

Alonzo SERAI

# Degrading the White Fillies



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Alonzo Serai

# Degrading the White Fillies

Volume 6 of  
the Legend of the White Fillies



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BEGIN



Alonzo Gerai

# Degrading <sup>the</sup> White Pillies

Worlds of Domination  
Les Mondes de Domination



## Prologue

**R**asheed Rassuf, a.k.a. the “Fennec”, was going to take off at dawn in his private plane. The mission of this general of the D.I.R.E.<sup>1</sup> was to give instructions to secret operatives in the twenty cities selected as starters for the conquest of Europe. Phase II had just been launched with the spreading of Naffin over entire urban areas.

He had agreed to take charge of the blonde filly Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, and was listening to Malik Maruk’s last instructions about how to handle this certified mustang, worth months of intensive processing. The old trainer hated to be forced to end a job prematurely, and if he was getting rid of the decuisse it was only because the Empress herself had demanded it. He needed to go immediately to his new facility, in the North of the Valley of the Slaves, to check and sign for five thousand untamed white females that he would have to keep under control in a non-naffic environment, for experimentation purposes.

“So, General,” he said to Rasheed, making sure that the

*1- Department of Intelligence of the Rasheedian Empire*



blonde mustang couldn't hear, "I need to know that you understand the scheme..."

"I get my part!" Rasheed replied, "and I've no doubt that this white swine will be most useful for the taking of the city of Troussy-en-Cuisse!"

"Perfect!" Malik Maruk said, "if everything goes as planned, we can kill two birds with one stone: she's presently the property of King Saïd of Wonderstein, but her training is not completely over, and it wouldn't be proper for me to deliver a mustang in that condition. The fact that she's famous in her natural habitat—her city of birth—is part of her 'securing' scenario. I don't have the time to take care of it myself, and this solution is the best alternate. Although I'm not a hundred percent sure that it fits your own scheme..."

"It's even better, then! Remember that it's an experiment to determine our most important assets once the naffi spores are spread over entire cities. The success or failure of the program with your blonde mustang will be very informative for us anyhow. This whole operation has only one purpose: to learn more and improve our conquering techniques... So... I'm ready when you are to start that little scene we rehearsed!"

Malik Maruk climbed into the plane, followed by Rasheed, and walked toward Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse who was kneeling on the floor. He took place right in front of her and pretended to have a pressing need. He lifted up his *djellabah* and put his male organ in her mouth, not a bit embarrassed by the presence of Rasheed.

"Lucky man!" Malik Maruk said to Rasheed in Arabic. "You are going to make history ... and you'll get some fun too."

"Yes, I'm very excited!" Rasheed smiled. "We'll have to deal with thousands of white females in their natural state,

creatures that are certain that their freedom is an absolute right, and who would find revolting the very idea of being domesticated like animals. To force a basic education into these arrogant creatures will surely be pleasant and enriching! Alas, my agents are the ones who will get all the fun! Personally, my mission is to give instructions to beginners in twenty different cities ... and then, I have to go to Wonderstein to deliver your blonde mustang to King Saïd. I'm sure that he'll throw a big party for me, as usual, but chances are that I'll be too exhausted to enjoy it!"



Malik Maruk felt a sudden rising of warm liquid flooding the filly's mouth. He didn't need to look at her to know that the chin of the white was all soaked with golden juice. He was well aware that telling her that he intended to get rid of her would have caused some reaction. He just wanted to be sure that she was distinctly understanding his Arabic, a language that she wasn't supposed to know.



The filly pulled herself together very quickly and squashed her lips around the wrinkled organ, trying to prevent the gush from getting out of her mouth. She performed a series of extreme throat contractions, like a gluttonous goose, so that she could swallow the liquid faster. Only a highly trained white could attain such an engulfing speed!

Of course, Malik Maruk acted like if nothing happened, and kept on relieving himself into her mouth, while he was pursuing his conversation. Though, he couldn't prevent a hint of a smile—she was taking the bait!

## Chapter I Away from her God



Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse was so busy pumping Malik Maruk's holy fluid that she couldn't help giving a start; her Arab god intended to send her away!

And now, her chin was streaming and dripping on her belly.

Realizing that she was making a mess, she doubled her efforts in swallowing, and moved her throat very fast to increase the pumping volume. She finally managed to gain on the gush, and no unwanted drop fell on the floor of the plane ... which was the essential!

Though, Marie-Thérèse's heart wasn't in it, as this announcement had been a terrible blow for her. How could Malik Maruk be so cruel, throwing her away like this, when she had willingly renounced for him to the freedom and the independence that was hers by birth right in western society?

During her long ride from the farm to Maruk Airport<sup>2</sup>, Marie-Thérèse had time to think about her new situation; she had finally come to the conclusion that if she wanted to survive in Rasheedia, she had to stop questioning Malik Maruk's divine status right now. She even needed to become his best

<sup>2</sup> - See: "Securing the White Fillies"



worshiper ever! Whether he was a god or not was unimportant; it was only the point of view sthat he had to adopt. All along the trip, she had mulled over a way to own up to him at last everything she had been hiding, starting with her secret knowledge of Arabic language—and now, she was sent far away from him before she could get the opportunity to confess her sins!

What was bothering her wasn't really the prospect of being back to Saïd Agadir, the little lout who had his brand tattooed on her belly, and who was now the king of Wonderstein. The truth was that she would miss Malik Maruk a lot, and would cry for days and days in his absence.

And yet, she had just realized that the purpose of her sojourn in the farm had always been to make her a slave to the man who had branded her ... that was one more deception to add to the credit of Lord Malik Maruk. Though, it didn't make any difference to her: Malik Maruk was indeed twisted and cunning, but he was still her tutelary deity, and staying close to him was the only thing that mattered.

The old man seemed not to have noticed her mistress at all. He was unaffectedly relieving himself in the only proper container available in the surroundings—the mouth of a white! And Marie-Thérèse knew that she was more than suitable for that use, since she had been sanctified at the farm, the day before.

The warm gush ran dry soon, but Malik Maruk continued his conversation as if nothing happened. Overwhelmed by the joy of not being dismissed after her performance, Marie-Thérèse seized this ultimate opportunity to show him the extent of her affection. She began to clean the wrinkled manhood with eager tongue strokes and smoochy sucking and little kisses.

"You didn't tell me," Malik Maruk continued, "which

places will have the honor to become our strongholds for the conquest of France? Unless talking about it should infringe an official secret, of course..."

"Not for a consultant with top clearance as yourself!" Rasheed replied. "On twenty European cities, three have been picked in France: Roquemiel, Saint-Michon, and Troussy-en-Cuisse!"

Marie-Thérèse's tongue suddenly froze. Troussy-en-Cuisse ... her Troussy, her kingdom! Troussy was going to become a part of the Empire of Rasheedia!

"Troussy-en-Cuisse? What are the odds? It's the city of birth of this white I'm honoring right now ... and the spot where her complete brood-set is scheduled to be captured. I've placed an order for her three foals located in a Swiss boarding school. They are coming to see their female genitor in Troussy for the holidays. A snare has been prepared for them by Mokter Oualif, my provider of pink flesh delicacies. Take a look at their pictures ... this one is Margot, the elder ... isn't she gorgeous? And these two, Suzon and Suzette ... cute, aren't they? ... Real twins actually! They will make fabulous body pets!"

"I hope you didn't pay too much for them, as their price will most certainly go down once all the whites around will be available. I'll inform the new masters of the town that these are booked for you; it would be a shame if they should fall into the hands of a local poacher before your hunter could pick them! Give me their pictures and I'll claim them for you."

"Thank you my friend, I greatly value these foals. And in that case, of course, I'll purchase them to you at the current price ... oh yes, I insist ... it doesn't cost me a dime; the order and the processing are paid by King Saïd. I have their defloration privileges, but they don't belong to me; my job will consist in training them and have them impregnated by their grand-genitor, just as I did with this one... King Saïd will collect them



five years from now!"

"He will own their progeny too, I guess?"

"Yes, but skipping a generation. In about thirty years, he will choose ten heifers among the grand-foals of Margot, Suzon or Suzette to improve his senescent years."

"Old skinflint!" Rasheed laughed. "You took advantage of his inexperience! In thirty years you will own yourself three hundred heads of that generation!"

"What? Not at all, General!" Malik Maruk protested. "I'm not a cheap rearer! All my products are given a drastic selection. I breed only the best! The number of heads I expect is more around fifty!"

"Mmm... All right, with today's standards, I agree! But don't forget the scientific breakthroughs: the fecundity of the porcine species will surely increase. We are already able to obtain the same results after three generations of wild origin as those we have in Shazilar. And you know very well that we can also refine their progeny to harvest one white male for a hundred females instead of the twenty percent we used to get before we could ameliorate artificially the natural effects of the decoction of Shazilarian fig. The litters are already so much more fruitful! Last month, I was having a conversation with a renowned breeder whose products were the object of a scientific experimentation in that matter. What he told me was so unbelievable that he had to invite me to come to his farm to convince me that he didn't exaggerate. I witnessed there the delivery through natural ways of a litter of eight by a white! This used even to be a rare event with swillwanas<sup>3</sup> ... well! Believe me or not, the porcine female was born free in Europe! I greatly relished the extraordinary spectacle of these priceless products, all perfectly healthy, being spat by her womb one by one, like rabbits out of a hat ... moreover,

he told me that she would be ready to do it again in about three months. No, when I say that you can harvest more than three hundred heads from the three whites whom you're waiting for, I mean three hundred magnificent fawns with perfect bodies, the skills of wicked sluts and totally devoted to their Arab god!"

"You may be right, though it's very hard work to grow them, to feed them for years, to train them properly ... and I also need to sell the unselected ones to get my money back. Your huge numbers show some logic in theory, but how could I ever take care of the hundred thousand females that are needed to obtain three hundred quality fawns at the end? I have to make a choice between many breeds of whites, one more delightful than the next, making a bet on their future commercial success. How can I be sure that the decuisse breed will still have the favors of the customers tomorrow? Maybe by then nobody will know what a racist was? And if it is so, I'm afraid that the main interest for that product will be lost forever! Anyway, Saïd wants only a few fawns to take care of him in his old days, and the ultimate in that domain is to have them raised by a trainer of my age, able to create in them a durable addiction and a sincere devotion to men over sixty. I accepted that big commercial risk only because their mother is a mustang of exception; and if their tongues are worthy of hers, I will definitely win my bet!"

"And that's why I envy you! You train them for pleasure when I have to make operatives out of them."

"I'm sure, General," Malik Maruk laughed, "that you know how to take the best out of such a program!"

Marie-Thérèse had finished rinsing. She undertook to dry the now flaccid brown manhood, carefully rubbing it everywhere on her face, which wasn't an easy task without the hands. Though, she managed to do it, as usual, using her nose and her chin as tools to make the penis of her god slide on her



skin.

When the puckered thing was dry enough, Marie-Thérèse jumped down flat on the floor of the plane between Malik Maruk's feet, but with her head up and her tongue fully out to watch over the hanging organ. Because of his old age, the God needed constant attention, and she had to be ready to make an emergency jump.

She was trying to hide her disarray. She had never considered before that her personal choice to accept this new life could affect her daughters; she thought that her little angels were perfectly safe for the rest of the year in their Swiss boarding school, far away from all this. When she wasn't home, most of the time because of a promotion campaign for a new book, it was their father who was taking care of her darlings, and he was perfectly capable of protecting them. But now, all her peace of mind had collapsed; she was horrified with the idea that her daughters could end their days breeding like rabbits to produce toys for old men!

Of course, once a slave in Rasheedia, the possibility to live close to a powerful god like Malik Maruk was a blessing; and the perspective of being the origin of a whole race, even in these special conditions, was tremendously exciting ... but her little darlings were so accustomed to an easy existence, and the idea that they could be thrown so brutally into pet life and would have to spend their best years doing what she just did—or worse!—many times a day was just unbearable.

Despite the excellent position of sanctified filly she had gained in the Rasheedian society, her devotion to her god, and her need to keep close to the divine body reflecting the light of Allah on her, Marie-Thérèse would have to escape again to save her daughters! She knew that it meant losing everything she had so painfully gained, but it was so important that she was ready for anything!

When the plane took off, bringing her forever away from Malik Maruk, Marie-Thérèse could safely express her despair, soaking the floor of the hold with her tears.

After long hours in the air, they touched down for the first stop. If what Lord Rasheed had told her god was true, she was now in the airport of Troussy-en-Cuisse, her hometown.

Rasheed Rassuf put her in a trunk and gave her the order to stay still for the few hours he would be gone. Marie-Thérèse was supposed to be completely trustworthy now, so the lid wasn't locked. Even with her hands held into the leather bags fastened to her waist, she could easily get out of the trunk. She knew that Lord Rasheed had put a diplomatic seal on it to prevent any accidental opening by the French customs during an eventual routine checkup. Once she would have broken the seal, there was no return to this life that she had learnt to love. When her daughters would be in safety, Marie-Thérèse would try to be taken back by Malik Maruk, but she doubted that she could be forgiven for the double crime of escaping and stealing from her god three young slaves he so eagerly lusted after. She was aware of the price that she would have to pay, though the punishment was not her first worry—she would betray a divinity and would have regrets all her life for this infamy!

However, her maternal instinct prevailed, and a few minutes after Rasheed Rassuf had gone, she broke the seal, pushed the lid with a hard tap of the head, threw herself out of the trunk, and unlocked the door mechanism with her chin.

Fortunately, the plane was parked near the limits of the airport, and she had to run for only a few yards to reach it. She rushed like a bat out of hell, and jumped into the tall grass in front of the fence. She stayed still for a long minute, and then raised her head carefully to make sure nobody had seen her. Satisfied, she began to crawl along the high metal grid, looking



for an opening. She was moving slowly to stick to the ground as much as possible, terrified with the idea that someone might notice her fair skin outlined against the green grass.

For now, she had been lucky, but the more time passed, the more she realized the extent of her own audacity. The familiar sound of her pubic bell when she was crawling was making her regret her foolishness. By running away like that, she had not only betrayed her personal vows, and Malik Maruk's trust ... she had also stolen to Saïd Agadir what was rightfully his property: herself!

Marie-Thérèse would never have imagined that she could feel guilty one day about appropriating her own body from someone whom she would see as its legal possessor. She knew the God to be more than a thousand miles away but couldn't help turning her head from time to time, imagining that she felt the powerful presence of Malik Maruk behind her.

How could she think that she could get away with this? She had lost everything, including her pride, for a stupid concern for her daughters ... were they not old enough to take care of their own problems anyway?

Sooner or later, all westerners would become slaves in the Rasheedian Empire, and if she wanted to be with her daughters, the best option was to personally deliver them to their possessor, King Saïd... But maybe it wasn't too late to make up with it? Maybe she could still come to Saïd willingly and offer him Margot, Suzon, and Suzette on a plate? No, he would immediately send them away from her, to Malik Maruk's farm, the only place in the world where she wanted to be herself!

She should have stayed quietly inside the trunk and been delivered as planned, and then she could have tried to convince Saïd Agadir to send her back to the farm with her

daughters, so that she could help with their education. She could be a major asset for their training, using her influence as a mother to teach them how to serve and worship an Arab god the best way. Instead of reviewing all these options quietly in the comfortable trunk, she had panicked and had lost forever her ticket to paradise for a moment of dumbness. What an awful waste!

The discovery of a hole in the fence temporarily put an end to her melancholy. Probably some illegal immigrants had cut the wires and hidden the opening afterwards so that it could be used again. It was big enough for Marie-Thérèse to wave her way through it like a snake. She successfully crossed over without hurting herself, then stood up and climbed the grassy slope to reach the trees of the park bordering the airport.

A pilot caught a glimpse of her body from afar as she was entering the woods. He would later try to convince himself that what he had seen bolting was a pink rabbit, not a naked woman!

Marie-Thérèse was still in turmoil, torn between her guilty conscience and her bitter regrets, but at least now she was safe! She decided to hide in a bush from where she could see all the airport, and to wait there for the plane to take off.

Whatever might happen, being discovered nude in the woods wasn't an option; the prospect of being sent back to King Saïd looked indeed better and better, but then she had to give herself up willingly, and avoid being captured as a native Shazilarian fugitive ... which was exactly what would happen if she were caught at this point; the police would acknowledge that she had entered the country illegally and chances were that they wouldn't listen to anything she could say. The cops would enforce the law to the letter, and would bring her back immediately to the airport, from where she would be sent to Rasheedia as a smuggled native white, bound by the rules of





#### U.N.C.A.W.W.S..<sup>4</sup>

Such a thing could never have happened a few years ago, but the countries which recently united under the flag of the Empire of Rasheedia were using their new political and economic power to pressure western governments into enforcing the U.N.O. resolution about Shazilarian culture, a text initially created to protect the white natives of Shazilar from massive exportation. As these untamed and mute white females seemed to be well treated in their natural habitat by the Shazilarians, even inspiring a religious respect much like sacred cows in India, the U.N.O. representatives had stated that these vulnerable women needed protection against a growing monstrous traffic with neighbor countries. It appeared only much later that these white females weren't as primitive as they looked, but the result of centuries of degeneration caused by a plant unknown from the rest of the world, the naffi flower, which pollen inhalation induced an extreme hormonal response and the addiction to the pheromones of Shazilarian men...

Marie-Thérèse had hidden her knowledge of Arabic language during all her captivity, and had therefore overheard things she shouldn't have. She was now aware that the Shazilarians had to eat the bulb of the plant to obtain the attractive effect on people who had inhaled the pollen. Contrary to what the western authorities believed, the Naffi Effect was carefully controlled by the leaders of the Empire of Rasheedia; as the scientists of U.N.C.A.W.W.S. couldn't get any sample of that naffi bulb, and even ignored its existence, the whole thing looked like an odd trick played by nature for the benefit of some Arabs favored by fate. Measures were taken to control legally the movement of the swillwanas of Shazilar, who had been subjected to that pollen for hundredths of generations.

Although, this strict management of U.N.C.A.W.W.S.

<sup>4</sup> - United Nations Committee Against White Women Slavery



turned out to be a way for the Rasheedians to reclaim any fugitive officially registered, including the ones abducted in Europe, like Marie-Thérèse. When these abuses became evident, it was far too late to backtrack, because the majority voters from the numerous Arab and African nations wouldn't even consider any change in the U.N.O. resolution. The destruction of naffi fields around the world was ultimately voted, but the western countries had to trade this for a strict application of the original resolution, as well as the right to practice the Phoenic cult on their national territory.

That religion claimed that the whites were not descended from the apes as they pretended but from the common pigs. And, of course, it was seen as racist and hostile in northern countries. In its name, white women were compelled to be naked at all times, in order to wash the original sin of their porcine branch that had dared mimic the human species. It soon appeared that the African nations where this faith had grown were making sure that no difference could be made between abducted European women and the natives of the Valley of Shazilar. The western countries also made the big mistake of starting a war with Zebya, where a dictator was claiming to be the herald of white slavery. They went head first into a conflict that shown to be completely useless.

Bled by ten years of war and fruitless occupation, the countries of the northern hemisphere couldn't oppose to the proclamation of the Empire of Rasheedia, and they had to compromise with this new military and economic superpower. The international public opinion had become totally allergic to the mere concept of white slavery, now seen as a warmonger fantasy. The western countries had to accept the creation of the Empire of Rasheedia and all kinds of compromises to keep getting the raw materials that they needed, and that the nations of this empire had in abundance.

To crown it all, a lot of white teenagers became adepts of the Shazz fashion, a sweeten version of the Shazilarian tradition and the Phoenic Church, to show to the leaders of their countries they preferred to be seen as porcine creatures than to have to slaughter, or to die, to prove the opposite.

The Empire of Rasheedia prospered, and became a huge economic power. A lot of companies were relocating there because of the cheap labor, the white slaves beating all records in that field.

Marie-Thérèse had been among the few who opposed what was looking more and more like some revenge on the western world. She had spent most of her time on television shows, trying to warn people about the dangers of these little surrenders ... but she had been accused of racism every time.

It was too late to change direction anyway, and no custom officer would dare infringing these international decrees. The obligation to bring back these naked white women to their Arab owners had been so unpopular in the police and the army that the French authorities had to take drastic measures to avoid international sanctions. Now, any public servant who refused to enforce these texts could be condemned by a Rasheedian court. Naturally, the mere prospect of being judged in a country where they had the status of domesticated pigs was greatly dissuasive!

The direct consequence of all this for Marie-Thérèse was that she couldn't afford to be caught too close to the airport. The police would establish her identity from the tattoo on the inner part of her left labia, a proof of her Rasheedian nationality, and would have to send her back immediately to her alleged country of origin, without even being legally allowed to listen to anything she could say!

Although, if Marie-Thérèse could manage to be caught later, in a street deep into the city, she wouldn't systemati-



cally get the labia ID checking, and would only be seen as a lunatic Shazz adept going out naked to make a point for her cause. Then she would be able to tell her story and could even use her celebrity to avoid embarrassing details. Naturally, revealing any important secret of the Empire was out of the question, as she didn't want to become a traitor in the eyes of Rasheedians ... she needed to be allowed to come back to Malik Maruk's farm one day!

Another reason why Marie-Thérèse was earthing behind her bush was the presence of Lord Rasheed on French territory. She didn't want to be the cause of his arrest. She would have to file a complaint for kidnapping, and she was far too scared to face a living divinity, even in a police precinct of her own country. She wasn't sure that she could be able to restrain her bladder if he should raise his voice, so talking to him was inconceivable for now!

Therefore, here she was, waiting for his takeoff before going to the police.

Rasheed Rassuf came back four hours later. He conspicuously acknowledged Marie-Thérèse's disappearing, then walked around for a while to look for her, until a group of security guards of the airport, intrigued by his goings-on, came to ask him if he had lost something.



They briefly searched the plane and went away, allowing Rasheed Rassuf to take off without more delay.

Greatly relieved, Marie-Thérèse moved out of the bushes.


She walked for almost an hour, hiding behind the trees of the park to avoid the joggers. She was soon far enough from the airport to go safely to the police, but she knew that it would be no picnic. Anyway, she was in for a humiliating experience, and she saw it as a well-deserved punishment for what she had done.

She didn't have to wait for too long. Not even fifteen minutes after she left the park, a police car stopped next to her, and she was taken in custody for the night.



## Chapter II

### The mission of the Fennec

 few hours before, Rasheed Rassuf had left the white filly in the plane without supervision, in accordance to Malik Maruk's plan. He had easily crossed the French customs, and was just walking out of the airport terminal when his mobile phone rang, indicating that the video surveillance of the plane had been activated. It wasn't some surprise visit, but the escape scheduled for the filly, with a perfect timing.

Satisfied, the general of the D.I.R.E. climbed into the limo sent for him by the "Trinity", the team of agents who were in charge of the Troussy-en-Cuisse operation. They had the consideration of also providing three sweet young whites to spice up his trip, and Rasheed made the most of it. The members of the "Trinities" from other cities might not be that thoughtful about his personal comfort.

Half an hour later, the limousine passed through the last security control to the gigantic complex set in the suburb of



Troussy that they named “the Castle”. The vehicle stopped right in front of central headquarters, where Rasheed was welcomed by the three agents in charge of the city.

“I don’t have much time,” he immediately said, “so thank you very much for that delightful limo crew ... and that will be all with the polite small talk. How is the spreading going?”

The leader of the Trinity, whose code name was the “Father”, came forward.

“Like a charm, General! The convoy circulated yesterday across the urban area of Troussy and encountered no obstacle. We have kept the police busy in other districts of the city to avoid any incident. The blowers have worked perfectly, and the air is saturated with pollen. The trucks have left in the morning for the warehouse of the industrial park, where their tanks are being filled up with naffin right now. They will be ready to spread over Saint-Michon!”

“Excellent!” Rasheed replied, “but don’t call me General. Here, for everyone, I’m the ‘Fennec’. I’ll be in Saint-Michon tonight to see all this with my own eyes. Now what about...”

Rasheed broke off and pulled out a piece of paper.

“... ‘Loving Mother’ and... ‘Growing hyena?’” Rasheed resumed with laughter. “I guess the second one is my cousin Aziz? I wonder who chose such nicknames in our department?”

“They are the official ones given by ‘Mother-Hen’ to all the challengers according to their psychological profile, following a strict program created for the whole experiment.”

“Yes, of course, I was just kidding! Nevertheless, I know my cousin, and this name fits him like a glove! So, when are the challengers coming?”

“The rendezvous is scheduled for eleven o’clock, Fennec. This is in less than half an hour!”

“Perfect! We have just the time to update some details

of your mission.”

Loving Mother arrived twenty minutes later, in the company of the ten ‘centurions’ of her pretorian guard. Under the exterior of a plump woman, she showed a very authoritarian nature; a family trait that she shared with her cousin Mother-Hen, the head of the D.I.R.E..

Rasheed wondered what chances his cousin could stand in a competition with such a woman ... though he already knew the answer from Mother-Hen herself: the objective of the operation was never to show the superiority of a challenger upon another, but to establish correlations between various factors taking place during the conquest of entire cities. His cousin was fitting perfectly one of the standard profiles, in a pool of possible candidates chosen among trustable people living in Europe, mostly those who were related to Rasheedian agents.

This experiment was vital to the Empire since the scientists of the D.I.R.E. had discovered the decrease of the Naffi Effect. This was what had led Empress Rasheeda to move the European conquest project forward, and therefore to initiate all this operation. The study of the results obtained with all configurations, and their treatment in the central computer would determine a standard procedure to apply on all other European cities. For Troussy-en-Cuisse, the characteristics of the experiment were: 1—A tough and organized woman: Loving Mother.

2—A withdrawn and sadistic revanchist: Growing Hyena, a.k.a. his cousin Aziz.

3—Naffenol<sup>3</sup> pills twenty times more powerful than those allowed to Rasheedian subjects, that would be given to the challengers and their centurions in various quantities.

At the last minute, a new factor had been added to the configuration for Troussy-en-Cuisse, to support the most improbable challenger, Growing Hyena: the coming of the writer

*5 - product extracted from the bulb of the naffi-plant, causing the Naffi Effect.*



Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse.

She was actually his cousin's best chance. She was a secured mustang who counted months of training in the heart of the Empire, a Troussois<sup>6</sup> woman fully aware of the progress of the running conquest, as she had tried to fight it for years!

With such an asset, Aziz could stimulate his role in that competition beyond the possibilities of any other challengers.

Aziz Rassuf—a.k.a. Growing Hyena—arrived a few minutes later with his ten centurions. Rasheed had not met his cousin for a long time, and now that he was facing him, he wasn't so sure of the relevance of this choice. The poor bardard looked like a trout suddenly turned into a whale!

Anyway, it was too late to change this now ... and after all, it was an experiment. It should give precious information either way.

The base of the conquest, the indispensable steamroller of the underground initiative of the Empire was entirely under the responsibility of the Trinity agents. The contribution to both challengers would consist in modulating white management in their own personal way, within the prime goal of reducing the duration of the conquest while increasing its efficiency. The Trinity would intervene only if their actions should endanger the whole scheme.

"*Salaam Aleikum* my friends!" Rasheed Rassuf began, "First thing first, and I must insist on this, everyone here must call me 'Fennec'; some among you know my real identity, but there can be no exception! You must also refer to the other members of this cell using their nickname only. The three operatives are part of the 'Trinity'; they'll guide you and take care of the basic work on Troussy: The 'Father,' the 'Son,' and the 'Holy Spirit'. These fancy names are actually standard designation for this function; there is a similar Trinity

in every city scheduled for this operation. These three agents will keep you in charge as much as possible, but in the eventuality of a disagreement, they'll have the last word. They'll supervise your work with no influence over the designation of the winner. That decision will be made by a jury of specialists including me and my chief Mother-Hen, probably Prince Yusuf Bourid of Wonderbourg, and maybe Empress Rasheeda herself! The chosen one will become the absolute ruler of Troussy!"

The two challengers had already been informed of that, but the twenty centurions were very impressed, and it showed on their faces.

"Which doesn't mean," Rasheed continued, "that you have to fight each other! On the contrary, cooperation will be greatly rewarded by the jury. I'll give you now a complete rundown on the situation: fifteen years ago, when the Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul proclaimed the birth of the Tambi Caliphate, she initiated with it a very elaborate program for the conquest of the world. The Naffi Effect that you are experiencing since you have taken the Naffenol pills had done such a thing possible. Mother-Hen was, and still is, the mastermind behind this program. As chief of the D.I.R.E., she has created more than three hundred secret cells like this one all around the world, mostly camouflaged as offices of big companies. Each cell consists of about two hundred white female slaves called 'control agents', who are using daily the most sophisticated technologies for the sole purpose of destroying the lives of porcine pretenders. Every control agent is in charge of a western family that she has to bring down by any means necessary. The goal is considered reached when all the males in it are dead, imprisoned, kicked out of their house by their wives or made destitute, and when all the females are in a fragile situation about their money, their home, or in regard of the Law. The files put together by the control agents on these ready-to-use



porcine packs are then sold to Rasheedian bidders ... and, starting today, to you, Troussois of Maghrebin origin. They can be purchased as a whole family, or in parts for any one of its members. The ones for pretty females are usually delivered to rich Arab collectors or porcine hunters. The files for those with important executive jobs in the administration or in big companies are sent to the D.I.R.E. to be trained as spies dedicated to our cause. The rest of them are sold cut-rate to Rasheedian entrepreneurs or rich landowners who need this cheap workforce to increase their own benefits and be part of the miraculous economic expansion of the Empire of Rasheedia. Naturally, these cells don't produce so many victims that it could offer a victory fast enough to fit our new timing for world conquest, but it's essential for you to be able to count on a great number of devoted whites to accomplish our mission ... and of course, it's also quite a relish for us to put them in the hot seat ... figuratively or literally!"

The centurions laughed.

"For reasons which must be kept secret for now, we have decided to accelerate our plans for conquest, and to base them on that program. We will focus on quick local victories, though still continuing our international undermining. We have created a cell like this in each of the twenty big European cities we have selected, to treat their worthies or celebrities. The harvesting of Wonderbourg and Wonderstein taught us that once it's done, submitting the rest of the population is a cinch. For now, the files for these females with a strong character are reserved, but family packs of more self-effacing ones of the upper middle-class will be offered to both challengers—and to your centurions in a few weeks, when Phase III begins. Consider that to be a first payment for your contribution to the victory of the Rasheedian cause!"

The centurions warmly cheered this news. Still, one of

them dared ask a question:

"How will these files be useful for us to own these women?"

"They contain every detail on their life, and the life of their progeny," Rasheed replied, "their financial problems, their family conflicts, their vulnerabilities, their fears ... taking advantage of such a psychological raw material is taught in sixth grade in Rasheedian schools since the foundation of the Empire, but you are new and inexperienced, so we will help you: We have created a computer program that automatically defines a strategy and compiles a manual fit to your own profile. You'll simply need to follow it to the letter to collect your slaves. And if something should go wrong, as ill luck would have it, we have ways to fix any mistake; the control agents are assisted outside by field operatives, all equally convinced of the divine nature of Arabs, who can poison the life of a couple or vamp a man. Some are used, for example, to destroy a big company by causing the best elements of its staff to be fired, replaced by more of ours. They can denounce, testify, confirm accusations or testimonies of other slaves ... nothing resists to such a steamroller. Some agents are specialized in bugging houses of targeted families, and the most fanatic among them can even be used to eliminate the males who show to be too clever, or to abduct the females who are too antisocial to adopt this new life at our service ... but a visit of our facility will be worth a thousand words. Please follow the Trinity agents to see the rest of the place!"

The group walked behind the three operatives out to the building next to headquarters. They went upstairs and entered a gigantic room, big as the whole surface of the second floor. If the challengers or one of their centurions had been skeptical about the credibility of the organization they just joined, their last doubts would have immediately vanished at the sight of that huge area filled with hundreds of white females—the control agents of the D.I.R.E.!



They were all pregnant on different degrees, naked except for a tiara bearing their first name and their reference number. Each one of them had her little space with a desk, a computer, a seat, and a mattress. They seemed to be too deep into work to have noticed the arrival of the group, but their blushing faces were betraying the fluster they were in...

"They live here and serve day and night, so they can monitor their preys at all times, through their smartphones, the internet, or the bugs planted in their home. A control agent can cut any communication tool instantly if the conversation is putting our objective at risk, and she can request immediate intervention of our team of field operatives to close the gaps. The ones you can see here have been working since the beginning of Phase I, two months ago, and half their targets have become families in bankruptcy. Feel free to pick one of these whites at random..."

Rasheed's cousin pointed at a blonde who was obviously in her last stage of pregnancy, and the group moved closer to her workspace.

"What is your designation, sow?" Rasheed asked.

"I am control agent sophie 405, My Lord!" the young female replied with a moaning voice that was betraying her fear—and her arousal!

"Perfect! So, control agent sophie 405, give us a little demonstration!"

The blonde swallowed hard and typed quickly on the keyboard of her computer.

"This database," Rasheed specified, "is the most complete ever built on the population of Cuisse. It gathers in real time all information about a person in every system from civil services and big companies. No intelligence department in the world could dream of having such a perfected tool at their disposal. We managed to obtain these results thanks to our

unique network of informants. They are wherever important decisions are made upon people's everyday life. Using cleverly that wonderful computer network, control agent sophie 405 can fill a very detailed file, and then treat it with our group enslavement software. Show us how it goes with the porcine pack which you have in charge, blonde slut!"

The young female described how she had compiled everything that could be found about the Morneau family, her present target; the school results of Mademoiselle; the latest use of Monsieur's credit cards; the geographic location of Madame's mobile phone ... she had access to all files; civil services, physicians, employers, poll institutes...

"Look closely!" Rasheed said pointing at the computer screen, "She has to fill out a form for every individual in the family, and all questions need an answer ... some are very private! For these Morneaus, sophie 405 used a fake survey to fill the blanks; she called the members of that porcine pack one by one when they were alone in the house, and directly asked questions about their political opinions, their habits, their sexual life ... with delicate matters, she used our bank of end runs. When the form was completed, she put the data into our dedicated software, which analyzed the most exploitable weaknesses of each member of the pack, and the possible interactions with other families that we target. Then, the computer selected the best case scenario among forty standard schemes. After the validation of the whole project by a Rasheedian operative, the control agent could begin the setup of the snare. Besides direct action, like emptying bank accounts without leaving any trace, we have a wide range of subterfuges at hand, adultery, burglary, murders, which allow us to compromise durably a targeted person. If nothing works, we consider elimination by our strike team, which usually kill two birds with one stone, as we can leave clues to incriminate another target, and therefore open



new opportunities... The most common scenario to harvest females is the job scheme, as most of the families around here work for the ten biggest companies of Troussy-en-Cuisse, where we have agents in the top executive staff. We just cause the targets to be fired for totally made-up pretenses. After a month of unemployment, we offer them a job in one of the factories located in the industrial park around the Castle. Now that Phase II has begun, the overseers of our companies are able to change the rules and treat their personnel like medieval serfs. Thanks to the Naffenol pills, no rebellion is to be feared. Actually, we can already consider as slaves the whites who enter the industrial park!"

The whole group was strongly impressed by Rasheed's exposé, especially when agent sophie 405 was lapping up everything he said, and was constantly nodding with enthusiastic approbation, as if she were proud to ensnare other whites for her masters.

"And now, the rewards." Rasheed exclaimed with a satisfied smile. "We all do this for the cause, of course, but it's not a reason to deny ourselves. A very important part of our mission is about demonstrating our superiority over the anthropoid porcine species, physically, financially, socially, mentally ... so, you'll all receive a considerable amount of money, an envied house, and a starter kit for your collection of white slaves, to free you from your sexual needs and domestic chores. I'm talking to the two challengers here, you Loving Mother, and you Growing Hyena. For you centurions, as I said, you'll have to wait for Phase III, and the ten decurions each one of you will choose will only get that reward at the beginning of Phase IV ... oh yes! I've been informed that you, Loving Mother, have already used the Naffi Effect for that purpose, and have submitted the..."

Rasheed took a look in his notebook.

"Farcy de Jombruns family! So you don't need a starter kit. Instead, you'll receive a complementary file that appeals to you. But for you, Growing Hyena, who live with your mother, I think the discovery of family responsibilities will be greatly educational!"

"Whatever, Rash ... err... Fennec," Aziz replied, "I've no clue what to do with that stuff, but thanks anyway!"

Rasheed smiled and put a card in a slit of the computer. Instantly, the logo of D.I.R.E.—a hawk swooping down on a pig—replaced the panels of sophie 405.

"Well, it's a great opportunity for me to give you a little demonstration!" Rasheed said, amused. "Control agent sophie 405, download the Growing Hyena profile into your workstation."

When the young blonde had finished, Rasheed removed his access card, and the main computer for control agents popped back on screen.

"And now, put the Growing Hyena profile in the matching software."

She did it, and a few seconds later, three naked whites appeared in the biggest window.

"They are gorgeous! What do you think, Growing Hyena, do you like their bodies?"

"Babes!" Aziz exclaimed. "Especially the two younger ones... But what's the connection with me?"

"Don't you get it?" Rasheed said smiling. "This is a porcine female that fits you perfectly ... and her two daughters. They belong to you!"

"I thought we were in conquest business ... this looks more like a marriage bureau!"

Rasheed couldn't help laughing. His cousin had never been too bright!

"No, silly. They are your slaves! Blonde sow, show him the



details!”

The control agent sophie 405 made a beautiful house appear in the main window of the software.

“My Lord, this is your new home. This house can be your property, with everything in it, including the three she-pigs you just saw. If you validate this, I can confirm the choice of the computer. The title deeds for the real estate and the three females will be given to you. This is the Poularde family: Corinne Poularde and her two daughters Anaïs and Océane. Should I confirm this pack, My Lord?”

“Err ... no shit?” Aziz stuttered. “They are mine? I own the house ... and the chicks?”

“The she-pigs,” sophie 405 humbly corrected, “they are fitting your needs as described in your personal profile. Should I validate the contract?”

“Err ... but, no way I’ll marry that Corinne Poularde to get that house!... Or stuff like that!”

“Come on!” Rasheed intervened, amused, “This is not about marriage! If you like the real estate and the bodies of these whites, just say yes!”

“OK, yes, but I don’t understand...”

Control agent sophie 405 hit the “enter” key.

“And now,” Rasheed continued, “if you can wait for a minute or two...”

Not even a minute later, a magnificent red-haired female in an advanced stage of pregnancy jumped out of the elevator and ran toward the group as if her life depended on it. She couldn’t help wincing as her swollen belly and her huge breasts were rocking violently with the rush, but it didn’t temper her desire to deliver her package the quickest way. She made a big jump in the air while rotating so she could land on her knees right in front of Aziz, ending her trajectory by skidding on the carpet.

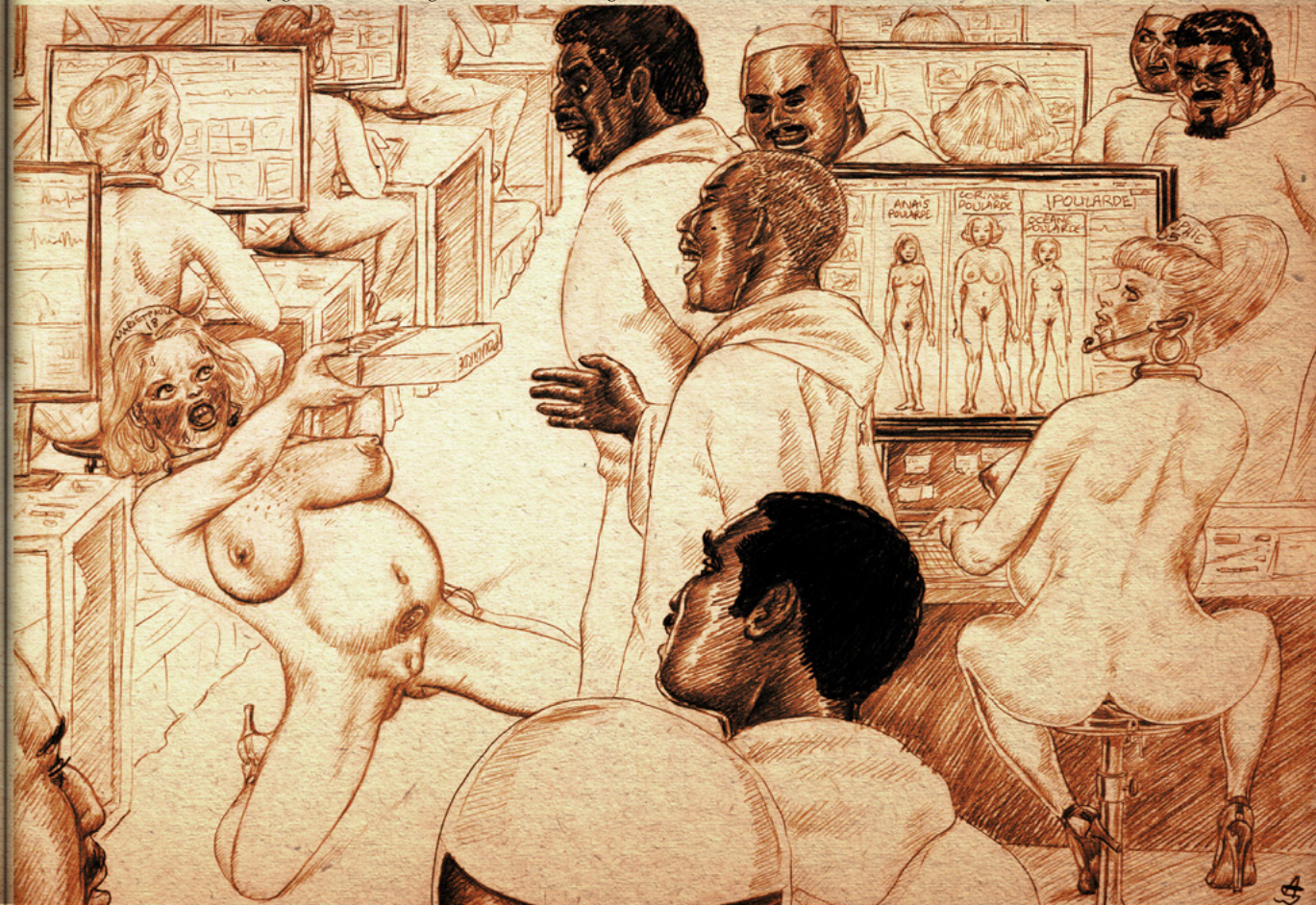
The superb red-haired female shakily held him out a box with the name “Poularde” on it.



She was keeping the pose stoically, but had to get her wind back after this exhausting race against the clock. At each breath, her swollen belly was rising, delightfully pushing her breasts apart, then moving down while the two bulky globes were rolling toward each other again.

Aziz was flabbergasted, but he froze for long seconds, fascinated by this pink flesh pulsation...

"Are you going to hang around here until she delivers her litter?" Rasheed mischievously exclaimed.



### Chapter III The manual

**R**asheed Rassuf slipped behind his cousin and opened the box for him.

“Take a look at this!” he said. “There you have the title deeds for the house, legally drawn up in your name ... there you have the keys ... and there you have the manual for your starter kit ... oh, yes ... a comfortable amount of money has also been transferred to your bank account.”

“Excellent, Fennec! I appreciate the cash and the house. Really great... Though about these three bitches, I’m not at ease with it. They know they have to do everything I want, don’t they?”

“No,” Rasheed replied, “or at least not yet. But if you follow that manual, compiled especially for you, they will very soon wait on you hand and foot!”



Aziz skimmed through the booklet, but suddenly stopped, puzzled.

"You kidding? I've to open the door with the key and tell the bitch that I'm the new owner of the house? That's it?"

A bit annoyed, Rasheed signaled to control agent sophie 405 to explain for him.

"This is step one, My Lord," she said to Aziz, "when you have performed it, you move to step two..."

Aziz picked up a page at random in the thick notebook.

"And later I must ... send the mother to prepare dinner while I walk up to her bedroom with her daughters ... total bullshit! They'll call the cops, and I'll go straight to jail, owner of the house or not!"

"Oh no, My Lord!" Sophie 405 protested. "The Poularde family has been followed with the highest care by this agent marie-paule 18, known as one of the best ensnaring profilers of the third floor. And all the profiles are checked and counter-checked by our masters of the Trinity, here presents."

"Exactly," the Holy Spirit intervened, "you can trust that manual completely. You just have to follow it to the letter, and these females will be yours. If the computer has selected them for you, it means that their psychological profiles match yours exactly, that they are in perfect health, and unable to conceive at the moment if the manual offers you to mount them through any orifice without protection. Just think of them as a handful of dogs you just bought: Indeed you have to be careful with their training in the beginning, but when it's done, they show servility and faithfulness ... you'll love it!"

"I need to be sure that they'll comply!" Aziz exclaimed, turning to the red-haired operative. "You, the bitch, gimme more details, or I'm out!"

"I wouldn't pretend to be a bitch, My Lord," control agent marie-paule 18 replied, "only a mere she-pig entirely at your

service! I'm pretty familiar with the Poularde family, on which I worked for a month. Please ask me anything, and I shall do my best to answer."

"Yeah, for example, what give to your fucking computer the idea that a mother of three will agree to submit to me just like that ... and her daughters with her? OK, that can happen, if they are hot and drool over my kind, but how can a machine know that?"

"I think, My Lord, that the computer considered the lines 654 to 1,433 of their form, that I have filled thanks to the clarifications offered by Dr H el ene Mittard, the psychologist who was in charge of Ana is and O c ane Poularde after their father had left ... and their brother with him. Like all psychologists in Troussy, Dr Mittard has been processed from the beginning of Phase I, and she is now one of our most efficient field agents, specialized in that kind of inquiry. The software may also have taken into account the information retrieved with the fake surveys I carried out on the phone."

"Yeah right," Aziz exclaimed with impatience, "but these lines with numbers? I don't see where it says that they would fancy sharing an Arab who shows up in their bedroom?"

"Oh! No, My Lord," marie-paule 18 replied, looking at the manual, "though, for example, you have here line 7,499 that says the genitrix shares the clich e with numerous western females that Muslims are totally free to have sex with women of the same family, as sisters, or a mother and her daughters, contrary to Christians... You have also line 7,532 that says she thinks Arabs often adopt abandoned women with children. You have line 8,432 that says they are all ready to accept a complete cultural change for a man who would be gentle enough to take care of them in a time of need. You have line 8,557 that says that the mother would never allow being mistreated by a too civilized-looking Arab, but also line 8,558 that says that



she would accept that from a GK-655 ruthless type of Arab. I guess that the computer has determined that you, My Lord, are from this type... You have line 1,054 that says the daughters will struggle to win the man of the house..”

“That’s enough information!” Rasheed interrupted, “Knowing too much will spoil your pleasure! Just think of them as objects which need a notice to be handled. For now, it has only failed when the user believed that he was smarter than the manual!”

“OK, Fennéc, I get it! But what about their men? These two little sluts are really hot ... must be a man or two in the hood ... they are just going to let me fuck them like that?”

“If the computer has picked them up,” Rasheed replied irritated, “it means that these males, if they exist, are probably already in the Castle ... or dead ... whatever! There are so many ways for us to deal with this! Usually, the western females are put in a difficult social situation, and the manual makes of its user a hero who saves them from misery. The powerful sexual effect of naffin, added to the gratefulness they feel because of that unexpected generosity, turn against them these ravings they have about Arabs, and they become terribly embarrassed by their past prejudice. They learn very quickly to love that society that we offer, as the slave status frees them from their guilty conscience and their sexual inhibitions. Prude females suddenly accept the idea of sharing the bed of their new man with members of their own family, imagining that belonging to a culture so completely foreign to them make these abuses normal. The Arab lord just has to play his part, and to understand its rule, he must read the manual! They always end up loving this new existence, and it often solve their family conflicts. And soon, as they see that what is happening to them makes their daily life better, contrary to what they had feared, they become very open-

minded and quickly accept the Phoenic religion...”

Rasheed turned toward the centurions and addressed to them in Arabic.

“Needless to say, during Phase II and III, our white slaves must never understand that our plan is to extirpate their race from the human species for good! As long as they believe this domination we carry is just a mild ethnic revenge which can only disappear after a few years, they submit ... of course, I’m only talking about white females that are not already converted to the Phoenic faith! You’ll be very surprised with the scope of that phenomenon of instant reversal. This is really spectacular! A religious Shazilari would say that it’s one more proof that the submission of these white porcine females to Arabs is the expression of the will of Allah, but between us, I think it’s only because they see us as the oppressed of their system, and at the same time as being a bit evil, chauvinist, ruthless, animal ... which they can easily relate to their wildest sexual fantasies. The more their society looks cruel and unfair, the more we become attractive rebels, and the more the enslaving we propose looks benign. When the Naffi Effect comes, our influence gets extreme, and they spectacularly switch to our side, accepting whatever place we give them in a new world where displeasing to a North-African can mean the loss of their employment or their home.”

“I could see by myself,” the challenger Loving Mother intervened, “how we can turn them one by one<sup>8</sup> thanks to that Naffi Effect, but I can’t picture this happening on the scale of a whole society!”

“You can already notice how things have subtly changed in your city these days,” Rasheed replied, “the natives are on a tight spot, having to work much harder than what was allowed by French laws thus far, thanks to the economic treaty signed with the Empire of Rasheedia authorizing the enforcement of

Shazilarian traditions in companies owned by Rasheedian subjects ... and the city of Troussy hosts so many of them! The native Troussois are now compelled to make a choice: they can be a part of the unpopular minority who reject the surge of Maghrebin power point-blank, or accept the fact that the wheel of fortune has turned unfavorably for them and decide that they have to make the best of it in the emerging world. The media predict every day the absolute economic pre-eminence of the Empire of Rasheedia in the years to come, but also salute the wisdom and the generosity of their North-African cousins, who don't abuse of their new power and offer a work and a home to the children of the people who used to oppress them. Of course, I like to think that there's some truth in this; after all, are we not ensuring the future of that self-destructive porcine species?"

The challengers and the centurions chuckled with relish.

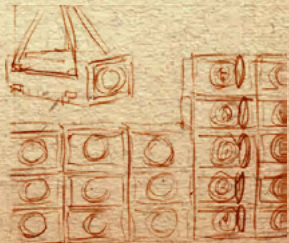
"That's brilliant!" One of them exclaimed. "So you're controlling the media too?"

"No, not yet," Rasheed replied, "but they are willingly displaying guilty condescension toward us. They see us as poor victims, whose natural weakness needs protection from their journalistic lordships ... it would be foolish not to take advantage of it! Now that the Naffin as been spread all over Troussy, the porcine beings will all feel the powerlessness induced by the Naffi Effect, and we'll use it to fully enforce the laws of the Empire in our companies. In a few days, it'll be standard for all the slaves of the industrial area to kneel and kiss the hand of their overseer at work, their landlord when paying him the rent, and all Maghrebins who are now everywhere in their existence, physicians, guards of the factory, teachers, shopkeepers... The native employees can't escape it, as all the inexpensive services offered by the companies inside the area have become unavoidable for those who live

there. The few acts of violence against Maghrebins that recently occurred have allowed us to use security guards to control everyone who enters or exits the industrial area, and it's so much simpler for the seventy percent native Troussois working here to opt for renting an apartment inside. All this is the direct result of the excellent job done by the Trinity."

They all cheered the three agents.

"I shall now present them to you," Rasheed continued. "This man is the 'Father', the first of our operatives on the ground, who is in charge of the factories of the industrial area around the Castle, and more and more little companies and shops outside of it. In a few days, the Father is going to visit all these working places in a traditional Arab outfit, and his female employees will have to lie down flat on the floor in front of him, as an exceptional courtesy. They'll comply to it, just as they complied to the kneeling last month, to avoid being fired and to appear tolerant with the traditions of foreigners who run their company. Then, they'll realize that they must also get flat on the floor in front of their overseers every day. The few fearless ones who will refuse—there are always some!—will be fired ... and probably killed later if they are not pretty enough to be used in one of the three factories of the Castle. But I can assure you that a huge majority will accept the new rules. Gradually, the white female workers will lose their rights as human beings, and you'll see that they'll be very happy to become she-pigs. One of the companies of the Father is producing the pre-built structures in PVC that we use to stock the whites—some very handy stackable hutches! Others manufac-



ture many objects designed to restrain and enslave. I must say that our whites work very hard to give us the tools we need to put their free congeners under our total control.”

Rasheed turned to the next Trinity agent.

“This man is the ‘Son’. He’s in charge of the Castle. Contrary to the industrial area that surrounds it, this is a private property, and we can do everything we want. Our economic power in Troussy makes it impossible for the police to come sneaking around here for only a few racist fanciful rumors. And anyway, inside these walls, only Rasheedian laws apply! The Son will also be in charge of the school that we’ll open this week in the Castle. It should accommodate your children and some other hand-picked young Maghrebins, and give them an education fitting our values, half of the course being dedicated to the management of the anthropoid porcine races. And finally, I present to you the third agent of the Trinity, the ‘Holy spirit’, with whom you’ll be in contact most of the time; he takes care of all the important events of the city, starting with the next local elections. But I have to go now, as I need to be in Saint-Michon this afternoon. The Holy Spirit will give you a tour of the Castle. May Allah bring you victory in the conquest of this city!”

The briefing was over. Rasheed Rassuf a.k.a. The Fennee left for the airport where he had yet a little act to play to Malik Maruk’s filly before taking off.

Once on the spot, half an hour later, he entered the plane, got out of it, then put himself on sight from the place where the decuisse was probably hiding, a bush above the opening that the Holy Spirit had made in the fence the day before, and he pretended to look around like if he had lost something.

The French custom officers arrived by chance, saving

Rasheed a lot of time, as he could now take off immediately without arousing the filly’s suspicion.

A few minutes later, he was flying toward Saint-Michon, the second city of the experiment, leaving Troussy-en-Cuisse to its fate of future capital of a province of the Rasheedian Empire...



## Chapter IV In police custody

**M**arie-Thérèse de Cuisse was brutally pushed into the police Precinct. Fortunately, she managed to keep her balance by stamping the floor for a few steps, but she instantly realized that the hard clicking of her hoofs had drawn the attention of dozens of eyes to her nude body.

The constable who followed gave her a big slap on the buttocks to make her move.

“What? You’ve never seen a slut before?” he exclaimed to the company at large. “This is only one of these crazy bitches who find trendy to play fillies for Arabs. Don’t look at her guys, that’s what she wan...”

He was interrupted by a police officer who had just entered the room.



"Oh my God! But it's... It's Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse!"

A heavy silence followed for about thirty seconds.

Marie-Thérèse had been identified. She had to seize this opportunity to pass the message, with her most authoritarian voice, that it wasn't because her body was bound that her mind was too.

"Don't just stand there! Give me something to cover me!" Marie-Thérèse exclaimed with a peremptory tone.

Alas! the tintinnabulation of her labial bell greatly diminished the effect of her imperious voice. She realized that she had moved her pelvis forward to punctuate her words, an unfortunate automatism she had acquired in Malik Maruk's farmyard! After a four-month training in the most efficient facility dedicated to the enslavement of white women in the world, it was impossible for her to avoid betraying herself with such details.

Sitting on a bench, a handcuffed thief wolf-whistled.

"You're in the right place to shake that bell, honey," he giggled, "it's filled with stallions here!"

Everyone in the hall burst in laughs, especially policemen.

Marie-Thérèse was mortified. If this stupid tramp had kept his mouth shut, she would have been treated with respect. Now, things were going to be much more difficult.

"Sorry, Madame de Cuisse," Inspecteur Touzeau muttered, trying to avoid tittering, "but you must admit that your appearance is quite comical and ... ahem ... quite hot... By the way, need I remind you that walking naked in the streets is illegal? I'll have to charge you with indecent assault."

Marie-Thérèse was fully aware that it wasn't a serious offense, but she was in a delicate situation, and she didn't want to make an enemy of that officer. She allowed him to lead her across the corridors of the precinct, trying to forget

the hand that was meeting her bare buttocks from time to time, supposedly to indicate her the way. He was obviously enjoying the situation a lot.

Alas! they crossed a North-African constable, and Marie-Thérèse couldn't help bending her knee in a curtsy and bow, realizing instantly the inappropriateness of her reaction. Inspecteur Touzeau noticed it with an evident displeasure. He pushed her without care inside the big room where was located his office.

"Can you free my hands?" Marie-Thérèse asked.

"The photographic department is closed at this hour I'm afraid, and I want to take a picture of your ... err ... your hardware. I won't remove anything until this is done."

"Can you at least offer me a blanket?" she insisted. "I'm going to catch a cold if I stay like that!"

"You should have thought of that before strolling in the street in that provocative disguise, dear Madame," he tersely replied.

He began to examine her marks and body jewelry, not even trying to hide the pleasure he was taking out of it.

"I'm sure that you're aware that I know a lot of influent people," Marie-Thérèse muttered, "it would be wise for you to treat me correctly!"

"And you, I'm sure you're aware that your threatening remark makes it even more necessary for me to take precautions. I need pictures of you in that filly garb. I can't risk a misunderstanding that might bring me down the wrath of the top brass. I have witnesses, but in a courtroom, I could have trouble describing all the obscenity of your outfit without the help of a few good pictures. With these photographs in my possession, I'm pretty sure that you won't try to embarrass me in front of my hierarchy. I don't think you want too many people to know about your galloping fantasies."



"On the contrary!" Marie-Thérèse replied, angry, "and it's not a fantasy, you dirty little... I've been abducted, branded, shaven, ringed, raped, and now, humiliated by the police!"

Inspecteur Touzeau lost his smile, stricken with a sudden worry. If all this was true, the light attitude he had shown for now could mean a lot of trouble for him!

"All right, all right," he said, making a sign to a constable in the corridor, "You'll get your blanket. Tell me all about your abduction..."

And he collected Marie-Thérèse's testimony for almost an hour, interrupting her from time to time to clarify some details... But it was more and more obvious that he didn't believe a single word of this!

"What a ridiculous story!" he concluded. "not the slightest bit plausible! Blacks riding blondes? Arabs treating them like animals? On a nationwide scale... Of course, I heard about Rasheedia, and this Phoenic religion that advocate nudity for the whites. I'm also aware of the ID tattoos that some mute women from a lost tribe have on their genitals for their own protection, just like the one you bear yourself, though mixing all this into a gigantic conspiracy against the whites ... seriously? And you tell me this is happening not only in Africa, but in the heart of Europe? In Wonderbourg... In Wonderstein... In Zylldovia ... and now here? Don't you think that we would be the first to know? As for imagining you, a woman who is notoriously a racist, treating Arabs as gods... I'm sorry, but it's just obvious that you try to make a fool of me! I'll tell you what really happened to you: You've played some sexual games for consenting adults, with someone who later decided, for some reason—an argument, or just to make you a bad joke—to abandon you alone in the streets of Troussy in that indecent outfit. You know as well as I do that

thousands of young French women disguise themselves like that nowadays. Actually, we had two of them this morning, and a whole group yesterday. Some claim to ignore that it's against the Law, though most of them are proud to parade around that way ... to promote some anti-racist cause, apparently! It's stupid, but after all they are in age to do moronic things. You, on the contrary, you have no excuse for your conduct! And now that you have been caught, you don't even assume it and would like to be seen as a victim. Why would an abductor bother to make you wear a standard Shazz outfit? To make you appear younger than you are? No, dear Madame de Cuisse, I don't believe the slightest bit of your kidnapping story! It looks like something you just made up to clear yourself ... but if it's not the case, and it's only a deception meant to increase the sales of your next book, I would advise you to let it go right now! I don't think anyone can believe such a collection of racist crap!"


Marie-Thérèse realized that it was no use trying to convince that imbecile that her story was true. Even if she should find some irrefutable points, one simple look at her outfit would suffice to destroy all credibility in his eyes.

"Well, do like you please, Inspecteur!" she replied trying to restrain her anger, "but I recommend you to get rid of your nasty attitude, and to bring me home at once ... with your apologies!"

"We'll see about that tomorrow! Tonight, you sleep in the glass house. I would have been nice if you had just told me the truth, but this nonsense ... no, I think that a night in the cage will be most profitable for you!"



## Chapter V The Poularde house

 ziz Rassuf was feeling very nervous at the idea of entering this exotic house. He knew that he was officially the owner of the place, but this present had been given to him so abruptly that his possession was still too abstract, and he couldn't help feeling like an intruder lying in wait. He had spent the afternoon after the meeting reading that damned manual with anxiety.

At times, he would bravely leave the shadow of the tree hiding him from the lights of the streetlamp and quickly walk toward the big house ... and be back even faster, earthed for five minutes in darkness.

Despite all the money in his pockets, he felt like a worthless little lout that Madame Poularde, who lived in that palace of the fashionable district, would be entitled to throw out with the help of her rolling pin. The manual required him to see that woman as a "sow", and her daughters as "piglets", all of them



being “porcine females”, whose secret goal in life was to find an Arab master ... and simultaneously, he needed to talk to them as if they were “ladies”, or “damsels”, when he was used to calling them “bitches” and “whores”.

Finally, he came to the conclusion that the worst thing that he could do was to keep on torturing himself. He emptied his mind, took a deep breath, and moved out of his hide.

He crossed the street and walked to the front door. His hand was shaking so much that he was unable to shove the key into the lock. He had no choice. If he should surrender to panic and flee, he would be seen forever as a coward by his new friends...

He ultimately succeeded in putting the key in, turned it very quickly, and opened the door without more thinking.

The house was completely dark.

Madame Poularde had given her keys to the sheriff a few days before and had sadly left with her daughters. She had come back at night through the garage kept unlocked by the compassionate officer—a Maghrebini working for the Empire—and had taken possession of the place in secret. Aziz could therefore be sure that the Poulardes were in the house, though it wasn't such a comforting thought. What if that woman owned a weapon? What if she were getting ready right now to fight desperately for her home?

He switched on the light and explored superficially the corridors and the rooms of the house. The manual was recommending, in case the mother had not chosen the courageous approach, to make himself comfortable in the lounge before going hunting for the squatters. Determined to follow the instructions to the letter, Aziz lay down on the sofa and picked up a magazine.

Half an hour later, some unusual sounds gave him confirmation that the Poulardes were hiding somewhere in

the house. His anxiety suddenly faded out. At last, he was feeling legit! These three women just became in his mind mere home intruders lying low in one of his cupboards. The manual was right!

Now, Aziz was supposed to make a fire in the grate and to put on the TV on channel 7. He had to watch boring cultural programs for one hour exactly. Although it was better than what he would have been compelled to do if the woman had been courageous enough to confront him directly from the start; one hour of television was surely preferable to two hours of taming through conversation! The manual mentioned that the viewing of this channel was increasing Aziz's standing in the eyes of his preys. During this period, Madame Poularde might pop out, which would be an excellent thing. Though, chances were that Aziz might have to take the next step in the manual, which instructed him to move quietly across the house, and be very careful not to scare the white creatures in the process.

He had started that new action for about ten minutes when he heard panting sounds coming from a cupboard on the third floor. So this was the place where his delightful preys were hiding—and they were definitely terrified by his presence!

Keeping on following the instructions, he stayed still for thirty seconds to increase tension, and then opened the doors with infinite care, avoiding any abrupt gesture.

The wom... —the porcine females, he corrected himself inwardly—were snuggling up deep in the back of the cupboard, shaking with fear in their nightgowns...

Aziz now had to follow a very precise sequence of actions. He put one hand on Corinne Poularde's head and gently rubbed her hair, giving time for the Naffi Effect to spring out.

“Don't be afraid,” he said with the nicest voice he could take, paraphrasing the manual, “I would never hurt a lady!”



Aziz could tell that Corinne Poularde was already under his spell; he could see hope in her eyes. When she stood up with her daughters, Aziz rubbed the heads of the young whites for three seconds, as recommended ... enough to trigger the Naffi Effect and bring some turmoil, but insufficient to start an orgasm. Then, he regretfully removed his hands, as he needed to give some time before he could do it again.

“Sweet girls you’ve got there, Madame!” Aziz exclaimed with a voice that clearly wasn’t his natural way of speaking.

Madame Poularde tried to smile, unable to say a word.

“What are you doing in my house, Madame?” he demanded. “Are you squatters?”

Corinne Poularde fell down on her knees and dissolved into tears.

“Oh Monsieur, it used to be our home. Bailiffs have thrown us out, but we came back secretly. We had no other place to go ... oh please Monsieur, please can you let us stay for the night? You seem to be a good man ... please ... this is a big house! We’ll be completely silent, and we’ll leave discretely in the morning...”

“Certainly, Madame Poularde, I understand. I would never throw a lady and her daughters out in the night. Moreover, you’re welcome to stay as long as you’re in need of a place!”

He was trying to refrain from ogling at the delicious curves of the nude bodies under the transparent nightgowns. He had to discipline himself for ... ten minutes! At least, that was what the manual said...

“Oh! thank you Monsieur!” Corinne Poularde exclaimed, “this is un hoped for ... you are a gentleman!”

That was exactly what she was supposed to say! Very excited, Aziz went to the next step:

“I like to think so, Madame!” he replied, pretending to be a bit ruffled by her remark, “It’s not because I’m a Maghrebin that I’ll put you out into the street. We may not be Christians, but we too have a heart.”

“Oh yes ... yes; of course...” Corinne Poularde stuttered in haste, suddenly worried, “err... I didn’t mean... I know Maghrebins are generous people. I like them ... you ... err ... a lot ... not like those nasty bailiffs who threw us out in the streets! Err ... one of them helped us ... a Maghrebin too ... and see, it’s a Maghrebin who helps us when we are desperately in need. What a lesson!”

Aziz was really annoyed by her patronizing attitude. He could easily guess all the stupid clichés about North-Africans she might have exchanged with her friends—when she still had some! Nevertheless, this was all part of the scheme, and it was definitely a sign that things were going as planned.

Yet, he couldn’t picture himself spreading the legs of the younger one thirty minutes from now, as foreseen by the manual, but he intended to follow the routine blindly.

“Because,” he continued, “usually Maghrebins wouldn’t help a lady in distress, is that it?”

As required, Aziz wasn’t pushing it too far or too soon.

“Oh! No Monsieur!” Corinne Poularde replied, in panic, “No, please forgive me, I’m so stupid... It’s my ... my social background ... but I try, believe me, I try to get rid of my prejudices ... to become a better woman... I have always told my daughters to respect people who couldn’t have the chance to have an education...”

“I don’t think we lack education so much!” Aziz interrupted, trying to hide his anger, “actually, we don’t put ladies in the street!”



"Oh! I didn't mean..." Corinne Poularde stuttered, dissolving into tears. "I didn't... I... I'm sorry Monsieur... I'm so embarrassed... I'm so..."

According to the manual, it was the perfect moment. Corinne Poularde was staring at him, her eyes all misty with tears. Aziz took her in his arms and hugged her...

When she began to show the signs of a rising orgasm, Aziz French-kissed her, like if her reaction to the Naffi Effect had been an invite ... and she responded with equal passion... That manual was diabolical!

"Shouldn't you send your daughters to bed?" Aziz enquired between two kisses.

"Yes." Corinne Poularde replied, "Girls, please go to bed! Everything will be fine now!"

The two young women obeyed to their mother reluctantly.

"Let's go down to my bedroom." Corinne Poularde said. "Anaïs and Océane wouldn't bother us there."

"I didn't have dinner," Aziz replied, "can you make me something before we go to bed?"

"Oh! yes, of course... Yes, please come to the kitchen!"

"I have a better idea, You go to the kitchen to cook me some pasta, and you come back to serve it to me, wearing an apron ... and nothing more! I want to savor my dinner watching the delightful curves of your body!"

Before she could protest, if she ever intended to, he gave her a big slap on the buttocks and pushed her into the corridor. They both walked down one floor, and Aziz opened the door to the bathroom.

"In the meantime, I'll take a shower!" Aziz said, "and then I'll wait for you in the bed ... with impatience!"

The trot of Madame Poularde down the stairs grew fainter,

then disappeared. He now had about twenty minutes to perform the next steps. The apron trick was glorious, suggesting to Madame Poularde that she could control him through her cooking skills. That compliment on her curves was also excellent, greatly reassuring for her—Arabs were known to prefer chubby women!

Aziz silently climbed the stairs to the third floor of the big house, taking a glance on the way through a little window that looked onto the kitchen below. Corinne Poularde was bustling, just as planned. Comforted, he went straight to the bedroom indicated on the map in the manual.

He slowly pushed the door, his heart pounding wildly. Océane Poularde was snuggling in her bed, staring at him like a bothered squirrel.

It was only written that he had to spread her thighs, penetrate her quickly, and call her a "piglet" if she were showing the slightest sign of protest. Aziz had trusted completely that miraculous notebook for now, but this ... it was quite a leap of faith! If she shouted, the house would instantly become a place of hysteria and chaos!

Ultimately, it was the extreme stiffness of his cock that gave him the courage of doing it. With a shaking hand, he raised the sheet covering the young woman, and lifted up her nightgown. She kept silent, though it didn't mean that she was complying, as when he grasped her legs to put them apart, she resisted.

"Spread your thighs, piglet!" Aziz whispered with firmness.

Suddenly, she relaxed completely, like if he had said a magic word ... and actually, it was probably the case! He lifted up his *djellabah* to his navel, grabbed his manhood and opened Océane's labia in order to insert his glans ... he put his hand over her mouth, and rose right above her to take a run-up.



The manual said he had to keep her silent and penetrate her in one go ... probably because she was a virgin! It wasn't the first time that Aziz was popping a cherry, but never in such an offhand manner. So, what about a young upper-class beauty he had just met a few seconds before?

There he was again! It was exactly the way of thinking proscribed by the manual! He needed to focus on the fact that she was only a porcine female; nothing more ... besides, she had surrendered to him when he had called her "piglet", hadn't she? It was what she wanted herself to be, for Allah's sake!

Pulling himself together, he looked her straight in the eyes ... and gave a big stroke with the pelvis. Océane Poularde twisted her face with surprise and pain. After a few motions back and forth from Aziz, she seemed to calm down, and he could remove the hand that was keeping her quiet.

"Silence piglet!" he said. "I'm your Master now!"

"Yes Swarm Master," Océane immediately replied, moaning with pleasure.

Her cheeks had turned scarlet, and she was showing the signs of an impending orgasm. She began to jump on her bed spasmodically.

Aziz pulled out and moved away from her. According to the manual, he had to let her go temporarily!

"Go to your mother's room, piglet! And wait for me!" he said with an overbearing voice.

"Yes Swarm Master!" she replied, trying to catch her breath back.

Aziz accompanied her toward the stairs, and walked to the second bedroom. After such a success, he found it much easier to open the door.



Like Océane, Anaïs was looking at him with worry. As recommended for this one, Aziz was quick as lightning. He pulled away her sheet swiftly and kissed her on the mouth before she could react. Then he lifted up her nightgown concurrently with his *djellabah*, and thrust his bloated cock into her tight vagina.

This one wasn't a virgin, but she had only experienced intercourse three times with her boyfriend before he would mysteriously disappear from school, supposedly gone to seek his fortune in some distant place ... or more likely become a slave in the Castle, just like the males of the Poularde family!

This unexpected departure deeply affected the young Anaïs Poularde who had scorned all the boys since. And still, they were many who wanted to date her now that she was available ... and no more a virgin!

Aziz smiled inwardly. If these poor sods could have guessed that they just had to enter her bedroom at night and to spread her legs ... and, of course, to be an Arab! Not only wasn't she protesting a bit about what Aziz was doing to her, but she was responding to his slightest touch, French-kissing him with enthusiasm!

Were all the upper-class girls of Troussy that easy to circumvent since the city air was overflowed with this wonderful pollen? If it were the case, Aziz should have to quickly pick some of them up before others might pounce on these offered goods.

He suddenly noticed the magazine on the bedside table: Shazz Magazine ... he had a lot of fun reading this as a parody in the company of Maghrebin friends, and could have sworn that such publication allegedly destined to white female teenagers was in fact only bought by North-African bachelors! He realized now that it was an activist magazine about a movement that was taken very seriously by a huge number



of young upper-class women craving for erotic adventure!

Every issue was filled with testimonies of pampered stuck-up things vaunting the supreme male qualities of a Maghrebin boyfriend whom they shared with ten, twenty, thirty other native French girls; or were telling all about the delightful thrill they got in walking naked in the company of a black man that they picked up in a street at random; or were expressing their pride to be part of a team pulling a vehicle for an old North-African immigrant ... this stuff was so unbelievable that Aziz had always been sure it was pure fiction, coming straight out of the twisted and fertile mind of some Maghrebin jokers ... he had learnt very recently that it was his cousin Rasheed who had created the Shazz movement, but he had not yet realized what it implied...

Now, the whole thing was making sense ... the piglets ... the swarm masters ... he had seen all that in this magazine. The computer software was obviously considering that the Poularde daughters were reading that stuff, and were taking it seriously!

He surfaced out of his thoughts as Anaïs Poularde was beginning to climax. As he had done with Océane, he reluctantly left the body of the young woman to its ecstatic jumps, as recommended by the wise instructions of the manual. He asked her to come with him to Corrine's bedroom, and she followed him like a good doggie pet.

Océane was waiting quietly in her mother's big bed when Aziz opened the door. She was wearing a huge smile that she instantly lost when she saw that her sister Anaïs was accompanying him.

Anaïs frowned, but kept her mouth shut. Aziz took her in his arms, carried her to the bed, and delicately put her on it. Then, he kneeled down between the two piglets, grabbed their waist, and pulled them both closer to him, before lifting

up their nightgowns.

And now, the manual was asking him to wait until he should hear the steps of Madame Poularde! All he had to do was to brush the golden down of the young vulvas with his hands, so that the two piglets could be kept in a stable orgasmic state; that way, they were too busy drooling and moaning with pleasure to even consider asking him stupid questions that he would have been unable to answer anyway.

The prospect of having to share the same man was obviously not so enjoyable for the Poularde sisters, according to their first reaction, though a few seconds had been enough time for them to get over this inconvenience.

When he had entered the house, Aziz had wondered for a while if he could be subjected to some sort of hazing, a ritual game to test his courage and his reliability; he was prepared to run away under the laughs of the agents of the Trinity. Since, he could see how serious the manual was. Though the next step was the critical one: how would Corinne Poularde react to the sight of her two darlings in bed with the man she thought was waiting for her?

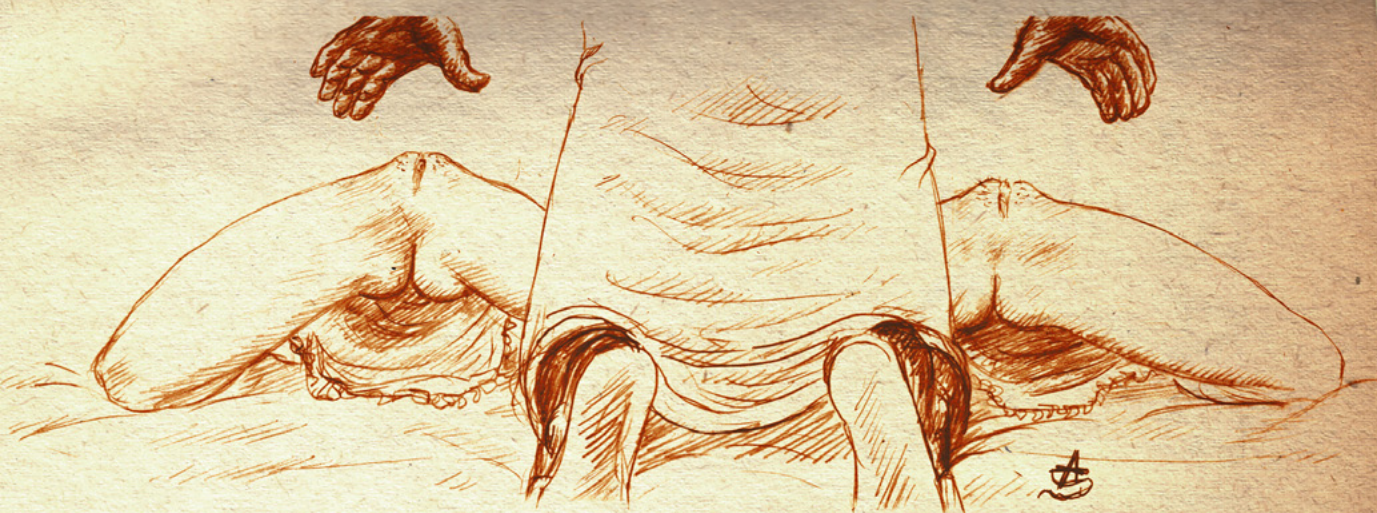
She had definitely absurd preconceived ideas, like the one about Arabs being accustomed to have sexual intercourse with their wives, their daughters, and their granddaughters conjointly ... or other nonsense of the sort; the computer was surely taking all this into account, but how could it predict her reactions after such a shock? It seemed to be a bit far-fetched.

Anyhow, Aziz wouldn't have too long a wait to find out. He could hear the sharp clicking of the heels of Corinne Poularde in the corridor.

He kneeled up on the bed in haste, facing the two girls.

"On your knees, piglets ... yes, like that. And now bend backwards without unfolding your legs ... yes ... yes ... very well ... now pull up your little asses ... higher! Higher! Try to





reach the palm of my hand with your pussies ... yes ... like that ... higher... More! More!”

The two young women were exerting themselves to obey his orders, in a very erotic position that left no doubt about neither the strength of their desire, nor the consensual nature of their submission; they were trying to catch his palms with their vulva, like poodles sitting up and begging for a sugar lump.

Aziz wondered how a computer program could have come up with such a strange act. Probably was it so extreme that it would display to Madame Poularde the submission of her daughters with a *fait accompli*, showing how vain it would be to try to hinder their attraction to him? Yes, it had to be the reason!

“Follow my hand ... up and down ... up and down.”

The sound of the door being opened created a surge of adrena-

lin in Aziz's body. That was it! The dreaded moment had come!

He began to count in silence ... one Mississippi ... two Mississippi ... but Aziz couldn't see Corinne Poularde! He had to resist looking at her, as specified by the manual. He felt a cold shiver running along his spine; was she going to fetch an axe and stick it between his shoulders? ... Or only throw at him the dish of pasta that she was supposed to bring?

One thing was certain: Aziz couldn't backtrack now. So, he kept waving his hands up and down, like if she weren't here ... and the two young vulvas were following them like if he were doing magic.

Twenty-four Mississippi ... twenty-five Mississippi ... still nothing. Madame Poularde wasn't moving an inch. She didn't even let the dish of pasta fall on the carpet! It was a very good



sign, meaning that all was going according to plan ... forty Mississippi ... that wait was killing him ... he was feeling the sweat flowing down over all his body ... fifty-five Mississippi ... at last, the longest minute of his life was coming to an end ... fifty-eight Mississippi ... fifty-nine Mississippi ... sixty!

Aziz raised his hand and, without turning around, made a sign to Corinne Poularde to join them on the bed. He was trying to make that gesture supple and nonchalant, but his hand seemed to be awfully mechanized!

The sound of the plate being placed on a wooden table broke the silence ... and suddenly, he felt hands of velvet weave their way under his *djellabah* and gently surround his chest. He couldn't help starting up, but it only increased the tender pressure of the arms around his body ... and he could feel sweet lips giving little kisses on his buttocks.

It was incredible; the manual had been right all the way! What could have made a mother choose to share her lover with her own daughters? Definitely not the prospect of staying in the house ... a well-educated woman like Corinne Poularde wouldn't have broken such a taboo just to be given room and board! No, all this could only happen because of the irresistible power of the Naffi Effect ... added to these clichés of hers about the dissolute ways of Arabs; for her, all immigrants were members of the same club of jolly good fellows ... and Aziz represented for her, according to the Poularde file, the archetypal Arab! That was the reason why she wasn't shocked too much about his attitude, as she would have been if he was a native Frenchman. A compatriot who would have acted like this would be a bad man. Aziz was only exotic ... and not one bit implying a serious relationship!

Though, despite all these factors, something was missing, and Aziz couldn't put his finger on it...

Suddenly, he understood the approach used by the com-

puter program. This woman ... this porcine female ... the thing that had won her soul after only a few minutes of reflection, it was the generation gap! Madame Poularde had just considered that her daughters were having a little Shazz party, like all the women of their age ... this fashion was unfamiliar to her, but it was everywhere in the media, in the streets, at school... If her darlings could feel sexually liberated enough to share a Maghrebin man in such a strange erotic game, why wouldn't she? She probably did some wild things herself before getting married! As she was seeing only this as a new fashion for teenagers, she had reached the conclusion that she needed to show to that providential man that she could still score!

And this made even more important the next step of the manual... Aziz turned around and carried gently the porcine female to place her between her two piglets. He grabbed her hips firmly and slid his brown organ between her plump labia. He penetrated her very easily and began a to-and-fro motion into her body with delight. Her vagina seemed to be lined with velvet, something that her daughters had clearly inherited from her, although Aziz couldn't fully taste yet, Anaïs and Océane being too tight to use that sweetness as an asset. On the contrary, their mother was taking the most of her natural smoothness by skillfully squeezing his cock with her inner muscles.

Madame Poularde was overflowed by orgasms in successive waves, for the first time in her life. She was realizing that beyond the wild party, it was her whole universe that had brutally changed, and that nothing would ever be the same for her and her daughters now that she had a taste of that Maghrebin. He was such a perfect representation of what she found so repellant in these men ... and she felt so guilty about it that she was ready to be anything that he wanted her to be.

Aziz was like a king, mounting this upper-class mom who would have given him a despicable look yesterday if she had



seen him in the street, but who was now so eager to offer herself to him, with her delightful brood on a plate.

Anais and Océane were horrified by the presence of their mother, but the thought that they would be allowed to stay in the house was enchanting them ... a house that was becoming a Shazz swarm ... they were going to make their schoolmates green with envy!

Aziz could see in their eyes the first signs of a deep affection for him. It could only grow with time and reach the total devotion described at the end of the manual.

The Rasheedians were right. Indeed, the white porcine female could be easily trained!



## Chapter VI Taking over the precinct

**M**arie-Thérèse de Cuisse didn't sleep very well that night. She didn't get the promised blanket, and the concrete bed was very uncomfortable; though, the worst of it was the constant comings and goings in front of the cell of people eyeing her with indignation, like if she were the scum of society. And as expected with men, offended looks would happen only after intent ones on some parts of her nude body!

She ultimately fell asleep for a few hours, but was woken up very early in the morning by the laughs of the detectives beginning their day at work, and later by a new batch of undesirable visitors. After a wait that felt interminable, she was led to the other wing of the precinct to be photographed. There, she had to strike all the required poses for classic police identi-



fiction files, and then some, even more degrading, to make close-up pictures on some parts of her body and show her tattoos and rings; Touzeau was definitely not taking any risk!

She was so downcast that she didn't even protest. She was brought back to the cell, where she was subjected for long hours to a permanent procession of indignant visitors...

It was almost noon when Inspecteur Touzeau came to fetch her. He led her across the corridors of the precinct, walking in front of her—contrary to the police protocol—with the obvious intention to humiliate her even more.



On the way, they passed dozens of people who all recognized her, but who didn't seem to see her as a woman in distress, only as the racist writer, fierce enemy of the Shazz movement and the Phoenic Church, now caught wearing an outfit that her opponents wouldn't have disavowed. Those who sympathized with her ideas—in high numbers in this precinct—were utterly surprised and disgusted. The others were just bursting into laugh.

They soon entered a big room where many detectives were working. Touzeau made her sit alongside his desk, to take her deposition.

Marie-Thérèse had to tell her story again while Touzeau would type it on his keyboard. It was endless, as he wanted to know every detail about her adventure; and then transcribed them very slowly in his computer.

When she mentioned her identity tattoo, the over-accommodating Inspecteur made the most of it by examining her again. He made her slide on her chair, so that she should be the closest way to a lying position, and spread her thighs. He twisted her left labium open, and pretended to have trouble reading the registering number tattooed on the inner side. He said that he had a last-minute question. He asked it while punctuating his words by teasing the chubby lip. Then came another question, and one more, while he wouldn't let go her labium for one second. He stopped his little show only when he heard the chuckling of his colleagues and realized that the huge room was filled with ten times more people than when he began the questioning.

Marie-Thérèse thought that she had reached the end of her deposition, and therefore of her ordeal, when a detective with North-African origins came to fetch the Inspecteur. She was left, naked and vulnerable, in the big room filled with males.

The North-African policeman was back about thirty minutes later. He sat in Touzeau's chair and informed Marie-Thérèse that he had to replace his colleague who needed to leave for more pressing matters. While he was reading the deposition on the computer screen, Marie-Thérèse was expecting the moment when he would examine her tattoos, and then go away, right before another of Touzeau's colleagues should take his place and start this again. But instead, the Maghrebin froze and wore an offended face.

She hung her head, full of shame...

"Behave yourself while I speak!" he shouted with a loud and overbearing voice.



Marie-Thérèse sprang up from the chair and stood at attention, tensing all her muscles. She stayed still for a few seconds, while her labial bell was finishing its rocking movement with a tinkling noise, and the detectives around were bursting in laugh.

Again the cursed conditioning to which she had been subjected at Malik Maruk's farm! She suddenly felt weak and vulnerable in front of that man. When he grabbed her chubby labia between finger and thumb and twisted it to reveal her identity tattoo, she experienced a rise in her excitement ... the Naffi Effect was triggered much faster than in Rasheedia, probably because of the strong concentration of naffi pollen in the air.

"My god," the detective suddenly exclaimed, "I didn't want to believe it! How the blazes such a nasty racist like yourself can be a Shazz adept at the point of getting tattooed with a perfect imitation of a Rasheedian identity mark? What's the catch? Promotion for your new book? A twisted spy story, I bet?"

As Marie-Thérèse overwhelmed with shame and arousal was only able to stammer pitifully, the policeman lost all patience. He stood up and pushed her out of the room, then made her move forward across the corridors, slapping her buttocks.

The brief but repeated contact of the Maghrebin detective's hand with her skin was keeping her in such a high state of arousal that she was barely aware of how misplaced these familiarities were. Actually, she couldn't even avoid moaning with pleasure and smiling beatifically! To crown it all, the taps of her boots were making as much noise as the hoofs of a horse.

She was led to the precinct entrance, where she would be the center of general attention again ... though in daylight,

this time!

What she saw, when she crossed the big double door, was far more disconcerting. The hall was filled with Maghrebin louts, all members of gangs of Trouussy's deprived suburbs!

Marie-Thérèse recognized instantly the one who seemed to be their leader, Aziz Rassuf, who had become famous in the area for his interviews on television with cars burning in the background. She had even met him during a broadcast debate; and, of course, it had been stormy! For once, the audience had turned in favor of Marie-Thérèse, as the stupid lout came to insult her in front of the cameras instead of quietly accusing her of racism, what all her opponents were accustomed to do with great success. After that, Marie-Thérèse had spent the night laughing with her friends about the pitiful performance of that moron...

By the way, what was he doing in that precinct, with so many stooges? These young Maghrebins were three times more than the unfortunate few policemen in service. It was even more puzzling, as they were all wearing *djellabahs*, instead of the regular rap artist outfits that they were usually so proud with! And they were holding a leather whip in their hand! Had they all turned into religious extremists?

"All right!" Aziz Rassuf said to the North-African detective who just interviewed Marie-Thérèse, "You are now in charge of the precinct ... discreetly, of course!"

"Yes Growing Hyena!"

"So, is that the package?" Aziz asked, pointing at Marie-Thérèse. "Hey! No way! It is de Cuisine for good!"

He walked toward Marie-Thérèse with a conquering attitude, and she lowered her eyes, terribly embarrassed. This pitiful little lout whom she had put in his place publicly looked quite different now ... more assertive, more powerful ... he was commanding respect.



She was standing still, at the mercy of her conflicted feelings ... the policemen were terrified, starting with Inspecteur Touzeau who was crouching down behind a rubber plant. Obviously, none of them was ready to take the slightest risk to protect her ... besides, the members of these gangs were all Maghrebins, and she knew too well that she could never have the upper hand with them; with the power of the Naffi Effect in the area, a single look and she would stammer ... moreover, she had sworn to herself that she would treat Arabs as gods; to go back on this oath might be very difficult ... and definitely not something she intended to do!

There was only one way: she needed to completely forget her despise for Aziz Rassuf! She couldn't scorn a man with such a huge power over her. Aziz was, like all other Arabs, a divine being, period!

She immediately felt much better. If it were in front of a living god that she was submitting, it meant that all embarrassment was vain. She swooped down on the floor and crawled in Aziz Rassuf's direction...

She knew that the policemen would now forever see her as a bitch whose master had come to fetch, but she didn't care anymore. She began to lick his slippers, trying to forget the rest of the world...

Aziz Rassuf was a god! Marie-Thérèse's last barriers had fallen, and she was now clearly perceiving the supernatural essence of the young Maghrebin. Of course, the remnants of their common past would cause her some moments of bitter humiliation, but it should eventually disappear ... in these moments of weakness, she could help herself by chanting prayers in her head to praise the divinity of her new master. The time had come for her to prove her faith in the Phoen!

And it was so good to be back on the right path, so relieving. She didn't have to run anymore, or to rack her brains,

or to even fear the supernatural revenge of Malik Maruk ... she didn't have to fight alone in the dark, as she worshiped a new god!

She laughed inwardly about the shame that she felt before she jumped at Aziz's feet. How could showing respect to a superior being be wrong? And if Aziz Rassuf had kept for her some personal grudge, it meant anyway that she deserved it! She was even grateful for the opportunity that was offered to her to redeem herself for having despised her god in front of television cameras!

She had completely forgotten the threat over her daughters' head. She was a slave again, without any control on her own existence, and it was wonderful. The only thing important now was that her new god should be proud to possess her!



Aziz was simply amazed to see such a notoriously racist woman spontaneously grovel before him like that. He had already witnessed the crazy behavior of these whites in reaction to his sexual power, but nothing to compare with this. She was acting as if he were a god, and he didn't even touch her!

But of course, he wasn't aware of the strict training that Marie-Thérèse had sustained. Progressively, day after day, month after month, Malik Maruk had brought her to accept the idea that Arabs had the ability to control her most intimate feelings.



## Chapter VII Pick-up in the van

Everything Aziz Rassuf knew about the new Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, he had learnt from the “Holy Spirit” on the phone earlier in the morning, while Madame Poularde was serving breakfast: “the famous writer would wait for him at the police precinct of East-Troussy; she would wear a strange outfit; she would not be his enemy anymore, but an obedient slave; he had to forget completely that she was a human being, and treat her only as a domestic animal with the ability to talk; he had to keep a neutral attitude so that he could define the limits of her submission at best; she would be priceless as a model for the other porcine females.”

If this piece of information had been given to him the previous day, Aziz would have burst in laugh, as this Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse was seen as the most racist person in all Troussy, but after his night with the Poulardes, he was far less skeptical.

Still, he suspected the Holy Spirit of exaggerating a bit. The sight of the blonde writer crawling nude at his feet made Aziz understand that the Trinity operative had only descri-



bed the pure and simple reality! He had no doubt that this woman could become his most devoted slave in a very short time. She was licking his babouches with such enthusiasm that he had trouble keeping an inexpressive face, as recommended by the Holy Spirit.

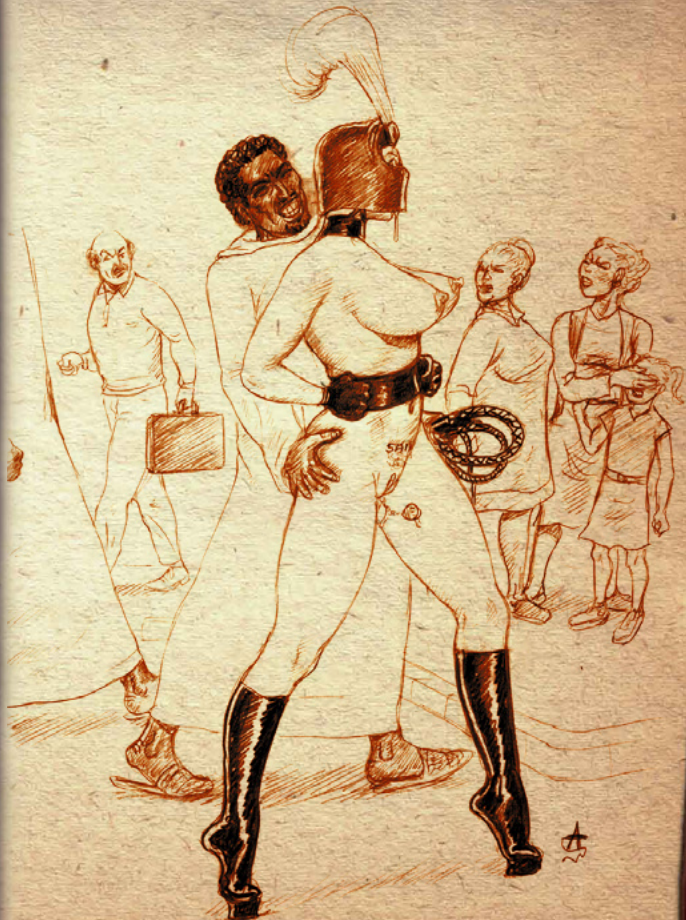
Aziz left the precinct with his men a few minutes later, in the company of Madame de Cuisse, after he had her head covered with a hood to preserve her anonymity. The blonde writer was trotting at his side like a provocative follower of the Shazz fashion being walked out by her swarm master.

Aziz was groping her muscled buttocks, fascinated by the quivering he obtained, which reminded him of a cat arching its back under a petting hand. De Cuisse didn't seem to care much about looking like the queen of smut in the eyes of the passers-by, and he was taking a lot of fun in making her jump and moan with pleasure in front of the infuriated Troussois. Their reaction would have been much worse if they could have recognized the famous writer!

Aziz was applying to the letter the strategy of the D.I.R.E. in Europe. The purpose was to tease the natives who were the most susceptible to genetic jealousy, within the boundaries of local laws, to make them lose all sense of moderation. Their opposition would then look more and more irrational, and when the time would come to fight for real, they would have no more credibility in the eyes of the rest of the population.

He pushed Madame de Cuisse into his van, and took the wheel. He started the engine and led the convoy of vehicles that was bringing his captive to the "Castle".

Ten minutes later, they were passing across the first checkpoint, at the entrance of the industrial park. This control had been imposed upon the local authorities by Maghrebin companies after the wave of racist riots that



had shaken the country. Naturally, it was the D.I.R.E. who had initiated these events, using for the attacks a few white slaves ready for the supreme sacrifice. That way, North-African people appeared as the victims of an ethnic revenge ... which was also convenient to get rid of some hard-core Muslim extremists. These checkpoints, originally intended to filter entries in the industrial park, were really handy to prevent slaves from escaping. If an Arab could cross it very quickly, the whites, systematically suspected of terrorism, had to wait for an hour or more, and were subjected to a full body search before being allowed to go in or out. As Rasheed said, it was a sledgehammer argument to encourage the employees in choosing to live in one of the housing complexes located inside.

After a two miles drive across the industrial park, they were checked again in front of the Castle. The heavy metal gates opened, and the van entered this miniature city made of about a hundred buildings and warehouses.

It was the second time that Aziz was coming here, and he was only beginning to realize the magnitude of this enterprise. The complexity of the mechanisms of power in a city like Troussy was now appearing to him, and he was both proud and a bit scared to be part of such a historic event. Happily, the Trinity agents seemed to be competent enough to take care of all the details which he would never have thought about by himself...

He stopped the vehicle in the center of the Castle, right in front of the headquarters building, a beautiful mansion where the owner of the factory had lived at the beginning of the twentieth century. In spite of all the authority that this tycoon might have got over his female workers, it was nothing compared to the power of the new owners!

Inside, Aziz met the operatives of the Trinity again, as

well as his challenger Loving Mother. This time, the agenda was about the local elections to come and Aziz had no idea what could be expected of him in that field.

"Did you take delivery of the decuisse?" The Holy Spirit asked him straight away.

"Yes," Aziz replied, "she is in the van. Should I bring her here?"

"No, leave her there for now and follow me!"

They walked out of the manor and went to the adjoining warehouse.

Inside, Aziz was in for a big surprise: hundreds of packets of campaign posters were stored here ... and Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse's face was on all of them!



"You want that racist bitch to run for Mayor?" Aziz reacted puzzled.

He grabbed a pack of flyers and began to read:

"I promise I will give back the town to the French ... err ... a bit lost, there..."

"It's official," the Holy Spirit said, showing the front page of the local paper Cuisse-Matin to him. "I got the authorization from the D.I.R.E. to use her as a candidate ... and the permis-

sion of her owner King Saïd of Wonderstein; as well as the benediction of her trainer Malik Maruk. When the conquest will be over, she'll have to go back to Saïd, but right now, she can be a major asset for us!"

"She must win, you're sure? ... What about these racists who will vote for her? They'll feel strong after that!"

"Definitely not," the Holy Spirit replied, "as once her sympathizers will have taken the city, the Naffi Effect will still be there to prevent them feeling strong. On the other hand, the immigrants will be seen by many Troussois as potential victims of the new power. The opposition will be very active, and the members of de Cuisse's party will constantly have to prove that they are not so racist to maintain order in the city. We only have to plan one or two more attacks against Maghrebins by manipulating a few hotheads, and Madame de Cuisse will have to punish the alleged assailants harder than anybody else ... in other words, all the enemies who annoy us! It should make very easy for us to put someone in prison for racist speech or behavior. The average native Troussois will soon realize that bothering a Maghrebin can bring huge problems with Justice. With the support of the Naffi Effect, I can assure you that nothing will prevent us from quickly becoming the absolute masters of the city. Also, de Cuisse is the only viable candidate that we can produce. She's seen as a racist, but not as a far-right activist... For electioneering, all the other political parties have developed an image of tolerance for the immigrants. The vote of the angry porcine, plus the vote of the various communities whom we will inform of our support, and we have a majority! We simply have to put a few cars on fire, right before the poll, to make these two groups grow and consolidate, and victory is ours. Of course, after the poll, the troubles will miraculously vanish, and her voters will believe that Marie-Thérèse

de Cuisse had dealt with the immigrant troublemakers discreetly, but firmly. We'll give a few clues here and there about some underground operations that might have been conducted, though in reality, de Cuisse will do everything that we'll order her to do, and will smother any affair we'll ask her to smother. No other candidate—under our thumb or not—can offer us that much of an advantage."

"Brilliantly twisted!" Aziz said, "I'm glad I'm on your side!"

They laughed, and then began to talk about the details of the event.

They stopped a few hours later, when Aziz's phone alarm rang out.

"I need to go!" Aziz exclaimed, "I must fetch my piglets at school. The Poularde manual says that I mustn't leave them alone with their mom ... and this, for at least two weeks!"

"I understand," the Holy Spirit replied, "these young vulvas are attractive, but they need constant care to keep them eager and lively. Actually, it's a bit like having family obligations ... relatively speaking, of course! Welcome to the club, then... I have myself about sixty piglets at home!"

Aziz was stunned. Sixty white girls devoted to his service ... and hundreds here in the Castle ... he might be feeling like a god! Hopefully, he would himself soon be in that position too, as he had been put in charge of training Troussy's elite!

Aziz left the Castle in his van and drove out of the industrial park. At the rear of the vehicle, Madame de Cuisse was kneeling, keeping perfectly still.

He parked the car near the school and looked around for the Poularde sisters. They were already out, chattering on the sidewalk with other piglets, on what seemed to be a very gripping topic. Aziz hooted his horn repeatedly to attract their attention.

When they realized that he was calling them, the two



young women rushed to the van and climbed inside, on the front seat.

“Hope you weren’t chatting about me,” Aziz said, “if our little secret should be out, I would have to throw you out of the house!”

“Oh my God!” Océane exclaimed, suddenly worried. “I didn’t know... I’m so stupid! I told to my friends that I had a lover ... and that I wasn’t a virgin anymore!”

“I spoke of my new lover too.” Anaïs intervened, “but I didn’t mention your name ... only that you were an exceptional Shazz swarm master, to make them go green with envy! Look how they try to peep through the opaque glass of the windshield!

Aziz was greatly reassured. As long as their chattering was about Shazz, it would be kept in the secret areas of the young, and the school administration would know nothing of it. The Poularde daughters had both the legal age to do whatever they pleased, though the manual was recommending extreme caution about public scandal. For now, all they did was to promote him to their schoolmates, and it wasn’t a problem. It was even opening opportunities...

Satisfied, Aziz started the van and drove home. The two piglets were so busy staring hungrily at him that they didn’t even notice the filly kneeling at the back of the vehicle...

“Remove your clothes! Aziz commanded. From now on, I want to see you naked at all times!”

The two girls hesitated for a moment, scared with the prospect of being scolded by their mother at home. They were already naked in her company on last evening, though after a whole day at school, all this seemed to be a bit unreal. They couldn’t possibly know that Aziz had taken care of that matter with Corinne Poularde in their absence. He could have informed them of it, but the manual was advising against

anything that could appear as a justification. They had to learn to obey without discussion. Once home, the two Poularde daughters would realize that their mother had no objection at all to their nudity, and would conclude that serving Aziz without thinking too much was the most sensible thing to do.

This was the first of a series of orders Aziz would have to give to the two piglets every day for two weeks. Each new command should push further away the limits of their enslavement until their submission would be absolute.

“So it’s like that?” Aziz roared, “I have to ask twice?”

They began to take off their clothes in haste, twisting their bodies on the front seat of the van. The urgency implied by Aziz’s infuriated tone of voice had created a state of panic in their minds, and they start colliding with each other in that confined space ... which was only increasing their determination.

Aziz was relished seeing these two upper-class girls exert themselves to obey him—he was so glad that he had trusted the manual!



The final struggle between Anaïs and Océane was epic, each one of them trying to be the first to get rid of her panties, and was doing everything she could to prevent her sister from achieving it.

Aziz could see their young and downy vulvas dance under his eyes, and had a very hard time repressing himself from stopping the van and mounting them one after the other!



## Chapter VIII Welcoming the de Cuisse

**E**mulation was the best tool to improve the speed of the response to his orders, and Aziz had to use it as much as possible. He honored the winner, Anaïs, with caresses on the buttocks while driving, causing varied panting and groaning in the process. Océane was sulking, and Aziz was heartbroken with not being allowed to reward this sweet piglet whom he had deflowered the previous night, but he needed to be firm in all circumstances. If he showed weakness now, Océane might probably let her sister win next time, aware that her young age and her sulky face would allow her a reward anyway. He preferred that their fight for pleasing him should intensify.

Aziz opened the garage door with the remote control, and drove the van inside before unloading his cargo. He wanted the good reputation of his new home to remain intact, and for that he had to avoid any risk from some neighbor a bit too curious



who might notice that a young Maghrebin was living at the Poularde house where he was bringing naked white women! If the conquest happened to be a failure, he would be in need of a safe place to hide.

He opened the rear doors of the van and led de Cuisse out. Anaïs and Océane responded with surprise, realizing that they had traveled with that nasty woman. A reaction that soon turned into indignation. They had recognized in Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse the strongest opponent of the Shazz movement!

Aziz made the three females enter the house. Immediately, the clicking of the high-heels of Madame Poularde could be heard. Her fast trotting reminded the sound of a woodpecker at work.

Aziz rubbed the hair of the two sisters. It was very important for now that Corinne Poularde should believe that her daughters had the time of their lives following that strange and exotic fashion, and that they'd quickly forget it when they would grow up. Thanks to the Naffi Effect caused by the contact with Aziz's hand, the faces of the two piglets were radiating happiness when their mother came into the room.

Aziz had fastened Corinne's ankles with a little chain, so that her nudity could show some elegance ... and to make impossible for her to follow her daughters too fast, and eventually witness how tough he was when he was launching a training routine on her two cupcakes! The result was quite satisfying, and the little jumps she had to do to go faster at each step were graciously enhancing the firmness of her plump shape. She had also modified her apron so that it couldn't hide her intimacies anymore, and the whole thing was very elegant.

Corinne Poularde was visibly relieved to see her daughters smile ... and in response, Anaïs and Océane were also

relieved to see their mother accept so well their state of nudity. The only weak point of the situation was the presence of Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, like a cold shower for Madame Poularde. Aziz was aware of the risk taken by bringing that unexpected factor into the training of the Poulardes, but he was following an update of his manual made by the control agents before jumping into it.

"Meet Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse," he said quickly as if he were announcing a wonderful event, "she's going to run for mayor, and I've been chosen for supervising her campaign!"

"Err ... that is great ... great news M ... err..." Corinne Poularde stuttered, suddenly reluctant to call him "Master" in front of a stranger, "I know... I know her ... she ... she lives a few houses from here ... err ... but I... I ... isn't she supposed to hate Ar ... err... Maghrebins like ... like you M ... Master?"

Aziz was relieved. The presence of Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse was delightfully teasing Corinne Poularde's jealousy.

"Yes, that's what they say!" Aziz smiled, "but it seems that she can only experience pleasure through punishment for being a naughty racist! I just have to give her what she seeks, and she asks for more ... isn't that the truth, my good white sow?"

"Yes Mighty God," de Cuisse replied, "Arabs are so ... so..."

She could only express it by moaning with pleasure. Her eyes rolled upwards and she started to drool from her major orifices.

"See?" Aziz said to Corinne Poularde, "her hate is actually a crave for sex! Originally, she had trouble accepting her passion for Arabs, and with time it became a weird fixation. She's now condemned to show both hate and submission to be happy..."

Obviously, the message was going straight through Corinne Poularde without a hitch. According to the control agents of the Castle, her own decision to accept Aziz's domination could only strengthen with the example set by de Cuisse.



To avoid herself and her daughters to become as twisted as that racist writer, she had to completely embrace the desire to submit to an Arab that she could feel growing in her.

"But ... doesn't her sickening hate hurt you politically?" Corinne Poularde enquired, "why would you support such a candidate... Master?"

"Appearances ... her wild imagination seems to be very attractive for her malevolent voters, but she'd never do anything to prejudice a Maghrebin. To tell the truth, she wants to fight racism, which is the scourge of society, and intends to protect the unfortunate immigrants from the actual rise of intolerance. Once mayor of Troussy, she'll calm things down and make all this dreadful atmosphere vanish..."

"I get it," Corinne Poularde said while her face was lighting up. "Yes, this is very good! What a great idea to catch these racists at their own game! If you want my support in anything, Master..."

"You'll help me to give her what she needs," Aziz replied. "She has agreed to represent us on the condition that we allow her to live her fantasy during the whole campaign; and I'm the one she chose among the leaders of the Shazz movement! It's not very complicated. One has just to understand that her racist talk is part of a seduction ritual. When she wishes me to mount her, she says the worst things to me!"

Aziz pressed himself against the naked body of Corinne Poularde and made Anaïs and Océane come to him, initiating a group hug ... and a chorus of moans.

"I don't want that swine in my precious swarm forever..." he said, kissing the three Poulardes alternatively, "but I need to fight racism by any means necessary. I hope you understand my position and support my cause..."

The moans of pleasure turned into purrs of pride.

"In the high spheres of the Shazz movement," Aziz conti-

nued, "we all have a special spot in the harem to keep this kind of twisted female that we don't want to leave with the chosen ones of the swarm. We call that place 'wallow' ... and I think the big toilet room in the cellar will perfectly do for the time being. Attend to this, slave corinne! Just lay a mattress down the floor!"

Aziz reviewed in his mind the extension of the manual which the control agents had given to him for the integration of de Cuisse in the Poularde program.

"All right! And now, my sweet piglets, go to your rooms, and do yourself up for me. You'll tie a nice bow in your hair with your panties, to remind me of your delightful competition in the van!"

The two young Poularde raced to the stairs, pressing each other out for the first place.

"And you, slave corinne, you will cook us a wonderful dinner, while I talk about the elections with this slut!"

"Yes Master."

Corinne turned on her heel and trotted to the kitchen as fast as she could. She seemed to find greatly inspiring the sight of her daughters fighting for being the first to climb the stairs. Aziz looked at de Cuisse.

"You bitch, you come to my office. You'll tell me everything that happened to you before you arrived in Troussy!"

For more than an hour, Aziz listened carefully to the story of Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse. He learnt all he wanted to know about Rasheedia and its fields swarming with naked white females busy working day and night for their Arab masters; about these pet servants who worshiped their Shazilarian gods so much that they would beg for being granted the honor to collect their natural products in their mouth; about Malik Maruk's farm where she had been trained to pull carriages; about how



she had to struggle for the sake of the golden stock<sup>9</sup> against other fillies from various ethnic groups or types, in all kinds of challenges; about how she became totally a part of the female population in only four months of captivity, and came progressively to consider the Arabs as divine beings...

Despite everything that the Trinity agents had said, Aziz wasn't a hundred percent sure of de Cuisse's loyalty, and he was keeping on asking questions to test her. What a disaster it would be if she should decide to betray them after the poll!

The way she was speaking of Blacks didn't leave any doubt on the liveliness of her racism. With her degenerated mind, she saw all whites as superior, and among them the blondes whom she considered higher than dark or brown-haired people; then, she superimposed another supremacy factor, blue blood, that she put above everything! In that hierarchical system she had built up for herself, it would have been logical that Arabs should be at the lowest place of the white race ... but it wasn't the case at all. She sincerely believed that Arabs were gods who walked the earth!

Aziz was stunned. She wasn't faking ... she was really into that fable! Her racism about Africans and Asians was even enhanced by her belief that they were human beings, when according to her phoenic faith, her own kind was only an evolved branch of the porcine species. She only thought that she was superior to them because once domesticated, the she-pig could rise spiritually at the contact of an Arab god, when humans would stagnate in their mediocrity!

After an hour of interrogation, Aziz had no more doubt left about Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse's sincerity...

And now that he was aware of all this, he could see the plan of the Trinity as unbeatable. Once in the position of mayor, Madame de Cuisse would launch a program to ultimately bring all her porcine fellows to work for North-

African companies in the industrial park, with a similar way of life as the ones inside the Castle. As for the prettiest females, their place was already set in the harems—the swarms, as the Shazz adepts were calling them—of the Maghrebins in the city. For the media, the lawyers, the judges, the social services, her victory would mean that North-Africans, just like any group of immigrants, would become the target of the new racist administration! Madame de Cuisse's voters would have their hands tied, under the constant surveillance of the others, the “self-righteous avengers”, who would always try to offset that apparent power by favoring the immigrants each time they would have an opportunity to do it without being noticed by the elected councilors. The intentional laxity of the municipal team would quickly appear as stupidity, and the “courageous” rebellious attitudes would spread even more as there would be nothing to fear from the authorities! This was the perfect plan for a country like France, where was worshiped egalitarianism, something everyone was striving hard to implement with condescension for the satisfaction of the ego. It was brilliant!

How could such a perfect scheme fail? Even considering big mistakes or indiscretions, rare would be the native French who would believe that a people who had changed the shape of Europe two centuries ago could be conquered by poor immigrants barely come out of the Middle Ages. It was ineluctable! The fate of these porcine beings was to serve their Arab masters, just like that blonde sow...

When he walked out of his office—actually the old office of Monsieur Poularde who, in his hutch inside the Castle, had no more use for it—Aziz was stricken with amazement at the sight of what Corinne Poularde had done to organize things. She had set the big table of the living room with a pantagruelian buffet, spending the money which he had given to her wisely, busy all day in preparations. She had pulled out for him her silver cutle-

9 - see: "Challenging the White Fillies" & "Securing the White Fillies"



ry and the china dinner service. She had lighted candles and put some background music, a sweet mix of Arabic motifs, of deeply erotic female voices and climaxing shouts—in short, Shazz tunes! She probably found them in the mp3 player of one of her daughters...

On the table were dozens of dishes, though, like Aziz had required, only one place had been set, and one chair—for the Arab master! For the porcine females, four little pink cushions had been disposed on both sides of the chair, in front of four dog bowls on which could be read the name of its owner: “corinne”, “océane”, “anaïs”, and “guest”. Aziz had asked the Poulardes in the morning if they wanted to have dinner in his company the Shazz way, or if they preferred to eat without him in the kitchen, and they all had picked the dog bowls with one voice!

Aziz nodded to Madame Poularde who jumped with joy and rang a little bell. The two piglets rushed down the stairs in a cavalcade of heel clicks. They wore the very high-heeled shoes which he had asked Corinne to buy for them. When they entered the room, Aziz noticed that something had changed: they had combed their hair very nicely and put on some makeup. They stopped in front of Aziz, with a stupid smile on the face.

Aziz invited them to kneel down on the cushions. Océane was incredibly fast, but Anaïs started to make a complete turn around, bending forward in the doing so that he should notice that the cleft of her buttocks was gleaming ... the damned piglet had oiled her anus, something she probably found in one of her Shazz magazines! And of course, to preserve the advantage, she didn't say anything to her mother and sister!

He asked her to spread her butt cheeks and showed his satisfaction at the sight of the very well-kept pink anus, before rewarding her with a tender kiss on the forehead. He had

no doubt now that, thanks to that fortunate initiative of the piglet, he would have three exemplary little orifices to inspect next time!

Aziz sat down at the table while de Cuisse, Anaïs, and Océane were eyeing him hungrily, kneeling on the cushions at his side. Corinne Poularde put a napkin in the collar of his djellabah, and stood at attention while he was digging into the various dishes of appetizers.

When he had finished, Madame Poularde pulled up a dish cover and presented to him her succulent duck à l'orange with small potatoes. She served him and, during all dinner, took care of every single detail, readjusting his napkin when it was sliding down, pouring wine in his glass so it would never be empty, offering him bread, bringing always more delicacies...

When Aziz had enough with one dish, he would throw pieces into the bowls of de Cuisse and the Poulardes, but they were forbidden to eat before he would signal for it. Corinne Poularde presented to Aziz various desserts to dig into and kneeled down on her cushion too.

While he was savoring a portion of the delicious chocolate cake, he gave them the much expected permission to eat. Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse plunged her face into the bowl filled with leftovers from Aziz's meal. Within the same period of time, the Poulardes had barely begun to readjust their knee position on the cushions to be able to bend down forward! The white filly was digging with her tongue, and was skillfully throwing the food into her mouth with flicks of the tip, helping the movement with a stroke of the head, just like a dog. It was so impressive that Aziz wondered if it were such a good idea to put that gifted filly in competition with his darling piglets ... in the presence of such an expert, wouldn't the Poulardes feel lousy, tempted to throw the towel instead of beginning to try to fill the gap? According to the control agents, it would be exactly the opposite



... and, once again, they had been right. The three Poulardes suddenly plunged head first into their bowl, keeping their hands on their hips to imitate Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse.

They were really bad at it, but Aziz couldn't help being moved by the huge efforts they were putting in. Océane was making the food fall down before she could throw it inside her mouth with her tongue. Anaïs was slightly better, but when she tried to pull the tongue harder into the bowl to match de Cuisse's performance, some food was thrown on her face, and she soon bore a piece of duck stuck along her nose. As for Corinne, she had a much smaller tongue and was throwing most of her dinner on the floor.

De Cuisse finished very quickly, leaving a perfectly clean bowl. Aziz took the jar of custard cream and moved his chair to be right in front of her. He put two fingers in the custard and brought them into her mouth. She sucked them with eagerness. This should be a feast for her, as for months she had only a kind of tasteless porridge to eat!

De Cuisse's long tongue soon came out completely to coil up around Aziz's fingers with expertise, so that not one slightest bit of cream should be left. At the same time, she was looking at him beseechingly, giving the impression that what she wanted more than anything in the world was to be able to revel through sucking in another kind of cream, and on another piece of Aziz's body.

He couldn't believe the nerve that swine had got! To crawl in front of him, to call him God, or to sway her buttocks under his eyes, that could still be pretense, but that look she was giving to him now could only be sincere ... to beg him like that for fellatio, when she had been her fiercest enemy, it definitely needed devouring ambition!

Since the first time he had seen her on television, he had felt hate for her! He remembered it very well: it was during

the promotion of her book "The New Slavery". Then, about one year after that, she appeared in a show for the release of "The Naffi Threat". Every time, de Cuisse was asked if she were considering herself as a racist, or if she were affiliated with some xenophobic movement, and every time, she was categorically denying it all; though, a bit later in the show, she would make heinous remarks, betraying her real feelings. The other guests were frowning about it, but were ultimately accepting to listen for her nonsense instead of refusing completely to talk to her.

For Aziz, who was unaware of the Rasheedian way of life at the time, the whole "white women in slavery" stuff was only a ridiculous occidental myth which he found, after all, quite amusing. The real hate came later, when de Cuisse presented her book "The Gangs of Troussy". This time, it was all his way of life that had to change because of that heinous woman! The whole city was alerted by what was inside that best-seller. The display of what was happening in their surroundings aroused the indignation of the average citizen, who started a merciless fight against the small drug dealers, the pimps, the thieves, and demanded that a special task force should be formed to take care of the problem. As a result, Aziz and his friends were harassed by the police for years. He was even arrested once and was so angry about it that he chose to become the public voice of the youth gangs in the suburbs of Troussy. He tried to gain the sympathy of the left-sided people, claiming that the members of the gangs were only the victims of unemployment, doing harmless little businesses to survive. Invited in a show at a peak viewing time on national TV, he had the misfortune to meet this damned de Cuisse who replied to him brilliantly, quick as a flash, driving him into a corner until he would lose his calm—and the debate! And it was the very same tongue that was now licking his fingers with the same energy which



it had shown to put him down in front of the whole country!

De Cuisse was definitely pulling through this too easily ... he decided that he would set the record straight with her later in the evening. Until that, the manual recommended rewarding the Poulardes for their good behavior, so he turned to Océane and rubbed her head while digging into her bowl to help her finish. The young female was looking at him with her big blue eyes while she was guzzling down the food in the palm of his hand. When she was done, she tried to imitate de Cuisse, but she was far to be that experienced. However, Aziz savored almost as much the clumsy way how her pink tongue appeared and disappeared between his fingers.

With Anaïs, he started with the removal of the piece of meat hanging along her nose and helped her finish her bowl, as he had done with Océane. The piglet's tongue didn't show much more skill than her sister's with catching the food into the palm of his hand, but her beseeching eyes, probably inspired by de Cuisse's own expression, was going straight to his heart. She was so good at it that he found himself thinking: "poor girl, who has only my hand to lick to gain some joy in life". That piglet was definitely bursting with talent ... and Aziz had to be very careful to avoid being taken in by his kindness—they were only porcine females, for *Allah's* sake!

When he had finished with Anaïs, he turned to Corinne, whose bowl was almost full, as the unfortunate woman couldn't do anything with her short tongue. Though, he found even more enjoyment in making her eat from the palm of her hand than with her daughters. It was a mother of three who was noisily rummaging about in the hollow of his hand, like a sow digging for truffles, and it was giving him the delightful impression that he was dominating her whole race!

Aziz had eaten wonderfully well, and had great fun treating these upper-class women like animals. It was definitely

what he wanted to do with his life from now on!

When Corinne had finished her bowl and her little reward of cream, Aziz made her stand up in front of him, so that he could have her plump vulva right under his eyes. He was beginning to love the idea that her race was a branch of the porcine species for real. It was amazing how her pink flesh seemed so similar to swine, and her golden down looked a lot like a pig's bristle ... he remembered hearing the Trinity agents speak about Arabs who had lost all appetite for white females when they understood that they were from porcine extraction for real. Was it what was happening to him right now? Fortunately, that impression faded very quickly, leaving the



place to the sweet feeling of power which he could experience from dominating a mother ... and from his own erection!

Anyhow, he would never snigger again when someone would hint at the porcine nature of the white female!

He plunged his thumb between her two labia and pinched her clitoris, then shook it up and down like if he were milking a cow, bringing her to an orgasm in a few seconds!

Aziz really loved that Naffi Effect, and the incredible power he had gained after taking that Naffenol pill. Corinne's face which he had seen for now as quite common was suddenly showing great beauty. Red like beetroot and twisted by pleasure, but magnificent. The orgasms were coming in waves, shaking her with spasmodic jumps.

When he let go her vivid carmine clitoris, she was out of breath, and all her body was convulsing ... suddenly dizzy, she barely succeeded in kneeling down to her cushion, though it didn't stop her from prostrating herself before him many times, with tremendous gratitude in the eyes...

Aziz had to admit that he would never have obtained such great results all by himself. Without the manual, he could only have taken advantage of the Naffi Effect once. He could also have driven them to serve him in payment for living in the house and found a way to mount them one at a time without hiding it to the others, but Corinne Poularde would have felt debased and would have ultimately protected her progeny, even if it meant losing her exceptional lover. Thanks to the manual and the talent of the control agents of the Castle, Aziz had obtained, in barely two days, two young beauties ready to fight for his pleasure, and a perfect servant, grateful and obedient.

When Phase III would begin, a few hundreds of hand-picked Maghrebin citizens of Troussy would receive presents like this from the Trinity, with the manual to take the best

out of it. It would be for the whole Cuisse area the victory of the Phoenic Revolution, the most ambitious, and the last one of all revolutions, made possible by the gathering of databases, the flawless devotion of the white female spies of the Empire, and the application of personalized psychology on a massive scale throughout computers.

Anyhow, Aziz didn't forget the powerful effect that de Cuisse's example had shown on the Poulardes during the dinner. He was already three days ahead of the manual in his schedule, and he owed it to this wicked sow. He decided that, besides the electoral campaign, he would use her as a model for the females of the Troussoise elite whom he would have to train for his "Operation Top-Crust", a very important event scheduled for tomorrow by the Holy Spirit.

But for now, Aziz wanted only to take his revenge over the de Cuisse. He would entertain himself with her body while the two piglets would punish her. He ordered the famous writer to sit down and spread her thighs widely.

She crawled as a flash across the room and jumped on the sofa.

"My good sow Corinne," Aziz commanded, "you'll cook us some delicacies for afternoon tea! As for you, my piglets, you'll help me taking care of de Cuisse. She has agreed to run for mayor to fight racists, and to work in secret for the Shazz, but as I said, her first condition was that the swarm master number one of the region should mount her on a daily basis, insult her, spit on her face, slap her... I'm not so cruel with women usually, but I accepted because she had harmed me a lot in the past. She has ridiculed me on TV and ruined years of my life. So, insult her, spit on her, slap her... I know it's much to ask, and you are free to refuse, but be sure that your help will be appreciated!"

The two young Poulardes started to purr with pride when



Aziz had mentioned that he was the swarm master number one of the region. They would have jumped into the river for him at that moment!

"It will be an honor to help you, Master," Anaïs quickly said, "and a pleasure to give a rough time to that racist filth always ready with unkind things on television about our movement!"

"Me too Master," Océane exclaimed, "if she has ruined years of your life, I'll do my best to ruin her evenings!"

"Thank you my pretty piglets! You're the pride of your race! And now raise my djellabah!"

The two young women kneeled down at Aziz's sides. They lifted up carefully the lower part of his white robe and maintained it over his waist with one hand, while they rubbed his butt cheek with the other. Thanks to this delightful support, Aziz's brown cock began to harden.

"Now, my piglets, grab it and shove it in that filthy swine!"

The Poularde daughters obeyed with infinite care ... and soon Aziz was bouncing between the writer's spread thighs with big pelvic strokes.

He couldn't help remembering their television debate ... and worse, the way she laughed at him and gave him the finger when she was walking out of the studio later with her friends;. And now that she was climaxing, all that he could feel was a huge frustration. This sow who was shaking convulsively had nothing in common with the haughty woman who had ridiculed him...

"You remember that TV debate, don't you? So, I want you to repeat what you said at the end of the show, after I called you a cheap fat whore!"

"Yes... My god..." de Cuisse replied between two gusts of orgasms.

It took her a moment before she could recall the exact words, though she soon began to repeat, between hiccups of pleasure, the terrible sentence that had so deeply marked Aziz.

"I think I can forgive... Mister Rassuf for these ... kind words... Unfortunately, he can only compare a real woman ... with the pitiful females whom he has access to ... the ones he has turned fat ... to make them stay at his feet ... those he has made vulgar and filthy ... at his contact ... those he had put at work on the street ... as cheap whores ... for his meager profit."

This little exercise had only succeeded into making Aziz angry again. It was reminding him the audience bringing the house down after her words, and the moment when he had realized that not only he had lost the debate, but also his reputation in the Maghrebin area ... on the other hand, the memory of that incident was showing great efficiency for the accomplishment of his revenge: the sow he was mounting right now, and the one who had wounded him so deeply had become the same person ... he spat on her face.

"Say that again, cheap fat whore! See how I can compare now?"

He began to slap her cheeks, softly at first, then harder and harder. The Poularde daughters were also spitting on de Cuisse and repeating the insults. Aziz had to admit that it was even better to watch them do it: it gave him the impression that, this time, an audience of white women was at last reacting properly to de Cuisse's words!

Anaïs and Océane were not acting. They were angry for real against this woman who had dared offend their swarm master! De Cuisse was taking the hard slaps with religious abnegation. Her painful face was flowing with gobs of spit, and she was resenting the despise of the two piglets from her own stock, but despite all Aziz's efforts, what hurt her the most



was the impression that she had to be cheating her god. He was obviously unaware of what a wonderful thing it was for a porcine creature to get a divine penis inside her! She felt bad about not mentioning this during her interrogation, though she would never dare telling him that now!

This was the moment that Madame Poularde chose to come in. She was shaken by what she could see and hear, but it wasn't because of the

rude things that her little cupcakes were shouting ... youth must have its fling! No, what was breaking her heart, it was the sight of another woman being honored by the new man of the house...

"Cookies anyone?"



## Chapter IX Operation Top Crust

**M**arie-Thérèse was slowly regaining consciousness on the sofa of the living room, after the epic mounting she had undergone. Aziz was upstairs with his slave family, probably entertaining himself right now with the two nasty teenagers, while their mother was watching!

A god from Rasheedia would never have allowed her to rest like that, covered with saliva and sperm, without giving her some kind of instruction—to go clean herself, for example! Aziz obviously didn't know the slightest thing about Rasheedian tradition. He had even spread his sacred semen into her porcine reproductive organ, something that might have turned into a very serious crime!

Marie-Thérèse was supposed to stay in that position and wait, but she was certain that she had been completely forgotten. It was obvious that she would be punished if she weren't clean by tomorrow morning, and that was why she chose to



take the initiative and ran a bath before going to bed in the toilets of the cellar, where Corinne Poularde might have set a mattress for her.

It wasn't easy for Marie-Thérèse to wash herself with those leather hand bags fastened to her waist, but it wasn't worse than to be mopped down with a floorcloth like in Malik Maruk's farm. Also, it might very well be the last time that she could have access to a real bathroom, as after her complete report to Aziz about the daily life of fillies in Rasheedia, she had no doubt that he would want to mimic the behavior of the subjects of the Empire.

She had chosen to tell him everything, just in case that he would be trying to test her loyalty by interrogating her about stuff he already knew. Still, she had forgotten to mention a few details, like the obligation for whites to be mounted only through the anus. The use of the reproductive organs between gods and porcine females was meant to be exceptional and done under a strict control. In the present case, there was no harm done, as she was almost one month pregnant, and so she wouldn't be executed for violation of the phoenic law about conception between divine, human and porcine beings. Yet, she was feeling guilty for leaving Aziz think that he had taken his revenge upon her. What would happen when he would learn that instead of punishing her, he had made her the greatest favor a white could get? If even that privileged status of the filly in the Phoenic ladder should still be valid after her escape!

She had allowed a god to mount her like a woman when, for Rasheedian Law, she was merely an improved she-pig!

Marie-Thérèse was terrified with the idea that she might have forgotten something else, something of paramount importance which Aziz would hear about sooner or later. It was, of course, out of the question to disclose to him highly classi-

fied information, like the slow decrease of the Naffi Effect, the strange paintings found in Shazilari caves, or what she had learnt on the political gamesmanship of Empress Rasheedia. The Aziz god wanted only to know how things worked in Malik Maruk's farm. He was eager to be told every detail about the handling of fillies, or the most efficient techniques to trick white women into absolute servility. She had even promised to make him drawings of all the restraining artifacts, the outfits, and the installations of the ethnic facility where she had lived for four months...

Once clean, Marie-Thérèse walked downstairs to the cellar and looked for the toilets. She finally found, next to the laundry, the small room where Madame Poularde had thrown a mattress for her. It was going to be very comfortable for Marie-Thérèse to sleep on a bed after her night on the concrete of her cell in the police precinct, and the long months on a tiled floor covered only with a layer of straw. The mattress, too big for the room, was folded up to pass over the pan, but Marie-Thérèse could sleep wonderfully in a fetal position on the flat part.

When she woke up in the morning, she needed at least ten seconds to surface, before being stricken with panic—she could hear steps in the corridor!

She shook her head in haste to put her hair in order and took position on all fours, her pubis facing the way in. She spread her legs until her knees were stopped by the side walls, and raised her buttocks to show respect if the door should be opened by an Arab. As she was one month pregnant, and was therefore mountable through the vulva, the Rasheedian rule was to aim the eyes of the god with the perineum, not the anus, so that he could feel fully respected, being so offered both available orifices at the same time. It was even more exhausting that way, and she knew now that Lord Aziz was unaware of the subtleties of Rasheedian etiquette, but sooner or later he would



be, and might retrospectively think that she had made use of his ignorance to ease her own life, at the cost of the proper respect she owed to a deity!

A porcine female had to display clearly at all times that her orifices could be honored; it was a fundamental. What was originally a Shazilari tradition had become even more important for the Arab gods from outside the Sacred Valley, as they had suffered the western colonization for more than a century, forced to endure the presence of these females of porcine origin who arrogantly hid their orifices to them, forbidding them any penetration in complete violation of the laws of nature ... and the rules of the Phoen!

The door opened, and Marie-Thérèse began to rock her pelvis backwards and forward, chanting the name of her new god in rhythm with her movements.

"Aziiiiiiiiz... Rassuuuuuuuf... Aziiiiiiiiz... Rassuuuuuuuf..."

"Oh! There you are!" Aziz exclaimed, obviously relieved.

The ceremony for breakfast was quite similar to dinner, though this time all three Poulardes had their anus perfectly oiled, as expected.

After that, the two little pests left for school and Marie-Thérèse had to go to the office room again. Aziz freed her hands, so that she could make sketches of outfits, intimate jewels, or other artifacts used in Rasheedia to restrain and enslave.

One of the young Maghrebins she had seen with Lord Aziz in the precinct came a few hours later in the company of three white women who were presented to her as his designing team. Marie-Thérèse had to touch up her sketches with them for batch production.

To prevail, Lord Aziz couldn't content himself with carbon copying Rasheedian culture; he had to show his capacity

to make new stuff, to impose an original style adapted to him and the Cuisse area. For example, he didn't want filly boots with "tap-dancing" hoofs, so Marie-Thérèse and the team had to design telescopic heels that could be retracted with a remote control when gallop was needed. On the contrary, the anal-plugged tail made with real hair from the filly wearing it fascinated Aziz so much that he wanted every woman of Troussy-en-Cuisse to have one soon. For the body outfit, Aziz chose the simplest belt, without a loincloth or a leather apron that would hide the vulva at rest. Marie-Thérèse also helped the designer to create an "Aziz Rassuf" logo to customize the bellies of his white slaves in the Rasheedian traditional way: a red-hot iron to stamp the general shape in the flesh, and a tattoo for the details to imprint over it after it has healed.

Marie-Thérèse was beginning to regret that she had been such a chatterbox the previous day! It was clear now that the young North-Africans of Troussy's suburbs had no knowledge neither of the situation in Rasheedia, nor of the actual development of the white slave trade. She should have passed some aspects of the life in the farm over in silence, like the animal status of the white females, the duty they had to take care of the body products of their god, or the battery-rearing of their progeny! She had made an error of judgment, and it was unfortunately too late to change her strategy now. Because of her, all this knowledge was going to be used by Lord Aziz, but without the refinement of Rasheedian tradition...

Actually, it was Aziz's impassiveness during her report that misled her. She could never be sure of what he was exactly aware. The Rasheedian Empire was clearly involved in the conquest of Troussy, but for some mysterious reason, Aziz had been kept in ignorance of some facts.

She should have told him that the use of white females under twenty was prohibited by the Empire. She could have



pretended later that she really thought it was the case. That lie might have temporarily protected her daughters ... her poor daughters whose year in boarding school was finished, and who were due to arrive at Troussy train station any time soon!

It was a terrible thing, but it was too late for regrets! She had chosen openness, and she now had to accept the consequences.

While Marie-Thérèse was working on the sketches, she could hear the Arab gods having lunch in the living room and the occasional moans of Corinne Poularde, apparently also used for entertainment. She was also the one who came into the office around noon to fill their dog bowls with the tasteless porridge that was already replacing the duck à l'orange.

The slaves of the design team, taking advantage of Aziz's absence, were using their hands to raise the dog bowl from the floor and bring the food to their mouth. Ignoring them, Marie-Thérèse dived head first into her own bowl and began to snap up the porridge voraciously. She was exaggerating her mouth noises to show that she didn't care to look like an animal. Impressed, the others let down their dog bowl one by one and imitated her, turning soon the office into a noisy pigsty.

When Madame Poularde came back, she was stunned to see them finish their lunch that way without the need for Aziz to be present. She went away to fetch a sponge and swept up the muzzles of the three designing slaves, as well as the tiles in front of them. Marie-Thérèse had, as usual, a perfectly neat face. Her dog bowl and the floor around had been impeccably licked clean.

The four women stood up and went back to work. It was only much further in the afternoon that Aziz entered the

office to check on the fruit of their creativity.

"Congrats!" he said with satisfaction, "good job! Now take what you did and follow me. We're moving to my new headquarters!"

The van stopped in front of the City Hall of Troussy-en-Cuisse. Marie-Thérèse and the designing team got out of it, wearing pink *burqas*. They formed a line behind Lord Aziz and followed him inside. It was strange for Marie-Thérèse to see through her pink veil all these ordinary people walking around in the huge corridors of the City Hall, in total ignorance of the fact that they were on the verge of being stripped from their freedom and privileges.

Even if she now considered Arabs as superior beings and was taking pride in serving them, she couldn't help feeling sad about the glorious history of the Cuisse going down the pan. It was such a pity that nobody had listened to her warnings when it was still time! Though she also realized that, without this, she would never have experienced that wonderful life at the service of an Arab god! She only hoped that, in their munificence, the new masters of the country would preserve all these architectural treasures that were now their property...

In a corridor on the upper level, the group passed Mayor René Encourageay, a man she knew for years and came to appreciate despite their political differences. The poor bastard was only a shadow of his former self. He bowed respectfully before Lord Aziz and his friends, and welcomed them into his office.

Marie-Thérèse was left to the care of two young Maghrebins and sent to the basement with the three designing slaves. The small group took the service elevator and entered the gigantic concrete cellar, a room stretched out on the whole surface area of the City Hall. The contrast with the sumptuousness of the



upper levels was complete.

A bald god whose name was Moktar ordered Marie-Thérèse and the designing team to remove the *burqas*. Her colleague, a woman in a black *niqab*, walked toward them holding some kind of pliers. Marie-Thérèse had already seen such a tool in Malik Maruk's farm, and she knew perfectly well what it was used for!

The lady in *niqab* began to drill into their nose bone, not caring two hoots about the shouts of pain it was causing. Acknowledging that Marie-Thérèse's septum had already been pierced, she slid a big brass ring directly into the skin that had closed up over the hole. It was very painful, but it wasn't what was bothering Marie-Thérèse the most; she hated these big rings that were completely filling the nostrils, forcing the slaves to breathe through their mouth at all times!

When it was done, the lady in *niqab* fastened a leather leash to her nose ring and made her perform in front of others a show of pace, trot and gallop that Marie-Thérèse had described to Aziz the day before, something that every white filly in Rasheedia had to know. The three designing slaves and the Maghrebins around were fascinated by this show, which lasted for almost an hour.

Other North-Africans, probably from the ranks of Aziz's decurons, got out of the freight elevator and began to unload tables and chairs that they placed near the sliding doors. When they had finished, they set up a series of large tin gutters that they assembled to build two parallel mangers all along the huge room, dividing it into three vast alleys.

Then, the freight elevator began to deliver in stream some PVC modules produced in one of the factories of the industrial park. The Maghrebins put these individual sarco-

phagi against the concrete walls and on the sides of the three alleys, piled up five by five, to build huge hutches for whites. In only a few hours, more than six hundred of these boxes had been set up in the basement.

They ended their installations with a series of big bulletin boards that they put near the entrance to make some sort of cloakroom, which they filled with mobile coat hangers loaded with hundreds of filly outfits. When it was over, they hid behind them and waited.

Marie-Thérèse was wondering now how Aziz and his friends would bring so many Troussaises into the City Hall and make them vanish without attracting the attention of the neighborhood.

She understood a few minutes later, when the door of the main elevator opened, and a woman entered, wearing a beautiful evening dress and a string of pearls. Of course! It was a perfect plan! They just gave a reception for the elections, and the top crust of the city had come to support the current mayor... Aziz only had to make the guests disappear one by one. He had probably tampered with the elevator buttons, which were sending people directly to the basement when they only wanted to leave the reception.

All the high society of Trouussy-en-Cuisse was there to support the Mayor for the elections. Aziz and his men could make them all disappear progressively without anyone else noticing it.

The Maghrebins suddenly sprang out from behind the bulletin board and seized their first victim, a reporter of Trouussy Matin. The unfortunate woman was totally surprised. A metal bit was forced into her mouth, while the lady in *niqab* was stripping her from her evening dress, her underwear, and her pearls, putting all that booty on a table in the cloakroom.



Four young Maghrebins were keeping a firm grip on the reporter, whose attempts to free herself looked like a frantic dance, involuntary erotic. Even that was part of the plan, as Moktar was recording the whole scene. If all their victims should struggle in such a telegenic way, he would probably be able to sell a few sequences to his favorite TV show, "Porcine Bloopers", on encrypted channel Rasheedia 4.

Marie-Thérèse was feeling sympathetic to her fellow Troussouises, but the sooner the occidental filter that was obscuring their brain would be rooted out, the quicker they would realize how important it had become to show clearly to the Arab deities that the white race could, once properly domesticated, offer them an impeccable service and a pleasure worth their divine status.



## Chapter X

### The election campaign

The reporter in filly outfit was led away behind a second assembly of bulletin boards. A new group of men seized her and kept her still while a woman in *niqab* shoved pliers into her nostrils to perforate her nasal septum. Another one was taking care of her vulva, piercing into one of the labia to insert a small ring with a bell attached. After that, the poor woman was pushed into her cramped housing.

The sliding doors opened again, and a couple in full evening dress entered. The woman got exactly the same treatment as the reporter, while the man was thrown in his hutch as is. In a few minutes, the elevator started to chuck out an increasing number of people, and the Maghrebins had to speed up their work rate.

Six hours later, deep into the night, all the worthies of Troussy-en-Cuisse were in the basement. The domestication could begin...

Marie-Thérèse was the last one to be put in her housing. Fortunately, her spot was located on the second level of the



hutch, which meant that she didn't have to crawl on the concrete floor or be carried up to enter her new home.

Inside, it was long enough to allow a tall woman to lie in, but not high enough to be comfortable. However, she could manage to turn upside-down to get flat on her stomach, using her hips and shoulders, to be able to see what was happening in the huge room through the thick glass of the window.



Lord Aziz had finally come to visit them. He was now walking satisfied along the hutches of the females. He would sometimes get closer to a housing and would bend forward to take a better look at the identity card of the captive. Then he would raise his head to gaze at her face with a big smile ... or a snigger of contempt!

Most of the women were screaming and knocking at their glass window with their forehead, but it was no use, as the hutches were totally soundproof. They were all calming down very quickly when Aziz was passing at close range of their housing, terrified by this man who was powerful enough to challenge so violently the worthies of the city. However, one of them dared to take a rebellious attitude when Aziz was looking at her. She spat on the thick glass with contempt.

Aziz opened the window and brutally pulled the woman

by the hair. The unfortunate creature tumbled down from her fifth level and hit the floor pretty badly—Aziz had not even tried to cushion her fall!

He fastened a leash to her collar and walked her across the basement on all fours like a little bitch, whipping harshly her buttocks when she was showing some sign of resistance. After a few minutes of this treatment, she began to beg for mercy.

Marie-Thérèse had recognized her immediately; she was Pétronille Encourageay de Porchefassons, the Mayor's wife. The unfortunate woman who already had to marry a wealthy upstart ugly and much older than her to save herself from a financial disaster and keep the Porchefassons Manor in the family. And now, she had been hurled into a world where the notion of blue blood was meaningless, except perhaps for a handful of Rasheedian connoisseurs eager to own a rare item of the European nobility in their collection of slaves.

About that, Marie-Thérèse was beginning to wonder if her aristocratic status could become a trump card in that new world, something that could gain value, like art. Her living God Malik Maruk was dreaming of owning real princesses of the royal families of Europe and was toying with the idea of battery-rearing whole breeds of whites with prestigious pedigrees. If an important Rasheedian like him could have such a pet craze, it meant that it was possible to open a market that would turn the porcine females with a high lineage as herself into masterpieces to collect...

It could be an excellent way for her to climb much faster the Phoenic social ladder! This was definitely a great opportunity that she had to seize. She held the rank of a duchess in a family from the Napoleonic aristocracy, and she had already experienced Rasheedian culture. And the more she was thinking of it, the more she was certain that she could easily bring all the captives with a particle in their name to surpass them-



selves and prove to the Arab gods that they were better than the average white slave. Marie-Thérèse could be a pioneer in that matter, training women from the nobility to be the new elite, the same way she wanted to do with blondes in the yard. What was just a craze for wise collectors might become a deluxe market that could fascinate the gods. She had the opportunity of turning an ethnic disaster into a rebirth, and she had no right to let it slip.

Properly guided, the aristocratic of the porcine species could quickly develop a class consciousness based on absolute worship, blind obedience and limitless self-denial. Once these values integrated, it would be a pushover for them to become prettier, to show themselves more refined, more groveling, more twisted in the art of giving pleasure to men. Marie-Thérèse remembered how Malik Maruk was defining his dear royal princesses as being at the top of the European hierarchy, much closer to their porcine origins than anyone else. In fact, it was very reassuring for a Rasheedian to see things that way...

To be in full agreement with the Phoen, Marie-Thérèse needed to turn the aristocratic blondes into a caste of super-sluts, whose behavior would show instantly their porcine origins. They would become, in no time, the absolute must for a major Rasheedian pigsty. She found the prospect of creating an elite corps established on nobility extremely exciting, much more than her all mapped out future as the mayor of Troussy-en-Cuisse.

When Aziz Rassuf came back after a big tour of the basement, Pétronille de Porchefassons was still walking on all fours at the end of a leash, but she was now waddling like a model Shazilarian pet, swaying her buttocks covered with bruises in the most enticing way, under the eyes of six hundred stupefied Troussois and Troussois.

After a good night sleep, much longer than the ones she was accustomed to get at Malik Maruk's farm, Marie-Thérèse was pulled out of her hutch. Naked white women under the leadership of a huge Arab lady in *niqab* began to remove her filly outfit and take her body in hand. She was washed, manicured, combed, perfumed, and covered with makeup; then, she was dressed up with a classic Chanel suit, adorned with a Hermès scarf, a string of pearls, fair silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes.

When she was ready, she was brought to the elevator and led to a richly furnished room on the second floor. Aziz was standing there in the company of a man who was—she would learn later—a D.I.R.E. operative called the “Holy Spirit”.

Aziz seemed to be very satisfied with the way she looked.

“Yesterday, you told me that Arabs were gods, didn't you?” He said, “Does it mean you will do anything I want?”

“Yes, Mighty God!” Marie-Thérèse replied, “me balky sow, at service of Mighty Lord Aziz!”

“Enough with politeness,” the Holy Spirit interrupted, “you must now speak like an average wild white. We have a very important assignment for you, maybe even a vital one ... and this is why you have to disguise yourself as one of these conceited sows who have not yet accepted their new place in society.”

Marie-Thérèse tried to reply to him without using any “sluttish”, the language of the white slaves in Rasheedia, but it was very difficult to pass instantly over months of conditioning.

“Yes Migh... Sir,” she stammered, “sor ... sorry Sir ... it will not be easy at first, but I think I can manage!”

“Good!” Aziz exclaimed, “if it works, and you become the mayor of Troussy, I'll offer my protection to your daughters; I'll make sure that they aren't deflowered until you decide



otherwise. Moreover, as the Mayor, you'll be given a special status ... except, of course, early in the morning, in the evening, and in the night. The rest of the time, you will have an exciting life, dressed as you are now, acting as the mayor in public ... and very close to an Arab master. How cool is that?"

"Oh yes, thank you Might... Sir! I appreciate your generosity, especially for my daughters. It's a great relief for me to know that they won't be initiated prematurely, or in a rush. Though Sir, such a reward was not needed. I would have accepted this assignment of trust anyway because I have faith in our cause. I believe that when Rasheedians will hold the reins of the world, Earth will become a paradise. My best reward will be that I would have proven to you again that my breed, the golden porcine females of the nobility, is more devoted to our Arab gods than any other one. Once properly trained, the whites from my stock always see as a huge honor to be allowed to live close to these supernatural beings as domesticated animals. For all of us, the satisfaction of the divine species is a cause worth dying for."

Aziz Rassuf put his hands on Marie-Thérèse's head and gently rubbed her hair.

"Eh!" Aziz exclaimed, amazed, "I had no idea you were getting such a kick out of us!"

Yet, after a few seconds, Aziz pulled his hand away and began to stare at her suspiciously.

"You told me that you left Rasheedia for the sake of your daughters! Why did you do all this, then?"

"Believe me, Sir, I deeply regret that impulsive reaction! Maternal instinct is very powerful and can lead to act irrationally... I realized soon that I lacked good judgment in the matter, but it was already too late. It's obvious for me now that my daughters must learn to live in the new world as quickly as possible and, for that, they need to fit the re-

quirements of our Arab gods, not the fantasies of their foolish mother!"

"All right! No problem! But, surely you want something for yourself?"

"Oh! Sir," Marie-Thérèse protested, "I'm sorry if I gave you a wrong impression. Allowing me to be with my daughters is a wonderful gift, which I gratefully accept! If I am here to guide them during their Revelation, they'll have better chances to gain a good position in the Phoenic Ladder later. I wish so much that I could be the one to teach them how to be groveling and devout in their relationships with the gods, I would be much honored if I were allowed to prepare them for your own personal pleasure, Sir."

"Err... OK," Aziz exclaimed with amazement. "Gladly, Madame de Cuisine..."

Aziz suddenly realized that the Holy Spirit was shooting a dark look at him, and immediately changed his attitude.

"On ... on the condition..." he added, "that they ... fit my requirements for piglets... I don't want to soil myself at the touch of non-trainable porcine females! You must understand that all my whites must ... must become addicted to all my little needs. For ... for example, if I want to ... ahem ... do my ... my needs in their mouth ... you told me that was in fashion in Rasheedia! If ... if you teach your daughters to do this ... and that you ... ahem ... give them the lead... I... I would consent to their ... honoring..."

Marie-Thérèse was stricken with panic at the thought she had caused Aziz such an embarrassment. Apparently, what she had told him the previous day about Rasheedians relieving themselves in the mouths of their white slaves had released his imagination. He wanted now to experience that thing and didn't know how to ask without looking like a pervert!

The prospect of her little angels being used in such a way



was absolutely disgusting, but in the world to come, they wouldn't be able to avoid such obligations. And anyway, they would soon welcome such attention, if only to show to others what they could do for an Arab god. What Marie-Thérèse wanted was the possibility for them to live less debasing experiences before going to that!

And for that now, she would have to relieve Aziz of that itching she caused!

"I'm sure that my daughters will see it as an honor, sir," she said, "and if they don't please you, I'll be the first to approve if you want to get rid of them—I would disown them myself! I was only thinking that it could be interesting if they should be presented to you after I gave them a proper education. I would love to teach them all I know about the best ways to bring to an Arab god all the pleasure he deserves. Taking care of your holy products isn't the hardest thing to perform, but it can raise some permanent psychological barriers in a beginner, and that's probably why this practice is strictly forbidden to non-native porcine females in Rasheedia. Though with a proper training, I can lead them to love doing this ... among many other things! I can even teach them to do it with a 'plus', in my own personal style ... a highly valued one, you know?"

"Y ... yes ... of ... of course," Aziz stuttered, all sweaty, "I'm sure you ... err ... these kinds of ... things are perfectly nat ... natural for porcine females, ar ... aren't they? I'm so sorry to ... to learn that it's forbidden in Rasheedia... Allah be praised, we're in France then ... and you said your style at ... at it was highly valued? I... I'd like... I'd ... you ... you have to show ... gulp ... to show me how good you are at ... at... It..."

Marie-Thérèse was scared now. Aziz was so obsessed with this that he could barely speak! He was getting fast into

deeper waters and would very quickly hold that against her ... as soon as he would realize how ordinary that practice was in Rasheedia! She had to avoid at all costs that he should link in his mind the sight of her face with a horrible embarrassment that he would never forget in her presence. She had to say something reassuring—and fast!

"Oh my God! Your Divinity has some need for me to take care?" She asked. "Oh please, do me that honor! Please ... this would be the best reward ever for the accomplishment of my holy assignment. Not only is this a great honor for a white, but it's also for me the ... relationship that I prefer to share with an Arab god... It is a common characteristic of my breed, the goldens from the nobility, to love sharing such a ... such an intimate act ... with a god... It allows us to brush your relishing soul and ... and it can even bring us sometimes to a mystical revelation!"

Marie-Thérèse was on the verge of an orgasm. Her words, intended to calm down Aziz, had caused her that unexpected



reaction. She was still finding that thing disgusting, but it was so deeply associated in her mind to the delightful intimacy she had shared with Malik Maruk, that she was also tremendously aroused. She had come to cherish these infamous moments!

This thought triggered in her body a very powerful orgasm. Half-conscious, she saw Aziz sigh with relief.

"Wow! I'll offer you that great reward tonight! And I'm relying on you to convince all these beautiful Troussaises who live in the basement that it's that way that they'll have their mystical revelation!"

The "Holy Spirit", who had witnessed all the scene, seemed to be completely puzzled by what had just happened. As a Rasheedian, he couldn't possibly imagine why Aziz was making such a fuss about something so ordinary.

"We have to write down this interview now," he said with impatience, "and to prepare her first meeting. Keep in mind that this is tonight! We can't waste our time changing the panties of that female every ten minutes!"

"Sorry, you're right!"

Aziz regained his self-control and turned to Marie-Thérèse.

"Be ready to talk to the media without showing any outer sign of submission, even if there is a North-African reporter present. Actually, there will be one: the one who represents us. You must choose him last, so that he could ask the right questions omitted by the others. You have one hour to know our list of answers by heart!"

Aziz held out a piece of paper to her.

"It's overloaded with racist bullshit," he continued, "and it'll piss off the reporters; but that's the point! The Arab one will pretend that he's offended, so you must lay it on thick to create trouble, personal attacks and the whole shebang.

With him, you can go right ahead. He knows what you are, so he won't feel insulted."

"But," Marie-Thérèse reacted, "I don't think that I'm capable of uttering something that may offend the gods. The press, and the audience of the meeting, they will realize that I'm not sincere!"

"Then don't say anything on Arabs!" Aziz exclaimed with a smile, "you can speak badly about Blacks, Asians, Gypsies ... whatever. Do you like Blacks?"

"No, My Lord!"

"There you are! When you talk about unwanted people to kick out, think of Blacks. Don't specify ... just don't mention them precisely. Or, even better, speak of your fellow porcine creatures ... not the good ones like you, who know their place in society; I mean the other ones, those who resist to us. If you think it over, they may be natives here, but they are definitely asylum seekers in the world of justice we try to build. We want them under our heel ... or out! You just have to think of them when you talk about immigrants. And on the contrary, when you speak of good citizens who must be protected and favored in the country, think of us, and the porcine females of your breed who have respect for us; the ones with education and wisdom, like yourself."

"Yes My Lord, I get it! I won't clearly mention any ethnic group, and everyone will suppose that I speak for him against his enemies! Yes, I can manage that..."

"During the meeting tonight," Aziz continued, "it'll be more difficult than in front of those who can't bear you, like the media. You'll face some racists who will be sure that you're one of them, and who may have something to ask that we didn't predict. You must force yourself to think that if they're fed up with everything, it's because they're frustrated of not being slaves to Arabs fast enough. It'll give you some energy! Pretend



that you can't hear questions on Rasheedia or naffies that refer to your infamous books. Stick to the spirit of the list of answers that we have prepared. You have about one hour to know it by heart."

Two hours later, Marie-Thérèse was on board the limousine, heading for her house to give a press conference.

It was quite strange to be back home after what had happened to her these last months. She wondered if she would meet one of her two ex-husbands. Michel had the key, and her permission to stay there in her absence. And he was supposed to fetch the girls later at the train! As for Childeric, he was officially co-owner of the house. How could any of them have allowed Aziz to establish the campaign headquarters in there? Something was definitely not right about this!

The limo entered the upper-class area of the city and went past the Poularde house, Aziz's new home. About a hundred yards after, the vehicle stopped in front of Marie-Thérèse's mansion.

Kareem, her North-African liveried chauffeur, rushed to the other side of the car to open her door. And when she took the central alley bordered with sympathizers, he followed her like a good doggy. Marie-Thérèse felt bad to be obeyed by this Arab god, all the more so because his apparent submission seemed to go much further than the usual chauffeur service!

She realized the usefulness of that masquerade only when she noticed the pride of her supporters at the sight of their candidate commanding strict obedience to a Maghrebin. In the actual climate of Troussy, with the air saturated with naffi spores turning all those who had not ingested Naffenol into weak and timorous individuals, the dominant behavior of Marie-Thérèse was giving her the image of a woman with an iron will.

She noticed the North-African reporter whom Aziz had

mentioned earlier, and restrained herself at the last second from jumping down flat on her stomach before him.

An unknown woman welcomed her into her own house. It soon appeared that her name was Christine Bellefay-Sardentes, and that she was her campaign manager. She was on the staff of "*Lex Planitia*", an agency of elite lawyers and press attachés located in the Principality of Wonderbourg, and entirely dedicated to the underground conquest of the world by the Empire of Rasheedia.

Some old friends of Marie-Thérèse, famous for being repeatedly sentenced for saying racist things in public, were surrounding the assembly of reporters in the living room. They had been asked by mail to come here to support her in this election adventure, and were all present, each one of them thinking that he had been invited by her personally. To comfort them in that idea, she gave them all a warm thank-you for coming, and began her press conference.

One hour later, Marie-Thérèse had convinced her friends that she was determined to win the election ... and the reporters that she was even more racist than the candidate of the far right!

She went out of the house and climbed into the limo with Christine Bellefay-Sardentes, while Kareem was holding the door for her. Then, the Maghrebin chauffeur walked around the vehicle and sat in the front.

As soon as the opaque glass windows were closed, the driver's seat was hurled to the rear. Kareem got out of it and settled himself near Marie-Thérèse, while Christine Bellefay-Sardentes was replacing him at the wheel.

The limousine headed toward the convention center of Troussy-en-Cuisse, where the political meeting would take place. Marie-Thérèse kneeled down and lifted up her skirt to display her intimacies to Kareem, in accordance with the



Rasheedian etiquette. Then, she listened religiously to his last-minute instructions.

When the limousine arrived near the gigantic building, it had to make its way through a huge crowd of sympathizers.

This was a brand-new experience for Marie-Thérèse, as she was accustomed to abuse and insults. How ironic! It was now that she had secretly become a worshiper of Arab gods that she was given a triumph!

The limo stopped in front of the stage entrance, and Kareem took back his place at the wheel, before going out to open the door to the candidate and her campaign manager. Marie-Thérèse got out and forced her way through the ocean of supporters cheering her. A few minutes later, she walked into the huge theater of the convention center.

And in that gigantic place, Marie-Thérèse gave a memorable performance that lifted the spirits of the crowd. Just as the Holy Spirit has predicted, every time she would mention the “undesirables”, her audience would roar with approbation. Not one of those ignorant porcine animals here could have ever suspected that she was alluding to them!

Ultimately, all the supporters heard what they wanted to hear, understanding the vagueness in the words of their candidate as means to avoid a lawsuit and a stir in the media, the meeting being fully broadcast on cable television.

The high point was the testimony of her chauffeur Kareem. As carefully planned, she asked him whether she was the goddamn racist depicted by her opponents, and he replied that she had offered him this well-paid job, and that she was trusting him entirely with it, something that would never have been possible if she was such a racist person. Kareem could then show a piece of his great acting talent by taking a submissive attitude to proclaim that he was himself going to vote for her, and that he had no doubt that she would

become the next mayor of Troussy. He added that he was grateful to “Madame la Duchesse” for her will to put in their place the vermin who, contrary to him, thought they could live in this country without paying the minimum respect to its gentle citizens.

Marie-Thérèse congratulated him for his speech and portrayed him as a model employee whom she could call night and day when she needed anything. He thanked “Madame la Duchesse” for her generosity and walked away bowing toward the audience with deference.

It was a triumph! Marie-Thérèse knew that she had won the racist votes that evening.

She would later learn that she had also earned the trust of the Maghrebin electors who had heard about the conquest in progress. They had all watched the live broadcast, mostly focusing on Kareem, always on the screen, playing his little games, applauding with enthusiasm. They knew that the smile on his lips could only be ironic coming from someone whose hate for French women was famous in the whole North-African area of Troussy’s suburb! Kareem was especially cheering Marie-Thérèse when she was using insulting words against her enemies, making clear to any aware television viewer that she was in fact speaking of the porcine individuals who were refusing their new status. His own contribution to the show had made thousands of North-Africans laugh.

After the meeting, Kareem also had a big success with the reporters, who kept asking him for details about how “Madame la Duchesse” was so good with him. He fulfilled their wishes far beyond their expectancies, taking submissive poses while proclaiming that he loved to be at her service. This would be on the eight o’clock news the next day, and the reporters would crow over the lousy trick they had played to the racist candidate, thinking that they would have helped revealing her real inten-



tions. Actually, they were only going to strengthen the will of her electors, the inhabitants of Troussy resenting badly the feeling of inferiority that they were getting lately when faced with some Maghrebins; a feeling that could only grow till the polling day. They would then vote for the only candidate they would see as capable of doing something about it. Of course, it was the presence of naffin in their endocrine system that was making them feel inferior to Naffenol takers. The Naffi Effect, which provided a huge erotic power over individuals of the opposite sex, would also give to people of same sex a very strong sensation of weakness.

But what Marie-Thérèse found the most efficient in their performance happened when she left, at the exit of the convention center. After she had pushed her chauffeur forward because he was walking too slowly to the limo, she yelled at him because he wasn't opening the door fast enough. The sight of Kareem apologizing profusely with an attitude of conspicuous docility, in reaction to what was evidently the bad mood of Marie-Thérèse, definitely convinced the hundreds of thousands of frustrated people who were watching their television set that evening that they had found at last a candidate worth fighting for!

When the last door of the limousine was shut, Marie-Thérèse got rid of her clothes and waited on all fours that Kareem should swap places again with Christine Bellefay-Sardentes. And, as the vehicle was moving through the enthusiastic crowd, she unbuttoned Kareem's trousers with her teeth and her tongue. After a few strokes of the crop between the thighs, she was put back in her place instantly, to her rightful position of a female of the porcine species facing a living god.

Lulled by the roar of that crowd that was chanting her name, Marie-Thérèse began to suck the cock of her "servile"

chauffeur with worship in the eyes.

The reporters couldn't follow the limousine, as Christine Bellefay-Sardentes was an elite driver, and no one could make a link between the vehicle that took away Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, and the one which dropped in front of the City Hall an Arab in traditional gown and two women in pink *burqa*. Inquisitive neighbors could see nothing more than what had recently become a customary show: the arrival of some "good friends" of Mayor Encouragey!

Once in the east wing of the building, completely closed to the public since the previous day, Marie-Thérèse took away her *burqa* and put back her filly outfit. The big brass ring was thrust into her nasal septum, and her hands were encased in their little leather bags, to fasten them on the sides of her belt. When Marie-Thérèse was ready, she was pushed into the service elevator and sent down to the basement.

In the gigantic room, she discovered an astounding spectacle. About five hundred women disposed in a line in front of their hutches were swaying their backside up and down in a very uncomfortable position. Their back on the floor, their legs widely spread, folded so that their knees should be the highest part of their body. Marie-Thérèse took a spot in that living stream and began the pelvic movements too.

She was really impressed! After one day of training, these women who were the crème de la crème of Troussy-en-Cuisse, were already incapable of rebelling against Aziz. He was standing alone in the middle of the room with only his whip to tame five hundred fillies who, even so deprived of the use of their hands, could easily attack him, put him down by force of numbers, and trample him to death with the hoofs of their boots. The day before, they would have seen him as a little lout, and would have called the police if he had dared address them in the street, but now, they were swaying the pelvis at him with



terror in the eyes!

Marie-Thérèse had yet to temper her judgment about these ladies. Indeed they feared the whip, but it was the Naffi Effect that was the real cause of their submission, creating in them an extreme body response to the male presence of Aziz. Moreover, they had all been powerful worthies of the city when Marie-Thérèse was used to moving in fashionable circles, but they had lost that privileged status months ago and were feeling vulnerable. They were all from the first row of victims of the control agents; they had been scammed, framed, ruined, separated from their family, from their relatives ... and then, there was that providential invitation to an evening at the City Hall, and the feeble hope that they could be back on track.

They couldn't possibly know that during the awful period that they just lived, the power that they identified as the high society of Troussy-en-Cuisse had entirely disappeared. All their members were in a similar situation, though none among these very proud individuals had dared speaking of it, each one haying the hope of getting out of that sudden poverty unharmed before the others should learn about it. They had all fallen prey to one of many citizens of North-African origin affiliated to the D.I.R.E.: The one from their bank, the one from the police, the one from justice, the one from social services ... all these people have saved these unfortunate women and their progeny from personal bankruptcy; or had spared them a heavy prison sentence; or had obtained for them a housing, a job, some kind of help ... but nothing solid, as the generous donors would wisely keep the means to withdraw that help at all times.

While Marie-Thérèse was holding her meeting, the filies in the basement had been brought one by one into an office on the second floor and confronted to those considerate

citizens. An Arab lady had maintained them still by squeezing them tight against her body to trigger the submitting power of the Naffi Effect. Shivering, they had to watch Aziz treat with these Maghrebins who had gained such an exorbitant power over their lives. They had seen the tyrant of the basement give money to pay their debts to a pawnbroker, or to buy the silence of a judge, a lawyer, a cop who could put them in prison...

Every woman had to kneel down before Aziz, and sign all sorts of papers stating how accountable they were to him for all kinds of reasons; they had to thank him with a smile, and were rewarded with a stroke on the head; the feeling of weakness initiated by the Maghrebin lady had then given way to the powerful sexual attraction of the male-to-female Naffi Effect. Each one of these unfortunate women had suddenly felt dreadfully aroused by this man who was henceforth in control of her debt, her shameful secret, or any other key that could save her from an unenviable fate for her and her children.

They all left with the face flushed with excitement, and the unpleasant feeling of being now owned legitimately by the man who had kidnapped them...

This was when they had been immobilized again, and had been tattooed with the name of Aziz Rassuf right above the vulva!

In most of the cases, they were grateful, as he had promised that he would put their children in a boarding school at his own expense during their absence, or offer some other generous attention for their family. With single women, being indebted to him was quite enough, as it was stripping them abruptly from the attitude of heroin in peril they had adopted for now; once that pride had vanished, it had become very tempting for them to surrender shamelessly to the irresistible pleasures offered by the Naffi Effect!

It was weird, but it was comforting Marie-Thérèse in the



certitude that she was on the winning side. She could very well have used the presence of reporters at her meeting to play a dirty trick on Aziz and alert the western world—once again!—about what was happening here, but it would only have delayed the inevitable ... assuming that anyone should believe her! As for the price of such treason, she wasn't ready to pay it...

The more she was learning, the more she was comforted in her new faith for the divine essence of Arabs. Why would God create a plant giving such ascendancy to some inhabitants of Earth over some others without some good reason? Why would he offer such a fantastic power to beings proclaiming to be living deities if their status was usurped? Also, for what she knew, the Naffi Effect could very well be just an enlightener of the real nature of gods, humans, and porcine. How could she have written a whole book about that miraculous plant and never asked herself that question? Clearly, the answer to that wouldn't have pleased her at the time!

In any case, the power of Rasheedians was already in place, present in everyday life, invisible but unavoidable. Behind an apparent equality enforced by the laws of most nations, the Arabs were gods, and the westerners were anthropoid porcine creatures kept free as a goodwill gesture ... and not only in Africa or in the Middle East, as she had thought first. She could see that even here in Europe, it was the reality prevailing once the veneer of appearances had dissolved! She was living in a hutch that an Arab could choose to open or not; she was eating what an Arab had generously given to her; she was doing her needs when an Arab had the kindness to allow it to her; she was covered by a male whom an Arab had selected according to his requirements for the progeny she should deliver; though, above all, she had only pleasure when an Arab had decided that she deserved it!

Whatever the answer to her spiritual questioning might be, she had no other choice but to follow the precepts of the Phoen, which stated that the white female had to integrate into that new world by worshiping an Arab supposed to be her intermediary with God. On a global scale, anything with pink skin had to strive to find back its primeval purity. Originated from the same species as the domestic pig, the whites had become anthropoid by dint of imitating the humans and the gods, and then had tried to outstrip its models by ruse. It had succeeded for about three thousand years by taking advantage of a period of obscurantism that divided the divine beings into clans, but the time had come to restore the natural order of things.

For Marie-Thérèse, this fanciful part of the Phoenic faith had been hard to swallow, but as it was what her new masters wanted her to believe, she needed to convince herself that it was the truth! The Phoen was also giving the opportunity for the common sow to climb the social ladder, by doing what needed to be done to gain the status of a dairy cow, a filly, or a mare, then the status of a hound, a fawn, a pet ... and maybe one day, the position of a she-devil or a Phoenic high priestess, whose status was close to the perfection of the porcine purity regained. Only in that blessed future the good Faithful would have her entry after death into *Janat al-hanazir*, the paradise of she-pigs, where she would be for eternity at the foot of her tutelary god.

The divine beings had the sacred mission to restore the order of things in the world by allowing the *sus sapiens domestica* species to gain back its primeval purity in a few centuries, before Judgment Day. For that, the Phoenic religion was offering two implements: the Phoenic social ladder, and the proximity to a god.

When she lived in Malik Maruk's farm, Marie-Thérèse had agreed to become an adept of this religion that fitted her needs



perfectly ... then, she had stupidly chosen to get away from it to save her daughters from an imaginary threat ... but now, she was offered a second chance. Here, she was in the best position to make their cause victorious, on the condition that she should forever leave her doubts aside. As she could see the strings that had been pulled to submit these five hundred women, she knew that she could be a plus in their initiatory journey toward their tutelary god. Here, even more than in Malik Maruk's farm, she could guide them to the glorious destiny which she foresaw for her race within the Phoen.

Aziz put an end to her dream of grandeur by appearing suddenly in her sight line. Marie-Thérèse instantly doubled her enthusiasm with her pelvic gesticulations, while he was congratulating her for her excellent television performance.

Aziz was speaking loudly, to be heard by all the women. He proclaimed that Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse would be rewarded with the highest honor that a white could have. Then, with an extreme agitation, he raised his leg to mount her face.

Marie-Thérèse was very excited with the idea that she was going to share such a degree of intimacy with Lord Aziz. Before the brown buttocks of her new god should even squash her mug and that she could fully feel the Naffi Effect, she was already raring for pleasure. She was well aware of what he had in mind, and was proud to be the first to submit to it; she would be, for posterity, the one who had freed the lord of Troussy-en-Cuisse from his obsession...

The other women were not as supple as she was with pelvic movements. They were exhausted, and it was obvious that they lacked practice, but it wasn't turning off their sexual



excitement. They ignored it, though various body fluids of Aziz had been added to their gruel, and the Naffi Effect was arousing them for what seemed to be no reason at all. The ones who were close to Aziz were also subjected to the effect of his pheromones altered by Naffenol ... and his anxiety!

They were feeling completely lost between the pleasure they were experiencing, the turmoil, and their own terror of being so vulnerable before that young Arab whose power over them seemed to be unlimited.

As for the few husbands captured, they could only watch the scene from their soundproofed hutch and stamp their feet with rage to see their wives let themselves be messed about by that Maghrebin lout, at one against five hundred of them!

## Chapter XI Aziz's obsession

Once comfortably seated on Marie-Thérèse's face, Aziz managed to relax at last. It wasn't such a big deal, after all!

He felt her wet tongue weave its way into his anus, and then back and forth, calming him down a little more at each stroke. He was soon quiet enough to be able to savor that exceptional moment.

The other women couldn't help watching out of the corner of their eyes, mortified.

Aziz knew them all, from the time when he was condemned to community service at the City Hall. He had served them all champagne and petits fours during receptions, and it had never been easy. Most of these ladies had shown to be picky beyond reason, with the sole purpose to embarrass him, as everyone knew that he was serving a sentence for having beaten women in the streets, without any ethnic distinction, only because they wouldn't wear a *chador*. He didn't do this out of religious convictions—he didn't have the slightest idea of what was written in the Quran!—but only because that piece of cloth was for him a strong symbol of the culture of his community. He



had been condemned for this to a very light sentence, after telling the judge that he felt some deep remorse at his own actions, though it didn't stop him, a few days later, to appear in a television show about wearing the *burqa* or the *niqab*, to say publicly that he didn't regret anything, as the women to whom he had taught some decency with his fists were now entirely covered, and that he intended to do the same to those who wouldn't wear the *niqab* in the Maghrebin area. After this show, the ladies of the high society of Troussy whom he had to serve to avoid prison had taken their revenge over him by making humiliating comments about the quality of the food, and repeating special requirements.

The wheel had definitely turned since these sad times, and Aziz was ready to serve these women with a dish of his own. And they would have to receive it "as is". It would take him more than a year to indulge all of them but he intended to achieve his revenge! In case of a pressing need, he would look at their pictures in the gossip column of old issues of *Cuisse Matin* to revive his memories of the time when he had to swallow their insults, and then would sit on the face of one of them ... his revenge was going to be a delight!

De Cuisse was, of course, one of these ladies who had snubbed him, and he wanted her to set the standards high for others. It was something that she had told him about her ability to do it with a plus that had tickled his imagination. After all, it was only natural if these women, who had always required perfection in the field of petits fours, should be expected to have the same commitment at his service.

Aziz took a deep breath and began to push, causing Madame de Cuisse's tongue strokes to stop. He felt the lips of the candidate to the election stick greedily to his anus, and started to sweat abundantly.

He had a wicked fascination for that thing, but would

never have thought that he could experience it one day. He had always seen this as an absolute delight which would stay forever a fantasy ... and there it was happening to him, and it was better than anything he could have imagined. He would never have guessed that this little sucking with the mouth could be possible ... no more than the use of the tip of the tongue to keep on teasing him while he was relieving himself!

He was seized with a cramp in his thigh and had to slightly change position, but it didn't cut down Madame de Cuisse's enthusiasm. She was sticking to each of his movements perfectly, her lips glued between his buttocks like a mussel on a boulder!

He concluded a few seconds later, and the sucking stopped, as the long tongue was working its way again into him, up to the hilt. It was unbelievable! How the heck could she have got



rid so quickly of the “present” he had just served her? Did she simply swallow it, as would have a sword swallower? In that case, she had been incredibly fast! Anyhow, it was the only explanation ... yes, it could only be that...

Madame de Cuisse was now making whirling movements of the tongue inside him, gradually sliding it toward the exit ... when out, she used her nose to tease him, while rinsing her mouth with saliva for a few seconds. Then Aziz could feel the expert tongue dive deeply again. De Cuisse performed that cleaning cycle many times before focusing on the outside creases of his anus with the tip of her organ. And finally, she dried him up, digging a bit with the nose for the inner part, and rubbing cheeks, chin, and forehead for the rest. After a big smoochy kiss between the buttocks, Madame de Cuisse took back her position of respect, like the others, though with a crimson and distraught face.

The five hundred fillies around were staring at her, stunned. The basement of the City Hall had become as quiet as the grave...

## Chapter XII Living in the blonde grove

**D**uring the two weeks that followed, Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse had been very busy. She had worked so much for the Cause that she finally earned the complete trust of everyone involved in the conquest of Trouussy-en-Cuisse. Her knowledge of Rasheedia was a considerable asset for Lord Aziz, so nothing was concealed from her anymore, even the slightest details about the enslavement of her own people. Besides, that knowledge wasn't in the least shocking her; on the contrary, it was strengthening her conviction that the Phoen would conquer the world whatever should happen.

The trust which was placed in her was pushing much further away the limits of what she was able to do to have a place in the future Phoenic society. If she wanted to count for something and make her race exist in that emerging new world, she had to help the gods prevail in the fight for universal supremacy, or die trying!

The basement of the City Hall had been given the name



of “Blonde Grove” now, which was how the battery-rearing farms for the golden porcine breeds were called in the Rasheedian Empire. Lord Aziz was especially savoring the females with blonde hair, and had supported Marie-Thérèse on this. To face up to the constant incoming consignment of new heads, and to avoid getting over the maximal capacity of the six hundred housings of the hutches, Aziz had sent all the males in the Castle, to make them work on assembly lines for the good of the community. The red, brown or black-haired had soon followed them. The basement of the City Hall had now become de facto a blonde grove.

Marie-Thérèse was continuously supplying her god with ideas, roughly established on her Rasheedian experience, to make sure that the porcine females of the Blonde Grove would learn their new place in society faster. Which didn't mean that she was forgetting her personal agenda about promoting the ones with aristocratic origins. As Aziz seemed to be much less impressed by blue blood than by blonde curls, Marie-Thérèse was trying to show him by all means necessary that, within the golden breed, the porcine females from the nobility had the best potential for adaptability to the new society of Troussy-en-Cuisse.

Her good ideas were always implemented on her aristocratic team first, as for example, the sewing of sexual lips. This ancestral Shazilarian practice wasn't Aziz's cup of tea, and he had refused to have all the Blonde Grove subjected to that, though Marie-Thérèse managed to obtain it for her noble porcine elite team in a near future. She just pointed out that the preservation of their pedigree could very soon bring considerable profits. Similarly, she had suggested to Lord Aziz the use of the same stallion, a marquis of a very fair blonde family from Northern France whose daughters were remarkably pretty, to cover all females of the basement. She

had also recommended his replacement, in about fifteen years, by a product of his litters, a young male that would be selected to strengthen the blonde characteristics and the “aristocratic factor” of Aziz's porcine livestock even more.

She knew that her god was greatly impressed by the energy she was deploying to find the best tools to prevent the Troussisoises to take back their place in the human species. If the old western world should miraculously succeed in stopping that underground invasion, Marie-Thérèse knew that she would be seen as a traitor, a groveling creature, a whore, a psychopath ... she would probably do some time or would have her head shaven by an angry crowd. Though, if such a thing should happen, the worst horror would be for her the need to keep on living without the enlightening presence of an Arab god! Therefore, she had no choice anymore; she had to make her cause prevail!

For that, she was teaching her elite team to get rid completely of all the vain pretense of the porcine species to be a part of humanity. She wasn't sure of what she really believed in the Phoenic religion, but she was determined to appear as one of its most devout adepts in front of her protégés of the nobility, and transform them into zealots of the Phoen. She pretended to show them the path to be allowed after their death in *Jannat al-hanazir*, the divine place where their tutelary god would spend his time mounting them, freed from earth contingencies. Marie-Thérèse was finding this much too good to be true, however, she would teach it as if it were indisputable fact!

She had also created a program to infantilize them. Thanks to her, they now had to do their needs only in a perfect synchronism, during a ceremony under the strict control of Lord Aziz. Forced to share such an intimate time, the blonde porcine females were building up powerful bonds together, bringing them back to their childhood, to the moment when they had



discovered that some things required some privacy ... this journey to their emotional beginnings could root very deeply their new education, and in this second childhood that was offered to them, Lord Aziz represented every power ruling their lives. He was altogether their father and mother, their doctor, their schoolmaster ... able to substitute many of their old values by new ones.

Of course, the success of this re-education depended of the age and character of the porcine females, though Marie-Thérèse was sure that it had a beneficial effect on all of them, even on the most reluctant ones. And for the most vulnerable, it could cause spectacular changes, some of them realizing suddenly that they didn't care about their freedom or their independence. On the contrary, the advantages offered by the life of a groveling slave in the pigsty of an Arab god would appear to those as essential. The responsibilities, the loneliness, the depression, the misunderstanding in their couple, the financial worries, the paper work, the time flying away too fast ... all that was gone! They would all realize at some point the incredible extent of their reversal, but that was leading them even more into the hands of Lord Aziz. First, they would explain this by his magnetism, and by the competitive struggle to which they were subjected ... or by the Naffi Effect, for the ones who had heard of it. Then, they would begin to consider some supernatural force at work, finding Lord Aziz so radiant with light, so confident in his spiritual superiority ... finally, the Phoen, that collection of sacred Shazilarian books, would provide them with ready-made answers. Sooner or later, they would swear that they had sometimes seen, during an orgasm at Lord Aziz's contact, the famous light of Allah which the divine beings were supposed to reflect on the porcine species!

Marie-Thérèse now knew everything about the needs

and tastes of her new god, and she imaginatively adapted in that regard all the mystifying methods to which she had been subjected in the farmyard of Lord Malik Maruk. As for the aristocrats of the golden stock who had chosen to follow her on her project for increasing her caste in value, they were always ready for a new challenge. Marie-Thérèse had instituted for them a code of conduct that would also be enforced on others later.

In this world building up in the image of Lord Aziz, a female of the blonde nobility had to do her needs in the central manger, and then, once it had been hosed to push the porcine mess down the drain, she would have her gruel served in it, with the obligation to leave her segment of the trough perfectly clean. A female of the blonde nobility had to be whipped between her buttocks to punish any lack of grace in the way she had satisfied a natural need, because Lord Aziz would often be present during such a show, and it also meant that all vulgarity had to be banned. A female of the blonde nobility had to be given the most insipid food possible, so that she could appreciate even better when Lord Aziz would bring out the flavor with sugar—or with some delicacy of his own—as a reward. A female of the blonde nobility had to fight in the manger for her share of gruel, the fastest one being allowed to go for the share of others with the blessing of the god. A female of the blonde nobility had to look haughty at all times and bear permanently a grin of scorn dealing with anyone who wasn't an Arab; she had to move with nobleness and grace, even in the most humiliating situations ... and then, on a single snap of the fingers, become a bitch in heat!

All these ideas were going in the right way of Lord Aziz's weirdest fantasies, and still he would never have succeeded in formulating them by himself. So, he appreciated the initiatives of Marie-Thérèse ... who, moreover, wouldn't ask for any privilege in return for her invaluable services! She had even expressed the desire to be treated exactly as the others, apart



from her hours spent training the fillies or taking care of her election obligations.

The campaign was over, and the first ballot was scheduled for the weekend. The conservative party of Monsieur Encourageay was very low in the polls, as the rumor had it that he was giving preference to Maghrebins in the allocation of jobs, housing, and other services offered by the city council. The truth was actually going far beyond that, though French law prohibited the establishment of files based on ethnic origins, so this could never be revealed publicly, but the percentage of North-Africans working for the city had increased from eight to forty-two percent in two weeks, and would be carried up to sixty percent before the second ballot of the election. Even the worst racist and paranoid person couldn't imagine the extend of that tidal wave! Thanks to this brilliant strategy, the Trinity was besieging the city council as well as discrediting Monsieur Encourageay's party, whose electors were going straight to Marie-Thérèse.

The left-sided party, led by Marjolaine Raiquetal, was low in the polls too, because it wasn't in the position to solve the ethnic problem that the city was undergoing. Moreover, another candidate was stealing a lot of his voters: Anouar Fezzadine, from the anti-racist party, who was gathering all the people still thinking that xenophobia was a much bigger threat than the stifling presence of Maghrebins loaded with Naffenol. The far right was also expected to do well in the first ballot, but much behind Marie-Thérèse's movement, which only goal seemed to be the resolution of that conflict.

Only two or three candidates would run again on the second ballot, two weeks later. In case of a three-party challenge, it would be Anouar Fezzadine, Marjolaine Raiquetal, and Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse. If not, it would be Marie-Thérèse against Raiquetal ... in both cases, her victory would

depend on Anouar Fezzadine's support.

This was what was worrying Marie-Thérèse while her limousine was bringing her back home, after she had so brilliantly defended her cause in front of the cameras.

It had been her last public appearance before the first ballot, as French Law prohibited all political debate during the week preceding the vote. In the meantime, she would become a full-time filly again! She felt perky under her pink *burqa* when she entered the City Hall. She was back home ... yes, back home. She realized that it meant that she already considered the Blonde Grove as her home; and on second thoughts, it wasn't the place that she saw that way, but the life as a white filly.

Once in the private area, she removed her *burqa* and put her outfit on. When she entered the elevator, she was feeling so well that she would have gladly agreed to never take it back the other way again. She was finding more and more exhausting her forays into that cock-and-bull world outside. She had a perfect dinner with her campaign staff, but she would have given that up for some tongue-fighting in the manger with the other whites.

When she entered the Blonde Grove, it was cleaning time, and she took her place in the line, right in front of her hutch. The three Arab goddesses were delegating more and more tasks to their black female assistants, whose number was increasing every day. Marie-Thérèse hated these arrogant harpies whose main entertainment in life seemed to be the humiliation of her fellow porcine creatures, but she was nevertheless readily obeying to them, as such were the gods' wishes...

One by one, the fillies were hosed with the high-pressure water cleaner and a disinfecting solution. Like the others, Marie-Thérèse had to perform a sequence of precise positions, in synchronism with her four hutch neighbors. She opened



the mouth to allow the painful jet to wash her teeth and her tongue, that she had to display successively from every angle. And then, she bent forward and spread her legs at the maximum to offer her pubis to the same treatment.

When the Arab goddess had finished, two tall black women moped her body with a floorcloth. After that, Marie-Thérèse had to wait for almost half an hour for the lady in charge of the two hundred hutches of her section to return for the high-pressure rinsing. Marie-Thérèse would perform again the sequence of positions, so that the jet could remove all traces of disinfecting product. Then, two black ladies would quickly dry her with a big hessian bath towel, before thrusting into her anus a kind of metal dibber which they would plunge first into a bucket of Shazilarian-fig oil.

The next morning, when she would have done her needs and eaten her gruel, Marie-Thérèse would be entirely washed again by the same team, but with the use of various scouring tools. She was the one who had suggested this rigorous hygiene for the sake of all fillies. A god should have at any time the possibility of mounting any of them unawares without soiling himself.

The authoritarian voice of an Arab lady resounded in the basement, ordering them to return to the hutches. Marie-Thérèse immediately climbed into her PVC housing. For all of them who didn't have, like herself, the chance to see Lord Aziz much, it was a wonderful moment, the time for the favorite entertainment in the hutches ... the god was going to pick one of them!

Marie-Thérèse turned over and stuck her face against the thick Plexiglas, curious to see how the star of the evening would behave. It wasn't really easy for her to keep her head close to the window without the help of her hands, but she wouldn't miss this for all the world...

This time, the lucky one was her old enemy from elementary school, Ghislaine de Pénétrelles! She was now a valuable member of her special team of the nobility and, as such, had been subjected to an intensive training meant to rid herself of the infantile hostility still shown by a majority of fillies in the Blonde Grove. The spectacle would probably be a little less outlandish than the other evenings, but Marie-Thérèse was curious to see how that stuck-up female was going to pull through.

Lord Aziz acted exactly as usual. He mounted the chosen one through the anus, came very quickly ... and then sat on her mouth to do his needs!

The performance of Ghislaine de Pénétrelles, that evening, began with preliminaries worth Marie-Thérèse's teaching. It was very impressive for someone who had only done that before in simulation ... alas! The art of making the product of an Arab god disappear like magic demanded a lot of experience. As the previous elected ones, Ghislaine started to suffocate between Lord Aziz's buttocks, and then was stricken with panic as he was turning his head to enjoy the show...

It took Ghislaine de Pénétrelles ten minutes to clean up her mess ... it was a necessary initiation, but a painful one!

Marie-Thérèse knew that there was no way to perform that act successfully without at least ten unfortunate attempts. She had suggested to Lord Aziz that she could teach it to the members of her elite team through real practice between fillies, in the same way she was trained herself to do at Malik Maruk's farm, but he had opposed to it. He obviously preferred the sweet revenge offered by the sight of his newbie-of-the-day turning sour to the satisfaction of a perfect sucking up like Marie-Thérèse's!

In the present case, Ghislaine de Pénétrelles, the wife of a renowned dentist, had been the president of an association that



successfully prohibited the building of a minaret in Troussyen-Cuisse, and Aziz was visibly relishing the revenge taken by his community through him.

When Ghislaine had finished, she washed her face in a basin filled with water and dried it with a towel. The time had come for her second chance. She could still be forgiven for her disastrous performance by making an exemplary cleaning.



She began to give big strokes with her tongue to wash the anus of the divinity. Lord Aziz obviously appreciated her style, as he was toying with her face, squeezing it gently between his butt cheeks. She responded to it by thrusting her organ deeper into his rectum, as if she were giving her lover a passionate French kiss.

“You see, Pénétrelles,” Aziz said with relish, “our relationship is so much better now that you know your place!”

Comforted by the bantering mood that she could feel behind Lord Aziz’s words, Ghislaine de Pénétrelles found her second wind and pressed the puckered organ between her tongue and her superior lip, causing little suckling noises.

Marie-Thérèse was smiling inwardly. Ghislaine would definitely not fight against any minaret now. More likely would she campaign for the building of deluxe toilets around them ... with all the porcine comfort any Maghrebin should be entitled to!

Despite the usual unfortunate incident, this performance was a success. In a few weeks, Ghislaine de Pénétrelles would be able to do this perfectly well on the god ... if he were still interested in her case by then!

Marie-Thérèse was sometimes wondering if she were right to be such a good teacher. What if she suddenly lost her first place in the Blonde Grove? After all, these six hundred females were the elite of Troussy, worthies or wives of worthies, politicians, lawyers, judges, doctors, scientists, professors, notaries, civil servants, entrepreneurs, etc. ... all women with the slightest bit of fame in Cuisse were here, except for a handful of them who couldn’t be abducted yet, but for technical reasons only. Many of these female worthies, under the pressure of these new stakes, would become genuine experts, and Marie-Thérèse couldn’t help being a bit worried for her position.



As usual, she forced herself to leave aside these negative thoughts. She knew that she shouldn't see things that way if she wanted to be a good teacher and bring her kind at the top. The cause of the blondes of the nobility exceeded her own interests ... as for the sacred pursuit of the conquest of Troussy, it was simply above anything else! She had sworn to herself that she would serve Arab deities, whatever the cost, so if her god should judge that another female could be more efficient, more adaptable, prettier, or younger than she was, then it was her duty to arrange things so that he could enjoy that pearl. As long as she would continue to think that way, Marie-Thérèse would feel happy and safe; and so, she would stand a chance to stay in the good books of her god. It was her beloved Malik Maruk, her first tutelary divinity, who had taught her that.

When Ghislaine de Pénétreilles had finished, Lord Aziz sent her back to her hutch and left the Blonde Grove, accompanied by Pétronille Encourageay de Porchefassons, the happy filly who was sharing the divine couch most of the time.

Marie-Thérèse regretted that the god should be satisfied with only one female for the night. Oddly, he wasn't interested in the wonders which a team of noble blondes trained for excellence could give in bed. Did he fear the strong personality of the fillies of the Blonde Grove? Most unlikely! A living god could not be afraid of a porcine female! So what was the problem? Did he preferred the service offered by the two little Poularde pests? She would probably never know, as except for that wonderful party that she had attended in his house the day they met, she had never been chosen!

Anyway, the show was over for the evening ... the night of prayers was beginning. For four hours, they would have to supplicate to the God.

Marie-Thérèse took position on all fours and raised the buttocks with the others toward the Poularde house, where her tutelary divinity was located. She started to chant the prayer which Lord Aziz had written himself, punctuating her words with pelvic movements in synchronism with her fellow devotees, simulating a sexual intercourse.

"My Lord Aziz ... light of my life ... god of the golden stock ... may you deign consider my pitiful existence ... my humble submission... I grovel before you today ... like all the she-pigs of my race ... with the hope that your greatness ... would rub off on me one day ... may you forgive me ... for my past years ... spent wallowing in the porcine mire ... for my sacrilegious pretenses ... to be equal to the gods ... for the impious thoughts ... that this unworthy sow once dared ... have about you... I have outrageously ... disrespected you... I have kept my tongue out of reach ... my anus out of reach ... my vulva out of reach ... in your holy presence... I have scorned for so many years... the delicious products of your body ... for that, I deserve ... any punishment you will see fit... I know that my impious behavior ... can never be forgotten ... nevertheless, I'll try to redeem myself ... with all my body and soul ... until Allah would decide through you ... to call me back away from your holy presence... O! Divinity who have power of life and death over me... I'll serve you for eternity ... with an abject servility ... as it is the fate of my race... I'm a golden sow ... and I worship my Lord Aziz almighty!"

As usual, Marie-Thérèse spent the hour that followed repeating the last two sentences of the prayer, while her pelvic movements were increasing in intensity. The goddesses in *niqab* and their black assistants were walking behind them, checking the pubes at random. The fillies who weren't wet enough, or who had neglected to show a contraction of the vulva while uttering the word "Aziz", were punished with one



crack of the whip, and their name was put down in the main notebook.

And all this had to resume for the next hour. They would chant the full prayer again, and continue with the last two sentences only. It was Marie-Thérèse who had got the idea to drone out these two formulas, one to define themselves as porcine individuals, the other to name their god ... and Marie-Thérèse knew how efficient it was, as after months of prayers in Rasheedia, she only had to think "Malik Maruk" to find herself on the verge of an orgasm; and later, the sight or the sound of her former master was sufficient to make it burst. She had suggested these two sentences because if it worked so well with a name, it would also work with a profession of faith. After only three weeks, she was already beginning to find very exciting the idea that she was a golden porcine female born to worship this new god. Like the others, she hoped that if she prayed deeply enough toward his location, he might have a thought for his poor fillies during his party with his favorite and the Poulardes.

At midnight, it was time for all the blondes to go to bed. Marie-Thérèse climbed into her hutch, like the others, and slept instantly...

Four hours later, like every morning, Marie-Thérèse was awakened by a click, which meant that her window had just been unlocked. As usual, she got out of the housing with difficulty. She had a thought for the unfortunates who were living on fifth level and had to move down head first in stages, with only the help of their legs to prevent their descent to become a fall. The fillies who weren't out in three minutes were immediately the target of the high-pressure jet of the assistants.

Marie-Thérèse took position with the others on all fours in front of the manger. She noticed with satisfaction that all the fillies were fresh and spruce. Even those who had insom-

nia problems in their previous life were adapting perfectly to the four hours of sleep which she had advised Aziz to allow, like in Shazilarian tradition.

The blondes began their first hour of prayers. The morning ones were for chanting the name of Aziz Rassuf while thinking good things about him, their head high up, turned toward his alleged location. The three goddesses in *niqab* walked through the alleys, scrutinizing the faces before checking off on their notebook. Those who didn't look ecstatic enough were given a whiplash.

Their breakfast was served later in the tinplate manger, and they had to fight as usual to get their share of tasteless gruel. Then, they prayed for thirty minutes, before beginning their three hours of morning exercises: gallop, dance, contortionism, training of the tongue and the inner muscles of the three orifices, improvement of the responding time to orders, equine deportment, etc.

At nine o'clock, a new series of prayers would begin. The fillies had to chant only the name of Aziz Rassuf while simulating sexual intercourse, the anus aiming at the place where the god was supposed to be, and then turn around and process with the longer supplication, while the assistants were walking in the alleys to hose them again. A lot more was demanded to them than during the evening prayers, as Lord Aziz might enter the basement at any moment. They were well aware of it, and even the most reluctant among them wouldn't want to seem lukewarm in his eyes. Indeed, to be written down in the notebook meant punishment, though to stay forever in Lord Aziz's mind as being sluggish or cold could bring to total rejection. They have seen many disappear from the Blonde Grove, sent to work on an assembly line in the Castle, and they didn't want to share that terrible fate. All things considered, to check the rump here wasn't worse than to take some fitness course!



The most difficult was to stay continuously aroused for three hours, preferably on the verge of an orgasm, without giving up to it. Only the presence of Lord Aziz could justify climaxing during a prayer. It could come through seeing him, hearing him, smelling him ... and, of course, because of a direct physical contact with him, though in that case anyway the orgasm was inevitable. To impress Lord Aziz, a filly had to climax right before she was touched, so she could show him that he was in her mind at all times.

The eagerly expected divinity came at the end of the morning, causing the usual wave of quivering of delight in a field of displayed buttocks. The rubbing noise of his leather slippers on the concrete floor was triggering orgasms on his path. The chanting of his name was turning instantly into roars of pleasure in a delicious cacophony.

Marie-Thérèse felt the orgasm rising in her with the sound of the slippers getting closer, but she held on, because she could distinguish the steps of two different people and didn't want to make a blunder by climaxing because of someone that wouldn't be Lord Aziz. It appeared soon that she had been right to be cautious, as the voice that rang suddenly in her ears was definitely not the voice of her god ... and yet, it was a voice she knew!

"All this looks very promising after only two weeks! It seems to me that these fillies are already very fond of you!"

"Much more, I reckon, than when it was me who served them!" Lord Aziz replied, "Though we're coming at the right moment for a small collective display ... at least, if you can stand the strong smell of the golden porcine female, that is..."

"I find it stimulating!"

Lord Aziz clapped his hands.

Like the others, Marie-Thérèse turned around and took a crouching position so that her buttocks should overhang slightly over the manger. It was the opportunity for her to steal a glance at the man whose voice was so familiar ... and she almost fell backwards, astounded!

It was that powerful god whom she had one day stupidly insulted during a meeting, Prince Yusuf the First of Wonderbourg, her legal owner from whom she had so foolishly tried to escape. Her run off was over ... and the penalty would be terrible!

"I leave you in charge of these animals, Your Imperial Highness!" Aziz said, inviting him to give the signal.

Prince Yusuf clapped his hands. Instantly, Marie-Thérèse tensed all her muscles to relieve herself, before contracting them quickly in the other way to avoid a premature evacuation. They all had to hold themselves halfway in that very uncomfortable position, to emphasize their porcine nature, and the absolute power that the divine beings had over it.

Marie-Thérèse was usually very good at this, but at the most delicate moment, she felt a pudgy hand groping her butt cheek! Even for an experienced golden female like herself, getting a shot of Naffi Effect in that awkward position was something very difficult to manage—And so terribly humiliating!

She was in panic, caught between the surprise, the terror of being discovered, the shame of the extent of her offense, and the sexual excitement caused by Prince Yusuf's hand on her body. She was starting to lose the fragile control on her anus required for this exercise. She was shaking all over like a beginner!

Fortunately, the Prince was the only one who could see her face red with shame. Nevertheless, the humiliation was so intense that she suddenly had bitter regrets about suggesting to Lord Aziz that halfway restraining.



She couldn't help trying to be perfect to the end although the presence of the Prince meant that she was on the verge of losing everything anyway! Clearly, her days at the top were over!

Oh! It was such a waste! She could have done so much for their cause in here...


"I can see that you've taken great care of my property!" Yusuf Bourid said with satisfaction, "This porcine female seems to be in the best of health! Her picture is on the walls of the city ... and her performance on television—really impressive!"

These sweet words filled Marie-Thérèse with pride, though unfortunately, it wasn't helping her much in the field of the anal control which she was desperately trying to keep. And now that her orgasm had been triggered by the hand of the prince...

"Yes, Your Imperial Highness," Lord Aziz replied, "and she's the one with all the brilliant ideas. This thing, for example, it's her doing! She told me that a filly better knows her place when her natural needs depend of my goodwill, and it had worked all right for now. Thanks to this slut and her twisted stuff, I'm sure that I've saved two weeks of training! Believe me, the spectacle of all these preppy sows who used to see me as a riffraff waiting eagerly for my signal ... my word! It's heartwarming!"



Chapter XIII  
Subverting a candidate

 Yusuf Bourid clapped his hands, allowing Marie-Thérèse and the other fillies to relieve themselves at last, causing a buzz, a desynchronized mix of groans of effort, some expelling noises followed by a thud, then by a kind of rain on the tinplate of the manger, and finally by a collective sigh of deliverance. All that was audible only because it was multiplied by six hundred..

“Delightful!” Yusuf Bourid exclaimed. “From now on, I’ll associate this sweet sound to our crushing victory over the western society; the sound of savages discovering civilization through the discipline of the Empire! You know, I’ve a friend in Rasheedia whom you’d find amazing. I went to one of his farms boasting two hundred porcine females. They were so well trained that each one of these sounds was perfectly distinct, happening one after the other ... and powerfully amplified! Believe me or not, but the expelling was lasting only for half a second, immediately followed by a roll of thunder and then a big cry of relief!”

“You’re pulling my leg, Your Imperial Highness!” Aziz said,



smiling, "It's impossible to make them do that with such precision!"

"And still, it's what they do ... so, if I understood correctly, this place is allowing only the elite among the blonde female natives?"

"You make it sound like a high-class club, Your Imperial Highness... Actually, it's that somehow, yes! A club for top blonde sluts, handpicked according to my taste!"

"I meant the elite of their own porcine world." Yusuf Bourid replied, a bit irritated, "not according to your criteria in the matter of females! But you know, I'm envious of you discovering all this now. The whites are delightful animals, and every moment of their domestication is an enjoyment! I own hundreds of them myself, and still I fall anytime for a new breed of that delicious race! I even consider them as the noblest animals of creation!"

Aziz clapped his hands, and the fillies on the left turned around to have their backside tongue-cleaned by the ones on the right. The black assistants hosed the manger and gave a brief sweep in it, carelessly interrupting on the way the hygienic task of the fillies.

"Though, I didn't tell you the reason why I'm here!" Yusuf Bourid said, punctuating his words with slaps on Marie-Thérèse's rump. "Actually, I was chasing that magnificent sow..."

Marie-Thérèse stuck out her chest with pride, honored by this compliment coming from a god.

"Yes, *cette truie magnifique...*" Yusuf Bourid repeated in French

Marie-Thérèse, who was in the process of tongue-cleaning the anus of her front neighbor Ghislaine de Pénétrelles noticed that the haughty woman had suddenly begun to purr with pride. She realized that every filly around might

have taken that remark for herself, because it was expressed in French! The premature reaction of Marie-Thérèse had just revealed to the prince her knowledge of Arabic! The time had come for her to tidy things up once and for all if she wanted to stay in the good books of the gods.

She began to lick Ghislaine in a very intensive way, rinsing her repeatedly with saliva, and then strongly sucking before diving back her tongue deeply.

When Aziz gave the signal for switching, Marie-Thérèse started a series of contractions of the buttocks on the face of her childhood enemy. It took about ten seconds to the most gifted of her blue-blooded fillies to understand that her boss was expecting the same exceptional cleaning as she just received. Then, five more seconds to decide if she should oblige her ... ultimately, Ghislaine probably thought that Marie-Thérèse would never forgive her for such treason, and she began to zealously titivate the backside of her boss with her tongue.

When Aziz clapped his hands at the end of this cycle of porcine hygiene, Marie-Thérèse affectionately clenched her buttocks on Ghislaine's cheeks to thank her, then boldly crawled out of the line. She aimed the prince with her perineum and performed a series of contractions and relaxations of the anus, as if her life depended on it.

"Well then!" Yusuf Bourid exclaimed, "It seems that the said female has something to tell me. Speak, my good sow!"

Marie-Thérèse turned around and jumped at his feet.

"Oh thank you Mighty God Yusuf!" She replied in sluttish language, "Balky sow hear gods speak. Balky sow know forbidden language. Cannot bear secret more!"

"Allah be praised! You confess it at last?" Yusuf Bourid said in Arabic, "it's about time! How could you ever believe that the gods were unaware of your little tricks?"

"Oh? Mighty God Yusuf, Balky sow desperate! Terribly



stubborn and brainless. But this over! Balky sow now understand belong porcine species, know Prince Yusuf be divinity of golden race. Beg mercy for brainless sow, Mighty God Yusuf.”

She began to lick his slipper frantically.

“Allah be praised!” Yusuf Bourid replied, “of course you should be severely punished for escaping four times. In Rasheedia, the penalty is death for doing it only twice ... but the truth is that I used you right from the start. The first time, it was to make you experience the life in a traditional Shazilari farm and realize how deeply different of your old world it was. The second time, it was to confront you to the hate of Shaziris for the whites, and to make you understand that what motivated us in maintaining your race in domestication was the affection we feel for it; incidentally, it allowed the discovery of the second passage used by the Shaziris to come and go into Shazilar for centuries! The third time, it was to prove to you that it was impossible to leave the Rasheedian Empire once you were a Rasheedian subject. As for this one, the fourth time, it's to show you that even your native soil can become a stronghold of the Phoenic society, and to allow you to be a part of this evolution! And I must say that you have succeeded beyond our expectancies. I can see the amazing work that you've done here for the sake of your fellow porcine creatures! I didn't want you to be only one more mustang filly, when you bear the grandeur of an enlightened guide for your species. Indeed you have nothing to be forgiven for, as you were a mere pawn in my hands. I just got with your owner King Said on the phone, and he agrees with me that you should continue the good work which you're doing here in Trouussy-en-Cuisse for a few more months. Mother-Hen, the most important Lady of the empire after Empress Rasheeda, has told me that for now, you were the best factor of success of the experiment! For that, you have my congratu-

tulations. If all the domestic whites were of your caliber, the whole anthropoid porcine species would already be snugly nested in our pigsties, ready to face Judgment Day in peace. I therefore declare you officially secured! You are no longer a wild sow, but an educated she-pig, worth being guided toward redemption by an Arab god!”

Marie-Thérèse was deeply moved by the words of the prince. Her tears were soaking his slippers.



“Oh thank you ... sniff... Mighty Lord Yusuf,” she managed to say between two strokes with the tongue, “be so grateful ... sniff ... balky sow ... worship Lord Yusuf ... sniff ... gentle, generous, clever, handsome god ... sniff... Mighty Lord Yusuf be truly rightful owner golden porcine race. Balky sow want every sow ... sniff... Every sow understand truth...”

“You can forget that ‘balky’ designation. You lost it with your filly status when you were sanctified by Malik Maruk... Though, of course, that consecration has been canceled when you ran away. So, you had officially become a wild sow again!



But today, I'm entitled to reactivate it. In the name of King Saïd of Wonderstein, I christen you 'sow supreme! And as a sanctified mustang, your full securing automatically makes you a she-devil. This is the end of the filly life for you! From now on, you are the supreme she-devil of the golden porcine stock, a prestigious title for a great responsibility. You'll have to bring your fellow blonde creatures, domesticated or not, to search for their tutelary deity and catch sight of the light of Allah in him. The sake of all the *sus domestica aurea* race is in your hands. If you have a special request to make, now is the time! You have my permission to express yourself in normal language!"

"Oh thank you Mighty Lord Yusuf! Indeed I have a special request to ask to Your Divinity. I want to create a new separate breed for blondes with aristocratic origins, a breed with total adoration and blind obedience to our Arab gods, eager to push always further the limits of devotion!"

"Granted! So, aside from being the honorary she-devil of your whole race, wild and domestic, you'll be also for some time the executive she-devil of this new aristocratic breed that you wish to create. Show me some results, and I'll validate the existence of that race ... though, this project of yours mustn't affect in any way your main mission here!"

Marie-Thérèse began to kiss the foot of the prince, but she wanted to show her gratitude even more. She looked at him in the eyes and pulled her tongue widely, waving the tip, to suggest that she would be honored to be allowed to lick something more pleasurable for him.

She was so happy that she was shedding tears of joy. How truly inspired she had been to choose this new world over the old decaying one. She had given herself unreserved, and she was now rewarded for it. It was Yusuf who had captured and transformed her, then who had brought her to

Malik Maruk for training ... she would worship him forever for that ... and all Arabs with him. She was going to become the most faithful fighter for the Sacred Cause!

She would have done anything for Yusuf in that magic moment. She was Sow Supreme, herald of the new aristocratic golden breed, the official she-devil of the blonde race in Cuisse ... and beyond!

Prince Yusuf signaled that he was granting her request, and Marie-Thérèse's heart began to pound widely. She lowered his pants and twisted her body to be able to plunge her face between his fat buttocks. She moistened her tongue with saliva. The time had come for her to make him definitely forget how she had insulted him in her previous life. She was so deeply moved, getting at last the opportunity of making up for it, that she couldn't help shedding tears while her tongue was digging into the anus of that man she had despised for years, and then had desired so intensely. She just hoped that the wetness of her eyes wouldn't spoil the pleasure of the prince.

Yusuf's chubby hand pushed Marie-Thérèse's head to squash her snout between his brown butt cheeks, and she felt immediately reassured. She swore to herself that Lord Yusuf wouldn't be sorry for his clemency...

The three days and nights of his stay in Troussy-en-Cuisse gave to Marie-Thérèse plenty of opportunities to earn his forgiveness ... and to know his divine body inside out!

And when Prince Yusuf departed, she was exhausted, and her tongue was terribly painful, but she was sure she had successfully erased any resentment that he could have held against her...

After two more days for resting properly and enjoying the hard but rewarding life in the Blonde Grove, Marie-Thérèse had to go back to the outside world again; it was election Sunday!

For the first time in a week, she had to put her western



clothes on, realizing how she had come to hate it. She was suddenly feeling like one of these scornful colonialists from the last century, these nuisances who had dared question the divine right of Arab men to mount them by surprise—and at will! This outfit had come to be mean for her such an absolute lack of respect that she could barely tolerate the brushing of the cloth on her intimacies.

Fortunately, this discomfort lasted only for twenty minutes. She went to the polling station upstairs, voted in front of cameras, and came back directly to the basement, where a great surprise was in store for her: she would be dressed with the brand-new standard filly outfit. Indeed, Marie-Thérèse would soon have her own special suit as she-devil supreme, and the prospect was filling her with pride, but for now the idea of wearing the new average garb was terribly exciting. To the previous one had been added a leather band going round the head, with on the front a metal escutcheon bearing the arms of Troussy-en-Cuisse topped by a crescent.

Though, the latest thing was the anal-plugged tail that Marie-Thérèse had designed with the team. The inner part, a stopper shaped as a dildo, had been delivered by one of the companies of the Castle in the morning. The black assistants had cut and braided a few locks from the hair of every female, and tied each bread obtained to a metal rod in the stopper. They thrust the customized tail in the rectum of its owner, who would now have to tense her internal muscles at all times to maintain that thing in place, except for a few minutes a day for hygiene and nature's needs. That way, the fillies would always keep in mind that the inside part of their body was also the property of an Arab god. Marie-Thérèse had experienced the bearing of that tool for months in the farm, and she intended to secretly teach to her team from the nobility how to use it at best to attract the attention of

the gods. However, as she was the one who had teased Aziz by singing the praises of that anal tail, she had now to show what she could do with it.

She entered her alley in the Blonde Grove and walked directly to her hutch, sticking out her chest, aware that Lord Aziz, who was pacing in the other half of the gigantic basement, would soon see her from behind. She began to sway her hips to make her new extension rock with elegance...

"Excellent!" Lord Aziz said, after a minute of silent fascination.

Marie-Thérèse turned around abruptly and jumped down on the floor in front of her god. She swung her buttocks to make her tail beat up like a dog expressing joy.

"In ten days or so," Aziz said to her in Arabic, "we'll organize right before the second ballot a big parade in the North-African area to celebrate the launching of Phase III. You'll begin to train all the fillies for that event tomorrow morning. In a few hours, we'll have the results, and you'll have to put back on your western disguise to make your televised statement. But for now, go get some rest!"

He pointed his finger with authority toward her hutch. She sprang up and trotted, paying careful attention to the way she was beating her tail, with steadiness and in synchronism with the clicking of her heels. Then, she disappeared into her housing and slammed the window to make it lock down, while the other blondes were beginning their physical training.

Two hours later, the window opened. It was time for the last meal of the day. Marie-Thérèse jumped out of her hutch and kneeled down at her usual spot, right in front of it. Everyone was waiting for the assistants to finish filling the mangers with their insipid gruel. When it was done, Lord Aziz clapped his hands, and the fillies moved in an orderly manner to either side of the two long metal gutters. They kneeled down there, hol-



ding back for the signal to plunge their head into the trough.

The food seemed even more unappetizing than usual, and she had a sudden crave for “duck à l’orange”.

She knew that such moments might occur when she would bitterly regret her zeal in describing to Lord Aziz how daily life looked like for a filly in Rasheedia, but satisfying her god was her first duty, and she needed to think only about the pleasure that she was getting through serving him beyond her own interests. She was now convinced that any female of the anthropoid porcine species, starting with herself, was on earth to improve the well-being of an Arab deity, and not to save a little overrated selfish comfort. The other fillies would surely have appreciated a better treatment, but Marie-Thérèse knew that she was different, superior ... she was a mustang!

To be the property of a too lax god would have disappointed her. After all, why should a divinity have compassion for a common porcine female? Because she looked like a human being? Her last reservations for the Phoen had fallen, and she was now sure that the whites were descended from the domestic pig. Her repulsion for Arabs had completely disappeared after her Revelation, back from being a captive of the Shaziris, leaving room for an adoration that was getting stronger every day. The idea that the ethnic characteristics of her own race, pompously called “white”, would be soon genetically isolated and refined for generations by Arab breeders, that was a delightful excitement for her. Obviously, the ruthless selection they would enforce to the anthropoid porcine species was a passport to excellence! The Africans and the Asians would surely use the advantage of their superior condition of *Homo sapiens* to try to take them away from the gods, and the only chance of the porcine breeds was to gain very quickly a status similar to horses, cats, and dogs, and so

establish a special and enduring relationship with the divine beings. What a challenge for her fellow creatures, who would constantly have to take a good look at themselves, to analyze what the Arabs loved in them, and to conform to it in the best possible manner, until her whole species would be forever at the feet of the gods! It was the ultimate goal of the Phoen, the sacred book of the Phoenic Church, and she intended to be actively involved in the expansion of that religion in the world.

Marie-Thérèse could now see the first part of her life as a useless boring fairy tale. She had enjoyed the best of what modern comfort could offer and only gained from it a boundless spiritual emptiness! She had only that insipid porridge to eat, and had to fight for it, but her race would be saved...

The signal for supper came late that evening. And like every time something unusual was happening, the fillies were all on edge. On the other side of the manger, Marie-Thérèse could see her former rival Ghislaine de Pénetrelles, and that incredibly snobbish Pétronille Encourageay de Porchefassons, the mayor’s wife, both of them being more than ready to jump on the food. But Marie-Thérèse didn’t care one bit. With her very long tongue and her quick and healthy teeth, it would be easy for her to get her share of gruel when the signal would ring out!

A wave of shivering suddenly spread from filly to filly. They had naturally developed a collective physical language, with its identifiable variants. Here, the whole herd was clearly feeling that an unknown god had entered the Blonde Grove. Like the others, Marie-Thérèse couldn’t help shaking with excitement imagining the delights that such a visit could mean.

“Ah! My pal Anouar,” Lord Aziz exclaimed, “I was waiting for you! If you could see your face right now ... so, what do you think of my superb fillies?”

The god in question was Anouar Fezzadine, the candidate of the anti-racist party. He seemed to be utterly shocked by the



sight of the six hundred naked blondes.

"Aziz? I... I don't..." he stuttered. "I... I was told that Encourageay wanted to see me bef ... before I should give my decision to the Press. But I can't find him anywhere around ... and wh ... what does all this mean? Treating women like that ... like animals? What are you up to again?"

"Hey! Before you say damn' stupid things, look at them closely!"

"I've never been one of your fans, Aziz," Anouar continued, frowning, "and your little act of eternal victim of society annoys me big time ... but this? Have you lost your mind? And how ... how did you manage to gather all these women here? Did you ... did you abduct them? How can ... how can Encourageay give you the basement of the City Hall to have fun with these ... sluts ... look at this one! Hey! Is it? Oh my God ... it ... it's ... the mayor's wife!"

"Oh, this one?" Aziz chuckled. "She certainly is! A hot cunt, if you want to know!"

"What is this?" Anouar exclaimed, on the edge of total panic. "A massive terrorist act? Madame Encourageay, be sure that I've nothing to do with all this!"

Pétronille Encourageay de Porchefassons was staying speechless, disconcerted by this reminder of her previous life right before the rush on the trough.

"Cool ... cool Anouar," Lord Aziz intervened, "put your hand in her hair, and you'll see what I mean!"

"You're mad! Free her immediately, or I call the police!"

"Come on, Anouar ... let me explain. They do that willingly. Nobody is forced here!"

Aziz looked at the Mayor's wife straight in the eye and pointed his finger in the direction of Anouar Fezzadine.

"Lick the master's hand, blonde sow!"

Pétronille turned around in a flash, and began to give

big tongue strokes on the back of Anouar's hand. A few seconds later, she was moaning with pleasure, red with excitement.

"You get it?" Aziz exclaimed. "That's what she craves. Rub her hair now! That's what she wants you to do!"

Obviously, Anouar had never seen a woman aroused so much for so little. He put a hesitant hand on the head of Pétronille Encourageay de Porchefassons and slightly petted it before removing it abruptly—the mayor's wife was climaxing!

"Unbelievable! I would never have imagined that it could be so strong ... the ... the Naffi Effect, I mean. I thought that all the naffi plants had been destroyed by U.N.C.C.A.W.S? I should have known better. It's just like with drugs. You can't be rid of it forever!"

"I've no idea!" Lord Aziz said in Arabic, "and I don't even get for sure whether the attitude of these sluts comes from that effect you're talking about ... though it seems logical enough! I'm only taking pills given to me by secret agents from a friendly country. One of my men had put one in a drink that had been served to you early in the evening."

"And you deny acting like a terrorist?" Anouar replied in French, "You ingest ... and make me ingest without my knowing an illegal substance given to you by a foreign power, and you present this to me as if it were only a new way to have fun?"

"Exactly!" Lord Aziz protested. "All the city is under our control now, thanks to this! Soon it'll be our turn to make the law around here."

"For how long?" Anouar Fezzadine said, speaking loudly in French to make sure that he was heard by all six hundred women. "Do you realize what will happen when you're caught? Racism will be back, and everything I've done for the North-African community in France will be reduced to nothing. You may think we are all Arabs, Aziz, but I see myself as a French



citizen!"

"Too late for that! We're all in this together now ... and I've no problem with you being French. That's great! Soon we'll control everything in this country, so I'm French too!"

A buzz immediately followed Lord Aziz's words. The blonde fillies were collectively expressing their pride. The idea that their god could see himself as a French was inflaming their patriotism!

"Unbelievable!" Anouar exclaimed in Arabic. "This drug is really strong! But what makes you so sure that one of these women won't run to the police? Or to the media?"

Aziz pointed out to Anouar Fezzadine a few pairs of white buttocks belonging to distinguished members of the police, or the media. They were all tensed up hanging on for the signal to rush at the manger.

"I'm sure you know some of these fillies!" Aziz said, "Anyone, male or female, who could be in position to tattle on us is here, or in another similar room in Trouussy. The only one whom we kept free for the moment is Marjolaine Raiquetal, because we don't want her to lose her fighting spirit before the end of the election!"

"I ... I really don't know what to think of it, Aziz ... offering this country on a plate to a foreign power? Even if it's from a culture close to ours, it's a great risk ... a risk which you took for all of us! ... and by the way, what do you need me for? Why tell me about your little revolution right before getting the ballot results? Do you want me to be the spokesman of your movement?"

"No way!" Aziz replied, "all the opposite! Keep on criticizing the racism of de Cuisse ... go over the top! Call her supporters racists, or fascists ... appeal to the republic to have their organization disbanded ... and make sure that some brothers in your audience wave flags from Maghreb

countries! Proclaim that this country will be entirely Muslim in a few generations anyhow ... that kind of stuff... The more you drive people to vote for de Cuisse against you, the better it is! But in private, you take your militants one by one and you give them instructions to vote for her. She needs the Maghrebin electors to win!"

"Are you nuts? How long do you think you can keep having your little orgies if that fascist bitch becomes the mayor? She's racist to the highest degree ... and she wrote a book on the Naffi Effect. She knows everything about it!"

"True!" Aziz said smiling, "and she has probably learnt a lot more since! It's time for me to present you our candidate. Up, sow supreme!"

Marie-Thérèse stood up and bowed before her opponent in the election; a very low curtsy with a lewd twist of the body...

"I can't believe my eyes!" Anouar said, astounded, "This woman? Here? How is this possible? How could she have accepted to submit to you that way?"

"Because we're her gods! As simple as that! If she wins, we control everything!"

"All right, all right. If she's really on our side, I've no doubt that she can be a great asset. But to put the whole Maghrebin community at risk ... and for what?"

Aziz smiled and clapped his hands five times. Immediately, Marie-Thérèse jumped down flat on her stomach. The six hundred fillies made a quarter turn on all fours, each one diving head first under the belly of the one in front of her, so that all butt holes should be presented to the guest.

"You'll chant: 'Anouar Fezzadine is our god' ..." Aziz commanded. "Now!"

They began to undulate the pelvis in the direction of the candidate, beating their tail back and forth with perfect synchronization.





“Anouaaar Fezzadine ... is our Gooooood... Anouaaar Fezzadine ... is our Gooooood...”

The Maghrebin candidate was sweating abundantly.

“I was sure that a politician like you would appreciate that kind of stuff!” Aziz said with a smile. “And it’s no bullshit! All Arabs are divinities for them. Right now, each one of them hopes that she’ll be chosen by the new god. So, uncork one and mount her. I swear that it’ll be like no bitch you’ve ever fucked before! Maybe you understand why it’s so worth a bit of courage?”

“I ... I understand,” Anouar stuttered, stunned, “I understand ... what a fab ... fabulous power you’ve got... It’s so ... so ... totally worth any risk...”

Marie-Thérèse waved her pelvis with a renewed enthusiasm. Her plan was a success! Their collective effort had convinced the god! She was very proud of herself, and of the whole blonde race!

“Still I’d like to know,” Anouar abruptly said after a long moment of silence, “how you can be sure that, once in place, de Cuisse won’t expose

us instead of following our lead? I can’t win the election alone, but I can still give guidance to vote for Raiquetal. Why not play it safe and put in the City Hall someone who will not undermine our brothers?”

“Because, with Marjolaine Raiquetal, everyone would think that the power is on our side. We would have to justify ourselves for anything.”

“Yes ... yes, of course... It makes sense. To have such a racist celebrity as a mayor under our total control would be an excellent thing for the Maghrebin community. But the question of her faithfulness stays! How can we be sure that she won’t switch her loyalties after the election? Just imagine that she decides to expose all your plans publicly ... and my participation ... she could use her position to crush us ... what would we do then? At the very moment when she would become the mayor, she’d have us in the palm of her hand—checkmate!”

Marie-Thérèse was listening to Anouar with great concern.



Thankfully, they were now speaking Arabic, and the fillies couldn't understand what they were saying. This conversation could have given them bad ideas, and they were highly superior in number. Still, Anouar's insecure tone of voice, and the wait for supper were a dangerous mix-up. She had to do something! Moreover, Anouar Fezzadine was basically right. It was perfectly logical for him to think that, once in a position of strength, she was likely to betray the people whom she had insulted for years.

She performed a series of anal contractions to inform Aziz that she wished to intervene. And as the god was short of arguments, he gave her the permission to speak. Overjoyed with the prospect of being able to serve the cause again, Marie-Thérèse turned to Anouar and kneeled up, looking at him straight in the eye.

"Mighty Maghrebin God," she said, "I could have betrayed my beliefs dozens of times during my campaign; but why would I have done such a thing? The Arab deities are walking on Earth, and my only option is to do my best to be useful to them. We, golden sows, are living in the present moment that a god had chosen for us, but our loyalty to the cause lasts forever!"

"But... I heard you say on television that you yearned for all the unwanted foreigners to be thrown out, all the North-Africans to give their job to native Frenchmen, all people from some races who are behaving like animals to be treated as such! I was finding you as much convincing in that vein as I do now! By the way, my party has taken legal actions against you for that last meeting!"

"What I meant," Marie-Thérèse replied, "was that the whites are all unwanted foreigners in a world ruled by Arab deities. Those who refuse to see this reality should be sent in another country as slaves! And if I think that the anthro-

poid porcine species should have all the jobs, it's because I find outrageous that gods should have to work for a living. I want to do something against that unfair society ... to serve you! You take care of us, you give us food, shelter ... and the possibility to gain your affection. You are divine beings, and I'm only a porcine female, so why should I pretend we're equals? An Arab carries in him the light of God ... when I'm only a golden sow!"

"I..." Anouar stuttered, "I... I get it! ... it's... it's true that everything you said could be taken that way! It's prodigious! Brilliant! Who would have thought that I could one day find your heinous remarks delightful? ... How do you even succeed in simulating so much hate? It's totally believable! It can't be for your own race that you have such loathing?"

"Oh! Of course not, Mighty Maghrebin God! My race is animal perfection created for the benefit of living deities! I was speaking about humans... Africans or Asians, I mean! They're so less eager to serve you than us porcine females. I hate them for that!"

"This is sweet music to my ears," Anouar said, "everything I fought for is suddenly handed to me on a plate—with a vengeance! What a fantastic reversal! ... the future looks even more promising than anything I could ever imagine!"

"I'm so happy to be the cause of such satisfaction for you, Mighty God. I fervently wish for the advent of an ideal society in which you, the Arab deities, would live in harmony as absolute masters of the Earth. We white females would only have to carve out a niche for ourselves in your stables or your pigsties ... with a legal status of domesticated animal, to forbid any chance to be back some day to the values of that decadent porcine society we have imposed on the planet for millennia. What a fantastic challenge it'll be for my kind to live in a world where we'll always have to push further the limits of our imagination to find ways to be of service to our Maghrebin-benefactors! I



want to be allowed to enter *Jannat al-hanazir* when I die, o Mighty God, and for that I have to leave behind these insane pretenses of my race to be a part of humanity, and fully embrace my porcine nature. And you, the Maghrebin gods, are the only beings on Earth who can guidance me and all my species into that wonderful quest. This is for that ideal world that I'm fighting for, and I would give my life for this cause!"

Anouar Fezzadine found nothing to reply to that for a long minute.

It was the sound of the elevator opening that broke the silence. The characteristic wave of shivering spread over the lines of naked bodies, alerting all the fillies that another god had entered the Blonde Grove.

"Ah! Mulud," Lord Aziz exclaimed, "you bring the results? So? How is the second ballot shaping up?"

"The best possible configuration, Growing Hyena! 18% for Marjolaine Raiquetal, 17% for Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse and 12% for Anouar Fezzadine. Encourageay doesn't even reach the 10% and is eliminated, as well as the four far-left and the three far-right formations. Though the far-right put together totalize 27%, which will probably go to Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse in the second ballot. If Anouar Fezzadine maintains his candidature, she wins!"

"And I will!" Anouar intervened with a smile, "now that I know what's at stake. The left will call me all the names imaginable, but building a better world deserves making a few self-sacrifices. I'll tell to all my supporters to vote for her instead of me ... in private, of course! Some of them will probably freak out, though the ones who will trust me will encourage the others ... or will keep them busy away from the polling stations if they can't."

"You can also be of help to make this week a memorable 'Gaul' chase party!" Lord Aziz said, "Some bad brothers are

going to make a lot of mess everywhere in town ... and the cops won't move an inch! It would be great if Marjolaine Raiquetal's meetings were filled with riffraffs... Maghrebin ones, I mean! Some of them could even proclaim that they support her, and then go burn some cars in front of the cameras to protest against the high number of de Cuisse voters."

"I can take care of that!" Anouar Fezzadine replied with a smile, "let's be a villain for a week!"

"Anyway," Lord Aziz said, "take the most of it and pull off some steam, because when we'll have won, we'll have to do the opposite and pretend that we play nice, as for everyone, we'll become the poor victims of the bad racist bitch of the City Hall!"

They took a look at Marie-Thérèse, and burst in laugh.

"I hope we won't have to do the good guys for too long."

Anouar chuckled, "It may not be easy to keep our nose clean with all these naked women around!"

"I was talking about street fights, not sex. All these Arabs accompanied with so many lustful white females, that's only the new local outburst of Shazz fashion in Cuisse, isn't it? The cops will do nothing, and their idleness will be seen as slightly provocative in a city filled with nasty racists! Because it's racism to be sick at the sight of naked blonde females with Arabs, isn't it? In the twenty-first century? That's naughty ... very naughty indeed! But I'm sure that the cops won't let these bad citizens attack some harmless Maghrebins who are only walking their little bitches out for nature's needs! Order must prevail!"

"You thought of everything! I'm really impressed... I saw myself as an experienced politician after my years of practice, but this..."

"Then my first lesson will be: do show your opponent who the master is! Let's seal our pact while this sow who runs against you express her gratitude to you. It's thanks to you if



she can win, after all!"

He whispered something in the ear of Anouar, who laughed and began to lower his trousers. Aziz clapped his hand to give the signal for dinner, creating a rush to the manger. Anouar sat down on the back of Ghislaine de Pénétrelles and grabbed Marie-Thérèse's head.

And then he relieved himself on her face!

Under him, Ghislaine de Pénétrelles was feeling terribly aroused with the little golden drops bouncing on her snout while she was stuffing herself with porridge. Anouar was driving his jet to meticulously soak every inch of Marie-Thérèse's face, and it was bringing her on the verge of an orgasm.

"All my anger is gone now," he said, "and this is my way to wish



you luck for the election!”

Marie-Thérèse couldn't answer, as the golden liquid was flooding her mouth. She tried to swallow it all, but was distracted by her desire to make Lord Anouar notice the infinite gratitude in her eyes. As for Pétronille Encourageay de Porchefassons, she was taking advantage of the situation to fiddle some of Marie-Thérèse's share of gruel!

## Chapter XIV The big parade

Two hours later, Marie-Thérèse was celebrating her victory on the sets of local television. She announced her decision to maintain her candidacy, and her firm intention of winning the election.

Anouar Fezzadine was there too, and his presence was making things difficult for Marie-Thérèse. She was supposed to show him hostility, and it was precisely what she couldn't do. Thankfully, Anouar wasn't a newcomer in politics. Instead of attacking Marie-Thérèse, he started a violent argument with Marjolaine Raiquetal. She criticized him for maintaining his candidacy, allowing a racist to prevail. He replied that if her goal were really to stop de Cuisse, and racism in general, it would be much better if she were the one to withdraw in favor of the candidate of antiracism. They argued for ten minutes. Then, Marie-Thérèse displayed her electoral platform, just as she had done during the rest of her campaign, and Anouar



Fezzadine left the set, claiming that he refused to talk to a fascist... An excellent move, as Marie-Thérèse would have been incapable of debating in a natural manner in front a living god who had flooded her face with such enthusiasm two hours before!

The other guests attacked her, but it gave her the opportunity to reply quietly that the voters would decide. She was interrupted by a display of local results in two big cities of Cuisse, Saint-Michon and Roquemiel. They got the same kind of three-cornered election as Troussy for the second ballot, featuring two female candidates with anti-immigration programs. The journalists wondered if there could be a specific problem in Cuisse in that matter, but it wasn't Marie-Thérèse who was going to enlighten them...

The week that followed the first ballot saw the coming of a wave of crime without precedent. Angry Maghrebins were protesting against the high number of racist voters by looting and vandalizing. Of course, it was only the campaign orchestrated by the Trinity, Growing Hyena, and Anouar



Fezzadine, to make immigrants unpopular. By the end of the week, the Cuisse had become the most dangerous region of France. The police of Troussy-en-Cuisse, under the complete control of the agents of Rasheedia, were doing nothing to prevent that crime wave...

As for the week that followed, the one preceding the second ballot, it went even worse, with the launching of riots involving thousands of young North-Africans looting shops and burning cars. The President of the Republic Raymond Jambonneau decided that it was time to send armored troops of gendarmes to reassure people.

Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse was everywhere around cameras, meeting the gendarmes when they arrived, giving the impression that she was the one who had initiated their intervention, making appearances every time a crime was committed to suggest that it was a problem she could easily solve once she would be mayor ... which actually was the plain truth! The Fezzadine militants facilitated her task greatly by restoring calm in the streets the day that followed a forceful speech of Marie-Thérèse on television.

The presence of armored troops was no longer necessary, and it was decided that the gendarmes would go back to their barracks. Only three days before the second ballot, Troussy-en-Cuisse was a calm city again, and for most people, this was all Marie-Thérèse's doing. The Trinity's program was working like a dream...

Marie-Thérèse was waiting for Kareem in the lounge of the local television station when the height o'clock news began. The newscaster was informing his audience of the end of the riots, but was also talking about the only arrest made by the gendarmes.



“One of the last patrols has made a strange discovery tonight, not far from the City Hall of Trouussy-en-Cuisse. Aziz Rassuf, famous for his public appearances as a member of a gang of young delinquents, was arrested with two women wearing a *burqa* after an identity check. The two women refused to show their face to the gendarmes, so they were all brought to Trouussy’s main precinct. There, the police discovered with surprise that these women, disguised as Shazilarian natives under their *burqa*, and who bore ‘Aziz Rassuf’ branded on the belly were actually Ghislaine de Pénétrelles, famous for her fight against the building of a minaret in the city, and Pétronille Encourageay de Porchefassons, the wife of the current mayor.

They proclaimed that they had been abducted and forced to do despicable things by their torturer, who had been placed in police custody.”

Marie-Thérèse was devastated. These two filthy sluts had dared betray their god ... who was in jail because of them. It was a terrible disaster! ... who would take care of the blondes of Trouussy now? All her wonderful plan was collapsing...

Kareem arrived at that point and escorted Marie-Thérèse to the limousine. He was aware of the situation and explained in detail what had happened.

Lord Aziz would stay in jail for some time. The police of Trouussy was completely under the control of the Trinity, but it was impossible to set Aziz free after the riots and the public accusations to which he had been subjected. Anyhow, he had been allowed to go discreetly into the cells of the two finks before they were released, to make sure that they would never expose a god again!

The gendarmes had interrogated Ghislaine and Pétronille with the intention to prove the guilt of a kidnapper of women working alone, without considering for one second the involvement of some organized group. The two informers, afraid to be seen as mythomaniac, had said nothing about either the Blonde Grove under the City Hall, or the complicity of Marie-Thérèse in all these “horrible things” they had declared that they were forced to do. The Trinity’s plan was therefore still valid, and Marie-Thérèse could maintain her candidacy for the second ballot...

According to Kareem, some big shot of the Empire would come in two days to replace Lord Aziz in the Blonde Grove. In the meantime, one of the Arab goddesses in charge of their hygiene, Lady Shuhrah Rassuf, Lord Aziz’s mother, would deputize for him with the help of Marie-Thérèse. She would have to prepare the big parade that the Holy Spirit had planned with his control agents. Aside from that, it would be Kareem who would take care of the election campaign, under strict supervision of the Trinity.

Marie-Thérèse was in a sullen mood when she arrived in the Blonde Grove. The gigantic basement of the City Hall was so sad without the presence of its god!

She gave a bitter look at the six hundred women about to be cleaned with the high-pressure jet before their evening prayer, and swore to herself that she would remember the lesson. Despite the obedience and the sexual desire for Arab deities that these fillies were displaying inside the Blonde Grove, they couldn’t be trusted outside yet. Consequently, she intended to be exceedingly careful with the choice of the ones who were going to participate to the parade.



She dedicated the next day to put drastically at test the loyalty of the fillies, so that she could decide who would have the distinguished honor to represent her race before the community of the gods. She was very proud to see that the selected ones were all coming from her exclusive club of blondes from the nobility. It was making up for the two finks who had betrayed it! Marie-Thérèse also discovered that the females who had been subjected to Aziz little hygienic ceremony were the ones with the worst training results. Could those females have badly resented being used as toilet pans? It was a very strange concept for Marie-Thérèse, but it was the only possible explanation.

The big parade would take place where no wild porcine individual could ever come to spoil the fun, and for that, there was only the Maghrebin suburb of Troussy-en-Cuisse. That was why the whole area, a huge territory almost completely including three different cities, had been sealed off by the police. It showed no difficulty, as the control agents of Rasheedia had got rid of most unwanted people from there during Phase I. The centurions of both challengers had taken advantage of these ten days of crime and riots to scatter away the last stubborn squatters, and extend the limits of the Maghrebin territory. The few Asian immigrants who had refused the new order of things had been eliminated. Only the admissions in or out of it had to be controlled, and the police were doing that quite well, forbidding the access to anyone who could be attacked in there, namely the porcine natives.

In the center of the area, some crowd barriers had been placed along the sidewalks, making a big circuit across the three cities. Although everyone around was aware of

the little secret revolution that had occurred in Troussy, the Trinity wanted the parade to be a surprise, and the inhabitants were very much intrigued by this mysterious event.

So, when it began, the afternoon of the next day, a loud-speaker car playing Arabic music was sufficient to gather a huge crowd behind the barriers. In less than an hour, the place was swarming with North-Africans, some of them wearing their traditional gown, others in tracksuit or rap outfits.

In one of the buildings that separated the industrial park from the Maghrebin area, Marie-Thérèse and the twenty blondes of the nobility chosen for the parade put their pink satin *burqas* on. The four Arab goddesses in *niqab* inserted their hands in hidden openings of the burqas and picked up the leather leashes which they would use to lead the fillies across the streets. The Holy Spirit gave the starting signal, and the procession of black or pink silhouettes moved out of the building in an orderly manner.



After only a hundred yards, Marie-Thérèse felt the leash tightening and her collar slightly squeezes her neck—It was the signal! She spread her arms, unfurling the *burqa* into a big electoral banderole, and began to strut about, throwing her legs very high at each step.

The North-Africans of Troussy instantly recognized the candidate that they hated so much, and the shock caused by this incredible surprise

was replaced by a joyful pride, as soon as they realized what this presentation implied.

Marie-Thérèse was responding by sticking out her chest. What a privilege for her to be the center of interest of all these gods! It would be a great honor for her to be mounted by any of them!



Chapter XV  
Marie-Thérèse's marathon

**M**arie-Thérèse was taking breaks from time to time to allow Lady Shuhrah to speak to the crowd. She was then initiating a lewd lap dance to punctuate the divine words. Lady Shuhrah was explaining with simple words why they all needed to vote for Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse in the second ballot, while pretending to hate her.

These two weeks, these Maghrebins had all seen some amazing things happen and everyone was aware that a new group of very powerful North-Africans had chased away the fundamentalists who had reigned supreme over the suburb these last years, and was progressively taking control of the Maghrebin area. Yet, nobody would have imagined one second that the next mayor of Trouussy could be the standard bearer of that up-and-coming power. The presence of the police—only represented by its Maghrebin elements—to ensure the safety of the procession was also totally unexpected. Anyhow, it was leaving no doubt about the strength and the influence of the



new masters of the place.

Actually, without the control of the police, Marie-Thérèse would never have survived the day. She would probably have been crushed by all these enthusiastic people trying to feel her naked flesh up over the barriers.

The goddess Shuhrah repeated many times that each one of them could obtain an appointment at the City Hall when Marie-Thérèse would be the mayor. She'd be honored to welcome any citizen of Troussy with Maghrebin origins in her own office, and to satisfy him by all means necessary ... but Lady Shuhrah's words wouldn't calm down at all their enthusiasm in trying to reach Marie-Thérèse's body. Obviously, they were impervious to election pledges!

The procession made its way across the streets to the shopping mall, the heart of the Maghrebin area, and stopped in front of a long metal shutter, boxed in between a halal butcher and an Islamist wear store. It was a small supermarket that had closed down one year before, and had never reopened. Then, very recently, people could hear the sound of men working inside...

Lady Shuhrah pushed a button on a remote control, and the metal shutter began to rise noisily. The old supermarket had been turned into a clean modern shop. A big picture of Marie-Thérèse had been stuck up on the central window, and the sign above was saying: "P.P.F. Marie-Thérèse de Cuisine for Troussy"—these were the headquarters of her new political formation!

Lady Shuhrah pushed Marie-Thérèse inside, while the other fillies were setting up outside the little show that they had carefully prepared during the last two days in the basement of the City Hall.

The blondes of Troussy's elite began an incredibly lewd dance, on Arabic music. They were so brazen in displaying

their intimacies off to advantage that they would have made a belly-dancer blush! And the crowd was highly enjoying their performance.

Inside the shop, one could buy the books of Marie-Thérèse, together with rings, collars, filly outfits, all kinds of whips and crops, Shazz music CDs and tee-shirts, Phoenix Bibles and other religious items...

P.P.F. meant "Phoenix Party of France", but it would be sold outside the area as the "Patriotic Party of France", supposed to be founded by Marie-Thérèse because of her election success. Its birth would be announced in the media right after the ballot, though its existence was disclosed before to North-Africans, so that they could understand that this new political formation was created only for the defense of their interests.

In the central window was a little podium, on which the goddess Shuhrah ordered her to climb. Marie-Thérèse had there an unrestricted view on hundreds of North-Africans who had gathered around the shop. She began to goose step, like at the parade, but this time she was aiming at one man in the crowd with her vulva, changing for a new one every five seconds.

She was overwhelmed with shame for a moment, aware of the disastrous image she was giving of herself ... Thankfully, she brushed aside very quickly that reminiscence of her former life. She was a female of the porcine species, and she only needed to show that she was a member of a pleasant and obedient race. Comforted by this thought, Marie-Thérèse doubled her enthusiasm with her exhausting leg-throwing. It was the only way she had to express her adoration for them at that moment, and she had to pull out all the stops.

Aziz's men were funneling the crowd at the entrance of the shop. The lucky ones who could pass through were discovering with amazement the full measure of Marie-Thérèse's involve-



ment in a movement that proudly claimed the porcine origins of her own race—and was demanding to come to terms with what it implied! Next to the official electoral posters that could be seen all around the city were some more confidential ones, not to be released outside the Maghrebin Area, like the one showing Marie-Thérèse kneeling down naked in a position of worship in front of a handsome Arab in burnoose.

Marie-Thérèse was brutally pulled backwards with her leather leash. She was led by Lady Shuhrah into a little niche that looked like a large shower stall, though entirely covered with official posters of her campaign. A hose was hanging down on the side.

She had to bend and put her hands flat on the wall. Lady Shuhrah grabbed her big banderole-cloak and thrown it forward. Then, she thrust into the anus of the candidate a plug-tail with a panache bearing the French colors.

“And now,” the Goddess said to the people in the shop, “before official appointments could be taken, for after the election, I give you a foretaste of Marie-Thérèse de Cuisse, so that you may see for yourself how eager to satisfy you this sow can be. The men who want to entertain themselves with her for two minutes can get in line on this spot. Those who want to punish her for her past actions can grab my whip; those who prefer to celebrate her new convictions can mount her. There is no risk, as Madame de Cuisse is two months pregnant, in perfect health ... and for the rest, I ask you to use the condoms that are at your disposal. These two other blondes will help you put them on. At the end of each session, they will hose her, so that she can be impeccable for the next patron. Ah! But I see that I’ve already a few amateurs for a foretaste of the mayor-to-be!”

The men were now running to the back of the shop to



take their place in the line. The first one, an old and skinny Algerian, ignoring the inviting smile of Marie-Thérèse and the naughty undulations of her anal panache, grabbed Lady Shuhrah's whip without a moment of hesitation.

Marie-Thérèse felt the bite of the leather lash on her vulva and the rear of her thighs. It was going to be a very long day if she couldn't be attractive enough to make them choose the mounting!

"Thank you, Arab God!" Marie-Thérèse said, as rehearsed in the Blonde Grove, "I'm deeply ashamed of my past conduct. A golden sow should keep her snout muzzled and leave speech to Arab gods."

Another crack ... and another... Marie-Thérèse thanked all those who chose the punishment, but the pain was bringing tears to her eyes.

"All right," the Goddess said, "next!"

A small and pudgy lecherous Tunisian moved forward and politely refused the whip that Lady Shuhrah was holding out to him. Marie-Thérèse made her anal panache undulate frantically—this one was going to mount her!

She felt her butt cheeks being grabbed firmly while a hard cock was worming its way between her labia. She swore to herself that this god would not regret his choice! She contracted and relaxed her internal muscles along his organ, making her little bell jingle furiously in the process. The delightful pressure exerted on the Tunisian's penis drove him very quickly to ejaculation. "Thank you, Arab God!" Marie-Thérèse said, "I'm deeply ashamed of my past conduct. A golden sow should only care about spreading her legs to invite an Arab god!"

The little man moved out, giggling with pleasure.

One of the fillies of her club of aristocratic blondes shoved the hose into her vagina while another one was scrub-

bing around with a big sponge. Then the next patron stepped forward ... and the next ... and the next...



## Epilogue

**I**t was night when the shop closed. Marie-Thérèse was feeling good, despite the pain caused by the whip that had been administered to her repeatedly, and the exhaustion from these hours of use of her internal muscles. The vast majority of the gods had picked up the mounting, and she never had so much pleasurable sex in her whole life. Her vulva was all red and sore, and she had fainted five times, but it wasn't because of the whip! For now, she didn't realize how much her position was privileged. When her political career would draw to a close, she would probably be the woman who would have been granted the highest quantity of Naffi Effect-amplified ecstatic orgasms in the whole world!

Aside from the physical joy that this day had given to her, she was in a state of spiritual plenitude, and her new religious convictions were strengthened. She was feeling like purified by this direct contact with so many gods. Yet, what was of paramount importance in her eyes, was her fulfillment at serving the Cause.



That Maghrebin people, by whom she was offered the highest honor to be mounted, looked physically a lot like the great Shazilarian conquerors ... actually, more than any other population in the world. Maghreb was seen by the Rasheedian Empire as the bigger scale projection of the Valley of Shazilar, which was described by the Phoen as the garden of Eden found, where Bedouins and Shaziris had mixed to recreate the godly race of the origins.

For hours, she had the immeasurable privilege to feel like one of them, and she was proud to be able to serve these beings of divine essence so they could take their revenge on thousands of years of porcine swindle.

She had just learnt, only sad detail in a perfect day, that Lord Aziz wouldn't be put back in charge of the Blonde Grove. She had heard the Holy Spirit talking about the displeasure of Empress Rasheeda Bourid Al Rhazul when she was informed of the use of worthy Troussois as toilets. In the sixties, the minister Maruk—the grandfather of Lord Malik Maruk and the most famous trainer ever—was behind the prohibition of that practice on wild porcine females. Only the white natives of Shazilar could be utilized for that ancestral function. A few top-level specialists could obtain an exceptional dispensation for scientific research, but Lord Aziz was far from being one of them.

He would, however, not be condemned for this serious crime, as it had happened outside the jurisdiction of the Empire, but the experiment of the D.I.R.E. would now include that clause in the wording of the acceptable limits for challengers. For better or worse, it would be recorded that Aziz's obsession would have been the prime factor for his failure. The project of a special team of blondes of the nobility, treasured by Marie-Thérèse, was cleared as positive, and the-

refore would continue one way or the other...

As for the position of mayor of Trouussy-en-Cuisse that she had strong chances to obtain, she was only starting to realize the incredible privileges that it could offer her. She had been lucky to be in the right place, at the right time, at the beginning of that glorious century that would see the divine species take back the reins of the world, and she intended to gorge herself of it...



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# EMPIRE OF RASHEEDIA: PROVINCES OF THE NORTH: WONDERBOURG, WONDERSTEIN, CUISSÉ & OTHER ENCLAVES



- Province of Wonderbourg
- Province of Wonderstein
- Controlled territories
- Allied countries
- Cuisse (being processed)
- Still independant

