

Description: Durra's getting blackmailed by Bradley, and to avoid being outed as some kind of deviant she'll have to prepare Bradley dinner like a good housewife.

Kinks: Bleached, Raceplay, Deepthroat, Sluttification, Slurs, Mind Break, Humiliation, Degradation, Urination, Alcohol, MILF & BWC

Chapter 2: A Housewife's Determination

Durra winced as she looked at her reflection, hiding from her gaze. Her cheeks were beat red and already she regretted even thinking of obeying that little bastard Bradley! She should've never agreed to his demands, but she had no choice. He didn't just blackmail her son, now he had shameful proof of Durra's sin. He had secretly filmed Durra's shameful submission and recorded her saying some awfully blasphemous things during the act. Now she was being forced to dress up like some... dumb American hooker!

Bradley had sent her some clothing but Durra could barely look at her own reflection. The mirror showed off just how sinful she'd become. Wearing such blasphemous clothing, but here she was, dressed like a whore. Her cellulite stuffed thighs and wider motherly hips were squished by tight black fishnets. The silk fibers squished her flesh all the way up to her hips and barely covered her butt cheeks.

The blue mini-skirt just barely covered her cellulite stuffed cheeks, and Durra had to pull it down every so often to keep her ass covered. At least the front mostly covered her crotch, so at least she wasn't flashing her crotch every time she moved. The dark blue hem tightly hugged her hips, sinking into her soft brown flesh, but it didn't cover enough to hide her thong straps.

Durra was forced to wear a tight black thong. The straps hugged and sunk into her motherly hips before disappearing between her ass cheeks, and every time she moved she could feel the crotch dig into her freshly shaved cunt. Durra could already feel the degradation seeping into her brain with each step, but Bradley's choice of bikini-top made it even worse. An incredibly small micro bikini that barely contained Durra's massive cow milkers, made this outfit the most humiliating thing Durra could've imagined herself wearing.

"Mmmm, Bradley you bastard." Muttered Durra under her heavy breath. She hated how this tight blue bikini, dug into her skin and clearly showed off her wide areolas, and her

fat nipples' outline. At least the azure lipstick he gave her didn't look too whorish, and she could still wear her bright blue hijab; it matched the outfit surprisingly well. Hopefully Bradley wouldn't protest its inclusion. It was her one connection to her faith during her unwilling prostration and he didn't expressly say she couldn't wear it.

BZZZZT!

BZZZZT!

"Oh no, he is-" Durra's heart sank when she got a message, but luckily it wasn't from Bradley, but her husband.

Hubby: Dear, I'm not going to be able to make it home this week. I gotta stay overseas for another month at least.

Durra: But dear, I miss you and I have a few things I want to talk about...

Durra paused, she wondered if she should come clean to her husband right now and tell him about the brute. Maybe, maybe he'd come running home, maybe he'd take her into her arms and forgive her for her sins, and maybe....

Hubby: Sorry dear but I really can't talk for long. I've got a list of clients here that need my attention. I'll try to reserve some time this weekend for you alright?

Durra: Alright, love you.

The last thing Durra's husband sent was a little yellow thumbs up, leaving her alone in her room. Dressed like some americanized, whorish parody of a devout muslim woman. She didn't know what to do or say. It was just too much for her to handle, and now in the middle of her wallowing her sister texted her:

Badia: Shall we pray together?

Durra: Sorry sister, but I am feeling unwell tonight, perhaps tomorrow.

Badia: But Durra!

Durra muted the messages from her sister, she didn't need the added pressure right now. Her ultra conservative sister had opinions on everything and everyone. Durra knew more gossip about various housewives she never met than she did about her own

family thanks to their “prayer sessions”. Just thinking about all the earfulls she received made Durra frustrated. So much that she didn’t even notice she accidentally swiped to the swiped to the paused blackmail video. She felt so embarrassed and tried to exit out of the video, but instead she hit the play button and was greeted by a max volume:

“Take my load you dumb brown cumdumpster!”

Bradley’s voice was almost bestial as he buried his white monster cock deep in Durra’s asshole. The sound of his huge white nuts slapping against her backside filled her bedroom along with Durra’s sloppy moans. She was on the verge of tears watching it. All the memories she pushed down rushed back into her head, but she couldn’t stop watching her brutal rape. Her eyes wide and fixated on the screen like a trembling animal in headlights.

“*Anngggghhh! Muuuhh-woommmbb!*” Durra shivered as she held her belly, her body trembling as she remembered the thick seed that stained and tainted her insides.

“You’re the baby breeder of a real man now, how does it feel?” Sneered Bradley as he spat on Durra’s face, but she hardly seemed to care as she came her brains out.

“*Hnnngggghhuunnnggh, toooo mmuuuhhpp!*” Durra slurred, she couldn’t believe she made such slutty noises. She hoped that the entire video had unflattering angles, but in this scene the camera looked directly at her face. Her awful, forsaken face that openly displayed her shameful pleasure.

Her face flush as she remembered all the pleasure Bradley’s sinful dick provided. Yet, despite being degraded, used and abused, literally made a toilet by that white brute. Durra still came, screaming like a dumb whore, and as she thought about it she felt her cunt throb. Durra couldn’t remember a time where she came so much or even cum.

Durra bit her lip as she thought, *maybe if my husband actually made me cum I might be able to resist him-*

“*Mnn, nooo!*” exhaled Durra, throwing her phone across the bed, her voice stern with a hit of impotent hatred, “Concentrate Durra! Do not give that horrid little pig the satisfaction. He’ll get his dinner, then he will delete that video or so help me I’ll-”

BZZZZT!

BZZZZT!

“Fuck...” Exhaled Durra as her phone vibrated again. She knew it must be Bradley, she wasn’t ready, but instead of sorrow she felt a bit of relief when she saw a text from her son, Abdul.

Abdul: I’m still feeling a little sick and won’t be up for dinner. Gonna get to sleep early <3

Durra: Rest well baby, mommy will check on you later.

Durra was surprised, her son’s illness had lasted much longer than she expected. He’d always been such a frail boy like his father. Durra did worry about him, but couldn’t help feeling that he deserved to be feverish for being such a dirty pervert. It was him getting caught by Bradley which caused all this.

“Hmmmm, no Durra. You can’t think like that, you should be preparing for Bradley.”

BZZZZT!

BZZZZT!

Durra bit her lip and looked down at her phone. Hand trembling as she saw the message from Bradley. He was direct, arrogant and didn’t show a shred of concern for what Durra was doing.

Bradley: Get to the door whore, I don’t like to be kept waiting.

Durra laid down her phone on the nightstand, right beside the photo of her wedding day. She couldn’t bear to be reminded of her husband and opted to turn the photo down. A small gesture that made her feel a bit better. At least she wouldn’t accidentally look at her husband “with Bradley” later, but she was reminded of Bradley’s impatience as she heard him bashing on the door hard.

THUMP!

THUMP!

THUMP!

"I'm coming, just hold on." Shouted Durra as she ran out of the room, making sure her son's room was locked before she quickly moved downstairs. She'd probably die of shame if any member of her family saw her dressed like some slutty American sow. Her cheeks flush as she slowly opens the door.

"Took you long enough." Spat Bradley, occupying nearly the entire door frame. Even through the door the muscled figure still easily made Durra feel small. His muscled body clad in a tight fit black t-shirt and basketball shorts. His arms and legs chiseled, and bulging with muscle, the first signs of hair showing on his arms unlike her own son who was more like a boy.

"I am sorry I was just getting ready," sighed Durra, "please come-"

"And put these in the fridge for me." Bradley rudely interjected as he lifted a case of local beer up to Durra's face, "I'll need a proper drink to wash down whatever slop you make for me."

What a bastard, thought Durra, trying to hide her annoyance, *This man is... I mean boy, is such a brute, but he's just a teen. No need to let it get to you, and then he'll be gone.*

"Alright Bradley, won't you come in." Durra offered as she grabbed the beer, trying her best to hide the obvious irritation in her voice.

"*Hmmmmph*, at least the outfit is mostly correct, but you couldn't resist wrapping that rag around your head, could ya?" Spat Bradley as he walked inside, and kicked off his shoes, causing a bit of mud to spill onto the freshly cleaned floors.

"*Mmmnnn*," Durra bit her lip trying not to curse out this white bastard as she calmly responded, "I wore everything else for you Bradley, and you didn't say I couldn't."

"It's my fault really, I should lined everything out for a dumb sand nigger." A grin grew on Bradley's face as he walked over and slapped Durra on the ass as he teased, "But I'll let you keep wearing it, since you are so nice."

"*Uhhhhnnnn*-bastard." she muttered under her breath.

"What do you say, bitch?" asked Bradley, a hint of anger in his voice as he gave Durra's ass another smack.

“Ahhhhnnnggh t-thu-thank you, sir!” Durra yelled as she felt Bradley beat her butt. His rough hands slapping her bare butt hurt so much, it made Durra shiver but she didn’t give in. That’s what Bradley wanted.

“Hmph, better.” Snorted Bradley, *“Nice to see you’ve smartened up a bit this time.”*

“Mmnnn, pu-please!” Exhaled Durra, her voice still pained, *“Follow me to the kitchen. I prepared dinner for you ahead of time and it should be just about done.”*

Bradley gave Durra a nod of approval and she led him into the kitchen, which was pristine at the moment. Clean convection stove top, glistening white granite countertops that had a shine that matched her white tile floors. While the table had a soft white cloth with a doily finish with enough cutlery set for two to eat. Despite Durra’s current predicament she was unable to bring herself to leave her home in a sorry state; plus cooking and cleaning helped keep her mind off Bradley.

“Hmmm,” muttered Bradley as he stroked his chin.

“Is something wrong?” asked Durra, her heart sinking as she hoped to avoid “punishment” from Bradley today. She prayed to Allah that her prostration before this American pig would go smoothly but she got extremely nervous the second he looked too displeased.

“Surprisingly no,” exhaled Bradley, *“I was half expecting you to present me with a pile of slop and a shithole of a home.”*

“I have my pride as a housewife and I wouldn’t let my home fall into tatters just to spite you.” Durra proudly stated as she put her hands on her hips. She completely forgot her tits were barely contained and from the sudden motion her bra loosened enough to allow a sudden nip slip.

“Ha, easy now,” chuckled Bradley as he took a seat, *“They’ll be time for that later, but first get my food.”*

“Mmnnn, yes sir.” squeaked Durra as she turned around and re-stuffed her breast into the tight bikini top. She hated what Bradley did to her and now she was getting embarrassed from his taunts, but hopefully after today he’ll let up.

Durra quickly walked over to the kitchen, placed Bradley’s beer in the fridge and pulled the chicken breasts out of the oven. She’d made an extra breast and a whole heap of

mashed potatoes, and mixed vegetables with gravy. A meal Durra hoped would appeal to his American pallet, and from his initial reaction he enjoyed it.

Snap!

“Beer,” grunted Bradley between mouthfuls and Durra complied. She felt like some dumb housewife with Bradley, a literal object for him to use and with the way she was acting maybe she was?

Submissively keeping her head down as she handed Bradley his drink. She didn’t even bother showing defiance anymore, she knew it would lead to more groping and a greater degradation of her morality. Yet, she wondered if being this beast’s on demand bitch was the correct course, but she was too deep in now. Best keep her head down.

“Here you go, sir,” muttered Durra as she opened the can for Bradley. She hated the smell of liquor. She tolerated her husband keeping a bottle of hard liquor for business partners, but opening this can for Bradley was pushing it and he just grabbed the can out of her hand before he took a deep swig.

“*Uhhnngh*, so rude.” muttered Durra under her breath.

“Seconds,” ordered Bradley, in a cold voice as he slammed her beer back on the table.

“*Hmmm*, what?”

“Does that wrap make you hard of hearing?” Grunted Bradley as he looked over to Durra, “I said, seconds.”

“Oh yes, sorry!” Durra walked back over to the kitchen with Bradley’s plate. She was not expecting him to have such an insatiable appetite. To the point Bradley was digging in the second Durra put down his new plate; it’s a good thing she made extra.

“*Hmmmph*, it’s not too bad, Durra.” Exhaled Bradley after he took a large gulp of his beer, “I’m surprised your husband isn’t home more often.”

“Oh, *ummm thu*-thank you.” Durra’s cheeks lit up for a moment, she wasn’t expecting such a compliment and she certainly wasn’t expecting to be called by her name. Even her son and husband didn’t often compliment her cooking, plus she fully expected “rag head”, “muzzie” or “sand nigger” to compliment any words Bradley spat at her. Luckily he was too engrossed in eating to notice Durra’s embarrassment.

It shook her for certain but Durra regained her composure, and calmly continued, "But it's not his fault. He's just on business trips so often and-"

"Ahhhhnnn, sounds to me like the limp dick bastard is avoiding you and trying to get with younger women." Bradley looked over his shoulder as he spat, "Ain't it the truth?"

"Of course not! He's a virtuous man of Islam." Protested Durra, through pouting lips and puffed up cheeks. Sure her husband gave the occasional lecherous stare at these shameless American whores, but he'd never cheat.

"A virtuous man with a dick smaller than your pinky, right?" Bradley held up his pinky finger as he asked, mocking Durra, "Like father like son, right bitch?"

"That's not important," shouted Durra, visibly flustered, "I love him and once tonight is over, I'm going to return to being his virtuous housewife."

"Well tonight you're my house wife and you'll be anything but." Bradley's eyes narrowed on Durra and he smiled that smug superior American grin, and Durra could tell he knew he was right. Durra's husband was pitifully small, not even a tenth of Bradley's size which she was quickly reminded of as Bradley took off his pants and let loose his fat white meat.

"My cock needs a proper cleaning," he continued.

Durra tried to avoid eye contact as she asked in a meek voice, "Should I draw a bath-"

"Dumb shit skin, let me spell it out." Grunted Bradley as he sat back down in his chair, legs spread, his voice degrading as he ordered, "Get on your knees and use those fat brown lips to give my cock a spit shine while I finish eating, understand pet?"

"I... Yes sir," mumbled Durra, she knew it would come to this. Bradley just loved to degrade Durra, making her feel powerless and pathetic. Durra felt like she was being treated like a cheap American whore and yet, she wondered why her pussy pulsed when he gave the order. She almost seemed to get excited from the act?

It didn't make sense to her at all. She thought she could resist such temptations but her body betrayed her virtue! Even as she crawled under the table, her tits scraping against the pristine tile floor as she made her way to Bradley's feet. The feelings of

embarrassment and shame were getting pushed down by the pleasure, and it only got worse the second she got a whiff of Bradley's musk.

"Uhhnnnggh, it stinks." Durra's nostrils flared as Bradley's cock pulsed in front of her face. He smelled like a stallion that had spent the day riding (about the same size too) and Durra hated herself a little more for each throb her pussy made in response.

"Too bad, shit for brains. I had a hard workout before I came here and it's my house-whore's job to make sure I go to sleep clean and satisfied."

"Nyyyhhuu, yuh-yes sir," groaned Durra as Bradley pressed his massive white meat against her face, scrunching up her nose as he did so. Durra's entire world was filled with Bradley's scent. Her brain got fuzzier with each quick panted breath she took, but there was no way out.

"Ahhnnnggghh," moaned Durra as she ran her tongue down Bradley's fat cock. Scraping up the beads of sweat all the way down to Bradley's heavy nuts.

Uhmf, they're so fat and disgusting, these nuts look like they belong on a donkey. Thought Durra as she reached the base of Bradley's cock. She attempted to move away, the smell was a bit less strong at his cock tip, but sadly, Bradley stopped her.

"Mmmnn, my nuts too, sand nigger." Grunted Bradley between mouthfuls, "And make sure they're spotless or else.

"Uhhnnnggh, ye-yes sir..."

You fucking white trash! Horrid little hell spawn, how dare you make me do this. If my husband was here, he'd show you! thought Durra as she gave Bradley a strained smile. She stared up at him as she sucked on his heavy orange sized testicles. His shaft rested on her face as she looked up at him, her rage building with each kiss and lick.

Durra knew she was foolish for ever thinking Bradley would spare her if she behaved. This horrible, smelly, big white brute would always torment her at the slightest provocation. Forcing her down on her knees like a desperate whore while she was forced to lap the sweat off his cock like a bitch, she hated him, but she hated her body even more.

Mmmmm, No! Why does my own body respond like this, he's a blasphemer. A disgusting American pig of a man.... And yet, why do I... Durra's pussy pulsed with

each lick up and down Bradley's cock. Her brain went blank as she kissed and sucked his nuts. At one point she buried her face between his nuts, taking a deep brain melting huff as she liked the space between his testicles. It wasn't for her pleasure though! Durra had to make sure she was thorough or else Bradley would do worse things, right?

"Snoort, snoooort, snooort! Ahhhnnnggghh, duh-dere, I..." Durra let out a long groan as she pulled back from Bradley's nuts, her voice sloppy as she declared, "I *fuh*-finished cleaning your nasty white cock."

"Aaaaah, so you have." Bradley leaned back in his chair, with drink in hand, but he didn't go for a drink instead he started to pour it on his cock.

No, no, no! Thought Durra, her eyes growing wider, *he can't actually be considering making me do that!*

"Here muzzie, have a drink for all your hard work." Continued Bradley as the Dark beer landed on his cock meat, creating little black streams.

"Hnnngggh, buh-but that's not halal," sputtered Durra, flabbergasted by Bradley's blasphemy, *"I-I-I can't, it would be too-"*

"Are you rejected my kindness?" A sneer grew on Bradley's face as he pulled Durra's face closer to his cock, continuing, "Because if you are, I'll teach you a hard lesson before beating up your faggot son."

"No! No please sir," mewled Durra, she felt more concerned for her son than herself and she quickly completed, kissing the liquor off Bradley's tip. Her eyes fluttered and she retched at the first taste of beer she ever had; dark and tainted by Bradley's horrid stench, but somehow addicting.

"I'll make sure to drink it all down!" Durra continued taking another lick, slurping up the dark beer with all the gusto she could muster.

"Well since you like the taste so much." Bradley poured more on Durra's face and her Hijab as he chuckled, "have some more. I brought enough for the both of us."

"Uhhnnnggghh, thu-anssshh yooooouhh!" Drooled Durra as she cleaned Bradley's meat. At first the taste was too much for her, but very quickly her brain started to melt and she became very light headed. Her short sporadic kisses and licks happened faster, her

lipstick leaving red smudges all over Bradley's meat, until his shaft was halfway down Durra's throat again.

"Mmmmmnnnn," moaned Durra as she swallowed the stream of hot pre-cum. The thick stream of spunk quickly spilled from Bradley's veiny white member without end. It was so thick, the single glob of hot white pre-cum was thicker than any load her meek husband ever shot in over twenty years of marriage.

Mmmmm, so thick... No, Durra just focus on milking his awful cock. It will be over faster if you focus, thought Durra. Her expression was melting, but she hardened herself and got ready for Bradley to blast his horse sized load. Maybe she'd avoid needing to swallow this time?

"I'm cumming bitch and you better not spill a drop."

"Mmmnnnggghh," groaned Durra as she thought, *uuuhhnn fuck!*

Durra's throat bulged as Bradley's meat swelled. Her lips were nearly wrapped around the base of his meat at this point, meaning every last drop of his nut sludge was dumped directly into Durra's stomach. There was too much, and Durra could feel his seed bubbling up her throat, coating it as ropes of cum blew out from her lips and nose. Durra thought she would faint but Bradley loosened his grip enough for Durra to pull her head back, allowing enough air to enter her starved lungs.

"Mmmmmnnnn," Durra let out a soft groan as she sucked back all the sperm that was left in Bradley's urethra. She hated that on some level she enjoyed drinking down the sperm of this infidel American pig boy, but her body didn't agree. Every drop that slid down her sperm clogged throat greeted her with little shocks of pleasure, and while Durra hated it at least Bradley seemed pleased.

"Not bad Durra, *ahhhh buuuuut,*" exhaled Bradley as he grabbed Durra's head, "I really gotta take a piss."

Bradley smiled as he noticed the meek fear in Durra's wide eyes. He grabbed her long black hair and pulled her lips down his half hard dick before shooting a thick load of piss directly into Durra's stomach. She struggled against his grip, but he was too strong, easily shoving his meat deep into Durra's throat as his hot urine filled her stomach. It reminded Durra of the first time she was used as Bradley's urinal, and she came.

Nooooo, what have you done to me! Thought Durra as she let out a weak gurgle. The throbbing of her cunt sent shocks of sweet pleasure up her spine. Durra could feel her resilience fading as the hellish heat of Bradley's meat made her feel like a real American whore, and Bradley was just warming up.

"There we go." Bradley popped his meat out of Durra's throat as he exhaled, "I'm surprised you didn't spill anything, sand nigger. I guess you just have a lot of practice being my cumdumpster now."

"Uurrrrrppp, uhhhnngghh!" gurgled Durra, eyes crossed. She didn't currently have the brain power to object, still recovering from the brutal throat abuse she just experienced, but Bradley noticed hints of a drunken smile.

"Awww, how cute," Bradley taunted, his voice like he was mocking a child, "The muzzie got a bit drunk from her first drink."

"Hnnnggh, I du-duh- did not, aaahhk, yuh-you bah-tard!" Durra coughed, her voice strained. She hacked up ropes of cum as Bradley stood up and walked towards the kitchen. She was still reeling from the double maso-gasms she just experienced but Bradley was giving her no time to recover.

"Look at what I found here. I thought your camel fucker culture didn't allow you to drink?"

"Issh, nu-nuh-not mine! It's for my guests." Groaned Durra as she looked up and saw Bradley holding her husband's bottle of whisky.

"Then I say we enjoy it." Responded Bradley as he turned to leave, "Now show me to your bedroom, bitch. I've got some ideas."

"Uhhhhnnn, yu-yes." Durra muttered, her voice raspy and quiet. She meekly stood to her knees, as she walked in front of Bradley, keeping her head down this time. She wanted to curse him out, to call him a pig but she didn't have the strength. Her head was light and her body was hot, she hoped once she got to her bed that Bradley would quickly pound her now soaking pussy. Then leave without any extra problems but at this point Durra knew better.

She quickly led Bradley back to her room, wasting no time, but Bradley at least allowed her to clean the cum and piss off her chin with a dish towel. She didn't feel at all clean, but at least she didn't constantly smell his cum, for the time being.

Durra reached her room and opened it for Bradley, muttering, "This is my bedroom, sir. I hope it's to your liking."

"Bigger than I expected, it should work nicely." Saidy Bradley as he entered the room.

"Thank Allah," muttered Durra as she closed the room door behind her.

"Now then, how much experience do you have with butt chugging?"

"*Hnnnggggh, puh*-please sir," groaned Durra, she had an idea of what that meant and she didn't like it, "Don't make me do it. I am still a woman of Allah and married-"

"And that's why I got the whisky. I'll help you relax, now don't keep me waiting." responded Bradley as he popped the cork on the whisky and leaned on the side of the bed.

"*Uuuuhhhnn*," groaned Durra, she felt beaten down and just accepted the order, and crawled behind Bradley. Her face was much closer to his ass than she'd like.

"Go on, pull down your master's shorts."

Durra nodded and obeyed like a good housewife, pulling down Bradley's shorts and revealing his toned athletic ass. Such tight glutes and chiseled thighs, nothing like her pudgy husband. Though, Durra couldn't help but wince as his manly musk tickled her nostrils. Instinctively moving away from Bradley's butt and yet, she still felt a strange allure.

"Drink up bitch." Ordered Bradley as he reached back and poured a trickle of whisky down his ass crack. Durra wanted to crawl away at this point but she couldn't just run away. After all she was doing this for her family, right?

"*Thu*-thank you, sir..."

Durra's voice trailed off as she spread Bradley's firm ass cheeks to reveal a tight asshole and taint covered in a small stream of Whisky. The heavy alcoholic scent burned Durra's nostrils, her every breath felt choked. She was about to do something very blasphemous, but her body didn't seem to care.

"Mmmmmmmwwaah!" Durra let out a sloppy groan, her pussy throbbing as she kissed Bradley's asshole, sucking back the sweat and whisky. It burned her throat on the way down, and Bradley kept pouring forcing Durra to keep sucking and licking up what she could.

"That's it bitch, lick it all off my taint."

"Ahhngghhnn, I fu-uuhhh... feeeellssh weeeiird." Slurred Durra as she licked up Bradley's taint, her brain strained to keep up as she licked up Bradley's taint, panting like a bitch in heat. Her sloppy groans as she lapped everything off Bradley's ass filled the room.

"Better than expected, but not good enough."

Durra didn't even notice Bradley's displeasure, she just kept licking. It was all she could do at the moment, it was like she was on autopilot. Every other thought, virtue or displeasure she thought she had melted away as she kissed and licked Bradley's cheeks. Then without warning Bradley pushed Durra onto her back, sending her head tumbling onto the thick persian rug below. She groaned, her eyes fluttering for a moment as she tried to gather her wits, but she was quickly smothered by Bradley's ass.

"Eat up rag head, I expect you to finish your meal." Bradley ordered, his voice that awful mocking tone Durra had gotten used too. However, this time she barely had enough functioning brain cells left to think, and his filthy orders might as well have been the word of god to Durra. She started eating ass like it was her divine duty, pressing her lips against Bradley's sweaty rim as she sucked down left over drops of whisky.

"Aaahhhh, much better. You're finally putting those lips to good use Durra." said Bradley, the constant smugness in his voice broke for a moment as he let out a groan. His cock hardened immediately as Durra's long pink tongue wriggled into his asshole. He did not expect her to be so zealous, but Durra was a natural ass eater. Her tongue instinctively teasing Bradley's prostate as she made-out with his anus.

Mhhaaannggh," drooled Durra, completely unaware of her surroundings as she came, again. The anal make-out session she was performing had completely shattered all her senses and she made out with Bradley's now spit cleaned asshole like it was her highschool sweetheart on prom night.

Bradley however wasn't completely satisfied with Durra's sloppy ass worship. Sure his muslim MILF was working hard to milk him, but something was missing. Something that involved her massive milkers being squeezed around Bradley's cock.

"Lick harder, muzzie. Worship my ass, it's your duty after all." Grunted Bradley as he shoved his cock between Durra's tits, which Durra barely noticed. Too busy huffing white ass to realize Bradley was using her tits like a cheap sex toy. He squeezed her sweaty brown flesh around Durra's massive melons, which almost swallowed his shaft in their embrace, but a few extra inches poked out of the bottom as Bradley started pumping.

"Fuck, your body is wasted on your husband." Grunted Bradley as he fucked Durra's tits, "These tits were made to milk white dicks!"

"Hnnnuugghhn!" groaned Durra, she couldn't protest. Every jiggle of her massive titties and every throb of her pussy was more proof that she was Bradley's bleached bitch now. His hands squeezed her now hard nipples, causing her to scream as a mix of pain and pleasure baked her brain, but each one was muffled beneath Bradley's ass. Yet, Durra kept making out with his asshole, drooling and kissing without a care in the world, nothing seemed to matter except kissing Bradley's ass.

"Mnnngghh, such a good house wife, you've earned another load." Grunted Bradley as he shot ropes of cum over Durra's tummy. Thick white womb clogging sperm landed on Durra's skin, making her body tremble and twitch in response. It was Bradley's second orgasm, but he could still cum dozens of times more than Durra's husband. There was no denying he was the superior man, yet Durra couldn't accept it, for now.

"Time for the main event. I know you have been waiting for this, sand nigger." Bradley said, his breathing deep as he pulled his cock from between Durra's tits.

"Hnnnggghh, whu-what?" muttered Durra, her head spinning as Bradley squatted off her face. Her lips and chin covered in cheap whiskey while she left smears and rings of sloppy lipstick kiss marks all over his asshole. Between the alcohol and pulsing of her cunt, Durra could hardly think but Bradley knew just how to sober her up.

Bradley picked up a drunk Durra and bent her over the side of her marriage bed. Pushing up her tight mini-skirt to reveal her mountainous sweaty ass flesh. It jiggled as Bradley slapped his cock between her cheeks, grinding on Durra's thong while she made noises like a sow in heat.

"Hnnnmpphh!" Durra clenched her teeth as she resisted, fighting off another orgasm. It wasn't that she couldn't handle the shame, but she was beginning to enjoy the treatment far more than she ever thought was possible.

"Fucking sow, how about you give me a loud, oink!"

"Squeeee!" Cried Durra as she felt Bradley's cock slam into her asshole and it felt like he inserted a lot more than the tip.

"Haha, fuck Durra, you've become such a retarded whore." Bradley mocked as he started slowly thrusting.

"Nyyggghh, shu-shut up, pig!" Drooled Durra.

"Pig? You have no right to call me that. Not after all the squealing you've been doing." Responded Bradley as he gave Durra's ass a hard open palm;

SLAP!

"Ahnngghh!" cried Durra as Bradley as he beat her sensitive cheeks.

"Plus just look at how easily your fat ass takes my cock now." Bradley bucked his hips and shoved his meat all the way to the base. His fat nuts slapped against Durra's backside, still fat and full of cum.

"Nyyyggh, ju-ju-ssht ke-keep thrusting!" spat Durra through Clenched teeth. Her eyes fluttered and her pussy squirted as Bradley took another deep thrust into her bowels. Hitting the back of her womb with his fat tip as he pounded her butt into mush. Durra was violated, mind, body and now she could feel Bradley's blasphemous white dick training her soul.

"Hnnnn, hu-harder, mmnnn!" Durra caught herself mid sentence, how could she ask for something so shameful? She was supposed to be devoted to her husband, and to Islam. Yet, her body screamed for harder sex, that she knew only Bradley could provide. To be split in two by his fat white bitch breaker, she could feel her muscles tense and squeeze around the meat currently deforming her stomach.

Your a whore a shameful whore! Just try to stop thinking about how good it feels and focus on- Durra's thoughts stopped and her brain went blank as she let out a sloppy,

"Huunnnngggghhhnnn!" Bradley's meat had hit her g-spot from the other end, forcing Durra to squirt her thoughts all over the floor.

"Pathetic. You already squirted again," grunted Bradley as he picked up pace, his voice a growl, "Can you even remember how many times you've cum?"

"Nyhhhoooo!" cried Durra, her eyes rolled up into her head as her tongue fell out of her mouth. She couldn't help getting so sloppy, Bradley's cock was just too good, hundreds of times better than her husband. His brutal white donkey dick made Durra feel sexual pleasure for the first time in her life. No more limp dicked weak half thrusts from her husband, now Durra got to cum hard as Bradley kept clapping her cheeks over and over again.

"Take my cum retard, and be grateful I use you." said Bradley, a hint of anger in his voice.

"Hhaaaaannggh, bruuuuute!" Cried Durra, her cunt turned to mush as Bradley's balls slapped against her one last time. Throbbing as he pumped her full of his thick corrupting white seed. She could feel her belly bloat as her lower intestine was pumped

"Yuuuh-yooouuu, buh-bastard! Hunngh, how dare you-haannggh!" Durra paused, her body trembling as a micro orgasm rocked her brain.

"How dare I what?" asked Bradley, his voice coy as he pulled his meat out of Durra's gaping asshole.

"Fuuhh-fill me up like a cheap American sow! You've cuh- corrupted meeeh!" Durra whined, her voice equal parts sloppy and disappointed, but it was mostly with herself. She wanted more loads, even as Bradley's cum leaked from her asshole, and she rolled onto her back of her own volition.

"Luh-looook at meeeh!" cried Durra, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I'm fuh-filthy, a dirty whore now!"

Bradley noticed her panties had soaked through and from the tone of her voice she wasn't ashamed like normal. Sensing almost a hint of enjoyment. Bradley smiled a large cheshire grin as he pressed his cock tip against Durra's cunt.

"You've always been a dirty sand nigger! All it took was a little push for you to start benign honest." Bradley ripped off Durra's thong off with one quick motion, revealing her

drooling slit. Her clit swollen from the constant orgasms, and the second Bradley rubbed his cock against it, Durra threw her head back.

"Ahhnnngggh, tooo muuucchh, nnnheeeeegghhn!" She cried, her lips slick with drool as her back arched from the hard shock of pleasure she experienced. Bradley mercilessly rubbed her clit with his hard cock, making Durra squirm and squeal without much effort.

"Just look at you, squealing and moaning like a whore. Did your husband even know your clit exists?"

"Nyyhhhoool!" cried Durra, her body shaking as Bradley easily brought her to the edge. The way he abused and used her made Durra feel like he knew her body better than she did. Her brain melted into slop as Bradley pressed his tip against her slit.

"I prefer it when you're honest, sow. I think I'll finish inside you again, make sure to clog your womb with my thick white seed." He continued as he thrustled into Durra. Grabbing her thick hips for leverage so his cock ground against the top of her cunt all the way inside.

"Hnnnggh, guh-go slow-"

"Don't give me orders, sand nigger. " Spat Bradley as he slammed his meat into Durra's soaking cunt. There was hardly any resistance, her needy pink folds happily accepted Bradley into her depths.

"Nyyggghhh, ccuummmssh!" Durra's pussy throbbed and tightened as Bradley's meat sunk deep enough to poke her womb.

"Your place is my pet, remember?"

"Anngggh, Nu-no matter what you sa-say-" sputtered Durra with a soft voice and lips curled into a sloppy smile, *"Nuh-no matter how much your corrupt me... I whu-won't be yours!"*

"Huh, that so?" asked Bradley

"Duh-dat's right, American pig! I'll never be your blasphemous bitch, so do your worst!" Moaned Durra, she still wanted to resistice, but...

He's gonna fucking ruin me now, but I can take it! I need to take it all. Thought Durra, believing she understood Bradley. The more she taunted and resisted the more she'd be fucked down hard, and she desperately wanted to cum even harder. To be mating pressed until she came herself into unconsciousness, she might be a broken pleasure crazed whore but at least she'd be able to resist him.

"Well alright then." Said Bradley as he pulled out, "I guess there is no point in continuing."

"*Wu*-why did you stop, I was-"

"Close to cumming?" Bradley arched his eyebrow, his cock tip pulsing against Durra's cunt as he spoke, "Well too bad, I think I'm done with you Durra."

"You are? But don't you want to finish inside me like you said?!" Sputtered Durra, she felt relieved for a moment, she was now free. No more cheating, no more degradation and yet she felt angry. The heat in her chest filled with frustration with each word Bradley spoke.

"Not really, I have no need for a bitch that doesn't know her place." Responded Bradley as he gave Durra a nonchalant shrug, "I had high hopes, but there are probably tons of other rag heads who would happily do anything for my cock."

"*Hnnnggh, yu*-your big white cock... Yes I am sure they would," muttered Durra as she stared at Bradley's pulsing meat. Her eyes glazing over as she watched his cock head swell and leak pre-cum so close to her needy pussy.

"Yes, that's right. So many dumb brown whores ready to be used and abused by a big white cock." Bradley exhaled a casual smile on his lips, "Lucky for you though. It'll be easy for me to find a new pet, plus I am sure you'd rather fuck your husband, right?"

"Well, I wouldn't... What I mean to say-"

"Save it sand nigger," interjected Bradley, "I'll keep the blackmail, consider it insurance."

"*Puh*-please don't go sir! Those other dumb whores don't deserve you." Cried Durra, she wanted to keep cumming. To feel her brains go numb as she was fucked by Bradley's big white meat. It was consuming her and she couldn't bear to see her hung white stud leave so soon.

"I'll do anything, feed you and milk your cock." Begged Durra, her voice getting sloppier by the second, "Just don't go!"

"Then tell me what you are." Ordered Bradley, his cock tip pressing against her slit, so painfully close to penetration.

"I... I'm tainted, a harlot," moaned Durra as she reached down and spread her cunt, "You know it, my body *cu-c*-cannot forget you, just please--"

SLAP!

SLAP!

"I want to hear you say it properly, camel jockey." Ordered Bradley, his voice stone cold, "Finally show me some honesty, and I'll consider keeping you as a pet."

"*Hnnngggh, whu*-white American dick is the *buh-bu-beeeeeessshhttt!*" Cried Durra as Bradley's balls slapped against her backside, "I love it, *soooo muuuch!*"

"And who do you belong to?"

"*Yuh-yooooouuh!* I *bu*-belong to you, make me your devoted American whore wife! I'll happily divorce my limp dick hubby!"

"Oh and how limp is his dick?" Asked Bradley, pausing his movements mid thrust.

"*Nygggghhh, smu*-small! His little brown shit dick is only an inch or two long, it's a miracle he had a son at all." Durra's pussy throbbed and squeezed Bradley's meat like a vice as she screamed, "*Nuh*-nothing like your, *mmmnngh whu*-white god cock... Now please keep pounding my pussy, I need your dick so badly!"

"Good bitch, maybe you had more brain cells than I thought."

"*Hnnngggh, thu*-thank you my master, please pound-*aggghhhhh!*"

Bradley fucked Durra like a wild animal, literally crushing her womb beneath the force of his heavy thrusts. Durra's eyes rolled up into her head as her jaw went slack, her body becoming limp with each deep penetration. It felt like every last inch of her insides were being defiled by Bradley's big white cock, and her body was screaming for more. She craved being ruined!

"Hnuunngggh, buh-break me! Make me an all American soooooow!" Squealed Durra as Bradley's meat bulged her belly. She could feel him cumming, his thick white seed shot out inside her womb like a semi solid ooze. The force of which made Durra's head spin, but Bradley wasn't finished with her yet.

"Not bad bitch, you're a better fuck then most of the muzzie cunts I know." Bradley pulled his cock out of Durra's pussy. Her walls were left gaping and pained with cum. A little micro-orgasm made Durra's body twitch as Bradley slapped his meat against her stomach.

"Mmmnnnggh, I'm hu-h-happy to serve you, sir." Moaned Durra as she rubbed her slightly bloated cum belly.

"Address me as master, bitch. I need you to understand your place as my slave."

"Hnngggh, suh-sorry master, I will obey you like a good muzzie bitch." Durra's voice was sloppy and sweet as she mewled for her new master. She could feel Bradley's thick white sperm sticking to every last inch of her insides. There was so much and yet Bradley's fat white cock was still hard, covered in spunk and ready to fuck her brains out. Her husband never stood a chance to her new white master.

"Mmmmmn, so hard," Durra grabbed Bradley's cock as she cooed, "please master, let me milk-"

"Before I give you any more." Bradley stood up, depriving Durra off his cock, "I'm going to need a show of devotion."

"But master, I need your big white dick inside me."

"But I need proof you're actually devoted." Spat Bradley as he rubbed his meat against Durra's slit, "Prove to me that you'll be a loyal pet and I'll make you a white baby breeder."

"I'll do anything master! Just order it and I'll-*hnnggghh!*" Durra let out a sloppy groan as she imagined herself being impregnated. She couldn't imagine what her family would think but the mental image of being swollen with Bradley's child made that thought melt away.

"Hmmm, I'll let you decide, pet. Let's put your last remaining brain cells to work."

"Hnnngggh, I duh-d-hnnngggh!" Durra bit her lip as Bradley's tip teased her slit. Head spinning, and brain melting from the pleasure. It felt too good being Bradley's cumdumpster, and she couldn't bear being tossed aside like some dried up old hag. So, she put all her brain power to work thinking as hard as she could, and she couldn't think of a thing, until her eyes drifted to her wedding photo.

A big smile grew on Durra's face as she moaned, "I have the perfect way to show you my devotion master. Just give me a moment..."

Later that day...

Badia was worried about her sister. Durra hadn't returned her calls all night and she suddenly canceled her morning prayer session. Which Badia couldn't forgive. Even if she was busy, her devotion to Allah should come first and Badia was determined to not be ignored. She called for her husband's chauffeur and had her drive Badia down to Durra's house.

Badia exited her car dressed head to toe in a thick black Burqa. She waved away the driver, expecting she'd be spending a lot of time with her sister, whom she matched in more ways than one. Badia was a very thick woman, despite having no children of her own she had the body of a well aged MILF. A body so thick that not even her burqa could completely hide all her curves and chest; every curve of the fabric hinting at the woman underneath.

However, unlike Durra, Badia was extra conservative and loved to gossip. The free time she had as a trophy wife (thanks to her very rich husband) was spent praying or more likely chatting with the various housewives of Queensburgh. All devoted to the salacious rumors of cheating wives and filthy relationships. She'd recently heard rumors another conservative muslim family was broken up by a local boy, but could such a thing apply to Durra? Surely not, but Badia was still determined to check in on her sister.

Though when she knocked on Durra's door she got no answer, her texts were left unread. She knew her nephew was probably moping in his bed, but Durra shouldn't keep her waiting, it was outrageous! However, Badia noticed the front door was unlocked and she let herself in like any good sister would do.

“Durra are you home?” shouted Badia as she stepped inside, locking the door behind her to avoid any surprise guests. *It’s only polite*, thought Badia as she finished locking up and walking down the hallway right into a messy dining room.

“Uhhggh,” Badia let out a groan of visible disgust as she saw the kitchen. There was old food sitting on a dinner plate, attracting flies. Dishes in the sink surrounded by filthy water, and the distinct smell of cheap beer. Yet, no sign of Durra or her family.

Durra has let the house go in her husband’s absence. I’d never allow my servants to let my home degrade to this state, but Clearly Durra isn’t here, thought Badia. She knew her sister could be a bit sloppy but this was too much. If she didn’t hear from Durra soon she’d probably call the cops or most likely post the picture she just took on her social media. Badia got ready to leave, and nearly called her chauffeur back but as she scrolled through her contacts, she heard a noise up the stairs.

“Mnnngggh!”

“Durra is that you?” Asked Badia as she peaked her head up the stairs. For a second she thought it was her nephew groaning, but the voice was unmistakably feminine and very lewd.

“Durra’s husband shouldn’t be home so soon is she...”

“Mnnnggghhh! Hnnggghh!” Groans echoed from down the hall and Badia saw Durra’s bedroom light on and the door ajar.

“By Allah, this is too much. She can’t be...” Badia might be a conservative woman, but if she could sneak a peek at some juicy adultery she’d take it! Even if it meant catching her sister in the act.

Badia tiptoed down the halls, her footfalls practically silent. She leaned against the door frame, phone held up recording as she peered inside. Badia was very prepared to see Durra swapping spit with some other man. Such adultery was to be expected when the man of the house was absent nearly year round, but Badia was left completely speechless when she saw what Durra was actually doing.

Durra was completely naked except for some torn fishnets and a pulled up mini-skirt. She squatted over her hijab and the wedding photo she normally kept beside her bed. Her thick body was covered in bullets of sweat, her puffy brown nipples hard and

twitching as she spread her ass cheeks. Badia could see Durra's gaping cream-packed pussy and asshole. Both stretched and slowly leaking disgustingly thick white cum.

"Come on whore, I don't have all day." Spat Bradley as he sat on the side of the bed. His massive knee length white bitch breaker caught the eyes of Badia almost immediately. He was huge like a hung white stallion, the mere smell of him burned Badia's nostrils from the door, but her eyes moved back to Durra when she spoke.

"Nyyggghhh!" Thank you for making me your white cock whore, master. Let me prove to you that I'm your rag head whore!" Cried Durra, her normally sweet voice was sloppy as she mewled at her master. Badia could see the big sloppy smile on her sister's lips as she evacuated all the cum packed into her gaping holes.

"Hnnnggghhh!" groaned Durra as she pushed Bradley's extra thick load out of her holes and over the image of her husband on their wedding day. It was like a dam burst, the seed sticking to the walls of her gaping holes came flowing out in large globbs the second she stopped holding back, and what was the point of holding back anymore?

Durra didn't care about her limp dick'd faggot hubby now. All she wanted or needed was to be Bradley's cock worshiping cumdumpster. The mere thought of being rewarded for her sloppy devotion had her squirting over her hijab. Her brain turned into mush as she tossed away her former life for pleasure.

"Very good, bitch but look at how filthy you made the floor. You should really clean it all up." Bradley stood up, and stepped in front of Durra.

"Yuh-yes master," she mewled like a bitch in heat as she fell to her hands and knees. Her expression sloppy and eyes fluttering as she pressed her lips against the cum puddle that formed on her picture. It was delicious, all the cum her white stud gave her tasted so good and Durra made sure to lick up every last drop before she lifted her head off of the licked clean picture.

"Good pet," exhaled a satisfied Bradley, "I didn't even need to tell you what to do this time."

"Hnnngggh, tuh-thank you master!" Durra looked up at Bradley, a sloppy ahégao on her face and cum on her lips, *"I live to serve yuuuunngghh!"*

Bradley slapped his cock down the center of Durra's face. Rubbing the left over cum and sex juices over her forehead and nose. She watched Durra kiss up the underside of

his cock, her eyes fluttering as he continued, "I'll keep you as a mistress for now, but that doesn't mean I'll let up on bullying your faggot son."

"Hnnnggghh, I duh-don't care!" Mewled Durra, her voice sweet and sloppy, "He's a limp dick'd bitch like his father. I just want to worship your cock!"

"That's a good girl. You might be wife material if you keep this attitude up.

"Ahnnnggh, thu-thank you master, I love-"

"Shut up and put those lips to good use-" Bradley's eyes fixated on a trembling Badia, his eyes narrowed as he spat, "Durra, you didn't say you were inviting any extras."

Badia's heart sank for a second. She'd been caught red handed, but she had everything on film. So she confidently stepped into the room, camera in hand as she shouted, "You cheating whore, do you even care about your wedding vows?"

"Buh-Bu-Badia! What are you doing here?" She sounded a little concerned for a moment but her expression melted as she huffed Bradley's cock stink.

"I bet she was gooning as you worshiped your new god." interjected Bradley.

"Hnnnnnnnggghhh, yuh-yes my god," drooled Durra. Almost forgetting about her sister as she kissed Bradley's hard throbbing meat.

"You've gone mad!" shouted Badia. Her emotions got the better of her and she pushed herself past the door, phone in hand, "This has gone past normal adultery! You've become some... blasphemous whore!"

"Hehe, yuuuuuup!" giggled Durra as she licked up the underside of Bradley's cock, "I'm a white cock worshiper now, and I no longer care about what you or anyone else thinks."

"Durra you've clearly lost your mind." Badia's eyes narrowed on Bradley, "This filthy American pig must've corrupted you but don't worry your sister will-"

"Mgggh, shut it you dumb rag-covered whore." Bradley shot Badia a dirty look as he rubbed his cock on her sister's cheek, "I'm not finished with your little sister yet."

"Nygggghhh, so hard," drooled Durra, uncaring of the tone Bradley took with her sister.

“How dare you!” shouted Badia, getting flustered under her burqa. She wouldn’t allow this pig to push her around and she responded with a clear sadistic hint, “Do you know who I am you little shit! I’ve recorded every word you said and I’ll ruin your fucking life, so don’t you dare-”

“Durra, your big sister still doesn’t understand her place. Bring that dumb rag head over to me and I’ll teach her to serve.” Bradley pointed at Badia like he was ordering his dog to fetch something. His sneer of cold command made Badia’s feel strange. She still felt angry, but she quickly felt fear when she met Bradley’s gaze. However, stubborn like a mule, Badia put her foot down, this wasn’t about Durra anymore. She was going to stand up to this white bully and besides, Durra would never try to grab her, right?

“*Mnnngggh*, yes master, gimme a moment!”

“Sister, you wouldn’t dare?!”

Durra crawled over to Badia on all fours like some kind of animal and quickly grabbed onto her burqa, her voice slutty as she spat, “*Mnnngggh*, sorry sister, but it’s master’s orders!”

“Unhand me you, *whooor-mmmph*!” Badia was quickly pulled to the ground by her sister, who had surprising strength for a woman that just got her brains fucked out. Badia fell onto her back, taking the brunt of the fall as her sister crawled over top of her pulling up her skirt as she did so.

“*Hnnnggh*, master,” mewled Durra as she looked back, “Does this please you?”

“*Mnnngggh*, get off me you dumb whore!” Badia protested but in response Durra just put more of her weight on her, pinning her to the ground as she showed off Badia’s thick and curvy legs. Flawless dark brown skin covered cellulite stuffed thighs and calves, tightly squeezed by black thick high nylons with a little doily filigree around the hem. In between her legs was a pair of lacy black panties that squished her thickness perfectly, creating a little muffin top.

“*Hmmmph*, she’s a bit better than your average sow.”

“*Mnnngghh*, you little bastard don’t you know-*Ahhggggnhh*!” Badia cried out in pain as her sister struck her face.

“Silence sister, I will not let you disrespect my white master.” Spat Durra with real bile in her voice. Badia had never heard her sister take such a tone and she didn’t like it.

“Such a good sand nigger, I really set you straight.” Continued Bradley as he knelt behind Durra and slapped his massive white meat against Badian’s crotch.

“*Hannnhhn*, *yu*-yes master, thank you master!” Mewled a whipped Durra, completely cock crazy.

“*Hnnnnnnhhhh!*” muttered Badia, she could feel each throb of Bradley’s cock. His monster white meat looked big from a distance but up close she really grasped the sheer girth of Bradley’s bitch breaker.

“As for you, I’m gonna teach you a lesson.” Bradley reached over and pulled the phone out of Badia’s hand and plucked it out of her grasp like it was nothing. Still recording he pointed the camera at Badia’s teary face, she couldn’t believe what was happening and had trouble processing it.

“And I’m going to record every last second of it.”

“*Eeeeehnn! Nooooo!*” squeed Badia, as Bradley spread her thighs. Intent on teaching her the virtues of an honest muslim woman.