

# Gang Aft Agley

by VeryWellAged

Second Edition



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**A Novella.**

Second Edition  
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A short story of love lost, loves discovered, and proof that life doesn't always work the way your mother told you it would. A fictional tale that just might have actually happened.

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The Second Edition has a publication date of 25 July 2019. This is a major rewrite of the text. Content has been changed in a number of locations; Time frames have been adjusted; New text added and some text removed; Moved some text to footnotes and removed author's warning.

Proofreader corrections to the text following the posting of the second edition completed on 28 July 2019.

Corrected two textual errors on 30 March 2020.

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Fixed a few technical and punctuation errors on 24 December 2020.

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I had been happily married for twenty-two years to a fine woman. She certainly had been attractive when we married.

The fact that time took some of her looks from her certainly wasn't her fault. I still loved her. We had our ups and downs, but what marriage hasn't? We had a nice house in a nice old part of the town, two blocks from the elementary school where our kids had gone. My wife, Cathy, worked as the assistant to the business manager in the district office of our local public school, a job she'd had for many years.

Cathy and I had two kids: Ethan, who was in his senior year at St. John's, and Kim, who was in her first year at the University of Colorado, Boulder. Cathy and I were proud to have two great kids. We were certainly paying the bills, but they had flown from the nest. For the first time in two decades, it was just the two of us at the table. I guess it is fair to say we were rediscovering each other. It was a time of adjustment and appreciation. I certainly had a lot to appreciate.

I worked for a technology firm. It seemed to change names every couple of years as it kept on getting sold to new outfits. Luckily, my job had not been messed with throughout the changes. That is, it hadn't been until that year, twenty-two years into our marriage.

We lived in a small town and, though my work is high tech, I had been isolated from many of the personnel shifts that frequently occurred in our company. But this last merger had been different. I got the word that remote staff – those of us who were not at corporate headquarters, would be the first to service clients in new remote spots. That was not good news. It did not mean that we were going to relocate with our families. These assignments would be temporary. It did mean that I would be gone a good deal from home right at a time when Cathy and I were 'reconnecting.' I had at least another ten years before I could retire and, if I left my company, I thought it was unlikely that I would ever find a position that paid as well as the one I had now.

My first assignment was in the Philippines. We had just acquired a large outfit there and needed to integrate them into our corporate culture and operations. I would be there for at least ninety days. Cathy was not happy, but she knew it was not my choice and we both just accepted it as part of life. We would get through it.

Standing in the security line at our small airport, Cathy told me not to worry and just do my job. Even though I was going to do that anyway, I appreciated her words. Then I was into the security area and Cathy was on the other side of the glass. I had no idea then how different things would be when I did finally return.

I guess I should have been alerted before I ever left my home sweet home. In retrospect, I wonder why I ignored the signs. There clearly were signs. The first sign came when I called Dell about a power cord for my notebook. I had checked the Dell website for information on the cables and transformers I would need for travel to the Philippines. There was no information there.

I called Dell. What I did not know was that their Call Center is in Manila. In case you don't know, Manila is in the Philippines. I explained why I called to the first woman with whom I spoke. Her response to my technical question was, *Do you have a girlfriend? Are you going to visit a girlfriend on your trip?*

Huh? What does that have to do with power cords? I restated my question and I was transferred to another woman, to whom, for a second time, I explained why I had called. Her first question, *Do you have a girlfriend in the Philippines?*

I was tone deaf. All I cared about was the power cord and I treated the rest as noise. I was a fool.

On my way over to the Philippines, I travelled on Philippine Airlines. I was seated among Filipinos, each of whom wanted to know why I was going to their country and if I had a girlfriend there. All I thought was, "what's with that?"

I landed, got to my hotel and the next day went to my first meeting – where I was asked if I had a girlfriend in the Philippines. The same thing happened at my second meeting and the third meeting. Saying I was married back home seemed to somewhat lessen the push to hook

me up but didn't kill it entirely. I was getting offers to be introduced to women. I ignored all comers.

By the second week, it was clear to all that I had no girlfriend and was disinterested in having one. I thought I was in the clear. I was mistaken. I was introduced to some gays, as they then thought that was what I wanted! Oh, dear God, No!

I mean no offense to gay men, but I am not interested. I dared not tell Cathy about any of this. It was a mess. I spent my third weekend in the Philippines just being miserable, wondering how I was going to deal with this. My ability just to get through meetings was being affected by the issue.

I was going to be traveling to Cebu on Monday and I could see the same thing happening again there as I tried to get my work done.

I decided that, just to stop all this, I did need a girlfriend, just for appearances. I did not want the word to get back to anyone with whom I was working that the girl I introduced as my girlfriend was a shill, so I did what any desperate man would do on such an occasion.

Using my computer, I found a couple of dating sites for Filipinas. I registered and logged in to one called Asian Kisses. I did a search for girls in Cebu and found hundreds. The search facility couldn't help me when it came to beauty or intelligence, but it could sort by age, whether they had kids, height, weight, hair and eye color and other more meaningless factors. I ran a sort and sent messages to five women. I made it clear I was only in the Philippines for a few months and was looking for a friend who might accompany me to social events and act as my girlfriend, but that I was married back home and had no intention to divorce my wife.

Of the five messages, I got back four responses, all positive. I was flabbergasted. I made arrangements to meet a pretty Filipina, thirty years younger than I am, at age twenty-three. Her name was Elen. I flew into Cebu on Sunday afternoon and met Elen in the lobby of my hotel at 5PM that same evening.

Elen was there in the lobby when I came down from my room. She was even prettier than her picture. She stood five feet one inch and in her two inch heels I still towered over her. Her figure was 'all woman', and I

was feeling guilty as hell. If Cathy ever got wind of this I was in deep shit.

I greeted Elen and asked her if she would like to eat here at the hotel or at a restaurant that had been recommended to me by the office staff in Makati. Elen said she was happy to try the food at the hotel. We walked a few steps to the restaurant, and we were immediately seated by the maitre d'. After being seated, and served drinks, a mango shake for Elen and a San Miguel Pale Pilsen for me, we went up to the buffet and filled our plates before returning to our table.

*Sir Noah, why you want a girlfriend when you have a wife?*

*Elen, every time I enter a meeting here everyone wants to know why I do not have a girlfriend here.*

*Why is your wife not here?*

*She has a job at home.*

*Are you lonely here?*

*Yes but that is not why I want a girlfriend. I want to be able to go out in public with you to stop the questions and the attempts to introduce me to other women.*

*So you are not interested in me? Am I not pretty enough?*

*Elen you are very pretty. More pretty than I ever imagined you to be.*

*Am I too old for you?*

*You are not too old for me! I am too old for you!*

*You are not too old for me. You are fine. Why you only want to see me in public? What is wrong with me?*

*There is nothing wrong with you. You seem perfect.*

*Thank you. But why you do not really want me? Only want to be with me in public.*

*Elen I told you that I am married.*

*You do not want a Mistress? You not like women?*

*Oh dear, I love women, I love my wife. What do you mean Mistress?*

*Wife without marriage ... Mistress.*

*I don't know what to say ... are you offering to be my mistress?*

*Maybe. You be good to me?*

*Elen, I think there is a misunderstanding. I am not asking you to be a mistress.*

*Why? I am not good enough? Maybe you find someone younger, prettier?*

*Let's just eat our food and we can talk about this in private. OK?*

*OK*

The food was actually pretty good; better than some of what I had in Makati. Still, it was a buffet, and the mind numbing choices are balanced out by the lack of presentation and the lack of a meal cooked and presented at the right temperature. I guess I am not a fan of buffets.

After the meal, I did need to sit down and talk to Elen about this, but where could I do it in private? The only private place I had was my room. This was not a matter to which I wished to have others listening. So, against my better judgment, I took Elen to my room. When we got there, I sat on a chair and invited Elen to sit on the other chair.

Elen went over the same ground as before. Either there was something wrong with her or I don't like women at all. There didn't seem to be any other reason she could think of as to why I would reject her as a mistress. When I swore that there is nothing wrong with her and there is nothing off about me, she started to cry. Oh hell, now what was I going to do?

I put my arms around her and tried to comfort her. She kissed me. It was a nice kiss. I gave her a kiss back. Not a long one, but not a peck on the cheek either. It was a real kiss. That was probably a mistake. I had been standing to comfort her. Now Elen wrapped her arms around me as she stood up and pressed her body against mine. I hadn't had a lovely

twenty-something press her body against me for over twenty years. I was more than flattered. Talk of being a mistress was one thing, this was quite another. Whatever thoughts I had about my vows and faithfulness to my wife seem to have turned to dust as Elen's body pressed into mine.

The distance from the chair to the bed could be measured either in inches or in decades of love, trust and commitment eschewed. Elen's body was a sweet new symphony for my old instrument to play after years of Cathy. It was exciting, it was enlightening, it was ego boosting, it was an education, and it taught me how much I had not been getting from my marriage. It was so good. It was devastating.

We fell into bed with Elen pulling my slacks and briefs down. She was still dressed and I still had all my clothes on, just not pulled up. Elen was not a virgin. Of that, I was sure. No, no virgin gives head that good. One hand stroked me. Her mouth carefully worked me, applying a suction that was felt from the very beginning. Her tongue was doing magic tricks and simply drove me crazy. Her other hand had my balls in a soft, tight grip while one of her fingers applied pressure directly between my balls and my asshole. It didn't take long before Elen had my whole load in her mouth. When I came, though I had warned her it was coming, she never stopped her suction. Cum shot into her mouth; it disappeared down her throat. My dick was going limp and it felt like it was being sucked from the inside out. I felt a post ejaculation echo right through my balls such as I had never experienced before.

In all the years we had been married, Cathy had given me head maybe twice and she never took cum in her mouth. She had told me I was warped to want her to do that. I had felt guilt about the desire. Was I supposed to feel guilty now? Oh God, what a feeling.

Elen slid off me and proceeded to undress me and then undress herself. She got me under the covers and then got under the covers herself. I was in a dream world. I was lost. I was confused, elated and desperately sad. What I wasn't, was functioning in the moment.

We snuggled. It could not have been more than thirty minutes when both I and my dick came back to life. I was snuggled around Elen. My hand began to explore this new territory. Her breasts were smaller than Cathy's. Cathy wore a C cup, Elen might wear a B cup. Elen was half a foot shorter than Cathy. Elen's hips were tiny compared to Cathy's. My hand reached Elen's most private parts. She did not obstruct me. She spread her legs for me. She had no hair down there and there was no

stubble either. She was as smooth as a baby to my touch. I had never felt that in a woman before.

My dick was pressing against Elen. She then wrapped her hand around my dick, gently stroking it. Elen rolled me onto my back. She straddled me so that we were looking directly at each other as she mounted me and my dick slid into her. Elen started a slow lope on my dick. She was pressing forward then up and towards the back and down to the root. Slow and steady, the friction of very, oh so tight pussy on my member was intense. I stayed hard as she brought herself off three times. I moved a hand onto her ass and, using her juices, I snuck my index finger up her ass to the first knuckle. That was something Cathy would have never tolerated. But it sent Elen into orbit. She stopped her slow lope and started just bouncing up and down and squirting juices like mad all over me and the bed. Her cunt muscles contracted on my dick in a way I cannot explain. It brought me over the edge and for the second time in two hours, I unloaded cum, but this time in was in her cunt and bareback.

After the fucking ended, we moved to the other side of the king-sized bed where it was not soaking wet.

We passed the rest of the night snuggled up together. I awoke to sunlight. I had gotten a good night's sleep. We must have been completely out of it for more than nine hours.

At 5:40 on Monday morning, I got into the shower and, three minutes later, Elen joined me. It was all business as we got ready for the day. While we dressed, Elen asked me for my schedule. She then asked how long "we" were staying at the hotel, how long "we" were to be in Cebu, whether "we" were returning to Makati, and how long we would be together before I flew home.

My answers were somewhat unsatisfying to both of us as I didn't know many of the answers yet. I told her I would have a clearer picture in the afternoon and made arrangements to meet her late in the afternoon at our offices in Cebu City. We had a pleasant breakfast at the hotel restaurant. Elen had chicken and rice. I had eggs and corned beef. On the way out, I took care of two things. I had the front desk give Elen a key to "our" room and I handed Elen twenty thousand Philippine pesos, for a nice dress, shoes and taxi fare to the office this afternoon.

On the way to the office, I called Cathy. It was Sunday night back home and we had agreed that while I was over here we would check in once a week on her Sunday night. It was the first time in all the years of our marriage that I had cheated on her and I now lied to her. I felt like crap for cheating and lying, but there was no other option. What happened here was not, I told myself, going to follow me back home. It was just a matter of necessity. Oh, how we delude ourselves!

When I got to the office, I met all of the staff and went through the same vetting I had gone through before. The 'did I have a girlfriend' question, however, only came up once! I had said yes and mentioned that she would stop in this afternoon. After that, the word spread around the entire office. Now what they wanted to know was, 'who was she and where was she from.' To each I told them that they could ask her this afternoon ... and then, like magic, it was over and we were able to get down to business. Everyone seemed happy.

The decision that I would stay in Cebu for the rest of my stay was made that day. We also determined that, in spite of what the staff in Makati had claimed, I would need far longer to complete my work. I wrote a long email back to corporate telling them what I thought of the clueless Makati operation and how pleased I was with the staff in Cebu. I informed them that their estimate of ninety days was based on inaccurate information and proceeded to lay it out in all the gory detail. My estimate was six months to complete the work.

Before I left the office that day and just minutes before I was to meet Elen, I called Cathy, forgetting that I was awakening her, to tell her the bad news that my trip was now probably extended to a full six months from when I left. She was not happy, but at least we knew when I would be home. She was thanking me for calling when Elen walked in to the office. I told Cathy goodbye, that I loved her and hung up as Elen walked up to me. Her eyes had a question, 'who?' I told her it was my wife. She just nodded.

Within just a few minutes, the entire staff seemed to materialize in my office area. They all wanted introductions to Elen. I barely had time to warn her that they would all be asking questions. She was not worried, she did not ask what she should say, she looked happy. The questions were asked in Cebuano (I had thought it was Tagalog but Elen corrected me on this later). Elen did not tell me exactly what was asked or answered, but all were satisfied and no one seemed startled or offended, so I guess it went well.

The entire staff decided we should all go out and eat together as a celebration of my arrival. That proved to be a real party. The place they took us to had (Filipino) food, drink and karaoke. I enjoyed the food though I had no clue what some of it was called. We were there for three hours before we were able to excuse ourselves and return to the hotel. Karaoke was not invented in the Philippines, but the Filipinos have adopted it as a national pastime. Singing seemed to be an obsession. I later learned the best karaoke equipment is made in the Philippines.

On the way to the hotel, while in the taxi, I filled Elen in on the information I had received today. Her next question was one I was wondering about myself.

*Noah, where will we live?*

*I don't know. I have tomorrow off to look for a place.*

*How much can you pay for an apartment?*

*My company allows me \$1,200 per month for an apartment. Let me see how much that is in pesos. Just a second...*

*Noah! Oh my God that is ₱52,000 a month! You could lease a whole house for a lot less than that! Oh, and I forgot, here's your money back. I spend ₱3,230 today. Here is the rest.*

*Huh? You bought that dress, and those shoes and paid for the taxi?*

*Oo.<sup>1</sup>*

*That's less than \$75.00?*

*Oo, the dress was ₱1,950. The shoes I buy for ₱1,270 and I spend ₱10 on a tricycle to the office.*

*Thank you, Elen.*

*Say 'salamat,' Noah. It means 'thank you.'*

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<sup>1</sup> Pronounced oh-OH and means yes.

*Salamat, Elen.*

*Walang anuman.*

*And that means, 'you are welcome'?*

*Oo. Good, you will learn.*

Back at the hotel, we went right up to 'our' room and Elen proceeded to get ready for bed. We both took showers and got in the bed. This night I did something else that Cathy always refused to allow. I went down on Elen's pussy. I was amazed to discover that there was no odor at all. Yes, there was a scent of the soap we had just used in the bathroom, but there was no smell. From the time of my youth, I always assumed that pussy smelled like day old tuna, but I would get past it to give my partner pleasure. Now there was nothing to get past. She just smelled clean as I worked her labia and clit with my lips and tongue. I had no plan of attack. From my youthful experiences, before I settled down with Cathy, I knew that each woman is different in sensitivity on the clit and so each must be dealt with on a one off basis. Rarely did the same technique work the same way on two women. Elen was very sensitive on her clit. She did not tolerate direct stimulation. Rather she was happiest if she got the stimulation around and not directly on the clit. That was enough to send her into orbit. It was enough to get her squirting.

Elen claimed she had never squirted before. I doubt that. But she was always trying to tell me what a good lover I was and how handsome I was.

After Elen's orgasms, we just lay there for a while. Then she worked her way down to take me orally as she did the day before, and in five minutes I was pumping a load down the girl's throat. The aftereffect on my testicles as she sucked me completely dry returned and I became convinced that, before I met Elen, I had never in my life had a good one of these. No one even came close.

We moved to the dry side of the bed and slept seven hours.

Then it was up, and showers, and breakfast before looking for housing. Our offices were in the Asiatown IT Park in Lahug. Via the Internet, we looked for an apartment close by. We found a furnished one-bedroom unit in the Lahug Cebu City area. It was a five-minute ride to the IT

Park, and a five minute walk to the grocery, pharmacy and banks. The rental was ₱15,000 per month and it required three months payment up front with a minimum stay of three months. I needed it for at least six months. The website had the name of the contact person and all contact numbers including cell numbers for Sun, Smart, and Globe, the different cell phone providers. In the Philippines, calling between providers is a problem. We made arrangements to meet the contact, Mr.Requinto, at the property at 1:30 that afternoon.

It was clear to me that we needed transportation but a car seemed like overkill. Elen didn't drive and wasn't interested in learning. Most folks here had motorcycles and that made a lot of sense to me.

On our way out of the hotel that morning, I informed them that we would spend only one more night, as we would leave tomorrow morning. Then I went to the concierge and asked where the best place to buy a motorcycle might be, and he pointed me to RMC-Rañola Motor Center. I hoped against hope that the company would allow this as a needed item and reimburse me.

Once there I bought a nice little Honda CB110 for a whopping ₱62,000 (or \$1,410.00). The folks at the motor center explained to me that I could drive on my US license for 90 days. I could get the LTO<sup>2</sup> form from a website. I would get my Philippine license based on the existence of my US license. There would be no test for my Philippine driver's license and it would cost me about \$5.00. In one day, I had a vehicle and we had our condo. We spent the rest of the day buying linens and towels and food for the condo. By that night I had paid the extra day at the hotel, and had moved us to the condo. Tomorrow, while I was at work, Elen would go back to where she had been staying and pick up her personal items.

I texted Cathy my new address and got a text back saying, 'thanx'.

Back at the office the following day, I received a response to my long email to corporate. First off, they were happy to hear that I had diagnosed a problem that had been bothering them for a while. Second, they asked me if I would like them to transfer the administrative functions to Cebu. Next they agreed that my stay would be for six full months, as they agreed with my back of the envelope evaluation of the true status of the project. They reset the completion target and budget to match. I would not get nailed for not finishing a job before it could be

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<sup>2</sup> Land Transportation Office. The local version of the DMV in the USA.

finished. And then they told me that, since I was to be there for six months, they were sending me two other projects to manage. Oh, thank you so much, corporate ... no good deed goes unpunished.

But they did figure I needed a transportation allowance and their number was far greater than what I had just paid for the Honda. If I had only waited an additional twenty-four hours, I could have purchased a far more powerful vehicle!

My email back agreed that the transfer from Makati for operational administration made sense. The Makati office was needed for governmental liaison functions and we could keep a district project office there, but I suggested moving that out of the Makati office and closer to our fieldwork areas on Luzon. The reason for that was that the folks in Makati just refused to get out of their offices. Traffic in Makati made it a pain to travel anywhere from there. I think I was a bit over the top saying that no one in our Makati office should have any operational control over anything other than a photocopier and a stapler.

And that is exactly what corporate did. I was asked to set up the office, suggest promotions and deal with requests for transfer from Makati. That was not much fun, but it was instructional for my Cebu staff. There were three managers in Makati who were affected. Two asked for transfers to Cebu and one asked to join the local district office. That last one was the only one of the three worth anything. We approved that last move. Of the two who asked for transfer to Cebu, we accepted them for a transfer to district projects under the current managers who were doing a fine job. Neither accepted the demotion, even though their pay would stay the same.

From that point on, my life smoothed out while in the Philippines. Elen was a good cook. She would walk to the stores and buy what we needed during my workday. The apartment was always spotless and the food was always cooked well. For lunch, I would go out with some of the staff to a "Turo-Turo"<sup>3</sup>. The cost was minimal. Back and forth, to and from work, was by my little CB110, which threaded through Cebu traffic like butter. Work was work. What can I say; I know what to do and how to do it, and so it was just a matter of getting it done.

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<sup>3</sup> Precooked food is laid out in trays, you point to what you want and a plate is assembled for you. Turo-Turo literally means 'point-point'! Such a place was a lot less formal, more ad hoc, than a cafeteria.

The weekends often involved visits from or with Elen's family. Sisters, brothers, their kids, Elen's mom ... All were met, and I got to know them pretty well. Elen seemed pleased that I allowed her family to come to our place and that I was willing to go with her to their places. I just didn't think a thing about it. It was only right.

On the sexual front, Elen denied me nothing. Her body was mine and I tried to treat her and her body with both respect and loving care. She would laugh and say she was losing the battle! She meant the battle of who was able to give the other the most orgasms. She was having three to my one and so she was in a deep deficit. To me the math balanced nicely. I don't know how these things happen, but I did fall in love with Elen and I believed that she loved me.

But those months did come to an end. I figured by that point that I would be back in about a year if not sooner. I also knew I loved Elen and just couldn't walk away from her. Our apartment was too far away from the rest of her family and she was determined to move closer to them when I left. She also said she did not need such a fancy place. I had been banking the extra ₱37,000 housing allowance I received each month. By the end of my stay that amounted to over ₱220,000. With that, we found a nice unfurnished place for ₱6,000 per month and I turned over the balance to Elen. When I took her to the bank to do it, she was scared! She had never had so much money. I told her to keep the balance of what she didn't need for each month in a savings account and only transfer out a specific sum for monthly bills. With everything, we figured she needed just ₱20,000 per month to live comfortably even if she didn't do a lick of work. She told me that she was going to get a job teaching and would need less. All I said was that I hoped that was true. I left my CB110 with one of her brothers and hoped against hope that it might still be running when I got back.

And so I left Elen, Cebu and the Philippines with very mixed feelings. I was happy to be returning home, to Cathy and my real life. But I felt like I now had a life I was abandoning in the Philippines and abandoning a woman who seemed to love me.

Returning home was harder than I expected.

For six months, I had been treated like a king. I was listened to and my opinions were considered before there were alternatives suggested. I had a large, competent staff. Coming home, I had been out of the loop, and when I asked Cathy to fill me in on the doings in the community

which I had missed, it was as if I had asked for her to clean the men's room at a gas station. I had chosen to be gone and things had changed... 'live with it and figure it out on your own time,' was how it felt to me.

Cathy would just interrupt me in mid-sentence and tell me I didn't know what I was talking about. Sex was a 'once every two weeks or so' thing, if she felt like it and sometimes she just didn't. Work was OK, but I had been doing it for years now and the newness of the challenges I had faced in the Philippines was gone. I was feeling depressed and lonely. I missed Elen and started IM'ing with her every day.

Two months after I returned home, I had just come out of the shower one morning when Cathy started screaming at me.

*Who the fuck is Ellen?*

*What?*

*You heard me, who the fuck is she?*

*What is this about Cathy?*

*Who is she?*

I just stood there. I didn't know what to say.

Cathy threw my BlackBerry at me, *Why don't you answer her, 'Mahal!'*

Mahal is Tagalog for the word 'dear.' Cathy had mispronounced it, as the accent is on the second syllable. The word, mahal, can be used for a loved one or it can mean expensive. The text on my phone was from Elen and it simply said, 'I miss you Mahal.'

*She is a friend, Cathy.*

*Did you fuck this FRIEND, Noah?*

*Yes.*

*Get out! Get out, God damn you. How dare you bring your little whore's diseases home and ask me for sex. You bastard!*

And it went on like that for the time it took me to get dressed, throw a change of clothing in a bag, put a dopp kit together and leave the house.

I went to my office and logged into my bank accounts. Some are joint accounts and some are not. I didn't take everything in the joint ones ... I took half and moved that amount into accounts that only I control. I called a realtor who specialized in rentals. I called the Holiday Inn and got a room for two nights. I called my attorney, John Hertzog, and got a time that afternoon to meet with him.

I was at John's office when he got a call from the attorney my wife had hired. Even though I was just hearing one side of it, it was an interesting conversation.

*Afternoon Bill, what can I do for you? [long pause] ... Yes well it does look like it. Of course, Noah has had to put up with a wife who had been denying him marital affections for an extended period of time and, well, I think you will find we have some complaints about Cathy's conduct toward Noah, including conduct in public which was degrading, insulting and way out of bounds... [pause] uh-huh... [pause] Now wait a minute Bill, he took half, exactly half ... I suggest you get a copy of the bank record before you make that allegation; I am looking at the printout right now and she is not telling you the truth... [pause] uh-huh ... OK... [pause] Well they are both well employed... [pause] uh-huh... [pause] No she has a better retirement than he has... [pause] uh-huh... [pause] OK... [pause] uh-huh... [pause] Look, Bill. You know she's not going to get maintenance... [pause] right... [pause] uh-huh... [pause] uh-huh... [pause] Right, so we are not far off. Look, Noah will pay the kids' tuitions through the undergraduate degrees. Cathy gets to keep the house, each keeps their own cars, retirement accounts and their own bank accounts and Cathy gets what is left in the joint accounts... [pause] right... [pause] OK, you send the papers over and leave out the inflammatory stuff. We will sign and stipulate this afternoon... [pause] Noah will need to get his personal possessions out of the marital residence. [pause] ... Tomorrow afternoon?... [pause] ... We will give you a list of everything that is not clothing that he takes. If Cathy wants to argue that he took too much she can ask Noah to return it... [pause] ... Look Bill he can't sit here and tell me all that is his. He needs to see it... [pause] ... Good, thanks... [pause] ... Right I will have Noah give me his VIN and we will fax it to you. Great, good talking to you Bill. See you at Rotary tomorrow? Great, bye now.*

And it was done. I signed the papers the next day.

Also next day, with a couple of friends, while Cathy was at work, we went to the house and took what was clearly mine. I thought I'd be moving it into a storage facility for a few days, until I had a place rented, but earlier that same day, I signed a year's lease on a house in town. So the stuff moved five blocks, from one house to another.

Before I could call Ethan or Kim, both the kids called me on a three-way call. Ethan may be the older one, but he wasn't the in your face verbal one, that was Kim.

*What the fuck happened, dad?*

*Nice mouth, child! I gather you have heard from your mother?*

*We sure have. What is going on?*

*Your mother and I are getting divorced.*

*Like duh, that much we know. Why?*

*Your mother has filed for it. She evidently does not wish to be married to me, any more.*

*Why?*

*Kid's, that's between your mom and me. All you need to know is that we both love you with all our hearts and that I will continue to support you through College.*

*Dad, mom said you have a whore.*

*Your mom is incorrect. I have a friend who it just so happens is certified as a high school math and science teacher in the Philippines. She is no whore and she never gave your mother any grief or problems. It is true that she was with me for most of my time there. I do not ask you two to understand. But I did not want or seek a divorce.*

*How old is she, dad?*

*Twenty-four.*

*Oh Jeez! She's just about our age?*

Yes.

*Does Mom know that?*

*She never asked and I didn't tell her.*

*That's good! Wow, if she learns that she will go off the deep end. Do you like this girl dad?*

*Yes, very much. Her name is Elen, that's E-L-E-N.*

*Are you OK, dad?*

*Yes I'm fine.*

*OK we'll talk to you later dad. Bye*

I kept Elen in the loop as to what was happening but for some reason I did not think about how it might affect my relationship with her. After a couple of weeks I was noticing a difference. A slight wariness in Elen and I didn't understand why ... and then as I was taking a shower one morning about a month later it hit me so hard that I wanted to cry. I was a stupid, insensitive bastard. As soon as I got out of the shower I threw on my shirt and jeans and started up Yahoo Messenger.

*Buzz*

Elen responded, *Hi Mahal, how are you?*

*I am bobo<sup>4</sup>.*

*Bakit<sup>5</sup>?*

*Will you marry me Elen?*

*Ganun<sup>6</sup>?*

*Talaga.<sup>7</sup>*

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<sup>4</sup> Stupid.

<sup>5</sup> Why?

<sup>6</sup> Really?

<sup>7</sup> Truly.

*Why you ask now, Noah?*

*Because I am stupid and I didn't realize that with this divorce, I could ask you.*

*You know, I think you not want me. That is why you did not ask.*

*Yes, I know, and you are wrong, I do want you.*

*You sure?*

*Yes.*

*Where will we live?*

*In the US for now. Is that OK?*

*Oo. You get me the visa?*

*Yes, I need to figure out how.*

*OK, I will ask a friend's husband to call you, OK?*

*Why?*

*My friend is married and lives in the USA with her husband. He can tell you how.*

I was in my office that day when I got a call from a William McMurray. We struck up an immediate friendship. Bill was my 'go to guy' in the beginning until I learned the ropes, as I worked through the process of getting a fiancée visa. We had sixty days at a minimum before I could file since I needed a final divorce decree. That gave Elen and me the time to collect the needed documents and FedEx the things back and forth, which I needed from Elen for my packet to the USCIS<sup>8</sup>.

Ninety days after I signed the divorce papers, and after nearly twenty-three years of marriage, Cathy and I were officially divorced. That day I photocopied the court order, entered a date on one form, added a postal

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<sup>8</sup> United States Citizenship and Immigration Service.

money order of \$445 (it has since changed a number of times but that is what it cost me) and sent the box of documents to the USCIS.

I had accumulated a month of vacation time. Three weeks after I filed with the USCIS, I left on a trip to the Philippines and to Elen. Once there we planned to travel throughout the Philippines doing what tourists do, visiting the Taal volcano, the Palawan caves and the Chocolate Hills on Bohol Island. We would go snorkeling off Boracay.

Elen was the perfect partner. She was certainly decades younger than I am, but she wore it as a badge of honor. The very first night back with her was special. She wanted me to know it was special. She wanted me to know she was mine. I had arrived mid-day exhausted from my trip and I took a three hour nap. When I woke up Elen was wearing only panties and a bra. When I reached out to her she whispered in my ear, *Take my ass, Mahal. Take me completely.*

She had placed petroleum jelly on the little table by the bed. I removed her bra and panties and she climbed on to the bed. I was about to kiss her, and engage in what hopefully all men know to do, which some clown named foreplay. As far as I am concerned, it is fore, during and after play ... but Elen refused. She looked at me, *Take me now.*

I bent her over, applied a generous amount of the jelly to my pole and to her bunghole. But before I entered her, I ran a finger in, and then two fingers in and then three fingers in. She took it all without comment. I placed my dick at her rear opening and gently pushed the head in. It went in easily. She was not tightening up. She was relaxed. Slowly but without interruption each pump drove me a bit deeper into Elen's ass. When I was at bottom, I was about to stop, but Elen wanted action, she wanted me to drive her hard. The feeling was intense. She was so tight all the way down that my dick was getting maximum stimulation. She was imploring me to fuck her hard and I was doing it as well as I could. My finger was around her clit while I was pounding her ass. Then without warning, she froze, then went into spasms that I gathered was an orgasm. My dick was almost crushed; the pressure bringing me to my own orgasm. I unloaded deep inside Elen, who felt cum inside her and blew a few more circuit breakers in response. She collapsed with me right on top of her.

A half hour later, we were cleaning up in the shower. We were still drying off when Elen went down on her knees and took me by mouth. The last time I had head was before I left the Philippines. It was just one more reminder why it was good that I was no longer married to Cathy.

Elen had me going with the other hand on my balls and the finger behind them. And then all of a sudden she moved the finger into my ass and hit the prostate. Cum exploded into Elen's mouth and I was having a hard time standing.

Elen and I would fuck ourselves silly that month.

But I was concerned about another thing ... I knew I had to come back to the Philippines, even sooner than I had thought, when I left Elen before. There was something of a blackout period once I got Elen to the States, during which she could not follow me back here for any extended amount of time, individually or cumulatively. I did not want a repeat of Cathy with Elen.

I brought the matter up to Elen on my second day there. I wanted to take her back with me, but maybe that was a bad idea. I didn't know what to do. I told her about the travel restrictions she would have for about three years once she got to the USA. I told her I was going to be gone at least twice during those three years and maybe more. Each time it would be for six months and each time it would back to the Philippines. She looked at me and thought for quite a while. Then...

*You will need a mistress if you marry me. You want to find her?*

*What? Now?*

*Oo. I can know her then.*

*You OK with that? Really?*

*You promise not to lie to me?*

*Yes.*

*You promise you do not divorce me for your mistress?*

*Yes.*

*Then, I am OK with it.*

*How do I look for this girl?*

*Same way you look before.*

And so that day Elen and I placed a new profile on that same website I had used before. As we were going to be traveling all over the Islands, we could meet just about anyone who responded.

I made it clear that I was looking for a girlfriend, not a wife, and that I travelled to and from the Philippines for business. The response I got was a little overwhelming. Elen and I sorted them into groups based on where the girl lived. About ten lived in the Cebu area. Elen suggested I contact a couple of the girls close by us. I did it right away and in two hours had responses from four girls.

The first one we met that very day. When she saw Elen there, she got really unpleasant. We said goodbye to her right away. The next day we met girl number two. She was nice and didn't have a fit about Elen, but she just wasn't anyone I wanted to spend time with and we said goodbye to her as well. The third was a no-show.

The fourth one we met seemed like a winner to Elen but I was unsure at first. If I hadn't already blown my assumptions about age when I connected with Elen, I would have written this girl off immediately when I saw her profile on the website, as she was eighteen, according to the website. Elen disagreed and told me to add her to the list.

However, when we met her in person we found she was sixteen. Even with that, Elen insisted that we shouldn't reject her.

Her name was Jou Venessa but her nickname was Ysang and that is what we called her. Other than her breasts, she was smaller in every way than Elen. Standing just under five feet, her breasts were a B cup and her waist and hips were smaller and commensurate with her height. Her hair was black as were her eyes. She was a bit darker in skin color than Elen. Her clothing was clean but shabbier and her shoes were flip-flops. She probably wasn't 41 kilos in weight.

At Elen's insistence, I invited Ysang back to the apartment and she accepted. Ysang said she was a college student in a nursing program.<sup>9</sup> She was an earnest and bright girl. Elen took to her immediately. Once she learned what was happening she was ready to go along with the program. As Ysang was between semesters she had time to get to know us and we her. I swallowed hard and decided to accept reality. Elen wanted Ysang and so I agreed.

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<sup>9</sup> High school ended at grade 10 / aged sixteen, and college enrollment accepted sixteen-year-olds.

When we got back to the apartment, Elen asked Ysang if she was hungry. She was. We fed her. It was as simple as that. It is hard to explain to someone from the USA, but people in some places just do without and do so often. They do not complain about it because everyone else is doing without too. It's just life. But in our apartment, we had food and we did not do without. If Ysang was to be my mistress, she would also not be doing without. Elen was right to ask her and she was right to feed her. That is basic and that is done first.

Elen was working at easing Ysang's fears that Elen would get jealous and be a problem. So Elen helped Ysang take a shower. She gave Ysang a nice outfit to wear. Even though it was a bit too long for the girl, it was far nicer than the clothing she had been wearing when we met her. Elen combed Ysang's hair and put makeup on the girl. When Elen presented Ysang to me following all that, the girl had been transformed into an incredible beauty.

I did my best to ignore the fact that I was about to make love to a sixteen-year-old. I took Ysang in my arms and led her to the bed. She climbed on to the bed, as did Elen, who cautioned me, Ysang was a virgin.

I started slowly, just kissing Ysang, holding her hand, as we just got used to being with one another. As she gained confidence, I placed a hand on her breast. She allowed it. I played with her breast. I undid her bra she had just minutes before put on, and took hold of her nipple between my fingers, exciting her in the process.

I rolled the nipple, licking it and sucking on it. The nipple got rock hard. I slid my hand down under her panties and found her shaved pussy, wet and warm. Ysang started bucking her hips into my hand. I let her continue bucking while I played with her pussy. Elen was kissing her. I took off Ysang's panties and made sure everything was OK before I mounted Ysang from the back and placed my member at the very entrance. I gently pushed in and met resistance. It was her hymen.

I had never really been with a virgin before; I was flying blind. It was exciting; it was nerve wracking. Maybe, for a kid, there is a cavalier attitude about it all, but not for me. This entailed an obligation. An obligation to a child.

*Ysang, this is going to hurt but not too bad and not for long. OK?*

*Oo, I understand.*

I pushed through the hymen and she was no longer a virgin. Once the hymen gave way I stopped again and let Ysang regain her bearings. In just a little bit, the pain was a vague memory. We were soon in sync with each other as we found the rhythm of our lovemaking. We were slow, deliberate, caring and considerate of each other. While Ysang had a lot to learn about technique, she didn't have anything to learn about trust and commitment. She was right there from the beginning. As we picked up the pace, Elen slid her hand in and found Ysang's clit while I continued to fuck Ysang, I felt her orgasm coming. It was building and the only question was how strong it would be when it hit us.

And hit us it did. Ysang was a screamer. She screamed when her first orgasm hit her with a force beyond anything Elen or I could have imagined. Elen's eyes were bugging out as a consequence. We just lay on the bed together, holding and touching.

(Elen told me that this was their conversation, it was in Cebuano, which I do not speak.)

*Elen, does Noah do that to you too?*

*Oo. I do not scream like you but my body squirts liquid when he does that to me.*

*This is what sex is like?*

*No, Ysang. This is what sex is like with a good lover. A bad lover leaves you unhappy.*

*So, Noah is a good lover.*

*Ysang, Noah is a very good lover. You are lucky because he is a good man. He never hits me, he does not get drunk, he does not take illegal drugs, he doesn't gamble, he has enough money to always pay the bills. There is always food to eat. That is why I will marry him and go the USA. If you and he agree, you will take care of him here in the Philippines.*

*Of course, I will agree, if he wants me.*

I guess I did want her and, after some discussions back and forth between the two of them, it was decided that Ysang should join us for the rest of the month. For the rest of the month, there were three of us in the bed. In that way I knew that Elen would never be Cathy. Ysang and Elen could talk without issues, without problems. But it actually got more interesting as the month wore on.

We were all so interested in some person getting off in a big way that there was usually a two-on-one and that meant that two girls were pleasing each other as well as me. It was fun to watch and fun to assist. Ysang and I would team up to make the squirter do her thing. Elen and I would team up to see how loud we could make Ysang scream. With four hands and two mouths it is amazing how much stimulation can be created. A mouth on a breast, or a mouth on a mouth, a hand on the other breast, a cock in the pussy, a finger on the clit and a finger up the ass, all at the same time produces happy results. I wanted a month of happiness and that is what I had. I came damned close to taking a video of us and sending it to Cathy with a one-word note, "thanks."

As we flew from island to island, the seating was always the same. Ysang wanted to look out the window. Elen wanted to be as far from the window as she could be, so she got the aisle seat and I got the middle seat.

I think it is fair to say that the three of us bonded that month. Ysang moved in with Elen and I flew home to await the date of Elen's required medical at St. Luke's Hospital and interview at the US Embassy.

I was back in the US for only two months when Elen got her letter to schedule the interview. I flew to Cebu, where I met with both Elen and Ysang. Elen had something to tell me about Ysang and she wanted to speak in private.

Elen loved Ysang as if she were a sister. Talking about her in private was more than unusual, it was not something she had ever done and it was painful for her. The news was that when I was with Ysang the first time she was not yet in college, and she wasn't even sixteen. She was fifteen and she was entering her last year of high school, which she was one quarter through now. She wanted to go into nursing but had not done so yet. In fact, her sixteenth birthday was next week. Elen knew how I felt about lies and had wanted a chance to speak with me before I spoke to Ysang because of that.

*Noah, she loves you. Do not kick her out. She will be good to you. I trust her, OK?*

*Sweet mahal, how do I know she will not lie again?*

*I found out she lied to you a month after you left. She cried for two days when I told her she would be gone when you got back, but I feel so sad for her, I told her if she ever lies again, you would say goodbye to her. She will not lie, mahal, I swear it.*

I probably rolled my eyes. I sat down with Ysang and gave her a piece of my mind. I told her the only reason I didn't kick her out immediately was because Elen had said I should give her one more chance. But there must not be a second time. At that, she was crying, hugging me and kissing me. She was still fifteen. I know what I was feeling, but what was I thinking? That night we all made love together, and it was Ysang's seriously underage pussy that got seriously creamed with cum.

We packed all of Elen's stuff except for what we could carry with us and I sent it FedEx to the States. We left the apartment and bank account with Ysang. Her mother, who I had not met, would move in with her until I got back. She knew I would be back within the year. In the meantime, she was busy with school.

The process of going through the interview was a piece of cake, but we missed Ysang's sixteenth birthday, which I regretted. All we could do was wish her the best via IM. We stayed in Quezon City (greater Manila) at the Crown Plaza in Ortigas, until Elen's passport arrived, with visa attached. It came via Air21 attached to a sealed manila envelope containing official documents. She was to hand over the envelope to immigration upon arrival at a port of entry. As soon as we had passport with the visa and packet, Elen and I flew to the States.

Elen was twenty-four when we married, a week after we got there. My kids came. I think Ethan came to meet his new stepmother, who was only two years older than he was. Kim came because she is my daughter and loved me unconditionally. I am biased, but I think the kids and Elen got along fine.

We filed for Elen's Social Security Card using the USCIS I-94 card attached to her passport, and then I filed the USCIS paperwork for the Adjustment of Status to get the green card. I also filed for an early work permit. That would allow Elen to get a driver learner's permit right

away. We got the work release a month later and Elen was quickly learning to drive. We needed to get her driving as I had to be back in the Philippines in ten months. I couldn't leave Elen in the USA without any transport in a small rural town. If you didn't know how to drive you were in deep trouble.

She took control of the little rental home I had secured when I was 'asked' to leave my prior marital residence. She was perfectly happy with it. It was small, but it was just the two of us, and it was three times bigger than our 'condo' in Cebu!

It is hard to explain how happy we were and how nice life became. Sex, glorious sex was no longer water torture; it was an everyday thing that we enjoyed. Elen was not happy with how fast she could get me off by giving me head. When she told me that, I laughed for minutes. She was wonderful at it! But she decided to read on-line instructions on how to give deep throat and master the technique. Each night as she was learning, she would ask for time to 'practice.' I was the practice dummy. It is hard to stay hard and not lose it when your wife is practicing deep throat techniques for a good half an hour. Each time I came, it shortened her practice time.

Luckily, it did not affect our bedroom activities because of how it was scheduled. When I would walk into the house after work, instead of a wife with a cocktail or beer in her hand for me, this is what I saw. She would be bare footed, wearing a tiny, sexy little dress that hugged her body, and barely covering her ass, hips and pussy. She would lead me over to an easy chair or the couch. She would take a throw pillow off a chair and kneel directly in front of me as I was seated. Her fingers would apply themselves to the zipper in my trousers. She would undo the top button or clasp and then free my member from the briefs. Looking at me, eyes meeting eyes, and stroking my dick in her right hand, she would say, *How was your day, Mahal?* I would answer. Her response would always be the same, *You need to relax. I know just the thing!*

And she would start her practice. I was spoiled for life, even though she really wasn't getting it down her throat. What man would not like getting head every day when he walked in the door?

Then one day she put my dick in her mouth, she brought my dick to the top of her throat, backed off a second and then lunged forward taking my dick, all the way in and down. No muss, no fuss. Elen bobbed up and down on me and hummed a hell of a tune. I came quick and hard.

Both of us IM'ed with Ysang and that was so nice. There were no split allegiances.

At work, I learned that corporate was really happy with my work in the Philippines and I got both a raise and a huge one-time bonus. Elen and I now had enough money, because of the bonus, to buy our own house. Word got back to me that Cathy was royally pissed when she heard about the house, but that's just life, right?

Elen was an educated girl. She had a BS with a teacher's certification in the Philippines. That did not permit her to teach in the US, but it was enough for her to substitute teach. She loved the chance to do that and applied to the local school district. As her major was biology and chemistry with a strong minor concentration in math, she was qualified to sub at the high school. She was good at it and the high school principal encouraged her to find out what she would need to teach full time. Based on her transcripts, it was determined that a few on-line courses and a semester at the State University taking methods classes was all she needed.

Now, in case you doubt me when I say that Elen was beautiful, I have to tell you that there had been a spate of auto accidents in town that happened when Elen was out walking in one of her very short skirts, sexy little tops and high heels. She was, and still is, a knock-out. She loved, and still loves, sexy little skirts, dresses and high heels. Just admiring Elen's beauty, I was, and am, in heaven every day.

When she taught school she would wear more conservative clothing, but her concept of conservative was still sexy as hell, and she would come home giggling about how the teenage boys hung all over her. There were also some teenage girls who just attached themselves to Elen. She took it all in stride, but she would tell me about the pretty girls, as I got hard when she did.

I also heard from the grapevine about an emotional explosion in the school district business office when Elen's name was entered into the payroll system. Alphabetically, the name posted right after Cathy's name each pay period and it was Cathy's job to take care of payroll. If a substitute teacher works regularly, and Elen did, she got pretty nice checks, which Elen did. Cathy was going ape-shit. I couldn't have cared less. It served her right for calling Elen my whore.

In that first nine months, Elen got her two-year restricted green card and her driver's license. She was happy, and things were stable. I had to head back to Cebu. Luckily, there was IM, a wife who wanted to use it and no secrets. I left a month before I had expected to leave, but for half of the time I was gone, Elen would be at the State University anyway. She would stay in a dorm room there and get her methods classes. The campus data network was free to students in the dorms so IM would not be a problem.

I arranged for another apartment near the IT Park in Cebu. Ysang, who had access to our bank account there, took care of all the deposits and got us moved in before I arrived. My CB110 was shined up and waiting for me! That was a nice surprise.

Back at the office in Cebu, I was relaxed as I knew the staff and considered them all friends. We got along fine and the work just flowed.

Ysang had graduated from high school and she had been accepted into a nursing program. She would start that in forty-five days.

Ysang was almost seventeen. I would be with her for the birthday. This was the first time I would be living alone with Ysang and that was a new experience. She was the cook now; she was cleaning our apartment; she was doing the laundry. These were all things that Elen had done before. She was also the one who trimmed my nails. I have not mentioned it before, but Elen, right from the beginning, made a big thing about trimming my fingernails and toenails. She also had ironed my briefs. I assumed these were individual quirks. They were not. Ysang did the same things. Another thing that I had assumed was a personal quirk was the shaved pussy. But Ysang shaved her pussy too and so I asked. She had a hard time understanding why I was asking ... it was what women did.

If I was happy with Elen before, I was just as happy with Ysang, with the exception of one thing. Ysang kept on asking me, whom I wanted. Did I want to meet this girlfriend? Did I want this girl or that girl? I admit that I like looking, but I was not pushing Ysang for another girl. When I asked her why, she would look confused.

Sex with Ysang was fun. She had the energy and enthusiasm of the teenager that she was. I had not been with a teenager since I was one and to say that the earlier experience was wasted on the youth is

beyond fair; it is painfully true. Ysang investigated new things we could do by checking out porn sites and archives of sex-pert knowledge bases. Every week she had something new for us to try. I thought I was knowledgeable. I was, as far as knowing to take care of my partner, and where the erogenous zones were, but I clearly was not as inventive as some other souls had been. Ysang was making every effort to rectify that oversight.

On occasion, Ysang would be studying with a schoolmate when I came home from work. There was no problem with that. I was happy that Ysang had friends and that she took her work seriously enough to study hard. All those who came over were girls, but after we had eaten, they would always go home. After a while it came to me that Ysang was inviting the ones who were the most in need of a good meal. When I mentioned that to Ysang she only blushed and asked me if I thought that was wrong to do. I told her it was right to do, and she had my blessing. I got a sweet kiss for that. I liked that kiss very much. Somehow, it meant a lot to me.

A little more than three months into my stay, and two weeks after Ysang's seventeenth birthday, which I was more than happy to be present for, I came home to find Ysang studying with a classmate I had not met before. I was introduced to Marisa and, after the pleasantries, Ysang served up supper. It was a simple pork adobo, some achara and the ubiquitous white rice. We all took a plate and had a nice supper. But after the meal, I noted that Marisa was not leaving. I looked at Ysang, pointing with my pursed lips<sup>10</sup> at Marisa and a question on my face, but she ignored me and just smiled back.

Now, as beautiful as Ysang was, and Ysang was a knockout, Marisa was at least her equal. I am not averse to having pretty girls around and was getting used to it when I was in the Philippines. But as I was relaxing before Ysang and I normally got into bed, Marisa was still with us, and she joined me on the couch, asking what the USA was like. When Ysang finished the dishes and came to me, removing my sandals, unfastening my belt and shorts, Marisa started unbuttoning my shirt. Now I knew what was going on. They then undressed each other in front of me in a show of sorts. They posed in front of me and asked me who was the prettier. Good lord, I was smarter than that! I called it a tie. I told them they were both so pretty that no one could in all honesty declare a winner.

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<sup>10</sup> Something I picked up from Filipinos. They point with their lips.

Following the beauty pageant, there was a bunch of talk in what I suspect was Cebuano. Ysang got down on her knees and started to take me down her throat. Marisa then tried and failed. I pulled Marisa up to my face and hopefully with kindness, asked her why she was with us tonight.

*Ysang say you are happiest with two women in your bed and she did not know what to do, because, even though you never say you are unhappy with her, you must be unhappy!*

I told Marisa that Ysang was wrong, I was happy, and that she could go home now. She laughed, pushed me on my back and just jumped on my pole.

Ysang got behind her, wrapping her arms around Marisa with one hand on a nipple and one on her clit as Marisa bounced on my cock. Ysang was working Marisa's clit for all she was worth, and it didn't take long for Marisa to shower me with her juices as she came. The orgasm took the steam out of Marisa, who slumped backwards onto Ysang. They exchanged words. Ysang later told me that Marisa was simply telling Ysang that Ysang was right, sex was better with two women and one man, so long as the women cooperated with each other.

I had not cum yet, and Ysang climbed aboard with Marisa behind her now. Ysang's clit was a little more sensitive than was Marisa's, and Marisa had to adjust her technique before Ysang was comfortable. But once she was, Ysang screamed in a way I had not heard since it was Elen, Ysang and me together. She came hard.

I still had not cum; these girls – with the extra stimulation, came so hard, so soon, that I had not had a chance. I moved us to the bed, grabbed the petroleum jelly, greased up Marisa's ass and my cock and proceeded to take her that way. It was clear pretty soon that all this was new to her. But Ysang was under Marisa, eating her clit, with a dildo up the girl's pussy as I was doing her ass.

The orgasms started and just were not stopping as I just pounded away ignoring her state until I let loose my cum. Marisa, totally wiped out, passed out right there on the wettest part of the bed and did not awaken for at least five hours.

The next day, Marisa was out of the condo before I was out of the shower. Over a breakfast of banana, mango and coffee, Ysang just smiled and said nothing, until I simply said, *Speak!*

*See? It is better! You like it more! I was right. You need another girl.*

No.

*What you mean, no?*

*Just that, no. No more girls.*

*Why? You like it!*

*OK, sure, I like it, but it must not happen again! ... Because when I have sex, I also fall in love. I already love Elen and you. How many women do you want me to love?*

*I don't know. I need to think about what you say.*

I spoke to Elen about all this, and she said she understood what I did and thanked me. I know that Ysang and Elen talked at other times, and, while I don't understand Cebuano, I could guess this was a topic they covered. For a month, there were no other issues with another woman. But we did come to a point where there was a short break from school, and Ysang wanted to visit a cousin who she hadn't seen in a while. During Ysang's absence, she asked her mother to cook my meals for me.

I don't know why I assumed her mother would be an 'old lady.' I was old enough to be Ysang's grandfather. Ysang was seventeen and the woman who came to my house just hours after Ysang had left was thirty-five and attractive. Her name was Ma Fe. She was not married, and she informed me she was staying in the apartment until Ysang returned. There was only one bed in the apartment.

I woke Elen up when I called her, but I needed to get her advice. This was getting a bit weird for me. I explained to Elen what had happened and asked her to speak to the mother and send her home. Elen refused. She told me she knew the woman. She had met Ma Fe, when she and Ysang were staying in the apartment together. She liked the woman and saw no reason why Ma Fe shouldn't stay there and take care of me. I wished my wife a good rest of the night and apologized for waking her.

Upon arriving, the first thing Ma Fe did was inspect my fingernails and toenails. I think she was ready to assume her daughter had failed to take care of things. What she didn't know is that, just four hours earlier, Ysang had done the same thing, saying that if she didn't have my nails clipped right when her Mom came, she would catch hell. I didn't say a word.

Ysang had given Ma Fe cash to cover groceries, so that her mom would not have to ask me. I learned this from Ma Fe, who told me that her daughter had given her some of my money to pay for groceries. And then she asked if I approved. My response was to tell her that she had a very smart daughter.

She looked at me and said, *This is a lot of money. Why did you give my daughter so much?*

*I didn't give her any money, Ma Fe. Your daughter and I share a bank account, which is used for food and bills. She took out enough money to cover the cost of good meals for each day she is gone. If there is too much, then it will be used the next week.*

*How much is there in this bank account?*

*About two hundred thousand pesos. Why?*

*You trust my daughter with that much money?*

*Yes. Is there a reason why I should not?*

*You love my daughter?*

*Yes. Is there a problem, Ma Fe?*

*No. There is no problem. Ysang is lucky to find you. She asked me to take care of you. Now I know why.*

Ma Fe proceeded to take off to the market for the day's meals. There was not another word between us, other than, 'food is ready' and 'salamat' for the rest of the day. She was cooking, and cleaning, and ignoring me.

When it came time to sleep, I took a shower and got into bed. As soon as my head hit the pillow, Ma Fe turned off the lights in the room and went to take a shower. I was awake when she got into bed. If I had not

been, it would not have made any difference, as she would have awakened me. She sidled up to me and took my member in her hand, stoking it and stroking my balls. I had been soft but I was getting hard at a fast rate. As soon as she deemed me hard enough, she pulled me on to her and centered her cunt below my cock. I plunged in and she yipped. We developed a rhythm and went at it methodically. I kissed her and she grabbed the back of my head holding the kiss and me to her. I played with her tits and she sighed, saying 'yes, more.' I gave her more, and she began to cum, grabbing me ever more desperately as wave after wave of orgasm rolled through the woman's body. And then she recovered a bit as our rhythm returned, begging me to give her another baby. Give Ysang a sister. I blew my load deep in Ma Fe. A last orgasm of hers rippled through as her body felt my cum inside. And then we were both spent and tired.

The morning was 'normal.' She was out of bed – as was Ysang on the average day – when I got up. I took my shower, to find my clothing laid out for me, just as Elen and Ysang had done. Breakfast was the way I normally had it, some fruit and a pandesal roll. Then off I went to the office, as if nothing was different. At the office, I IM'd for an hour with Elen and discussed the events. She seemed happy with the report and told me we had found a good girl in Ysang. I had no clue why she said that. As much as I loved being in the Philippines with Ysang and appreciated her mother's affections, I desperately missed Elen's body next to mine. IM was nice but it was not a substitute. At least she was getting the on-campus semester completed at the same time. There was no question in my mind as to who my wife was and to whom I was married for life. I never wanted to hear the word divorce again.

For the next five nights, Ma Fe and I perfected the ritual dance we had started that first night. I was in her every night. Every night she asked for a child from me. Every night I tried to oblige. Each morning, from the second morning on, as I was leaving, Ma Fe would stop me, and without a word, kiss me full on, look me in the eyes and kiss me that same way once more.

A week after she had left, Ysang returned. But her mother did not leave.

The first night of her return, as I was in the shower, Ysang slipped into the shower with me. We kissed and held each other, finished showering and got into bed. Ma Fe entered the shower as we exited and then joined us in bed. I was between Mother and Daughter. I felt the best policy was to go to sleep. They had different ideas. Someone had ahold of my dick. I had two women kissing my face and my neck. I felt legs on

top of my legs. I felt two women grinding their shaved pussies against my thighs. I was quickly rock hard and, having figured out which one was Ysang, I pulled her onto me and entered her pussy.

As we gently fucked our way into the night, Ma Fe started saying, *Give her a baby, give my daughter a baby and then give me a baby too. Give the babies to us. We are yours. Fuck us and give us babies.*

And then Ysang took it up too, *Noah, I want a baby. Give me a baby!*

That was all too much. I came early, and too soon, giving Ysang's pussy all it could handle. That was it for the night. With a mother pressed up on one side and the daughter pressed up on the other side, I went to sleep.

Ma Fe left the next day, but not before the two morning kisses.

The rest of my time on this trip was uneventful. Ysang was my mistress and I was in love with her and committed to her, as I was my wife, Elen. Both of them knew that and were happy with the arrangement. Both were good to me and both were there for the long haul.

My work continued to go well. Our projects were always done on time or ahead of time and always within budget. Corporate was happy. My team in the Philippines got multiple awards from corporate and I was promised another bonus.

Just a few days before I was to return home to the States, I got a call from a female in HR at corporate. She was asking what the secret for success was, here. They had failed with two other staff members who just quit on them, saying that there was no way they could work here like this, and yet I was turning in success after success.

I thought for a bit; in fact, I thought for so long that the gal thought she had lost the connection and started shouting 'hello! hello!'

After a long time, I told her, *Ma'am, or Miss, I don't want to insult you ... Look, I know the answer, but I cannot tell you, and, frankly, you would not want to hear the answer. It is not acceptable in the US. I can tell you that the best policy is to never ask again.*

Now, there was a long pause on the other side of the phone... *Noah, your reputation as a dedicated and honest, top employee precedes you*

*and so, while I would not have accepted your answer from most, I am reluctantly accepting yours. Would you indulge me if I ask you a few yes or no questions ... off the record? ... and it is Ma'am, Noah.*

*Yes, Ma'am*

*Noah, you were married for many years. From what I can see in your personnel record, you got divorced five months after your first return home. Can you confirm that?*

*Yes, Ma'am. That is correct.*

*And, by my understanding, it looks like you married again in about the time it takes to bring a wife from the Philippines. Is your new wife a Filipina, Noah?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Did you file the divorce papers from your first wife?*

*No, Ma'am!*

*So, Cathy, Cathy right? She filed the papers and divorced you?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Would you have divorced Cathy if she hadn't filed, Noah.*

*No, Ma'am, Never.*

*But you knew the Filipina you married before the papers were filed?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Now, Noah, I am going to ask you a question that you may not want to answer. I am **not** recording this, nor am I writing it down. It is just between you and me. Was the woman you married, your Mistress while you were in the Philippines the first time?*

*She was Ma'am, yes she was ... And as this is just between you and me ... unless a guy has his wife living with him here, well ma'am, ... he is not going to get any work done until there's a female in his home. I thought I was just going to get some public show type protection, you know, a*

*gal to go out with in public, but it just couldn't be done. I loved Cathy and, while we sure as hell had our problems, and I sure as hell found out that life could be better, I would never have divorced her. I'll tell you something else you can chew on ... once a guy marries a Filipina, she has to stay in the States pretty much for three years or she loses her green card, so if you send a guy back, he's in the same fix as he was in before ... no wife.*

*Noah! Do you mean to tell me you now have another Mistress?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Aren't you going to lose your new wife?*

*No, Ma'am. Elen helped me find Ysang and they are good friends. They talk every day with each other and I also talk to Elen every day about what goes on here. Heck, when something I didn't know how to handle with Ysang's mom popped up, I called Elen for advice. She knows everything. There will be no divorce this time.*

*OK, Noah, I see why I can't create a program or policy that will work. I see the problem and there is no way with US laws that I can specify single guys or then say they can only go once to the Philippines. Just so I understand, your wife knows and communicates with your mistress on a daily basis.*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Noah, how old is your wife?*

*She is now twenty-five, Ma'am.*

*How old was she when you met her?*

*Twenty-three Ma'am*

*Noah, how old is your Mistress?*

*I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I can't tell you that.*

*Why, Noah?*

*I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I can't tell you that.*

*Oh God, Noah! She's underage, isn't she?*

*I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I can't tell you that.*

*No, of course you can't. Noah, does your wife know her age?*

*Yes, Ma'am, she was the one to first learn it.*

*Noah, you mentioned a problem with the Mistress's mother ... was she threatening you because of the girl's age?*

*No, Ma'am. Ysang had to leave for a few days to see a relative. Her mom showed up to take her place, to take care of me. I wasn't prepared for that.*

*Noah, you mean the Mother was trying to be a replacement in bed for her daughter?*

*Among other things, yes, Ma'am.*

*You said you called your wife. What did she say?*

*Oh, Ma'am, you are going to think the worst now. Elen said that she knew Ysang's mom and just go with the flow. Ma'am, Ysang's mom, Ma Fe, is younger than I am by two decades. Anyway, Elen said just go ahead.*

*And while all this is going on, you are finishing projects in three quarters of the time allotted and under budget. When we run QC checks on your work it comes out perfect! How can that be?*

*Ma'am, my life at home – both here and in the States – is truly calm, peaceful, tranquil, loving and safe. There are never any arguments; there are never problems. Both my girls take care of me as if I am royalty. I come to work rested and happy, and I spend as much time as I need to at work, without hassles at home. My staff support here in the Philippines is leaps and bounds better than we get in the States. These people take the initiative and get things done. I am incredibly impressed by the quality and character of the Filipino people and especially of my staff. I think they know that and so things just work.*

*So rather than a distraction, your personal matters are part of what makes you a success over there.*

*Yes, Ma'am. I'd say it is essential. I was getting nowhere until I found Elen and then everything worked.*

*Well, Noah, it sounds like we put you into a tar pit and it destroyed your marriage. But your job and work meant so much to you that you found a way to succeed. I can't fault you for that and the details are no one's business. I'd love to meet both your wife and your mistress at some time. I must say, it would be fascinating.*

*Well, Ma'am, if you plan on coming to the Philippines without your husband, I suggest that it be a very quick trip.*

*Noah, are you trying to flatter me?*

*No, Ma'am. I'm telling you the truth.*

*Noah, you have no idea my age. You don't know whether I am attractive or pure ugly. And you don't know whether I like men or women.*

*Doesn't matter, Ma'am. If you are a white woman; if you are unmarried, they will ask you if you prefer men or women. If you are married, they will ask why your husband is not here and still try to set you up.*

*Who, Noah?*

*Everyone you are trying to work with here. Until you have a local squeeze, you will not be left alone.*

*Our own people?*

*Yes, Ma'am, everyone.*

*So this is not a guy thing, it's a white thing?*

*Ma'am, it's a US citizen thing, and, if you are white, you have a target on your back. But if you are Black or Hispanic and you are a US citizen, you will get it too ... it just takes them longer to figure out that you are from the USA. No offense, Ma'am, but you can be plug ugly and still be the target of affections here.*

*Thank you for your help, Noah, and the company wants to thank you in a special way. You are getting a new title, a bonus and a significant raise in salary and per diem.*

*Thank you, Ma'am. May I ask what the changes are?*

*You are now the VP for Philippines and the Asia Pacific region. Your home office will be split between Cebu and your stateside address. We want you in Cebu six months every year. How you manage that is up to you. Personnel there is now your concern and you will coordinate with me on that. Your annual salary goes to \$275,000. Your monthly rental allowance is \$2,500 and is for twelve months a year, as you need a base to work from, while you are there. We are providing you two health policies, one for the states and one for the Philippines. We are also providing you a car and driver while in the Philippines. And Noah, your bonus for bringing seventy-five million dollars in projects in for 80% of estimated cost and ahead of schedule is ten percent of the underage. Noah, that's one point five million. Congratulations! We really wish we could clone you but now I see we can't.*

*Ma'am, when will all this happen?*

*It already has. Since we do direct deposit for you, I suggest you look at your bank account this morning. Bye Noah. It's late and I need some sleep!*

*Yes, Ma'am, good bye Ma'am.*

Returning to Elen was vastly different from returning to Cathy. Elen greeted me at the door. Took me to the shower, took my clothing from me, every last piece and handed a robe to relax in when I was done. Once out of the shower, she led me to a couch, spread the robe and gave me deep throat, all the while fingering my prostate with a finger up my ass. I was a goner. I didn't last any time at all.

Elen then took me to bed, closed the blackout curtains, turned off the lights, and stripped down herself. We both went to sleep, I for five hours. I woke up to the smell of pork adobo, and fried lumpia. When I entered the kitchen, Elen was so happy she was dancing and swinging her hips in front of me and singing and jumping in my arms repeatedly.

I had very little news to tell her. She knew all I knew up until I got on the first of the planes to come back. She knew about the promotion. She knew we had lots of money now. Because of the new position, I had more control over when I was in the US and when I was overseas. That mattered, as we had to schedule the next green card hurdle, the Removal of Conditions, which was set to occur the following year. We

had no plans for the money. Elen liked the car she was driving. I was happy with mine. With money from the previous bonus, we were now in a house we liked. We didn't need a mansion. It was just the two of us. So we invested some of it and banked some of it for a ready reserve.

Elen was now eligible to teach full time and she was offered a position, which she took. She was teaching High School math.

We got back into our schedule and Elen continued to make my days a delight, every day. I sensed there was a cloud hanging over her head on occasion but she denied it. She was communicating every day with Ysang, who continued with her schooling. The talks were always friendly and I never thought anything about it. For those four months, I was happy and clueless.

At the end of those four months, I needed to make the next trip. I would spend six months there and be back in plenty of time to deal with the green card stuff. When I got back to Cebu, I was going to do something about a house or an upscale condo. We could afford a really nice place now. And the payments were no longer limited to my time there. They were paying for my Mistress's abode. The car I was to get was mine, year round, but the driver would only be available while I was there. If I got a place too far from Ysang's school, that might be a problem. It was an issue I wanted to tackle right away. However, Elen said something that I didn't understand ... she said it might not really be a problem long term and if I could just find a very short-term workaround that was all that was needed. I asked her why and she just said that I should have patience.

So after only four short months with Elen I was back with Ysang. I wanted to look at other residences and Ysang got worried that she would need to move out as soon as I left. I assured her that was not the case. But the cost was so high she moaned. Elen finally calmed her down.

I took a long-term lease on a very nice condo, with three bedrooms and two baths. It was close enough to Ysang's college and a little further from the office, but still not bad. And anyway, now I had a car and driver. It was close to markets and stores, and therefore better for Ysang.

Work went as usual. There were no problems we could not solve and we continued to beat corporate expectations for cost and time. We were

bringing in quality at a low cost. My Cebu staff was proud to know they were considered the best in the entire corporation. I made sure all got a 20% salary increase. I also changed some personnel policies in the office. All benefitted women and provided a level of job security that they had never had before.

When some of the guys complained, I diplomatically told them that the corporate policy required the changes. All the changes I made in this regard were done following my discussions with my contact in HR. Once I had explained to HR what the normal policy was at companies in the Philippines, and how it was used to keep women down, I had full support from HR.

When one of my managers called corporate to complain and insisted that he be allowed to rotate through young women, never giving any a job following the provisional period, I got a call from HR recommending I fire the manager. I asked that they put that one in writing, along with their reasoning. When I had the letter, which I admit made the case better than I could have, I showed it to the guy. He looked at me and just about crapped his pants.

*I am fired, Sir Noah?*

*Jojo ... You fucked up two times over. You refused to carry out my policies AND you complained to corporate. Are you ever, and I do mean ever, going to challenge me again or refuse to carry out my instructions?*

*Sir?*

*Jojo ... I asked you a question. Are you going to answer it?*

*Sir Noah, I will never challenge you again. If you say do something, I will do it.*

*Jojo, are you going to implement my personnel policies without resistance?*

*Yes, Sir Noah.*

*Jojo, you had better or I will make sure that you no longer have a job here or anywhere else for that matter. Do I make myself clear?*

*Yes, Sir Noah.*

*Go, get out of here and get my policies implemented right now.*

That, I must admit, felt good. The word spread throughout our offices in the Philippines about just what had happened. The new policies were implemented everywhere within a week of the incident with Jojo. The women quickly learned that they had new rights in the company and they knew I was responsible for those new rights. Every day I would find fresh flowers in my office from groups of women throughout the company. Ysang was invited to homes and made a big deal over. She knew why she was getting the invitations and she was very proud.

There was yet another benefit. We got an even better project turnaround rate. We were catching more costing problems early and we beat our own averages by 7% the next quarter.

Ysang was continuing to pursue the nursing degree. She was on track to complete the RN course in about the time that Elen would get her unconditional green card. Between her classes and homework, Ysang and I were talking less, but the love remained, as did the commitment.

At home, Ysang had a new visitor join for supper one night. It was her younger sister, Girlie. Girlie was the spitting image of Ysang but four years younger. It was a full table, as Ma Fe had brought Girlie. Ysang had made spaghetti as only Filipinas make it, sweet! The three of them were chowing down. I had some and then warmed up some pork caldereta and rice from the night before.

I already knew that, if Girlie and Ma Fe were staying over, I would have Ma Fe and Ysang in my bed. But we did have multiple bedrooms, and so there was a bedroom for Girlie. I made a big deal about the fact that Girlie would have her own room. There were two showers in the apartment, one in the master bedroom and another common one for everyone else. Tonight there would be three of us in the master, and Girlie would be the 'everyone else.'

The girls wanted to sing karaoke. I retreated to the master bedroom and closed the door. I would read in peace for an hour or two and then go to bed. After an hour, I was too tired to read any more and the book was put aside in favor of a shower and sleep.

I don't remember when Ysang came to bed. I sensed that she was not alone, but I was only half-awake at best when a mouth that was neither Ysang's nor Ma Fe's started suction on my dick. I was sure of that because Ysang was nibbling on my neck and Ma Fe's mouth was on my mouth. It slowly came to me in my half-dream state that the third mouth had to belong to Girlie. Before I could even organize my thoughts, Girlie's mouth was off my dick. The next thing I knew, Girlie was ramming my dick up her cunt. I heard her cry at one point. And then she went wild on the human maypole. By the time I was sensitive to the fact that I was fucking a thirteen-year-old, I was also cumming.

The next day was Saturday. I did not go to the office that day. Ysang and her mom knew that. The three girls kept me in bed all morning. I don't even want to talk about all the things I did with Girlie. Ma Fe, however, I will talk about because she whispered in my ear that she is my mistress too, not just Ysang, and she will do whatever she has to do to make me accept her. This was getting complicated. By the end of the day, Ysang had explained that Ma Fe and Girlie had moved in with us.

Having Ma Fe live with us gave Ysang more time to study and do her homework. Ysang took advantage of that. Ma Fe took over my care and feeding. All of this, including the stuff about Girlie, I reported back to my wife each day. Elen only smiled.

This year, again, I had the opportunity to be present for Ysang's eighteenth birthday. Most assuredly, the girls were getting older, if you can call fourteen old, as Girlie had turned fourteen a month after she joined us. My wife was now an aged twenty-six.

The six months had turned into seven before my time in Cebu came to an end and I returned to Elen and the States. My home cumming was the same as last time, from the shower and Deep Throat through the nap. Each time, Elen let me know I was welcome. Home life was good, although the duties of a full time teacher resulted in more dinners out and fewer of the wonderful kitchen creations of times past. Still, I was happy.

Ysang would graduate from the nursing program in March. She would then be eligible to stand for the boards to get certified as an RN.

In October, with my assistance, Elen filed for removal of conditions and got it. It took a full five months, but, in February, the new ten-year resident alien card was on the dresser in the bedroom. We had been

making love for hours, on and off, when Elen asked me to take her in the ass, deep and hard. She had the KY out and ready on the nightstand. I applied some to her butt and some to my dick.

I was taking her from the back. She was relaxed, and I moved into her without any problem. She was tight back there, and it was always exciting for my cock. I was running into her, down as far as I could physically get it in. Elen was moaning. She was telling me she was my slave, she would always be my slave, that I owned her. I had never heard such talk from Elen before. It was exciting but different; the exciting part bringing with it both her orgasm and mine.

Afterward, exhausted, we were both just lying back on the bed in each other's arms when Elen said, *We need to get a divorce.*

*What?*

*You heard me, Noah, we have to get divorced.*

*Why, Elen? Was all of this a big lie?*

*Oh no, Noah, don't you understand?*

*No, I sure as hell don't. Why don't you spell it out for stupid me.*

*Noah, you can't marry Ysang unless we are divorced. I can now travel with you to the Philippines. Technically, you no longer need a Mistress, but Ysang loves you just as much as I do. I am never leaving you, Noah, but I now can travel with little concern and, in a few years, even become a US citizen. We have to do the same for Ysang. We will divorce, but we will continue to live together. That will allow you to bring Ysang over. I miss her, Noah. I want us all together.*

*I will think about it.*

*Will you always love me, Noah?*

*Yes.*

*Then let's see our lawyer tomorrow about the divorce.*

*Elen, let me think about it.*

*OK, but I need to tell you one more thing. I already talked to Kim and explained why I need to do this and asked her to explain to Ethan.*

The more I thought about it, the more confused I became. There were limitations to leaving the US with a green card, even one without restrictions. If we stayed married, she could file for Naturalization in about ten months. If we divorced, that was pushed out an additional two years. Being out of the country for six months could jeopardize her green card. So it was not a good idea for her to travel as I was traveling. She was right, in that it was a way to bring Ysang over here. But that would put me in the same spot I started in, no woman in Cebu.

But was that true? While Ysang could technically bring her mother and with her mother, her sister over in the first years she was here ... what if we waited to bring them over later? But would the fact I was living with my mother-in-law and sister-in-law protect me from unwanted problems at work? And did I want to do this under any circumstances?

I wasn't sure I would get a good answer from Elen or Ysang. There were two people with whom I needed to speak. I called Kim.

*Hi Dad,*

*Baby, Elen told me she spoke with you.*

*Yeh, she did. Oh dad, isn't she so great?*

*Great? Explain that one for me, please.*

*Huh? Are we talking about the same thing? Is she going to divorce you so that she can become your Mistress again and you can marry Venessa<sup>11</sup>?*

*You think that is great?*

*Dad, do you love Venessa?*

*Yes, I do. But I also love Elen.*

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<sup>11</sup> Jou Venessa - her real name! Nowhere in the preceding has Kim ever used Ysang. As is customary when Filipinas speak to Kano's about other Filipinas, they will use the true name but not necessarily the first true name. Here, we can surmise that Elen, when she spoke to Kim, used Ysang's second first name. Venessa is not a middle name as that would be her mother's maiden name.

*Right, ... so?*

*Kim, I don't get your acceptance of this. Let me see if I can shock you into reconsideration. Do you know how old Venessa is?*

*No ... how old is she, dad?*

*She's eighteen, Kim. She's three and a half years younger than you.*

*Holy shit, dad! How long have you known her?*

*For close to three years. She was fifteen when I met her, but she told me she was eighteen. I only learned her age later. I was pissed as all get out, but Elen loves her and asked me to keep her.*

*Oh God, Dad, you can't marry her, she's too young.*

*I know. I feel the same way. I told you I was surprised by your acceptance. I am having a hard time with Elen's plans.*

*Holy shit. I have to call Ethan. Dad, do you have any idea what this will do to mom when she hears that you are living with a mistress and have an eighteen-year-old wife?*

*Whoa ... now. I have not decided to do this. It is what Elen wants, but I am not sure. It's pretty weird for me.*

*You know, Dad, I think you have to do it. I think you will have problems with Elen if you don't.*

*OK, I hear you, but I am still not sure. I will let you know what I decide to do.*

It was late in the evening when I called my Cebu office and spoke to my AA there, Susan. Susan knows Elen, Ysang, Ma Fe and the issues of office dynamics. I explained that Ysang might come to the US. If I was living with Ma Fe, would I be pushed to get a girlfriend? Susan laughed and giggled and laughed.

*Are you bobo, Noah?*

*Susan? OK, yes, I am bobo. What's the answer?*

*If you live with Ma Fe, no one will expect you to get a girlfriend. A man who lives with his wife's, or his mistress's, family is left alone.*

*Salamat, Susan.*

*Walang anuman, po.*

I texted Kim, *In for a penny, in for a pound.*

When Elen and I walked into my attorney's office and explained what we wanted, there was silence for a few seconds. He closed his eyes and then called his secretary to bring him some aspirin.

*Noah, do I have to tell you that this is fucking nuts?*

*No, John, you do not. I already know and it is worse than you can imagine. You don't know the half of it and I am not telling.*

*Why, Noah?*

*It's complicated, but ask Elen. Maybe she will tell you.*

*Elen, I doubted the wisdom of Noah's marriage to you and begged him to have you sign a pre-nup agreement. He refused to do that and I have been worried, concerned, that Noah would come in some day about you divorcing him. Now that day is here and you want nothing? Nothing, Elen? What is this about?*

*Attorney Hertzog, Noah has told you that while we will be divorced, we want to live together. I was his Mistress before and I will be his Mistress again. It is the relationship that is best for us.*

*Noah, Elen, the Judge is going to have fits over this and you might actually have to stand before him and tell him this but, I will draw up the paperwork.*

But there was another issue that we had to consider beyond the seeking of the divorce and the impending marriage. The long term plan was to bring Girlie and Ma Fe to the States after Ysang got her green card. We needed a larger house than the one we had just built. Using the same basic plans but stretching it out an extra twenty-four feet, we created a far larger kitchen, a larger dining room and living room, a massive

family room in the basement and four extra bedrooms upstairs. We had long enough between now and the eventual then to make it all happen.

It took ninety days for the divorce papers to come through and make it official. Nothing changed at home. Elen and I were still a couple. But I did have to leave for the Philippines and this time she came with me. I had been in the US for nine months, to see the divorce through. Elen would only stay for a couple of weeks. She wanted to be there for the wedding. She would then fly back to our home.

By the time we got there, it was two months after Ysang graduated, but Ma Fe and Girlie had been there and that was fine.

Elen and I got to our Cebu condo at noon and just slept until 5PM. We awoke and showered. Elen made a big deal about wearing a pretty little dress, heels and no panties. We exited the master to find Girlie, Ma Fe and Ysang. All were in pretty dresses and heels. I had a bet that there was not a panty to be found among the four of them. The long couch was pulled out and they all were standing in back of the couch and facing the couch. With a giggle or two, in unison they bent forward and raised the hems on their respective dresses up. With the jar of petroleum jelly on the table to the side of them, I had a pretty good idea what I was being invited to do.

I took off my shirt, shorts and briefs, greased up my pole and got behind Elen. I was going to grease her up when I noted that she must have done that in the bathroom before. She was ready. I slowly entered my ex-wife, my new Mistress, and snaked a hand around so I could get a finger near her clit. Her pussy was dripping wet and her pussy was responsive as I started really pumping her ass. I bent over her and whispered in her ear, *You are now my whore and you will do what I say, do you understand whore?*

Elen's response was an immediate orgasm, followed by a second one that drove her to her knees, squirting as she went. She just looked up and said, *I understand, Noah.*

I moved to Girlie next. Placing my dick on her little ass, I pushed in slowly until I popped in past the outer ring. My hand found her clit, which I knew was not nearly as sensitive as Elen's. Working her clit directly, I slowly plunged deeper and deeper into Girlie.

At the same time, I whispered in her ear, *This is the last time I am in you, ever, unless you tell me that you are my Mistress after I pull out. I will not ask you, you have to say it. Do you understand?*

*Oo!*

My finger became more active, while her ass got pounded. My other hand started working one of her breasts and that did it, Girlie came, too, and it was a good hard cum. As she settled down and regained some breath, she looked at me and said clear as a bell, *I am your Slave, Noah.*

I cleaned up with a towel, reapplied some jelly and took my future mother-in-law. With both the clit and one of her breasts being worked as her ass was reamed, Ma Fe swiveled her head around to catch a glimpse of me. I moved to kiss her on the angle.

Breaking from the kiss, as I fucked her ass, played with a nipple and her clit, I told her, *If you stay, I will take everything from you. Your body, the bodies of your children and your soul will all belong to me. You heard Girlie tell me she is my slave. If you stay and allow Girlie to stay, that will happen. Or you can leave with Girlie when this is over and nothing will happen to you or Girlie, or anyone else, if there is anyone else. Do you understand?*

In a quiet voice, the only thing Ma Fe said was, *Oo.*

And then, her body exploded with a thundering orgasm. The floor was slick from her squirts. Still shaking and standing in her own liquid, Ma Fe looked at straight at me, eye to eye, and said, *We are yours, Noah.* There was a firmness, a finality to it.

The last in the line was Ysang. I cleaned up once more and entered Ysang. Her clit is not as sensitive as Elen's but more so than Girlie's. I chose to work her breasts and her clit as I fucked her ass. Ysang and I had a rhythm we liked to use when I was in her ass and it began on its own.

Before much else happened, Ysang turned as much as she could, and spoke to me in a way that was to be listened to, *Noah, you have four women. If you follow up on what you told my mother, you will have six women. That is up to you. ... But I will be your wife along with Elen, who as far as I am concerned, is still your wife. We are all your whores and slaves in bed, but out of bed, we are all wives. If you agree, pinch*

*my nipples and cum in my ass. Otherwise pull out please.* So said the nurse. She was not fooling around.

I pinched. My cum filled her ass, as Ysang answered in kind.

This time it was I who needed to catch some breath. Once I did, I just had to ask, *Who are the other two girls?*

It was Ysang who answered, *I have two younger sisters, Gina is 11, and Samantha is 8. I think you need to wait before you fuck them.*

*So you are all my wives? Is that it?*

I got four yeses. Then Ma Fe came up to me, knelt down and said, *But I am your slave and if that is all you want of me then it is what I am. I not care what my daughter say.*

I lifted Ma Fe up and kissed her. She grabbed my cock, which was still on full display. She made a comment and she was brought a towel by Girlie and a pot of soapy water from Ysang. Ma Fe cleaned me up and gave me head. Elen, not wanting to be outdone, started running a finger up my ass while licking one of my nipples. The two women had cum from me in a matter of minutes. The other two watched and applauded.

I slept with Elen and Ysang for the entire time Elen was there. It was like old times. The girls planned the wedding and all the attendant details. All I had to do was show up, which I did do. Once I was married legally to Jou Venessa / Ysang, Elen flew home and I started the paperwork with the US Embassy to bring Ysang to the USA, while also getting my work at the office done.

Office work went even better this time around. The changes I had made about women in the company had a huge impact on our efficiency and we drove costs down further and brought projects in just as fast and with equal quality. Corporate was more than noticing. I was appointed to a corporate task force to root out inefficiencies in our operations worldwide.

I had more projects for which I was now responsible, as I had a larger area of responsibility under my new title. We centralized some things and I sent my top staff out to be clerk of the works on remote projects. My guys had two duties: To speed up the jobs while driving down costs, and either train or fire top line staff. If they could be trained to do

things my way then by all means we wanted them trained. If they were not interested in doing things my way, we didn't need them. We fired three project managers.

HR held their comments, though I knew they were holding their collective breath. With my team in place at those locations, the jobs finished either on time or ahead of time and all came in under budget. That cycle we saved the corporation 48 million dollars in budgeted funds. My ten percent of the underage was icing on a very nice cake. I did not need to work anymore, but I loved what I was doing. I was now a "senior vice president."

I had no idea what that meant, but I did learn that no one was giving me any crap anymore. My salary went up to \$325,000 annually. My per diem was increased and my housing subsidy was doubled to \$5,000 a month year round for the Cebu assignment. I banked better than ₱2.3M from that allotment in one year alone. That left more than ₱250K from the subsidies for groceries, and anything else we needed. No one was going hungry in our condo.

Ysang asked me to send Ma Fe to a doctor to remove some moles she had. I agreed. She also asked that I send Ma Fe to a dentist to straighten out a tooth alignment problem. That was done. Ma Fe asked me to send her to get breast implants. That I refused.

While in Cebu, my bed companions always included Ysang. On school days, it included Ma Fe. On weekends, it was Girlie. I did meet Ma Fe's other two daughters. I had them move in with us. They were cute kids and I disagreed with farming them out to relatives. They belonged with their mom and that was that. We had the room for them.

I did put my foot down when Samantha and Gina came to live with us. I told Ma Fe and Girlie that under no situation would I permit the young girls in my bed and they had best not disobey me. That was the last I had to deal with that as an issue.

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My time in Cebu was as productive as usual. I had a great staff. When we added new staff, they were infected with our 'can do' and 'Noah's way' attitude. We were able to get more done and nothing suffered. My staff won more awards and they got raises commensurate with their efforts. I wasn't losing staff because no other outfit paid as well as we

did. So I had the best and I kept them. We were promoting women into top management positions, and that made a big difference, too. I found I had a far larger talent pool to draw from because of that, when we ran into crunch situations.

I did have one unexpected phone call from HR.

*Noah, how are you?*

*Ma'am?*

*Well I just got word you were divorced again and then immediately remarried.*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*I remember you saying to me, you were never going to get divorced again. I am sorry for you, Noah.*

*Not necessary, Ma'am.*

*Noah, what happened? Why did it fail with Elen?*

*Ma'am?*

*Look, Noah, I am a friend. What happened?*

*Nothing, Ma'am. Elen is still with me.*

*Say that again Noah?*

*Elen is still with me, Ma'am.*

*But you are divorced from her, correct, Noah?*

*Yes, Ma'am. Elen is my Mistress.*

*Noah! You divorced your wife to marry your Mistress?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Whose idea was that?*

*Elen's.*

*I bet it was! You didn't want it, did you, Noah?*

*That's correct, Ma'am.*

*How old is your new wife, Noah.*

*Nineteen, Ma'am*

*And she has been with you for four years?*

*Almost, Ma'am. Three and a half.*

*Holy shit, Noah!*

*Yes, Ma'am. Oh, and, Ma'am, two things. I am sending over a hiring request to you ... and we are going to have a small reception for the girls and me when I get back to the States in January. Would you like to come and meet the family?*

I asked for permission from Corporate to hire Elen as my assistant. They, acknowledging that I had told them she was both my ex-wife and a close and intimate friend, were willing, since Elen also was honest when asked about it. My new job responsibilities would take me all over the globe through the time of the year I was not in the Philippines. The facts being in the open and the nature of the extensive traveling making impersonal contact among such staff problematic, they gave her the job at \$85,000 a year plus benefits. It was better than teaching, and no trip was so long that it affected her green card status. Plus, as the trips were business related, and not simply going 'back home', the USCIS was less likely to frown on the travel.

From the time of the wedding, it had taken seven months to get the visa for Ysang, but the Visa did come. Ysang, my nineteen-year-old wife, came to the States with me when I returned. She did not have a waiting period for her conditional green card as we had been married in the Philippines. When she arrived in the States, she was automatically qualified for a two-year green card.

My return to my house in the States was odd, to the extent that all our neighbors assumed that Elen had gotten the house in the divorce. She surely was living in it. Then, seven months later, I show up with a

nineteen-year-old wife, and we are living in the house with Elen. That caused a few eyebrows to rise.

But they didn't see the home cumming. That would have raised even more eyebrows. Ysang just watched as Elen took me deep throat, with the finger up my ass, playing with my prostate, as she did each time I returned. When I came, and I most assuredly did, Elen left me on the living room couch and started kissing Ysang. That greeting went on for a good five minutes with roaming hands before Ysang and I lay down for a few hours. We got up to a supper of pork shumai<sup>12</sup>, pancit and rice. Ah, I was home with my two wives. Somehow, it felt right.

A week after arriving back in the US, we had a wedding reception. There were my two kids, the McMurray's (Elen's friends), my attorney, my HR contact, and two of Elen's closest teacher friends who hadn't abandoned her. There was a sweet faux ceremony and the reception, a small affair. That night just as every other night, there were three of us in the bed.

The six months in the US flew by. Ysang submitted her nursing credentials to the State Board and received certification to practice in our state. I am told she is the youngest person, at age nineteen, to receive a certification. She got work at the local hospital.

This year, when I went back to Cebu, for six months, I would be with Girlie and Ma Fe. Next year, Elen and Ysang would each spend three months there.

We filed for Ysang's mom<sup>13</sup> and sisters (as they were her mother's underage daughters) right before I went back for my six month stay in Cebu. I would have them there during my time in Cebu and they could return with me

The little less than six months with Ma Fe and Girlie in Cebu was a hoot. Girlie, now sixteen, was no longer in High School, having graduated three months earlier. As the expectation was that she would be coming to the USA in six months, she did not apply to a university in Cebu. She was still of a tender age, though she was and had already been my mistress for over two years. It's hard to admit how often and

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<sup>12</sup> Filipino spelling is: Siomai.

<sup>13</sup> This is not possible anymore. As I re-edit this, the law currently requires the applicant to be a US citizen to bring a parent. Before, green card holders were allowed to do this. There is legislation in congress that would disallow bringing parents and their other children over entirely. But, both before and to this day, underage children of a valid visa holder can also gain visas if filed for at the same time as the adult visa holder.

with how much enthusiasm Girlie and I fucked those months. Ma Fe was amused and seemed to take a back seat to her young daughter.

Night after night, Girlie would go to sleep with a load of cum in her pussy. Girlie was older now, than was Ysang, when I first met her older sister. She was as close as a sibling could be in appearance to Ysang. There were times when the two blurred into one in my mind. I was in love with Girlie as much as I was with Ysang, with Ma Fe, and with Elen. This was nuts, but it was also true.

We, the five of us, traveled to the US four days before Thanksgiving.

Getting Ma Fe and her other girls to the US was the completion of my efforts, other than government paperwork for all the girls and the real need to get citizenship for Elen and Ysang. Girlie would be attending classes at a local college the next semester, and the younger girls were enrolled in public school.

Home life was all I could ever hope for. Ma Fe was thrifty even though she didn't have to be. She just would not believe that I liked small, natural breasts. She kept on bugging me for the breast enlargement surgery. I refused each time. Saying no was enough. Even though she could access the bank account, she would not spend without my permission.

Girlie was a woman far before her time. She was an angel for me and I loved every minute of my time with her, but I was sad for her too. She deserved more than I could give her. I had no business with four wives. Two of them still well under twenty-one!

Our first Thanksgiving as a complete family: my six Filipinas, Ethan and Kim, was special in many ways. Ethan and Kim were with us for five full days. It was beyond sweet to have them for so long, though they did make plenty of time to visit their mother, too. We sure did have a good time.

But none had as good a time as Ethan and Girlie. Girlie, at sixteen, was still under age. But she and Ethan were becoming an item. My heart was pained; I truly loved the girl, but at the same time I was well aware that continuing on with Girlie now that we were in the US was not in my best interest.

Ma Fe came to me two days after the big meal, and asked if I would release Girlie from any bonds so that she might allow Ethan to have her. This was ticklish. I told Ma Fe to bring Girlie to me. She appeared within minutes. Ma Fe was about to leave us alone but I told her to stay.

*Have you told my son anything about us?*

*No, Sir.*

*Do you want my son?*

*Sir, I am your Mistress and will always be that.*

*Girlie, if I allow you to leave me, do you want Ethan?*

*Yes, Sir. I would be his mistress or his wife.*

*Girlie, you have my permission to marry Ethan, but not to be his mistress. And you do not have my permission to talk about our relationship with him, ever. Do you understand?*

*Yes, Sir. But what if he does not want me?*

*Then you stay with me. I will always want you and love you, Girlie. But your happiness is as important as is my love for you. Just don't fuck him until you are certain you are going to marry him.*

*Yes, Sir.*

I told them to leave me, but asked Ma Fe to tell Ethan I needed to see him in my home office. When he came in, he was a little red-faced.

*I think I know why I am here, Dad.*

*OK, why are you here?*

*It's because of Girlie.*

*And what about Girlie?*

*Because I am crazy for her.*

*Uh-huh ... and how serious is this, Ethan?*

*I think it's pretty serious, Dad.*

*Do you know how old she is, son?*

*Yes, Sir, she's sixteen.*

*Do you know what statutory rape is?*

*Yes, Sir, I can't touch her for two years.*

*Well, it's only for eighteen months, now. But let's see if you can keep it in your pants for that long.*

*You didn't with Ysang!*

*I wasn't in the US.*

*Yeh, I guess you're right. May I date her?*

*Son, you may date her, and, if you are still serious next year, I think Ma Fe will give you permission to marry her at age seventeen, which eliminates the stat rape issue and lessens the wait to just six months.*

*Yes, Sir.*

*One thing Ethan, I love Girlie as much as I love you. If you marry her, you had best **never** hurt her, lie to her, cheat on her, or divorce her. Do you understand me, son?*

Ethan did pursue Girlie. They married on her seventeenth birthday that next April. I was happy, and relieved, to see her with Ethan. Kim just gave me a look that I ignored. I deflected her indirect questions about my relationship with Girlie. Girlie told me that Kim tried to get the scoop from her but Girlie wasn't talking.

In the end, Kim came to me after the wedding.

*Dad, isn't it a little weird giving your son one of your mistresses?*

*Why do you call Girlie a mistress?*

*Well isn't she, or wasn't she?*

*Kim, I am ashamed of you for asking your father if he had illegal sexual contact with Girlie. She was a minor. Shame on you, child.*

*Well that didn't stop you in the Philippines with your new wife!*

*Kim, watch where you are stepping. This is not the Philippines. Girlie is your sister-in-law; I hope you will always love her and I hope she always makes Ethan happy. I am delighted for them both.*

*OK, Dad, I give up, but you know Ethan will never be able to visit mom with his wife or his kids if he has any.*

*Well, that last part did occur to me, and it makes me sad for any future kids. As to Cathy, I have nothing to say.*

*And you know you are Ethan's dad and his brother-in-law now, right?*

And that's how it ended. The conversation never came up again, and I never touched Girlie again. She was Ethan's. By the time Girlie was twenty-three, and a US citizen, she convinced Ethan to travel with her back to Cebu... but that's another story!

Ma Fe joined the local PTA and got very involved in the schools and the local Red Cross. She is my mother-in-law, the mother of my son's wife, and fifteen years younger than is Cathy. Ma Fe and Cathy run into each other frequently. Ma Fe handles the PTA's funds as treasurer. That makes her liaison to the business office and to Cathy specifically. I gather Cathy, in some public setting, was rude to Ma Fe one day early on; and, the way I heard it, Ma Fe just laughed at her, and I really mean laughed out loud. Cathy demanded to know why Ma Fe was laughing.

Once Ma Fe regained her composure, I am told she looked at Cathy with the kindest of all faces and said, *Oh, Cathy, I am so very glad you are a very mean bitch. Because if you hadn't divorced Noah, even though he loved you and was good to you, my Ysang would have never met him and I would not be here today. All my good fortune is because you are so mean a person. I cannot thank you enough!*

In Elen's fifth year in the US and Ysang's third year, both became citizens of the US. We were never separated again. And, when I traveled

to the Philippines, both of them came with me for the entire time. I hear that Cathy invested heavily in voodoo dolls and pins.

And so ended the complicated puzzle that all began when I was sent the very first time to the Philippines and needed some public cover for the fact that my wife was not with me.

Post Script: Ma Fe's younger kids grew up as typical kids do in the US and pursued their own lives. I remain happy with Elen, Ysang and Ma Fe. And I am an uncle and grandfather at the same time to Ethan and Girlie's kids.

**The End**