

The Hart family at a Nigerian retreat.....Part 2

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Dana Hart willingly became Africanized\ Now her younger sister would be submitted to African lust

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Part 2 As previously revealed, Dana was Africanized that first night during the four day retreat at Niga Falls near the more famous Owu Falls. During my conversation with Hart and his daughter, Candy, it became even more eerie to hear what had happened with her that first night and how Candy had lost her innocence to black African lust. Although Dana was more inviting as to her seduction, Candy was more reluctant during her submission to black African cock and it scarred her mind for years to come. From my notes and recordings with Candy I wrote the following sequence of events that occurred during that first day at the retreat along with their initial arrival to Africa. Candy was the second oldest teen, at 18, of the Hart children and definitely the apple of her father's eye. She was a small girl only 4'11" tall and weighed barely 90 pounds. Her sister, Dana, was light honey blonde but Candy was almost white blonde and she wore her hair in two flowing ponytails. Her eyes were almost turquoise and she had a few light freckles on her cheeks. It was only one month ago when she arrived in Nigeria with her mother, sisters and brother. Although all were stunning in appearance it was Candy that drew many of the stares from the black Africans in the air terminal. Although just fresh out of high school she looked even younger and was such a contrast to the culture that she had stepped into. Little did she know that many of those stares had a hidden African lust behind them causing many of the black men's cocks to harden just looking at this beautiful little girl. She was certainly a prize catch for any black man, especially rich Africans who would pay handsomely for a chance to spread her virgin legs. As stated previously in the first story Hart and his wife left the campground heading for home after the dinner. Dana and Candy as were the twins were escorted to their respective lodgings. Candy and her sister Dana were assigned to tents about 250 meters from the pavilion where their luggage had already been placed for them. Candy was in a tent about 40 meters from her sister's tent but further away. She was so excited in that this was the first time she had been camping since her membership in Girl Scouts. After reading the brochures and making her bed she changed clothes and eagerly went to find her sister's tent but Dana was not there. She then briskly walked along the lamp lighted path to join in the opening festivities. The program was vibrating with the dances, drums and music. Candy had never seen something so exciting as this especially without her parents present. There was so much excitement in the African dances. It lasted until around 9:30 at night. Afterwards,

the young ladies were joined by personal counselors and invited to learn African dance steps and moves. All the counselors were black and ranged from 20 to 45 years of age. These white daughters of ex-pats were naïve as to the actual format of this retreat. It was advertised as an introduction to African culture but the deep hardened truth was that many of these African men came from well to do families that paid Nigeria's ruler handsomely for a chance to perhaps rut with young white girls. After the main program a number of the girls became tired and chose to return to their lodgings but Candy wanted to experience the dance lessons and to see if she could find her sister. "Miss Candy I presume," a strong voice announced from behind her. Candy turned was shocked at what seemed like a black giant to her. "I am Afolabi of Zulu descent and have been assigned as your personal counselor." Afolabi was 6'5" tall, lean and muscular with blue- black skin. Although 41 yrs old he was well conditioned. Candy seemed like a dwarf to this tall African and it was intimidating. "Do not let my size frighten you little blonde princess. I will take good care of you and this retreat will be of utmost joy to you." Afolabi was saying nice things while his mind was thinking otherwise. He had never seen such a thing of beauty. Her beautiful face, shapely small body, white blonde hair along with being young and innocent. With his giant frame looking down on her she appeared to him almost a child. The horrid truth is that in most African countries there is no underage law upheld and the taking of pre-teen girls is a delicacy. This African was fantasizing that thought about Candy. Candy was unaware that prior to this event, files and photos of all the white families invited to this retreat had been reviewed by notable Africans and there was a secret bidding held to assign counselors to certain daughters and sons invited to camp. Afolabi personally paid handsomely for this luscious white prize and intended to get his money's worth with or without her consent. The African dance class was soon over and was followed by a regular dance format of disco and slow dancing. After several fast beat dances, music to a slow dance came on and Afolabi took Candy's hands and pulled her to him. Candy had never danced with a black man let alone close and touching one. Feeling his arms slide around her back and waist then pressing her against him made her nervous. He was so tall that the top of her head barely reached his chest. As she looked up she noticed that his dark eyes were affixed on her and seemed to hypnotize her. "Mr. Afolabi, please do not hold me this close. My father would not approve and I feel uncomfortable doing this." "Relax little girl, this is just part of your introduction to bonding with African culture and there is no harm intended," Afolabi replied. His words seemed assuring until Candy began to feel a hardening in the African's crotch area against her chest. My God, she thought. This man is becoming sexually aroused and behind his white shorts something black and big is rubbing against my chest. This can't be happening. Please, no. He held her tight as his black cock was almost bursting out of his shorts. The more Candy squirmed the more she felt it throbbing between her breasts. The African then reached under her arms lifting her up and again held her close while they danced as Candy grew even more frightened. Candy struggled and pushed the African away as she regained her footing ending the dance. "I apologize Mr. Afolabi, but I'm tired and also feel uneasy about this. Besides, I need to find my sisters and see if they are okay." "I mean no harm girl. If you are referring to the bulge in my shorts, that's only natural and in Africa it is a compliment, not a threat. You have much to learn about our ways and culture. Go then and I will see

you for the next activity.” Little did Candy know what he meant by the “next activity.” It was late into the night as the full moon helped the lamplights glow on the path leading to her tent. Not halfway there she heard the moans of a girl coming from a counselor’s hutch. Curiously, she approached the hutch and peeked inside. Shockingly, she saw the small head of a very young British girl gasping as a black African man held her hands behind her back with one hand while the other hand was on her behind. Her skirt up to her waist and her blouse open, she was lying on her side pressed against him as he was trying to penetrate her. “Please, no, you’re cock is too big.” she pleaded. “I only wanted to play around with you...I didn’t mean to tease you. My parents would just want to die if they knew I was this close to a black man. This is not why I came to this retreat....please, stop.” “Shut up white girl, your father is not here and you’re going to spread those legs and let me have my way with you. After all, you invited yourself after we met at the program tonight. You even rubbed my cock when we danced. Don't tease me. I paid much money to be your counselor and you are mine for the next three days. If you refuse to open your legs I will use your pretty little mouth but you might choke on a cock this size.” She was crying and pleading but the black African would have no part in her refusing him. He pressed harder and his black cock pushed her legs apart and with a sudden hump pushed into her vagina. “Oh my, oh my, it hurts....pleaseeee, no,” she moaned. The African then placed his hand over her mouth as he began to slowly stroke his black manhood into her. Her head bobbed up and down as her cries were muffled and tears flowed down her cheeks. Candy was horrified. She had never seen a couple having sex let alone such a young white girl being ravaged by a jet- black thrusting African. After only minutes the African rolled over on top of the girl and his black buttocks was in full bore. Her cries became moans as her hands and arms began to wrap around him. The young girl was now enjoying a black cock as her small white legs raised in the air and quivered while she unexpectedly surrendered an orgasm. Then, the black African began violently shaking as he spewed his load of jism into her belly. He released his hand from her mouth and she made no more sounds. Her eyes were glossy and her body limp from the fucking she just had. She was “Africanized” and would be impaled on hard black African cock for the next three days. Candy was shocked at what she saw. This poor girl taken by this black heathen. Nervously, she left, hopefully finding her sister. Candy rushed to her sister’s tent. Only 30 meters from it she again heard moans. “Oh, my gosh, Dana is in trouble,” she thought. Candy lightly pulled the tent flap back and she became even more horrified. There was her sister, Dana, between two thrusting Africans. One was penetrating her vagina and the other beginning to penetrate her butt. Yet Dana was clutching her counselor’s back and neck and kissing him as she moaned....uhhh, uhhh, oh, oh. oh, awh, awh, fuck me, fuck me....ohhhh. Candy, just moments before saw her first black seduction but now she was witnessing a white woman in the clutch of and being impaled by two very black Africans. More horrid, this was her SISTER. And, Dana seemed to really be enjoying it. Candy did not know what to do at this point. Perhaps she needed to find a phone and call her parents to get them out of this place. Yet the pavilion was closed and she did not know where to find a phone. Frightened and unsure what to do she sought the security of her tent and after entering she tied the flaps shut and lay down on the bed. This fun trip had turned into a nightmare, she thought. It was midnight and after a short cry Candy

was very tired and soon fell asleep. An hour later a voice spoke, "Miss Candy, are you okay." Suddenly awakened, Candy answered, "who is it?" "It is your counselor, Afolabi. I come to make sure you are secure and safe. May I enter?" Candy was perplexed, not knowing what to do so she got up and went to the tent front. "I'm okay but scared Mr. Afolabi. Please, leave me alone so I can get some rest." "Miss Candy, I sense you are concerned about certain things you may have seen but I need to speak with you and explain so you can feel secure. Besides, I have something that will make you feel at ease and rest better tonight," he insisted. Candy thought, yea I bet. "No, only a few minutes of your time Miss Candy and I will leave," the African promised.. Candy untied the flaps of the tent knowing it was probably futile being only in a tent. Afolabi entered but he only had on his white shorts with no shirt. He also was adorned with an African necklace and bracelets on his right arm. More strikingly, he had a beautiful gold Rolex worn tightly on his left wrist that shined and reflected in the lamplight. Candy, for some reason, had always thought that Rolexes were sexy but never had touched one. Afolabi being 6'5" tall was bent over trying not to hit his head on the tent top. "Miss Candy, please join me in enjoying an African herb that will relax you and make you rest easy through the night." "What is it," she replied. "It is called Jambi and is used for medicinal care and relaxation in our country." Afolabi lit up the rolled like cigarette and inhaled it. Candy had never smoked, much less smoked things like pot and was very hesitant to partake. "Please, do not worry Miss Candy. This is harmless and very relished by people of our country," Afolabi insisted. "Okay, if I do smoke some of it will you leave me to get some sleep?" Candy replied. "Yes girl, I am only doing this to help you relax," replied Afolabi. Candy took the joint and inhaled it. After abruptly coughing she again inhaled it and tasted the sweet aroma. Afolabi then inhaled it again as he passed it back to her. After several times of inhaling the smoke Candy felt a sudden calm and felt more at ease with the situation. Being in a strange place and at the moment alone with a giant black African was intimidating to say the least but after a few minutes those fears began to fade away. She had tried to push those sights of the young British girl being blacked and her sister being ravaged by two Africans out of her mind but it was still bothering her. Yet, this was Candy's first independent chance to appear as if she was old enough to be responsible and not just a small girl. As she began to feel high and relaxed, Candy asked if she could touch his Rolex watch. Afolabi extended his hand to her while placing his other hand on her shoulder. The touch of his watch felt cool and somewhat exciting to her for some reason as she rubbed the crystal face along with his black hand. Afolabi was pleased that she was more relaxed. "Miss Candy, this tent is so small to my frame. Let us go outside and walk over to the waterfall so I can stretch my legs if you will. I will then explain to you why some things occur in this retreat. Candy was feeling more high by now and the thought of walking through the bush with a black African no longer seemed to concern her. She was enjoying the freedom, the high and now strangely the excitement of being with a real man who was seemingly was guarding her from peril. Yes, he was big, he was black but his voice was caring. Surely this African would respect her she thought. Yes, she was naïve. By the waterfall there was a large trunk tree on a grassy knoll where it seemed so serene and the tall African led Candy to the base of the tree. She was mesmerized by the beauty of the full moon night along with the flowing waterfall. Afolabi knew that the effects of the herb he had given her would grow even

stronger. For him, the herb made his lust for this little girl intensify so that again his long stiffened black cock was almost peaking out from the top of his shorts. Candy was unaware of that as she had never been high like this and was just innocently enjoying the serene night and sounds along with the full moon. As Candy gazed at the waterfall the tall African was behind her and draped an arm over her shoulder and the other around her waist. Again, as at the dance, she felt his hardening manhood rub against her but she was high and almost hypnotized by the moment. She glanced at the shine of his Rolex as his hand slowly slid back up to her neck slightly touching her breast. His deep melodic voice was soothing as he told her of his homeland and how they wanted to bond with people of other races and cultures. He made her feel like a woman in that he invited her response and listened to her views. Afolabi began humming a tribal tune as he softly held her shoulders swaying her slowly. "You are so lovely, my blonde princess." How do you feel?" "I feel strange yet mesmerized by the beauty of the small waterfall and the cool night air," she replied. The tall African could no longer contain himself. He slowly slid his hand into her blouse lightly fondling her breast. Candy calmly protested, "no, please don't. I want to just enjoy being out here," she nervously spoke. "And indeed you will my little girl. Just pretend you are in the jungle and are being held captive by a black African warrior. Pretend that you are tied to this tree and that no one can come to your aid." Although a bit scary, Candy felt a macabre excitement. Her virgin body was feeling a titillation she had never felt. The very idea of being "captured" by a masculine black native was eerie yet made her loins feel hot. Just being alone with a charcoal black man gave her goose pimples. "Mr. Afolabi, I have never felt this strange in my life. I do not even know you....you're a stranger....here I am with a man over twice my age. A very black man at that. Maybe that is why this seems exciting," she nervously stated. "Relax girl, perhaps the herb has opened up a part of you that you never knew. You are no longer a little girl and you may soon feel joys that you would have never imagined," he spoke softly. She felt his arms holding her tighter and the warm breath on her shoulder as he exhaled. Then, Afolabi told her to close her eyes and just stand there, listening to the sounds of the night as he released her. Candy stood at the base of the tree with her eyes closed and forgot about the outside world while she slowly swayed in the cool African breeze. Again, slowly the African's gold adorned arm slid over her shoulder as the other held her hip. She felt him press against her back but shockingly it was different. She abruptly turned and there was Afolabi completely naked with a huge black cock erect starring her in the face. "Oh my God, no. You promised to take care of me but not like this," she cried. You are too big and too black for an innocent young white girl like me to be alone with like this. Especially naked! Please escort me back to my tent now." "My apologies Miss Candy but as an African tribal man I have never seen a creature so lovely as yourself. From the moment I first saw you, it has been my dream and desire to hold you close and love on you. I will be gentle and make it as bearable as possible until you are no longer a virgin and your juices accept my manhood inside you. Trust me, you will find being loved on by this African a feeling of much joy and sexual pleasure." "Are you crazy? Candy yelled. "I thought you were my friend and counselor. Unlike the other Africans....I thought you respected me. Is this why you brought me to the falls? So you can just take advantage of me.....Please, let me go. My sister has already succumbed to African flesh. I am just a young girl and do not want a black nigger

man touching my private parts. Let alone being naked and invading my body. I'm leaving!" Candy quickly tried to side step him and run but Afolabi grabbed her by the waist holding her up and pressing her against the smooth bark tree. Then he pulled up her skirt and began removing her panties as she wiggled helplessly. "Oh my gosh, please don't take my clothes off....no, no. Get your black nigger hand out of my panties!" she shouted. Her racial comment infuriated Afolabi but he smiled with his white ivories gleaming while his hand ripped her panties off and then his black fingers found her vagina, "Ow," she yelled as then two fingers opened her canal while she struggled with her back against the tree. Candy suddenly felt his black finger invasion into her and yelled. "No, no, don't do that....please." It was only a moment after he had pressed his fingers into her that he began guiding his cock between her legs. Her feet were dangling in the air as he held her bottom with one hand and her left leg with the other. All of a sudden she felt the head of his black cock find her opening and thrust a few inches into her. She squealed. Her hymen was now broken and he slowly pressed more cock into her. Pain shot through her but also an unexpected sexual tingling moment. She yelled out loud. Afolabi whispered, "Shiii, no sounds girl, there could be dangerous animals around and they beckon to sounds in the night. Just place your hands around my neck for support and don't fight me.....for your own good. Candy was scared. Not only about wild animals but mostly about this wild African man beginning to deflower her. His black cock was pressing deeper into her and she tried to hold her self up by pulling on his neck but her arms were getting weak and her weight was slowly impaling her on his big cock. Her back rubbed against the tree as her head bobbed up and down. Now her womanly juices began lubricating his rod and he thrust deeper into her inch by inch. Thank goodness her father could not see this strange picture in the wild. His petite young flower being vigorously fucked by a big black African with her limp legs dangling above the ground while his shiny black buttocks rigorously humped her against the tree. Suddenly Candy felt something she had never experienced. Her body begin tingling and her first orgasm erupted as she foamed and slobbered on both sides of her mouth.....her eyes starring into the lusting eyes of her black conqueror as he pushed even more pulsating black cock into her belly. Candy was enjoying this excitement. She would never admit it but being seduced by this African was mind blowing. She was now completely helpless riding his manhood as he bucked up and down. Her weakened arms fell to her side as he tightly held her against the tree. "Uh, uh, uh, uh, oh, oh, oh, you're splitting me in half she cried....please no more, no more, it feels so good but it is hurting also." She moaned. Afolabi was about to explode into this little girl and his throbbing black cock became even more rigid. "Girl, get ready to accept my African jism spewing into your belly....it's about to cum !" "No, please don't cum in me, please, please...no, please don't cum in me....I'm too young, no, no, no, nooooo," she pleaded in a weakened voice. Her pleas made Afolabi even more excited and he pulled her away from the tree and just stood in open air with his muscular black arms holding her frail white body as this little blonde girl was dangling up and down on his black cock while more than half of his 10 inches had finally pushed into her. Her legs were shaking as they clutched his buttocks for support from the pain. "Oh my God....please take it out....pleaseeee. Your're splitting me in half....it's too big.....Oh, oh, oh, don't, don't, noooo....I can't take this !!! I don't want to be impregnated by a black nigger African. My

father would disown me. Oh, please, please, nooooo. Oh my gosh, my gosh. You'r starting to spew into me...please No....No, No, nooooo !!" Afolabi began shaking and groaning as he began to shout, "I'm cumming, I'm cuming, you is mine now completely, here it comes, here it comes you white beauty...I'm filling you with my African jism....Oh my Lord, oh my Lord I can feel myself spewing into your body. You cums to Africa....Ahhhhhhhhhh!" Like a bolting shot Candy felt him blow his load into her belly and again she erupted in orgasm as her head tilted back and the night stars became blurred from being split on African cock. His cum filled her so that it began sliding down her legs and soon dripped from her ankles. This was indeed a strange sight. Here was a huge black man with a small white girl impaled on his black cock as she became limp, silent and motionless. With his black hands holding her bottom and back, Afolabi then carried her back to his hutch while his softened but still large cock remained buried inside her. Seduced and impaled on African cock she had surrendered as her weakened arms again held his neck and her small white legs wrapped around his black waist for support. Her father would have been horrified at this sight. Seeing the apple of his eye impaled and pumped up and down on a throbbing jet- black cock while the African sucked on her lips. Her small body being pressed against a 6'5" muscular black African as her glossed over turquoise eyes succumbed to the invasion of her virgin body. Then, straddling him for support, with his cock still inside of her, being hurried to the privacy of his hutch. He would be even more infuriated had he listened to her initial sounds of protest replaced by mixed moans comprised of pain and pleasure. Her father would soon see this in person after the entire family became Africanized. Horrifying, as it may seem, he would prosper by the surrender of his loved ones to African lust only to be later addressed. Candy was now Africanized and when they arrived at his hutch he laid her on his bed. Afolabi slid her top off, exposing her young breasts and stood there just admiring the young white body of this small beautiful young blonde creature. Viciously black fucked, Candy was weak along with being very tired. She fell asleep. Afolabi let her sleep for some time as he rested and smoked some more Jambi. He sat there starrng at this so lovely and petite blonde girl and as his large black manhood slowly began stiffening again. After smoking some more herb, Afolabi's black cock became rock hard again. This is what he had previously paid for but never in his wildest dreams imagined that such a gorgeous young white creature would be his. She was awakened when the naked black African laid himself on top of her. "Please, not again," she pleaded. "No, no, please don't put your black nigger dick in me again...I'm very sore and tired. How can I face my father?" "Hush my little white child," Afolabi interrupted. "Do as I tell you girl! Open those small white legs while I rub some jelly in you so you can take all of me, as you refer to as nigger dick, in your body. "Okay, now lay back on the mat. I'll go easy on you until your juices are flowing." Again, Candy was scarred as this large black man held her small legs up and guided his cock into her vagina. He then held her wrists above her head with one hand as he gazed into her wide opened eyes. His other hand held her rear. "Please take it out before you cum in me again, please!" she muttered. "Girl, just lay there while I fill you with my black manhood. Oh, my God, Girl...you feel so tight....soooo good, Ahhhh." As Afolabi began to stroke, he laid his chest on her small body. No one could have seen this tiny girl if looking from above. This black African was that big. All one could see was a charcoal body as his black buttocks was began to

move up and down while small white legs appeared at times as they quivered in the air. Gasping as her vagina was being stretched by his black pulsating vein hardened cock, her eyes opened wide when his head curled downward kissing and sucking on her mouth with his tongue in her throat. Again, his black body began shaking and then started rigorously pumping as his black arms griped her tight. Candy knew that he was going to unleash his sperm into her again but she was helpless. She could not move from his grip. Finally, surrendering to his lust Candy's legs rose and started shaking in the air as her body began jolting from a huge orgasm. Her legs wrapped around his black buttocks opening herself up. She was now completely giving herself to being split and fucked again under this sweaty black African. Most of his 10" black cock was in her. Her arms tightly griped his black waist as she tilted her head to the side under his chest and stared at the lamp glow on the hut floor. With a sudden jolt she felt his cock swell and harden even more as the black African's cock erupted filling her with ounces of African cum. Her eyes grew wide and rolled back. Her mouth was open again as saliva poured from her mouth. Her arms that had clutched his black waist were exhausted and fell to her sides and her legs slowly slid to rest on the grass mat below. She was full of African spunk and the remaining sperm poured from between her legs as the satisfied African pulled his black cum dripping cock from between her thighs. He slowly rolled over and lay beside her. Candy was truly "Africanized" that night. Little did she know that she would eventually be a willing slave to black cock.....and black bred on African sperm. As for now, she was owned by Afolabi, but eventually even larger black cocks would seek her out in the weeks following her return home. Her father would go ballistic at first but then would be saddled with the threat of losing his high paying job and even his life. He would soon cave in and reluctantly surrender his girls to African lust. The anger would boil inside him as he would watch a limo drive up to their home and several black suitors would come to the door. His daughter's small white hands being held by a large black hand and led to the limo, being caressed, groped while being pulled into the vehicle. He would then hear their squeals of delight as black hands began removing the girl's clothes and then silence as the limo drove away. He knew that before they arrived to their destination there would be black cocks between their young white legs and filled with more African spunk. He knew, yet could not or wouldn't do anything about it. The next day: Early the next morning, the youngest of the family, the 16 year- old blonde twins, Shawn and Tia, finished an early breakfast and were summoned to the pavilion. They were excitingly surprised to learn that they were chosen to be guests on an African safari. They were told it was with the approval of their older sister, Dana, but it was not. Dana and Candy were not aware that the twins were going to be taken on a so called "safari trip". This was not even approved by their parents but apparently was planned by the African camp leader after a large sum of money had changed hands. Not surprisingly, their guides were four very black Africans along with a driver. There were two young French white girls that were first placed in very rear of the safari limo with two black Africans. These two girls, one was 16 and the other 17, had been on this trip before and were aware of the agenda. The youngest of the little playthings was sitting on the lap of the tallest African. She was giggling and squirming around on his lap....much to the delight of this big black man. The other African had his arm around the other young girl as she was playing with the bracelets on his wrists. Her other hand was

exploring the bulge in his shorts. These two girls had experienced black lust before and were eager for more.

Young Shawn was coaxed into the safari limo along with his young sister, Tia. Unaware of what was going on in the very rear with the French girls, they were innocently excited about their unexpected safari trip as they boarded the vehicle. The other two black Africans sat the two in different row seats. Tia was seated in the third seat behind a tinted glass barrier with an African sitting next to her while Shawn was placed in the second row seat with another African. Why there were four guides was a puzzle to Shawn and Tia. Little did Shawn know that this black African, next to him, was a pedophile and that this black African had never been this close to a white boy.....at least not until now. Neither, Shawn or his twin sister knew what African lust was. They had no idea as to the possible dark dangers when young white teens are exposed to being alone with black Africans in the absence of their parents....especially in the wilds. The black African's arm was draped around Shawn's shoulder while his bracelet adorned wrist lightly rested on the boy's knee. The deep dark skin of the 28 year-old African was in stark contrast to the blonde haired, blue eyed and creamy white skin of Shawn. This young and innocent lad just thought that this black man was just being friendly. The African was friendly indeed, but also excited sitting next to such a pretty morsel as young Shawn. The African was anxious in anticipation to see the retreat gates disappear in the rear view mirror and eager with excitement to make the boy's safari trip pleasurable to both of them. Meanwhile, their sister, Dana, who had been looking for them at the pavilion had approached the exit gate as the vehicle was leaving. She quickly asked one of the guards, "who is that in the limo, sir?" "It is several guides taking a pair of twins on a safari for the day," he replied. "Wait! Call them back, please. They do not have permission to do that," Dana shouted with anger. "I'm sorry young lady but they have no communication device with them. Do not worry, they will be back before dark or soon there after. They will be in good hands," he chuckled. Dana did not like the way he responded. Yea, good black wandering hands she muttered fearfully. Dana ran after them but the vehicle picked up speed up causing her to stop after about 200 meters. The safari limo disappeared behind a dusty road as Dana's stomach began to feel sick. She was helpless and feared for the safety of her siblings. "Oh my God, oh my God, please no, please no" she moaned.

Continued in part 3.

