



"GOD IS GOOD!"
"ALL THE TIME!!!"
"YOU'RE DISMISSED!"

DREW SAFER
- PRIEST -

**(ANOTHER
FLAWLESS
SERVICE...)**

(I'VE FINALLY MADE IT.
A BONIFIED PRIEST OF THE LORD!
PRAISE THE TRINITY!)

(I FEEL LIKE I CAN
FINALLY PUT MY
PAST BEHIND ME...)

"REMEMBER, GOD IS
ALWAYS WATCHING
FRIENDS."

"YOUR DONATIONS
MAKE ALL OF THIS
POSSIBLE!"



"AND HOW CAN I HELP YOU FRIEND?"

(DON'T JUDGE DREW!
HE COULD BE HERE
TO CONVERT!)

(I RESPECT ALL
PEOPLES!)

"THERE YOU ARE
'FATHER.'"

"I FINALLY
FOUND YOU..."



(HE SOUNDS
TROUBLED...)



"HAVE YOU COME
TO HEAR ABOUT
OUR LORD..."

"I'M NOT HERE
FOR YOUR
INFIDELIC
NONSENSE!"

A close-up illustration of a man with a white turban and a full black beard. He has a stern, angry expression with furrowed brows and a slightly open mouth. He is wearing a white, buttoned-up kurta. The background is dark with some blurred light sources, possibly stained glass windows.

"SIR, PLEASE
DON'T YELL..."

"DREW SAFER!"

"THAT'S YOU,
CORRECT!?"

(HE'S HERE FOR ME?)



"OWNER OF A
2012 TOYOXA
CAMRI?"

"UHHH..."

"LICENSE #
8JUXXX?"

"WAIT..."

"THE SAME CAR
INVOLVED IN A
HIT-AND-RUN
4 YEARS AGO!?"

"THAT WAS..."

A man with a dark beard and a white turban is shown from the chest up, looking back over his right shoulder. He is wearing a white robe. The background is a large, ornate stained-glass window with a central red rose design and other colorful patterns. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

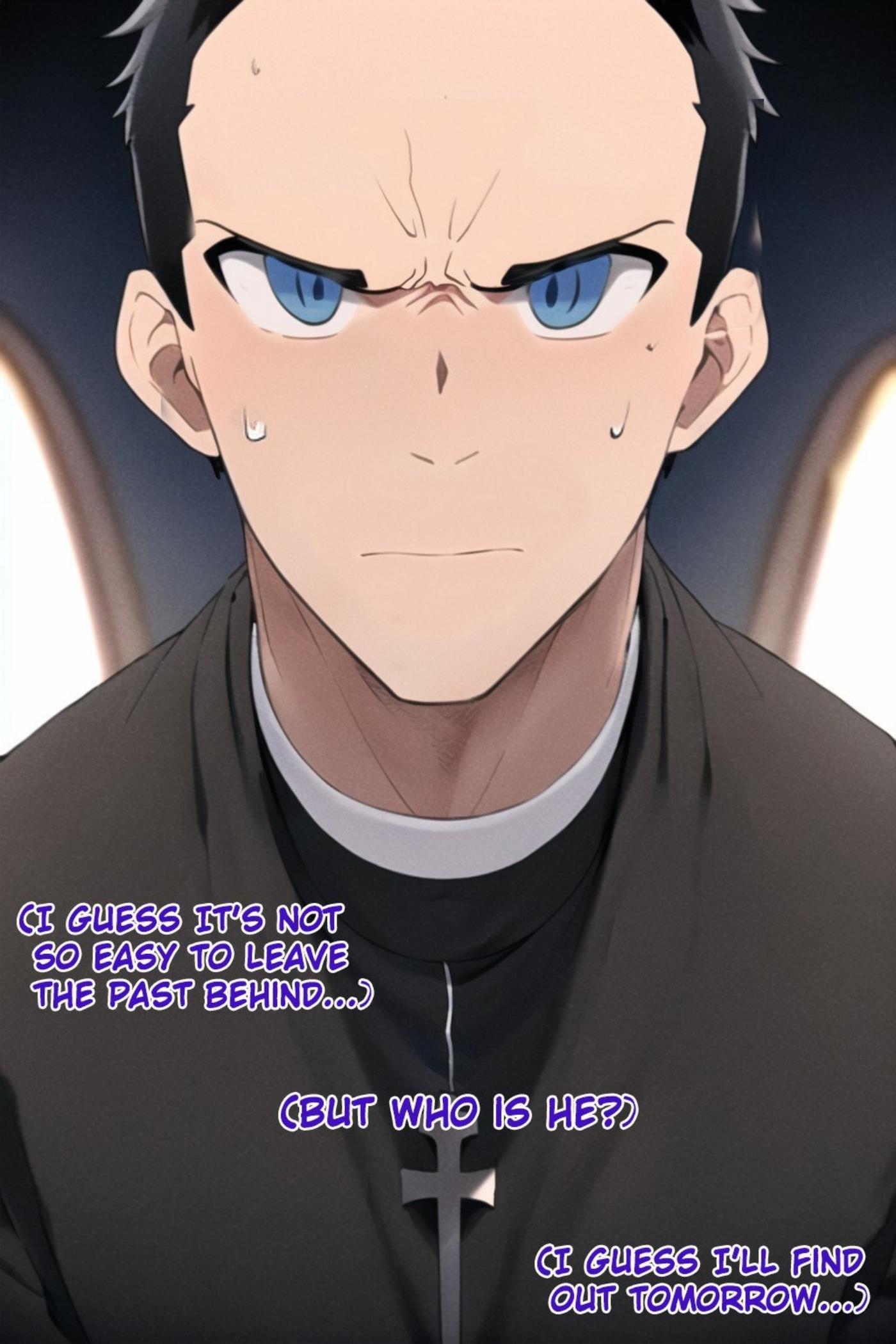
"UNLIKE YOUR
HEATHENOUS PATRON,
I DON'T FORGIVE
SO EASILY!"

"MEET ME TOMORROW
AT NOON IF YOU WANT
YOUR HISTORY TO
REMAIN A SECRET..."

"I LEFT MY
ADDRESS ON
YOUR PODIUM."

"AH... YES..."

I STOOD THERE
IN A DAZE...



(I GUESS IT'S NOT
SO EASY TO LEAVE
THE PAST BEHIND...)

(BUT WHO IS HE?)

(I GUESS I'LL FIND
OUT TOMORROW...)

THE NEXT DAY

(A NEW TOWN,
A NEW JOB,
A NEW LIFE...)

(BUT STILL
SOME WACKO
FINDS ME...)

(NOW THAT I'M
MARRIED, I CAN'T
JUST SKIP TOWN...)

(DAMN IT ALL.)

(I HOPE WE CAN
RESOLVE THINGS
PEACEFULLY...)



A man with a thick black beard and a white turban is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a white button-down shirt and has a wide, toothy smile. The background is a simple, light-colored wall with vertical lines suggesting a doorway or hallway.

"AH MR. SAFER!
THE CRIMINAL!"

"TCH..."

"I WELCOME YOU!
COME IN!"

"YEAH... SURE..."

(WHAT AN
UNPLEASANT
BASTARD...)

"WELL, NOW THAT WE'RE ALONE..."

"WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM!?"

"YOU'RE REALLY ASKING ME THAT!? YOU SWINE!"

"OH I'M A PIG NOW? WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS KIND OF TREATMENT!?"

"THE POLICE DROPPED THE INVESTIGATION, BUT I SAW IT!"

"YOU RAMMED MY POOR WIFE WITH YOUR TOYOXA, AND SHE'S BEEN IN A COMA EVER SINCE!"

"WAIT... THAT WAS YOUR WIFE?"

(I PULLED SOME STRINGS WITH THE POLICE AND SKIPPED TOWN...

TO THINK I'D MEET THE HUSBAND AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...)



**"YES! IT WAS MY LIFE YOU DESTROYED,
AND I CAN LINK YOU TO THE CRIME!"**

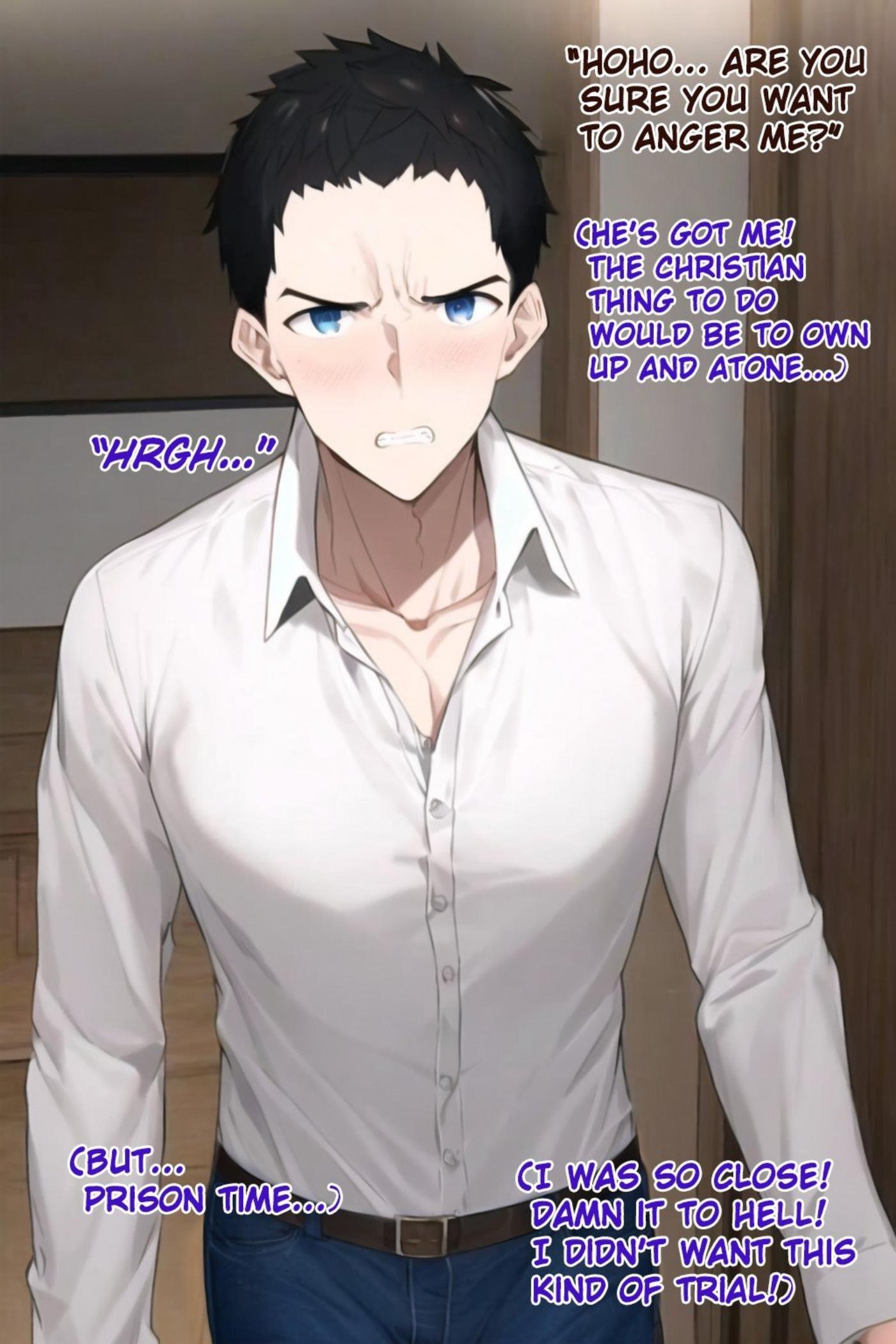
**"SO IF YOU
WANT TO AVOID
PRISON THEN-"**

**"FROM NOW ON,
UNTIL MY WIFE
RECOVERS..."**

"I OWN YOU!"

**"THAT'S
RIDICULOUS!"**





"HOHO... ARE YOU
SURE YOU WANT
TO ANGER ME?"

(HE'S GOT ME!
THE CHRISTIAN
THING TO DO
WOULD BE TO OWN
UP AND ATONE...)

"HRGH..."

(BUT...
PRISON TIME...)

(I WAS SO CLOSE!
DAMN IT TO HELL!
I DIDN'T WANT THIS
KIND OF TRIAL!)

IN THE END, I DECIDED TO LET HIM BLACKMAIL ME

(SO I'M HIS
SERVANT FOR
A BIT...)

SO WHAT?)

(HE'LL GET
BORED
EVENTUALLY...)

(THESE MIDDLE
EASTERN CLOTHES
ARE TRICKY...)



(TO THINK THAT HE WOULD
ASK ME TO GO TO CHURCH
WITH HIM THOUGH...)

(IS IT A CULTURAL THING?)
I MEAN-)

(FOR WHAT POSSIBLE REASON COULD
HE WANT ME TO IMPERSONATE HIS WIFE?)

RUSTLE

The image shows a close-up of a person's hands holding a dark, textured fabric, likely a hat or a piece of clothing, in a closet. The fabric has a distinct, repeating geometric pattern. The background consists of several dark-colored garments hanging on a wooden hanger, with white straps or ties visible. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the fabric being held.

(DREW SAFER:
CATHOLIC PRIEST-)

(-DRESSING AS
AN ORTHODOX
MUSLIM WOMAN.)

"I'M READY."

(WHAT A BAD JOKE.)

**"VERY GOOD
DREW SAFER!"**

**(THIS IS SO
WRONG...)**

**"FROM NOW ON,
YOU WILL ACT
AS MY OBEDIENT
WIFE, ZAINAB!"**

**"FOR NOW, I
SUGGEST FOR
YOU JUST BE
QUIET AND LISTEN..."**



نلا دعص هتوقبو"

لكيهلا نم يب

ءامسلا لىل

(I THOUGHT HE WOULD BRING US TO A SMALL CHURCH, ER- MOSQUE, BUT THIS PLACE IS EVEN LARGER THAN MY CHURCH!)

(IT'S BEEN HOURS!
WHAT IF SOMEONE
REALIZES I'M MALE!?)

(WAS THIS HIS PLAN!?
I'LL BE MURDERED!)





WHISPERING
(CAN WE GO NOW?)

*(THIS STUPID SWINE!
HOW DARE HE!)*



"هص! بني ز!"

(ZAINAB!
HUSH YOUR TONGUE!)

(WHAT THE
HELL!?)

(MY COLLAR!
CAN'T...
BREATHE...)

WHISPER

MUTTER

MURMUR

*RUSTLE!

FLAP

A close-up illustration of a woman wearing a black hijab and a grey niqab. She has blue eyes and is coughing into her right hand, which is held up to her mouth. Her expression is one of strain and discomfort. The background is a blurred, light-colored wall.

WHISPER

*(NEVER SPEAK OVER
THE HOLY SCRIPTURE!)*

COUGH!

COUGH!

*(I GET IT!)
(I GET IT!)*

**RELAXES
GRIP**

COUGH!

COUGH!

"WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT FOR
YOU PSYCHO!?"

(HE NEARLY CHOKES
ME OUT, AND NOT A
SINGLE PARISHIONER
TRIES TO STOP HIM!)

"PSYCHO?
YOU LITTER FOOL!"

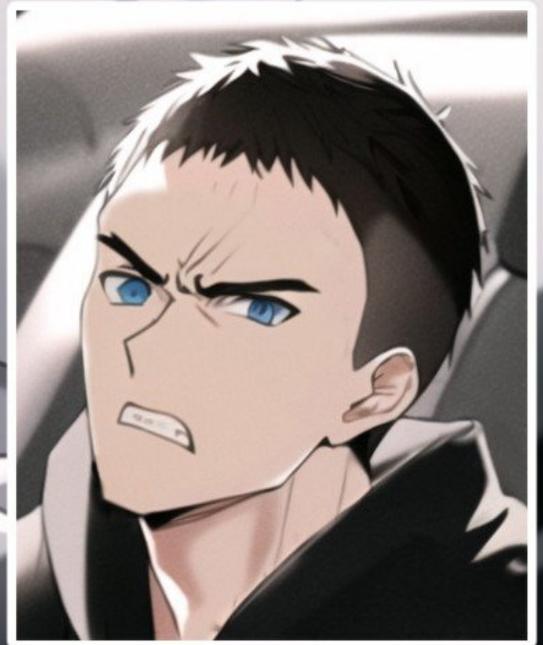


**"YOUR DISRESPECT
EMBARRASSED ME
IN FRONT OF THE
CONGREGATION!"**

**"I TOLD YOU TO LISTEN!
NOW THEY THINK ME TO
BE A FOOL WHO CAN'T
CONTROL HIS WOMAN!"**

**"IT SEEMS THAT I WILL
HAVE TO TEACH YOU HOW
TO ACT PROPERLY OVER
THE COMING WEEKS!"**

**(WEEKS!?! CAN THIS
GET ANY WORSE!?!)**



THREE DAYS LATER

**"ENJOY THE MENS'
STUDY HONEY!"**

"SEE YOU SOON!"

"SEE YOU SOON DEAR."

(*SIGH*)

**(HAVING TO LIE
TO MY WIFE MAY
BE THE WORST
PART OF ALL THIS.)**





(OFF TO MY BI-WEKLY
DOSE OF PAIN.
I CAN'T WAIT...)

MY BLACKMAILER, NASIR, GOES TO HIS MOSQUE TWICE A WEEK. SO FOR FIVE HOURS A DAY, TWICE PER WEEK, I'M HIS PRETEND WIFE.

I DID SOME RESEARCH ON WHY HE WOULD MAKE SUCH A STRANGE REQUEST. IT SEEMS LIKE THEIR WHOLE CULTURE HATES GAYS, SO I FIGURE THAT IT'S NOTHING SEXUAL. I CAN ONLY GUESS THAT IT'S SOME KIND OF STATUS THING.

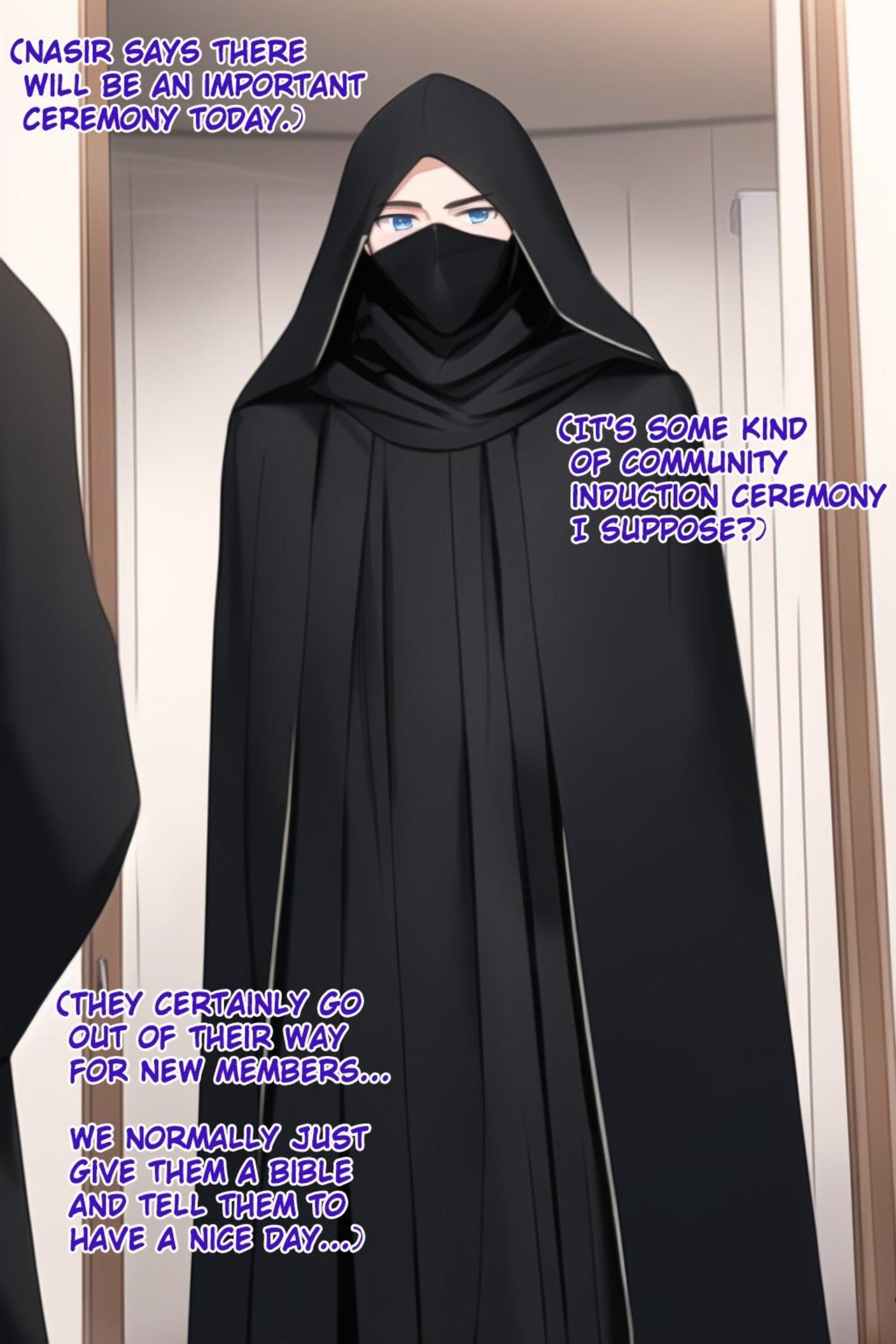
BEING AS OLD AS NASIR AND NOT HAVING A WIFE IS PROBABLY AN EMBARRASSMENT, SO I'M JUST THERE TO MAKE HIM LOOK GOOD.

IT'S CONVENIENT THAT I DON'T HAVE TO TALK OR SHOW MY FACE, BUT OH LORD IS IT STILL NERVE-WRACKING.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING ANYONE IS SAYING FOR HOURS ON END, AND ASKING NASIR ANYTHING WILL SET HIM OFF. THE GUY HAS SOME SCREWS LOOSE FOR SURE.

ALL-IN-ALL, IT'S AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE; BUT IT BEATS GOING TO PRISON, AND IT'S ONLY TWICE A WEEK.

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANG IN THERE UNTIL HIS WIFE GETS BETTER.

A woman wearing a black niqab and a black headscarf, with only her blue eyes visible. She is standing in a doorway. The background shows a white door and a light-colored wall.

(NASIR SAYS THERE
WILL BE AN IMPORTANT
CEREMONY TODAY.)

(IT'S SOME KIND
OF COMMUNITY
INDUCTION CEREMONY
I SUPPOSE?)

(THEY CERTAINLY GO
OUT OF THEIR WAY
FOR NEW MEMBERS...

WE NORMALLY JUST
GIVE THEM A BIBLE
AND TELL THEM TO
HAVE A NICE DAY...)

"قيرطالا اذه نم لاعت. زهاج ل فحلا"
(THE CEREMONY IS READY. COME THIS WAY.)

"م هفي"
(UNDERSTOOD.)

(HERE WE GO...)



بالت يذلا ءاودلا .انه
"ردان خا اي هت"

(HERE IS THE DRUG
BROTHER NADIR.)

"كل اركش"

(THANK YOU.)

(PILLS AND...
A SYRINGE!?)

(WHAT IN GOD'S
NAME IS GOING
ON HERE!?)



"عازد"
(ARM.)



(HE'S SERIOUS?)

(NO! I'M NOT
LETTING SOME-
BUT... HRNG!)



(I'M NOT GOING
TO PRISON!)

(JUST GET IT OVER
WITH ALREADY!!!)





(YOU'RE A FOOL DREW,)

(YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE
TO ESCAPE, BUT THIS
IS THE BEGINNING OF
THE END FOR YOU...)

STAB!

PRESS...

(COUGH!)



(OOOO IT HURTS...)

(DAMN YOU NADIR...)



(WITH THE LORD
AS MY WITNESS...)

(I SWEAR I'LL GET
YOU BACK FOR THIS!)

(IT HURTS...)

(I CAN BARELY
STAND...)

(I'M BURNING
UP...)

PANT

PANT

(WHAT THE HECK DID
THEY INJECT ME WITH?)



THE NEXT DAY

(SO TIRED....)

"AND THEN THE
PROPHET-"

(AH! WRONG
SERMON...)

"ER... I MEAN,
AND THEN THE
LORD..."

MURMUR

WHISPER

MURMUR



ONE WEEK LATER

"YOU WANT ME
TO WHAT!?"

"YOU MUST LEARN
TO COMMUNICATE
IN THE PROPER
TONGUE."

"I HAD A SPECIAL
APPLICATION PUT
ONTO YOUR PHONE.

IT WILL TEACH YOU.

WEAR THESE TO BED
WHILE USING IT."

"IF YOU DISOBEY,
I WILL KNOW..."

"LET'S GO OVER
SOME ROOT WORDS
OF ARABIC..."

"THE WORD 'SHAJARA'
MEANS 'TREE,' AND IS..."

(ENDURE...
... ZZZ...)

SNORING

HOURS LATER...

"ZAWJAT SALIHA'
MEANS 'GOOD WIFE.'"

"A GOOD WIFE
OBEYS HER
HUSBAND..."

"YOU ARE A
GOOD WIFE..."

"GOOD... WIFE..."

HRMM...

"ATAE ZAWJAK' MEANS:
'OBEY YOUR HUSBAND.'"



"...ةلاسررى قلىل مرويلا كلذى فو"
(AND ON THAT DAY, HE RECEIVED A MESSAGE...)

('THAT DAY...')

(.....)

(AND NOW
I'M LOST.)

(WELL, I GUESS
IF I UNDERSTAND
ANYTHING THEN
THE APP ISN'T A
COMPLETE WASTE.)

(OH LORD...
LOOK AT THE SIZE
OF THAT NEEDLE!)

"تَبْثَا"
(HOLD STILL.)

"UNH!"

PRESS

PRICK!

(THIS CEREMONY
IS WEEKLY!?)

(IT'S SUCH BULLSHIT!)

(THERE'S NO WAY THIS
IS A NORMAL PRACTICE!)



THAT NIGHT...

(CAN'T STAND...)

(HURTS...)

(BURNING...)

(AH!)

WHEEZE!

COUGH!

PANT

PANT



(NASIR FORBID ME FROM GETTING A HAIRCUT...)

(BUT HOW COULD IT GROW SO MUCH IN TWO WEEKS?)



PSHHHHHH

TREMBLE



DRIPDRIPDRIP...

CLAP

(I'M GETTING FAT TOO...)

(BUT I... I HAVE TO HANG IN THERE!)

(NOT GOING TO JAIL... NOT GOING TO JAIL...)

THE NEXT DAY...

"ARE YOU OK
HONEY?"

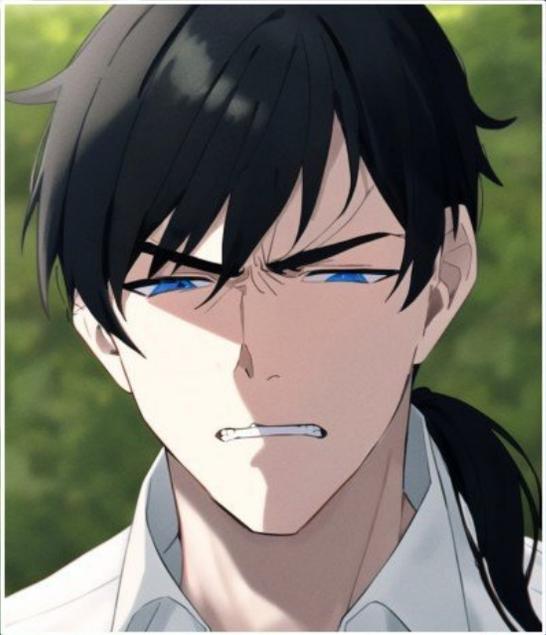
"WON'T YOU GET
IN TROUBLE
GOING TO WORK
LIKE THAT?"





**"DON'T WORRY
HONEY!"**

**"MY CHURCH IS VERY
PROGRESSIVE!"**



(YEAH RIGHT...)

**(THE CONGREGATION IS
GOING TO EAT ME ALIVE
FOR THIS!)**

**(I CAN HEAR IT NOW...
"WHY DOES THE PRIEST
LOOK LIKE A HIPPIE?")**

(WHAT'S WITH HIS HAIR TODAY?)

(DID HE GET EXTENSIONS OR SOMETHING? WHY?)

WHISPERING

"HE LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF PLAYBOY..."

WHISPERING

(I KNEW IT... SO EMBARRASSING...)

"NOW AS WE GO THROUGH THIS BOOK..."



"WHILE ENGLISH HAS PAST-TENSE, PRESENT, AND..."

(THE APP ISN'T AS MAGICAL AS NASIR THOUGHT IT WAS, SO HE'S TEACHING ME ENOUGH ARABIC TO GET BY IN PUBLIC.)

(WELL, I'D TAKE STUDYING OVER DRESSING LIKE A LADY ANY DAY OF THE WEEK.)



"ARE YOU LISTENING?"

"I GET IT NASIR! I'M LISTENING!"

"YOU ARE A GOOD WIFE..."

"YOU LOVE SHINY CLOTHES"

"YOU LOVE
LOOKING PRETTY"

"YOU LOVE FLOWERS."

(I LIKE... PRETTY...)

"YOU HATE BEING DIRTY."

"YOU HATE WEARING
BOYS' CLOTHES."

"YOU HATE BEING HAIRY..."



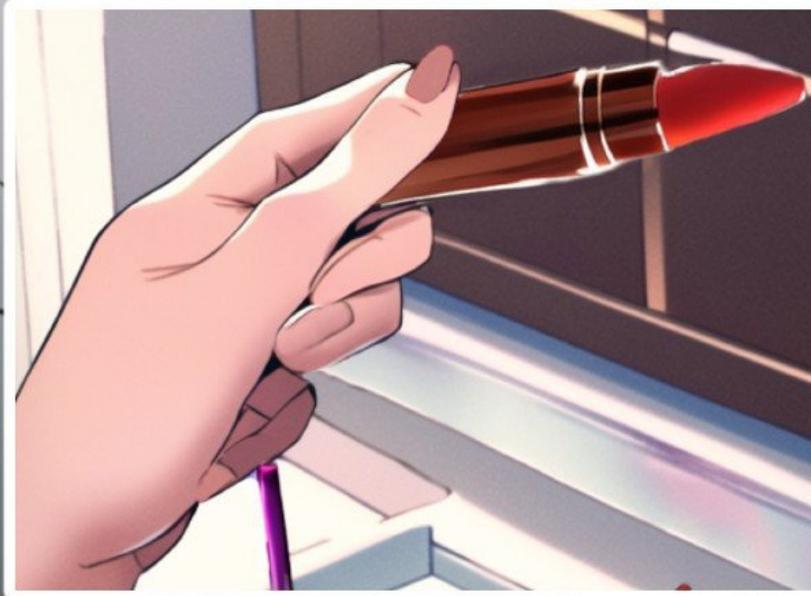


(MORNING ALREADY?)

YAWN...

(TOOTHBRUSH...)

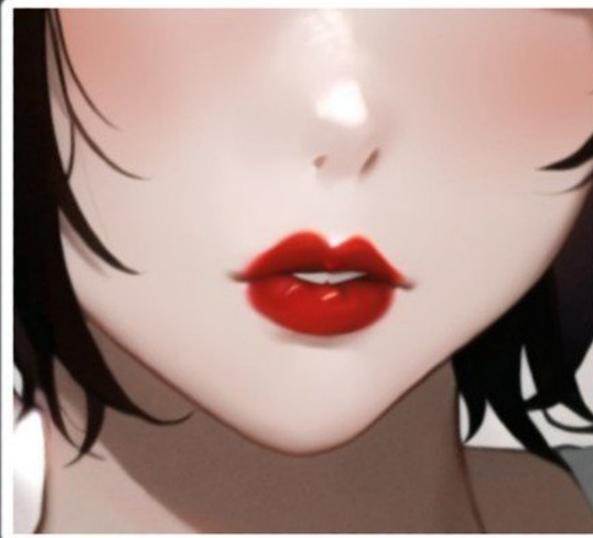
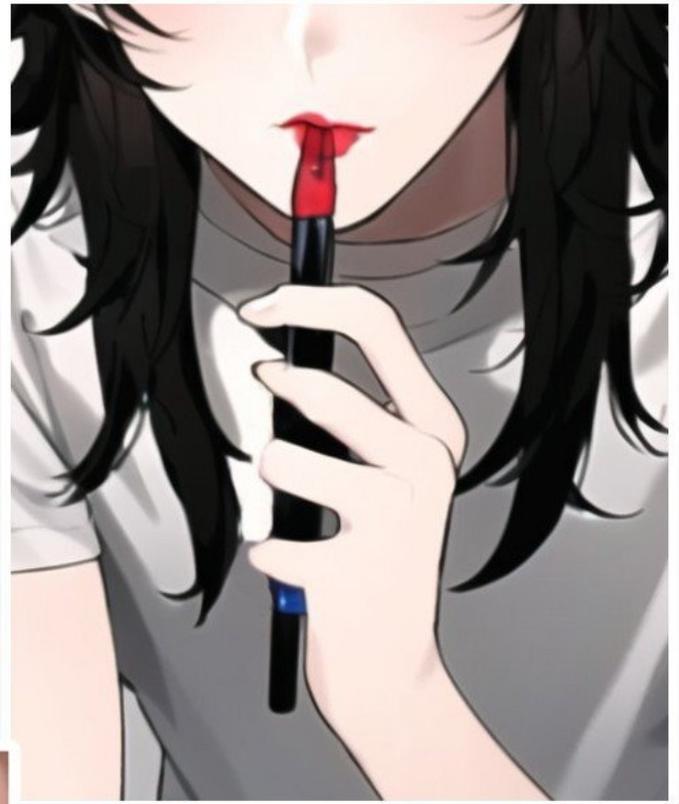
(NEED TO...
LOOK GOOD...)



(HERE IT IS...)

(THIS SHADE IS
PERFECT FOR...
BRUSHING...?)

(HAVE TO...
LOOK PRETTY...)



(NOW I'M READY TO...
READY TO...)

(WHAT WAS I DOING...?)

"HUH?"





**"W-WHAT
THE HELL!?"**

**(I WAS GOING
TO... I... I CAN'T
REMEMBER!?)**

WEEKS LATER...

(OOOHHH...
NO MATTER HOW MANY
TIMES WE DO THIS...
IT'S STILL SO PAINFUL...)

"AH!"

PRESS

PRICK!

(MY ASS HAS BEEN SO
SENSITIVE LATELY TOO...)

(I HOPE I WON'T GET
SICK LIKE LAST TIME...)



"ZAINAB..."

(MY WIFE IS STARTING
TO GET SUSPICIOUS...
I REALLY CAN'T...)

"ZAINAB!"

"يبي بح مرعن"
(YES MY LOVE?)

(WHAT NOW?)

"هتني مرل ل فحلا"
(THE CEREMONY IS
NOT FINISHED.)

RUSTLE

FFWUP

PLOP

(H-HUH!?)



PLOP



"LA 'AFHAMU!"
"LA 'AFHAMU!!!"

(I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!)
(I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!!!)

(WHY IS HE STRIPPING!?)
(WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING HERE!?)



وُن نأ بچي"
م ا م ا ان ب ح دك
..م ل ع م ل ا

*(WE MUST CONFIRM
OUR LOVE BEFORE
THE TEACHER.)*

"دهشأ"

(I BEAR WITNESS.)

"صم. فوس. تنأ"
(YOU. WILL. SUCK.)

(SUCK!?)

(I-I-I MUST'VE
HEARD WRONG...)

(HE'S COMING
THIS WAY!?)

(OH LORD...
PLEASE SAVE
ME FROM THIS!)

"ZAINAB..."

"H-HIE!"

(HE CASUALLY WALKED HIS FULLY ERECT DICK STRAIGHT TOWARDS MY MOUTH, I INSTINCTUALLY CLOSED MY MOUTH BUT HE DIDN'T STOP WALKING!)

GRAB

(I GRABBED HIS DICK TO STOP IT FROM TOUCHING MY FACE, AND AS HE GLARED AT ME, I BROKE INTO A COLD SWEAT AND CRIED.)



"انأ! جوز"

(HUSBAND! I-)

WHISPERING

(IF YOU EMBARRASS ME,
YOUR LIFE IS OVER!)

"A-AH..."

(I HAD NOWHERE TO RUN,
NO CARDS TO PLAY...)

(NASIR AND THE PREACHER WERE
BOTH INTENT ON WATCHING ME
SUCK MY HUSBAND'S COCK...
AND IF I REFUSE, NASIR CALLS
THE POLICE AND I'M DONE FOR...)

(BEFORE I HAD MADE A CONSCIOUS
DECISION, MY MOUTH HAD ALREADY
SLOWLY BEGAN TO OPEN...)

"LWEEHH... EH!?"

(NASIR SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY
AND PULLED MY HEAD ONTO
HIS SWEATY COCK...)

CLUTCH

"LWEEHH..."

SCHLAPP



"WAHRRMMM!"

(USING BOTH HANDS, NASIR FULLY SLID HIS COCK DOWN MY THOAT. I TRIED TO YELL BUT ONLY A QUIET MUFFLED SQUEAK ESCAPED.)



GULP

"WAHRRMM!"

SLOBBER

SLAP

SLOSH ***SUCK***
MMMPH!

**(NASIR IS THROAT-FUCKING ME
AND I'M... I'M LETTING HIM!?)**

**SOMETHING INSIDE
ME STARTED TO BREAK**



SUCK ***MMMPH!*** ***SLOSH***
GULP ***PUMP*** ***PUMP*** ***PUMP***

MY TEARS AND SLOBBER DRIPPED DOWN HIS DICK AND MIXED WITH HIS SWEAT.



GULULP



GURGLE

I ALMOST THREW UP FROM SHEER DISGUST...

I WAS GIVEN A BRIEF BREAK...



PANT

PANT

"PUAH!"



PULSE

LICK

BUT BEFORE I COULD CATCH MY BREATH, HE SHOVED HIS DICK INTO MY GASPING HOLE...

“تقولا هناأ”
(IT IS TIME.)



PUMP

"BWAGH!"

SLAP!

UEEHHH!

PUMP

URP!

GULP

SQUELCH

(LORD! PLEASE MAKE THIS
NIGHTMARE STOP ALREADY!)

MY PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED...

SPLUUURRRRTT

TWITCH

SPLURT

PUMP

GURGLE!

"BWEHHH!"

GULP

PSSSS

GULP

GULP

*(HE'S CUMMING INSIDE!?
BWEHHH! *GULP* NOOOO!!!!)*

BULGE

COUGH!

"UWAAHH..."

ادهاش ت دلو دقل
فرت عم كت باقن
ةسي نكل اب اب

*(I HAVE BORN
WITNESS.)*

*(YOUR UNION IS
RECOGNIZED BY
THE CHURCH.)*

ذات سا اركش

(THANK YOU TEACHER.)

*(IT'S SO THICK...
COUGH! GROSS...
EVERYONE HERE IS
CRAZY...
I'M SO FUCKED...)*

"ARE YOU OK HONEY!?"

"YOU LOOK EXHAUSTED!"

(IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN TELL
HER THAT I WAS MADE
TO SUCK COCK WHILE
DRESSED LIKE
A WOMAN...)

"I... I'M FINE..."

"YOU DON'T
LOOK FINE!"



"ARGH! DAMN!"

GROAN

"TALK TO ME HONEY!"

"WHAT'S WRONG!?"

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

"GRR... AHHH!"



(IT HURTS!)

**(MY WHOLE
BODY HURTS,)**

"AH!"

**(AND IT'S LIKE
MY CHEST IS
ON FIRE!)**

"OOOO..."

"AHHHNN!!!!"

GRAB



(I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS IN THAT DRUG, BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE...)

(MY BODY IS... CHANGING...)

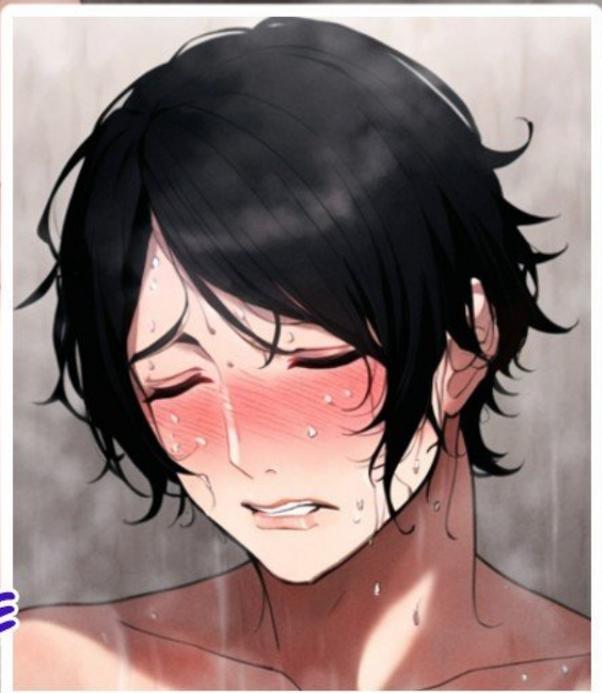


(MY CHEST IS SO FLABBY...)



(AND MY ASS IS GETTING FAT...)

(EVEN MY FACE IS GETTING... PUFFIER?)



(I HARDLY EVEN RECOGNIZE MYSELF ANYMORE!)

ONE WEEK LATER...

(HE'S REALLY JUST
PRETENDING LIKE
NOTHING HAPPENED?)

"YOU PRESENTED
YOURSELF WELL
TODAY, BUT YOUR
ARABIC IS STILL
TERRIBLE."

(OF COURSE MY
ARABIC SUCKS!
I'M ENGLISH!)

(IT'S NOT LIKE
THAT APP IS
MAGIC...)



(DID HE REALLY EXPECT
ME TO LEARN A
WHOLE LANGUAGE
IN JUST TWO
MONTHS!?)

(AND HOW AM I
SUPPOSED TO
FOCUS AFTER MY
'TEACHER' MADE ME
SUCK HIS COCK?)

"I DON'T DOUBT YOUR WORK
ETHIC, BUT IT'S CLEAR THAT
DRASTIC MEASURES MUST
BE TAKEN TO ENSURE YOU
DON'T EMBARRASS US..."

(I'VE BEEN STUDYING HARD!
HE'S BEING COMPLETELY
UNREASONABLE!)

(SO WHY DO I FEEL SO...
...ASHAMED...)



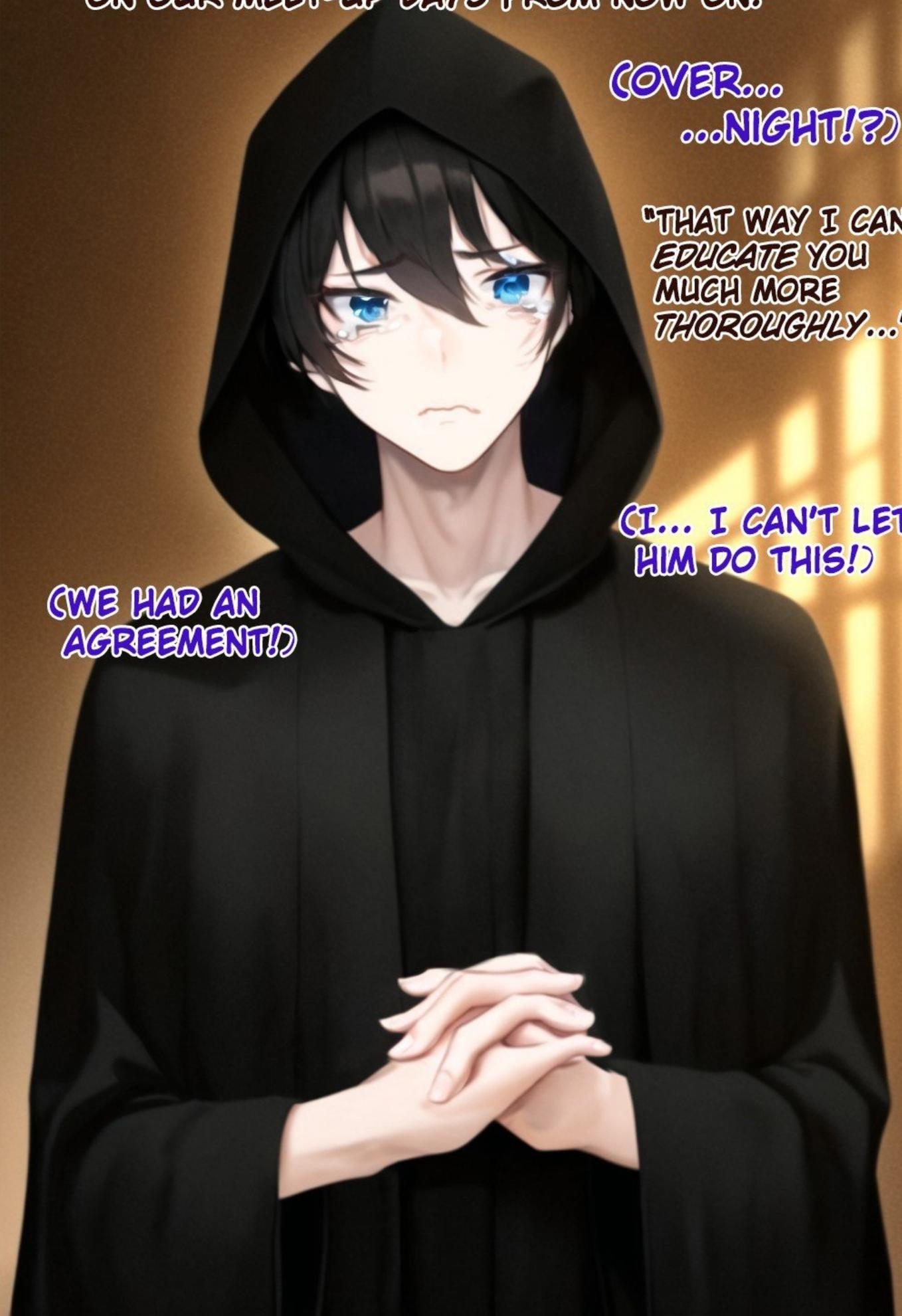
"I'VE DECIDED TO HAVE YOU STAY OVERNIGHT
ON OUR MEET-UP DAYS FROM NOW ON."

(COVER...
...NIGHT!?)

"THAT WAY I CAN
EDUCATE YOU
MUCH MORE
THOROUGHLY..."

(I... I CAN'T LET
HIM DO THIS!)

(WE HAD AN
AGREEMENT!)



A character with short black hair and bright blue eyes is shown from the chest up. They are wearing a black hooded robe with their hands clasped in front of them. The background is a warm, golden-brown color with some light patterns on the right side.

(I CAN'T JUST-!)

(LISTEN TO YOUR
HUSBAND...)

(I WON'T...)

(GOOD... WIFE...)

"I... UNDERSTAND..."

"WHAT'S GOING ON!?"

"THERE'S NO WAY THE CHURCH WOULD MAKE YOU WORK OVERNIGHT ON WEEKDAYS!"

"HONEY..."

"THAT'S UNFAIR WORK PRACTICE! I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE A NONPROFIT!"

"THEY CAN'T TREAT YOU LIKE THIS!"

"NO... THAT'S WHY... I'M VOLUNTEERING..."

"SO THEY'RE NOT EVEN PAYING YOU EXTRA!?"

"HONEY, I KNOW YOUR HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE, BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO BURN YOURSELF OUT..."

"YOU'VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD LATELY..."

"HONEY, I'M FINE... REALLY..."

"IT FEELS LIKE WE HARDLY SPEND ANY TIME TOGETHER ANYMORE..."

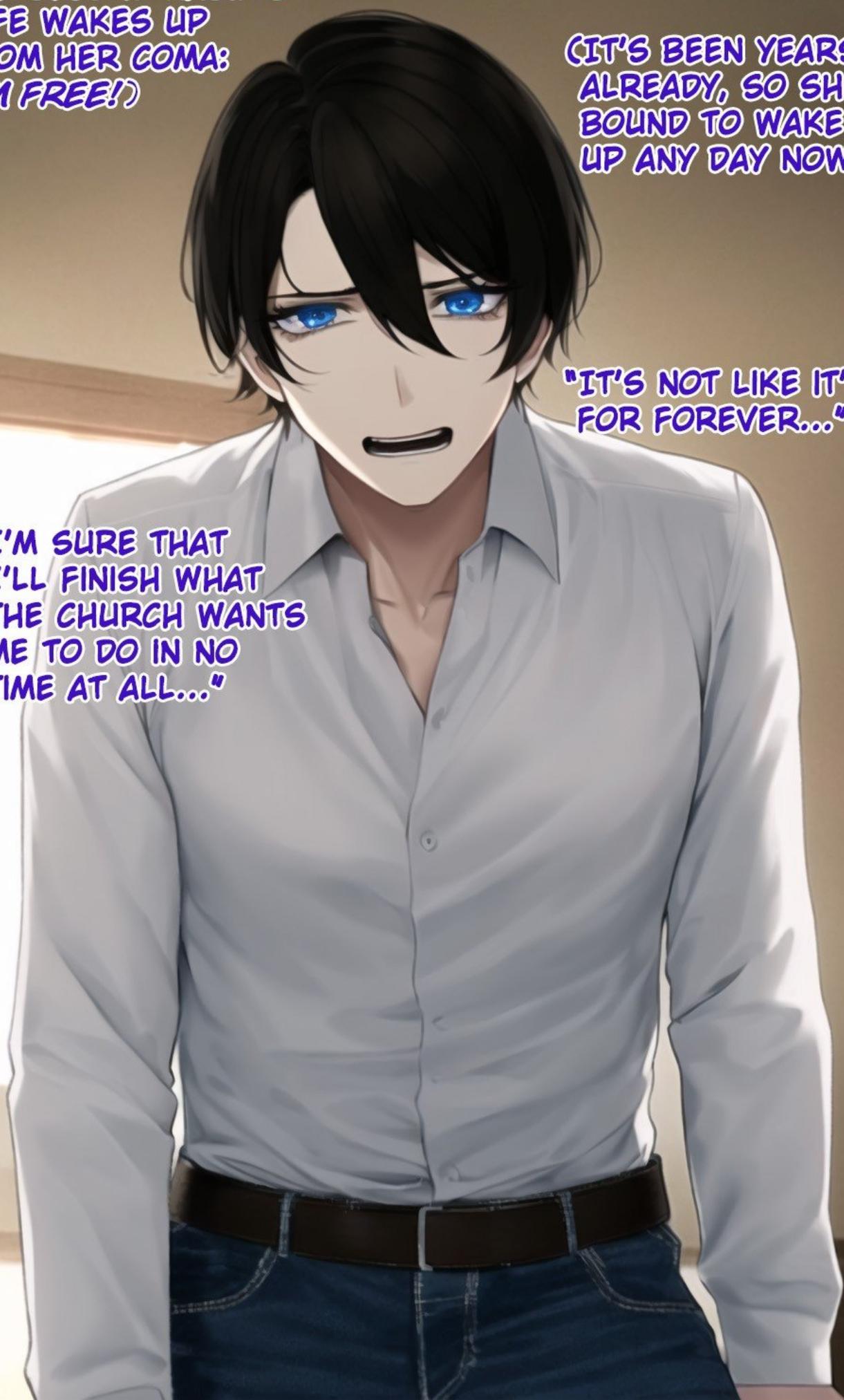


(THE SECOND NASIR'S
WIFE WAKES UP
FROM HER COMA:
I'M FREE!)

(IT'S BEEN YEARS
ALREADY, SO SHE'S
BOUND TO WAKE
UP ANY DAY NOW!)

"IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S
FOR FOREVER..."

"I'M SURE THAT
I'LL FINISH WHAT
THE CHURCH WANTS
ME TO DO IN NO
TIME AT ALL..."





"IF YOU SAY SO..."

"JUST PROMISE ME
YOU'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOURSELF..."

"I PROMISE."

(I LIED TO MY
WIFE YET AGAIN...)

"THE FATHER,
HIS SPIRIT, AND
MY HOLY SON..."

(*"MY" SON?*)

(*IS HE EVEN
TAKING THIS
SERIOUSLY!?*)

(*HE'S LIKE A
DIFFERENT
PERSON!*)

"... AND ALLAH-
-ALL OF- THE
DISCIPLES..."

(*CLOSE CALL...*)

(*IT SOUNDED
LIKE... 'ALLAH'?*)



"FATHER CAN YOU
TELL ME ABOUT
INDUCTIVE BIBLE
STUDY METHODS?"

"AH... THAT'S..."

(HUH... I CAN'T
REMEMBER?)

"WASN'T THAT
FROM JOHN?"

"JOHN?
WHAT ARE-?"

(DIDN'T HE
TEACH US
ABOUT THAT...)

(HE NEEDS
TO FIX HIS
ACT ALREADY.)

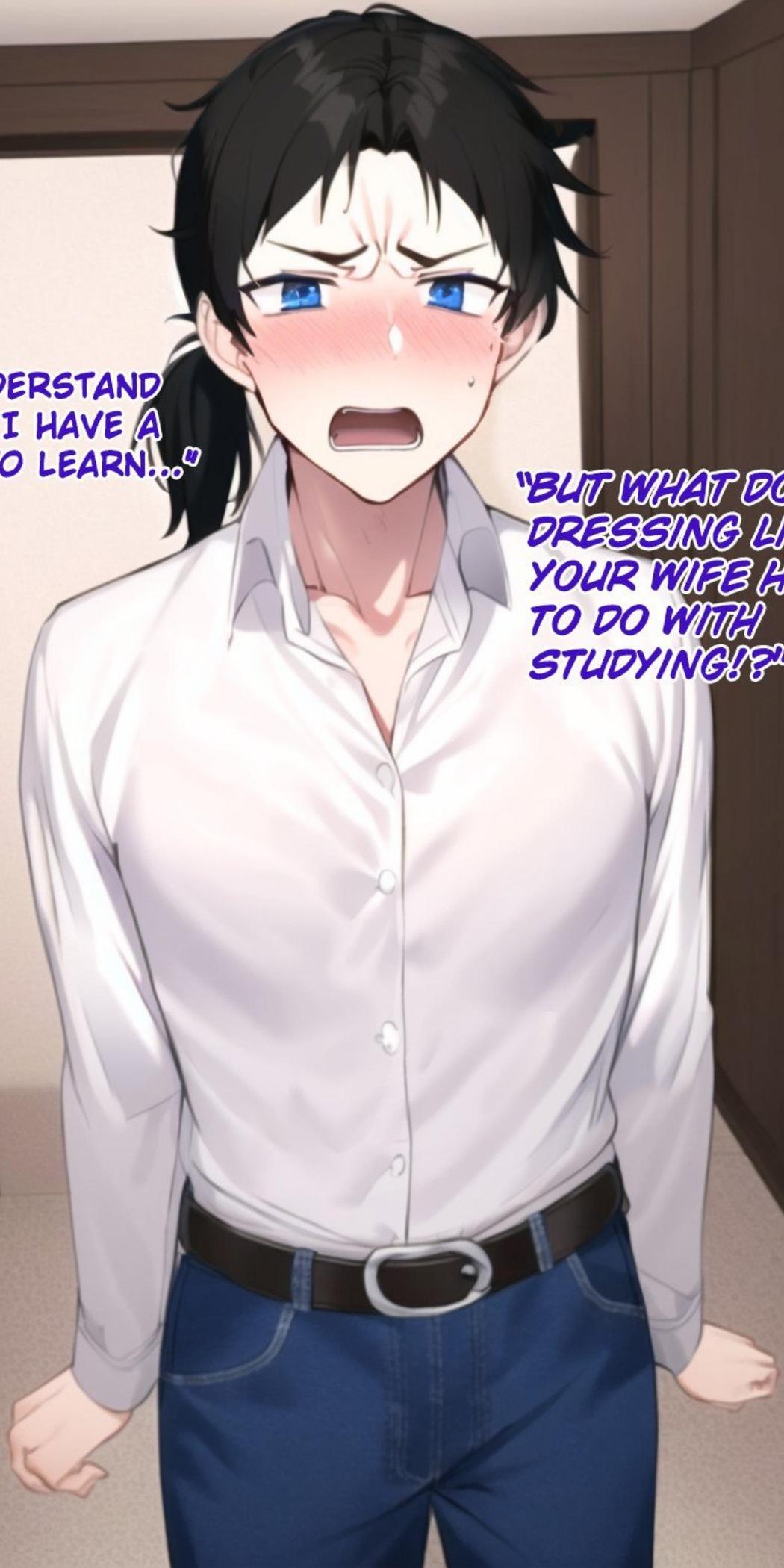


(WHY COULDN'T I REMEMBER
THE ANSWER?)

(WAS I DISTRACTED?
STRESSED?)

(I FEEL LIKE I'M
MORE FORGETFUL
LATELY NOW THAT
I THINK ABOUT IT...)





"I UNDERSTAND
THAT I HAVE A
LOT TO LEARN..."

"BUT WHAT DOES
DRESSING LIKE
YOUR WIFE HAVE
TO DO WITH
STUDYING!?"



"NOW, NOW, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES..."

"WHAT WOULD WE SAY IF A FRIEND OR NEIGHBOR SAW US TOGETHER?"

(THAT... MAKES SENSE... BUT THOSE CLOTHES ARE-!)

"IS IT REALLY SUCH A PROBLEM?"



"THEY'RE JUST SOME OLD CLOTHES MY WIFE USED TO WEAR..."

(IT SHOULD FIT HIM NOW...)

(BASTARD! WILL YOU STOP AT NOTHING TO HUMILIATE ME!? WAIT A SECOND... THERE'S NO WAY THOSE WILL FIT ME, RIGHT?)

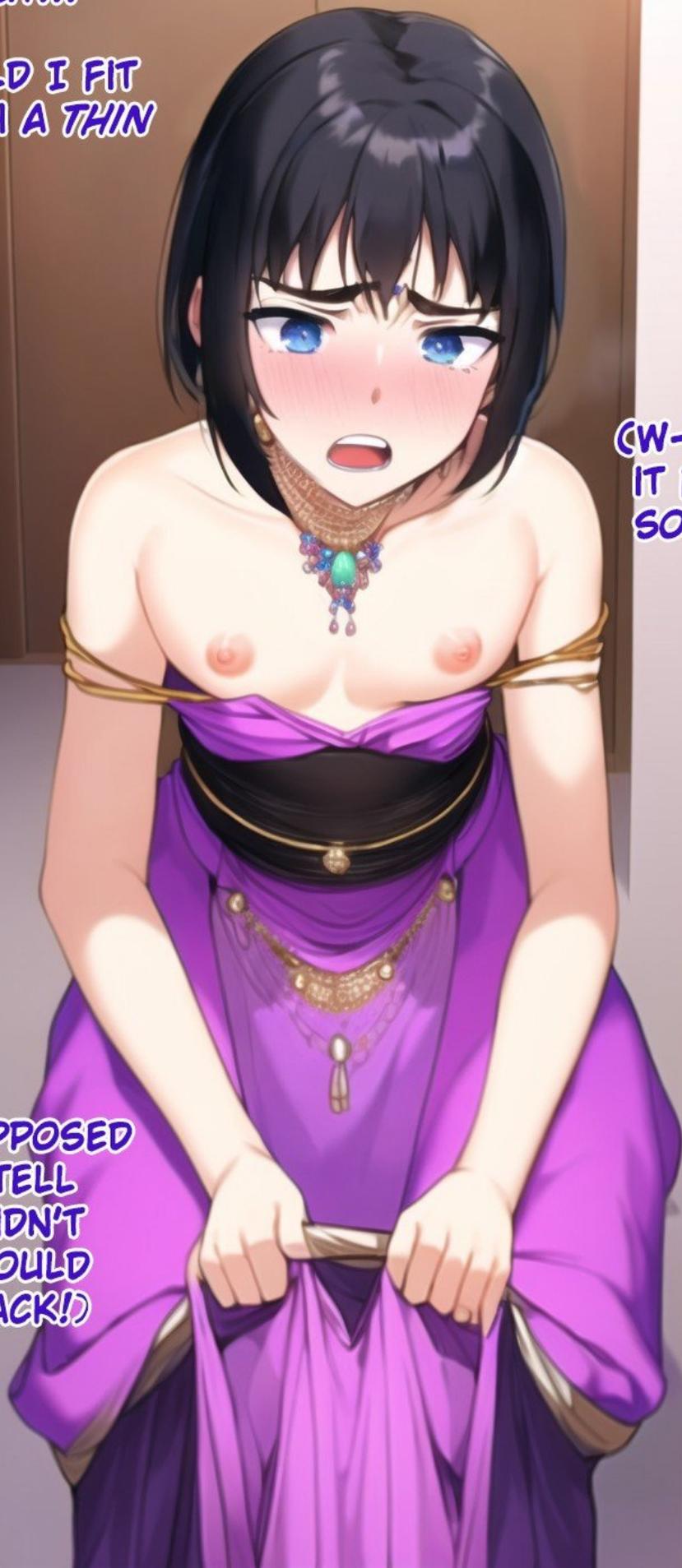


(I KNOW I'VE LOST
WEIGHT BUT...

HOW COULD I FIT
INTO SUCH A THIN
DRESS!?)

(W-WHY DOES
IT FIT ME
SO WELL?)

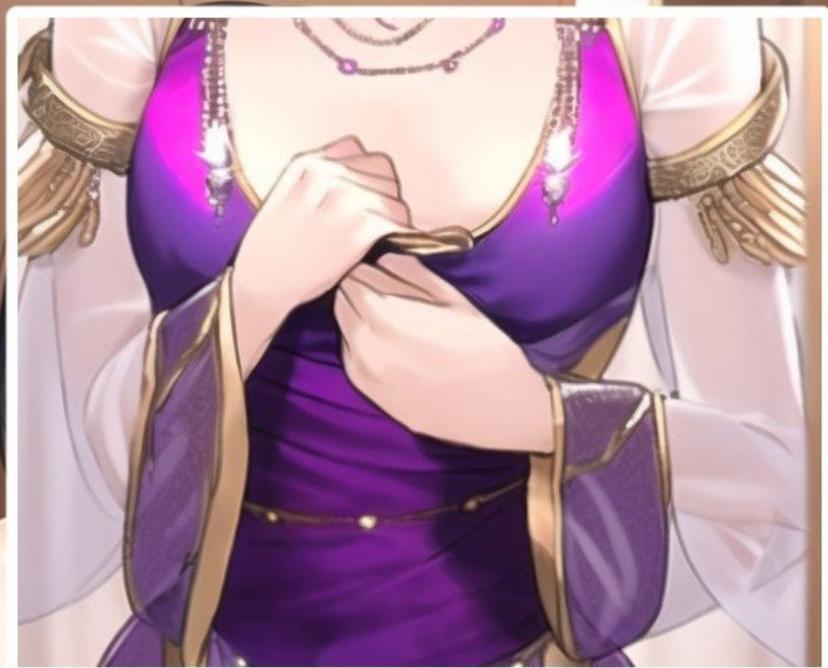
(I WAS SUPPOSED
TO JUST TELL
NASIR IT DIDN'T
FIT SO I COULD
CHANGE BACK!)



I DIDN'T REALIZE IT AT THE TIME...

(SHOULDN'T IT BE
LOOSE HERE!?)

(ARE MY PECS
THAT LARGE?)



BUT FOR SOME REASON...



(IT'S TIGHT...)

(W-WELL I MEAN-!
OF COURSE IT IS!)

(BUT ONLY AROUND
THE REAR...)

I WISH I HAD MORE
TIME TO EXERCISE...)

I SOMEHOW ALREADY
KNEW HOW TO WEAR A
DRESS AND COORDINATE
ACCESSORIES...

A woman with short black hair, seen from behind, is looking into a mirror. She is wearing a long, flowing purple dress with gold trim at the waist and hem, and a gold sash. Her reflection in the mirror shows a man with black hair and blue eyes, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and blue pants. The scene is set in a room with light-colored walls and a wooden floor.

(NO...)

(DONT GO...)

(I STARED AT MY REFLECTION FOR A LONG TIME.)

(I IMAGINED MY OLD SELF IN THE MIRROR: STRONG AND MANLY... CAPABLE OF ANYTHING... LIKE HOW I USED TO BE.)

(BUT THE ILLUSION FADED, AND THE ONLY THING LEFT IN THE MIRROR... WAS NASIR'S WIFE...)

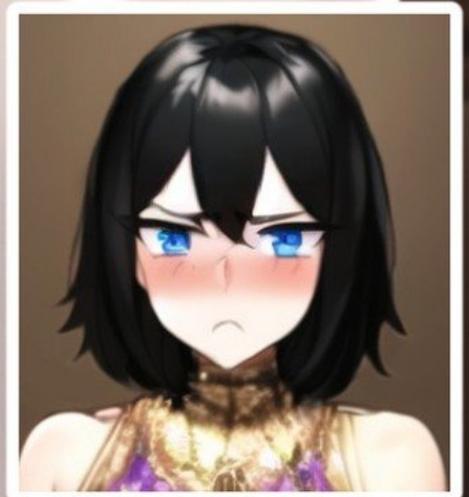
"AH~!"

"EXCELLENT
ZAINAB!"

"YOU'RE THE SPITTING
IMAGE OF MY
BEAUTIFUL WIFE!"

(I WAS TOO EMBARRASSED TO
RESPOND, BUT I ALREADY KNEW...)

(IN EVERY VISIBLE WAY...
I NO LONGER RESEMBLED A MAN...)





(I HAVE TO WEAR THIS FOR TWO DAYS OUT OF EVERY WEEK!?)

(THIS IS HUMILIATING!)

(SHE'S COME SO FAR IN SUCH LITTLE TIME!)

(ARGH... I SHOULDN'T... BUT...)

(I CAN WAIT NO LONGER!)

**"ZAINAB!
I MISSED YOU!"**

"HUH...? WHA-!?"

**(WHAT THE HELL!
GET OFF ME!)**

**"I'VE WAITED
SO LONG..."**

**I TRIED TO BREAK FREE,
BUT THERE WAS NO WAY
MY WEAK FRAME COULD
OVERPOWER NASIR....**



**"NO... I'M A MAN! *SNIFF*
I'M NOT... YOUR WIFE..."**

"SHHH... IT'S OK..."

**(THIS IS SO
FUCKED UP...)**

**A MAN IS
FONDLING ME,
AND ALL I CAN
DO IS CRY AND
BEG HIM TO
STOP!?)**

**I SHAMEFULLY CRIED-
NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF
HOW PATHETIC I WAS,
BUT ALSO BECAUSE...
DEEP DOWN...
HE WAS ACTUALLY
COMFORTING ME...**



LATER THAT NIGHT:

"OTHER WOMEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE..."

"YOU LIKE MEN..."

"DOMINANT MEN..."

"STRONG MEN..."

"I LIKE... MEN..."

"MEN WITH LARGE DICKS..."

"MEN LIKE YOUR HUSBAND."

AT NASIR'S HOUSE, THE "LEARNING" APP COULD BE SET TO THE MAXIMUM SETTING WITHOUT ANY RISK OF DISCOVERY...

ONE WEEK LATER...

"UM... HONEY?"

"YES DEAR?"

"I LOVE YOU OK?"

"TAKE CARE..."

(WEIRD... SHE'S ACTING
MUCH CLINGIER THAN
SHE USUALLY DOES...)

(IT'S KIND OF...)

(ANNOYING...)

**"YES DEAR, I'LL
MAKE SURE TO
DO MY VERY BEST
AT WORK TODAY!"**

"AH... GOOD..."



**(HE'S LIKE A
WHOLE DIFFERENT
PERSON!)**

**(WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO MY LITTLE DREW!?)**

(WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?)

(HE USED TO BE
SO KNOWLEDGABLE...)

"UM...
WHERE WAS I?"

"OH YEAH!"

"SO THEN IN LIVICTICUS
THEY WERE IN A WHOLE
LOT OF TROUBLE!"

(ANOTHER MISTAKE...)

"kan ealayhim 'an
yatajawaluu
li'akthar min ..."

(IS THAT FUCKING
ARABIC!?
THAT'S IT!)

"ARE YOU MESSING WITH US!?"

"WE'RE HERE TO LEARN
AND WORSHIP!"

"BUT HALF THE TIME
YOU'RE SPACING
OUT, AND NOW
YOU CAN'T EVEN
BE BOTHERED
TO SPEAK
ENGLISH!?"

"BOOO!!!"

"H-HUH!?"

"YEAH WHAT
HE SAID!"

"WAS IT
THAT BAD!?"

"ARE YOU
SERIOUS!?"

ANOTHER PRIEST STEPPED UP
TO CONTINUE THE SERMON, AND I
WAS CALLED INTO THE BACK ROOM...

"YOU'RE FIRED."

"FIRED!?"

"YOU CAN'T!"



"YOU HAVE UNTIL THE
END OF THE DAY
TO CLEAN OUT
YOUR OFFICE."

"BUT I-!"

"I'VE DONE SO
MUCH FOR
THIS CHURCH!"

"THAT MAY BE SO,
BUT WE CAN NO
LONGER TOLERATE
YOUR CLUMSY WORK
ETHIC AND OBSCENE
FASHION SENSE..."

"O-OBSCENE!?"

(NASIR!)

(THIS IS ALL HIS FAULT!
HIM AND HIS STUPID
CHURCH CEREMONIES!)

**"OPEN UP
NASIR!"**

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

**"I'M FUCKED AND IT'S
ALL YOUR FAULT!!!"**



"ZAINAB?"

"WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS?"

(DID HE FIND
OUT ABOUT
MY 'WIFE!?!')

"YOUR STUPID GAME
WENT TO FAR!"

"MY CHURCH
FIRED ME!"



"T-TRULY!?"

"ZAINAB... THAT'S..."

"THAT'S AWFUL!"

HUG

"HEY!?"

"I'M HERE FOR YOU ZAINAB..."

"BACK OFF!"

(DAMN IT!
HOW IS HE
SO STRONG!?)

"HEY!?"

GRAB



"BUT DON'T WORRY ZAINAB..."



**"DON'T YOU
GET IT?"**

**"I'M ALREADY
SCREWED!"**

**"IF I CAN'T EVEN
AFFORD TO LIVE
HERE, WHY SHOULD
I PLAY YOUR
STUPID GAMES!?"**

(LET GO!)

"I'LL SUPPORT US BOTH FROM NOW ON..."

"US!?"

"THERE IS-!"

(DON'T TALK BACK...)

"TH-THERE IS...
(OBEY...) NO...
(TRUST...) US...?"

(HUH? WHY AM I...
YELLING AT HU-NASIR?)

(IF HE'S OFFERING
TO SUPPORT ME...)

(SHOULDN'T I JUST ACCEPT HIS KINDNESS?)

**"TH-THANK YOU
NASIR... I..."**

**"I'M SORRY...
IT'S JUST...
MY WORK..."**

"SHHH..."

"IT'S OK..."

"I..."

"I'M SORRY..."

**(WAIT... I'M...
I'M CONFUSED...
I'M APOLOGIZING?
AND HUGGING NASIR?
WHA...**

WHAT AM I DOING?)

**AS IF IN A TRANCE...
I ACCEPTED NASIR'S OFFER...**



THE NEXT WEEK



"HAVE A GOOD DAY AT WORK SWEETIE!"

"BYE HONEY!"

(HE SEEMS... HAPPY?)

(HOPEFULLY HE'S FEELING BETTER...)

"BALANCE!"

"YOU MUST BE READY TO DANCE IN THOSE HEELS IF NECESSARY!"

"I UNDERSTAND!"



(SINCE I WAS FIRED, I'VE BEEN GOING TO NASIR'S ON SUNDAYS AS WELL...)

TWO WEEKS
LATER...

"UM... ARE YOU
SURE YOUR
WORK WON'T..."

"NOW KEEP THEM
IN ALL DAY OR
IT WON'T HEAL
PROPERLY..."

"YES... HUSBAND..."

(THIS IS GOING WAY
TOO FAR!)

"DON'T WORRY
HONEY!"

"IT'S PART OF
THE NEW DRESS
CODE ACTUALLY..."

"IF YOU SAY SO..."

(NAILS?
EARRINGS?
ON A PRIEST?)

(HE'S... HE'S
NOT LYING TO
ME, IS HE?)

(OW...)

(BUT...
NASIR DOES PAY
ME A LOT OF
MONEY NOW...)

(H-HOW DO I EXPLAIN
THIS TO MY WIFE?)

FOUR WEEKS
LATER...

"YOUR...
YOUR SKIN..."

"AH THIS!?"

"I UH... UM...
A-ANYWAYS!
BYE HONEY!"

"W-WAIT DREW-!"

(THERE'S DEFINITELY
SOMETHING WRONG!)

(HIS BODY...
IT'S... WRONG!)

NASIR NEVER SAID THE
STYLIST WOULD GIVE
ME EXTENSIONS!!

"HUSBAND...
THIS... THIS IS
A JOKE RIGHT?"

"NO."

"BUT...
MY WIFE..."

"YOU'VE SEEN
HOW THE OTHER
WOMEN AT THE
TEMPLE LOOK."

"NOW BEHAVE."

"YES..."

I SAT OBEDIENTLY AS
THE STYLIST DIED MY
HAIR BROWN...

THE NEXT DAY...

WE ATE IN SILENCE...

I WAS TOO AFRAID
TO SAY ANYTHING.

(I... I'VE NEVER
SEEN HER LIKE
THIS...)



(HE'S NOT EVEN TRYING
TO LIE ANYMORE HUH?)

(SMART... AS IF I'D BELIEVE ANY
EXCUSE FROM HIS DAINTY LITTLE LIPS
WHILE HE HAS THAT HAIRSTYLE.)



**"B-BYE HONEY...
I'LL SEE YOU IN
THE AFTERNOON..."**

**(I'LL... I'LL
THINK OF AN
EXCUSE LATER-)**

"DREW!"

"!!!"

"W-WHAT!?"

"WHAT'S
WRONG?"

"ARE YOU REALLY
NOT GOING TO
TELL ME?"

GULP

"T-TELL YOU WHAT?"

(DID SHE FIND OUT
ABOUT NASIR!?)





"UM... I...
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU
HEARD..."

"B-BUT I-"

"I HEARD FROM
THE PASTOR!"



**"YOU WERE FIRED
WEEKS AGO!!!"**

**"DANIEL TOLD ME
EVERYTHING!"**



"OH... JUST THAT..."

"JUST THAT!?"



"LOOK, I STILL SUPPORT US DON'T I?"

"THAT'S NOT THE POINT!"

(HOW CAN SHE STAND TO DISRESPECT HER HUSBAND LIKE THIS!?)

(I WOULD NEVER TALK TO NASIR THIS WAY!)



"I'M DONE LISTENING TO THIS!"

"I'LL BE BACK AFTER YOU'VE LEARNED TO RESPECT ME!"



"YOU'RE LEAVING!?"

"D-DREW? WAIT!!!"



"DON'T
LEAVE ME..."

"I DO RESPECT
YOU..."

"I'M SORRY!"

BUT I HAD
ALREADY WALKED
OUT OF EARSHOT
OF HER WHINING...



"ZAINAB?"

"IT'S NOT
TUESDAY..."

"SORRY TO
APPEAR OUT
OF THE BLUE
LIKE THIS..."

"CAN I LIE LOW
HERE FOR A BIT?
I'M HAVING SOME
HOME TROUBLES
AND NEED SOME
SPACE..."

I THOUGHT OF
RENTING A HOTEL
ROOM, BUT...

FOR SOME REASON,
I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO RELAX WHILE
I'M AWAY FROM HERE...

CREEAAAKK

**"OF COURSE
ZAINAB!"**

**"STAY AS LONG
AS YOU WISH!"**

**"THANKS NA-
SORRY...
HUSBAND."**

**(WOW, NASIR
SURE IS NICE.
WAIT... NICE?
WHAT AM I...?)**

**(IT'S BETTER NOT
TO THINK ABOUT
HARD THINGS
TOO MUCH...)**

**(WELCOME HOME
ZAINAB... HEHE.)**



ONE WEEK LATER...

**(ANOTHER DAY
OF CHORES
AND DRESSES.)**

**(BEING A
HOUSEWIFE
ISN'T EASY...)**

**(DID " _____ "
HAVE TO DO
THIS EVERY-)**

**(WAIT... WHO?
AM I...
FORGETTING
SOMETHING?)**



**DREW FELT A BIT
UNCOMFORTABLE FOR
A MOMENT, BUT THEN
QUICKLY RETURNED
TO DOING THE DISHES.**

(TALKING TO HUSBAND
LIKE AN EQUAL IS
FORBIDDEN~♥!)

(HUSBAND IS
ALWAYS RIGHT!♥)

(I CAN'T LIVE
WITHOUT MY
HUSBAND!♥)

(NASIR!♥
MY HUSBAND!♥
MY MASTER!♥)

"NASIR..."

(I'M HIS WOMAN!
I'M HIS SLAVE!!!
♥♥♥♥~)

**TWO WEEKS
LATER...**

**(THIS IS...
I SHOULDN'T
BE WEARING
THIS!)**

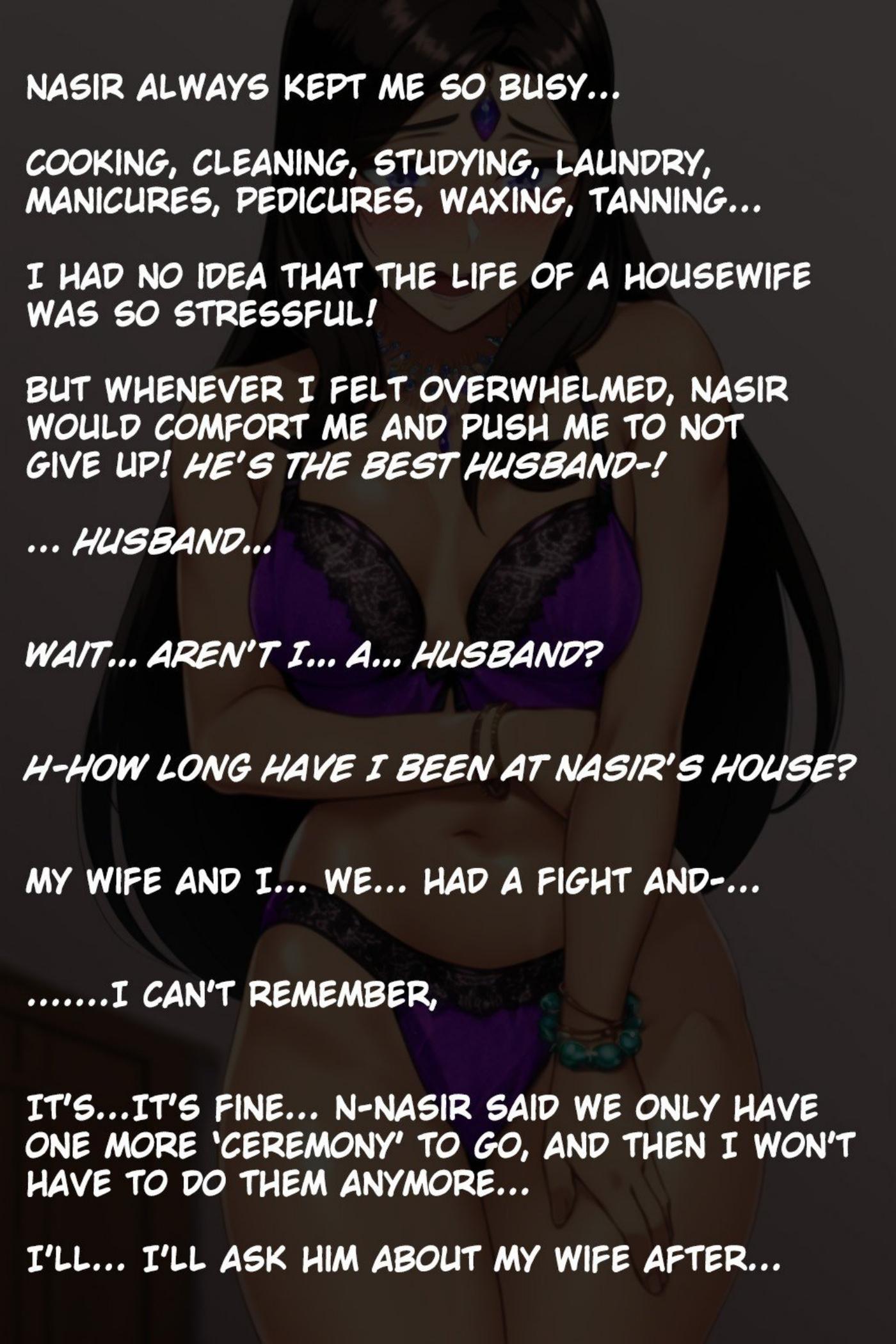
**"A WOMAN IS
EXPECTED TO
KNOW THESE
THINGS
ZAINAB."**

**"H-HUSBAND...
MAY I ASK
WHY THIS IS
NECESSARY?"**

**(I MEAN-!
I LIKE FEELING
PRETTY... BUT
SHOULDN'T I
BE WEARING-...?)**

**(WAIT... WHAT
SHOULD I BE
WEARING AGAIN?)**



A woman with long black hair, wearing a purple bikini with black lace trim, is shown from the waist up. She has a distressed expression, with her eyes closed and a pained look on her face. She is wearing a blue bindi on her forehead and a blue necklace. Her hands are clasped in front of her. The background is dark and out of focus.

NASIR ALWAYS KEPT ME SO BUSY...

**COOKING, CLEANING, STUDYING, LAUNDRY,
MANICURES, PEDICURES, WAXING, TANNING...**

**I HAD NO IDEA THAT THE LIFE OF A HOUSEWIFE
WAS SO STRESSFUL!**

**BUT WHENEVER I FELT OVERWHELMED, NASIR
WOULD COMFORT ME AND PUSH ME TO NOT
GIVE UP! HE'S THE BEST HUSBAND-!**

... HUSBAND...

WAIT... AREN'T I... A... HUSBAND?

H-HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN AT NASIR'S HOUSE?

MY WIFE AND I... WE... HAD A FIGHT AND-...

.....I CAN'T REMEMBER,

**IT'S...IT'S FINE... N-NASIR SAID WE ONLY HAVE
ONE MORE 'CEREMONY' TO GO, AND THEN I WON'T
HAVE TO DO THEM ANYMORE...**

I'LL... I'LL ASK HIM ABOUT MY WIFE AFTER...

دترت نأ بجي
ناتس فلاي
حلل يمرس رلا
”ي مرات خ ل ل ف“

(YOU MUST WEAR
THE FORMAL
DRESS FOR THE
FINAL CEREMONY.)

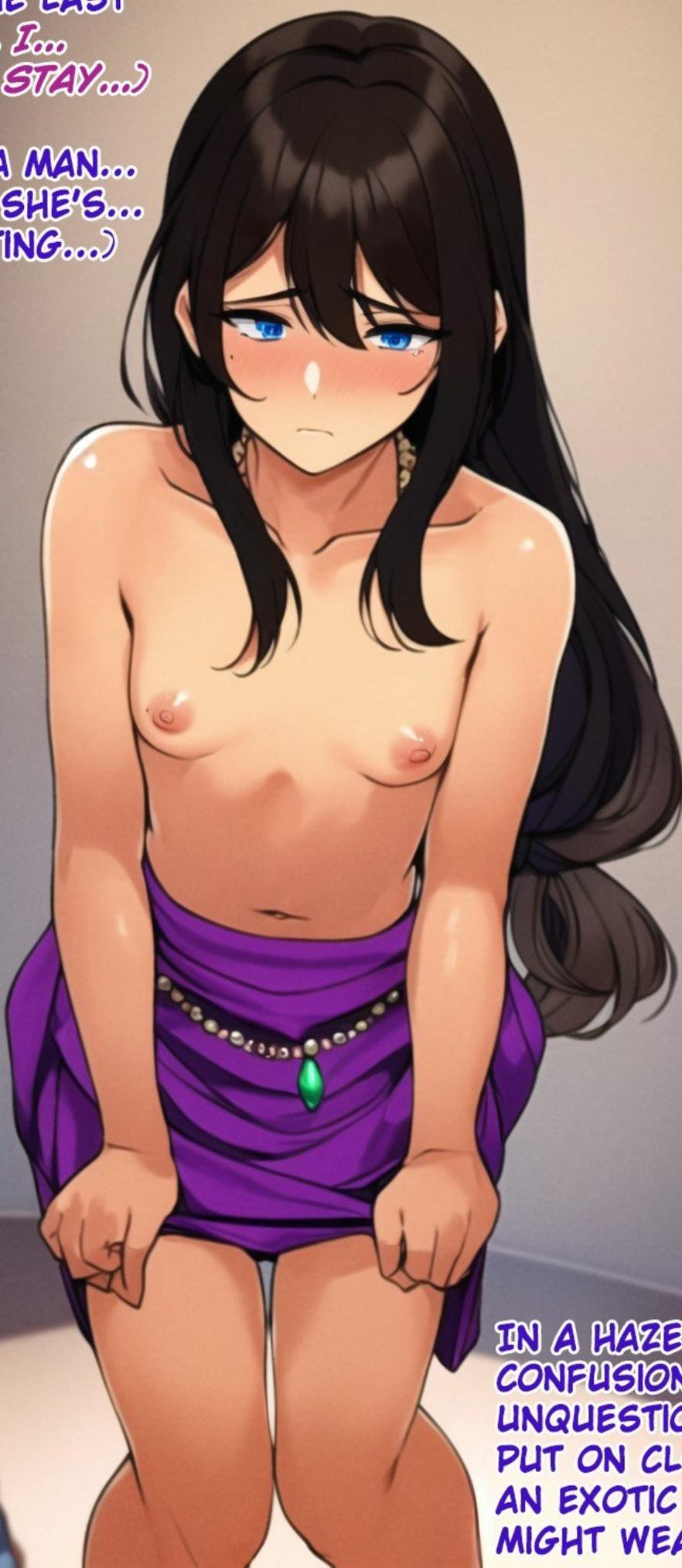
”مره ف أ“

(I UNDERSTAND)

(SO THIS IS WHY
HUSBAND TRAINED
ME TO WEAR
SUCH CLOTHES...)

(TODAY'S THE LAST
DAY... NO... I...
I WANT TO STAY...)

(I'M... I'M A MAN...
MY WIFE... SHE'S...
SHE'S WAITING...)



IN A HAZE OF
CONFUSION, DREW
UNQUESTIONINGLY
PUT ON CLOTHES
AN EXOTIC DANCER
MIGHT WEAR...

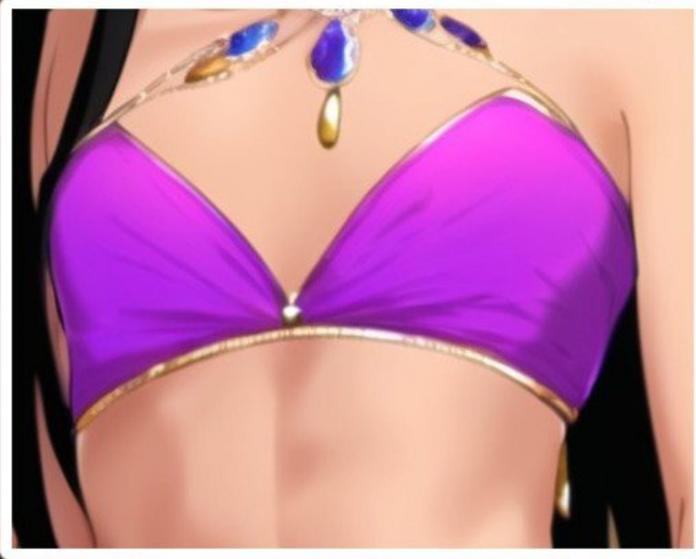
”دعت سم انأ“
(I'M READY...)

”ةزات م بني ز“
(EXCELLENT ZAINAB.)



(DREW...
YOU FOOL...)

(YOU REALLY
HAVEN'T FIGURED
OUT WHAT'S
GOING ON?)

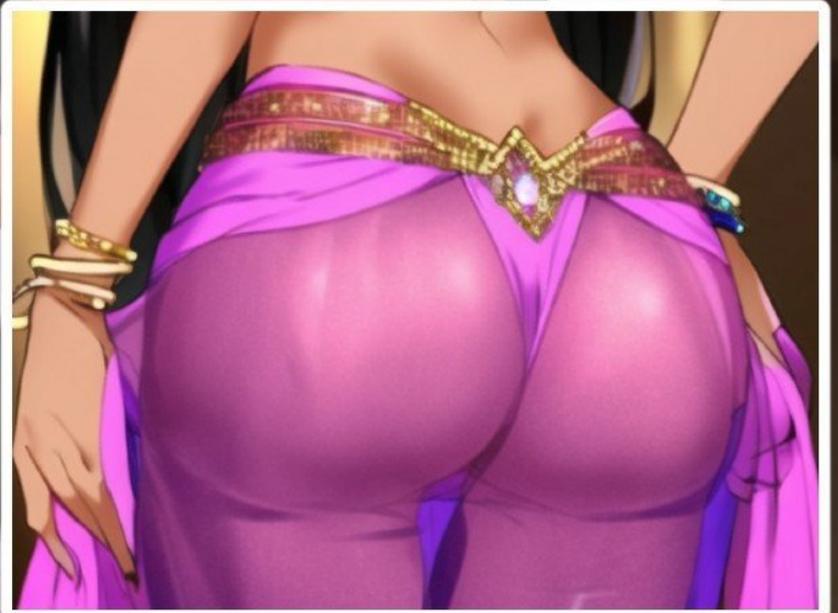


(YOUR BODY
HAS DEVELOPED
QUITE NICELY...)

(YOUR ASS
ESPECIALLY IS
PROBABLY A
PERFECT TEN...)

(YOU HAD YOUR
SUSPICIONS
I'M SURE...-)

(-YET YOU STILL
DO EVERYTHING
I TELL YOU...
DON'T YOU...?)



(ZAINAB...)

**(THIS IS THE
LAST TIME!)**

(THE LAST TIME!)

**(I'LL.. I'LL..
GET THIS
SHOT...)**

**(AND EVERYTHING
WILL GO BACK
TO NORMAL!!!)**





“يُنحنا”

(BEND OVER.)

I DIDN'T EVEN
QUESTION HIM.

I BENT OVER
AND AWAITED
MY INJECTION.



RUSTLE

RUSTLE..



**(YES... JUST
LIKE THAT...)**

**ح يه ةنق ح لا هذه
ب. بنيز ةي ج رش ةنق
"كسفن زه ج"**

**(THIS SHOT IS
AN ENEMA ZAINAB.
PREPARE YOURSELF.)**



(E-ENEMA? A-AH!?)
(IT'S POKING ME!)



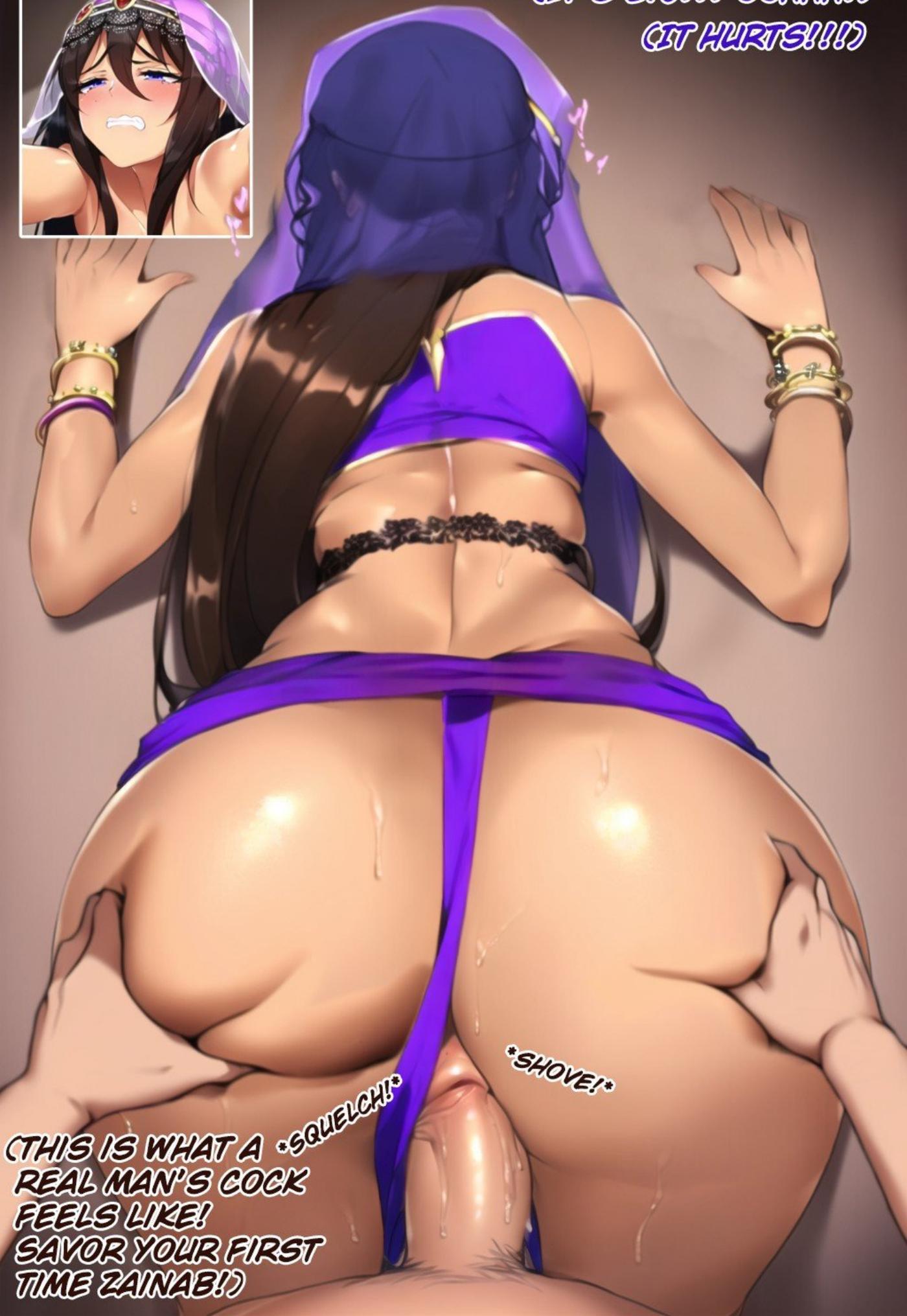
PRESS

POKE

(YES DREW...
JUST STAND THERE
OBEDIENTLY AND
LET ME MAKE YOU
MY WOMAN!)

(IT'S BIG!!! OOH!!)

(IT HURTS!!!)



SHOVE!

(THIS IS WHAT A *SQUELCH!*
REAL MAN'S COCK
FEELS LIKE!
SAVOR YOUR FIRST
TIME ZAINAB!)

“نآلا كرحتلا أدبأس”

(I'M GOING TO START
MOVING NOW.)



(MOVING? WHAT?
SHOULDN'T HE JUST
SQUIRT IT-... WAIT.)

(IF HE'S HOLDING ME
WITH BOTH HANDS...
HOW IS THE ENEMA-)

"EEIIYAAAAHHH!!!?"

"NASSIIRR!!!"

"STAWWPPP!!!"

"NASSIIRR!!!"

"STAWP!!!"

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

(I SCREAMED LIKE A BITCH WHILE NASIR THRUST HIS COCK IN AND OUT OF ME.)

(EACH THRUST MADE A DULL SLAPPING NOISE AS MY ASS CLAPPED AGAINST HIM.)

"BEHAVE ZAINAB!"

**"ACCEPT MY SEED
LIKE A PROPER
MARRIED WOMAN!"**

"NOOOO!!!"

"NOOOO!!!"

CLAP!

PUMP! ***SLAP!***

RIP!

"HUSBAND!!!"

"PLEASE DON'T!"

**(NO! IF HE CUMS
INSIDE ME...
NO! NOOOO!!!)**

**"STOP NASIR!"
I'M NOT YOUR-
"THERE!" *SPURT*
-WWIIIIIFE!"**

**"I'M NOT YOUR
WWIIIIIFE!!!"**

***BAM!*
SPURT
*SQUIRT***

**(HE'S CUMMING INSIDE!?
I'LL GET PREGNANT!)**

**(W-WHAT!? NO!
I'M A WOMAN! MAN!
STOP! LET ME GOOO!)**

"I'M NOT DONE YET!"

SLAP!

GASP!

PANT

"AH! AHHHN!"

SLAP!

SQUELCH!

SCHLAPP!

"AHHHN!"

"AH!"

GASP

PANT

(HUSBAND~♥!)

(NO! THAT'S NOT ME!)

(I'M NOT DREW!!!)

(I'M ZAINAB!!!)

"MOAN FOR ME BITCH!"

SPANK!

"YES MASTER!" *SLOSH* *SLAP!*

PUMP

"OHHHH~♥"

"AHHH~♥"

SLAP!

"OHHHH~♥"

"AHHH~♥"

(I LOVE HUSBAND!!!)

(I NEED HUSBAND!)

(OH GOD! OH GOD!!!)

"TAKE IT ZAINAB!"

"YAAHHHAAHH!"

*SPURT!

(I...I CAN'T FIGHT
IT ANYMORE!!!)

SPLAT

(SOMEBODY
HELP!!!)

"YAAHH~♥"

"HAAHH!"

I SCREAMED, BUT NO ONE CAME.
AFTER THAT, NASIR FUCKED ME
UNTIL I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...

"AFTER YOU WAKE UP,
THIS WILL BE OUR
DAILY LIFE ZAINAB..."

"WIFEY!"

"HEH..."

"I'M A...
WIFE..."



"OOOOHHH...."

"AH ZAINAB...
ARE YOU AWAKE AT LAST?"

"HU-... HUSBAND...?"

(I CAN'T SEE... I'M... WHERE AM I...?)

(THERE WAS... A CEREMONY?
HUSBAND HAD S-SEX WITH ME IN FRONT
OF THE PRIEST...)

AND I... I PROVED THAT WE WERE MARRIED!)

(THERE WAS NO NEED TO PRETEND ANYMORE...)

(WAIT... PRETEND WHAT EXACTLY?)

(I'M CONFUSED! I-I FEEL STRANGE...)

(WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE CEREMONY?
I NEED TO... REMEMBER....)



"H-HUSBAND!?
WHY DID THE
DOCTOR GIVE
ME BREASTS!?"

(THIS IS CRAZY!)

"SILLY WOMAN.
I PAID HIM TO
OF COURSE."

(HOW CAN I
GO ANYWHERE
LIKE THIS!?)

??? WHY WAS I SAD?
IT'S ONLY NATURAL
FOR A WOMAN LIKE ME
TO HAVE D-CUP BREASTS.



(IMPRESS HIM...)

STARES

(BE GRACEFUL...)

(BE BEAUTIFUL...)

(NASIR'S ROBE...
I SEE HUSBAND
IS PLEASED WITH
MY DANCING...)

(I'M... GLAD...)

NASIR WAS RIGHT,
DANCING HELPS
ME FORGET THE
PAINFUL THINGS...



**"DOES MY BODY
PLEASE YOU
MY HUSBAND?"**

**"YES ZAINAB...
YOU'RE ALMOST
PERFECT..."**

**I'M SO PRETTY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
I EVER WANTED TO
GO BACK TO BEING
AN UGLY TOMBOY.**

"WE MUST TEST
YOUR BREASTS
FOR DEFECTS..."

"YES... MY...
HUSBAND..."

"GOOD...
NOW OPEN
WIDE-..."

AIIHHH~

AIIHHH~

THIS FEELS
GROSS, BUT...
I'D HATE IT IF
MY BREASTS
WERE BROKEN...

RUB

FWAP

PUMP

MY BREASTS
WERE FINE, AND
HUSBAND WAS
VERY PLEASED!



"ARE YOU READY
MR. SAFER?"

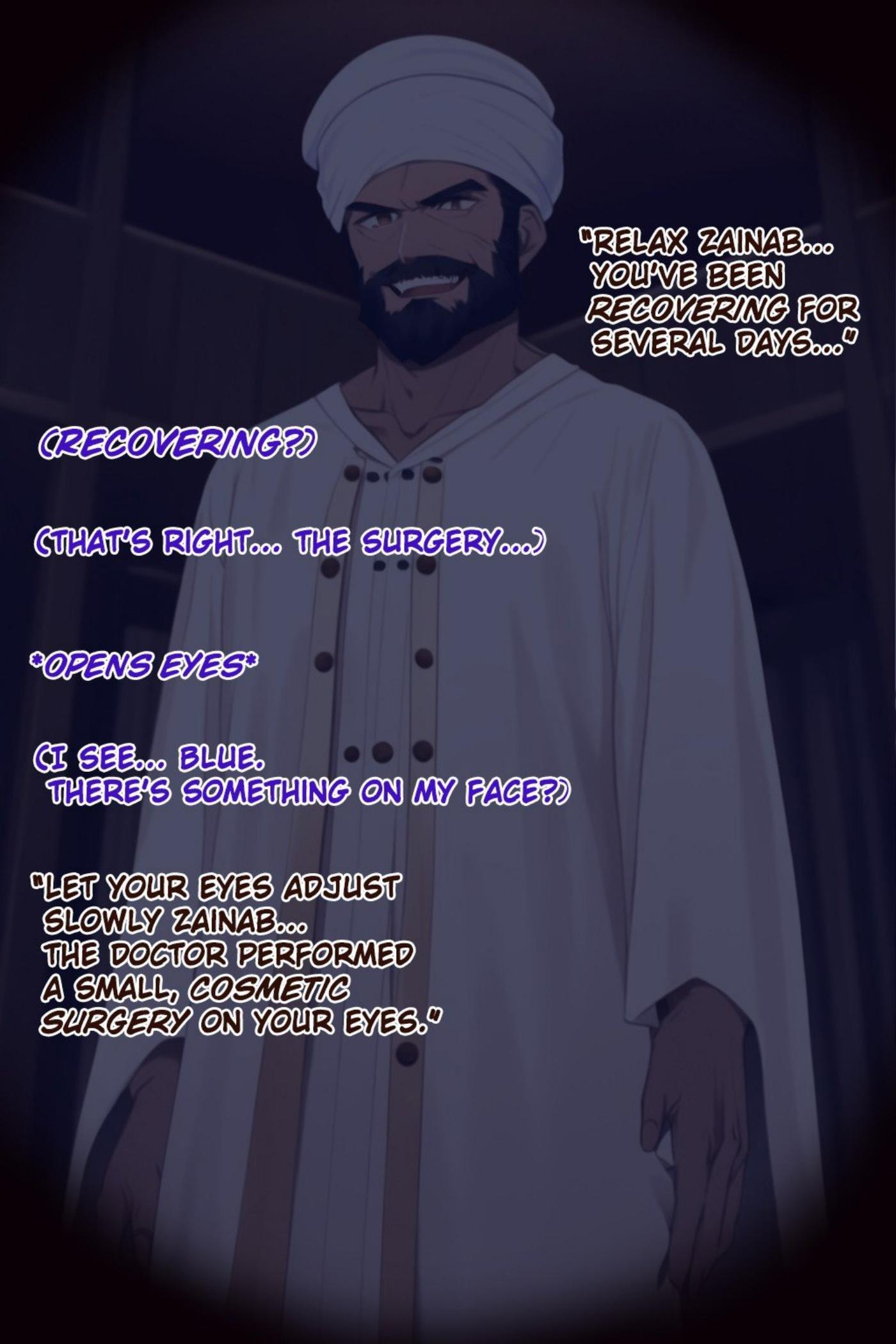
"Safer?"

فيخس روتكد
"بنيزي مرسا"

(SAFER?
SILLY DOCTOR,
I'M ZAINAB...)

"UH... I'LL
TAKE THAT
AS A YES..."

HUSBAND SAID I
DON'T HAVE TO SEE
ANY DOCTOR OR GET
ANY SCARY INJECTIONS
AFTER TODAY...
...I'M SO HAPPY!



"RELAX ZAINAB...
YOU'VE BEEN
RECOVERING FOR
SEVERAL DAYS..."

(RECOVERING?)

(THAT'S RIGHT... THE SURGERY...)

OPENS EYES

(I SEE... BLUE.
THERE'S SOMETHING ON MY FACE?)

"LET YOUR EYES ADJUST
SLOWLY ZAINAB...
THE DOCTOR PERFORMED
A SMALL, COSMETIC
SURGERY ON YOUR EYES."

(A COSMETIC
EYE SURGERY, AND
PERHAPS A LITTLE
SOMETHING EXTRA
AS WELL~.)

"HOLD STILL.
I'LL REMOVE
THAT FOR YOU..."

(MY EYES?
BUT THEN WHY...)



"THEN WHY DOES
MY TUMMY FEEL
STRANGE HUSBAND?"

RUB

SCHLICK

(...HUH?)



"H-HUH?"

(MY CROTCH
IS ALL TINGLY
AND... WET?)

(WAIT-!
IT'S-! MY
WIENER IS-!)

RUB

SCHLICK

(DREW...
I'VE FINALLY
COMPLETED YOU.
MY MASTERPIECE,
MY WOMAN.)

(IT'S GONE!!!)

**"WHAT DID THEY
DO WITH MY
WIENER!?"**

**"OH THAT?
WHO KNOWS?"**

**"I ASSUME THEY
THREW IT OUT
WITH THE REST
OF THE TRASH."**

**"TRASH!?
NO! NONO-"**



"ZAINAB."

**"YOU ALWAYS WANTED
TO BE A WOMAN,
DIDN'T YOU?"**

**"YES, BUT!
N-NO! I MEAN...
I WAS YOUR WIFE,
BUT... I WASN'T?"**

**(I WANTED TO BE
A WOMAN?)**

**N-NASIR IS RIGHT,
HE ALWAYS IS...**

**BUT I... I DIDN'T
WANT A VAGINA!!!!)**

**"THE SURGERY HAS
LEFT YOU CONFUSED..."**

**"YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN
MY WIFE ZAINAB.**

**JUST KEEP SMILING
AND SERVE ME LIKE
YOU ALWAYS HAVE."**

"Y-YES HUSBAND..."

**I WILL... SERVE YOU...
LIKE I ALWAYS HAVE..."**

**(IT'S... THAT'S NOT...
THAT'S NOT TRUE!!!!)**



**(I'M NOT ZAINAB!
I'M DREW! I'M A MAN!
I'M NOT HIS WOMAN!)**

**"NOW ENOUGH OF THIS
NONSENSE ZAINAB,
YOU NEED TO READY
YOURSELF FOR THE
CEREMONY."**

**(CEREMONY!?
HE SAID WE WERE
DONE WITH THOSE!)**

**"...WEREN'T WE ALL
FINISHED WITH THOSE?"**

**(HMM? THAT'S NOT THE
OBEDIENT RESPONSE
I WAS EXPECTING...)**

**"THIS ISN'T OUR USUAL
SESSION ZAINAB...**

**TODAY IS OUR
WEDDING CEREMONY.**

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?"

**'O-OH... OUR WEDDING
I'M SO... HAPPY..."**

**(NO! I'M NOT GOING
TO BECOME HIS
LOVELY BRIDE~♥
NO... I CAN'T... I'M
LOSING... CONTROL...)**



"AIZA WILL
HELP YOU
PREPARE
YOURSELF."

"WAIT!"
"HUSBAND!"

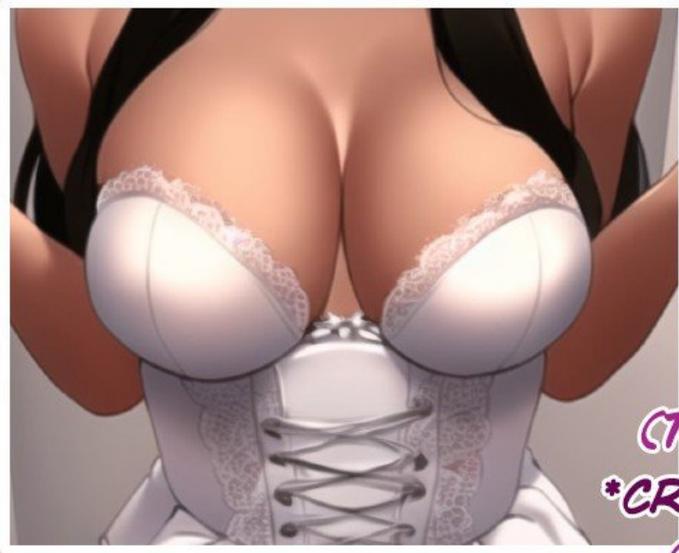
(HUH? WHY AM
I YELLING? HOW
SHAMEFUL...)

"NOW NOW ZAINAB,
CALM YOURSELF..."

"YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY
OF TIME WITH YOUR
BELOVED LATER
TONIGHT..."

"I'M S-SORRY BUT,
WHO ARE YOU?"





"YOU DON'T REMEMBER?"

"HOW HURTFUL..."

TIE... *PULL!*

(TIGHT! CAN'T BREATHE!)

CREAK

(MY RIBS! A-AH!?)

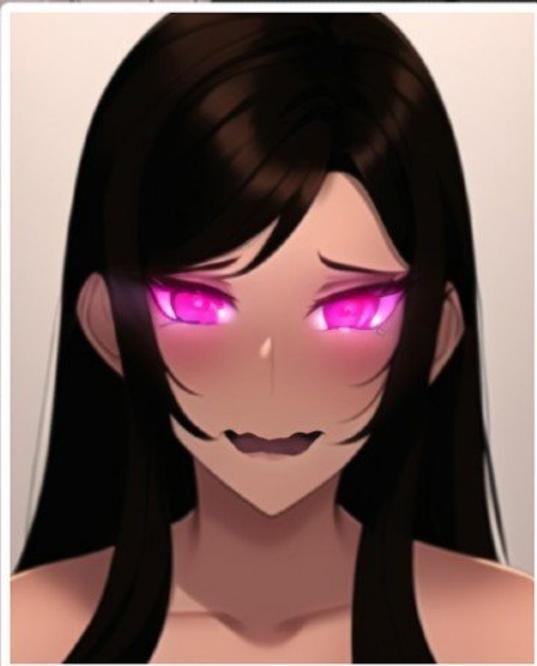


"EVEN THOUGH YOUR RECKLESSNESS PUT ME IN A COMA FOR MONTHS..."

TUG..

RUSTLE...

(COMA!? THEN SHE'S-!)



"BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, AND NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, I THINK A MAN WAS RESPONSIBLE..."

(IT'S ME! I'LL GO TO JAIL! I'LL DO ANYTHING! PLEASE-!)

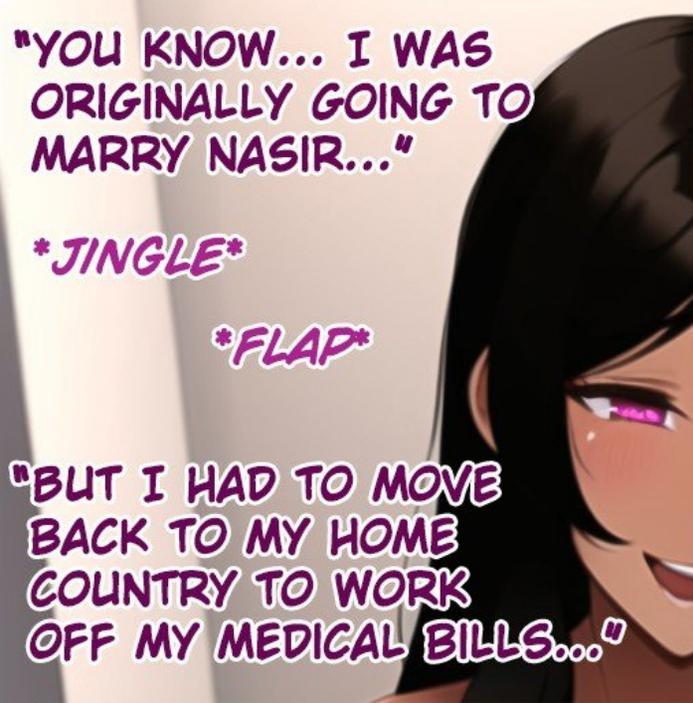
"SO IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A LOWLY HOUSEWIFE LIKE YOU."

(RIGHT.. I'M A... HOUSEWIFE...)

"PRETTY! YOUR
HUSBAND IS A
LUCKY MAN!"

"HEHE... I'M
GETTING MARRIED
TO HUSBAND~♥"



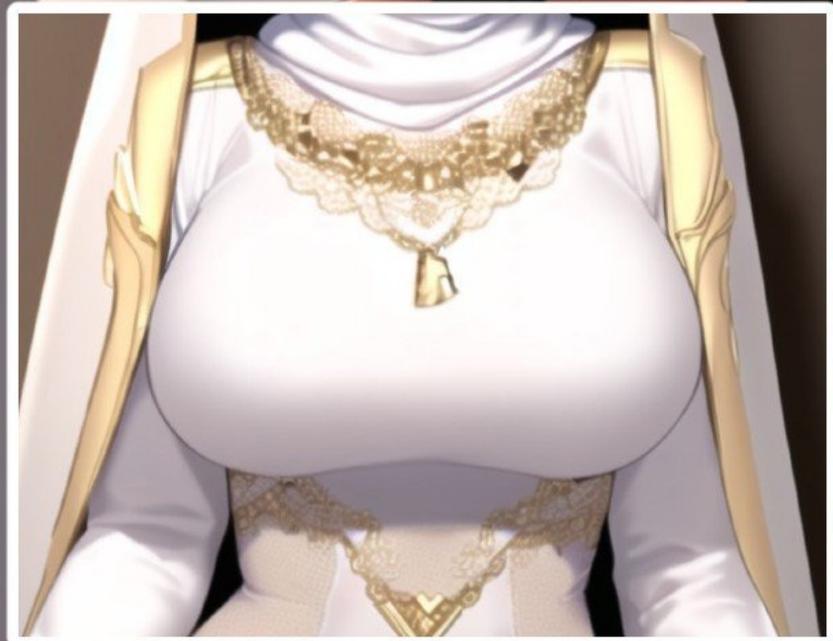
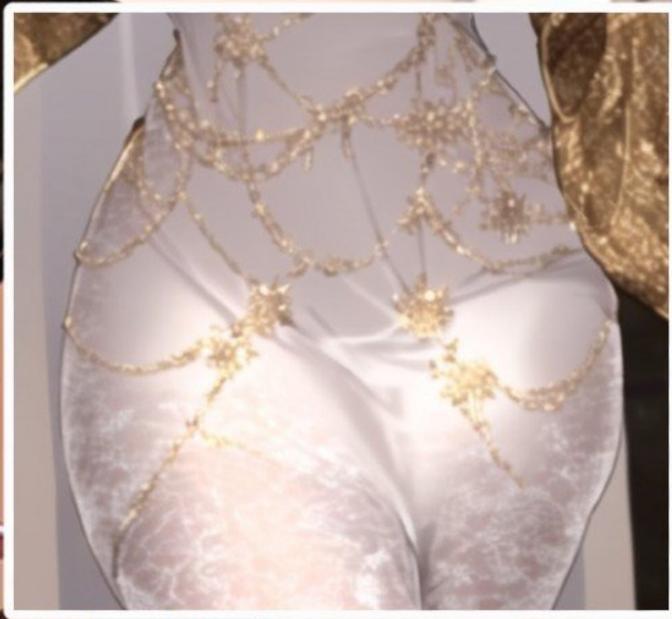


"YOU KNOW... I WAS ORIGINALLY GOING TO MARRY NASIR..."

JINGLE

FLAP

"BUT I HAD TO MOVE BACK TO MY HOME COUNTRY TO WORK OFF MY MEDICAL BILLS..."



"I WAS QUITE MAD AT YOU... BUT... NASIR DESERVES TO BE HAPPY..."

(HAPPY...)

"HEHE... IT'S FUNNY,"

(NO... THESE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES... I WON'T... BE ABLE TO GO BACK!)

"YOU STOLE EVERYTHING FROM ME... EVEN MY HUSBAND..."

"BUT SEEING YOU NOW, ALL I THINK IS:..."



"YOU WERE ALWAYS
MEANT TO BECOME
ANOTHER MAN'S
WOMAN ZAINAB."

(SHE'S SO
SWEET...)

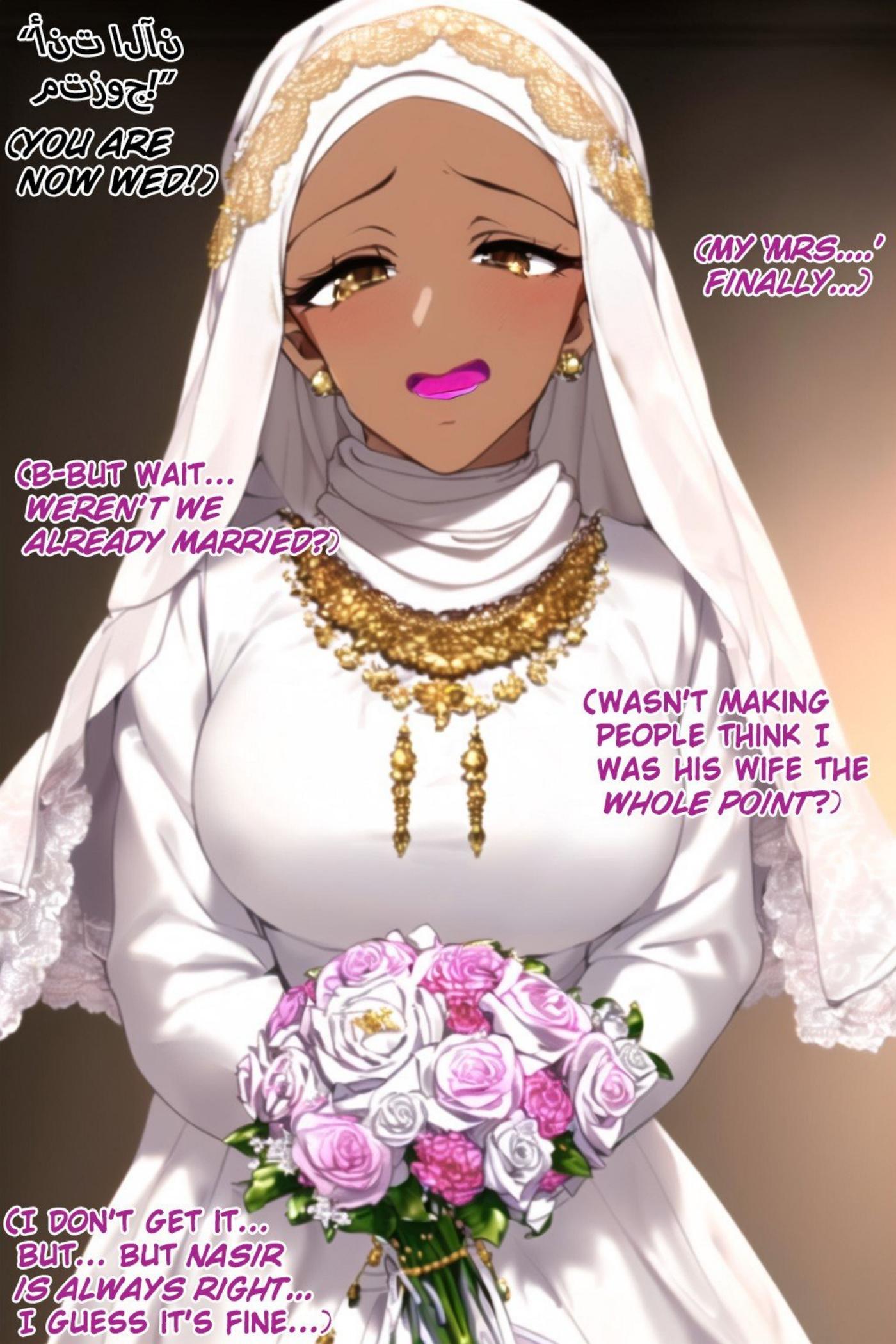
"LET'S TRY ON
A FEW MORE..."



**AT THE WEDDING:
*ORGAN PLAYING***

**(MY DREAM!
IT'S FINALLY
COMING TRUE!)**





نألا تناً
"جوزتم"

(YOU ARE
NOW WED!)

(MY MRS....'
FINALLY...)

(B-BUT WAIT...
WEREN'T WE
ALREADY MARRIED?)

(WASN'T MAKING
PEOPLE THINK I
WAS HIS WIFE THE
WHOLE POINT?)

(I DON'T GET IT...
BUT... BUT NASIR
IS ALWAYS RIGHT...
I GUESS IT'S FINE...)

A character with a white turban and a white and gold robe, looking smug. The character has a dark beard and mustache, and is wearing a white turban. The robe is white with gold trim and a gold brooch. The background is a dark, arched structure.

**(I'VE DONE IT!
ZAINAB IS MY
PROPERTY NOW!)**

**(AND I ALWAYS
MAKE THE MOST
OF MY PROPERTY!)**

**OUTSIDE OF
NASIR'S HOUSE:
MID-AFTERNOON**

**"DREW... WHERE
ARE YOU?"**

**"THE PHONE
COMPANY SAID
THIS WAS YOUR
LAST KNOWN
LOCATION..."**

"AH-♡"

"AH-♡"

"AH-♡"

"HM?"

(THAT NOISE...)





"AH~♡"

"AH~♡"

"IS SOMEONE...
SCREAMING?"

(COULD IT BE
DREW!?)

"AH~♡"

"AH~♡"

"AH~♡"

"AH~♡"

"AH~♡"

(IT'S COMING FROM
THE HOUSE...)

(I'M SCARED...
BUT I WON'T GIVE
UP ON YOU DREW!)

"OH~♥"

"AH~♥"

"OH~♥"

"HELLO?"

"I KNOCKED
AND NO ONE
ANSWERED..."

(IT'S GETTING
LOUDER!)

"AH~♥"

"AH~♥"

"OH~♥"

(DON'T WORRY
DREW!)

(I'LL SAVE YOU!)



(I GATHERED MY
COURAGE AND
WENT UPSTAIRS.)

"OOHH~♥"

"HRN!"

"LWAH~♥"

"D-DREW!
IS THAT YOU!?"

"HIIIEEE!!!
AH! AHHH"

(O-OH MY GOD...
I... I CAN'T
BELIEVE THIS!



**NASIR'S HOUSE:
10 MINUTES EARLIER**

**"THERE'S SOME TIME
BEFORE NIGHTFALL,
WOULD YOU CARE
FOR A-"**

**"ZAINAB.
STRIP NOW."**



"OF COURSE
MY HUSBAND!♥"

HUSBAND'S COCK
IS GOING TO
BREAK IN MY
NEW PUSSY!)

(I CAN'T...
...WAIT?)



(WHAT!? WHERE!?)

(MUST STRIP...)



SHUFFLE

SLIDE...

(NO "___!"
I'M A "___!"
FIGHT IT...)

"ALMOST DONE
MY BELOVED!"

(H...ELP...ME...)

RUSTLE



CLICK

FWUMP..

"I'M ALL YOURS
NASIR!"

"PLEASE USE
THIS LOWLY
BODY AS YOU
PLEASE!"

"OF COURSE..."

*DROPS
PANTS*

(!!!)

AS NASIR'S COCK
DANGLED IN
FRONT OF ME...
INTERNALLY, I
FROZE IN FEAR.



BECAUSE I KNEW
THAT THE MOMENT
HIS COCK PIERCED
MY NEW HYMEN...

THE SMALL PART
OF ME THAT WAS
STILL 'DREW-'

"COME HERE~♥"

-WOULD DIE.



"PATIENCE WOMAN!"

CLUTCH
SHOVE!

"AULHH!!?"

PLOP!

"AULH!!?"

GAG!

BURBLE

NASIR PULLED MY
HEAD ONTO HIS COCK
FOR THE SECOND...
THIRD TIME? I...
I DON'T REMEMBER...

MY THROAT WAS
ASSAULTED BY HIS *GASP!*THICK CUM, AND THE
STENCH SEEPED INTO
MY BODY AND MIND...

(I'M SO SILLY...
OF COURSE I HAVE
TO LUBRICATE MY
HUSBAND FIRST!)

SQUIRT

SUCK

PLAP!

GULP!

(NO...! *GULP, SUCK*
I DON'T... *SWALLOW,*
WANT... TO... *LAP*
TO SWALLOW HIS SEED!!!)

GASP, PANT...
*"CON.. CONTINUE
ZAINAB..."*

*(HEHE...
HUSBAND IS SUCH
A QUICK SHOT~♥)*

*(MORE YUMMY
CLIM FOR ME~♥)*

LICK
LICK



**(HUBBY'S... SEMEN
I... NEED IT! NOW!)**



"PUAH!"

GULP

LICK

SLLLUUURRRP!

(OH LORD!)

"AHHHHH!!!"

SPLUUURRT!

"MMMM♥♥♥!!!"

(CHURP? *RETCH!*

GAG HELP!)

SPLAT!

GAG

"MMMM♥!!!"

GULP

SPLUUURRT!

SPLAT!



(I-I HAVE NO CHOICE!)

*"ZA-ZAINAB?
AH! INSOLENT-!
OHHH!"*

SPURT!

SPLAT!

GULP

GULP

GULP

GULP

CLENCH!

PLUCK

*(NEED TO...
DRAIN... HUSBAND...
DRY... SO... CAN'T....
FUCK MY PUSSY♥)*

"OH... OH..."
(SHE'S GOOD...)

(NOW'S...
MY CHANCE!)

"NASIR!"

(TAKE-...
...CONTROL!)

"YOU HAD BETTER
NOT RAVAGE MY
NEW PUSSY~♥"

"I DEFINITELY
WON'T FORGIVE
YOU~♥"

"HEHEH...
WHATEVER
WILL I DO?"

DRIBBLE



"HNGH!"

SCHLURP!

"AH!?"

BAM!

CLAP!

SCHLURP!

CLENCH

(AH! NO-.....)

AT THAT MOMENT, THE
FINAL REMNANTS OF
"DREW" WERE FUCKED
OUT OF EXISTENCE.

"MOVE YOUR HIPS!"

SPANK!

"HIIIIE!"

"SORRY!!!"

SLAP!

TWITCH

PUMP

(WHAT WAS I...?
AH! OOOHHH!♥♥♥
HUSBAND IS FINALLY
FUCKING ME♥♥♥!!!)

"D-DREW!
IS THAT YOU!?"

"O-OH MY GOD...
I... I CAN'T
BELIEVE THIS!"

"OOHH~♥"

"HRN!"

"AHHH!"

"HWAAH~♥"

"AH!"

"HIIIEEE!!!"

PUMP

CLAP!

PUMP

PUMP

SLAP!

SQUIRT!

SOME STRANGER
BROKE IN, BUT
HUSBAND AND I
WERE TOO BUSY
FUCKING TO CARE~♥



(THEY'RE FUCKING
LIKE ANIMALS!!!)

(WHY WOULD DREW
EVER COME HERE!?)

(WAS HE CHEATING ON
ME WITH THIS SLUT!?)

(...WOW...)

"LEAVE US WOMAN!"

"H-HUH!? O-OH!"

(I HAD BEEN STARING
FOR A WHILE BY MISTAKE!
I JUST... I COULDN'T LOOK
AWAY FOR SOME REASON...)

"S-SORRY!"
"WRONG
ADDRESS!"

"OOHH~♥"
"CLUMMIING!!!"
♥♥♥♥♥

PLUMP
CLAP!
SPURT

SQUIRT!

(MY DREW WOULD
NEVER CHEAT ON
ME WITH SOME
TRASHY HARLOT!)



"TAKE THIS SEED
AND BEAR MY
OFFSPRING!"

"YES! ♥♥♥"

"IMPREGNATE
ME MY LOVE!"



SQUELCH

SPURT

SPURT

SPURT

"I LOVE YOU!!!"



"I NEED YOU!!!"



"I EXIST FOR YOU! ♥♥♥"



SPURT

SPURT

SPURT

SQUIRT

"THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TONIGHT..."

"MORE..."

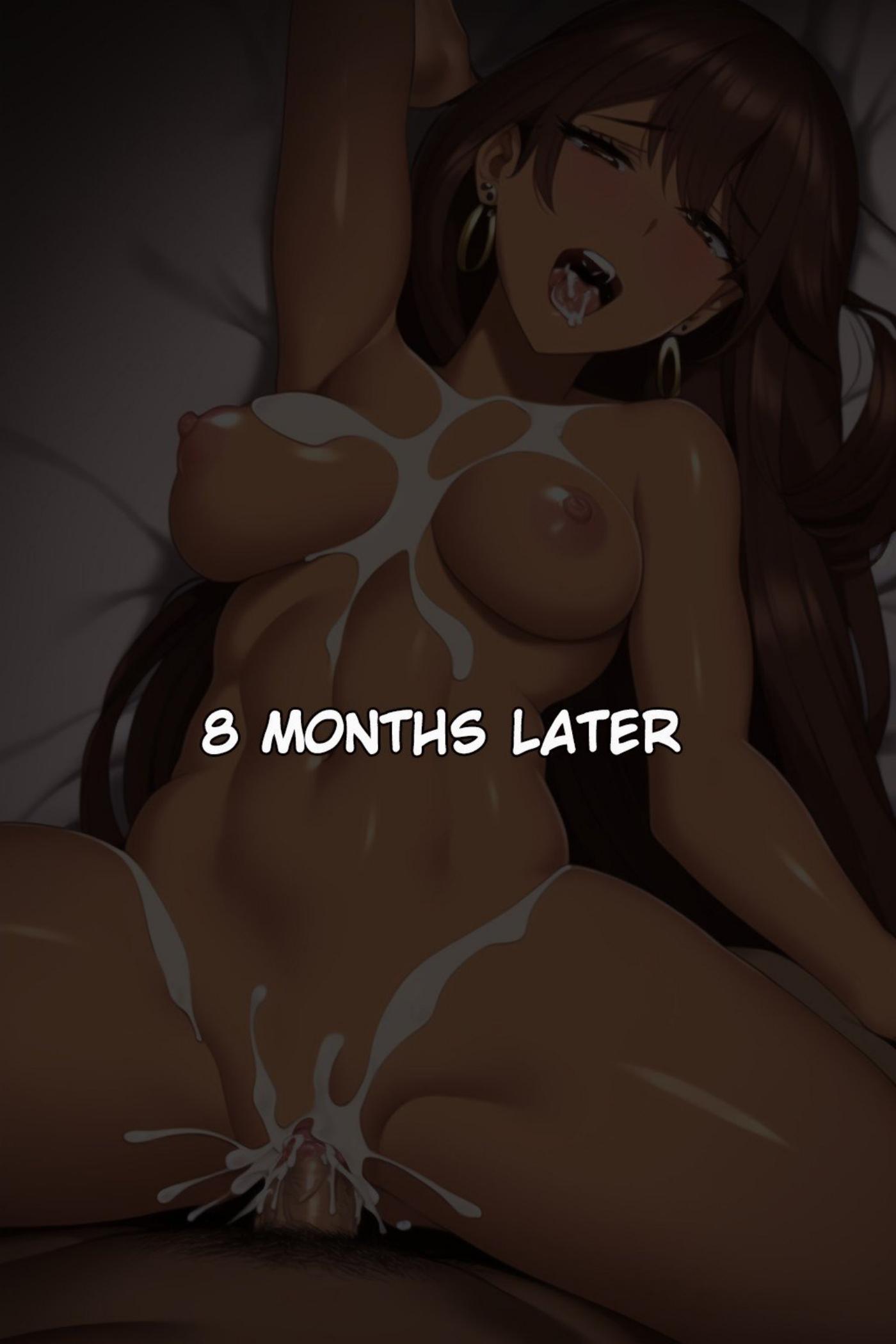


"GIVE ME MORE...
AND MORE BABY
JUICE...♥♥♥♥"

"HUSBAND...
I LOVE YOU..."



(DON'T WORRY ZAINAB,
I'LL BE FUCKING MY
DICK-STARVED,
SLUT-WIFE, EVERY DAY
UNTIL SHE CAN'T EVEN
FUNCTION WITHOUT A
MAN'S COCK IN HER!)



8 MONTHS LATER

**DREW'S FORMER CHURCH:
-SUNDAY MORNING**



؟چوز

انيدل سيلا اذه

... ةي داعلا ةسي نكلا

(HUSBAND?
THIS ISN'T OUR
NORMAL CHURCH.)

"سل چنل. س أب ال
"بني ز انه"

(IT'S FINE.)

(LET'S SIT OVER
HERE ZAINAB.)

"THEY'RE NOT
FROM AROUND
HERE..."

"WOW...
LOOK AT HER..."



تتأكد إذا انسح
" يزيغ اي كلذ لق "

"WELL, IF YOU
SAY SO HONEY."

ZAINAB
FORMERLY KNOWN
AS DREW SAFER

"... THEN THE
PROPHET SAID,
'SEEK NOT THE
SIN...'"

(??? WHY ARE
THEY SPEAKING
ENGLISH?)

(WHAT KIND OF
CHURCH IS THIS?)



A pregnant woman wearing a black niqab and a black long-sleeved dress is sitting on a wooden bench. She has long dark hair and is looking slightly to her right. The background shows a church interior with stained glass windows and trees outside.

"LASTLY, PLEASE
LET US KNOW IF
YOU SEE THIS MAN
ANYWHERE..."

UNFURLS POSTER

"HE USED TO
PREACH AT OUR
CHURCH BEFORE
HE DISAPPEARED..."

(IS THAT A
MISSING PERSON
POSTER?)

(HOW SAD...)

(I HOPE THEY
FIND THAT
POOR MAN...)

(HEHEHE~
DON'T WORRY,
SHE'S IN GOOD
HANDS....)

"بني ز لزن مل ل به ذن ل"

(LET'S GO HOME ZAINAB...)

"اي بي بح مرع ن"

(YES MY LOVE!❤️)



END