

Swallowed By the Night

Chapter One: Pierced By His Eye

A feeling of dread.

The relief of finally leaving work to relax and see my lovely children is slowly drowned out by the anxiety of seeing that man again.

That disgusting landlord.

He thinks just because he owns the property he's free to rape women with his eyes. He has no shame in his lecherousness that he stalks me with his glances and taunts me even when my children are around.

"Mmmhmm. Yup." He says, walking in a circle around me to eye-rape me front-and-back.

It gets even worse at night when I'm coming home from a shift at the supermarket.

"That dress ain't hiding shit." He says, while holding a beer. "I can still see that ass, clear as day."

I can see him slowly patting a bulge in his pants.

I have always had a pretty face, a healthy shade of lightened-brown skin, soft, full lips, long eyelashes, and hypnotic hazel eyes. I know men are drawn to me.

But even if I wore a niqaab, this man will still drool like a dog over my thighs, ass, and my bountiful breasts, that I struggle to hide even with my burqa.

It sends a shiver down my spine, knowing that morally hideous man has a spare key to our apartment. I hate to leave my children alone knowing he's around. And if I was alone, without my children as witnesses, I don't know what would happen to me.

He doesn't respect Islam at all. I am a modest woman, and yet he still sexualizes me. I am covered from head to toe, exposing no other skin other than my face, and as cunning as the Devil, he finds a way to look at something moral and think sinful thoughts.

I wish Allah would strike him down.

At night, when I pray, it is hard to forgive him. I can blame it on his drinking, but I'm sure he is rotten from within. I pray that Allah delivers him completely. Banish his demons. Amin.

Chapter Two: Reluctance

I escaped my abusive husband and came to this town, begging to stay at the cheapest apartment I could find. But the landlord wanted a three-month's deposit, and I didn't have the money, so he asked for part of it weekly. If I missed a single week, we would be evicted. He looked at us as if it would be gross to accept our money, but he would put up with it. It seemed he was hoping to get rid of us if he could.

I would put up with him as well, until I found a better job and would move out as soon as I could.

A supermarket finally hired me part-time for stocking, maybe because I did not have the right look for their usual customers.

Because of bus fare, school supplies, household items and other necessities eating through all of my savings, I was in danger by the 5th week. I had no choice but to negotiate with the landlord.

I asked for a week extension, but he was against it, even though I had proof of a new cleaning job with a motel.

“Why did you rent this place out to me if you don’t want me here?”

“I never said that, I just want my money, that’s all.”

“But you will get your money, I just need more time to give it to you.” I was frustrated with him.

“I’ve seen this enough times, that’s why I put this rule in place to make sure people pay me on time, no funny business. Understand?”

“I do, but I am a Muslim woman, I will never lie or cheat you under the eyes of Allah.”

“Well then, ask Allah to find you the money, or else you’re out.”

By the end of the week, I showed up with all that I had left and tried to make a partial payment. I knew that I was short, but I had faith that there would be a resolution.

The landlord stared at the check for a long time, and simply said "This ain't enough."

"This is all I have."

"It's not all you have."

When he said that my blood started to boil.

"I swear under Allah, that is the rest of my money. My children will go hungry until I get paid again." I said, with my chest becoming tight and tears welling up.

"This might be all you have now, but it's not all you can get." He said, tossing the check to the side. "You can get more." He shrugged.

"What do you mean? No one will hire me and pay me enough!"

"We can always make a deal."

"What deal?"

"You got something I want, I got something you need." He said with a dirty grin.

I didn't want to continue. I couldn't continue. I stayed silent. My intuition told me to get up and leave, right then and there, but he noticed my hesitation and got up first, walking towards the door and locking it.

"Why you ain't got a man helping you?" He asks.

"My husband wasn't a good man."

"What do you mean he wasn't a good man? He fucked you good enough to give you two kids." He said, standing behind me. I didn't dare turn to face him. "What more do you want?"

I saw him gliding towards me at the side of my eye and reach a hand out. My heart skipped, fearing that it was going to touch me, but instead he placed it on the table with a \$20 bill under it.

“When’s the last time you got some dick? You answer that, I’ll give you \$20.”

I stared at him with my eyes bulging. I still felt like I was in danger in this room, but I couldn’t help but hear his words. I hadn’t been thinking about sex at all because of the stress of surviving in this place. The only time I am reminded about sex is when this disgusting man harasses me.

“Alright, fine.” He pulls out another \$20 from his wallet, flapping it twice to show it off, then slaps it down on the table with the other. “When’s the last time you got some good dick that made you hot and wet inside?”

He leaned forward, as if his rephrasing made anything better, and I simply grimaced and leaned away from him.

“You’re a woman, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am a woman.” I said, staring at the floor. I didn’t want to say anything to this man, but I answered him in panic. “But you don’t respect women!” I snapped.

“Fine.” He said, tilting his head and shrugging, reaching for his pocket. “I’ll just show you how much I care about women.” He pulls out another \$20, making it \$60 in total.

“Now.” He said, leaning closer. “When’s the last time,” he said slowly. “your pussy,” I flinched away from him, “Tightened up, and squirted on a thrusting, throbbing cock?” I had to raise my arms up to block his intrusive face from getting any closer.

Then a memory flashed over me. A memory of exactly what he said. A time when I was allowed to be naked and used by a man, and I enjoyed it. With my husband. A strong, hairy, lustful man. I was married to him and wasn’t allowed to say no. My body and mind surrendered to him, and I felt a deep pleasure.

I remembered that suddenly, and I felt a drop of sweat drip from inside me.

“Oh?” He said, noticing something. I hated that he noticed.

In my embarrassment, I got up and headed straight for the door.

“If you answer this question,” He said, raising his voice “you’ll only have \$128 left on the payment.”

I stopped just a few feet away from the door. That's right, the money. I needed the money. But not like this.

"If I answer this, will you give me more time to pay you?" I turned my head to see him at the side of my eye, but did not want to meet his gaze directly.

"No. It has to be settled today; that was our agreement. It's either you pay, or you can't stay. Or, you can stay," He flashed the three \$20 bills at me. "and get paid."

\$60, and I just have to answer as simply as possible. He just wants to rile me up, but if I stay calm, I will outsmart him. He is just a pervert.

"A few months into my marriage with my husband, before my first child."

"Okay, okay." He smugly placed a \$20 back down on the table for me. "Where was it? How did it start?"

I almost wanted to throw up having to breathe the same air of such a lecherous man. But I realized I would be half-way there.

"My husband came home early from work one day. He found me dressing to go shopping, and he couldn't stop looking at me. Then he grabbed me and... guided me onto the bed."

"Guided you? You sure he didn't hold your wrists down until you stopped resisting?"

"No, he..." But he was right. My husband became exactly that type of person. I was in awe of his passion at first, but eventually he became too aggressive and treated me like a piece of meat, or a sexual maid.

"He what?" The landlord asked, following up on my silence.

But I continued to stay silent.

"Oh, you're catching on." He reached into his wallet and pulled out another \$20.

He was now holding \$80 in his hand. Only \$108 more to go.

"I want to hear about the moment you fucking squirted."

I immediately turned back around to erase his presence. I didn't want to feel the heat spreading from between my legs while knowing this man was still around. He disgusted me. But there was a time when I gave in to the pleasure of sex.

"Aren't you ashamed to be listening about me being with another man?" I deflected.

"It's not about another man, it's about knowing that you like to get freaky, even though you act like you don't by covering yourself up for your religion. You want to get naked and fucked like a real woman."

"I Do Not Want Anything Like That. I just want to raise my children in peace."

"But you just said your children are going to go hungry because you have to pay the rent. You're not doing that good of a job."

I was about to fall on my knees and breakdown in tears after hearing that. I clenched my fists so hard the nails dug into my skin. I wanted to curse this man. I was trying so hard to make ends meet in this unfamiliar, unwelcome town. I hated it here, but I was doing my best to survive, and he is spitting on all of my efforts. I stared at him hoping Allah would set him on fire right where he stood.

"You hate me, and yet I'm trying to help you." He responded to my intense gaze. "What does the Quran say about that?"

He pulled out his wallet and wrapped another \$20 bill over the others. "I'll give you \$100 just tell me where you want it."

"What do you mean? Put it in my hand, right here." I stretched my hand out. I could get this, and then borrow the rest from someone and be done with it for now.

"That dress ain't got any pockets, right?" He went on and ignored my hand. "So should I stuff it in your bra or in your panties?"

"It does have pockets!" I yelled and stretched it out. I don't know why that irritated me so much.

"Alright, I'll put it right in there then."

"You can place it in my hand, or throw it on the floor, I don't care. Please do not touch me."

"Fine." He shrugged again, and put the dollars in his pocket. "You can take it out of my pocket then, and there might be a little extra already in there."

I was fed up, and ready to be over with this. I focused my fingers like they were tweezers, diving to fish the money out and leave immediately. But once my fingers actually reached into the pocket and took hold of the money, he grabbed my hand and stuffed it inside while lunging his hip out.

“You feel the extra in my pocket?”

Blood left my face as I turned to stone. His pants must have had a hole in them, because I felt the bare skin of his filthy erect penis hiding inside of his pocket. Now I knew that every time he was ogling me, he was touching his bare cock inside of his pocket.

I tried to yank my hand away, but he only pulled me forward, and now I felt a thick, rough hand landing hard on my butt. He squeezed, and the shock I was in made it feel like searing pain, and I yelped.

His hand began to glide all over my butt, and even in between them. It happened so fast, I thought he must have been a professional pervert. My wrist hurt while I was forced to feel the heat of his hardened penis against the soft inside of my palms. I wanted to hurt him, and used all my strength to squeeze his penis, but his grip on my hand made me too weak. It only made a better grip for him to thrust his dick against my hand. That only excited him, and he pressed his pelvis against mine and pushed my hips onto his with his other hand pushing me from behind.

His finger sliding up and down in between my butt, and all the pressure on my hips was starting to make my legs weak and my head spin. *Why do I feel him?* I thought to myself. It was so fast, and I wasn't strong enough to fight. I could only yell.

“HELP! HE-!” I shouted.

Immediately his hand went over my mouth and he dragged my body forward until it hit the door. “Shut-the-fuck-up, shut-the-fuck-up.” He spewed through his teeth, by my ear. Spit dirtied my face.

“No one's gonna fucking help you, bitch!” His hand was so tight over my mouth, I couldn't open it to try and bite him. He was so strong, and I was helpless.

“I'm even being a gentleman and paying you, so be grateful.”

Tears began to fall from my eyes. He took his hand off my mouth, and then snatched the hijab off my head.

“P-p-please let me-hee goo-hoo” I said, sobbing.

“I’m not gonna hurt ya if you just shut the fuck up.”

He twisted the cloth and then wrapped it around my mouth, turned me around and tied it closed. I still continued to sob.

“Just breath through your nose.” He placed his hand on the door and leaned on it while he waited for me to stop crying.

I was still shaken and upset, but I felt my mind drifting and accepting his words, and I clung onto that hope of getting out of here.

“You’re a hard bitch to crack. You earned it. The whole \$168, you just lift up your skirt.”

I couldn’t help but moan into the cloth wrapped around my mouth. I hated this so much.

“Look, here’s \$100 right now.” He grabbed my shaking hand moving up my leg, and pulled the fabric of my dress up and tried to stuff the money into my hands. “Mmm. Love black panties.”

I was exposed. My head went limp in shame and fell against the door as tears strolled down my cheeks.

“Awhhhh...Awwwh.” I heard his excited breathing as he stroked his penis. He let the lips of his penis kiss against my thigh, and my head twirled up as I wailed again in my helplessness against being violated. “I’m just gonna cum on your thigh, and watch you walk back to your apartment while you hide my cum under your dress.”

I continued to wail softly as he masturbated and grabbed at my exposed ass in panties.

He grabbed my hand, making the money fall out, and forced it onto his cock. “Yeah, there we go. This will get me off. Do this and I’ll give you the rest of the money.”

This was not worth money. My renewed chastity and devotion to Allah was beyond any price. And I was sullyng myself to make the rent, and feed my children.

He wet his hands by sliding them over my face to collect my tears. He then used the wetness to moisten his penis, along with the saliva I drooled from crying, that was spilling under my chin.

“Such a messy whore, but I knew you could get wet. Hehe.” He taunted me.

I just wanted all of the struggling to end. Financial, mental, physical, spiritual. All of it. I surrendered, cried, and stroked his cock.

It was a long, smooth, thick, veiny cock. I hated it. It was an aggressive weapon that was meant for my destruction, and I had to stroke it pleasingly in order to appease this beast.

I made a tight ring with my fingers, and he began to push through it, and let his dick crash against my thigh with each thrust. "Aw, fuck yeah."

He kept gyrating and rubbing his cock against my thigh while holding my hips for balance. "Sexy ass bitch."

Why? Is all I could think. I'm being punished for having a body. For being a woman. I was being degraded like a whore.

I heard a sharp inhale, and then moans from the landlord. Sounds I never heard him ever make, in an unfamiliar tone.

A hot liquid wet the underside of my butt and streaked across and under it to my thigh. The head of his cock squished against my skin and pulsed with his ejaculate, moistening my body.

Satisfied sighs left him as he finally slowed down. My thigh was damp as he slathered it in him cum. I felt some drops of semen on my toes. He removed his hand, letting my dress finally fall down and cover my legs again. But this time, it was hiding his stains of cum all over my leg.

He reached down into his pocket and threw \$80 more dollars on the ground. He watched as I picked up each dollar, and then snatched it all back when I collected them.

"That's the rent you owe me."

I was on my knees., devastated. I was so desperate for the money that it made me blind to seeing this result.

The landlord then separated the bills in two bunches, pocketing one, and flashing the rest to me.

“Now, you got two choices: You can go home and have your kids starve. Or, Mama can make some more money.”

I was too shocked to make a sound, but he saw my silence as weakness.

“So I’ll ask again: where do you want it? Bra, or panties?”

“Mm?” I said muffled.

“Where do you want your money?” He brought his face inches away from mine. “No games, this time.”

“Mruuh” My hijab was still tied around my mouth.

“Point at it.”

I trembled as I raised a finger to my chest.

“Lift up that dress then. Up, up, up.”

Chapter Three: Cum Rag

I rolled up my burqa as tears ran down my face. I had to be strong for my children. I just needed to feel the money to calm down.

“Damn, mommy’s got some big, fucking titties.” I winced as he said that. I closed my eyes while he reached down to place the money in my bra.

“Mm!” He slid the money down, brushing against my nipple, and stroked the bills up and down to stimulate me. I winced and bit into the cloth.

“Ohh, you like that, don’t you bitch.”

He then yanked my bra down, exposing my nipples, and I couldn't fight back because I was holding up my burqa, as he ordered.

"That's right, bitch, let me see them titties. Fuck." He started to massage my left breast with one hand, and I whined in protest. "Just hold this here for a second." He quickly slid the dollars into the waistband of my panties, and I flinched too late.

"Yeaaaah." He rolled my nipples between his palms and manhandled my breasts.

I bit into the cloth and winced, holding back any moans I could make. It was hard to resist giving in to the feeling of my breasts being fondled. I just put my mind down onto the feeling of the \$100 against my skin.

Then I felt something sinister slap against my chest.

"Yeah, mmhmm." The landlord began slapping his fat, veiny cock against the top of my breasts. My vision went blurry as tears flooded my eyes, and I started to wail again.

He started rubbing every inch of his filthy cock over my breasts and nipples.

"I bet you want this to be over quickly, but I'm going to enjoy this." I felt the tip of his cock moving in a circle around my areola.

"Mm!" I couldn't hold back the moans anymore.

"That's right. Big ass titties, you can't hide shit from me. I know you like it."

He lifted up my burqa and tossed it behind me, still hanging from my neck like a heavy collar, but out of the way. He then grabbed my hands to hold up my own breasts.

"Yeah, I like that." He started more aggressively slapping his cock against my breasts, and forcefully held onto my chest and shoulders as he thrust his despicable pelvis all over my breasts.

"Fuck this." He walked away for a second, and I could feel my skin vibrating from all the tension and friction of his cock pressing up against my breasts. My body relaxed, thinking that he wasn't able to cum a second time, and got frustrated.

"Yeah, this is better." But then I looked up and saw that he was holding a bottle of some type of oil, and then covered his cock with it, and then let the liquid fall over my chest. More tears drained down from my eyes.

"Sit up straight" He pulled my shoulders up and until I was upright on my knees. He crouched slightly and attacked my breasts with his cock again.

“Yeah, make a tight little pocket for me to fuck them titties.”

I felt his hard, evil cock sliding up and down my chest, and I turned my face away as it got up as high as my collarbone. He would slide up and down vigorously between my breasts, and then pull out and slide under my hand and slowly rub it against the front of my breast. I wanted this to be over, but he kept pacing between fast and slow to draw it out.

I couldn't bare it any longer. I curled my arms under my breasts to hold them up, and then smothered his stick of sin between my breasts, using my hands to massage and keep his cock in place as it slid up and down between my large breasts.

I looked up at him with hate in my eyes.

“Yeah, you're getting into it now, ain't ya. That's right. You know that dick feels good.”

“f-hk oo-” I cursed him with my mouth muffled.

“Ohhh yeah, talk dirty to me, bitch.”

I knew it was sinful, but I kept cursing him through my hijab tied inside my mouth.

“Oh yeah, what's your family gonna think about me turning you into a foul mouthed, dirty whore.”

I wanted to snap his cock in two, and beat him with it. I wish I could, but I just gave it a firmer grip. I squeezed my breasts tightly together, and tried hard to make him cum quickly while I damned him to hell.

Then I felt a slap on my face.

No. Not again.

It would've hurt more if the hijab tied around my mouth didn't cushion some of it.

“It was cute at first, but now you can shut the fuck up.”

My grip loosened a bit, and I robotically jerked his cock over my breasts.

“Yeah, that's a better look on you.”

My face was wet with tears and despair again.

What am I doing here?

“Yeah, stroke that cock with them big, fat titties, bitch.”

Why do I accept this?

“Hahh...huh—aww!”

I closed my right eye as a spurt of cum slapped against my cheek. I buried his cock into my breasts to shield my face from the loads of cum being shot out from his thick, pulsating, veiny cock.

Three blasts of cum splashed over my breasts, and then he grabbed his cock himself to finish it off.

He came on my nipples, my sternum, and then turned to my side to draw a line of cum across my breasts.

“God...FUCK that’s beautiful. Big ol’ titties covered in cum. God damn. Phew.” He paced around the room, catching his breath.

I looked down at the storm of cum that thundered over my breasts, and I cried. My chin tilted up and I closed my eyes as I sniveled and cried over the filth I allowed onto myself.

The landlord got up and reached into his wallet.

“\$50. Hey, listen! \$50, you rub my cum all over your titties.” He held the dollars on his hip as he began to inflate his cock again.

I cried even louder, praying for Allah to forgive me, as I rubbed my sticky hands and spread his filthy cum over every inch of my large breasts for his enjoyment. *Oh, how will I come back from this? Please, Allah. Forgive me.*

“Damn, what a show this whore is putting on.”

Eventually, I stopped rubbing, and just held my breasts out for him to ogle as I sobbed.

He walked towards me with a fully erect again penis, and I felt his hard cock slap against my hair and almost touch me, and I moved my face away from him. I then felt that he had laid the \$50 under my bra strap.

“My dick’s nice and hard now.” He said, with his hand stroking his cock slowly. “I need a hole.” He turns to look at me, and my eyes widen. “\$100, mouth; \$200, pussy. And let me check if you're wet.” He knelt down to touch my pussy behind my panties, but I stopped his hand.

I kept screaming a muffled “NO!” and waved my finger off.

“Fine then, open up.” He stood up, and then swung his cock down onto my cheek near my mouth.

I flailed my arms and turned to begin banging on the door, but then he restrained me, and then dragged me further back into the room. He then sat on the edge of his table and placed my hands on his thighs.

“\$50. Handjob, right now.” He held my hands and gave me just enough room to slide up, but not away from him.

\$50, I can do this. I thought.

I glided my hands up and wrapped it around his filthy cock. I stroked his long, thick, veiny cock with both hands first, but he pulled one down to massaged his balls.

It's outside my body. Even if it's Haram, it's not inside my temple. I consoled myself.

I twisted my wrist and pumped it up and down, each stroke making a sound from the wetness between my hand and his cock. He knew that was making him close, so he slid my hand down to the base of his cock, so I could make longer strokes now. I grimaced as I gripped his long cock from bottom to top. I wanted this to be over. I slid the hand up from his balls and started stroking with both hands. He let me do it.

It was a big cock. A big sinful weapon. But if it was so dangerous, why was I massaging it so thoroughly? I looked up and saw how pleased this pervert was with my handjob.

Then he pushed my hands down to hold his balls, and he took control of his cock himself. I held onto them as they bounced up and down as he pumped his own cock.

He was going to cum soon. I knew it. But if he cums, where--?

“Auh! Fuck yeah, bitch!” He pulled my hair to force my face to touch the lips of his cock as cum spilled out and dirtied the side of my face. “This is what happens when you don’t give me a hole, stupid bitch.”

I tried to push him off, but his knees were too close to my shoulders. I sealed my eyes shut as I took the full force of his orgasm, all over my face. Both my cheeks. My forehead. My hair. All of it was dirty with his cum.

The landlord caught his breath, slightly slumped on his table. Recovered, he reached down to his wallet and pulled out \$60 and threw it at me, hitting my stomach.

“Get the fuck out of here.” He walked away through the door to his apartment and locked it behind him.

He left me covered in cum from head to toe. Discarded like a piece of meat.

I untied the knot of my hijab around my mouth, and had to use it to wipe the cum off of my face.

I was the victim, and yet I walked out of the room shaken and defeated, trying to hide my shame from anyone who may have been around to see me.

My kids ran to me to me and tried to hug me when I got home, but I forced them back and said that I was dirty. It was the truth. Their mother was dirty.

I rushed to the bathroom, and reached into my pocket. “\$210.” I counted. It was enough to pay the rent and some food. But some of the bills were wet to the touch. Wet from the semen that drenched through the dress.

I threw the bills out of the tub and cried. I turned on the faucet and tore off my clothes. Then I took soap and scrubbed, scrubbed and scrubbed, trying to wash away and erase the sin that was left there.

Erase the sensation of his hard cock all over my body.

Chapter Four: Surrender

The next day, I called out sick for the first time. I felt sick with myself. I would have gone crazy if I had to clean up more dirty sheets soiled with cum.