The Taking of a White Family – Part 1 - The Arrival

A white family travels to Uganda for work and find much more.

Many years ago I was recruited by a government owned Uganda Petroleum Company to go work in Uganda. They had found large amounts of oil & gas so the government was looking for high end white collar managers to assist them with the workers and company management. I should have known that something was strange during the interview by the questions that were asked. The group of black men conducting the interview wanted to know more about my family then my skill sets. I gave them an overview; my wife’s name is Carol, she is 35, 5’4” and very good looking with a well proportion sexy body, long blond hair and blue eyes. We have 3 daughters, Amy is 12, 5’ tall, dark blond hair, Cathy is 14, 5’ 5” and keeps her hair short and Mary is 16 and looks like her mother. All the girls got there looks from their mother and started to develop early look older than they really are.

With the job offer was the mandatory moving of the entire family to Uganda. As you can imagine I was very apprehensive about this. Moving the girls out of the country for four years but the interviewers put my mind at ease. They even put me on the phone with several of the current white workers who praised the living conditions in the compound, schools and social life there. Add to that the money was fantastic. I could make in four years what it would take me ten years in the states plus no taxes.

I accepted the position, signing the acceptance paperwork barely reading it. So, the move was set and within 3 weeks we were landing in Kampala, Uganda the capital. We were met by six large muscular black company men who to our surprise were armed with AK-47s and side arms. They helped collect our luggage and ushered us, along with two other arriving families to a waiting run down bus with bars on the windows and an interior cage. The men told us this was for our protection as the rebels have been active. It was at this point I noticed the several of the men looking over my daughters. I tried to have them dress conservative but being teenagers they insisted on wearing tight short cutoffs and tank tops. Carol had sided with the girls saying it was going to be hot when we landed. She wore an almost see thru sun dress that moved in the warm breeze. Looking around I notice the other families also had only daughters about the same age as Carols and mine. The men divided up into pairs with each pair assigned to and escorting a family. Our family was the second to board and as we did I heard a clang of a cage door closing looking up I saw the first family that boarded locked in the rear with their guards. We were next, the guards placed us in our seats and the steal door was closed and locked. Then the third family followed. What had I got us into? The guards were sitting one in front and one in back both eyeing the girls and my wife.

Just then the silence was broken as a black man in a suit entered the front of the bus and started talking in a heavy accent. “Welcome everyone to Uganda and please don’t be alarmed by your surroundings. It is for your own protection.” He continued, “We will be going to your new homes with us but it will be a long drive, so relax.” He sat down and the bus pulled away.

Hours passed as we drove from the city street to one lane unkempt dirt roads. The ride was tiring for everyone. The girls slept through most of it but I still was apprehensive and couldn’t relax. It was after dark when we arrived at tall steal gates with guard towers on each side. Shit, it looked like a prison! Was this where we were going to live! The gates opened and the bus drove to a large building that had a sign on it “Company Community Center”. The suited man announced “Welcome to your new home the Whites Storage Compound. Please follow your guards into the Community Center and follow their directions.”

What a name for the community I wondered I hope they were just simple and it didn’t reflect anything else. My wife Carol looked at me “What the hell is going on Jack?” I don’t know honey but just go with the flow for now.

We were hurried into a large room and told to stand on a white line facing a stage. Our guards stood on each side of the family they were assigned to. A door opened on the stage and a large black man and an entire unit of armed black man emerged. The men came off the stage and surrounded us “Daddy, I’m scared” my 12 y/o exclaimed. “Quite honey” I replied.

Just then the mand began to speak. “It is my pleasure to welcome you to your home and new life here in Uganda. My name is Mr. Akinyemi and I am the Camp Master. The men around you answer only to me and no one else. They are here for your protection so do as they say at all times. Each of your families have been given two men to stay with you for protection. Unless told different you will call them Master when speaking to them.” All of us standing there were looking at each other with horror. One of the other fathers then bellowed “Just wait a minute! What the hell is this and who the fuck do you think you are!” At an instant the guard next to him punched him in the stomach and pushed him to his knees. There were gasps among us as he hit the floor. Mr. Akinyemi continued “There is one every time! WHO AM I?” He bellowed “ I AM YOUR GOD AND MASTER! You cocky whites never read the agreement you sign cuz you think you know everything! You and you families belong to the Uganda Petroleum Company for the next four years to do with as we wish. Cooperate and your time with us will be pleasurable and pass quickly. Do not and you just might not make it out of the jungle.” A rush of horror came over all of us. Carol and the girls hugged me tightly as the girls whimpered a bit.

“Your Masters will now take you to your rooms and explain the other contract requirements. You and your families have until you arrive there to decide if you will cooperate and be a positive member of this community” Mr. Akinyemi then left the stage, walked over to the man kneeling on the floor. Looking at his wife “You will do without your disruptive man for a while he needs to be taught to respect his MASTER.” The pretty wife started to beg, “No please, no” but it was too late. Mr. Akinyemi motioned to the guards and two of them dragged him behind a door as Mr. Akinyemi followed. The wife and her girls were then shoved in another direction and down the hallway.

As Carol, the kids and I were escorted to our rooms I begged them to just cooperate with our new Masters. We arrived on the third floor of a dormitory building and entered a door behind which was a nicely apportioned apartment. Our Masters had us sit in the Livingroom and standing over us explained how our new life would go.

First they introduced themselves as Master Camara and Master Obike. They would be with the family from now on unless reassigned. As Mr. Akinyemi stated we were to follow their orders without hesitation. In the morning at 6:45 the school bus would pick up the girls and take them to a school in the compound which was staffed mostly by the wives of other workers. In addition to their regular studies the girls would learn their place in the community and how to sexually service the Masters. Master Obike assured us that no intercourse would take place with the girls until they were ready and asked for it.

OMG asked for it! I thought. Carol started to object as the schooling turned to sex but I grabbed her leg and shushed her. The Masters continued that at 7:45 a green bus would arrive to take me to work with the other men. I and the girls would return around 5pmm each day for the evening. School and work was six days a week with Sunday a day off. If everyone in the family cooperated we would have full use of the recreational facilities which included, current movies, full sports areas for basketball, football, baseball and several hot tubs and swimming pools. However, if even one of the family misbehaved then the day would be spent receiving corrective action and attitude adjustment. I, Carol and with some coaxing the girls assured our Masters that we would be the model family.

I then requested permission to ask a question. “What is my wife going to do while the children are at school and I’m working?” “Well”, Master Camara answered, “unless she has a skill that would benefit the community she will be paying for your families’ protection. In fact, he continued as he looked over at Master Obike, “your family is already owing for today’s journey and since the girls have yet to be schooled it is up to you two settle your fee.” Master Obike then told the girls he would take then to their room and Carol could tuck them in. As they went down the hall Master Camara pointed towards a door stating that was our room and pointed for me to enter. I opened the door and walked in to find a large furnished room with two large beds, chairs, several medal bar structures and hooks placed about the walls and ceiling. There was another door leading to a very large nice bathroom with a garden tub, separate shower and bars and hooks mounted on the walls and ceiling as well.

Master Obike and Carol came in the room. “What a nice, interesting room we have here Jack.” Master Obike interrupted Carol, “You mean our room” as he shut and locked the door. “I’ve been waiting for this all fucking day! Exclaimed Master Obike, “Strip cunt!” He ordered Carol. In a way I was shocked but in another I knew from the time we got on the bus what was to come. Shaking Carol obeyed Masters Orders. “Look at that fucking white body Carara” Master Obike said, “She is going to be a top cum slut for us.” Addressing Carol and I Master Carama explained “In our presence you will be called cunt and that sorry ass husband of your will be called fagot, Understand!” As if rehearsed both of us replied in unison “Yes Master”. Both of the Masters undid their belts resulting in pants falling to the floor. Carol and I gasped as massive black cocks sprung to life each growing to better than 10 inches. Master Obike took carol by the arm forcing her to her knees. ”You know what to do cunt” and with that my wife took the head of his tool between her lips. “OHHHHHHHH YESSSSssssss I needed that hot mouth of yours. Take all of my cock”, as he grabbed her hair forcing her head down on his shaft.

I was mesmerized watching his gigantic cock disappear in my wife’s mouth. So much so I lost track of Master Carama until I too was on my knees face to face with a ridged black cock just inches from my virgin mouth. “Get started fagot” ordered my Master. So I opened and licked the head, tasting the precum on his slit. Then before I was ready he buried his member deep in my mouth holding my head and brutally fucking my face. Without warning he exploded in me his salty thick cum filling my mouth forcing it way down my throat and over flowing out my nose. It was awful yet a turn on as I felt me ting white cock start to stiffen. “OHHHHHHHHH Goooddddddd Yeasssssssss” Master Carama cried as he filled me.

Masters cock slipped form my mouth just in time for me to witness Master Obike mount Carol with one hard thrust. She screamed “Ohhhhhhhhh Fuckkkkkkkkkk, Nooooooo it’ss too bbbiggggg”. But she took it all in till Masters balls were resting on her ass. He rolled her up forcing it in deeper as she moaned in pain then pleasure. “See fagot, your cunt wife is ruined. She will never want that sissy fagot dick of yours again”. And then he started the pounding. Slow at first but building up speed, each time his now 12 inches sliding all the way in to her wanting pussy. “Ohhhhhh yesssssss:, Carol started “Ohhhhh Master, Please Fuck me” I could not believe my ears “Ohhhhhhhhh Give me that black cock! I’m your cunt use me, fuck meeeeee!!” And Master Obike gave her what she wanted, harder and harder he pounded her as she begged for more of his black cock. Then her cries were muffled and Master Carama shoved his regenerated hard cock down her throat. She was wild with lust as the worked on her as I watched. “OOOHHHHHHHH take my cum cunt” Master announced as his cock squirmed and jerked in her filling her with his seed. She tried to scream with pleasure but at the moment Master Carama cock exploded in her mouth. They both stayed in her till they were spent and limp. Looking over at me Master Obike ordered for me to clean the cum and juice from their cocks. I did as I was told and when finished I started to wander towards the bed. “Where you going fagot” Master Carama quipped “you sleep on that mat in the corner. The beds are for your Masters and the cunt if we want to share. And tonight we want to share as we are far from finished with her.”

I and once she recovered Carol were worried about the girls. Did they hear all of that, what were they thinking, how are they handling things. Expressing our concerns the Masters told us that the rooms were built to be sound proof but since it was our first night they would allow me to check on them giving me the key to their room. I quickly went down the hall and quietly unlocked the door. I stepped in the room and there they were all tucked in sound asleep each in their own bed. The room was about half the size of Masters and was decorated like you think a girl’s room should. They also had their own bath room. The only thing I noticed were the hooks in the walls like in Masters room only these were at various heights looking in the bathroom I saw they were there as well. With the girls sleeping I closed and locked the door and returned down the hall.

I entered to find Carol lying on one of the large beds with our Black Masters. As I approached to place the key on the night stand I could see her stroking a cock in each hand and could hear her telling them how big their cocks are and how she is going to love being their cunt and doing whatever they wanted. Not saying a word I went to the corner where my mat was and attempted to sleep as our Masters fucked my wife for several more hours that night.

\*\*\*NOTE – This is part one of what I hope to be several chapters of this families 4 years living in Uganda and serving the Uganda Petroleum Company and its men.\*\*\*

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\*Please NOTE - This is a work of adult fiction and he author does not condone child abuse or brutality. This story is meant as an erotic fantasy not depicting anything in real life. Anyone acting out such scenarios in “real life” can look forward to many unproductive years getting it up the butt by a fellow convict in their local prison system. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and the author does not condone any perceived illegal / immoral behavior in real life.\*

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The Taking of a White Family – Part 2 – Family leans their place