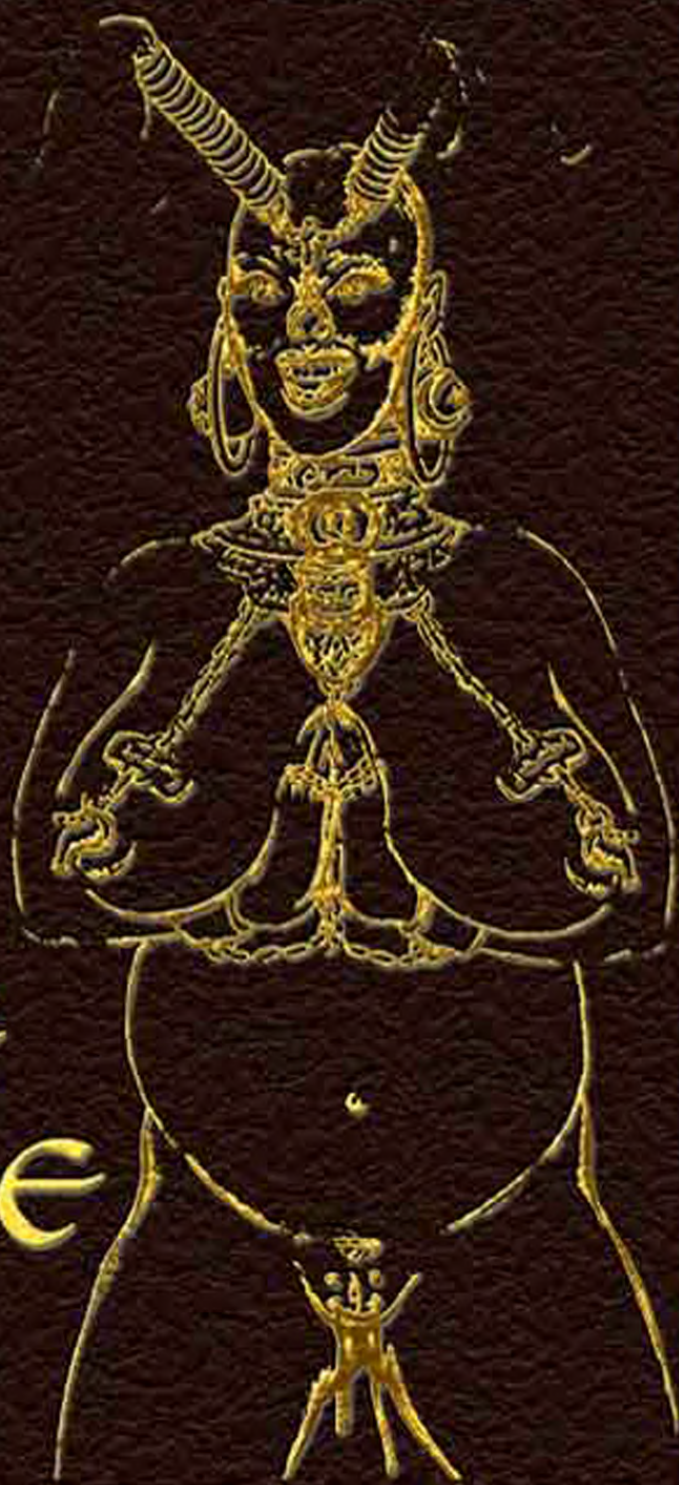


Alonzo
SERAI

The
Valley
of the
White
CATTLE



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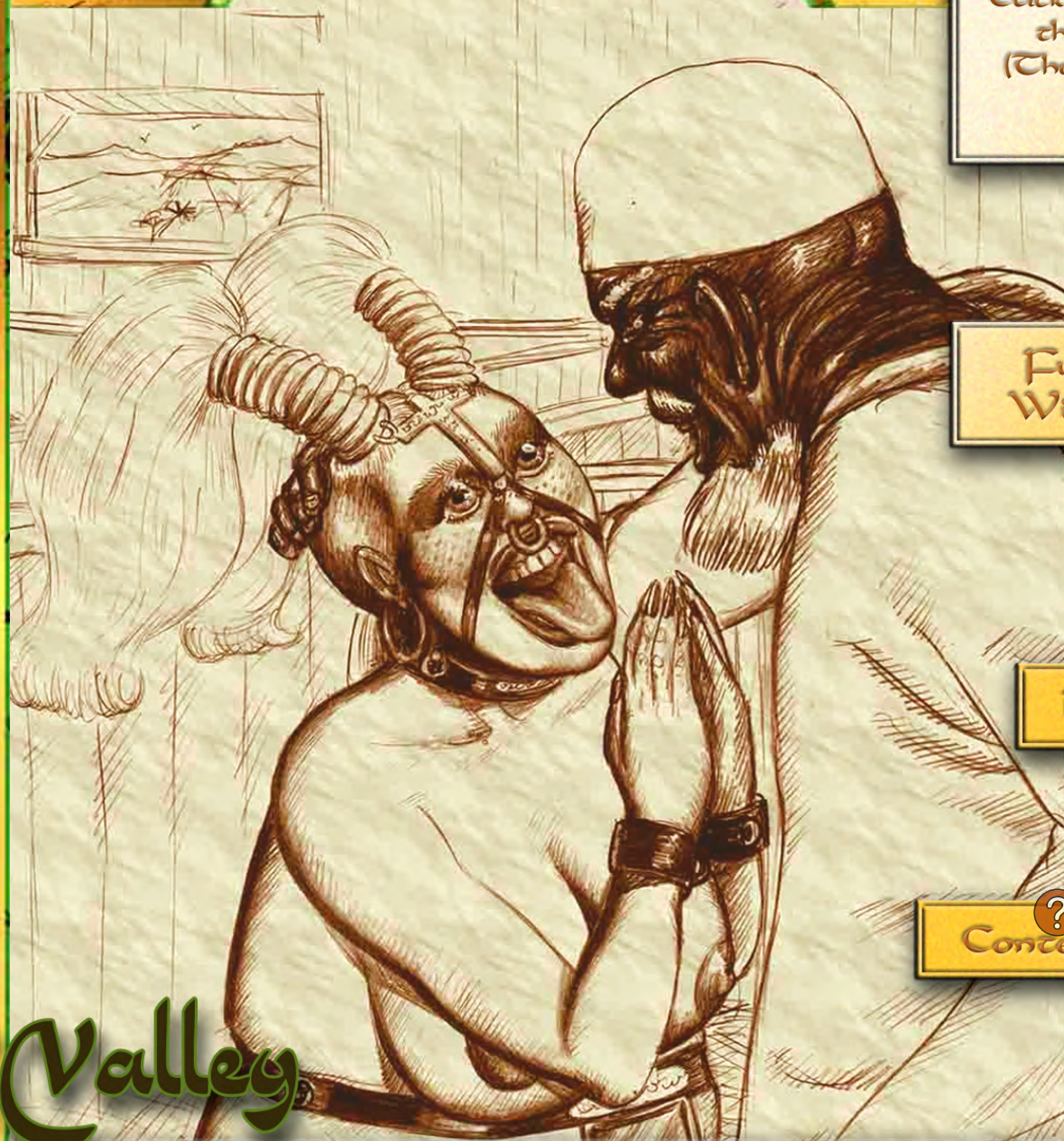


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The Valley

of the

White Carriage

In darkest Africa is a lost valley called the Valley of Shazilar.

Lord Whitestock a.k.a. Zwanga the Lord of the Animals, famous because he was raised by animals in the jungle, discovered it through a passage under the mountain. He found there a lost civilization created by Bedouins nine centuries before.

He soon realized that the Arabs, and the Blacks Shaziris who were serving them, were not the only inhabitants of the Valley; many European females were also living there since the time of the Crusades.

But unlike the Arabs, who descended from Bedouins and Shaziris and were free citizens, the descendants of the noble Crusaders were used as beasts of burden, replacing the domesticated animals in this place that didn't have any.

These white females had forgotten long ago that their ancestors had ever been human beings and it didn't bother them at all, as it was the order of things...



It didn't happen in one day: originally, the Inhabitants of the Valley, who thought they had found the Garden of Eden, refused to share it with their Christian slaves; they were convinced that the outside world had been entirely conquered by the Crusaders, and their hate for this implacable enemy was unquenchable.

All men were put in mines to extract gold; their women were put in the fields to work in difficult conditions, under the strict supervision of severe Shaziri female overseers. They were forced to make an infamous choice : they could continue living and reproducing if they accepted their new condition of domesticated animals with good grace.

Naturally, none of these proud Christian women of the first generation would have accepted to let themselves be degraded so completely, though their daughters and grand-daughters had grown up separately and were only speaking a simplified Arabic instead of their original language ; and anyway, they would have refused to believe they could have anything in common with these mucky field slaves who were part of the landscape.

These new generations were proud to serve their good Arab masters who were spoiling them; the young white females were growing up with the ambition to become a dog, a cow, or a filly. They couldn't possibly know that it was a degrading thing, as they had never seen animals other than insects, lizards and geoses...



A few centuries later, all the descendants of these proud Christian women had become domesticated animals whose life was dedicated to their Arab masters.

Basically, the white cattle was divided into several different species : the dairy cows, whose milk was the only animal food produced in the Valley; the fillies, ponys and gazelles who were pulling all kinds of carriages; the she-oxes and the mares, powerful creatures who could pull a plough or carry adult Arab males on their backs; and finally, the fawns, the hounds and the pets, in charge of the pleasure of their masters.

In 1920, when the Lord of animals discovered the Valley, nobody remembered anymore how this culture of domination was born ; the Arabs only knew that as long as they would make use of the whip, their magnificent domesticated whites would keep on being sweet and obedient.

Only the Caliph, "Keeper of the Secrets", still knew how that society was built.

With the coming of the Lord of the Animals, things would never be the same.



Zwanga passed under the mountain, through the subterranean passage that was leading to the Valley and was captured, then thrown to the mines with the last white males who were not chosen as stallions. He planned a revolt that failed; though the Caliph found him so different from the others that he felt the need to interrogate him.

Very surprised to learn that Zwanga was coming from the outside world, a place he was supposed to be the only one to know, being the Keeper of the Secrets, the Caliph decided to make an exception to the rule and to treat Zwanga as an equal to the Arab Masters.

The Lord of the Animals told him that the Muslims of the outside world had been colonized by the Christians a long time after the end of the Crusades, but the successive Caliphs had always believed in a world that had become entirely Christian, but would have been put back in rught right order by the will of Allah after several centuries... and so, that would be entirely Muslim by now!

He asked the Lord of the Animals to keep this information for himself, as the inhabitants of the Valley would react badly to the existence of an outside world where animals dominated the divine beings.

Zwanga was fascinated by what he could see in the Valley; he was a human raised by animals in the jungle, and was suddenly discovering a civilization where humans were raised as animals!

He decided to move in there for a while...



The Caliph was learning something new from Zwanga every day. After a week, he became much worried about the future of Shazilar if its existence should be known to this threatening outside world.

Of course, the Caliph made Zwanga swear that he would never reveal the secret of the Valley, and he trusted him for that, knowing how fond of blond slaves he was, but he feared that others could penetrate into the Valley in those terrifying flying machines that were described to him. He was a little more convinced every day that good times were behind.

In this world behind the mountains, his favorite gazelles could very well stop worshiping him like a god... and maybe even wear clothes! Zwanga told him that it would be much worse, as they would certainly refuse to be mounted by him, even for a sugar lump, and would probably use their free arms to push him away.

The Caliph was so worried to hear such nonsense that he used and abused of his most talented gazelles that evening as if it was the last time!



AS

Seeing the Caliph being more and more depressed as his knowledge of the outside world was increasing, the Lord of the animals made the oath to protect Shazilar from intruders and assured him that if the discovery of the Valley was inevitable, it could nevertheless be postponed for years.

So, Zwanga left the Valley to become its keeper; he built a ranch about two hundred miles away on the other side of the mountain, and came back to Shazilar often, as the Caliph had given him a farm, slaves, and animals, as well as all the gold he could carry.

And life went on in the Valley.

In 1950, the world was still unaware of the existence of Shazilar, the Arabs were spending wonderful days, and the white cattle had happy lives in their stables, their kennels and their harems...

Until the day the Caliph left this world after he had brought joy to three vivacious gazelles...

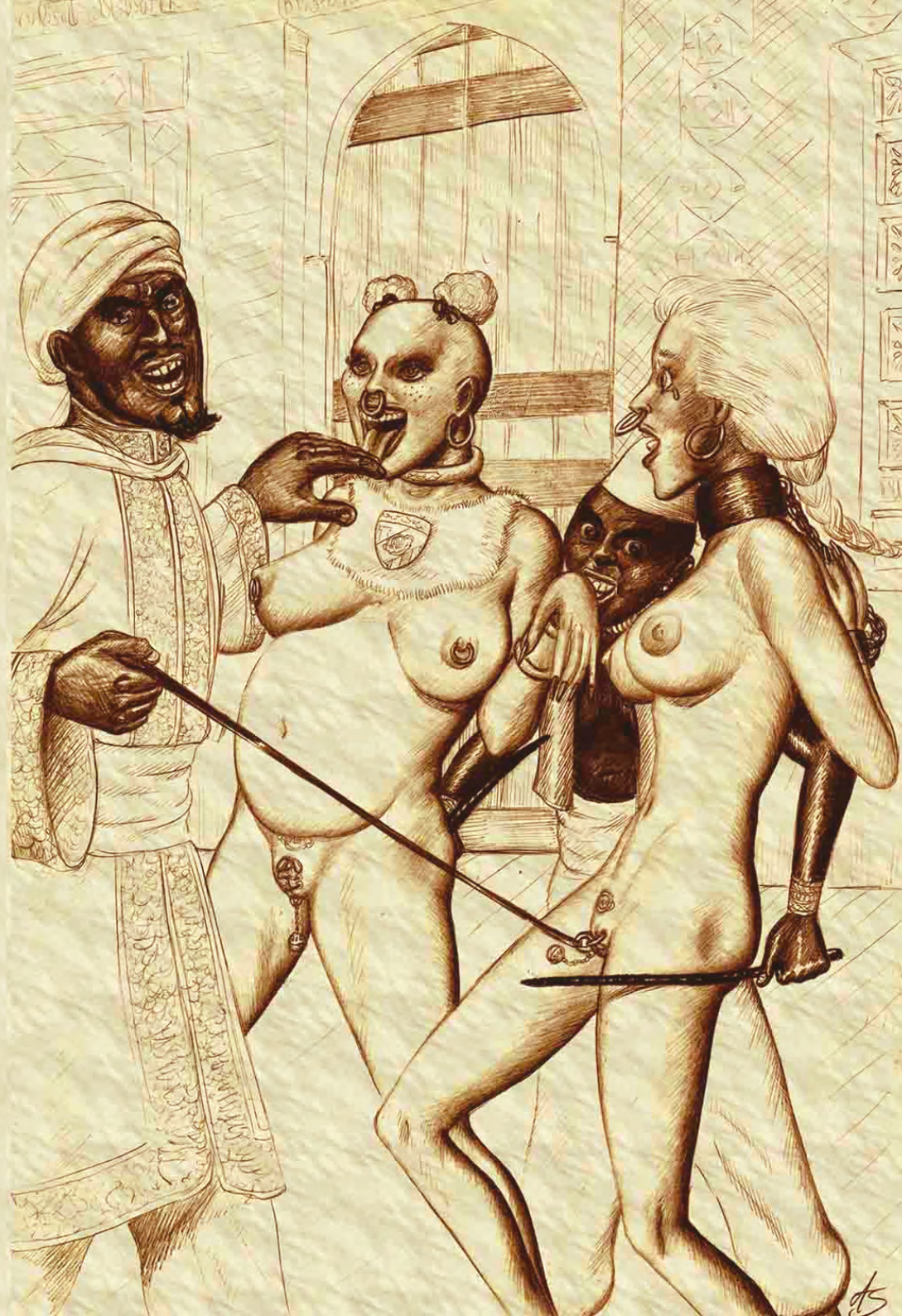


Young prince Basher, his son, was now the new Caliph. He had been the first Arab in the Valley to visit the outside world, thanks to Zwanga who had welcomed him in his ranch to study.

Unfortunately, Basher felt in love with the younger daughter of the Lord of Animals, despite (or thanks to) the absolute disdain she was vowing him. No sooner had he buried his father, Basher gathered a small army and attacked the Whitestock ranch, capturing the young stuck-up, as well as her mother and her elder sister.

He brought them to Shazilar and trained them like animals. He worked on the mother first to familiarize himself with this new kind of white females and had her mounted by one of his young white studs to see if she could reproduce more delicious creatures like the one he had fallen in love with.

In only a few months, the wife of the Lord of the animals had become an obedient and eager pet in the harem of the new Caliph; she was carrying in her womb new blood for the white cattle.



After he had domesticated the wife of the Lord of the Animals and his elder daughter, the training of the one who had once snubbed him was only a formality in an environment where only the Shazilarian social values were allowed.

Soon, the only interest in life for this little goose was to please to the man she had despised. One day, she begged him with such enthusiasm that he accepted at last to take her virginity. After that, Basher lost all interest for her and her family and offered the three females to the head-cattleman of the palace, so that they could be of some use.

But what about the Lord of the Animals? Back from one of his thrilling adventures, he had found his ranch burnt down and all his faithful Shaziris dead.

After that, he had looked for his wife and daughters all around Africa for years; in vain...



In desperation, Zwanga went to the last place where he would have imagined they would be, in Shazilar, in the Valley he had protected for thirty years, and where he thought he was a respected citizen.

After all these years of captivity, his wife had become an exceptional gazelle, hungry for obedience for her master the head-cattleman of the palace and remarkably fertile for a white female from outside. Her milk was so appreciated that the Caliph had chosen her as the palace official dairy cow.

When Zwanga gave up his chase and came back to the Valley, he found his rearing farm deserted, stripped a long time ago from all his precious white females. He then went to Shazilarabad, waited for the night to climb on the roofs and enter the Caliph's apartments without being seen. Chance made him come across the palace dairy cow, in whom he immediately recognized his missing wife.

Zwanga suddenly turned into a wild beast and rushed into Basher's bedroom, where he killed him with his bare hands.



The great vizier greatly savored that event that was making him the new Caliph of Shazilar. He didn't have Zwanga put to death, because he couldn't be judged as one of them, being only an animal... and a much valuable one, as his female descendants were magnificent and were all producing high quality milk; he chose instead to make him the palace stallion.

He also used Zwanga's knowledge to build a new strategy in the way to deal with the outside world, and his first act as Caliph was to send there an expedition loaded with gold to buy modern weapons for the Shazilarian Watch.

The Lord of the Animals had finally become the Lord of the white cattle, that was taken out of the kennels many times a day to make him cover females of his race. He loved doing that, even with his female descendant who were themselves proud to be covered by this powerful male. These sessions with the good doggies his daughters and grand-daughters had become were testing at first, but with the passing of years, Zwanga learnt to appreciate every moment shared with his beloved female descendants.

Once again, all was well in the Valley...



The Adventure
will Continue

in :

The Valley
of the
White Bonanza



Map of
the region
(Click to enlarge)



The Valley of the White Cattle (the Origins of the Valley)
The Lord of the Animals
The Rise of Shazilar
The Breaking of the Whitestocks (coming soon)

The Valley of the White Cattle
The Valley of the White Bonanza
The Valley of the White Market

The Valley of the Slaves
Explorers of the Valley of the Slaves
Raiders of the Valley of the Slaves
Ambassador of the Valley of the Slaves
Captives of the Valley of the Slaves
Goddess of the Valley of the Slaves
White Mare of the Valley of the Slaves
Conquest of the Valley of the Slaves

The Route of the Slaves
Undercover Agent on the Route of the Slaves
Double Agent on the Route of the Slaves
Raw recruits on the Route of the Slaves
Bad Girls on the Route of the Slaves
Good Girls on the Route of the Slaves
Lord of the Slaves
Empire of the Slaves
Princess of the Slaves

The Legend of the White Fillies
The White Fillies (Poaching The White Fillies)
Outfoxing The White Fillies
Reining in The White Fillies
Challenging The White Fillies
Securing The White Fillies
Degrading The White Fillies

Illustrations :

Gordon Kerr - Black Domination
Alan Aldiss - Harem Breeding Slave (2 Volumes)

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