

The Food Court

by Very Well Aged



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A Short Story
Second Edition

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Warning to reader: All my stories, regardless of whether they reference "Jake," exist within the world of one or two possible Threads. A few stories reference a specific Jake and those really need to be read as corollaries, being grounded in a specific Jake world. Fully, to understand any of my Philippine stories, it is best to have already read either *Jake's Journal: The Philippines — Joyfully* ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#)) or *Jake's Journal: The Philippines with Ganda* ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#)). All stories even though not directly tied to any Jake, just don't include background, language explanations and such that is covered in the longer Jake stories. For that reason, having read either, the story with Joy or Ganda, is very helpful. Failure to do that will make the other stories both confusing and less enjoyable.

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I could sit in a food court, anywhere in the USA, and the likelihood of anyone talking to me, would be thin. The likelihood of a couple of pretty young girls talking to me would be nonexistent.

I'm just an average middle aged guy with a little too much around the middle, thinning, graying hair and child support payments high enough to keep me working my tail off.

A month ago my supervisor called me into her office. This is not normally a good thing. She doesn't like me much and we aren't what you call on speaking terms. Normally it's her chewing me out for something I had no control over. So I am not expecting to like the experience as I come to her door. The actual door is open and I knock on the jamb. She signals me to come in with a hand gesture.

Martin, I just got a call from HR. What's your problem with taking vacation leave?

Excuse me, ma'am? What problem? I haven't taken any; how can there be a problem?

Jeez, Martin, are you really that dense, boy? That's the point. You haven't taken any vacation leave in three years. HR is having a cow. You've accumulated six weeks of paid leave and they ordered me to tell you to take it ALL by the end of the year. On top of that, you've accumulated 13 comp days and they have tacked that on as well! I am going to hire a temp just to cover for your sorry ass! You've got to take a two month vacation, and Martin, that means NOW! You have two weeks to figure out where you're going, because this being almost the middle of October, you have to do all of this before January 1st! You got that, MARTIN? Jeezuz, Mary and

John, What the fuck am I going to do with you? Now get the fuck out of here and back to work!

Well, like I said, I never did like having to talk to her. Even good news sounded bad by the time she was finished with ya'. So here I am back at work, pissed off and not knowing what to do. When we break for lunch some of the guys are all trying to come up with what I should do for two months. Man you never heard such dumb stuff, like ice fishing for two months! Who the fuck is going to sit in a shack on a fucking frozen lake alone for two months and call that a vacation? Some guys must just be wrapped wrong is all I can figure.

Then Artie, who ain't said a thing, says, if it was his vacation he knows just what he would do. *It's what I'm planning on doing when I retire anyway. You know I was stationed in Subic Bay in the Philippines when I was in the Navy, right? Well I figure I'd go back there, to the Philippines, I mean. I got some buddies that are there right now, my age. I guess if'n they were here, you'd hafta say they had a modest pension. Yeh, sure not real great — but there it works out real good. They have a nice place to live, it's always warm and they get more pussy than Victoria's got secrets!*

Billy is looking at Artie and says, *Old man, you're full of shit. No old fart like you is going to attract any pussy worth fucking. Not now and not in a million years!*

But Artie, he's not backing down. *Billy—boy how'd you like to take a bet on that?*

Billy is laughing, *What you got in mind, old man?*

Well Billy—boy, the way I figure it, we have Marty here settle it for us. You buy Marty's airfare to the Philippines and I will put up even more cash to cover the tickets and the change for an earlier return date if needed. We fly Marty over there. He can stay with my buddies in Cebu so he don't have to pay for no hotels. The food is so cheap there that he will be saving money even if he's been eating Dinty Moore three times a day here. He goes to the food court of a mall and hangs out for three hours a day. If he ain't had four pussies in the first week, we fly him home, I pay you off and cover

the diff. If he gets the pussy, you lose the bet and my money stays in my pocket. Either way, Marty gets a free trip to the tropics and he's a winner. Well, Billy—boy, you got the balls or ain't ya'?

Billy is backed into a corner. Buying time he asks, *Who's gonna hold your share, Artie?*

Artie thinks a bit and I'll be damned if he doesn't say, *Our supervisor! She hates all of us equally anyway so she won't play favorites!*

Artie has Billy over a barrel on that! And so that's how it happens that I am sitting at a food court here in a mall in Cebu. Not a fancy one, but one for the everyday folks. This is my second day here. I'm not sure if what I am doing is going by the agreement because I wasn't here an hour yesterday. But I was here long enough for these two teenagers to start talking to me. We got real friendly and after I bought them a couple of 300 peso¹ loads for their phones² we went back to where I am staying and damn if I didn't have two pieces of grade A fine Filipina ass yesterday afternoon! They left at 6:30 last night saying they had to be home or their mom would whip 'em.

To help Artie prove the bet I have'ta take pics of each of the girls I am with and email them from an Internet Café. There are Internet places all over so that's not a problem. I sent the first two pics last night. I bet Billy is shitting his pants. It serves him right. Billy's OK, but Artie is a really nice guy and a good friend. I sure never liked how Billy treated him.

Yesterday I got here right as school was letting out. Today I am here at 1:30 in the afternoon. There aren't as many teens right now but there are mom's with kids. Being with the teens was something I will never forget, but I think I really want to see if I can find someone a bit older!

¹ Worth about \$6US.

² The average Filipino uses pre-pay cellphone services. The average load for a phone is 30 pesos, good for about three days. A 300 peso load would be an extravagance.

In the meantime, you know, I didn't eat any of the food here yesterday, so I have decided to try some today. I am wandering around the court – it's a sort'a circle – and trying to figure out what to order.

I hear giggling behind me. As I turn around I see a pretty woman, maybe in her twenties? Maybe early thirties? Anyway she's pretty and she's talking to me. *Do you know about Filipino food?*

No, Miss, I sure don't. Could you help me? Oh, I'm sorry my name is Marty. Nice to meet you!

Nice to meet you, Marty, I am Eve. Are you very hungry, Marty?

No, Eve, not real hungry, but I wanted just to try some things and see what it was like.

Marty! I am so proud of you willing to try. How much do you have to spend on this experiment?

Well, ... will 500 pesos be enough?

May I select things for you?

You bet. That would be great, Eve.

And that's what she is doing. She gets me a round doughy ball she calls [SioPao](#), an eggroll looking thing she calls [Lumpia](#), a noodle dish called Pancit, and white rice. And I have money left over! She get's something for herself she calls [sinigang](#) with rice, and I pay for that too. It's the least I can do. We sit down to eat together. I have too much on my plate, but everything is better than good. It is fantastic! Those Chinese don't know shit about eggrolls. These Lumpia beat them all to hell. The Pancit is so much better than the Lo Mein down at the China Dragon that I'm thinking Lo Mein ought to be outlawed. And oh shit, the SioPao, how can you say the best damn fast food ever! Hot damn that is good! Eve is laughing at me.

I think you like Filipino food, Marty! That is nice, good for you.

There is a pause and I'm still eating.

Marty ... why are you here?

Well Eve, it's a vacation. A buddy at work told me that the best place to go for a vacation was here and so I came.

Are you doing anything special? I mean, a mall is not exactly a vacation spot.

Well, I don't know, I was just trying to see what life was like here for the average person. I'm just an average person back home.

Are you married, Marty?

No, Eve, I was but I got divorced about ten years ago.

Do you have a girlfriend back home?

No, sure don't, Eve. Had one for a while, but with my salary and the child support I pay for the kids there's not much left and so I guess I'm not what you call a good prospect for a girlfriend.

But you make enough to pay your bills? Yes?

Yeh, sure ... but girls want more than that!

You have a place to live?

Sure, I have an apartment.

An apartment for just you?

Yeh.

So, Marty, you are a good guy, you pay for your children even though you are divorced, you have a place to live, you have a job, why the girls not want you? I don't understand?

Eve, girls want more I guess. Besides I'm not good looking.

You like my looks, Marty?

Eve, you are beautiful.

Salamat, you know what that means, Marty?

*Yes, the guys told me it means 'thank you, ' and you are welcome, Eve, but you really **are** good looking.*

Marty, you are pogi.

What does Pogi mean Eve?

It mean handsome, Marty. You are handsome. Marty, I have some shopping to do. You want to help come with me and maybe help me carry a bag home?

Sure, I'd be happy to do that. Where are we going first?

And off we go grocery shopping. Eve has no car and she buys only what she can carry home. With my extra hands she can get some more. As we are shopping she asks me if I will stay with her for supper. I tell her sure so long as I can pay for the groceries.

She says, *Deal!*

You know those discount cards we use at our supermarkets, well, I'll be damned, they have the same things in the Philippines. Eve whips out a Rustans card and then I pay using my debit card from the US and it all works. What a fucking world. Anyway, we head back to her place. It's a ten minute walk before we are there.

When we get to her place, she introduces me to her mother, and then her father, and then her sister, and then another sister, and then her brother, and then another sister ... and holy shit how many are there? This is a small apartment! There is a fan going and thank God for that!

Her mother and father do not speak any English but her brothers and sisters do. I am answering questions non—stop. How did I meet Eve? What am I doing in the Philippines? Where do I work? What do I do at work? How old are my children? Why did I get a divorce? Do I like the Philippines? Why am I not married now? Why don't I have a girlfriend? Do I like Filipino food?

Finally, Eve has mercy on me and tells them to give me a break!

There is no dinner table. Everyone gets food from the stove and sits down wherever they can and eats. Eve puts a plate together for me. I don't recognize a damned thing on the plate, but I dig in. It's good. Heavy on the garlic, but I love garlic, so that's fine. There is a lot of talking but I can't understand a word. Everyone is in good spirits and the fact that I am eating is getting smiles and thumbs up.

After supper, a karaoke CD is shoved into a CD player and a TV is turned on. There is a controller where you can tap in the song number. The entire family is taking turns singing. Half the tunes are old US pop standards. They get me to sing a few songs by the Carpenters and the Eagles. At some point I yawn and Eve says she is going to walk me home. I protest saying that I can get home fine. Her father is saying I should stay with them for the night. But Eve shoves a few things into her handbag and we are out the door.

We are hand and hand. Eve is quiet for a long while. But she breaks the silence, asking, *Marty, if your girlfriend worked and you shared your expenses, would you be OK? Would there be enough money?*

I am not sure what she is asking but I try to answer. *Well, we would not be rich but yeah, I guess that we would be OK. Why?*

Oh, nothing.

It is a half an hour walk back to where I am staying. Artie's friends have given me my own bedroom in the house they lease. The room has an air—conditioner, which for sleeping purposes is a blessing. I invite Eve in. No one else is home and we go to my room.

Marty, would you like me to stay with you tonight?

Oh, Eve, I sure would but was too embarrassed to ask you. Thank you. You sure are sweet and beautiful.

And you are pogi, Marty!

Eve, do you need glasses?

Haha you are funny, Marty. No, my eyesight is perfect. Maybe you need to clean your glasses!

I reach out to her and she comes right to me. This is a woman, not a girl, and she wants me! Me, Marty, hey OK. So I pull down the zipper in the back of her dress and it slumps against her arms as we kiss and kiss and kiss. She lets her arms loose and the dress falls to the floor.

I am pretty much working mouth to mouth at the moment, but it is clear that she looks as good out of the dress as she did in it. She has panties on and a bra, but that is all. As we kiss I unhook the bra. I'm sort'a rusty at this but I do get it done and the bra slides down to her arms. And then, she lets that fall too. My hand goes to her breast. It is firm and warm and her nipple is hard. I slide my head down to suck on it and Eve moans. As I suck, my hand moves down to her panties and I slide my hand inside the panty to reach the Promised Land.

It's the damndest thing, she ain't got no hair down there. I am feeling nothing but skin. Those teenage girls were like that last night but I just figured it was a teen thing. Now I guess I have to refigure that. Her cunt is slick with her female juices. My finger slides right in and she takes a sharp breath in. My lips loosen their hold of her nipple and I ask her, *You OK?*

Oh, yes Marty, yes, I'm OK.

She unbuttons my shirt and I take it off. I kick off my sandals. She opens my belt and shorts and soon they, and my briefs, are gone. I slide her little pink panties down and take a good look at her. She is beyond pretty. She can't be twenty—five, can she? There is simply

nothing that isn't just right as I look at her. And she is putting her arms around me to kiss some more. Oh shit, am I a lucky guy or what?

We kiss and then just sort'a fall on to the bed. She has my cock in her hands and she is jacking me off. God that feels good. I pull her down. We lie face to face.

Marty, you really like me?

Sure, Eve, how can you ask that now? Of course I like you.

Oh, I think I ask it wrong. My English is not too good. Marty, maybe you would like me as your girlfriend?

Eve, I'm just here for two months and then I have to go home.

I know, Marty, but if you like me good enough as a girlfriend when you are here, maybe you will want to marry me when you go home?

Now Eve is still jacking me off and I don't want to say that question was a downer but it sure took the wind out of my sails! Holy shit ... I mean I just met her this afternoon!

Marty, I am not asking you to want to marry me now. I am saying let me show you I can be good to you. If I am your girlfriend then I can show you that.

Eve, I told you I don't have a lot of money and I have to pay a lot of child support.

Marty, I know, you think I am stupid? I hear you but you say if the girl works it would be alright. If you like me and want me, when I marry you I will work hard to bring money home.

OK now I am not sexed up at all. But my mind is all confused. She is saying she doesn't want me to support her, she wants to work with me to make a life together. And she thinks I am 'pogi'!

Are you for real? I'm just a working guy with nothing much to show for all that. You really want me? Why?

Marty, you ever hit a girl?

No. Hell no, Eve. I ain't never hit any girl.

Will you cheat on me if we marry?

No, I ain't never cheated and I ain't gona start now.

You always tell the truth?

Yeh, ain't no reason to lie. It just makes things worse.

That's why, Marty. You are hard worker, you don't hit, don't cheat, you tell the truth and you are pogi.

Eve, if I bring you to the USA you would never stay with me. Every handsome and rich guy from miles around would be asking you to go with him. You say I am pogi but those guys are more pogi and much richer.

You got Bible, Marty?

Why?

I will swear on God's word that if I marry you I will stay with you forever. I will not look at another man. If you marry me, you are my husband for life, Marty. No annulment, no divorce.

Eve, I am scared. I haven't had a girlfriend in years and you are the most beautiful woman I have ever been with in my life.

You will see, Marty. You will see. I am your Girlfriend. No one else from now on. I will take care of you. You will see.

Eve, I have been honest with you but there is something I need to tell you about how I got here. It has to do with a bet that I didn't make. It will take a few minutes but I need you to hear it all and understand. OK?

OK, Marty, I am listening.

So there we are. Naked as the day we was born and I am telling her the entire thing, from the stuff about the supervisor to the bet between Artie and Billy. Eve listens to the whole story, interrupting on occasion to get it all straight in her head.

At the end she says, Salamat for telling me the truth. Who do you want to win the bet?

Well if I wasn't going to be your boyfriend I would have said Artie but, if you are my girlfriend, I can't do that.

Marty, all you have to send is a photo of each girl? There needs to be four girls, but you already sent the two from yesterday? And I would be three? No problem!

Huh? How?

Tomorrow, Marty. I will show you tomorrow. Tonight we have other things to do!

She bends over me and starts kissing me. And then, oh God, then she whispers in my ear, *Teach me, Marty. Please teach me.*

Teach you what, Eve?

Teach me how to please you, Marty. I have never been with a man before.

Never?

Never, I am a good girl and I save myself for my one and only.

Oh shit, Eve ... are you a virgin?

Of course, Marty! I never let anyone touch me! I wait for the right man.

Shit, Eve! What if I am not the guy? Huh? You consider that? What if I am just a dumb schmuck who fucks you and leaves you?

What's a schmuck, Marty? Besides, you are a good guy. You won't leave me. I know that already.

How do you know that? I left those teenagers, right?

Haha, Marty, you didn't leave them, they left you and didn't even give you their phone numbers. Anyway, you don't want a teenager, you want me!

And you're sure of that? Why?

Because you already do not want to hurt me! If I tell a bad man I am virgin, he will try to take it, but you stop! Haha, you don't want to hurt me. ... Marty, teach me how to make your penis happy and then we will sleep OK?

So what the fuck, I figure I show her how to give me head and I tell her that she is supposed to swallow when I come. She doesn't know the diff. I'll be damned she does just what I told her to do! She sucks my dick like she pulling a bean through a straw and going up and down at the same time. She even swallows my cum like it's all in a days work.

We snuggle into the double bed and I am out like a light.

The sunlight is pouring in as I turn over next morning. Eve is not in bed, but there is a riot of female voices in the main room. Both of Artie's buddies have Filipina wives and while they haven't said shit to me – it sounds like they sure found something to talk about with Eve. I slide on some clothes and head to the bathroom – which requires me to enter the main room. As I enter, all eyes turn to me and there is Eve among them. *Good, morning Pogi!* All the woman are giggling. I mutter, *Good morning, Eve* and disappear into the bathroom.

When I exit, clean, dressed and combed, Eve approaches me and tells me, *Pogi, I make you breakfast. You sit down, OK?*

It's the damnedest thing I've ever seen or eaten. I swear to God she serves me three of this fried thing which has a [hotdog in the middle](#). She also pours me a glass of pineapple juice. Well shit, I liked what I had in the food court and I liked supper last night – still don't know

what the fuck it was but –I liked it, so... I eat one of these fried things.

Fucking mother of Sundays, this thing should get a patent! Damn it's good! It's got the frank, some cheese, some bread, and bread crumbs and some coating and is sort'a sweet³. Never in my life have I had anything like it and damn I eat all three before I know it.

You like it Marty?

I laugh. What the hell does she think? I ate all three so fucking fast because I hate it? *Yes Eve, I liked it a lot.*

Good, you like Filipino food. That's good. I can make you happy.

She takes my hand and kisses my fingers and in an instant turns to one of the guys wives and says something in their language. It all sounds like gibberish to me. One of the gals disappears for a second and returns with a plastic tray of things including nail polish! What the fuck? *Now, Eve, I'm not sure what you think your gonna do, but don't you even think about putting no nail polish on me!*

Marty, you are silly. Your nails, they are bad. I will fix them. Now give me your hand.

And that's what the girl does. She clips my nails and makes all of them 'high and tight' to my fingers. Then she proceeds to do the same thing to my toenails. No polish, nothing frilly. But for the love of God, if I tell my buddies that I got a girlfriend who is giving me manicures and pedicures, I'll never hear the end of it. Thank God, all they are is clipped. All the while she is doing this she is keeping a running conversation up with the two other gals. *What are you gals talking about?*

Marty, I tell them about Artie and Billy. Their guys are Artie's best friends and they want to help so Artie wins the bet. The guys have gone out

³ Filipino white bread and the cheese (Eden brand like Velveeta) are both sweet which makes the rollup sweet without added sugar.

to get a sign made. My sisters will come over too. We will take a pic this afternoon. OK?

What type of photo is this gonna be, Eve?

Oh, Marty, you will like it. You trust me, OK?

Eve is finishing my second foot when, Kevin, one of Artie's buds walks into the place. He takes one look around and seems to have everything figured out. He looks at me and smiles, Marty, looks like you found a good one. Good for you man. Now I know why Artie likes you. If you need to know anything about what to do about Visa's for you or your girl you just ask me or Paulie. We've been through all of it at one time or another.

Kevin, what's the deal with the nail clipping?

Weird right? Yeh, well, get used to it. She'll be doing it for the rest of your life. It's just the way they're brought up. There's a bunch of things that are going to be different. All for the good so relax my man, sit back and enjoy the ride.

Why does everyone assume that we are going to be married?

'Cause you are man. Once you find a good one, you're done for. Ask Paulie, ask me, I guess. Look man, Artie says you are a hard working stiff who pays his dues, busts his butt and just can't seem to catch a break. Did he get that right?

Yeh, I guess so.

Well you just caught a big break. These women don't expect you to support them ... they expect to work right alongside of you and you will not outwork them, Marty. They may look sweet and dainty, but they're as loyal as a pit bull and dainty they ain't. They're scrappy bitches that will tear the skin off anyone who fucks with their man. You won't have to protect her, as much as you need to be straight with her, show her where the pot holes are and where the pavement ends. Then get ready to pull in harness because she will insist on pulling her weight and then some. You keep on being the guy Artie says you are and you aren't ever going to be sorry about finding

Eve. In the meantime, my man, I guess we're going to stage one hell of a photo for your buds back at work. You, Marty, are going to be the Stud of Studs back there when you send the photo! Hell I wish I was there to see their faces!

By the time afternoon arrives, Eve's three sisters are here, there is a big and I am talking fucking huge pot of rice and boxes of – I don't fucking believe it – Kentucky Fried Chicken – and a pot of something called caldereta. Eve tells me it can have beef in it but this one has goat. I give it a try and it's good. Sweet and good. Go figure, I'm eating goat. Kevin is going to town on it. He smiles at me, *My Honey is one hell of a cook. Ain't she?*

There is so much food here that we are all just bloated. The women are jabbering and laughing. Kevin seems to understand and he is laughing as well. He looks at me, laughter making him tear up and says between fits of guffaws, *The girls want your buddies to wonder just how large Marty's dick is! Man that guy must really be packing! Oh my ... Eve is going to make sure no one doubts your virility! Oh man this is rich. You, my man, are about to be surrounded by Eve, and her three sisters all in their bras and panties holding the sign I just got made, and you know that the sign says Marty? It says "You Lose, Billy." That's four woman in their underwear and you Marty standing in the middle of them. Holy shit this is going to be sweet. Artie is going to love this! The only reason our wives aren't going to be in the pic, is that Artie knows them!*

§ § §

Billy, are you sure you have lost the fucking bet. Are you sure you want me to give the old man his money back? Are you telling me that sorry fuckup has snagged four girls in a week?

No Ma'am, he's had SIX so far! We got photos two days ago with Marty and two girls – and it was clear that they were more than friends. Today we got a photo ... well here, look at this.

I'll be damned – even a fuckup like Marty can get lucky once in his life. OK. I'll give the dough to Artie. But, Jeez, you guys are some of the dumbest SOB's I have ever seen. I can't believe anyone would be so

damned stupid as to bet on something like that! Ain't none of you boys got a lick of sense.

Ma'am, say what you will but Marty is a lucky guy. He had a chance to get lucky, I got no problem with that. Hell, I bet you he comes back engaged or married.

Are you that damn dumb, Billy? You think he's going to marry one of those hookers? You guys just make my day.

No, ma'am, he ain't with no hooker.

Bullshit she ain't. You think those women in the photo weren't bought and paid for by the hour?

Ma'am, the girl in the middle, yeh, that one, that's Eve, she was gonna be his girlfriend.

And you believe that, don'tcha, Billy. Tell you what ... I like taking candy from babies. I'll take the bet. If Marty gets engaged or married to that EXACT girl, Eve, and can prove it, I'll cover your loss ... BUT if he doesn't or can't prove it, you owe me that much again. You really want that bet Billy?

Yes, Ma'am.

OK, Billy — it's your funeral. Who do you want to hold the bet?

Well, ma'am how's about Artie?

§ § §

Eve, four weeks ago I thought you were fucking crazy when you said you wanted to show me that I would want to marry you ... I have to return home next month ... And well, Kevin and me talked. He says there is still time to get married. I will have to go home without you, after we marry and then file papers from there, but Kevin has spoken to Artie and they will help me get it all done. Kevin said you would be able to get a visa to come

in around six months if I do the papers right. Do you still want to marry me, Eve?

Of course, yes. Marty, you are so silly. Why I not want to marry you? You are my guy!

I just had to ask.

Marty – thank you – I can still wear White dress in church ... because you are good guy.

§ § §

Kevin is a fucking wonder. He tells me what I need and works with Artie, g'damn I really do owe that guy. I had to have a legal copy of my divorce decree sent over to the Philippines ASAP. I fly to Manila and go to the US Embassy. But in the end, I get the papers I need to get married in the Philippines. Kevin's wife Honey helps Eve with her side of the process and just in time, four days before I needed to fly home, we are married. Eve wears a pure white dress. I am proud of that. We have pictures and a video of the wedding taken. And ya' know, I ain't scared of the future at all

That evening I do the thing Eve had asked me to do the first night I was with her. I teach her about sex. And I gotta' say, it really is special. There really is blood. We don't leave the bedroom for 24 hours. I am Eve's first and she tells me I will be her only. If an American girl told me that, I would not believe it for a second. But I believe Eve.

§ § §

I still don't believe it. Billy, I ain't giving you any money. I don't care what the photos show and I don't give a crap what Martin says. That whore ain't with him!

§ § §

It takes me six months to get Eve here. Artie has to lend me some cash to get through the damn process. I fucking pay my taxes and then they hit me for thousands more to bring my wife here? That just ain't right. Anyways, we do get permission. I couldn't go get her, so Eve has to fly alone. That really sucks, but at least I can meet her at the airport when she arrives. I don't tell anyone she is coming. Even Artie doesn't know. I just take the day off from work. I am standing there, nervous as shit and worried that she had missed a flight when she steps out of the building and I see her. Have I told you how fucking gorgeous that female is? Well anyways, she is. She is tired, excited and happy to see me!

Take me home Marty.

In a little bit Eve. There's someone and something we gotta' do first.

§ § §

The actual door is open and I knock on the jamb. She signals me to come in with a hand gesture.

Martin, what the fuck are you doing here? You have the day off.

Ma'am, I'd like to introduce you to my wife, Eve.

The End

Image



Cheesy Hotdog Rolls Recipe

Ingredients

- 10 pcs. tasty bread/ white bread
- 5 pcs. hotdog
- ½ pack cheese (regular size)
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- cooking oil, for frying

Instructions

1. Slice the hotdog in half lengthwise. Fry, then set aside.
2. Flatten the bread by pressing it using a spoon. You can also use a rolling pin if available.
3. In each piece of bread, put half hotdog and sliced cheese. Roll the bread and pitchfork with toothpick to maintain its form.
4. Beat the eggs. Dip each hotdog roll into the egg then roll in a plate or tray with bread crumbs.
5. In a medium heated pan, fry the hotdog rolls until golden brown.
6. Serve in a plate with tissue paper to drain oil.

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