

SWALLOWED BY THE NIGHT

Chapter Four: Surrender

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

I needed to distract myself, and remind myself why I work so hard in the first place. I spent the money from the landlord on my children. We ate all kinds of meals, I bought them new clothes, and we even saw a movie. Nearly all of the money was gone by the end of the day.

I asked for an advance on my paycheck, but it wasn't possible. Because of my spending, I was short again by the end of the week. I would have to negotiate with him again.

“Broke again, huh? It's your bad choices that got you here.” He then slid his hand down over the bulge in his jeans. “And now you got to make even worse ones to get out of it.”

I made no bad choices. I did what was right for my children. I don't know why Allah—no, I can't say that. I started to cry.

The landlord rolled his eyes and pulled out his cock, and commanded me to walk over to his side of the desk and get on my knees.

“The more effort you put in, the more \$ you'll get.”

“Do you have any oil or lotion?” I can easily do this again. This will be the last time after all. I will get my paycheck next week and everything will be fine. Just survive this.

“Nope. You got a wet mouth though.”

I scowled at him. That wasn't happening. I grabbed his cock with both hands and just spit on his cock to get it wet. I spit on him like I hated him.

I was stroking his cock and spitting on it for several minutes, and my arms started to get tired. His cock was still hard, but he didn't feel close to cumming at all.

“Not enough effort. You still think you can play games with me.”

I scowled again, but I felt his hand on my head as my mouth opened up ready to spit again. His heavy cock flew in flush into my mouth with a flash.

“I told you last time; I need a hole.”

My arms were too weak to push him off, and his cock kept reaching the back of my throat; the gagging made it impossible to bite down on his cock. He pulled on my head and my hijab as he forcibly used my mouth and throat to get himself off. It was too much. I couldn't breathe. I tapped on his thigh to give up, but he only shoved his dick further down my throat. Once he saw my eyes bulge out and my stomach convulse, he pulled out right before I made a mess on his floor. But my throat was in pain, and I drooled all over the floor anyway.

“That's a nice, tight throat. I don't mind breaking you in.” He said, stroking his cock.

I was exhausted already. The inside of my torso was on fire, my face was wet with tears and my nose started to run. I put my hand on his thigh to keep him at bay as I caught my breath. He dragged my hand and placed it on his cock, and I held it around the base. I tried to stroke him off, but my arms were so tired and I was shaking. I saw his hand go up to force me down again, and then I made a decision.

I threw my hand up to block him, and then I slid his thick cock between my lips. I needed to control this, or else he was going to abuse me further.

I felt a slippery liquid slide inside my mouth once I tasted his cock. It must have been pre-cum. He was already getting off on throat-fucking me. He was a violent man. I didn't want to feel it again, I really didn't. I knew if I didn't put more effort now, he was going to do it himself and hurt me.

I held onto the base of his cock with both hands, making sure the extra inches that couldn't fit in my throat wouldn't try to force its way in there. I sucked his cock and went as deep as I could without gagging, and kept my hands there as a marker on what was safe. I tried my best, but I knew he was getting impatient.

“Mmmm.” I moaned as I sucked his cock. I had to act like I enjoyed it to disarm him. “Your cock is so big.” I blurted out.

His eyes lit up. “Lick it, bitch.”

I obeyed him, and moaned as I did it. My right hand recovered, and I started stroking his cock up and down in rhythm with my mouth on it to increase his pleasure. I need to make him cum quickly.

But once it started working, he would stop me so he could enjoy it more.

“Stick out your tongue.”

I tried to hold his cock so he wouldn't force it down, but he moved me off, and started slapping his thick cock on my tongue. He stretched out the sides of my mouth a few times by trying to push his cock through my cheek, and then he aggressively told me to suck. I tried to hold his full length back with my hand, but he started forcing my head down onto his cock and raping my throat. My mouth started to hurt as my lips banged against the back of my hand as he forced my face down onto his cock, so I had to slide my hand down and give an inch back to him.

“Ahh yeah, tight fucking throat.”

He kept trying to force my hand down, but I held on until he started stroking his own cock. He made sure I couldn't move my mouth off of him, but I wasn't gagging anymore. I just had to keep my lips tight for as long as I could.

"Aww yeah, I'm gonna cum in your mouth, you fucking whore."

I couldn't move my head. I had no strength to save myself from this. All I could do was block my throat with my tongue so I wouldn't choke. It was too tight for him, and his cock exploded with cum, filling up my mouth. I tried to spit some out, but he got up and tilted my head back. It was going to eventually slide down my throat no matter what.

"Aww yeah, swallow it. Swallow my cum, you fucking bitch."

No. No no no! I tried to force his hips back, but he started squeezing on my head even harder. My tongue got weak as he kept forcing his cock against it. My mouth was too full of cum, and I involuntarily swallowed.

No no no! This was disgusting!

"Aww yeah, drink that cum, you whore."

I squinted as I swallowed his sinful fluids. He pulled his cock out, finally, and I choked and gasped for air. I spit out the rest of his cum that was in my mouth.

"Damn that's a good look on you." The landlord then took a picture of my face, which I flinched too late to hide my face, and showed it to me.

My make up was a mess. My lipstick was smeared. My eyeliner was all over my cheeks.

I did look like a whore.

He lifted me up and bent me over his table. He lifted my burqa, and I felt his cock slap against my ass. I then felt him rub the head of his cock on my pussy, and it woke me up.

"No. No, not there!"

I couldn't let him in there. My husband was there. My two kids came from there. No. He will not go there. I felt conviction from Allah not to let him in there.

But what did it matter in the end.

He stuck his dirty fingers into my ass and covered it in oil. He stretched out my virgin asshole by putting in more fingers and thrusting them. When he was satisfied, he slapped his cock against my anal hole, making me wince in anticipation, and then I felt a hard rod push its way inside. It was hard and heavy. I couldn't move. I was his bitch and whore now.

It was so painful. He was so rough, and long. It hurt to be stretched out from the inside.

But I took the pain and let him rape me anally, while he called me a dirty bitch and filthy whore for wanting it in my ass.

I didn't want it there. I just wanted it to be over.

He ended up tearing off my hijab and tying it over my mouth again, because my screams of pain was starting to annoy him.

I yelped and cried while my mouth was muffled, but eventually, I started to become numb to the pain. His strokes became more shallow, and he started saying how tight my hole was. He was going to cum.

Oh yes. Finally, when he cums this will be over. I arched my back and readied my body to take his forceful orgasm. He grabbed onto my shoulders and drove his cock deep into my ass. The ring of my anus was hurting so bad as he thrust the base of his cock past it into my ass, and I started to feel a hot liquid splashing over my walls. The heat was soothing against the pain, and it made his cock more slippery so the thrusts didn't hurt as much.

I moaned. It was painful, but I was used to always being in pain. But this was a new type of pain.

My head rested on the table as I laid there, bent over, too in pain to move right away.

I stared at the bundle of bills that I counted to make \$350.

"There, you're on your way to being a high-class slut now. How about an in-call next time? Tired of my office getting dirty."

I didn't answer. I was just waiting for the cum to spill out of my ass, and then find the strength to get up and walk back home.

Its over. I thought, reeling from my asshole still pulsating, and feeling the discomfort of his cum lingering inside my walls. It's not going to be easy to flush it out.

Final Chapter:

I was a true whore now.

After I was too in pain to walk around the next day, I called out of work. Then I counted the money that I made the night before and realized I could have a new job now. It hurt, but it paid well.

I began letting the man that I hated and thought was the lowest of scum into my home and bedroom.

He paid more when I wore sexy lingerie.

I let him fuck my mouth and cum on my tits. I let him cum raw inside of my asshole, and I swallowed his cum on demand. I no longer gag when deep-throating his cock, but getting fucked anally is always a struggle. A struggle to accept the pain as he wrangles my body fucking my ass.

But once I feel my hot, raw hole steaming with his cum in my ass, I secretly beg for more. The way it slides in and out once he cums in my ass feels so good. It makes all the pain worth it.

I have accepted that I am damaged. Life has broken me.

But I will take the money and look after my children.

The landlord is fucking my ass on my bed, calling me foul names in my own home even as my children are in the next room.

It didn't matter anymore. All the food and clothes they have are paid for by him anyway. He owned me, and he was their daddy now as far as I knew.

I let him fuck me over and over, whenever he wanted. It hurt, but I knew I could take it. And I did. I arched my back and let him fuck me until he made my hole nice and creamy with his cum.

I started craving that feeling. I gave more effort and got paid even more. He laid down on my bed as I threw my ass on him and moved my hips taking his raw cock. He squeezed my ass and pulled my hips down onto his cock so he could start fucking me inside my butt.

When he was close, I dove my face down into the bed, sticking my ass up high, so he could fuck me hard as he spilled big loads of cum deep into my ass.

He'd slam his cock into my ass over and over.

Allah wasn't there for me. I'm going to go to hell for my kids. But I don't care. I don't care if it's haram. It feels so good. I'm addicted to cock, like a whore. I do more nasty things than I've ever done with my husband.

There's nothing more to pray for anymore. I don't struggle for money anymore and can take care of my children. All I beg for now is his hard cock to release his cum and validate me as a good whore.

He doesn't pay me for a single service anymore, but pays by the hour. An hour or more of fucking, sucking, and getting cummed on.

I am an anal slut and throat whore. But I touch my pussy as he fills my holes. I get wet when he forces his cock down my throat until I spit and choke. I rub my clit as he stuffs his cock greedily into my gaping asshole and fucks it raw until he cums. I start telling him to keep going. I tell him not to stop. I want to cum with his cock in my ass.

I want to feel my asshole and pussy tighten as he slaps my ass hard and calls me a whore.

Fuck me hard like a whore. Show me what I'm worth.

Pay me and be as rough as you want with me. Fuck me hard and cum wherever you want.

Forbidden sex feels so much better.

Everyone knows I'm a whore, and I need to get fucked more to prove them right.

I'm laying down on my bed, spreading my legs open for the man I hated, begging him to fill me with his cock and cum. He fucks me until my ass goes numb. I love the pain of a good hard fuck now.

There's no other way for me now.

"Yes, fuck my asshole."

This dirty mouth can never recite words and prayers of Allah ever again.

I only worship cock now.
