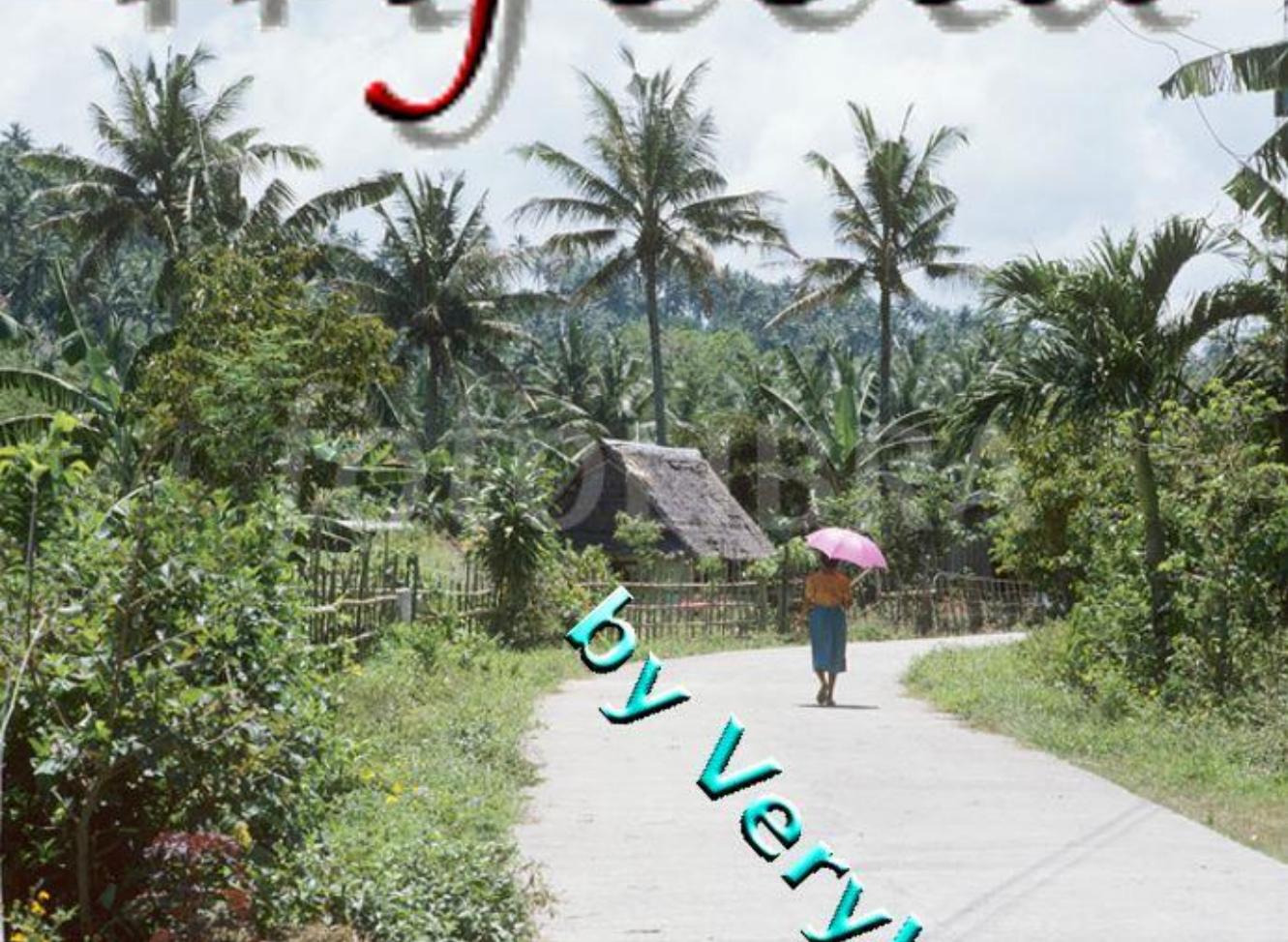


Trifecta

... A Jake with Joy Story



by VeryWellAged

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A Novelette.

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Warning to reader: This story references a "Jake" story. To understand this story, fully, it is best to have already read either the [ePub](#), [azw3](#), [mobi](#) or the [PDF](#) version of *Jake's Journal: The Philippines Joyfully*.

§ § §

Sam! Take a look at these gals!

That is how it all started. If it wasn't exactly good clean fun, it wasn't the escalator to hell either. No, not an escalator. It required some personal initiative to go to hell, from that photo. And while you will, and I would, have described where I ended up as going to hell in the proverbial hand basket, I haven't regretted it for a minute. I can't say I would recommend it to others, but then I was never much for proselytizing. I leave that to the 'holier than thou' crowd.

The pic on George's screen that he was so hepped-up about was of a friend of ours in the middle of four pretty females. All properly dressed and nothing untoward showing. The note above the photo said that it was a family. A mother and her daughters in a place called Marbel, in the Philippines.

When I call him a friend, I should modify that. The guy's been a vendor to our company for so long that he's been here longer than all the current employees. He keeps the contracts for a real simple reason, he's good at what he does. He always gets the work done and he will even tell us how to not use him and save some money when it makes sense. He never goes over our heads and so we end up looking good to the bosses. We generally end up telling the bosses the ideas come from him and, in the end, we all win. So over the years we have all become friends.

Still the guy's a bit odd. He's always been a remote vendor. In the past that meant a different part of the US. Now the guy is living in the Philippines. Go figure. He claims to be having the time of his life. Since the work keeps on getting done just fine, we've got no problem with it.

This photo wasn't the first we have seen, but it was the first where he said in it: *Do you or Sam want to meet these girls? They sure could use a good guy to take care of them.*

George is in what he calls a 'committed relationship.' I could make a sweet pun out of that considering the fights he and his girlfriend get into, but I guess I'll pass. Still he doesn't play around and so the invitation to go to the devil we got was one he would take a pass on.

I was separated and at the end of a very ugly divorce. My soon (at least I prayed soon) to be ex, didn't want much more than twice what I had. Her attorney, and she, decided what I should be making, what I should have had in the bank, and then asked for that. Forget about the fact that those assumptions had nothing to do with what I really make and have in the bank. Her attorney told the judge that I had chosen a poorer paying position so that when we divorced there would be less on my side to offer and that the judge should not let me get away with defrauding her client and the court in such a flagrant fashion! Good grief! Worst of all the Judge looked like she was willing to go along with that argument.

Feeling sorry for myself, I wrote a short note to Jake telling him that George and I had enjoyed the photo, but George was not interested and unless I survived my divorce, I had no money for anything and that included a trip to the Philippines.

The note I got back the next day simply said to keep it in mind if anything changed. With work piled up to the ceiling and everything else going on, I put it out of my mind.

Two weeks later I got home from work to find the divorce decree in my mail. It included the Judge's ruling on the financial matters. The Judge said that while she was sympathetic to my ex's claim that I should be worth more, that the court could not award my ex money that I was not making. The final settlement was exactly what my attorney had told the Judge was accurately based on the court's own formulas. While it was still a hefty amount, the court also had to note that my ex was also employed, and had always been employed throughout the marriage. After the sale of the marital home, whereby she got all of it, we were done with each other. I breathed free air for the first time in years ... and I thought about that note from Jake.

Exactly why it came to mind, I do not know. I had not been thinking about it, but the image of the photo came to mind along with Jake's grin. I tapped out an email on my Android. Not that I wanted to meet the girls but only

that a few days in the Philippines sure sounded nice. It was 6:30PM where I was and that meant that it was 7:30AM for Jake.

My cell beeped just after 7PM with an email. Jake had responded.

Sam,

It sounds like you need a vacation. I checked the airlines and found that you can get a round trip on China Air out of New York for \$749 to Manila. Why don't you ask Bill if you can take your accumulated vacation time now. You don't need a visa for a twenty-one day stay. Since it's the middle of February, that should work out fine with him. I will meet you in Manila, and bring you to Mindanao the next day. There is a nice cottage I know of you can have for the entire time. Just come, relax and decompress. With the exception of some food, you won't have to spend a cent if you don't want to, while here. For a three-week trip, \$800 is a bargain! All you need are two pair of shorts, five short sleeve shirts, sandals and your dopp kit.

Jake

I emailed back for the URL to the airfares and holy shit, it was just as cheap as Jake had said. The \$749 included tax!

I chewed it over for a couple of hours.

It was late now, but my boss, Bill, is a night owl. I emailed him and told him that the divorce had gone through; and with that, I said that I needed some time off just to deal with it all. Bill – who has been married since he was eighteen, when he married his high school sweetheart – was more understanding than you might think. I have worked for Bill for the last ten years. This is a guy who watches your back for you. He emailed back asking me for the dates. I ran the airline website right through to the confirm button to make sure I had seats for the exact days and then shot him the start and return dates. Three minutes later his email told me to get it done. I confirmed the seats and by 9:45pm I emailed Jake to tell him I would be there in ten days.

When I boarded China Air flight CA982 at 3:20PM from JFK on February 24th, the clothes on my back were heavier than everything in my carry-on.

Jake told me he would lend me a laptop while I was there so I was traveling lighter than when I go to work.

It was 22F outside with a stiff wet breeze in NYC as we were preparing to take off in that 747-400. My ticket said I was going to return on flight CA981, a 747-800. I am sitting waiting to take off and what am I thinking about? What is the difference between the 400 and the 800! I tap out the query on my Android and the answer has something to do with the absence of winglets. Go figure. OK, I guess I'm just really in need of a vacation!

Jake has warned me I won't be able to meet him until I exit the airport terminal. When I get to Manila NAIA Terminal #2, his caution is helpful as I would have wondered just how the hell I was going to find him. Clearing immigration is no problem, and Customs is a breeze as well. As you clear Customs you are literally out on the side walk.

I don't see Jake.

I do see a pretty woman approach me; I sort'a seem to think I have seen her before.

Are you Sam?

Y-yes.

I am Lynnette. Jake sent me to take care of you. Would you like to get a hotel room and rest for a while, or would you like to get to Mindanao early this morning? We can do either. Either way we have time to get a meal if you are hungry.

Before I go on, I should point out that it is now 1:30AM Manila time. That makes it midday for my circadian clock. I am a good traveler but at fifty-one years of age I am not as good as I once was. I stand six foot one inches and am fit and healthy, but all those hours in seats designed for smaller frames has worn me out a bit. Plus it is pitch dark outside. So I look at this woman who is at least a foot shorter than I am and must weigh less than half my weight, and I just put myself in her hands.

Yes a hotel bed would be nice, but no meal is needed. They fed us very well in the air.

Lynnette grabs the handle of my bag and walks me to a place where within five minutes a hotel shuttle from the Marriott arrives¹. When the door opens, the driver welcomes us saying that they have received our text. What text? Lynnette must have texted them as we were walking. Why didn't I see that?

When we get to the hotel, I accompany Lynnette as she approaches the counter. There is a brief discussion in what I presume is Tagalog and then the man behind the counter greets me and asks for my passport. A minute later he returns the passport, hands me an envelope with key cards and wishes us a pleasant stay.

I am about to say something when Lynnette pulls me away and takes the envelope from my hand, removing a room key card. When the elevator arrives we get in, she inserts the room key card in a slot and taps the 7th floor button.

Who paid for this Lynnette?

Jake.

The eighth floor is a lounge reserved for those with concierge privileges and offers a buffet style quasi-restaurant and other concierge services².

Our room qualifies for access to those services. That is one hell of a nice present from Jake; but even though there are two keys in the envelope, it is one room that we are going to share.

If Lynnette stands five feet tall I would be surprised. My bet is four foot eleven. In fact I discover later that she is four foot ten. Her hair is straight and black, and her eyes are black. She's wearing a dress without sleeves and the length is between mid-thigh and the knees. Her feet are in sandals that are nothing but upscale flip-flops. Other than nail polish, and a

¹ The Marriott now uses a shared shuttle that runs every 30 minutes and sits in front of the Terminal for 20 minutes before departing for two hotels. This story takes a small license with the facts here.

² Individuals who are booked on the concierge floor at this hotel, are normally, as a part of the check in process, actually processed on the eighth floor (concierge floor) in the same room where the complementary food and drinks are served, but at 2am the concierge room on that floor is closed.

handbag, she has nothing else with her. She is little in all ways, small breasts, small hips, tiny waist, and tiny feet. Her skin is smooth and the color just dark enough to say it isn't a tan. Her eyes are bright and her smile is infectious.

I am not going to ask her how old she is but my guess is she in her late twenties.

When we enter the room, a number of things are apparent. First is that this is a very fancy place. The room is well appointed and the bathroom is a marble temple. The second thing is that there is only one bed in the bedroom and a couch in a sitting room with a double pocket door able to close between them³. There is no way I will fit on that couch. I ask Lynette to call the front desk, to send up a cot. I think Lynette indicates agreement.

Lynnette rolls my bag into the bedroom and asks me if I would like a back massage after I shower. My brain is now on overload setting. I can't process. I just stand there without an answer. Lynnette just smiles and says: *Go take a shower. I will take one after you.*

The shower feels great. As I step out of the shower I realize that all I have to wear, that I am willing to put on, is a towel. I wrap it around my waist and exit. As I leave the bathroom Lynnette scoots right in, not giving me a second look. I lay down on the bed, still wrapped in the towel and just dose off. I awaken to Lynnette attempting to roll me over on to my belly. Still half unconscious, I roll over.

With that Lynnette starts giving me a back massage, from my feet all the way up to my head. It is delightful and I am just drifting and enjoying it without sense of time or urgency. And then ... and then it is morning. Daylight. I am under the covers – sans towel – and snuggled up to me is ... Lynnette.

³ There are no double pocket doors in the Manila Airport Marriott nor is the very nice bathroom a marble palace. Those items actually reference the Crowne Plaza Manila Galleria Hotel (at Ortigas Blvd., Quezon City, Manila,) concierge class rooms. I used that because while the Marriott rooms are very nice, the room is harder to explain and has a truly weird feature whereby if you don't lower the electrically controlled blind in the shower you can see right through the glass wall of the bathroom from the bed to the toilet. It's all really nice but like I said it is weird.

I must have moved a little because she rouses, stretches her arms and as they come down, they come down around me.

Good morning Sam. How do you feel? Are you rested?

I feel fine! How did... No cot?

And before I can say much more, Lynnette is sliding down and taking my member in her mouth.

... oh God...

What she does with my dick is the stuff of wet dreams. She is holding my balls stationary but real tight with both hands. Her thumbs are stroking on the underside of my dick right above the ball sack. Her mouth is sucking my dick for all it is worth. When the morning wood lets loose with cum, Lynnette doesn't break stride one iota. She keeps on sucking and swallowing until I am dry and limp as a tissue on a rainy day.

Then she simply slides back up, and after a kiss on my cheek, asks me if I am ready for breakfast. I am having problems focusing my eyes and she is putting on her bra and sliding into her dress and shoes.

When I do get up, I make a quick trip to the bathroom. Back in the bedroom I find fresh clothing from my suitcase laid out for me. No one has done that for me since I was six years old. But it is nice. I put on the fresh briefs, shirt, shorts and sandals. One flight up, we have a complimentary breakfast of a mango shake, fruit and sweet rolls.

After breakfast, Lynnette wants to go back to the bedroom immediately. Once there she puts her arms around me and starts kissing me like there will be no tomorrow. I remembered yesterday (actually much earlier today?) when she told me that she was there to take care of me. Just what does that mean?

She has already given me head. Now she is grinding her hips into me with what is an unmistakable demand for some stud service. This is a very pretty girl. I am not married and she has already given me head. I lift her up and carry her to the bed. She is unbuckling my belt, unbuttoning and unzipping my shorts while I am pulling her dress off. And then we are together

fucking, me inside of her, slamming down on her pussy for all it's worth. Her tight little pussy is a surprise to me. It is hairless! I have never seen a hairless adult pussy before. The pussy feels tight and wet. I can feel the walls but am sliding in and out without much resistance. One thing I know is that I am bottoming out inside her. I can feel it with each plunge. She is raking my back with her nails and moaning my name as I let loose inside her without benefit of condom.

Now spent, I am struggling to even know what to say when little Lynnette rolls me over, and from her kneeling position over me, bends down and plants the biggest most intense kiss you can imagine on my lips; and after that, a bare assed hug that lasts for minutes. Then she whispers in my ear with a giggle, *We need to go to the airport.*

Thirty minutes later we are dressed, downstairs, then in the shuttle on the way, to Terminal #3, and Cebu Pacific Airlines. Lynnette is wearing what she met me in, but she looks pressed and neat. How does she do that?

The flight to Mindanao is about 90 minutes. We wait to get on the plane for longer than the flight takes. When we land, I look out at the airport, what there is of it and I am convinced that I have now reached the end of the earth. A great stretch of concrete runaway and a little building at one end. When we boarded there was no elevated walkway to the doorway of the plane. We climbed stairs. Here the stairs they roll up look a little bit more rickety. The sun is blazing and there is no shade in sight other than that afforded by the building.

Southern Mindanao according to Wikipedia is seven degrees north of the equator. That is as close to the equator as I am ever likely to get. While I have experienced hotter in Phoenix in summer, it is like this year round here.

Lynnette and I have landed at General Santos City Airport. There is no immigration or customs to clear. My bag, as small as it is, had to be checked. They just don't want you carrying much on these flights. The weight limits for bags is so low that I would not have been able to carry my computer with me without checking it⁴! That may have been what Jake was thinking when he told me to leave mine at home. In the terminal, there

⁴ Weight limits have been eased on Cebu Pacific since this was written but that was the way it was back then.

is a moving belt for the luggage as they take it off the carts. We are standing in an open air but roofed over area. It is warm. My bag is close to the last.

Once we were out the other side of the terminal, there is a driver and a car, a Toyota Fortuner, waiting for us⁵. The driver, Willie, takes my bag from Lynnette and opens the back door for me. Lynnette climbs in the other side and slides over to the middle, where we hold hands as we drive out of the airport and down the highway towards the city.

At least I am assured the city is in this direction because some five kilometers later we turn off the highway. We travel down a dirt road through a cluster of buildings beyond what looks like an open air market; and on until we turn off that road, and onto a driveway of sorts, at the end of which we come to what I can only describe as a compound. One honk of the horn and a girl of early teen years slides, a heavy gate on rails, over, allowing us entry.

Lynnette speaks, I assume Tagalog, to the driver who answers back, in the same tongue, whereupon Lynnette gently pushes me to get out and the driver goes back to release the rear access door and free my bag, which holds my city clothes and winter jacket, along with the rest of what I brought to wear while here.

As we enter the compound I see three pair of eyes on me. And then it clicks.

I remembered where I have seen Lynnette before. She was in the photo Jake sent. And the other pairs of eyes were from that same photo. This is the family Jake had taken a pic with. But if Lynnette is the mom, there is no way she can be in her late twenties. The oldest daughter looked in the photo to be about eighteen which it turns out is almost exactly what she is.

The thirteen year old (or so I assume) grabs my bag and disappears with it. I am taken to the shaded porch of the house, where Lynnette offers a very comfortable chair, and I am given some iced, very sweet, tea. Lynnette is a little rattled. I have no idea why. Nothing has rattled her up to now.

Sam, I want you to meet my daughters. This is my oldest, Nomi. She is 17. Her birthday is next month! My next is Natale and she is sixteen. My

⁵ Toyota Fortuners are only sold in Asia. They are mid-size SUVs and are both well-appointed and expensive.

youngest – ah here she comes – is Tessi. She just turned 14. We are here to take care of you while you are here. Jake says you need to just rest and our job is to make sure nothing disturbs you. OK?

I am a little – what do I call it – shocked? Yeh, I guess shocked is what it is. I don't know what to think or say. I only know this is simply not necessary. Still ... I am not in a hotel. I am not in town. I have not exchanged a lot of dollars, assuming I would do that at a local bank. Maybe I should call Jake. This is over the top.

As I am lost in thought – it is clear to these women, that I am not thrilled and panic sets in. Lynnette wants to know what she has done wrong. She wants to know if they do not please me. I try to explain that I don't deserve such treatment. Lynnette will not allow for that type of discussion. I am Jake's friend. Evidently that is enough for them.

I just decide to go with the flow. I do ask when I will see Jake. Lynnette says he will see me before I return home, but not this week. This week he is very busy with his girls. Girls? I thought the guy was too old for daughters! Maybe they are his grand-daughters.

So I relax, on my comfortable chair, with a glass of very sweet iced tea, a radio playing '70s standards from the US, and three presents from Jake: a pamphlet on Filipino culture, customs and traditions; the biography of Cornelius Vanderbilt, a national book award winner some seven hundred pages long; and a mystery called *An Instance of the Fingerpost*. I decide the pamphlet might be the best one to read first.

Inside attached to the cover page is a note, with Jake's signature on the bottom.

Did you pick this one first? I hope you did. Well anyway, as you read through this, understand that the few moneyed and entitled classes, and what functions as a middle class here, are very rigid, very conservative and very moralistic in their judgments and behavior. God willing you will not have anything to do with those folks.

The average Filipino has almost no money, no prospects and no time for sanctimonious bullshit. I have placed you with such a family. They will accommodate your needs, whatever they may be. Enjoy your time here. I

will not intrude on your decompression. I will stop by to see you before you leave.

Enjoy

Jake

I proceed to read the pamphlet. It is useful and informative and I will bet that it was written by someone who was not part of the upper-crust considering the frightening honesty in those pages.

While I am reading, I am served a fruit plate with slices of banana bread. My iced tea never seems to find the bottom. As the sun is setting we all gather at a supper table. I am served what Nomi calls Adobo and rice. I am to learn rice will be served, at almost every meal. The only time I do not see rice is when I have a fruit plate.

After dinner there is a hubbub inside the house. The girls are trying to hook up a karaoke machine to the TV and there seems to be a problem with the connections. Quickly the problem is resolved and all three of them are preparing to sing when they see me. All jump up and pull me over saying: *you sing, you sing.*

I do sing with them for about 30 minutes but about that time I just feel incredibly tired and beg off. Lynnette shows me to my bedroom – which, praise to God and maybe Jake – is air-conditioned. The unit is running in a low mode, but that is enough. I take a shower and crawl into bed alone.

Sometime in the night Lynnette must have joined me as I know I am no longer alone and then I feel my dick surrounded by mouth, hands gripping my balls and an insistent sucking until I blow my load in the dead of night. I drift off again only to be awakened by a pussy mounting my morning wood.

I am going to get addicted to Lynnette's attentions very quickly. If my ex-wife had been so attentive to my needs, I would not be here in Mindanao now. But rather than attentive, she was painful to live with. This life here is like a fairy tale existence. I will be sad to leave Lynnette and her talented body.

Or so I thought, until I open my eyes and focus on... Natalle!

Oh shit! How do I explain to a judge that I didn't intend to commit statutory rape? 'Honest your honor, I swear, I thought it was the girl's mother who had crept into my bed.' And 'No, Your Honor, I didn't look to see who I was going to screw before my dick entered pussy.'

Natalle is going to town on my dick, which seems to not have the scruples my head has. It is rock hard and enjoying every moment of this fuck-fest.

Natalle is a beautiful girl. In all my life I have never been in bed with a girl this young. Certainly none any sexier. I was a late bloomer, losing my virginity in college. The youngest girl I have ever been with was 20 and that was when I was 20. Now that I know Lynnette is in her 30's, I had not been with a woman in her twenties for thirty years. And here I am pounding away with an underage teenager. Her little tits are bouncing up and down and around. Her black hair is flying. Her hairless (what's the deal here) pussy is dripping with juices. Damn she is pretty, and damn again, I am in her bareback. It was bad enough when I was in her mom bareback at the hotel.

Oh shit! I am having a cow and blowing my load all at the same time. I paint the womb of this girl. Damn! What now? And yet I am still hard after blowing the load and Natalle is still stroking away with her pussy on my dick until she cumms as well.

We are just lying there, post coital, and holding each other, when Lynnette walks in with a tray of OJ, fruit and pandesal rolls⁶. Here I am, naked as the day I was born. My limp dick dripping cum on her teenage daughter and Lynnette is not upset. She is smiling. What the fuck is going on?

You like Natalle, Sam? She good for you?

OK, now how am I supposed to answer that, Miss Manners? Huh?

⁶ Pandesal rolls are a little sweet but the thing is that you can only get them early in the morning from a bakery. Try buying one at 9am and you are probably too late. They have no shelf life.

I am looking all around, maybe for a rock to crawl under? And what do I see? Blood on the sheets. I turn to Natalle?

Are you ... were you a virgin?

If I get out of this alive I'm going to kill Jake! What the fuck has he done to me?

OK, so I'm freaking out, which means the two females are freaking out and starting to cry.

There's a saying I once heard expressed. If there are X people, only X-1 will totally lose it. Such will be the case even if that one person would, under other circumstances, fall apart. It seems dumb but it also seems to be true. As the females started to lose it, I pull it together. I gather up Natalle, into my arms, and tell her she is wonderful and how much I love being with her. That calms her down and with her calm, Lynnette calms down.

Natalle wants to know if she is really good for me and I had to tell her the truth, she was wonderful. Lynnette wants to know if I really liked making love with her Natalle and I tell Lynnette I did. What happens next should not have happened. Natalle pulls me down and starts kissing me. Lynnette climbs on to the bed and starts giving my dick, cum and blood covered as it is, head at the same time. I am kneading Natalle's breasts, swallowing tongue and getting eaten.

When I finally donate my cum to Lynnette's hungry mouth I am wrapped up in female. We all snuggle, eat fruit and laugh for half an hour. Following which we, all three of us, troop into the shower. I am looking at two females, twenty years apart, both naked and both beautiful. Is this what Jake meant when he wrote, 'Enjoy?'

When I get out of the shower, clothes, freshly washed and ... ironed? – even my briefs! – are laid out for me on the bed, which had been stripped and made with fresh sheets (of a different pattern). I was with Lynnette and Natalle the whole time, so it must have been Nomi or Tessi who changed the sheets. Whoever it was, saw the blood. Oh man.

The girls are in and out of the house and compound all through the day. I sit and read. Lunch is a noodle dish Nomi calls bihon⁷. It has shrimp and cabbage in it and is quite tasty. The females eat theirs with rice. Isn't that sort of redundant?

I am reading about Vanderbilt. It is interesting. This guy was born when Washington was President. Who knew? Oh well, anyway I am relaxing and actually enjoying life. Not a moment of time is consumed with thoughts of work or my ex. This life here is so different that there are no mental references back to my life in the USA. I am honestly, decompressing. I never knew what that meant before, but my whole body feels like huge weights have been lifted off me.

Though at all times at least one of the girls is here throughout the afternoon, they aren't hovering. The afternoon passes quietly.

Evening dinner is a bigger affair. I ask, from where the money for the food is coming? Nomi gives me an envelope containing a second letter from Jake.

Sam, I have given the girls about ₱2,000, about \$42, which will be enough to feed you for a while. If you want to live like a king, give them an extra \$250 and you will have a banquet every day for the rest of your stay!

Hell I can't go to a restaurant with a friend in NYC for less than that, if I want a nice meal and a good bottle of wine. I give Nomi \$500 thinking that Jake has to be wrong. Nomi looks at me with big eyes. *You know who much peso this will be?*

Actually I am not sure and I say as much.

I will take this to exchange. It will bring about ₱23,500!⁸ Most families here have far less than this for everything for a month. If they have this much they can rent a house and eat good every day! You give me this for food only!

⁷ Bihon "noodles" are made from mung beans or rice and not wheat flour, but it is still starch on starch when served with rice.

⁸ The exchange rate varies over time. At the time, from \$500 to produce over ₱23,500 (Philippines pesos), the rate was over 47 to 1.

I tell her yes. I have no idea how far ₦23,500 will really go, but I want to make sure there is no reason for Jake to have to do anything else for me. She will go shopping tomorrow.

There is karaoke again after dinner this evening and this time I sing and participate for a couple of hours before calling it quits. Then it is off to bed – alone I hope. But that hope is not to be as Natalle follows me in and gets into bed with me. I don't figure I will be in any worse trouble than I am in already. No one is complaining so I enjoy the company, making slow love to lovely Natalle for an hour before drifting off. We awaken in the middle of the night and I make sure who it is I am with before my dick enters pussy. Natalle is a wonderful lover. She has her needs and she is able to let me know what they are, and she pays attention to my needs. I had been married for twenty years, and never, never had sex as good with my wife, as I have had with Lynnette or this teenager.

In the morning Lynnette appears again with the tray, this time with enough on it for three people. She puts the tray down, drops her dress and climbs into bed. Lynnette is about to go down on me again when I pull her face up to mine and kiss her. Then I roll her over and started fucking her missionary style while kissing both Natalle and Lynnette, whose faces are side by side. I am intoxicated by these two and in a moment of tumescent thinking I tell them, between kisses, I don't know who I love more. I love them both. And then I dump all the cum that I have deep into Lynnette's cunt. Both of them are crying and holding me for dear life.

With the dull hum of the air-conditioner as background, I am as close to nirvana as I ever hope to get – all tangled up with the two females on a twisted set of sheets.

Slowly bodies untangle enough to eat the fresh, baked this morning, pandesal and fruit. The mangos are unreal, they are so good, and so different, from what we get in the States; and there are other fruits I have never seen in my life. All are so good. Once breakfast is disposed of, we again make the morning journey to the shower. And once again upon reentering the bedroom I find the sheets are changed, the bed made, and clothes are laid out for me. My two companions seem to think nothing of this miracle as they vanish to other parts of the house.

It is late morning. I am still reading the Vanderbilt tome, when Tessi climbs into my lap.

Do you think I am pretty?

Yes, I do.

As pretty as Natalle?

Well you are pretty in your own way. I don't know how to compare.

Pretty enough to love?

Yes, sure.

Before I can stop her, Tessi lifts her bottom just a bit and unzips my fly.

Whoa, wait a second Tessi. What are you doing?

You said I was pretty enough to love. I want some love.

Yes love, not sex!

The next sound is in Tagalog – I think⁹ – and it summons Lynnette, who appears on the porch with soapy hands. There is a prolonged discussion and I don't have a clue what is being said. When it ends, before I can say a word, Lynnette bends down over me, kisses me deeply and whispers in my ear: *Sam, enjoy with Tessi. If she needs to learn, teach her. We are all yours anyway, so enjoy us.*

And with that she leaves. What the hell does she mean that they are all mine? What the fuck is going on? And, what am I thinking, as I let this fourteen year old pull my dick from my briefs? I guess I think she is going to give me head like the others had done first. I think nothing more about it, resigned as I am that this is what will happen, when Tessi pulls my shorts

⁹ I have been hedging about what language I am hearing because Filipinos have about 100 dialects. Which one the family uses within their home is a crap shoot. At the time I assumed it was Tagalog. And if they are talking to another Filipino out of the home, they often do use Tagalog. However I learned that within the home these females use Ilonggo. I had no way of knowing then.

and briefs way down. I am surprised when she leans forward to kiss me deeply running her hands through my hair. I lose it when she simply sits down on my hard dick and blows right through her hymen on the way to her womb.

She is frenetic, bouncing on the pole, slamming her hips down on to my pelvis. I slide my hand between us and find her clit. I latch on to her abdomen with that hand and give her clit a playful flicking enough to bring the minx off, which is exactly what happens. The only problem is that her orgasm so clamps my dick as to send me out into orbit and give her my impression of Old Faithful, hot and deep. She collapses on me, hugging and thanking me for truly loving her. What the fuck is going on? And then in a brief moment of clarity I looked down. There is blood. If the sixteen year old had been a virgin – why didn't I assume that this one was as well? Well I sort of did but it hadn't stopped me.

This is my third day at the house and I have had sex with all of them save Nomi. Nomi is the one cooking my meals; she is the one washing my clothes; and I gather she is the one fixing the bed in the morning and putting my clothes out. What is that about?

I text Jake. The response is quick and unsatisfactory. He says to ask him in fourteen days! What the fuck?

The rest of the day is mostly uneventful, but sometime in the afternoon, after Nomi gets back from the market, she lifts my hands, inspects my fingers and shakes her head. Five minutes later she is back out on the porch with a nail clipper, a cuticle tool, another type of clipper and a nail file. She demands I give her my hand. No one has clipped my nails since I was a baby. Nomi tells me that her mother will have her ass, if she doesn't keep my nails clipped from now on. When she gets done with my hands she demands I slide out of my sandals and she does my toenails. What the fuck is going on?

Dinner is unreal it is so good. Fresh crab in chili oil, little dim sum things they call shumai, fried rice, white rice, beer. I am stuffed. I kid Nomi that she spent the entire \$500 on that supper. She doesn't get the fact that I am kidding and looks hurt. She tells me, out of the ₱23,790 she got in exchange, supper has cost about ₱500. Clearly, I have no idea about the

price of food. I try to explain that I was teasing, but I think I hurt her feelings.

During the evening karaoke Nomi sits with me, holds on to me and at one point kisses me deeply, before leaving me, to go to bed with her younger sister and her mother! Not that I am complaining. No, I have decided just to relax and enjoy, which I am doing. Getting off four to five times a day, eating like a king and relaxing with a sort'a good book, well what is to complain about? There is only one problem.

I am falling in love. And I am not talking about lust, no because the feelings are of protection and concern for their health and welfare when I leave. And it isn't a person I am falling in love with, it is a family!

Another seven days pass much as the previous days. I travel into the city and get a chance to look around. I insist and get a chance to visit with Jake. That is an eye opener and it gets me thinking! It's amazing what I didn't know about this guy. Now that I know, I still will not be sharing any of it when I get back to work. It is no one else's business.

I continue reading my book.

I have sex with all of them save Nomi. And yet Nomi is my cook, the one who handles the money I provide, the one who takes care of my clothing. At supper we sit together and during the singing each night we 'pet'.

Throughout the days Lynnette is taking digital photos of us. When we go to town, more photos. When we have supper more photos; when visitors come to call, more photos; and in all of them there is Nomi and me.

About fourteen days into my stay, I am totally lost. I am deeply in love. I can't get what I saw at Jake's out of my head. How can I leave them? But I have to leave them in less than a week. As I sit there at supper, quite sad, it is Nomi who asks what the problem was. And I am enough of a mess that I tell them.

I love you ... not just one of you, I love all of you without difference. I love you Nomi even though we have not had sex. I love you Lynnette even though I guess I should be appalled you gave me your daughters and I love you Natalle and you Tessi. And I have to leave you in just a few days.

It is Nomi who speaks: *If we can give you a solution, will you take it Sam? Or are you just going to leave us and say you feel sad.*

I am surprised. All eyes are on me. No one is asking Nomi what her solution is. They seem to know already.

Nomi, if there is a solution that keeps us all together and allows me to return to work, which I must do, I have no choice about that, then please tell me! If I can I will take the solution.

Nomi explains: *Sam, you are going to go back to the USA. You must file for a fiancée visa, Jake will show you how to do this. You are going to marry me. You are going to give me a church wedding and I will wear white because I am a virgin. Once I get to the USA and we marry, I will get a green card. Five months after that you and I can file to bring my mother over. Because she has dependent children she can bring them too when she gets her visa. Within a year after you marry me in the USA, the three will be able to follow me and we will all be together again. We all promise you that the love from all of us, that you have had here, you will always have. I will be your wife for life, my mother will be your **loving** mother-in-law and my sisters will love you as well. It's up to you to file for me. Will you marry me?*

Game, set and match. My only response is to ask her where she would like to get her engagement ring.

The End

Author's note:

Following the publication of this story, US visa rules changed. The rules no longer allow parents to receive visa from their adult resident alien child. They now can only get visas from the adult child once he or she becomes a naturalized US citizen. Do you think they are reading these stories?