

SWALLOWED BY THE NIGHT

PART 6: Priming

I sat at the dining room table, watching my children eat the food that I bought with the money I've earned for them.

Dirty money, earned by dirty means.

Their mother no longer had a respectable job. What I was doing before wasn't exactly worthy of any respect either, but it wasn't so disgusting and shame-inducing.

Those were the thoughts that I had anytime I was all alone. My thoughts would spiral further and further; anxiety, guilt, shame, anger, self-hatred.

I knew the Devil was trying to have my soul, filling my head with poison, wanting me to cross to the other side much sooner than I was supposed to.

I tried to pray, but being on my knees with my eyes closed, bending over, only reminded me of submitting to that vile, perverted landlord.

I couldn't be alone anymore, and I didn't hear God anymore.

When I was alone, I would only just hate myself.

So, I had no choice but to meet him again.

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"On your fucking knees. Crawl over here." He commanded me as soon as I entered the room.

I was hypnotized by his standing erect cock and had my eyes locked on it as I pawed my way closer. I reached my hand out to grab it and then...

SMACK—SMACK!

He smacked my hand away and then slapped me across the face.

"Don't touch my dick with your dirty hands. You just crawled on the floor like a cock-hungry whore."

I didn't respond. I knew not to show any resistance. He would hurt me even more if I cried. I just quietly unlocked my jaw, tongue hanging out, letting him know that I was hungry for cock just like he said.

He immediately shoved my face down onto his crotch and stabbed his cock into my throat. Even though I've already lost my gag reflex, he would still torture me by thrusting hard, and even pinching my nose to make my throat tighter as he used it as his personal cock sleeve.

Whenever he felt teeth, he would slap me. But it didn't hurt that much. It was only a reminder to stay focused on making my mouth a soft hole for him to fuck. This was my job after all; sucking dick for money. But I was distracted today: I really wanted him to fuck my ass.

"Why can't you suck dick properly, it's all you're good for."

He then grabs my skull and pounds my throat like a battering ram. He sinks his fingers behind my teeth to pry my jaw open as he abuses my throat.

It hurt so bad. I hated being treated this way. Every time, I just want to run and flee, but my body just tolerates it, over and over again.

I was finally saved when his cock started slathering thick globs of cum all over and inside my throat. His cock pushed so deep when he was cumming. I was forced to choke on his cock while he shot his load directly into my stomach, force feeding me his cum.

"Oo—uhhhh... That's a good whore." He exhaled as he pulled his sticky cock out of my throat. "But you made me work for it, you know I don't like that."

He laid back on the bed with his legs up, in a position I hadn't seen before.

"Lick my ass while I get another one ready."

"W-what?"

"The fucks the problem? You get fucked in the ass all the time, you can't lick one?"

I snapped into submissiveness again, but a cold sweat came over me. I stared at his hairy asshole, and knew there was just no way. But he noticed my obvious disgust, and that's when...

SMACK! SMACK!

Two quick, hard strikes; one stunning me, and the other knocking me over. I suddenly couldn't open my left eye very well. And then I felt a hand on my throat.

"You fucking do what I say, you fucking useless whore."

He dragged my skull back to the bed, and shoved my face right between his hairy man-ass. My lips were pressed against his hole. It was too tight to stick my tongue out, and my face and neck were also hurting. He seemed frustrated and hit the top of my head, forcing me to lick him and open my mouth wide so I don't bite my tongue. He rubbed my face and tongue all over his hole as he jerked his cock, preparing to force more of his cum inside my body somehow. But being in so much pain, I wasn't doing a good job for him. He grabbed me by the hair and threw me off, and then slapped me across the face again, twisting my whole body over.

"You can't suck. You can't lick. All you can do is get fucked like the lazy whore you are."

"I'm sorry..." Tears flooded my face as I slowly got on all fours and offered my ass to him. I waited for him to tear me up and manhandle my body again like he always does, but instead I felt a sharp, hot sting across my ass.

"HU---" I gasped in shock.

"I'm gonna make you work for it then. Shake that ass, bitch."

CRACK!

"AHH!" I yelped.

"Show me how much you want that dick in it, you anal slut."

I looked back and saw he was holding a horse whip. I couldn't hold the tears back from the sting, and I put my head down, using the willpower I had left not to run from him, but instead to shake my ass and obey his commands. I tried my best, but still...

CRACK!

"YA!.." I yelped as he struck the whip down over my ass cheek again, but silenced my own screams not to anger him.

"Don't just move your hips you lazy bitch, you gotta pop your ass out!"

I kept trying, shaking and throwing my hips around, hoping he would be satisfied and just fuck me in the ass and be done with me. But instead he whipped me on the ass again, then grabbed my hair and dug his heel right into my tailbone, forcing me to arch my back. I yelped in pain.

"That's right, scream like a fucking bitch. Now pop your ass out or I'll whip you again."

For a second, I wondered if I was bleeding down there. It hurt so bad. But I held my hips where he wanted, and started twerking my ass, correctly, finally. And it felt good.

Oh God, I wanted him to fuck me. If you're going to hurt me, just do it with your cock only. Please. I know I can take that much at this point.

I bent over and arched my back, keeping my technique. But that only made him more handsy.

SMACK!

"MM!.." He palmed my ass and tugged at it, making me yelp again, wincing as it was still sore from the whipping. But I kept twerking. I knew I had to be submissive to him.

"F..Fuck me, Daddy." I confessed.

SMACK

"Uhh!"

He slapped and palmed the other ass cheek, and I endured it. I knew his hot hard cock was coming soon. He was going to be more rough, but at least I would know that he..*ohh!*

His hot, long, rough cock slips inside of my trained asshole. It hurts, but I know the pain so well. I endure it. I let him slap my ass, manhandle my waist, pull my hair, or squeeze my neck as he pounds me over and over again with no real concern for me.

As horrible and disgusting I am as a woman, this man's cock is hard from the sight of me. He enjoys me in this state so much that it will make him cum. His passion hurts, but I hold on, because the feeling of his hot cum soothes my raw, run-through asshole.

"Give it to me, Daddy!" I yell out, wanting the pain to end, and my pleasure to begin. Just a little bit more.

“You sound like my regular whores now, fuck.” He grabs my waist with one hand, and pulls on my shoulder with the other, slamming his whole pelvis hard against my ass.

He then moves his other hand up and pulls on my upper body as my asshole squeezes his cock.

“Oh, Daddy, fug-me. Fug-me.” My words were slurring as I was getting drunk on his cock running in and out of me.

“Fucking, stupid, whore..ahhhh!”

Yes. Yes. Finally his onslaught slows down. But his grip is even more aggressive. He tries to push my whole body down onto his cock as he forces his way as deep as he can go.

“Mmm..uhh! Yes, fuck me so deep.”

The base of his cock stretches my hole as I feel every drop of cum being deposited up my ass.

“Uhh...Uhhh...Uhhh.” I moan as he throws all his weight in those final thrusts, squeezing his cock dry.

Once his grip loosens, my body goes limp. The intense throbbing of my asshole stops me from moving. And I savor the feeling.

I stare at the loose hijab that fell off my head during the fucking, and see a few dollar bills tossed over it. I drag my hand over and ball it all up in a fist.

I don't feel Allah near me anymore.

I think I'm losing control of my whole life.
