

A Persian wife is not what you should dream for

By affairmaster



Published on Lush Stories on 04 Aug 2012

I had a stupid cuckold fantasy which I never even wanted to come true! Never!!

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/a-persian-wife-is-not-what-you-should.aspx>

I'm not a story teller, so, please forgive me if I will just share the pig picture and not so many details with you. I'm a mixed Vietnamese/Persian male. My dad is Iranian, working for the embassy and my mom is a shy Vietnamese housewife. I'm very energetic and emotionally sensitive and my Persian wife loves (or loved) me, but I've always felt bad about my penis size. (it's definitely more than 12 cm but maybe not 13.) Most websites and books say anything above 10 is OK, but I still felt bad; Anyways, that's how I gradually developed sexual fantasies to give orgasm to my wife, and among them, I felt like cuckold fantasies - the biggest taboo in my wife's mind - work faster and more erotic. This is the first 2 years of our marriage, before we immigrate to Canada. My wife and I immigrated to Canada and we went to Toronto because of her sisters, who both live with their husbands. Religious family but open minded. No scarf, no meat restrictions and social drinkers. When we moved, I found a job in an engineering company, but later I decided to deliver pizza in a very well populated area (West of Toronto) in a Caucasian neighborhood. During my pizza deliveries, I started envying all those fancy homes, with single moms or dads, having everything I could dream for, but nobody to share their moments with. One day, while having a cuckold fantasy during sex with my wife, I showed a video that I took (without the knowledge of the owner) from one of the client's front yard and gate to my wife, before I develop the story and in this video, the face of the guy and his figure, appear for 2-3 seconds, before I shut it off. The yard was really fancy and the guy has a stretch T-Shirt and he looked handsome(ish). Somewhat like Daniel Craig. For the first time, my wife was angry with me for cumming too fast. Usually, she wants me to finish fast but this time... So, for a few days, I continued the fantasy, thinking that it will remain a fantasy. The best thing was that my wife suggested (first 2-3 days) that we should spend more time together, then (next two-three weeks) suggested that she can drive with me, so she doesn't get bored, and I was stupid enough to think that she is really missing me. After almost a month, we had an order from the above told client. When I went to deliver, I didn't realize that my wife came out of the car to see the guy. (She recognized the backyard and BOY-O-BOY, She had medium heel sandals, and short jeans on, with a sleeveless white T-Shirt: Her excuse for hot summer days.) When the guy paid me, I was still unaware of my wife's plan, until the guy

waved at my wife (like a respectful "Hi") I turned back and she was at the gate. The owner said: "Is she with you?" and I said: "Oh yes. She is my wife. She misses me so much, I bring her out with me." So, the guy, quickly put the pizza and the bottle of pop inside and came to pay me, but he pretended that he cannot find his credit card, so he turned to my wife and said: "I'm terribly sorry, I think I misplaced my wallet. Would you mind waiting for a minute?" Of course my wife said: "That's ok. We have no more deliveries." SHE DODGED THE BULLET. Now the client only talks to my wife: "Oh, in that case, please do come in. I need a favor to ask. Maybe a job for you GUYS!!" The favor was for "US" (meaning my wife) to teach him Persian. My wife agreed. For celebration, he suggested that we stay a bit longer. He took us for a tour around the house, pool table, little hockey table and the outdoor pound, while continually refilling out wines. After about an hour, he went to answer a call and while he was away, my wife said: "Look, please trust me. I loved our recent fantasies and just chatting with him will make my horny for you." I refused to understand. She continued: "I won't touch him I promise. If he touched me we'll leave and I will give you a blowjob tonight." She hates giving me head, so, I accepted. Around 10:00 pm, it was dark and we were drunk. Suddenly he put his hand on my wife's knee and squeezed her a bit: "Let me ask for a cab. You should not leave drunk". I looked angrily at my wife and then with a smile to the owner, I said: "Oh no we're fine, we'll leave" WAIT FOR IT: Suddenly my wife replied: "If you are caught, you won't be able to provide for your family, so be a man and accept a reasonable suggestion." and she looked at his hand on her knee and back to me. I GOT SCARED AND A BIT CONFUSED. He left to bring us a cab number. My wife said: "He is rich. I'm going to teach him Farsi and it's ok if he flirts with me. It's not like I'm a prostitute." I said: "I'm not saying that but if something happens and he complains to the pizza place, I cannot really explain to them what happened." She said: "If you be a man and trust me, I will let you do whatever you want with me, even anal, but just keep quiet for the next 15 minutes." Before I complain, the owner came back with a number. While giving the number to my wife, he said: "you may also sleep here tonight and we have an extra room. leave tomorrow. we're friends now. right? Unless it bothers you guys and specially your wonderful husband." WAIT FOR IT AGAIN: My wife chuckled and said: "He is obsessed with cuckold fantasies, don't worry about him." I stood up and stared in her eyes. She was not afraid. She had a bit of lust and anger in her eyes. Why anger? I don't know. So, we were really losing it until the guy said: "we can start it and at any point, I will stop if you guys are not ok." and continued: "As a thank you gift, I will pay you \$1 per second for the first 30 minutes" I was calculating in my mind ($[60 \text{ seconds}] \times [30] \times [\$1] = \$1800$) ... before I finish, my wife kneeled before him and started kissing his penis. WTF!! She suddenly said: "I'll give you a loyalty discount: \$1500 per night." He slowly and lustfully replied: "If your husband doesn't interfere, bring him once a week, and I'll give you \$1000 for every night. I will also guarantee a minimum of 3 sessions a month." FUCK: almost double my wage in cash. I sat back and watched him pushing my wife's head towards his penis. The he screamed: "You fucking whore! You spill one drop and I'll pay you nothing." and I saw my horny wife drinking cum like mother's milk for the first time in my life. Then she stood up and said: "should we do it again or should I go to your bed" Then he said: "Ask your husband to prepare your ass for me, until I take a viagra" and he gave me some Vaseline and left the room for about 10 minutes.

There was no way back for me and I did exactly as he asked for, while my wife stared at me through the mirror and continually said: "You want sex, you need to bring me here once a week or give me a divorce." ... I had no choice to say: "I will. Thank you love!" When he came back he cummed in her ass and then they went to the bathroom, locked the door and I heard violent spankings, (later I realized it was both her breasts and her ass) and some choking, followed by "deeper you whore! deeper." When she came out, they slept in one room and I on the other room. This continued happening for almost 6 months, until we moved to Barrie. Then when things went back to normal, I asked my wife: "Did the bathroom sessions hurt?" She replied: "That's a kind of hurt that she loved, but not any more". (probably she meant: Not with you) She asked me later if it's ok that we do this again once a year, either on her BD or our anniversary, and I did not accept. I hope it doesn't happen again.