

swbtl outtake

He unlocked the leash once I got into the tub, naked and sweaty. Then he tossed a book at me.

“Look, it’s your bible.”

It was true. It was a Quran.

“Open it and read it where it’s marked.”

I gulped, and started to get very nervous. Why was he doing this? But I had to read it.

“If a woman prays her five-fifths, fasts her month, guards her vagina, and obeys her husband, she may enter from any of the gates of Paradise she wishes..” After reading that, a glimmer of hope began to well up inside me.

“Sounds good to me; you get to be a filthy fucking whore as long as you check those few boxes. But where’s your husband though?”

“I...I...”

“Without him, you’re just a trashy slut. So, you want me to be your husband?”

I seriously considered it. If we did marry, I was only obeying his commands. I wouldn’t be blamed for any of this anymore.

“Y...Yes. Yes Daddy.”

“Alright, let’s swear on it, over your Bible.”

I placed it in my lap and held up my hand to make a solemn promise to Allah and marry this man.

“Dear God,” he said, and I repeated. “I will never marry a filthy fucking bitch like this.”

“What?...EEE!”

Suddenly, a hot liquid began pelting my body and face.

“Oh-ho-ho! Your using the Bible as a shield! You un-loyal, unfaithful WHORE!”

The word of God in my hands was being soaked as he rained a dirty golden shower above me.

“Alright, put the book down before I fill this tub up with your blood.”

I had no choice. He made sure to piss right on my face, and I kept my lips sealed tight, but I could still smell it as it splashed over me. Eventually, I had his piss dripping all throughout my body.

“Yeah, that’s a good look on you. Now open your mouth.”
I hesitated.

“Open it or the whip goes across your face and I tear an eye out.”

I opened my mouth halfway, and as I feared, a gush of piss snuck inside, and I quickly tried spitting it out as it entered.

“Awww yeah that’s a real dirty mouth now. Perfect.”

He then grabbed my filthy head and hair and shoved it onto his dick to fuck my throat, mixing my saliva with his piss droplets.

The same hate I had for him in the beginning returned, but if I showed the same attitude, he would beat me senseless in his tub. So I sucked his dirty cock like I always do.

He pulled out and came all over my face and tits, and some of it spilled on the Quran in my hands. The book was completely ruined. Just like me.

He dragged my legs out of the tub and bent me over the side as I fucked my ass that’s been sitting inside of a tub of piss. My hands were still in the tub, holding me up as I was getting fucked.

I felt like a human toilet. I deserved this, for letting him fuck me in such a filthy place like my asshole in the first place.

I let him fuck, and fuck, and fuck, until my asshole was full of his raw cum, and then he pulled out and left streaks of cum all over my back too. He then threw my legs back over and into the tub, and I laid there, in a puddle of piss and cum, and the Holy Quran soaked in it with me; a symbol of how far my faith has been disgraced.

I laid there while he drank another beer, and emptied his bladder all over me again.
“Awwwhh fuck yeah.”

My son could have no pride in me. My daughter could have no trust. I was no longer a woman. I was a cum pocket. A piss pot.

He turned around and lifted a leg onto the tub, and spread his ass cheek open, commanding me to lick his hole.

I did it. I did it until he became horny again, and then he turned around and came all over my face, and shoved his cock down my throat and forced me to ingest his cum. Then I had to breath through my nose as his cock slowly softened to a semi, and then he drained the last of his bladder right down my throat too, making sure I was completely filthy and defiled both within and without.