our new world."

"Thank you, Your Highness," Abdelkrim replied with pride, "please come closer and take a look at my friends here."

Yusuf moved forward until he could see Kader and Ousama entirely. Pretty white legs were protruding under their djellabahs too.

"Congratulations, young men," Yusuf said satisfied, "welcome to the Empire. You may go to London with Abdelkrim if you accept him as your new leader ... but first you'll have to shave your beard or at least trim it. Rasheedian operatives don't look like goats!"

"We'll do as you ask, Your Highness," the young men replied in haste.

Yusuf was feeling much better when he walked out of the

room. He was really satisfied with Fatima's job.

"I had completely forgotten them. Congratulations, it seems that you've converted them all by yourself while I was away..."

"Though, I need to settle things before you go, Your Highness," Fatima replied, "I don't want my son to leave a bad impression on you!"

"You did well!" Yusuf said, "but what about the last one? Did he stick to his stupid beliefs?"

"Well, I was avoiding the subject as you asked me to, Your Highness, but now that you mentioned it yourself, please come with me!"

Fatima opened another door; Abdelkader was completely naked on all fours ... and a white stallion was covering him!

N'Gwamba, the ebony she-devil, was holding both of them with leather leashes and was wickedly thrashing their buttocks, to spice that nasty honeymoon. To make it even more entertaining, the N'Gwamba had put a Texan hat on the head of the stallion which made the scene look like a wild rodeo ride. The stud didn't seem to be much in it, probably more into his usual impregnations of blonde female colts brought under him for this purpose; on the contrary, Abdelkader was moaning with bliss, having the time of his life.

Yusuf laughed, and Abdelkader noticed him. Realizing suddenly who it was, he almost choked with shame.

"Your... Your Highness," he stammered, "I... I'm so sorry."

Yusuf was having hiccups of laughter.

"I see that you have finally found your way to deal with those Satans of the West! That's so funny that I forgive you! But you must understand that you can't be an imam now, all the more so a Phoenic one! It would be immoral! Fatima, would you be so nice to remove the testicles of my new Chief-Eunuch and to brand his belly with my coat of arms ... oh ... and shave



this beard, for Allah's sake!"

"Piglet!" Fatima ordered to one of her servants, "Go fetch the emasculator."

Yusuf was a really spiteful person; he looked at the ex-imam in the eyes while Fatima, who loved to do that kind of work herself in the farm, encircled his testicles with a special pair of pruning shears. Her pets were waiting behind her with a medical emergency case.

"Swear allegiance to your master now," Yusuf said to him.

"I swear allegiance to you, Ma... Master," Abdelkader stammered.

"Good. Fatima, you'll be my official witness. This man has willingly renounced to his rights as a human being to become my property. Are you in agreement with that?"

"I do, Your Highness," Fatima replied with solemnity.

"Now please snip those useless things from my property."

And Fatima Maruk operated her pruning shears with her usual efficiency.

## Epilogue

It was early in the morning, and the time for Yusuf Bourid to depart had come. He went to say goodbye to Malik and Fatima Maruk while a she-devil was finishing oiling the bodies of the fillies harnessed to the quadruplet cabriolet.

"Do you need something for the trip?" Malik asked, "a sucking appetizer, a licking piglet ... anything?"

"No thank you, my friend. I already have that seat pet to entertain me, and I don't want to be softened before such a busy day, flying to Wonderbourg, preparing the country for my long absence, and then back to the Nambi plains, checking and signing for a cargo of five thousand wild blonde she-pigs for the experiment, organizing the building of a whole town..."

"I understand completely," Malik Maruk replied, "I must be myself in my new ethnic facility tonight with that decuisse. My site is ready, though I've still my own cargo of five thousand whites to collect too. I don't know about you, but I don't expect to get top quality ones from that Imperial special porcine tax. I didn't give away my prettiest newly imported blondes to the



Government personally! You should bring your own circle of cute piglets with you, as a precaution in case of bad surprises.”

“Believe me, I intend to ... and also loads of she-devils!” Yusuf laughed, “we certainly don’t want our experiments to end prematurely.”

“Obviously, our methods will differ,” Malik Maruk smiled, “but it’s the whole purpose of making various projects.”

“I’ll look forward to seeing your results, dear Malik Maruk. The more projects that will meet success, the more the world of tomorrow will be rich and entertaining. Goodbye to you dear Fatima, and thank you for your wonderful parties. Eunuch! Drive me to the airport!”

“Yes Master,” the ex-imam Abdelkader replied bowing.

“Don’t be shy, Eunuch,” Yusuf laughed, “simply call me ‘My Lord!’”

And the quadruplet cabriolet left the farmyard, followed by the twelve slaves of burden of the Golden Arbor.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse was picked up by Maggie among her fellow goldens while she was doing the first part of her daily training routine. She was brought into the barn where she was completely cleaned and dried; her nose ring was removed; her skin was rubbed and oiled up to the most unusual spots, like her ears, her nostrils, her navel; her hair was washed and combed; her apron was changed, and her boots and leather artifacts were polished; her body hair was plucked one at a time by the sadistic she-devil.

When she was ready, she was brought back to the farmyard where all the fillies were gathered. She took the place given to her in the center of the yard and had to wait on all fours under a spotlight, near the carriage-and-pair of Malik

Maruk.

A few minutes later, the Arab god arrived, and they all assumed the position of respect, chanting “Maliiiiik... Maaaaaruk” and swaying the pelvis.

“Turn around!” he ordered.

All the fillies obeyed and opened the mouth widely, pulling the tongue to the extreme. But they didn’t expect what they saw, and started with amazement: Malik Maruk was bare-naked!

Marie-Thérèse was suddenly very excited. Something was happening, and she was in the middle of it! She had been carefully prepared, and it could only be related to her victory in the fellatio contest!

“I’m here to honor Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse,” Malik Maruk said, “because she’s the best mouth of the yard, but also because she had greatly served the Empire by helping me find the secret entrance of Shazilar.”

Marie-Thérèse could feel the mix of jealousy and admiration of the other fillies. She was no more in disfavor, humiliated by her own stock, forced to submit to an ebony she-devil; now she was a big shot, a star of the yard!

“She’ll be one of the rare lucky beings,” Malik Maruk continued, “who can see ‘Hanazir Jannah’ before their death.”

She wondered what Malik Maruk meant about her getting a premature access to the “Porcine Paradise”, the place where the white females who had ascended to the highest levels of the porcine ladder were supposed to go after their death, according to the Phoenic religion. In that wonderful place, they could wallow freely at the feet of their tutelary Arab God until the end of times. It seemed promising, but she hoped it didn’t mean that she would be put to death!

Thanks to her knowledge of the Arabic language, Marie-Thérèse was aware of the deception. Not the part about going



there after death, something that the Arab Gods seemed to sincerely believe, but that adaptation on a more practical level. The whites had two ways to get out of the yard: the misbehaving ones through “Hell”, which actually meant that they would end their life working in the mud as a field slave before going to the place of eternal pain later. And of course “Paradise”, where they would ascend to the superior state of half goddesses and would be treated by Arab gods almost as equals.

But no filly had ever seen what had happened to the lucky ones, except that they weren't in the yard anymore. That was all. Marie-Thérèse knew, of course, that in reality they were sold to someone else and, in her case, sent to Europe. She had heard it from the mouth of Fatima Maruk herself.

Such an event was a great opportunity to show to the yard that some fillies could ascend for exceptional services. It was strengthening their faith in the whole system.

“Rise, balky!” Malik Maruk said, “you've been bred and harvested. Now has come the moment of your completion. Stand up! You shall no longer be called Balky! Your new official name will be Marie-Thérèse of the Yard of Malik Maruk!”

A murmur of admiration followed this announcement, while Malik Maruk was pushing her against the carriage. He slapped her thighs to spread them wide and penetrated her brutally.

The other fillies had scorned Marie-Thérèse, and then had hated her for escaping twice in the past, though Malik Maruk had explained later to the whole yard that she had been working as an operative for the Empire on a special mission. It wasn't the truth, but thanks to this, the white fillies were now all envious to get assignments that could offer such a high reward!

The sight of Marie-Thérèse being in contact with the



divine body of their handsome god was enough to create powerful fantasies that would fill their dreams for months, but the way she was mounted ... like a goddess ... it was the biggest event in a filly life!

Marie-Thérèse was feeling the Naffi Effect and was climaxing continuously. And despite her scepticism about the pets who showed such attitudes, she almost fainted when Malik Maruk came...

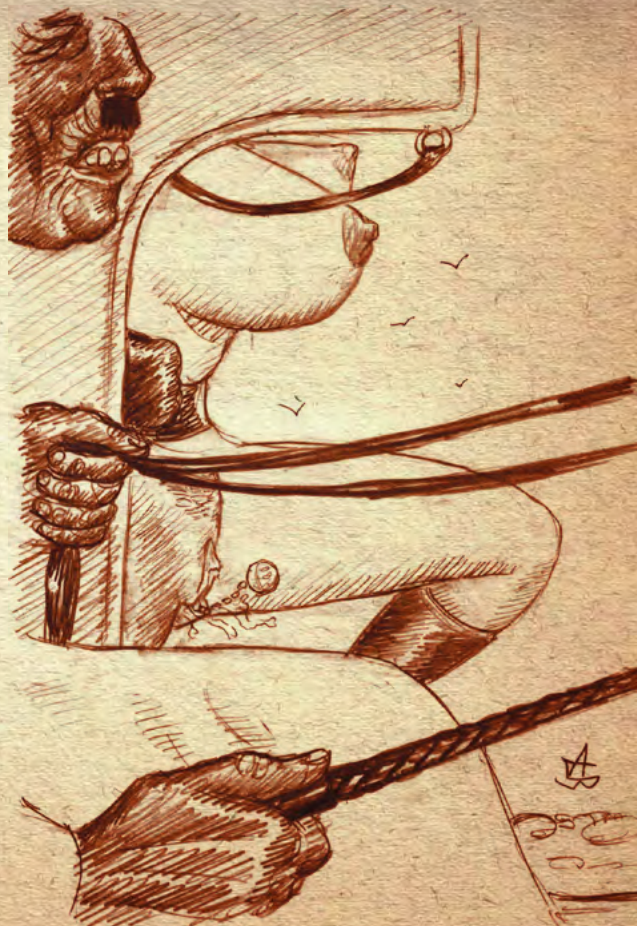
Marie-Thérèse was left like this, stunned, while the servants were cleaning the cock of the god before putting his djellabah on. Now the fillies were chanting her name. She staggered in the wrong direction at first, but Maggie intervened, pushing her toward the carriage-and-pair where she was allowed to sit at the side of the god. For all of them, she had become a half-Goddess; she had succeeded in attaining a level of spirituality which they were all dreaming about reaching some day.

Malik Maruk kissed Fatima goodbye and climbed into the vehicle too. It was meant for one person only, but Marie-Thérèse had kept a very big room for Malik Maruk, squeezing herself in a corner of the cabin for the comfort of her god.

The carriage and pair finally left the farmyard and Marie-Thérèse was back on the road again, now with Malik Maruk's blessing. It was the first time ever she was traveling inside that kind of vehicle, and she loved the way the muscled and oiled buttocks of the fillies were moving. She hoped that she offered the same beautiful display when she was in harness.

Anyway, that wasn't meant to last very long, as a few yards later, she was pushed down the carriage and ordered to run alongside it.

Marie-Thérèse now understood much better the reason



why the two fillies pulling the vehicle were wearing leather eye flaps. But she didn't care about a deception that, for once, wasn't meant for her and didn't mind having to run instead of sitting inside. On the contrary, she was proud to gallop at her God's side. She had been honored at the higher level in front of the blonde breeds of the Yard, and for that she would forever be grateful to Malik Maruk!

It was the only paradise she sought...



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Valley of Shazilar  
Access to miscreants strictly forbidden

Hidden passage

# Shazilari Mountains

No man's plateau

Malik Maruk's farm

Maruk's training facilities

Ethnic facility

Naouda جازيل

Naouda جازيل

Naouda جازيل



Shazilarabad  
Holy City of the Phoen



Maruk  
Biggest Market in the World



Guba Village

Valley of Shazilar  
Access to miscreants strictly forbidden

Golden Door Temple



Rasheedabad  
Capital of the Empire

## The Naouda جازيل

The escape of  
Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse  
& Susan Braggston

Valley of the Slaves