

# White Whore Wife in Bahrain

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*My husband is cuckolded when we take a job with a wealthy merchant in Bahrain and many men fuck me.*

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My name is Jasmine, and my husband Ed and I were 28 years old at the time of this story. We had been married for four years after graduating from business school. We met at a job in New York, City with an international consulting firm specializing in Middle East marketing and business development. I had a master's degree in international marketing, and Ed had a master's degree in international tax.

We had been with the consulting firm for four years and although Ed spent most of his time in the back office evaluating various deals, I was on the front line with our clients. We had a particularly large amount of business with a wealthy merchant from Bahrain. His name was Faizi, and I had gotten to know him very well after taking the lead on his account for the last two years. He was 45 years old and a very handsome man at six feet tall and about 180 pounds, and he wore a neatly-trimmed full beard and had a dark-olive complexion.

He always treated me with respect and he would also give me very expensive gifts to show his appreciation for my service to his companies. After getting to know me, Faizi would also flirt with me in subtle ways even touching me seemingly innocently, and I knew that he was dazzled by my looks, as many men were. I don't mean to brag, but I am five feet seven inches tall, weigh 120 pounds, have shoulder-length blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes. I've got amazing, full D-cup breasts and a very shapely ass. Many men of color seem to be attracted to me, and especially the Middle East men that I encounter in our company. I also have to admit that my boss encouraged me to dress as revealing as good taste would allow, and Ed didn't seem to mind that I displayed my cleavage and legs to keep our clients happy.

Faizi made it to New York about every other month, and he and I were out for dinner alone one evening to discuss the marketing for a new venture he had just started. After discussing our business he surprised me by saying, "I really appreciate the service you have given me for the past two years, and I know your talents well enough now that I'd like to offer you a position with my company in Bahrain. I can also use your husband's talents on our accounting staff, but I am especially interested in you. This will help me save a lot on consulting costs and the frequent trips to New York."

I was very flattered and said, “I appreciate the offer, but it would be somewhat difficult for Ed and me to live in a foreign land with no family or friends close by. And even though we both make good salaries now, it is still difficult to live in the city on what we make. My understanding is that it is even more expensive to live in Bahrain as an expatriate.

Faizi smiled and said, “I think you will find my offer quite generous. I am offering you a two year contract with a combined salary for both of you of \$800,000 per year, and airfare to and from Bahrain. In addition, I will furnish you, at no cost, a luxury apartment suite in my compound with a private chef to prepare your meals, also at no cost. But because of some problems I had with a previous contract employee, there will be a stipulation. I will also insist that you complete a background questionnaire so I can assess how you will acclimate to the culture in Bahrain. I’ll warn you that some of the questions are very personal, but you’ll need to answer them all honestly to seal the offer.”

I was dumbfounded by his offer and said, “Oh my goodness Faizi, that is a most generous offer and I can hardly wait to get home to tell Ed about it. But what is the stipulation?”

He then said, “I previously offered a European couple a similar deal, but after the move to Bahrain and several months on the job, they decided to go back to France. Let’s just say they had a problem with some of the cultural aspects of living in Bahrain. That was a very expensive waste of time for me. So if you and Ed accept the offer, it will be a mandatory two-year contract. Since I will be paying all of your living expenses, you will only receive a small spending allowance from your salary, and the rest will be kept in a secure escrow account for you. If you want to leave early you can do so, but you will forfeit the escrow account.”

I thought that I was already very knowledgeable about the Arab culture, so I didn’t need to ask Faizi about that. I just assumed that it had something to do with the strict prohibitions regarding sexual matters. But I found out later that I should have asked more questions about the issues that spooked that other couple. I was anxious to get home to discuss his offer with Ed so I said, “Okay Faizi, I am excited by your offer and will talk to Ed about it. Please give me the questionnaire and we’ll fill it out tonight.”

Ed was also excited by the offer and the chance it gave us to get ahead financially. We’d be able to come back to New York after the assignment with over \$1 million in savings. So we started through the questionnaire and found the questions to be fairly routine, at least until we got to the last section. It was labeled ‘Sexual History and Preferences’, and I thought it was designed to see how we would be able to adjust to the strict religious rules in the country.

We weren’t happy with the questions, but I knew Faizi well enough to know that he was serious about

us answering them honestly. I won't bore you with all of the questions, but we basically had to disclose that we have only had sex with each other, and averaged about five times per week. The thing that was most embarrassing was we had to admit that I periodically sucked Ed's cock, but that he sucked my pussy every time, both before and after he ejaculated into me. I know that doesn't sound too risqué by Western standards, but I was a little concerned what Faizi would think of that given his culture. We also had to acknowledge that Ed's dick was a smaller-than-average four and a half inches long and thin and that I was previously on birth control pills but had stopped so we could try to start a family.

I was embarrassed when I gave Faizi the questionnaire back the next day at work. He read it over in my presence, and I noticed that he smiled when he read that last section. He must have been satisfied, since he confirmed the offer, and after giving notice to the company, Ed and I were on our way to Bahrain in two weeks.

Faizi's compound was on the outskirts of the capitol city of Manama, and our apartment suite was very luxurious. Ed was given an office in the accounting section on the far side of the compound, but my office was right next to Faizi's in his headquarters area. His office was very spacious and luxurious, and he even had a bedroom suite connected to his office. It was interesting how differently Faizi acted in his element as compared to his style in New York. He was sometimes rather curt with the many domestic workers and other subordinates, but he was always pleasant with me.

He always wore business suits when he was in the US, but in Bahrain he wore the traditional men's thobe, a long, loose shirt-like garment. It was now the summer and his thobes were made of a fine, sheer fabric that you could almost see through if the light was just right. He encouraged me to wear short skirts and tight blouses, and said that the normal customs of modesty did not apply to expatriates, especially when we were in his compound.

Faizi has two wives named Maali and Abia, and they live with their sons Mohd and Sinan in the main housing area on the far side of the compound. I could see that his wives were overweight, even though they wore the traditional jellabiya, a long, loose dress, in the compound. Mohd was 16 years old and Sinan was 17, and they looked very much like Faizi. Faizi usually slept in the bedroom next to his office instead of in the main house with his family, which seemed a little strange to me.

Faizi and I normally worked long days. Ed at first complained about me coming home so late, but I let him know that Faizi insisted that I stay with him and I had no choice. It was our practice to relax in the evening with some liquor made by Faizi's staff from date palms, and I would get high from drinking it. After our first two weeks in Bahrain, and he could sense that I was getting more comfortable with him, Faizi started to more-aggressively flirt with me, and he'd usually wait until I was drunk with the liquor to kiss my neck, rub my back or stroke my thigh. I have to admit being sexually attracted to him, and I

could sense his virility and strength. These feelings scared me a little since Ed was the only man I had ever been with sexually. One other thing impressed me as well.

During our normal daily activities Faizi would sometimes go out onto the veranda outside his office. With the bright sun behind him, the sheer thobe allowed me to see the shadow of what had to be a very large cock and heavily hanging balls. This was the first time I had anything to compare with Ed's dick, and I sometimes had a hard time not staring. I could see it swinging freely under his shirt and knew that he couldn't be wearing any underwear. His cock would also swing out and rub against the thobe as he walked, and I was getting curious about how big it was.

I wanted to be totally honest with Ed, and I told him that Faizi was openly flirting with me and touching me and that I was feeling sexually attracted to him. I also told him about seeing that large cock under the thobe. After mentioning this to Ed on several occasions, we were talking late one evening when I was still a little tipsy from the liquor and asked, "Tell me Ed, do you want me to do anything to discourage Faizi from pursuing me? We know that in this culture wealthy men are used to having their way with the expatriate help, and I think he is trying to fuck me. Some of the sexual prohibitions don't seem to apply with foreign women. Should I tell him to back off?"

Ed really surprised me with his response. I expected him to get angry and try to confront Faizi about his actions, but he actually seemed a little timid about it. He said, "You must just be imagining all of this, and his cock couldn't possibly be as big as you think. I can't believe that he would really try to fuck you; especially since he knows that you are no longer on birth control. And besides, I'd hate to upset him and ruin our chance to make such good money. Let's just see if he stops on his own."

Then I replied, "Okay Ed, we can see how it goes, but don't be surprised if I get too drunk one evening and he violates me. Then we'll see if the money was worth it. And regarding his cock, you'd just have to see the shadow of it and his balls swinging between his legs to know what I mean."

Ed then asked me to describe Faizi's cock in more detail, and I thought it strange for a man to ask about another man's cock. I told him, "His cock is very thick, and looks to be about eight inches long even though it's soft. And his balls are enormous and look to be the size of eggs, and are hanging heavily and swinging freely in his scrotum. His genitals look so big compared to yours that I also think it is hard to believe." I was surprised that Ed was so interested in my description of that cock and balls, and he didn't seem to mind when I unflatteringly compared his cock with Faizi's. He almost seemed timid and submissive after hearing about that big cock.

The next evening after work Faizi and I were drinking the liquor as usual, and he had given me much more than I should have. At one point I was leaning across my desk looking at some marketing proposals, when I felt him come up behind me and lean into me while also looking at the proposals. I

could feel his cock pressing against my ass as he reached around to rub the side of my tits, and the lust of the moment took over. I reached my hand back and held his cock through the thobe, and the heat, thickness and weight of it was amazing. I started rubbing his cock in that position as he moved his hand under my short skirt and started rubbing my ass.

I then turned around with my hand still on his cock, and he leaned in to kiss me. He also moved his hand to my thong-covered pussy and started rubbing me. We stopped kissing for a moment and I asked, "Faizi, I love you touching me, but isn't it a terrible sin for a man in your culture to have sex with a woman who isn't his wife? Also, aren't you concerned about how Ed will react to this? "

Faizi smiled at me and continued rubbing my pussy as I stroked his cock and said, "It may be against our teachings, but it's not nearly so bad if we have sex with someone not of our faith. We can save the chastity and honor of our women, and still enjoy our lust between the thighs of submissive, married Western women. You are so beautiful and your skin is so fair, and I must breed you with my plentiful seed. I know from your questionnaire that Ed sucks his own semen from your pussy. In my experience, a man who would do such a disgusting thing will also suck the seed of a stronger man from his wife, and will joyfully and submissively watch another man with a larger cock fuck her. We call a man who would allow his wife such indecency a dayyuth, or cuckold in English, and he will also likely suck the cock of his wife's lover."

His matter of fact talk of the indecency, infidelity and submissiveness of some Western women and men was making me lust even more for him. I could feel his strength and virility and wanted to please him in any way I could. In my drunken and lustful state I liked the idea of him breeding me, even though I was unprotected.

I sat down in the chair by my desk, bent down to grab the hem of his thobe, and slowly raised it up to his waist. Faizi then helped by pulling it off over his head. Now I was just inches from his thick, dark brown, circumcised cock which had a huge head and thick veins. I could see that it was just beginning to harden and it was still about eight inches long. I looked at his moderately hairy body and that massive cock and could hardly believe that I was sitting in front of such a man, and he also had a virile and manly scent. I instinctively reached out to hold his cock and balls and was overwhelmed with a desire to suck him. But just as I started to take him into my mouth, he pulled away and said, "My sweet Jasmine, I can get my cock sucked by anyone in my employ, and I want to save you for fucking. Oral sex is allowed in the privacy of a home between a man and a woman. But I want to save your sweet mouth for my mouth without becoming soiled by my cock. And I don't like to suck a pussy where a woman pisses, menstruates, and takes the semen from my loins."

We then went to his bedroom and I quickly removed all of my clothes. Faizi smiled when he saw me totally naked, and he took my hand and pulled me to his bed. He lay beside me and we kissed while

he rubbed my big tits and I stroked his cock until I felt it harden to its full 10 inches, and it was as thick as my wrist. He then placed a pillow under my ass and rolled on top of me and said, "I will go slowly so you can get adjusted to a large cock for the first time. I will touch places in you that Ed will never reach."

My pussy was wet with anticipation as he began sucking my tits and slowly pushed his cock into me. The head popped through my vulva and he held it there for a few moments, before slowly pushing several more inches into me. I finally felt him press gently against my cervix, and with his continued pressure I felt my passage give way and my vagina adapted to his size. He was now buried to the hilt in me and I could feel his big head and thick veins in my vagina. I could also feel his big balls pressed against my ass. I was so full of his cock and it felt wonderful when he began to stroke into and out of me. I wrapped my legs around his ass to pull him fully into me and was having one orgasm after the other. Then he said, "Your sweet, white pussy is so tight on my cock, and I won't last very long this first time. So get ready as I pump my sperm into the mouth of your womb."

I could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing in me as he flooded my cervix with spray after spray of his semen. He continued sucking my tits and moving that big cock in me as he softened and then started to harden again. I could hardly believe that he could keep going with no rest after his first big ejaculation. Ed normally pulled out immediately after fucking me to suck my pussy clean, and he could rarely fuck me again that same night.

Faizi continued fucking me for another 20 minutes until he had another orgasm, and I was exhausted from the continual orgasms that he was giving me. He kept me in that position for another 15 minutes and held his cock in place. I knew that his sperm had been in me for at least 40 minutes, and it seemed that he was trying to make sure that he impregnated me. It was wonderful enough feeling his huge cock in me, but just the idea that an olive skinned Arab had shoved his dark cock into me and was trying to impregnate me was exciting. He finally pulled his softening cock from me and I said, "That was wonderful Faizi, and I never knew that sex could be so good. But I'd better clean up and get home to Ed since it is getting so late."

Faizi then said, "I don't want you to clean up. Just go home to Ed with your pussy full of my cum and with it running down your thighs. Trust me when I tell you that when he sees your condition and smells my semen, he will not hesitate to dive between your legs and suck my sperm from your pussy. Then you will know that he is truly your submissive dayyuth. Then after he has eaten my seed, tell him come here tomorrow evening. I'll get him to suck my cock while you watch from the closet. For tonight, just tell him that Faizi has sent a gift for him."

I didn't believe that Ed would really be that submissive to me or another man, and I certainly didn't think he would ever suck a cock. I went home and found Ed already in bed reading, and I changed

into my night shirt and climbed into bed without cleaning up. Then I said, "Sorry I'm so late honey, but Faizi has been busy preparing a gift for you. So scoot down a little and close your eyes while I get ready to present you his gift."

He then laid back and I straddled his face with my knees and said, "Okay honey, open your eyes and mouth and enjoy Faizi's gift."

The strong aroma of my pussy juice and Faizi's semen must have been overpowering. Ed looked up and was shocked at first, but then covered my sloppy wet pussy with his mouth. I could feel him sucking hard as all of that cum flowed from the depths of my womb into his mouth. He swallowed repeatedly and was even making little mewling sounds as he swallowed all of our fuck juice. He even pushed me up a little and licked and sucked the drying streams of cum from my thighs. I reached back to feel his cock while he was sucking me, and it was as hard as I've ever felt it. When I knew that I had been drained I moved off of his face and lay down beside him. Then I said, "So, what do you think of his gift of semen for you?"

Ed looked at me with tearing eyes and said, "When I knew that we were going to Bahrain, and after Faizi had us fill out that questionnaire, I got a little suspicious of him. So I secretly did a little research and read some stories about sexual activities in the Arab world. I learned that it wasn't unusual for wealthy Middle East men to entice Western couples to come to their country so they could fuck the wives. I even saw some pictures of some large, brown Arab cocks that were strangely attractive to me. For some reason, the idea of you fucking a dominant Arab man with a big, dark cock was turning me on, and I was hoping that Faizi would try to seduce you. I hope you understand that it is embarrassing for me to tell you this now, and I would be even more ashamed if it didn't turn me on so much knowing that he fucked you unprotected. Please don't think any less of me."

I was shocked by his admission, and frankly a little angry that my husband would be so submissive and willingly surrender me to another man's cock. Faizi was certainly right about the type of man Ed was. The more I thought about it the more I was determined to give Ed what he wanted and more, becoming Faizi's whore, and probably the mother to his child, given how much cum he pumped into my womb that night. Then I said, "Faizi was right about you. He said that any man who would suck his own cum from his wife's pussy would probably also suck another man's cum from her. And even more, that he would enjoy watching that man fuck her and even suck his cock. Faizi wants you to come to his office tomorrow evening so he can talk with you about all of this."

At work the next day Faizi was pleased with the conversation I had with Ed the previous night, and we spent the whole day in bed with him fingering my pussy and sucking my tits while I stroked his big cock and played with his balls. He wanted to wait until Ed arrived to fuck me. He was originally going to have me hide during the first part of the meeting, but since Ed and I had such a revealing

conversation, he decided to have me present for the discussion.

When Ed arrived Faizi and I had been drinking heavily and were sitting on the bed naked. He waved Ed into the room and said, "So Ed, Jasmine tells me that you liked me fucking her and you even like eating my semen. Is that correct?"

Ed hung his head and looked ashamed but he answered, "Yes sir, for some reason I can't explain I did like that."

Then Faizi said, "Don't feel too bad about it. It is not that uncommon for some white men to feel subservient to wealthy and virile Arab men. From now on you are a dayyuth, or cuckold, husband to Jasmine. If you like dominant men fucking her then you will not fuck her again for as long as you two live here. She will many times sleep with me, but even when she is in your bed you will only touch her by sucking my cum from her pussy or when she is menstruating. I want you to keep her pussy clean for me at all times. And to show Jasmine and me that you understand your place, you will come over here now and suck my cock and balls. I want her to see just the kind of man she has married."

I was amazed when Ed didn't argue but just got up and kneeled in front of Faizi, who lifted his huge balls to Ed's lips. Ed immediately began sucking his sack and took one ball into his mouth and sucked it. Then Faizi leaned back farther and Ed pressed his mouth to his hairy perineum, which had to be pretty ripe after us spending all day in bed playing with our genitals. Then Faizi pressed his cock into Ed's mouth, and he began sucking like a baby on a tit. It was hard to believe that Ed had never sucked a cock before now. He continued sucking until that cock was its full 10 inches and as thick as my wrist, and then Faizi said, "I'm not going to waste my seed in your mouth tonight. But instead, I want you to watch while I fuck your wife and fill her womb with virile seed. This will probably make her pregnant with my Arab baby if she isn't already with child from last night."

We had Ed sit at the end of the bed so he could see me being fucked close up. I then lay back on the bed with a pillow under my ass again, and Faizi got on top of me. He moved the head of his cock along my wet vulva lips for a few moments so Ed could see the contrast in our skin colors and the massive size of that cock. Then Faizi pushed into me and I started moaning at the fullness of his thick meat in my pussy. We fucked for about 10 minutes, and I looked down and could see Ed staring at our coupling with a look of hunger on his face. Ed could hear me moaning and crying out with almost continuous orgasms, and then Faizi held himself fully in me and shot another huge load of sperm right into the mouth of my cervix. Faizi held himself in me for another 10 minutes, and started withdrawing his cock while saying, "You have just witnessed your wife being fucked by a real man's cock, and you will now clean us both with your mouth. First suck my cock clean of our juices, and then clean Jasmine's pussy as you did last night."

I watched as Ed hungrily sucked that softening cock, and then he lay between my thighs to suck me clean. The idea that he was sucking another man's cum from me and his forceful sucking gave me another huge orgasm. Ed just couldn't seem to get enough, and he continued sucking me until Faizi told him to quit and move back.

Then Faizi said, "I can now see for myself that you are a willing dayyuth to Jasmine, and I know that she enjoys being fucked by the cocks of dominant Arab men. You and she will experience many loads of sweet Arab seed. After we know for sure that Jasmine is pregnant with my child, then you two will instruct my teenage sons in the joys of dominating a white dayyuth couple. They will learn the pleasure of pumping their young seed into such a beautiful white pussy, and will at the same time be saving their honor for the women they will marry. It will also give me higher status to have you entertain two of my business partners, and they will use Jasmine's pussy and Ed's mouth for their pleasure."

I had previously thought Faizi had at least some affection for me, but now it was clear that he just wanted to use my pussy as a vessel for his Arab cum and pleasure. And he was also willing to share my pussy and Ed's mouth with his sons and business partners. I was actually getting turned on thinking about being a whore to those Arab men, but it still wasn't clear how we would make arrangements for the others to fuck me. So I asked, "How and where will Ed and I satisfy your sons and partners, and what constraints do you require?"

Then Faizi replied, "You will continue to fuck me during the day here in my office bed, and my sons will come to you in your apartment in the evening. My partners will also fuck you here in the office. You will do anything they tell you to do, even suck their cocks if they desire. But Ed must always clean your pussy of their cum when he is present, and you must douche yourself completely clean before I fuck you again, with a special solution I will give you. And if you suck their cocks, then you must take extra care to brush your teeth and use a mouthwash of my choice to make you clean again for kissing me."

I continued fucking Faizi every day, and it only took another two weeks for me to confirm that I was pregnant with his child. His sons were so anxious for their first fucking that they came to our apartment on the evening of the day I made the announcement. Mohd and Sinan came into our room and took charge immediately, which seemed very mature for 16 and 17 year old boys. They took off their thobes and were naked underneath, and I removed my skirt and blouse. Then they had me lay back on the bed with one of them on each side of me. They both started sucking my breasts as Mohd reached down to finger my pussy, and I could feel their huge, hard cocks humping my thighs and wetting me with their precum.

It was apparent that I was their first piece of pussy, and Sinan moved on top of me as Mohd got on

his knees next to my head. Their cocks were almost as big as Faizi's, and I soon felt Sinan pushing his swollen cock into my wet pussy, as Mohd pushed the head of his cock to my lips. I loved the feeling of that big, brown cock in me while at the same time sucking the equally big cock in my mouth. Since this was their first time with a woman, both boys ejaculated within only about three minutes, and I soon felt my pussy and mouth flooded with their huge loads of semen. Then Sinan looked over at Ed and said, "Come over here and clean my cock dayyuth, and then you can clean my seed from your wife's cunt to get it clean for Mohd."

Ed obeyed without saying a word, and I was amazed at how easily he sucked that big, wet cock into his mouth. Next Ed sucked my pussy clean, and Mohd entered me while Sinan straddled my face and fed me his cock. Both boys ejaculated three times that night, and Ed was kept busy cleaning my pussy and their cocks with his mouth. I was always careful to douche and wash out my mouth after all of our sessions, so I would be fresh for Faizi the next day.

The boys came to our apartment every night for the first month, and then they tapered off to about four nights a week. They were becoming experienced lovers, and they were not bashful about telling Ed and me what they wanted from us. In addition to fucking me, they also enjoyed having Ed suck them off from time to time, and they seemed to enjoy the power they had over us.

Faizi's partners soon started visiting me in the office bedroom during the day, and I fucked them and sucked their cocks about twice a week each. One of the partners named Hasan was a large, hairy man with a big belly, but I didn't even notice those short comings after seeing his huge 12 inch cock. He stretched me like none of those other men did, and for a man in his 50s, he shot a huge load of cum. Faizi, his sons, and his partners all produced big loads of semen, and I was starting to wonder if that was an Arab trait, or whether it was just a happy coincidence. I just loved feeling those big cocks fucking me and the big loads of cum shooting into me, and Ed was becoming addicted to the taste and texture of all of their cum.

During my last month of pregnancy all of those big-cocked men had to fuck me much more gently, but I still got to feel their seed sprayed into me and Ed still had plenty of their cum to eat. But right at the end none of them were fucking me anymore and Ed was sucking all of them off on the same schedule that I had previously been fucking them. Then the big moment arrived and I had Faizi's baby boy. He had a lighter complexion than Faizi and light brown hair, and the prettiest hazel eyes. Within two weeks after his birth I was fucking Faizi again, but he made the others wait until I was pregnant again with another of his children. He also had something else to enjoy.

My breasts had grown to a full, DD-cup when I started lactating, and Faizi really enjoyed sucking the milk from my tits. But within two months I was pregnant again, and all of the other men were free to fuck me and suck milk from my tits. Sometimes I was so drained by them that I had to give my son

formula.

This whole situation had evolved to the point that I was not doing much marketing work for Faizi anymore, and was pretty much just a whore for him, his sons and partners. Ed was also kept pretty busy cleaning my pussy and their cocks. We were treated well and had a good life so long as we served those men sexually. By the end of our two year contract, Ed and I were so addicted to that lifestyle of serving as receptacles for all of that Arab cum, that we stayed in Bahrain with Faizi and raised his sons.