The Hart family at a Nigerian retreat

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The parents left their white daughters and son at a black African retreat for four days.

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Part one:

As I mentioned in my previous story, I worked in several African countries from 1971 to 1981 as an engineer and advisor in energy exploration, primarily oil and gas. Although I had traveled in other African countries in the mid 60's and early 90's, most of my hands on experience came from work in South Africa, Nigeria, Kenya and Saudi Arabia. Due to my expertise and reputation, my services were courted by a number of wealthy and ruling African leaders. I witnessed many things during my tenure there because I had access to places that almost no white man was allowed to see. This continent is rich in numerous cultures and history but there is a very dark side that the international press has been negligent or afraid to report on. European and American technicians were drawn to Africa due to rich contracts and with a number of them their families were invited to follow…..especially the young white wives and daughters.This story is based on an actual event in Nigeria around 1980. I was not present at this retreat but had worked in the area and personally knew some of the African men involved along with the Hart family that fell victim to this bizarre event. It was almost a year later before T. Hart, a close friend, and his second oldest daughter confessed to me just what really happened during that retreat. Both were unaware but I also taped over two hours of the conversation during that evening at my home. I was surprised at how mature and descriptive Candy, his daughter, was in her sexual accounts and in relaying the actual descriptive experiences of her sisters, brother and other white girls that attended the retreat.

There is not time now to explain but the entire Hart family was truly "Africanized" during their time in Nigeria. I was unsure if I would share this bizarre story but it reveals little known aspects of just how some white families were preyed upon in several African countries. Ever since the violent killings and molestation of Belgium and other European white nationals in the Congo during the early 1960's, the stage was set to avenge the white man's bungling of dividing African territories.

As oil, gas and precious metals became a mainstay of exploration in Africa….black African rulers now began to realize wealth and more power which was followed by greed and corruption. Now the black rulers sought the return of white engineers and tradesmen along with their families accompanying them. What the white families did not know was that a number of them would be sexually exploited.

Using my literary license I wanted to share this story due to it's revealing aspects of African lust. The descriptive nature of my relaying this event may be appalling to some readers while being interesting and titillating to those who have experienced interracial sex. Although some names are real, others have been changed to protect the individuals involved.

It always amazed me as to why white families coming to Africa were so ignorant of the possible dangers that afforded them in a land they did not know. They were at first naive to the cultural differences but more alarmingly did not do research to know about black African lust for their wives, daughters and sons. This was a fact and many families eventually found themselves trapped in a situation they could never imagine. Too bad that the internet was not available years ago.

During this time Nigeria was controlled by a man known as Shehu Shagari, who like many African rulers, had short terms in and out of power. He ruled strictly but kept favor with other African power brokers and tribal leaders by supplying them with sexual favors. The most prized were white ex-pat's wives and daughters who were either blackmailed into submission or taken by force.

Many wives, daughter and yes, even sons were seduced by the domestics that they hired to work in their homes. It was common to have black African teachers in the township colleges / schools prey on their African students as well as the white ones also. Many white girls were fed a black cock after school hours or had their legs split by African cock in a secluded area of the school grounds. Some were submitted to "tutoring" after school at their teacher's home then escorted back to their own home late at night…..or early in the morning. One can only imagine the helplessness and fear of a white father seeing a couple of black Africans return his daughter home as she enters the house with wrinkled clothes and a teary despondent look on her face.

Whether for grades, blackmail or from fear, a number of these white darlings were black seduced. Yet, either they or the families kept it secret in order to maintain the father's job security. Some fathers were even jailed if they snitched or created problems. Even more disgusting, a number of fathers eventually found themselves surrendering their wives, daughters and sometimes son to African lust for six and seven figure contracts. It was black African control and the whites knew it.

One little known secret of African lust encounters was that of the church and special occasion retreats. These campground events were practiced by a number of African countries that stemmed from early colonization. There were some that had changed from their earlier intent and beginning in the 1960's provided a more dark approach to bonding black and white cultures. True, many still practiced a respectful itinerary but there were others controlled by local authorities that expanded their agenda to exploiting white families. As one African counselor once privately admitted to me, " these retreats are not just for bonding various cultures, they are also for breeding white wives and daughters with black African seed." Shamefully, this was indeed true and the following event was witness to that.

T. Hart and his family lived in a villa just north of town and I worked with him back in late 1979 for a

few months just before his family moved there. He had three young daughters and a son. The son was a twin to the youngest daughter…both blonde, innocent and 16 years old. His oldest daughter, Dana, was 19 years old and in her second year of college. She had dated since the 12th grade but her father was unaware of her occasional sex life. Candy, a small girl, was a year behind her older sister and had only dated sparingly but was still a virgin.

T. Hart had only been in Nigeria for six months. In January of 1980 his family left Scotland and moved in with him. It was on a Monday that Hart received a notice from his boss, Buhari, that there would be a summer outing for four days and that all sons and daughters over twelve years of age from ex-pats would be expected to attend. It was as in his words “a way to experience the country’s heritage and to bond to their new host country.” Little did the Hart family know just what type of bond the some of the Africans had in mind .

Hart and his wife were only too grateful to comply with the outing and prepared their family for the event. It was going to be in a camping retreat next to the waterfall about sixty kilometers from their home. When Hart returned from work that afternoon, they loaded the van and took their daughters and son to the campground. Once there, the black African guards let them in and guided them to the main center. Hart was surprised as to why armed guards were at the gate but after they informed him that they were there to secure the safety of foreign citizens he felt more at ease. Several black women and men came out smiling and friendly to meet them and introduce themselves as counselors.
The Harts felt more comfortable and followed as they were escorted to help their daughters and son place their bags in the welcome center. The counselors would later place them in their respective lodgings. The large camp was segregated into two inclusive sections. The younger children were housed in nice cabins while the older teens and young adults were housed in tents. Both areas had their own programs and activities. There was much more stricter supervision for safety in the younger area. T. Hart and his wife finally left after the dinner that was provided for the families knowing that he had to travel early in the morning to another providence to work on a new project.

After the camp dinner and introduction services Dana and Candy were led to their tents while the twins were escorted to their cabins. Dana, the oldest of the Hart daughters, had wanted her sister Candy to be her tent mate but due to odd camp rules only one person to a tent was permitted. That seemed strange since this was a stand up 8 x 8 foot tent with only one 3 x 6 foot air mattress on the ground. The tents were not even close to one another, perhaps 30 to 40 meters apart along a wide path amongst the trees and large plants with oil lamps giving lamplight after dark. Must be their ways she thought… although a bit scary. It was about nightfall when she heard the camp intercom system announce the beginning of the African dance program being held in the outdoor theater. She dressed in her colorful sunflower dress and put her make up on. Dana was excited being away from her parents and anticipating this adventure.

Dana was surprised by a tapping sound outside the tent. “Who’s there,” she nervously asked.” An

accented deep voice replied, “Miss Dana, are you ready for the festivities tonight?” “Who are you,” she questioned. “ I am Abiola,” answered the African. “I am your personal counselor and I am here to escort you to the festivities tonight. Have you had time to get ready?”

“Yea…sure, I am ready,” she said. Before Dana could walk outside the tent flap pulled back and this very dark and tall African entered the tent. He must have been over six and a half feet tall bending over not to scrape the tent top. Dana was a bit nervous in that all of a sudden she was alone with a very big and black man in her tent. She felt more at ease as he smiled along with his demeanor seemingly friendly. He politely asked her to follow him. His big black hand reached out and softly held hers as he guided her along the path with the oil lamps giving assisted light to the path. “How long have you been in our country,” he asked. “Only a month,” she replied. “You are going to enjoy my land and it’s heritage. That is what this retreat is about. To introduce young visitors to the joys and customs of Africa.”

“Where are you from?” Dana inquired. The African let out a warm laugh. “ I am from the northern part of this country. My mother was of Yoruba heritage and my father was of the Maasia tribe that lived in Kenya. Rather an unusual mixture and frowned on between tribes but they met during one of my father’s business trips and settled here in Nigeria. He is a very successful man and I was blessed with being raised in a loving family along with four brothers and two sisters. I will tell you more later on and would also be honored to know about your family."

Abiola was clad in white shorts and a shirt that tightly adorned his muscular body. Dana, as a woman could not help but notice his towering frame including the bulge in his shorts as they walked the path. She was denying the strange feeling she was having. No way could she be feeling excitement in the presence of a black African….no way. She had only had sex a few times with her white college boyfriend. Why then was she feeling excited being led down a path with a man in his mid thirties, not to mention, a very black man. Black men were never appealing to her, especially these African tribesmen as she called them.

Dana’s father worked for a black owned company but her family had mostly been segregated from blacks living in Scotland. She had never even been in school with blacks until recently here in Nigeria. Perhaps it was due to the feeling that she was on her own and her parents no longer around or that she felt liberated as a young woman. Reassuring herself, she was convinced that being a grown lady of nineteen she would be able to take care of her self.

They arrived at the outdoor camp theater and the show was beginning. Dana looked around for her sisters and brother but did not see them. Abiola suggested that they seat themselves in the very far rear on the knoll amongst the trees where they could view the dancers yet enjoy the cool African breeze. As the show began, Abiola pulled a rolled cigarette from his pocket and lit it up. He deeply inhaled it and looked over to Dana. “Please share this with me, it is an African custom that helps to enjoy festivities.” Dana, although surprised, had smoked pot several times before so not wanting to offend her counselor she placed it to her lips. This herb tasted much different from what she had

experienced before and she inhaled the sweet aroma with him sharing it. After only a few minutes into the program the stage lights seemed to glow more colorful and the area they were in became darker. Abiola positioned himself behind her and asked her to lean back against his knees for comfort. It was cooler and she felt a chill so she let her back lean against his knees while they felt comfortable. Slowly his black hands held her shoulders and he guided her to the melodic sounds of the steel drums. Dana was absorbed in the sounds yet somewhat stimulated in that this older black African was touching her. She thought to herself, my father would really be appalled that a black African was even touching me like this. Yet he was well spoken and polite. Still, she felt safe and at ease along with enjoying the show.

Shocking at first, she felt his black lips kiss her neck while his hand softly brushed against her breast as he placed his left arm around her. Abiola knew that this young white maiden was high on smoke as he whispered into her ear. “Are you feeling good and enjoying the show?” he asked. “Yes, but I feel strange and cannot explain it,” She replied. Dana was certainly high and enamored with being a woman in the presence of a mature man that seemed to respect her but she was also experiencing a an excitement in her body that alarmed her and she was not sure how to cope with it. She quickly thought to herself…Oh gosh, this is getting serious and I hope I have not teased this black man into thinking I want to be with him. “Dana, just relax and let your mind wonder to the sounds of the music and pretend you are an African maiden,” Abiola softly said.

Dana was tense yet the herb she had inhaled seemed to ease her fears and strangely induced excitement at her being with an older man yet a very black man. Chill bumps adorned her arms. Slowly Abiola let his knees spread part and guided her to lean back on him. She could feel his warm breath on her neck and looking down noticed that his black hands were on her knees. His wrists were adorned with solid thick silver bracelets that shinned from the show lights. Abiola did not want to frighten Dana but his cock was beginning to harden. As Dana moved back some she suddenly felt his hardness in the small of her back. “Sir, I think we should perhaps sit apart…this may not be appropriate., she said.” “Relax miss Dana, in my country a man’s excitement is a compliment to a woman.” Dana was excited also but was a bit afraid.

The African then ask Dana to close her eyes for a few moments and absorb the music and night air. He moved his left hand to rest on her lap while his other hand slowly slid up and softly held her breast. “Please no, someone may see us and besides, I do not know you,” she moaned. In a deep voice he asked, “Have you ever been loved on by a black man?” At first Dana was alarmed but she wanted to appear as a grown woman. Being high and aroused she unfortunately muttered, “No, not until now.”

The African then knew that this young white maiden with long blonde hair was his to have and he slowly slid his other hand under her dress resting it between her legs. Much to his surprise she had no panties on but it was a flowing dress and she had apparently preferred coolness. His black fingers touched her vagina opening as Dana nervously squirmed in his grips. “Please,” she protested, “don’t do that, there are people near.” Abiola replied, “Girl, no one can see us up here and you did say “not

until now” did you not. ” “But my father would be shocked with me being fondled by a black African.” “Your father is not here and I can sense that you are aroused by my touching your body,” the African insisted. She felt a tingling sensation as his other black hand slid into the top of her low cut dress softly fondling her breasts. As her legs slightly opened they became heated and wet as a couple of black fingers found their way into her love canal. Her heart was racing and her mouth was dry. Dana's toes curled up along with a lump forming in her throat. it was only an hour before that she had never been sexually touched by black hands in her entire life. Yet, here she was being fondled by one of the blackest man she had ever encountered. This was frightening yet so stimulating being in the grips of a charcoal black African. The touch and male presence was certainly dominating but here she was letting a very dark black man rub on her body. She could call out for help yet she was enjoying this moment of capture. Silently, Dana was asking herself, “why am I letting this happen ….why?”

“Dana,” he said, “turn around and sit on my lap.” His muscular arms held her up and turned her as her dress flowed over and covered his legs and lower body. He removed his shirt as Dana now saw his muscular chest and abdomen. She did not know that before he had turned her that he had also released his black manhood from his shorts. As she relaxed her knees and sat on him she felt his throbbing black cock rubbing against her. “Oh my gosh, this can’t be happening…no…I can’t let myself go this far….I feel excited but shouldn’t,” she nervously thought. Dazed and high she looked into his black eyes and became somewhat hypnotized by this older black man.

The drum music seemed to almost intensify as she felt his black manhood searching for her opening. As his hand held her from behind a sudden thrust allowed the head of his black shaft into her. He pulled her up to his chest and slowly let her down as she felt his cock find its way a few inches into her vagina. Dana gasped as her mouth and eyes opened wide. Slowly it slid deeper as she became alarmed that she was being impaled not only on a black African cock but a bare one with absolutely no protection. She could feel the throbbing veins of pure black meat. She tried to break free but his strong muscular arms held her tight. “Please, this has gone too far….I’m afraid….please stop….it hurts, oh oh oh ooooh….its too big for my…oh oh oh nooooo……..oh my gosh, oh my gosh, please don’t, uh uh uh …oh oh ohhhhh.”

“Quite girl,” we don’t want to make too much sound. You wouldn’t want to have your parents find out that their young daughter has had black flesh inside her…would you?” “Oh my God, I can’t believe that I have a blue black cock inside me. Here I am being taken by a black African without a rubber on….this isn’t right…you’ve got to stop…this is dangerous… my father would kill me,” she pleaded.

Although the music was loud Abiola covered her mouth with his black hand to quite her protests as her blue eyes were wide with pain and anxiety. His other arm down her back with his hand holding her bottom as he guided her up and down as his black shaft working its way deeper into her. Her arms held his large black shoulders for support as she gasped feeling the pain of being stretched by his pulsating black cock. Dana was now a captured white maiden and shockingly her white body began shaking as the first orgasm shot through her and her juices began lubricating his cock. Now the pain lessened and soon his shaft had penetrated further into her. She was captured and impaled

on his black manhood as he thrust harder. Abiola released his hand from her mouth and replace it with his mouth as his tongue danced on hers. Her teary blue eyes grew large again as she gazed into dark eyes while his large black nose breathed heavily. Her shoes had fallen off and her toes dug into the dirt and grass.

Although mesmerized by what was happening Dana could only imagine how her father would react to seeing his girl not only being fucked by this big black African yet her mouth being sucked by him at the same time. Now he was fucking this white girl with long and hard thrusts while she moaned as her head was bobbling up and down. Dana's eyes were glossy and she was slobbering from the excitement of her belly being filled with such a large black cock. Another orgasm shot through her as she weakened and collapsed into him. He slowly rolled her over and pulled her dress top down with his black chest pressing against her bare breast. The large African now covered her body. The ground was soft which helped her absorb his muscular weight. Her white and pale legs begin to wrap around his black buttocks as he rutted her vagina. Sweat poured from his charcoal body as his thrusts were harder and grinding into her.

Dana was in orgasmic joy but suddenly she regained her senses and pleaded with him not to cum in her. "Please don't cum in me, please don't….pleaseee." This only made Abiola even more excited knowing that he was going to spew into a lovely blonde white girl and give this squirming creature his African jism. He could hold it no longer. Abiola's body begin to shake and she felt his shaft grow even larger and more rigid almost splitting her in half. Once more, she tried to pull away but was helpless under his massive size. She was impaled on a large black throbbing cock that wasn't about to pull out. Again she pleaded, "please don't cum in me, please….I am not on the pill and I don't want to get pregnant…..especially by a black man. My father would disown me."

Dana could no longer avoid the inevitable. She was frightened yet her body was smoldering with sexual excitement. His black lips again covered her mouth as her wide blue eyes became glossy and saliva again rolled down her cheek. She wrapped her arms around him and dug her nails into his back. As she peeked from under his black shoulder at the starry sky, she was anguishing as to why she was letting this African fuck her….and bareback to boot? The African suddenly let out a moan and again thrust harder as her legs began to rise in the air and shake with another orgasm riffling through her. "Please, please don't cum in me…noooo." Abiola could hold it no longer, "Girl, I cums in you, I cums in you, arhhhh. Suddenly, his body stiffened and his arms griped her like a vice as he pushed all he had into her wet vagina. Helpless, she then felt ounces of black jism explode into her…..she could feel all of his African tadpoles invading her body as his black lips sucked the remaining juices from her mouth. A bolting orgasm ran through her body as her lips were pressed to his and his dark eyes starring at hers. Her legs and feet wrapped around his black buttocks surrendering to black lust. As her belly was being filled with his African cum…..she almost fainted from the excitement of giving all of herself to this black African.

Dana had truly been black fucked or "Africanized" as some might say. Abiola rolled over still holding

her to him. Her body was limp yet still impaled on an African cock as his cum rolled down her thighs. Both of them lay there and each knowing that this was a seduction that would neither would ever forget.

The theater show had long ended but she never saw it since the beginning. What she did see was what a lustful African could do with a young white girl. Abiola then picked Dana up and carried her limp white body back to her tent.

After they arrived he laid her on the mattress while undressing her. As he removed his shorts she lay there gazing at him astonished at just how black this African man was with the lamplight flickering on his chiseled body. His manhood was still large but soft from her seduction. Abiola sat down along side of her as he spoke of things about him and his country. His voice was deep and soothing and although nervous, Dana was enjoying the moment. Then, slowly defying gravity his large black cock began to rise again. It was jet black with a smooth texture and pulsating veins. “Dana, my little white maiden, I will make you a woman tonight,” he announced.

Dana had already been invaded but she would soon be in store for even more black lust. Little did she know that Abiola’s fellow counselor, Otomda, had followed them to her tent to speak with Abiola about the next day’s program. Dana was alarmed at first but Abiola told her to remain calm. “Dana, it is an African custom that we men share our prize possessions with our best friends and you will gain much joy because of this.” “But I thought you were my personal counselor,” she protested. “ Shiii, now girl. You do not want to dishonor my friend do you?”

Otomda unfastened his belt buckle and his shorts slid to the ground. Dana was now starring at another erect black cock that was fresh and had never been in a white girl. Otomda had never had a white woman before. He almost shook with excitement gazing at this blonde beauty and her naked body. Quickly he kneeled down on the mattress as he could hardly wait since he was so horny to bust a nut. His strong black hands grabbed Dana’s calves and pulled her to him. Dana could do nothing but lie there and watch this black African and his throbbing charcoal black dick impale her. She had plenty of juices and sperm in her so Atomda’s thick cock slid into her as his black body leaned over and covered her. Abiola just sat there and grinned as he watched her little white face peek out from under Otomda’s black neck and shoulder. Her mouth was open and again her eyes wide with a questionable look as another black African lustfully grinded between her legs. It was only minutes before he spewed his load into her belly.

Both black men rested and smoked herb. Later that night they took turns dropping their African loads in Dana on her back, her knees and on her side. Her legs became so weak from orgasms that the two Africans had to hold her weak legs up so they could penetrate and spew more of their African cum into her. Her belly was full of African jism. They had even sandwiched her as her wide blue eyes froze while one African held her head feeding her black cock as the other African thrust his black cock deep into her belly. Before daylight the two drained Africans left her sprawled on the air mattress as she

succumbed to sleep. She was certainly now oblivious to the jungle sounds of the night. She had been viciously black fucked or as locals would say, “Africanized” and little did she know, also African bred.

During this same night Dana’s younger sister, Candy, would also experience her introduction to Africa cock. As the next three days unfolded all of her siblings would fall victim to the dark side of African lust. Each one would experience being “Africanized” in a similar yet provocative way.

Africa is a mysterious continent where in many countries there is a hatred for the white man. Yet, the unspoken reality is that white wives, daughters and young sons are more than welcomed there to satisfy a boiling African lust for white flesh. The black Africans try and separate them from their parental control but in some instances it even becomes an entire family affair. The Hart family learned this all too well.