

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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It had seemed to Danielle that there was a strange background to tonight's dinner party. Her parents were on edge. It was her first dinner party as such, but she was sure there was something going on. Her mother, Susan, had taken especial care over Danielle's appearance. She had carefully brushed her hair, and generally behaved like a mother hen.

It was her 16th birthday, and her mother wanted her looking her best. Indeed this dinner party was in honour of her 16th birthday. So Susan had fluttered around her, assisting her into her new dress. It was a bit more daring than Danielle was used to wearing, and tighter. There was no hiding that Danielle's figure had burgeoned from girlish to womanly in the last year.

The dress hugging her figure was tight across her breasts. Indeed, there was a slit in the dress, which allowed sight into her developing cleavage. Her pert, youthful breasts seemed almost to surge upwards and outwards in delightful display of her new womanliness. But then the dress closed over again as though to hide the charms already displayed before rising to wrap around her slender pale neck in a black ring that almost resembled a slave halter.

Danielle quickly dismissed her illicit thought. Now was not the time to dwell on her girlish fantasies of being a sex slave. Since arriving in Africa two days ago to join her parents while on holiday from her very upper-crust boarding school in England, the avaricious and openly lust-filled gazes of the African men had given her hot flushes and fuelled her sex slave fantasies. What would her parents think of such sinful thoughts?

Danielle had fretted that too much bare breast was on display. Her mother dismissed her fears. "A woman's body needs to be on display for men to admire and desire." Her words had shocked Danielle, who had never dreamed her mother would speak so! Yet the words had flattered Danielle. Her mother was admitting that she was now a woman!

"Stand up Daniela, let's look at you now in the mirror." Danielle stared. Disbelieving. She had never looked like this before! Her well brushed, shoulder-length hair fell in dark lustrous waves. The raven tresses framed an attractive oval face of porcelain beauty. Her eyes looked wide and startled as she gazed at her image in the mirror. Her cherub lips were small, but pleasantly curved. The lipstick her mother had applied was not garish, or bright, but somehow seemed to add allure. Her small, pert nose, her carefully groomed eyelashes, all added to the effect. It was hard to recognize that her mother had spent over half an hour working on her face. A less experienced eye might think she wore no make up at all!

Her dress was short, very short. Her teachers back in England at the exclusive boarding school would have a fit if they could see her in such a short dress. It must have been just 3 inches short of her loins. She would have to be very careful how she sat! Her legs seemed long in such a short dress. They were lithe and shapely. Well rounded, with no fat, or girlish plumpness remaining. Her thighs were now full and firm. She turned backwards and forwards before the mirror. The dress was tight across her full, rounded bottom. Her hands strayed over those curves, anxiously. Her mother clucked and she jerked her hands away. "Remember, if your father is to win another two-year contract, we must do everything we can to please Rufus... Mr. Mukuru, that is. He is a very demanding man, and what happens tonight may shock you. Your father is all very well, and I love him dearly, but Mr. Mukuru is special. I will not leave Africa if your father does not win the contract. I will remain, even if it means divorcing your father."

Danielle was shocked, rocked to the core by her mother's words. Her parents were rocks in her life. That they should part was unbearable to contemplate. What would happen to her? What did her

mother mean when she said Mr. Mukuru was special? Would she really remain in Africa? When would she see her mother again if her parents split up and her mother remained in Africa?

“We are not ready to return to England. Your father and I both love it here, all of it, the wildness, the beauty, and lushness. The lifestyle is sumptuous and easy. We are rich and influential here, though it is not without price, not without effort and sacrifice.” Her mother seemed to emphasize the word “sacrifice.” “Besides, I like African men, and they like me.” Danielle looked at her mother, shaken by her words. There was more to her mother’s words. What was that she had said about African men?

In two short days, she had learnt more about the demanding and aggressiveness of African male sexuality. It was well that her parents had kept her close, but even so many African hands had found a means to touch and explore. Even before she left the airport, she had been goosed and blatantly fondled. It did excite her, though.

Her mother declared that all was well and hustled her along to obtain her husband’s approval. Rob was waiting, impatient and nervous in the lounge. The sudden appearance of his wife and daughter brought momentary relief.

They both looked stunning, particularly Danielle. He had never thought of his daughter as a woman before. She was just his little girl. Tonight, however, there was no mistaking she had become a woman. He had a sudden pang at what this evening would bring, but suppressed it. He hugged Danielle. Looking over his shoulder at Susan who nodded to him. Susan’s eyes were firm, indicating to Rob she would have to truck with any nonsense from him. He took Danielle by the shoulders, and gazed down at her. His eyes gazed over her full, proud breasts. The bare white mounds seeming to surge from her dress. He flushed in embarrassment to look at his daughter so. Mr. Mukuru was going to like their Danielle. She was not so little now.

It was well they had kept her safe. His cock twitched in his trousers at the thought of what Rufus would be doing to Danielle. He flushed in shame and embarrassment at his thought. His cock had no such conscience and twitched thicker and longer at the thought of Danielle being used to satisfy the dark lusts of his African boss. Used. That was the term to use. There was no love involved. Mr. Mukuru used them. He had used his wife. Satisfied his lusts on her luscious well-rounded body. Mrs. Mukuru, delightful dominant Marion Mukuru, had used his wife. Susan had protested, and they had delighted in her protests and enjoyed using her even more! So Susan had submitted, and enjoyed it.

Mrs. Mukuru had used him. Used him and Susan together to satisfy her kinky lusts. Before he had realized what was happening, Rufus had used him. Trapped tight in the embrace of Marion, buried deep in her dark womanhood. Rufus had climbed atop and used him. His protests and struggles to no avail. The tight embrace of Marion pinned his arms and allowed Rufus to use him. To his utter chagrin and confusion, he had enjoyed being used. They both enjoyed the weird and sensuous world they had found themselves in. He had submitted to Mr. Mukuru. On his knees, with his wife looking on amazed, he had serviced that incredible thick and powerful black cock. No wonder his wife loved it!

He looked down at his lovely daughter. “Are you wearing Mr. Mukuru’s gift?” Danielle flushed scarlet. She was indeed wearing his gift. Her mother had insisted. Danielle had flushed with embarrassment when her mother had presented her with it. Explained that it was a welcome gift from her father’s boss. This had only inflamed Danielle’s flushed cheeks even more, that a complete stranger had given her so intimate a present, or that her mother should insist she wear them. They did feel good though. So soft and silky against her bare skin. Even so, if not for her mother’s insistence, she would not have worn them. It did not seem right for a strange man to present her with sexy silk lingerie for her 16th birthday, even if he was her father’s boss. What sort of man

would give such a present?

Now she sat in his presence. He was all charm and wit. She had expected a leech, an old man with greedy eye. Instead, he was younger than her parents. About 35, of course, he was black. But not like the other Africans she had met, the domestics; the airport staff; the shopkeepers; and the eagerly aggressive shoppers who had been so quick to goose and grope her. Her nipples tingled when she remembered the black hand that had cupped and caressed her breasts before her mother had quickly come to her rescue in the airport. She didn't think she would ever dare go shopping on her own in this city!

Rufus Mukuru was not at all what she had expected. She sat beside him and he was a perfect, charming, attentive gentleman. His eyes sparkled with passion as he talked. She hardly noticed the words. His wife, Marion, sat on his other side. A striking, and strong-looking woman, though very pretty, an African Xena, she thought, thinking of the warrior princess she was such a fan of back home. Drink flowed freely. Her parents were included in the drinking. Danielle was not used to alcohol, maybe getting an odd glass at Christmas, now wine was being pressed on her by her own parents, as much as by their hosts. She felt distinctly light headed and giddy.

She felt a bit out of place in this gathering. Her parents had impressed on her on the importance, wealth, and influence of her host. Even so, she had been quite put off by armed uniformed guards outside the restaurant on their arrival. The other guests were very clearly deferential to their hosts.

Across the table from her was Roger Simpson. Apparently he was an accountant, although the African next to him was the company accountant. Roger's wife, Helena, sat on the other side of this African. She thought his name was Rathimus, but she was unsure. Helena was being outrageous, openly flirting with Rufus and Rathimus in front of her husband! Roger sipped his drink, and ignored his wife's behaviour. He looked about 53, while Helena was clearly much younger, around 30. Perhaps it was the price he put up with for having a younger wife. Now Peter over there looked in his early 20s, while his wife Anita was apparently only 19. Yet Anita was virtually sitting in the lap of the African gentleman on her right. Danielle did not understand such behaviour. Her mother had whispered that Peter and Anita had only married three months ago, a week before coming out here on their two-year contract. Danielle turned her eyes away embarrassed as a dark hand slipped inside Anita's blouse and openly caressed the full, white breast within.

She caught her father's eye. "Drink up, Danielle!" he said, promptly downing his own drink in one swig. Marion presented a wine glass to her lips and Daniella drank. She couldn't escape the woman's eyes as she did this. They were dark and mysterious, though there was humour in them now. Danielle shivered. It was not with the cold. She glanced at her mother who nodded encouragingly. Daniella looked down. Her eyes focused on the black hand resting on her thigh. Where had that come from? She looked up into the dazzling smile of Rufus. Danielle definitely considered she had too much to drink when a man could put his hand on her thigh without her noticing.

His hand was warm, comforting. He was not attempting to grope her, just resting his hand on her leg. She smiled tentatively at him before remembering his wife Marion on their other side. She glanced quickly at Marion who grinned back. Leaned across and lightly squeezed her husband's hand as it rested on her leg. Danielle wondered if this was really all quite normal. She reached for her glass of wine and sipped quietly, trying to gather her befuddled thoughts.

It was not long later that they were on their way to the Mukuru residence for a nightcap. They were travelling in a limousine with an African driver. Danielle and her father sat in the first passenger row, with Peter, Anita sharing their seat with the African gentleman so obvious in his attention to

Anita. Her mother sat in the back and was whispering and giggling with Rufus. Marion was travelling in a second limousine. Apparently the Mukuru's had a limousine each! Danielle was embarrassed for her father. It was clear from the noise and remarks in the back that Rufus was making out with her mother!

The limousine pulled up at some traffic lights. The glare of the headlights lit up the bushes on either side of the road. Her eyes were riveted on the sight of bare black buttocks. They were pumping away between the spread legs of an African girl, her maroon skirt up around her waist, a white blouse open, partly hidden by a maroon blazer. She was just a schoolgirl, Daniella realized, younger than herself. Those black buttocks were pumping hard. Uncaring of the car's headlights, the African man took his pleasure. Danielle squirmed in wonder and curiosity. What was it like for the girl with that lusting African pumping between her legs?

The lights changed and the car whisked away, before turning in to the very next set of gates. They all piled out of the car and trooped around the house to the swimming pool for a midnight swim. Danielle suddenly worried that she did not have a swimsuit. To her surprise and shock, Rufus announced that all would swim naked. Danielle glanced quickly at her parents but they were already stripping off their clothes to Danielle's acute embarrassment!

"Come on, Danielle. Are you wearing my birthday present?" She flushed scarlet; thankfully the darkness would hide it. Ribald laughter greeted this remark. Did they all know? "Let me help Danielle." It was Marion who came forward. Her hands quickly unzipped Danielle's dress. She ignored the girl's attempted protests and suddenly her dress was around her feet. Whistles and hoots echoed from the African men around her.

"Lovely!"

"She's gorgeous."

"A treasure."

Danielle did not know where to put her hands. What to protect from their view? She was embarrassed, flustered, but pleased as well at their obvious admiration.

She looked at her mother who smiled at her approvingly. What on earth did her mother find approving? She was being stripped in the centre of the attention of a group of African men! Rufus moved forward. "Since these are my present, I claim the prerogative of removing them." Danielle's hand came up but at a frown from her mother made her drop the hand to her side. This brassiere clipped at the front. Rufus was deft at unclipping it. Electrical tingles spread outwards. Danielle jumped as his hands slid the brassiere off. In doing so, his hands cupped and caressed her youthful breasts. His palms travelled upwards over nipples, which promptly sprung erect. Hard and pointing upwards the grinning men could not miss the arousal and excitement she felt.

"Rob!" Rufus had a strong, masterful voice when he chose to, Danielle noted. Her father approached. "She is your daughter. Make the presentation." Danielle stared at her father, unsure of what was meant. Rob looked embarrassed, as he came forward, kneeling behind her. Before she realized his intention, his hands had risen to her rounded, curvy derriere and he was drawing down her silky French knickers. Kneeling behind so that he did not obstruct the view of the watching African, he whipped her panties down. Danielle gasped and rushed for the pool darting in with a clean dive. Presentation! What did they mean? How could her father remove her panties in front of other men like that?

In the pool, things seemed calmer; two servants served drinks. To Danielle's surprise the servants

were two young white people. They both looked very similar. Indeed they were twins. Henry and Lucille were Roger Simpson's children. They were 15-year-old blond twins, and both very attractive, though Daniella thought Henry looked a bit effeminate. She was not, of course, aware at this stage that both had been thoroughly broken to black cock and black pussy.

The drink flowed freely, though Danielle sought to curb her drinking, she was not allowed to. After about half an hour, an African came forward onto the subdued light on the moonlit lawn. He struggled to contain two magnificent German Shepherds straining at their leashes, surging forward to investigate the strange guests.

Rufus's sharp command calmed them. These dogs had been specially trained by the CIO, and were particularly fierce and aggressive. Danielle suddenly recognized the dog handler. It was the same man she had seen outside the villa fucking the schoolgirl

Rufus grinned.

'Rob, time for you to give us a show.'

Her father looked suddenly stricken. His eyes widened. At first it seemed as though he was going to protest, but then he recollected himself and climbed naked out of the pool. Rufus indicated that they should all follow, and they all climbed out, Danielle suddenly very conscious of her nakedness and that of the others. Rufus sprawled into one of the poolside chairs, drawing her giggling mother into his lap. She looked in surprise at her mother sitting in the lap of Rufus. His black hand was casually caressing her mother's bare breast! Marion appeared at her side. Her hands took Danielle by the waist. A strange sensation passed over Danielle. Marion's hands were cool and soft on her waist. She looked up at Marion who returned her gaze, dark, mysterious eyes with a hidden power. Danielle trembled under that gaze. Marion grinned, leading Danielle to a chair beside Rufus and her mother. Danielle swept up one of the large fluffy white towels and wrapped it around herself, before allowing Marion to draw her into her lap. There were not many free chairs.

Danielle looked over at her father naked. It had been a long time since she had first seen him naked. At that time his cock had seemed huge. From what she has seen when the African men came into the pool her father's cock was not really large. Though he still cut a fine figure in her eyes.

She had never seen him like his though. As he left the pool the dogs surged forward held back by the handler. Her hand rose to her mouth.

Rob quickly moved forward on to the grass. As the dogs leapt forward his heart jumped. He dropped to his knees and leaned forward resting on his hands. He knew he was in no danger from these well-trained dogs but still he felt fear. It was a gut instinct in face of the feral hunger of these animals.

They knew what was coming.

He knew what was coming.

Danielle was in for one hell of a shock and he struggled with that, but he knelt anyway. On the lawn, on his hands and knees, he waited.

The dogs darted forward. Their heads darted underneath heading for his groin. He always had a fear at this moment that they would bite. Instead of their teeth he felt their tongues lapping at his cock and balls. He hung his head, not wanting to see his daughter's reaction. The dog's tongues were hot, wet and long and they lapped at him in eager lust. One of the dogs, Smith, left off its lapping and circled behind him. He relaxed allowing his buttocks to open. Smith nosed in, his cold nose brushing

his anal rose as he sniffed. Smith always had been a bit of an ass-licker.

Rob gasped as a hot wetness lapped over his anal opening. He had always loved it when Susan licked his bottom, but she was nowhere near as good at it as these dogs. Hot tongue eagerly licked lapped his opening, preparing it for what would follow. Smith stopped his licking and backed off. He seemed to jig and dart for a moment launching himself on top of Rob. Rob braced himself for what happened next.

This always seemed a dangerous moment.

As soon as Smith surged up over Rob's back. Mugabe the other dog, ceased his cock licking, and growled savagely. Hurling himself at the other dog. A fierce squabble broke out between them. Mugabe was the more dominant male dog and Rob knew he would demand to be first to mount him! Their fierce growling and tussling scared Rob silly and he froze in place. He knew that if he moved from his submissive position both dogs would immediately forget their squabble and turn on him.

He waited for them to determine between themselves who would mount him. Wondering what his daughter must think in the face of this scene. He hung his head not wishing to see his daughter's face, or the triumphant, arrogant, leers of the African business friends of his boss. Men he had to do business with were about to see him mounted by a big powerful dog. No doubt they would also have fun with his wife, while waiting for Rufus and Marion to finish with Danielle. He knew each would have a turn at Danielle later. He just hoped they would not use him as well!

As expected Mugabe shouldered aside Smith and mounted the kneeling white expat.

Fierce, persistent jabs, some quite painful, followed. Mugabe had a hard demanding cock. Rob breathed with relief when Mugabe found the spot. The dog's cock was well lubricated. Once at the opening it slid in easily.

Just the tip.

Always just the tip.

He could feel it. Hot, wet and pointed, it had just penetrated the outer entrance. Mugabe shifted about. Getting into a better position. Edging its legs forward, yet not sliding deeper. Not yet.

Not yet... then the driving lunge...

Mugabe tightened his grip with his paws tight around Rob's waist. Rob knew at this point that he was trapped by the dog. Even if he wanted to he could not escape its lust. He had tried once, the first time. Had tried to stand but Mugabe's strength had forced him back down. Had tried to wriggle free, to the laughter of Rufus and his African friends. Mugabe had held on tight, shuffling around behind. Not once had the dog's cock slipped out. Fierce growls had emanated from Mugabe. Fierce, guttural warning cries. He had sought to lie flat and force the dog out that way. It was then that the dog's teeth had clamped on his neck. Not hard, not breaking flesh. A warning with more growls.

He had slowly edged his hips back into position for the dog. To more laughter and snickers from the watching Africans. He imagined Mugabe's teeth on Danielle's slender neck and to shame his cock hardened further.



Mugabe's second thrust buried his cock deep into his bottom. He could feel the hairs of the dog's loins brushing his balls. The dog repositioned itself again. Shuffling its legs forward. Rob braced himself. Not resisting.

There was a moment of calm.

Then the rabid, jackhammering thrusting began as the dog's lust seemed to become frantic. Rob imagined he was Danielle, his own slim lovely daughter. Imagined that it was her under this so male dominant animal, receiving these rabid thrusts. He had no doubt at all that before her holiday was over Rufus would mate her with both dogs. The thought was unbearably exquisite.

His own cock, now being avidly licked by Smith jerked and spurted.

Danielle was riveted on the incredible scene before her as Mugabe rammed her father with a series of rapid thrusts, the powerful male animal intent on its own sexual satisfaction, her own father the object of its rampant lust.

She watched disbelieving his cock jerk and spurt.

Mugabe rampant thrusting continued unchecked.

Smith darted forward to lap up the spunk splattered on the grass.

Marion leaned forward and whispered in Danielle's ear.

'Look at that! Can you see Smith's cock?' Danielle was very conscious of Marion's hot breath in her ear. Two full breasts pressing into her back. In normal circumstances she would have run a mile from Marion. From Rufus, or any black man. Her attention, however, was centered on the scene in front of her. She glanced at Smith's cock and gasped. It was big! She glanced at her father. Erect the dog had a cock that was bigger than her father's!

Eight red inches, and thick! Thicker also than her father's!

She had not realised that a dog could sport such huge cock!

'Susan.' Rufus drew all attention with his words. Susan was sitting in his lap. With another shock Danielle saw that his dark hand was working vigorously between her mother's spread thighs, full and shapely as they were. The dark hand very obvious as it manipulated her mother's private parts. She looked at her mother whose was biting her lip with excitement.

Danielle was stunned.

Her mother's earlier words that evening took on a whole new significance.

'Susan... I think it is time for you to entertain Smith.'

His words were quiet, confident.

Susan swallowed.

Glanced at her daughter nervously. Rufus pushed her too her feet. Susan steeled herself and walked forward towards her husband. The guests looked on in anticipation. Danielle was goggling as her mother dropped to her hands and knees. A very happy Smith pranced and jumped around. Mugabe's eyes had followed her approach.



Assessing.

Considering.

Watching.

Smith waited. Knowing better than to presume Mugabe's consideration as to whether to switch mounts. Sniffing he resumed his thrusting into Rob.

Smith surged forward mounting the bitch before him. He could smell her heat and wetness. He could smell her heated pussy and knew she was ready. He mounted quickly before Mugabe changed his mind

Danielle stared open mouthed as her father and mother knelt, side by side, and were thoroughly fucked by the two rampant dogs!

'Danielle.'

The young white girl jumped when Rufus mentioned her name. She glanced across at Rufus who was sitting naked in his chair.

'Come and join me Danielle.'

Danielle flushed. She looked away. The others in the group had switched their attention to Danielle from the rampant scene in front of her. She sought to look away, only to be confronted by the sight of the energetically rutting dogs.

'Now, Danielle!'

His voice was firmer, more demanding. Danielle was nervous. Marion pushed her to her feet, before pushing the girl towards her husband. Danielle glanced at the others. Their eyes were on her, but none were supportive. Lust was in their eyes. Danielle shuffled her feet.

'Girl! When I give a command I expect to be obeyed... as your parents have just demonstrated!'

Danielle swallowed her nervousness and walked slowly towards Rufus.

She froze when she saw his lap.

Saw his huge cock erect and throbbing.

It was huge.

Impossibly huge.

Thick as well as long.

Her eyes were mesmerised by it and its size.

Without realising it she reached Rufus.

The grinning African drew her down into his lap.

'Touch it.' He whispered.

Rob looked up. Susan looked up. They watched in awe and excitement as the sixteen-year-old darling of their life wrapped her slim white hand round their Master's thick black cock. Watched as she clasped it in wonder. He whispered in her ear. Father and mother watched as their pretty daughter started to slowly caress and fondle the huge African cock of Rufus.

Danielle gently stroked the African cock. It was so thick! Hot and hard, yet silky too touch. Gnarled and long, so incredibly long! She gave a sudden start. Just beyond Marion she could see a naked white female form kneeling at the feet of an African lounging comfortably on one of the chairs. There was a low sucking noise as the head rose from the African's lap, before darting down into his lap with a quick gasp. It was Helena she realised, down on her knees sucking on the cock of one of the African guests. She looked around for Roger, instead her eyes fell on the dog handler. He was standing above another kneeling white form. His hands locked in short blond hair. Her heart leaped into her mouth as she realised it was Henry! Lucille's blond twin. The African dog handler was forcing Henry to give him satisfaction! She tore her eyes away, only to see Anita, still in the lap of her African friend. Though now she was moving up and down regularly. Her eyes closed in concentration, a look of rapture on her face.

Marion rose and asked their guests pardon. She took Danielle's hand and raised her from her husband's lap. Her arm encircled her slim waist. Rufus rose and together they led Danielle into the house.

It was over two hours before Rob and Susan were able to go and seek out Danielle. Rob had felt distinctly uneasy about remaining in the garden while Danielle was seduced and no doubt thoroughly sexed by his demanding African boss, and his equally demanding wife. They did not dare enter the master bedroom. They had been prevented from getting close to that door by a security guard who had been quick to fondle Susan.

So now they circled the house. Perhaps they would be able to see in the bedroom window? It did not come as a surprise to find the curtains open. The house was very secluded and security was tight. Rufus had no concern for keeping away prying eyes and enjoyed the African night.

Inside the bedroom they could see Danielle.

There were several African men in the room as well as Marion. Helena, Anita, and young Lucille were also in the room. All three were kneeling, with bobbing heads worshipping black cocks. The owners of those cocks were concentrating their attention on lovely young Danielle.

She was on the bed. Head and shoulders pressed firmly into the bedding. Behind her the dog handler knelt above her. Rob shuddered. That African bastard was a particularly nasty pervert. Rob had not liked being broken in by that bastard while his wife watched and giggled.

Now the bastard had his daughter face down in the bed, while he vigorously fucked away. One large black hand grasping her slim white neck and pinning her down. Rob had little doubt which opening that pervert was using. Obviously his daughter had lost more than one virginity tonight! He watched with awe and fear as the bastard pounded hard and long at Danielle's raised hips, her knees drawn up beneath as though offering her softly rounded white bottom to the brutal thrusting black pervert.

The Africans were drinking and laughing as they watched the ravishment of Danielle. A mix of lust, satisfaction, desire, and cruelty on their dark faces as they watched this young sixteen year old English girl, just two days off the plane, get thoroughly fucked by a rampant black cock.

Rob could see some conversation taking place in the room though he could not hear the words. The dog handler rose from Danielle, turning to talk with the African guests. His thick cock withdrew

partially from Danielle. Rob stared. He and his wife knew that cock well. It was hard to imagine how slender Danielle had been able to take its black thickness and length inside her. He watched as his daughter rose on to her hands. Looking back over her shoulder at the dog handler.

He saw his daughter differently now. He had always thought of her as his little darling daughter, a cherub and a flower to be nurtured and protected. As he watched the African men eye her up he saw her as they saw her, soft and curvy. White, perfect, unblemished youthful skin, that trembled slightly as she knelt on the bed naked. Her breasts were full, and round. They jutted rather than hung from her slender frame. Still burgeoning, still growing, but full, round and sexy. Decorated with pert, erect, pink nipples. Her legs were lithe and shapely, still slender but they were a woman's legs and thighs, not that of a girl. Her waist was still slender, which emphasized the flaring round hips, and soft taut bottom.

From which a thick black cock protruded.

He watched mesmerised as his daughter started moving. Her hips started slowly at first, edging backwards. After a moment's hesitation, she edged away from the dog handler as though trying to escape the huge cock in her bottom. There was a strange expression on her face. She paused for a moment. She looked as though she was steeling herself. Then she pushed backwards!

Backwards!

His daughter was not seeking escape from that thick cock in her bottom. She was pushing it deeper. Rob stared at his daughter unbelieving. A moment later and she was pulling away from him drawing his cock out. Rob was dumbstruck. He had never seen that look on his innocent young daughter's face. A look of sexual ecstasy on her face as her anal muscles squeezed, stroked, and palpitated around the black cock in her tight bottom.

Danielle picked up her movements. Moving faster now. The watching Africans grinned as the young girl sought greater sexual satisfaction. Each African had already taken their turn with the pretty girl, before allowing the brutal dog handler to sate his perverted lusts. Danielle was now no different than Anita, Helena, Lucille, or indeed her mother Susan. She had become a black cock hungry slut and they anticipated many more hours of pleasure teaching her every sexual perversion they could think of!

Rob felt his wife's hands grasp the back of his neck and force him down. He knew what she wanted. He was reluctant to abandon the salacious sight of his lovely, nubile, daughter being fucked. Susan, however, was adamant. He sank from sight below the window, his head drawn between the slickly wet thighs of his wife. She grasped his head tightly directing him in his licking as she herself relished the sight of the daughter of her loins become a sex hungry woman.

Rob licked at the gushing wet loins of his excited wife. Male sperm seemed to pour from her excited loins. He did not know, or care, if it was male or canine. He had become used to his own debasement, as his tongue licked her to yet higher excitement. One thing he did know... none of it was his...

Danielle sat quietly at the breakfast table. She eyed her parents with some embarrassment, tempered by the memory of both her parents kneeling and allowing the guard dogs to mount and fuck. Her parents were equally unsure. Embarrassed at their own excitement at watching their sweet daughter seduced and debauched by their African hosts. Lucille and Henry were clearing away the breakfast clutter.

Rufus grinned at them all. Marion brought him his briefcase. He opened it with a flourish extracting

some crisp formal papers. Passing one set to her parents and another to Danielle.

'I have here a new formal contract offering you a new two year contract to begin when your existing contract expires in two months.'

Rob looked down examining the papers.

'As you know, your contract is dependent on Danielle signing this contract.' He pushed the second set of papers towards Danielle.' She looked up surprised, glanced at her parents, the papers, and Rufus. He grinned back at her.

'It is a contract of employment for yourself. It takes time for contracts to be processed in Zimbabwe. I will process this with that of your parents. When their contract is renewed you will be able to join them living here in Zimbabwe.' Danielle nodded. She had known her parents wanted her to join her here after the end of the next term. She glanced down at the papers and read.

It was an offer of employment as a maid in the household of Mr and Mrs Mukuru. Danielle looked up at Lucille and Henry, and remembered their roles last night.

'Does that mean... '

'Read the contract Danielle!' Rufus interrupted. Danielle flushed and obediently dropped her eyes back to the document in front of her. She read on. She would be...

'... responsible for mundane and routine chores around the Mukuru household. This would include ensuring all was done to the personal satisfaction of Mr and Mrs Mukuru in all matters, including personal.' She pondered about that last word. Was that a cover for matters particularly personal? She looked up at Marion who grinned back at her. A pink flush rose on Danielle's cheeks. Marion had woken her that morning and offered her breakfast.

Breakfast had been Marion's still wet and sticky vulva.

'When guests stay overnight she would be responsible for their personal comfort, satisfaction and entertainment. Providing every opportunity for their guests to satisfy their every need particularly at night. This naturally includes their sexual needs, Danielle swallowed.

'At no time during this contract will you be permitted to use any kind of protection, or take any other steps to prevent the normal consequences of such entertainment, whether with the Mukuru's their servants and employees, or their guests.'

'What exactly do you mean by protection... do you mean... '

'Read sub paragraph 4.2, Danielle. You will find it all very clear.' Danielle flushed and turned to sub paragraph 4.2.

'In the event of the birth of dark skinned child you will be allowed to keep that child as your own. However, in the event of the birth of a light skinned child you will not claim parenthood. Indeed you will allow the Mukuru's to document the child's parents as that of Mr and Mrs Mukuru.' Danielle's eyes widened in confusion.

'But... I don't understand.'

'It is quite simple child. There is a shortage of young whites like Lucille and Henry here. For various

reasons many white families are leaving the country and the numbers of beddable pretty white girls like yourself are falling. I together with a number of other African businessmen have agreed to a breeding programme to supply ourselves with a continual supply of young white girls. In the event of you giving birth to a white boy, we will keep him and sell him locally, or more probably to a brothel in the Yemen or Saudi Arabia. In the event of a girl child we will see personally to her education and development.'

Rufus glanced across at Rob and Susan.

'I am sure your mother and father will take just as much pleasure in witnessing my deflowering of their granddaughter as they did in your own deflowering.' Rob, Susan and Danielle flushed.

'One other thing.' Rufus pushed across another slip of paper. 'While you finish off your school term I have arranged for my brother to pick you up from school on Friday afternoons. You will obey in him in every respect.'

'Your brother... '

'He works for the Zimbabwe Trade Commission in London. He will offer you to various African diplomats and trade delegates in London for weekend entertainment. They will provide you with more sexual fun than you had dreamed of before this holiday.'

'But my school won't allow it. They are very strict at the weekends!'

'Your parents signed this for you earlier. It is there authority for you to spend weekends with Kaifus, a long time friend of the family, before joining your parents at the end of term.'

Danielle's hand was shook as she took the offered pen... and signed the document.

*The End*