

Marilyn's Return

This story is another in the "Jan" series: Jan, Kelly's Adventures, and Six Mothers. Reading the other stories (in that order) would probably help you make more sense of this one; you don't **have** to read them, of course - but it would probably be to your advantage.

I met Kelly through her friend Jan, who was my best friend's daughter. I'd been watching out for her and her two brothers one time when I'd accidentally interrupted her while she was masturbating. From that single event, my life changed - a LOT, and for the better. Before I really knew what had happened to me, I'd met Kelly, deflowered her, deflowered Jan (WITH her Dad's knowledge and permission, no less!), and four of their other friends. Kelly had moved in with me, and when she'd graduated college, had agreed to marry me. When the two of us had gone off to the Philippines for a business client of mine, we'd made a NEW friend, Marlyn, and sort-of adopted Marlyn's niece, Marilyn. After Kelly had had her little adventure, we'd gone to the doctor and used one of the frozen samples I'd left behind (before I'd gotten a vasectomy) to get her pregnant. We (Kelly, that is) had twins - Daniel Paul and Janet Kelly; Jan and the others had helped us out *tremendously* during and after Kelly's pregnancy. For all intents and purposes, our kids had six mothers: Kelly, of course, along with Jan, Susan, Robyn, Sandra, and Candice.

As the time went by, and Daniel and Janet grew up, we continued to keep in touch with Marlyn, the friend we'd made in the Philippines. She, in turn, kept us up on what all was happening in HER life. Ted, the manager of the manufacturing plant that I'd helped get set up over there, had asked her to marry him, and she'd agreed. Several months after Kelly had OUR kids, we got word from Marlyn that SHE was pregnant - and happy as she could be. She also made sure that we knew what was going on with Marilyn - how she was doing in school, and so on. For her part, Marilyn wrote to us, too - just not as often.

When it came time, Marlyn wrote to us to ask if we would be able to help Marilyn into an American college. Of course, we were more than happy to do so - even going so far as to get several other people to write letters of recommendation for her to help pave the way. It was less a question of her grades and nationality than one of her age: having been promoted an extra grade, she would be starting college at 17, instead of the usual 18.

One of the schools she was accepted to was one that was only about a half-hour drive from where Kelly and I lived; it was a damn fine school for economics (which Marilyn wanted to major in), and had a fairly good political science curriculum, too (which she also wanted to study). Ted was making good money as the plant manager, but he wasn't rolling in dough - so when Marilyn was accepted to the college near us, Kelly and I both told them that Marilyn was more than welcome to stay with us; either on a temporary basis until she found a place of her own, or full-time. The reply we got from Marilyn was that she would be *delighted* to stay with us, provided that we were **sure** that she wouldn't be any trouble. That wasn't a problem, and we quickly reassured her of that fact. For our part, we didn't even have to add any furniture: with twins, Kelly and I had decided that we'd rather keep the house and add to it, instead of going out

and trying to find something with more space. Since the added cost wasn't all THAT much, we'd gone ahead and added *two* rooms to the house. That left us with the Master bedroom where Kelly and I slept, my office, a bedroom for each of the kids (the addition), and the original 'guest' room. All told, it added nearly 600 square feet to the living space, what with the additional rooms and another bathroom for the kids to share.

Shortly after Marilyn agreed to stay with us, Ted sent us some money to get her a used car, as well as to pay for her to attend a U.S. driving school. She'd taken the equivalent of 'drivers ed' in the Philippines, but he and Marilyn both knew that driving in the U.S. was *considerably* different than driving in the Philippines! Kelly and I looked around, and finally found her an old, but dependable, Volvo DL. It wasn't fast and sexy (for which Ted thanked us, when we told him about it), but it would be more than enough to get her where she needed or wanted to go, winter or summer, with no trouble. We also made arrangements to have her put on our auto insurance policy. When Ted heard about it, he went so far as to call us - long distance from the Philippines - to object. I took the call, and after listening to him for a couple of minutes, finally told him "Look, Ted - its done, and I'm not going to UNdo it. If you want to argue about it, you can try Kelly; **I'm** not going to change anything." - and handed the phone to Kelly. She could be *almost* as stubborn as me, when it suited her.

Apparently, it suited her just fine, then. She politely argued with him about it for a little bit before telling him "Ted, here's how it works. Dan and I can't send any of the things that we *want* to for her graduation present, so we're only going to be able to send her some money. But **this** we can do. There's no point in you fussing about it: we're going to do it, and that's that. If you try to pay for it, we won't cash your check or money order or whatever you send, so don't bother. If you just HAVE to spend money, then put it in a savings account for when you and Marilyn have a baby, so YOUR kid can go to college."

After she'd graduated high school (with a 3.93 grade point average, no less!), and had some time off from school, she came to the U.S. to stay with us for a couple of weeks before she had to start school.

Kelly and I - AND the kids - were there to meet her when she cleared Customs in Los Angeles. It took a second for me to recognize her: she'd grown considerably. At roughly five and a half feet tall, she probably towered over Marilyn; she was even cuter than when we'd seen her last, with a little button of a nose, beautiful brown eyes, and straight black hair that flowed over her shoulders. She was wearing loose cotton clothing that simply couldn't hide the curve of her bust and the gentle arcs of her waist and hips; she'd grown into a *very* lovely young woman. When she saw us, she let out a delighted cry and ran over to us, where we all took turns kissing and hugging. Then she squatted down and was introduced to Daniel and Janet, who both took to her in an instant. They held her hands and both talked to her a mile a minute as Kelly and I (okay, mostly me) carried her luggage over to the airline that would be flying us back home.

When we finally got home, we left her to put away her things and freshen up. When she was done, I fixed her up with one of the electronic keys that would let her into the house, and got her started on teaching Mabel (my home automation system: Machine Access By English Language) to recognize her voice - with Daniel and Janet helping her. Before she'd come over, Kelly and I

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had asked the others to give her a couple of days to get settled before we all got together so they could welcome her back. They'd all understood, and Paul had come up with the idea of a cookout at his place on Sunday after she arrived as a good way for everyone to see her again.

Supper that night was courtesy of Marilyn, despite our protests that she should rest: lumpia (a kind of thin-shelled VERY crispy burrito), pancit (fried rice), and a couple of other Filipino dishes.

After the kids had gone to bed, Marilyn sat with us in the den (with Cat on her lap, purring as Marilyn rubbed her ears), catching us up on what all was happening with Marilyn and Ted, the factory, and all the rest.

When she was done, she looked at Kelly, then me, and said "Tito (Uncle) Dan and Tita (Aunt) Kelly, I want to thank you, both of you, for being so much help in getting me into school here; and for letting me stay with you. I was so afraid that I was going to have to stay at the college, and that I wouldn't find any friends for a long time. But if I can stay here, then I know that I will always be with family."

Kelly told her "Marilyn, you are **more** than welcome to stay with us while you're here in this country, whether it's while you're going to school, or if you just want to visit. You are family to us, too, and we're *always* glad to have you here."

With that, Marilyn started to cry (with happiness, I hoped), and Kelly went over to hold her and comfort her, followed by me to do the same things.

After a bit, she settled down again, and after giving us both a kiss on the cheek and wishing us a good night, went to bed.

The next morning - Friday - Kelly and I got up and headed for the kitchen to get our coffee, and to start breakfast for the kids. Instead, we found that Marilyn had already gotten things going, and was waiting patiently for us. We asked her why she was up so early, and she blushed a little before telling us "I just want to make sure that you are not sorry that I am here, so I am trying to help you."

Kelly and I both hugged her and assured her that she didn't have to do anything special to 'help' - that just having her there was enough for us. She asked when the kids usually got up, and we told her that we usually had ourselves a cup of coffee and our own breakfast before waking the kids; that way we were assured of getting our own meals before it was feeding time at the 'zoo' - making her laugh.

She had breakfast with us, and when Kelly and I were down to the bottoms of our coffee cups, told us to stay in the kitchen if we wanted; that she would be the one to get the kids started. Kelly suggested she'd need a crowbar to get the kids out of bed, and Marilyn laughed before leaving on her self-appointed task. Much to our surprise, the kids were dressed and ready to start the day sooner than if Kelly or I had gone after them; apparently, Marilyn knew some trick to getting them going that Kelly and I needed to learn from her.

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That morning started a pattern that lasted for the whole time Marilyn was with us: she would join Kelly and me for breakfast, then get the kids up and ready for whatever was in *their* day. On top of that, she assumed minor 'cleanup' duties - making sure things were generally put away in the house, helping the kids keep their rooms (mostly) cleaned, running the dishwasher, and so on. Several times, Kelly and I would try to tell her she was doing too much; her only reply was to say "I will be the one to do that."

Anyway, when everyone was ready to go, we told Marilyn that she was welcome to stay home or go out, whichever she wanted. She'd been told by Marlyn and Ted that she wouldn't be allowed to drive 'her' car until she completed her driver's ed course, so we gave her a bus schedule and map so she'd know how to get to anyplace she might want to visit. We also made sure that she had our office phone number, as well as Kelly's cell phone number, and strongly emphasized that she was to call us if she ran into **any** kind of problems or had any questions. She let us know she understood, and Kelly and I left with the kids.

On the way to the office, we dropped them off at daycare - they were to start school that fall - and went to work. Then, around two o'clock or so, Kelly or I would pick them up and bring them to the office for an hour or two before the other one would take them home.

Once at work, I made a quick call to make sure that Marilyn's 'spot' in her driver's education class was still good, then called home to let her know she would be starting it the following Monday. She was delighted, of course, and thanked me profusely.

The rest of the day went by as it usually did for Kelly and me - working out any hang ups in whatever design I was working on, making sure that any necessary parts and materials would be available when they were needed, and so on. It was Kelly's turn to pick up the kids, so I was the one that took them home around 3:30; when we got in the door, I could see that Marilyn must have spent *most* of her time cleaning the house - it was *immaculate*. I thanked her - making her blush slightly - then let her know that we usually did the housecleaning on Saturday. The only response I got was "I will be the one". Clearly, she was determined to 'pay' us for letting her stay there by doing whatever jobs she could get away with.

Supper that night was pizza - to Marilyn's specifications at our insistence - followed by a night of TV with Cat on Marilyn's lap (purring to beat the band as Marilyn petted her) and the kids nestled into the couch next to her.

The next morning, Kelly and I slept a bit later than usual. On our way to the kitchen, we heard Marilyn talking to someone. We looked in and saw that both of the kids were on the couch with her, listening wide-eyed as she told them a story. We stopped to listen for a bit, and it didn't take us long to realize that she was telling them about herself and Marlyn, and how Kelly and I had helped them. But she was doing it in a way that made the whole thing sound like a fairy tale - the poor little girl that lost her family and had to stay in a terrible place with other children that had not families, and the kind Aunt that tried to help her. Kelly stood there, transfixed by the story, so I went and got us each a cup of coffee. When I got back, I had to nudge Kelly a couple of times before she looked at me to see what I wanted - then gave me an embarrassed smile and took her coffee before turning back to listen to Marilyn's story. Marilyn finished telling the kids

her story and both of them looked happy as could be at the happy ending; Marilyn then told them "That little girl was **me**, and the aunt that tried to help was my Momma Marilyn. But the Philippines is a poor place, so she was not able to do as much as she wanted - until the people from the far away place came and helped her. That place was this country, and the people that helped my Momma Marilyn and me was your Mom and Daddy."

Kelly and I could see that both kids were awe-struck that their plain-old Mom and Daddy could do something like that, and Marilyn told them "Your Mom and Daddy are *very* special, **very** good people. So you have to listen to them, and do what they tell you, so that you can grow up to be the kind of people that THEY are: good, and kind, and brave. Can you do that?"

Both kids nodded solemnly, and assured her that they could.

I nudged Kelly again, and when she looked at me, I gestured with my head toward the kitchen. She nodded, and the two of us quietly made our way there - then proceeded to make a little noise so that the others would know we were up and moving. Daniel and Janet both came rushing in to the kitchen, telling us about the wonderful story Marilyn had just told them; Kelly and I hugged both of them 'good morning', and asked if they were hungry. Both told us that Marilyn had already fed them, and rushed back to their rooms to get dressed, since both were still in their pajamas.

Kelly and I took our coffee into the den, and saw Marilyn sitting there looking a bit abashed. She quietly asked us "You heard?"

Kelly nodded, and Marilyn blushed before telling us "Please do not be upset with me. When I got up, they were already awake, so after I fixed them some breakfast I wanted to keep them quiet so you could sleep. So I told them about how you came to the Philippines and helped Momma Marilyn and me."

I nodded, and after sharing a look with Kelly, told her "That's okay, Marilyn. The way you tell it, it makes it sound like we did a whole lot more than actually happened, I think; but you haven't done anything wrong."

To Marilyn's visible relief, Kelly added "You can tell them stories if you want, Marilyn - but you don't have to do or say anything that makes Dan and I sound like more than we are, either."

Marilyn hastened to tell us "But I don't! If you heard, you know that I did not tell them anything that was not *absolutely* true! Maybe it was not such a big thing to you, but it was for Momma Marilyn and me - and we will **never** forget about it!"

I looked at Kelly, and the two of us realized that there simply wasn't any way that we were going to change her mind, and mutually agreed to drop the subject. It was Kelly that asked her "Was there anything that you wanted to do today, Marilyn? Go to a movie or shopping or anything like that? We don't have to go to work today, and we usually take the kids to the park or someplace after the house is cleaned. But since you already took care of that, we can leave sooner, if you

want. We'll be happy to either drop you off someplace, or keep you company - whichever you prefer."

Marilyn looked delighted, and said "Really? If it is not out of your way, I would like to buy some things."

"That's not a problem, Marilyn. Would you like us to leave you someplace, or would you feel better if we stayed with you?" I asked.

She got a shy grin on her face and answered "I think maybe I would like you with me, this time. I think I will need some help with American sizes", with a look at Kelly.

Kelly just smiled and said "I'll be glad to help, Marilyn" - to Marilyn's visible relief.

About that time, the kids came swarming in again, and quickly convinced Marilyn to watch cartoons with them - apparently, she remembered how much she'd enjoyed them from the time she'd stayed with us before.

While they were in the den watching TV, Kelly and I went into the kitchen and got our own breakfast, then went back to get dressed. While we were in the shower, Kelly got a mischievous look on her face, and dropped to her knees to take my penis in her mouth. When she had me fully erect (!), she stood up again, and kissed me. Then she turned around and bent over slightly, putting her hands on the shower wall before looking over her shoulder and giving me a Look that made it clear - in case I didn't already know - that she wanted me to make love with her.

In response, I dropped to my knees and eagerly put my face at the junction of her firm, smooth thighs. There I found that she was already wet inside, her labia parted and shiny with a mixture of her internal oils and the back spray from the shower. I dipped my tongue into her cleft and heard her soft moan when I quickly fluttered my tongue across her slightly exposed clitoris. In just a minute or so, her vaginal lips were dark with her arousal, and fully extended in open invitation. Standing again, I positioned the head of my erect penis against her opening, and after cupping her water-slickened breasts in my hands, began to press into her. There was only a momentary resistance, then I was through her entrance and slowly filling her with my manhood as she released a low groan of pleasure.

When I was fully inside her, I paused long enough to gently squeeze her breasts and pull on her nipples a little before easing myself back out a ways, then filling her again. Over the next few minutes, I continued to steadily thrust in and out of her, feeling her hot, wet vagina clenching around me as she became more and more aroused. Feeling the first twinges of my own release, I leaned forward and began to softly bite the back of Kelly's neck - something that **always** got her going, good and hard. It didn't fail to do so that time, either, and she was soon gasping and moaning as she got closer and closer to her release.

I was on the verge of unloading myself into her when she suddenly threw her head back and released a soft cry as her she found her pleasure. The sensation of her vagina spasming around my manhood was enough to trigger my own climax, and with a couple of short, hard thrusts into

her, I pressed myself as deeply inside her as I could as the first jet of my cum began to spray her insides.

I continued to flood her vagina with my inert seed as her delightfully hot and tight sheath clasped at me. Finally, I had nothing left to give her; but I continued to hold her breasts in my hand and my penis inside her as I felt a series of small spasms course through her body. Only when several seconds had gone since the last one did Kelly let her head fall forward; that was my signal that her orgasm was over, and I eased my hips back to let my softening penis pull free of her. She stood and turned around, and the two of us hugged and kissed, having again shown our love for each other.

Kelly eased herself out of my arms, and I looked down to where I could see a wad of my jism slowly running down the inside of one of her thighs. She saw my penis twitch, and laughingly told me "I don't know what it is about you, Dan, that you find the sight of your cum running down my leg so sexy!"

I grinned and told her "I don't either - but I do!"

She grinned back and told me "Yeah, I've noticed. But we still need to clean up - so let's clean up! And no more funny business, either, mister!"

"But *you're* the one that started it!" I protested, still smiling.

"That's right, I did, didn't I?" she answered, before adding "Well, then, I guess YOU'LL get to start it next time, okay?"

I laughed, and agreed "Deal!" - and getting a laugh in reply.

A few minutes later, we were both cleaned up (again), and had a little fun when we dried each other off.

Back in the den, we found Marilyn having as much fun watching cartoons as the kids, if her laughter was any indication.

Later that day, the five of us went out to a local park where Kelly and I played Frisbee with the kids, and watched as they played for a while on the jungle gym and other toys and rides. As I watched them, I could only wish (as I had so many times before) that I had even *half* the energy they displayed as they played.

When the kids were done, we all headed for one of the local shopping malls. These were something Marilyn was familiar with, since they had them in the Philippines. As we visited some of the different stores, I was careful to keep the kids from bothering them whenever Marilyn indicated that there was something of a personal nature that she wanted to buy. I saw her, and even Kelly, both give me grateful looks when I would suggest to the kids that while Marilyn was busy, we could go look at something else.

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That night was pretty much a repeat of the night before, except that Kelly prepared supper for all of us.

Sunday morning, Marilyn was surprised (and somewhat overawed) when Bishop Ferguson showed up to give her a ride to church. After he brought her back, she told us that he'd picked her up that time just to make sure she knew she was welcome, and that he'd made arrangements for some other people in the area to get her to church and home again until she was able to drive herself. She knew that Kelly and I weren't religious, despite Kelly's having gone to a Catholic school, and was perfectly accepting of the fact that we didn't go with her.

When it was time to head over to Paul's, we all changed clothes and got into my car. Once there, Marilyn was quickly greeted and welcomed by everyone that had met her before, and could make it there. Candice was off on an assignment for the newspaper she wrote for, and couldn't make it - but Jan and the others made sure that Marilyn knew that Candice was looking forward to seeing her again, too.

Between Paul, his boys Leo and John, Sarah's husband Al and their two boys George and Mike, and Bill (my client that had sent me to the Philippines), Daniel had plenty of people to keep him entertained. Ditto for Janet, who had all the girls, Sarah, Bill's wife Trudy, and Paul's girlfriend Stacy.

The afternoon went by with all of us having a great time; everyone was eager to hear how things were going for Marilyn and Ted, and Marilyn had more than enough opportunities to tell everyone about what she planned to do in school, and how happy she was to see all of them again.

When the afternoon finally wore down and all of us were ready to go home again, Marilyn made it a point to stop and thank everyone for coming, and telling them how welcome they made her feel.

On the ride home, Marilyn (in the back seat between the kids so there wouldn't be any fussing about who got a window seat) told us "Thank you, Tito Dan and Tita Kelly, for this afternoon. It was so *nice* to see everyone again!"

Kelly turned her head to tell Marilyn "Marilyn, it doesn't have to be just this once that you see them. I **know** that any of them would be delighted to see you, any time you wanted to invite them over, or go over to their place."

Marilyn seemed a little unsure, and asked "Really?"

I caught her eye via the rearview mirror and answered "Really, Marilyn. You are family to us, and they are our friends; so if you will let them, they will be YOUR friends, too."

Reassured that she really was welcome to see them more, she got a happy look on her face before pointing something out to the kids.

The following couple of weeks, we settled into something close to a routine. After Kelly and I left, Marilyn would catch a city bus to where her Drivers Ed classes were; each class was only a couple of hours, and the first week was spent in the classroom as they taught the students road signs, safety, and all the rest. After classes, Marilyn would come back home and carefully study the material she'd learned that day until Kelly or I brought the kids home. When the classroom instruction was done, an hour or so of each afternoon would be spent at a local game arcade, where she would use one of the road racing games to 'practice' driving. Since her goal was to be safe, versus go fast, her scores were abysmal - something that she took a measure of pride in. Sometimes, Kelly or I would go out with her in her car to let her get a little more practice. By mutual agreement, Kelly and I were intentionally harder on her than we knew the driving examiner would be - our thinking being that finding out how easy-going most examiners were would *relax* her for the test. We didn't tell HER that, though, so the effect wouldn't be lost.

Inevitably, the day came for her to take her test. She passed the written part of the exam with a perfect score. She was visibly nervous when the road test began, but by the time she got back, we could see that she'd calmed considerably. When she got out of the car, she gave us a happy smile, and clapped her hands together in joy when the examiner told us "She did just fine - better than most I have to ride with! If she'll come inside, we'll have her temporary license ready in about five minutes; the regular one will arrive in the mail in a couple of weeks."

It was a very happy, very satisfied Marilyn that came out of the Motor Vehicles building, clutching her U.S. driver's license in her hand. When she got over to where Kelly and I, and the kids, were waiting, she told us "He was a **much** nicer man than I thought he would be. I thought that you were being *kind* to me when you were talking to me while I was driving, but you weren't!" - the last accompanied by a look of mild accusation. Kelly smiled and told her what we'd done - and why. Marilyn looked baffled for a few seconds, then understood - and promptly thanked us, admitting that when she'd realized how patient the examiner was, she'd relaxed a LOT.

When Kelly and I insisted that SHE be the one to drive all of us home, she tried to protest - but not too hard, and looked inordinately pleased and happy during the trip.

For the first week or so, Marilyn would ask Kelly or me to keep her company whenever she had to go someplace - she was obviously timing her trips for when we would be home so that we would be available. We agreed, and soon realized that she was using us as a means of building her own confidence. With each assurance that she was doing fine, she got a little surer of herself, and it wasn't long before she was willing to drive herself wherever she needed to go, by herself.

With a driver's license and a car, there wasn't much keeping Marilyn from doing what she wanted to, when she wanted to. She didn't have the slightest hesitation about driving to school and getting herself registered, and buying the books she would need for her classes. She

faithfully attended the couple of orientation classes the school held for new freshmen, and was ready to go when her classes started.

For our part, Kelly and I got the kids registered for THEIR school: the primary section of the same Catholic school that Kelly had attended and Jan was teaching at. Jan was teaching the middle school kids, so it would be a few years before anyone had to be 'worried' about our kids being in one of Jan's classes.

A couple of weeks went by before Marilyn approached us with an idea: that she could easily pick the kids up from school, since she finished her classes a full hour before they got out. That way, Kelly and I wouldn't have to interrupt whatever WE were doing, and could still be certain that Daniel and Janet were being taken care of properly. Marilyn assured us that the kids weren't any problem, and that she could study for her classes while the kids were home for those couple of hours until Kelly and I arrived.

It *sounded* like a reasonable thing to do, but Kelly and I were still a bit unsure. Not because we didn't trust Marilyn; far from it. Rather, we wanted to be sure that the kids wouldn't disturb her, and make it harder for her to study. Still, it DID seem like a good idea, and we finally agreed to try it.

The kids, of course, thought it was a great idea: they got home sooner, and had Marilyn (who they adored) for company. Marilyn had gotten into the habit of showing us her homework and different quizzes after they'd been graded; after she started picking the kids up from school, we could see from the grades she was getting that she wasn't having any trouble keeping up with her schoolwork. Reassured that Marilyn's education wasn't suffering because of her willingness to try and help us, we decided that it would be appropriate to pay her for what she was doing.

That was the time we had our one and only 'argument' with her.

When we first brought up the idea, Marilyn was horrified, then adamant. We continued to try and reason with her, using every argument we could come up with, and finally got her to concede that watching out for the kids that way was something 'extra'. Then we had the problem of trying to negotiate payment with her - with a twist. Rather than us trying to get the price DOWN, we were trying to convince her to accept MORE money. It was through a combination of cajolery, threats (to start picking the kids up ourselves, telling her that if she wouldn't accept payment then we weren't going to let her do it, among similar comments), and pure stubbornness that we finally got her to accept the princely sum of \$75 a week - and even then, it took a lot of talking to convince her that it wasn't "too much". One of the things that motivated us was the fact that when she'd gone shopping, she'd bought the least expensive things she could, according to Kelly; we were sure that she was already on a tight budget, and wanted to do what we could to help.

The next few months went by quickly. Marilyn was delighted to help us plan a small party for the kids for Halloween, and was honored when she was included in the invitation to spend Thanksgiving at Paul's house.

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She couldn't help but notice that Jan or one of the others would sometimes come by for a visit and spend the night with Kelly and me - but she never said word about it.

Marilyn's birthday was December 8th, and Kelly and I and the kids all took her out to eat by way of celebration - and to get her out of the house so Jan and the others could prepare the surprise party we'd planned.

And it **was** a surprise.

When we got home, Marilyn started to help get the kids out of the car, and Kelly told her to go on in - that she and I would take care of it, it being 'her' night. She smiled at us, and did as we said; we could hear her shriek of surprise when she saw everyone inside, and the birthday cake and trimmings.

The kids, Kelly, and I came into the house behind her, listening to all the laughter at the expression on Marilyn's face when she realized that all of the fuss was for HER. She turned and looked at us, and simply said "Oh, **you!**" - provoking another round of laughter.

She was guided to a seat on the couch, where Daniel and Janet eagerly joined her; happy as could be that their Tita Marilyn (she'd been teaching them Tagalog) was having a birthday party.

Over the next several minutes everyone took turns giving her the gift they'd gotten her. Robyn and the others had each gotten her some nice clothing. Paul gave her a solid gold crucifix with a diamond in the center and a gold chain so she could wear it around her neck. Bill's gift was a fancy graphing calculator that we'd seen her drooling over. Daniel and Janet had teamed up to get her a collection of Tom and Jerry cartoons (her favorites). Sarah and her husband had given her a *very* nice pen and pencil set. Finally, it was my and Kelly's turn - and she was in awe of the nice briefcase we'd gotten her; inside, she discovered that we'd included a high-end laptop, too. Crying, she tried to protest that it was too much, and it was Kelly that told her "Marilyn, if you're going to be an economist, you **have** to have the right tools. I'm sure that all of us know you will make us proud; but now you can do it without having to work so hard. Happy birthday!"

Marilyn started crying in happiness then, of course. I saw a brief wistfulness cross her face, and knew that what she really missed was having Marilyn and Ted there with us. As though on cue, the phone rang then - and when Kelly answered it, she got a mischievous smile on her face and held it out to Marilyn, telling her "It's for you."

It was a very perplexed Marilyn that stood up and went to the phone, wondering who could *possibly* be calling her at our place - then finding out: it was Marilyn and Ted, calling to wish her a happy birthday. The joy on her face was something to see; I think all of us had to blink back a tear at seeing how happy she was to hear from the only mother she'd ever known, and the only man she'd ever been able to call 'Papa'. Kelly and I knew that she'd been writing letters home, of course, and gotten replies; but we also knew that a letter was a poor substitute for actually *talking* to someone.

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The rest of us kept ourselves amused - and out of earshot - as Marilyn spent nearly an hour talking with her family back in the Philippines. When she was done, she hung up the phone and came over to give me a big hug, saying "Thank you, Tito Dan. Momma told me that it was you that said they should call tonight."

I hugged her back, and then brushed a couple of tears from her eyes before answering "Happy birthday, Marilyn."

She gave me a happy smile, and went in to join everyone as the cake and ice cream were dished out - AFTER she'd blown out all 18 candles, of course.

A few hours later, everyone had gone home, we'd put the kids to bed, and Marilyn was sitting in the den with us.

I saw her start to say something, hesitate, start again, stop again, and finally ask me "Tito Dan - Kelly - may I ask you something?"

Curious to know why she'd think she'd even have to ask such a question, I hastened to assure her that she could.

Another hesitation, and I listened as she told me "Tito Dan, Tita Kelly, when I was here before, with my Momma Marilyn, I know how happy and safe I felt here. And I know how kind you and all of your friends were to me and my Momma."

I nodded, and she went on "I also know that you made my Momma very happy when you made love with her - *both* of you. And I remember how afraid I was, that night, when I sat here on this couch and asked you, Tito Dan, to make love with me - and how much it hurt me when you told me 'no'. But I also remembered the reasons you gave me then; and it was a long time before I **really** understood them, even though I understood, a little bit, what you were saying even then."

I thought I knew where she was going with her little speech, and opened my mouth to say something - but stopped when she held her hand up to stop me and continued "I know how kind you and all of your friends were to help us, then, and the orphanage that I had to stay in - until YOU, both of you, got the job with the factory for my Momma Marilyn. You have all been SO kind to us, and the children that are still in the orphanage, and I know that it will never be possible for *any* of us to repay you for the kindness and love that you have shown us. All I can do, Dan and Kelly, is to promise you that when I return to my country, I will do everything I can to help make the Philippines a good and *honest* place; a place where the politicians **aren't** dishonest, a place where poor people **don't** have to sell some of their children so they can feed the rest, a place where girls like me have the chance to earn money **without** having to sell their bodies."

I shared a quick look with Kelly, and listened as Marilyn went on to tell us "Tito Dan, you are a very strong man - inside, in your heart, where it really matters. You have shared your love with my Momma, with me, and with all the people that the factory helps. You have loved me, and helped me in so many ways, and I love you. The words 'I love you' are not enough to really say

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how I feel about you, but they are the closest. What I would like to ask you, Tito Dan and Tita Kelly, is if you would allow me to make love with you, so that I can show you the love that I feel for you - both of you."

Having said her piece, Marilyn simply sat there, looking at us. Mostly me, but also Kelly.

I thought about what she said for a few moments - I could see the fear (of rejection?) on her face - before I finally answered "Marilyn, we" - I gestured to include Kelly - "did the things we did because we already know that it isn't *right* that the people of the Philippines have to live the way so many do. And we did those things because they were the right things *to* do. You're right, I **do** love you. And your Momma. But I don't know if it would be the right thing for me to make love with you, now. Please understand - as much as I love you, I am still not sure that this is the time for that."

Marilyn nodded, almost as if to herself, and got up. She started down the hall, and I looked over to where Kelly was sitting. The two of us looked at each other for several long moments; Kelly was about to say something when Marilyn came back into the den with an envelope in her hand. She gave it to me and said "Momma said that if you told me 'no' that I should give you that, and have you and Tita Kelly read it. When you are done, there is something else that I have to tell you."

With that, she calmly sat back on the couch, obviously waiting for me and Kelly to read whatever was inside the envelope.

I opened it, and was surprised to find it contained a letter in Marilyn's handwriting. I started to read it, and understood why Marilyn had waited to give it to us...

Dearest Dan and Kelly;

I think that if you are reading this, then Marilyn has asked you to make love with her, and you have refused.

Before she left here, she came to me and we talked about what happened that night she asked you to make love to her before. We talked about it very much, and I know that she understands that it was right for you to have refused her then. But I also know that she has done much to grow up since then - not just in her body, but in her heart and her mind, too.

I do not know exactly why she has asked to make love with you. SHE will be the one to do that. But I CAN tell you why she is NOT asking such a thing. She is NOT asking it because she thinks that she is paying a debt for the kindness and love you have shown her. She is NOT asking it because she is still hurt or angry because you refused her before. She is NOT asking it because she thinks that it is something that she 'must' do for any other reason like that. I CAN tell you that she is asking for no other reason than because she loves you - just as I do, and for the same reasons.

Perhaps you are worried that I would be upset with you if you made love with her; or that Ted would be angry with you. Honestly to say, I would not be angry. I would be very happy for her, and for you, if you are able to make love with her because I know that you would do such a thing ONLY because you

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and Kelly love her, just as I do. I have talked to Ted about this, and he understands about it, too - and he wants me to tell you that he knows you would be kind and gentle with her if you do that, and it would make HIM happy if SHE is happy.

So I ask you, Dan and Kelly, PLEASE do not refuse her until you hear what it is that she would like to tell you.

Your friend and lover

(signed) Marilyn

When I finished reading, I handed the letter to Kelly and sat there thinking as I watched Marilyn. She remained calm, waiting patiently for Kelly to finish the letter, too.

When Kelly was done, she carefully folded the letter up and tucked it back into the envelope before giving Marilyn her full attention.

When we were ready, Marilyn started speaking again, telling us "Tito Dan, I want you - and Tita Kelly - to know that I want to make love with you because it is what **I** want. I don't want to share my body with you because of the things that you have DONE. I want to share myself with you because I love you, and because of the kind of **people** that you *are*. Inside of you - both of you! - I know that there is great love, and that you are honest and caring people. I want to make love with you because you are what **I** want to be like: strong, and loving, and generous. If that is not a good reason for us to make love, then I would ask you to tell me what IS a good reason, and I will do whatever I can to give it to you."

I looked over at Kelly, and I could see a tear making its way down her cheek; I have to admit to feeling a little choked up, myself. Kelly looked at me, and I knew what her answer was.

I gestured to Marilyn that she should come over to where I was sitting. She got up and moved to stand in front of me. Taking her hands in mine, I gently pulled her down into my lap, and then loosely held her in my arms. Looking into her eyes, I told her "Marilyn, you have just given me the *only* reasons there are to make love with someone: because you love them, and like the kind of person they are. If you want us to make love, then that is what we will do."

On hearing that, Marilyn got an absolutely radiant expression on her face before she told me "Oh, *thank you* Tito Dan!"

Marilyn turned to look at Kelly when she heard her ask "Marilyn? Would you like to be with just Dan first, or would you like to have me there, too?"

Apologetically, Marilyn answered "If... if you don't mind, Tita Kelly, I would like to be with Dan only. Then I would like to be with you, just the two of us, if that is okay."

Kelly answered "That's fine, Marilyn. I would like that, too." in reassurance.

"When would you like it to happen?" I asked, thinking I already knew the answer.

Somewhat bashfully, Marilyn answered "Tonight? Now?"

I smiled, and told her "That's fine, Marilyn."

She hesitated a moment, then looked at her lap as she told me "Tito Dan, I have... saved myself for you. You will be the first one that I ever make love with." Her tone of voice told me that she was worried that the admission she'd just made would somehow change my mind.

I put my hand under her chin, and gently tilted her head back up so that I could look into her face as I asked "Why would you do that, Marilyn?"

I could see the nervousness in her eyes as she told me "Because I love you, Dan. Even since before that night I asked you to make love to me before, I have loved you. I have always known what a good person you are, and I promised myself that YOU would be the first person to know my body. There have been boys that have been cute, and nice - but *none* of them were like YOU."

Hearing that, I knew, then, that what Marilyn had told me was true: that she DID want to make love with us for the very reasons she'd told us.

Looking into her eyes, I told her "Thank you, Marilyn. Not for saving yourself that way, but because of what it tells me I mean to you. I am honored that you would want to do that for me, and I will do the very best I can to be worthy of the trust and faith that you are showing me."

She cried a couple of happy tears before she replied "I know, Tito Dan. THAT is why I wanted *you* to have me first."

Taking her into my arms, I hugged her and then kissed her softly on the lips, letting her know that I loved her, too. When our lips parted, I could see the love and happiness that were plain on her face.

With only a gentle nudge from me, she slid off my lap and stood in front of me. I stood, too, and she looked up at me with no trace of fear - the only things I could see in her eyes were love and trust.

I spared a glance over to Kelly, who simply gestured that I should go ahead - smiling, her eyes told me that she loved me, and Marilyn, too.

Taking her by the hand, I walked with Marilyn down the hall; when we got to where the door to her room was, I stopped and asked her "Where do we go?"

She understood that she would be welcome to use either her room, or Kelly's and mine - and chose her own, telling me "Momma told me how happy you made her in our room that night. I would like to be happy there, too."

I nodded, and let her lead us inside - and then close the door behind us. She told me "I know that Kelly would not bother us, but I do not want our time together interrupted by the children if they have to get up during the night. And I think that what will happen tonight is for us, and not something that they are ready to know about yet."

I nodded, and moved to stand behind her, putting my arms around her before telling her "Tonight is for **you**, Marilyn."

She gave a small shiver in my arms, then took my hands and lifted them to place them over her breasts. I could feel her erect nipples through the material of the dress she was wearing, and softly ran my thumbs across them, causing her to release a soft moan of pleasure. She turned her head toward me, and I tilted mine down so the two of us could kiss. As our lips touched, I began to softly caress the obvious signs of her womanhood even as her lips parted in invitation. In just a few moments, our tongues were introducing themselves to each other, and I could feel her breathing quicken as her arousal started to grow.

When our lips parted again, I slowly slid my hands off her breasts and around to her back where I reached for the zipper that held her dress closed. She tilted her head forward to make it easier for me and then raised it again when I started to carefully lower the tab and began to undress her. In just a few moments, her dress was a puddle of cloth around her feet and she stood in front of me dressed only in a matching bra and panty set - neither of them consisting of much more than half an ounce of material. I couldn't see any kind of fastener at the back of the bra, and reached around her, finding it in the front, between the cups of her bra. It was only a moment's effort to unhook it, feeling it separate and pull away from the tawny orbs of her breasts.

The first touch of my hands on her bare skin brought another soft moan from her, and her hands covered mine, holding my hands where they were. Each of her breasts filled my hand without overflowing, and each was warm and firm under my touch. Between my first and middle fingers, I could feel her small, hard nipples; I gently slid my fingers back and forth, rolling her nipples between them and getting a small gasp from her at the sensation.

I continued to hold her for a couple of minutes, her hands on top of mine. Only when I lowered my head to softly kiss her shoulder did she let her hands drop, freeing me to go on.

I slid my hands down her smooth, trim belly, then around to her hips. Slipping my fingers under the waistband of her panties, I pivoted my hands around so that I was cupping her delightfully firm and curved ass before I began to slide them off her hips. As I got them lower and lower on her legs, I knelt down until they had joined her dress on the floor, where she stepped out of them.

Standing again, I slipped her bra off her shoulders and then down her arms, leaving her naked.

I took her into my arms again, letting my hands wander the front of her body as she turned her head so we could kiss again. When one hand brushed across the soft thicket of her pubic thatch, her only response was a small shiver and soft moan into my mouth.

When our kiss ended, she turned to face me - and I could see that she stood in front of me completely without fear or embarrassment. The only emotion she held was in her eyes, where I could see a mixture of love, and desire.

I took a step back, and began to undress myself. She watched me, waiting patiently, until I was as nude as she; only then did she step forward to wrap her arms around me and pull us close. As I softly stroked her back, I could feel the hard points of her breasts pressing into my lower chest, and the softness of her pubic hair against my leg; and I knew that she could feel my semi-erect penis pressing against her abdomen.

She finally released me, and I tilted her head up so that we could kiss - first gently and lovingly, then as the kiss continued, passionately.

Our kiss ended, and she looked up at me with complete trust and love. In her eyes, I could see more than a trace of smoky lust, and knew that she was ready for us to begin.

I guided us over to her bed, where she willingly moved to lie down, stretching out so that I had a clear view of her from head to toe. Looking down at her, I told her "Mahal kita, Marilyn", making her smile before she answered "And I love you, too, Dan."

Moving to lie next to her on my side, I put my hand on her belly. When she looked up at me, I told her "Marilyn, this is *your* time. I will be as gentle with you as I know how. But if I do **anything** that you don't like, or that hurts you, you *must* tell me. The LAST thing I EVER want to do is hurt you, or make you unhappy."

She smiled at me radiantly, and answered "I know that, Tito Dan. I know you won't hurt me, and I *want* to know everything that you want to teach me about making love. *Maybe*, when it is time, I will feel a little bit of pain. If that happens, then I know that the pain will be as small as we can make it; and I will be happy to feel it because I will know then that you love me, and have made me a woman. And when the pain is gone, I will be free to know the happiness of making *love* with you."

After hearing that, there was nothing more for me to say or do - except kiss her.

My lips first touched her on her cute little button nose, surprising her. Next was her forehead, then her chin. Her eyes were next, and back to her nose. Only then did our lips touch again - softly, gently, and lovingly.

As our kisses continued, I slowly drew my hand upward from where it was laying on her belly until I was able to cup one of her breasts in it. She responded by pressing it into my hand in encouragement. I gently squeezed, feeling how firm and warm her breast was in my hand, marveling at its smoothness before moving on the check out its mate. Next, I began caressing them, drawing my fingers from where they joined her body, toward her small, dark nipples. Under my touch, I could feel her areolas becoming tight and puckered as her nipples got harder and longer. In just a couple of minutes, she was writhing under my touch, softly moaning her increasing arousal.

When I had both of her breasts at the peak of arousal (no pun intended), I began to move my hand lower and lower on her body, trying to memorize the feel of her smooth, soft skin as I went along.

When my touch finally reached her pubic hair, she surprised me by spreading her thighs in open invitation to explore further. I did, and as the investigation continued, found that though small and somewhat sparse, her pubic hair was luxuriously soft. Further down, I found the small nubbin of her clitoris - eliciting a gasp of pleasure from her when I contacted it. Still farther, I came across her labia; thin, and slick with her arousal, they guided my fingers to the woman's treasure between her legs.

The first pass of my fingertip between Marilyn's vaginal lips resulted in her moaning as she arched her back, as though trying to draw my finger deeper inside her slick channel.

Even when I dipped my fingertip between her labia and gently pressed against her opening, Marilyn didn't flinch or falter; if anything, she made it abundantly clear that she trusted me to do nothing to hurt her - and that what I was doing pleased her.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer: the next time our lips parted, I took the opportunity to begin kissing *other* places on her body - starting with her cute, shell-like ears, and moving on to include her neck, shoulders, throat, and point south.

I delayed several minutes at her breasts, licking them and softly sucking and biting her nipples - something that aroused her tremendously. When both were dark little volcanoes, glistening with my saliva, I resumed my journey down her body, kissing every square inch of her flawless skin. Gradually, I moved closer and closer to the source of the delectable aroma of her womanhood. When I finally moved between her legs so that I could tend to the delicate folds of her labia, she eagerly spread her legs to make room for me, and bent them so I would have easier access to the core of her womanhood.

The sight I was greeted with was one I will always treasure: among the dark wisps of her pubic hair, the cleft of her sex was clearly visible; and within it, her vaginal lips were extended with the area between shiny with her oils. At the top, her clitoris had thrown back its hood, exposed to my gaze, waiting for my tender ministrations. Below, the opening to her vagina was clearly visible, dark with her arousal and clearly inviting my attentions.

I looked into her eyes, and saw that she was not only willing, but eager for me to do with her what I wanted - and what I wanted more than anything else was to taste her.

Lowering my head, I extended my tongue and drew it up between the folds of her labia, collecting a goodly amount of her precious nectar - and delighted by the taste of her. Fresh, musky, yet somehow sweet, her oils were a delight to my taste buds. I happily did it again, accompanied by a groan of pleasure from her when I extended my efforts to include brushing the tip of my tongue across her pea-sized clitoris. Again and again I licked her opening, savoring the sweet taste of her until I had exhausted the readily available supply. Only then did I change over

to taking her labia between my lips and sucking on them briefly before giving the nubbin of her clitoris my full attention.

Taking it between my lips, I gently sucked on it, bringing a series of low moans from her; then I began fluttering my tongue across it, something that earned me a deep groan of pleasure and arousal as she lifted her hips in encouragement to continue what I was doing - as if I needed it!

Slowly, gently, and *carefully* I applied myself to stimulating her. It was only a matter of a very few minutes before she was gasping and groaning her pleasure as I twirled my tongue around her clitoris. Another minute more as I softly caressed it with my tongue, and she was muttering Tagalog phrases between moans of pleasure; a little longer, and I felt her tense up as the first wave of an orgasm overtook her. Even as the spasms of release were ricocheting through her body, I was softly sucking on her clitoris in time with them, making her pleasure longer and more intense.

When I finally felt the waves of her release growing smaller, I released her from between my lips and went back to licking up the ample fluids that she'd released as she'd climaxed - drawing another set of moans from her as I did.

Only when I felt her gentle touch on my head as she told me "Please, Dan! Stop, so I can rest!" did I lift my head again.

Looking up at her, I could see that her face and shoulders were dark with the blush of her arousal, and that it extended even as far down as the tops of her breasts.

I moved to lie next to her again, and she didn't hesitate to pull my head down for a kiss. I knew that she could taste herself on my lips and tongue, but it clearly didn't bother her in the slightest - it took only a second before her tongue was eagerly dancing with mine in my mouth.

Our lips finally parted, and she looked up at me with something akin to awe as she told me "I didn't know it could **feel** that good to have someone do that to me! I heard about that, but I never thought that it would feel so *good*! Thank you, Tito Dan!"

We laid there for a little bit as she rested before she quietly asked me "I guess that's what I taste like, there?"

I hugged her and answered "Yes, dear. I think you taste *delicious* - masarap!" making her giggle before she told me "I think it is not a bad taste. Do... do all girls taste the same?"

I leaned over a bit to give her another kiss before I answered "Girls don't all taste *exactly* the same, but a little bit."

Hesitantly, she asked "Does Kelly taste like that?"

I smiled and told her "Like I said: a little bit. You don't taste exactly the same as anyone else, but you don't taste a lot different, either. I think you will like it, if you want to do that with Kelly."

I could feel her soft blush before she relaxed in my arms again.

A little later, she nudged me over onto my back so she could rest on her elbow and look down at me. With a grin on her face, she told me "I want to do like that for you, now."

I smiled back at her and said "I think I would like that" - her grin got bigger - "but there is something you must know before."

She looked at me in curiosity, and I explained "If you do like that for me, it will feel good for me. But if you do it until I climax - like you did - then it will take a little while before I will be able to make love with you."

She got a disappointed look on her face, and I continued "BUT, when I *am* able to make love again, I will be able to make love with you for a longer time, if you want."

That last bit *definitely* got her attention, because I could see her smile at the idea. I went on to tell her "Also, if you make me climax, it means that my semen - some juice - will squirt out the end of my penis." She looked a bit doubtful at that, and I explained "It isn't pee - it is the stuff that makes babies. Or it would if I did not have a vasectomy a long time ago."

She looked at me questioningly, and I explained to her about my vasectomy, and what it did. She looked troubled that I had gotten operated on, but I was able to assure her that it hadn't been painful, which seemed to settle her down. I finished up by telling her "Anyway, it might be a surprise for you how hard the juice comes out. Some women don't like to taste it, and others do; it is up to you if you want to let me climax in your mouth or not. Before it happens, I will tell you - that I am going to squirt, or that I am going to cum."

She looked at me for a moment and then asked "Is it a bad taste?"

I laughed and told her "I don't know - I've never tasted it. But Kelly tells me she likes it!"

That seemed to be all Marilyn needed to hear; if her Tita Kelly liked it, then **she** was determined to try it, too.

With a surprisingly lecherous grin on her face, she kissed me on the lips - then continued kissing her way down my body, pausing to give MY nipples a little suction before continuing on her way. In just a couple of minutes, she was face-to-face (as it were) with my penis. She looked up at me, and I told her "If you want to touch me, it's okay. I will tell you if you start to do anything that doesn't feel good."

Reassured that I'd let her know if she started to hurt me, she gently took my semi-erect penis in her hand and began to examine it. When she'd refreshed her memory of it from the 'lessons' she'd gotten before, she went on to cup my testicles and look them over, as well. Once she was satisfied that she remembered what she'd been told about the male anatomy, she began to stroke me - and was delighted when she felt me begin to respond. Looking up at me shyly, she asked "I can do that now?"

"You can do that any time you want to, Marilyn", I replied.

She lowered her head and tentatively stuck her tongue out, letting just the tip of it contact my glans before pulling it back in again. She saw a drop of pre-cum on the end, and stuck her tongue out again to collect a small taste of it. She considered it for a few moments, then told me "I think I like that one!" before parting her lips and taking the head of my mostly-erect penis into her mouth.

Over the next few minutes, she listened carefully to me as I patiently told her about the different things that she could do that would feel good for me. With each suggestion, she would carefully try it out, accepting any corrections I needed to give her. Then, when she was satisfied that she knew how to do it, she would stop and I would tell her about the next one.

With each of her little 'practice' sessions, I would get a little longer and harder in her hand, amply demonstrating to her that she was having the desired effect. By the time I finished, I was fully erect, and she had a distinctly pleased look on her face. When she realized that I was done, she smiled at me around my penis, and began applying her new skills - with considerable effect, I might add.

She seemed eager to try *everything* I'd told her about, in various combinations, at different speeds; but her enthusiasm **never** waned. I tried to delay my climax for as long as I could; not only because I wanted her to get a little more confidence, but because what she was doing felt so damn good! Finally, though, there wasn't any putting it off any longer. I felt myself getting close to the edge, and dutifully warned her "Marilyn! I'm going to shoot!"

She merely nodded to let me know she'd heard me, and kept going - and no more than a minute later, I saw her eyes get large as the first jet of my cum erupted from the end of my penis, apparently coating her tonsils. She hesitated only a second, though, and continued sucking and licking me as I continued to squirt wad after wad of jism into her greedy little mouth. Only when she felt me begin to soften and shrink in her hand did she release me from between her lips - which she licked to collect the few drabs of semen that had escaped her mouth. She then swallowed, and took me into her mouth again so she could lick any remaining semen from my penis before she let it pull free again.

Giving me a shameless grin, she said "I think Tita Kelly is right - it is a *good* taste!"

She gave me a Look and said "You said that you have never tasted that?"

I nodded, and told her "Not really. Sometimes I have gotten a little bit of a taste, but not much. Why?"

She gave me what I suspect was the Filipino version of the Goober look (as if saying "You are SUCH a Goober!"), and answered "Then I will wash my mouth."

I managed to get hold of her and pull her into a hug before I told her "Marilyn, you don't have to do that" and then kissed her full on the lips. When I pulled back, I could see that she still wasn't

happy about the idea of kissing me after she'd just had my cum in her mouth, though. As an attempt to appease her, I offered "Would it be enough if you had something to drink, first?"

She considered that for a few seconds and then said that it would. I told her "Then I'll get us a soda from the refrigerator, okay?"

She immediately got worked up and told me "I will be the one to do that!" - and promptly hopped out of bed and headed for the kitchen before I could stop her. She was back in just a minute with a couple of cans of Coke. She quickly climbed back into bed with me, and opened one of them before handing it to me. As I was taking a sip, she opened the other and promptly took several healthy swallows from it - using the last one to briefly 'rinse' her mouth before swallowing it. She saw me looking at her, and blushed a little before defiantly telling me "I don't think it is good for you to taste your juice like that. You are not a *bacla* (male homosexual)!"

I laughed and answered "Okay, okay, okay! Is it all right if I kiss you *now*?"

She blushed again, and nodded before leaning over to let me give her a kiss - one that included a little mutual tonsil massage. When it ended, she looked at me somewhat suspiciously, as though trying to determine whether or not she'd gotten all of my cum out of her mouth. She hadn't, really, but it wasn't anything I was going to worry about, so I put on my best "everything is fine" face. That seemed to satisfy her, and she let me pull her next to my side and put my arm around her. When my hand came to rest on her belly, she didn't hesitate to move it up so that it was covering her breast.

As we lay there, recovering from *my* climax, we talked - not just about us, but about HER: what she wanted to do with her life, how she planned to continue her education, what she saw as the future of the Philippines, what problems and possible solutions she saw for the country, and so on. I knew that she was smart, but I was surprised at the breadth of things that she paid attention to, and the amount of thought that she put into her future. I knew that I was going to have to tell Kelly to have her OWN little 'chat' with Marilyn when the two of them together; there wasn't a doubt in my mind that we would have to find a way to make SURE that Marilyn got all the 'breaks' we could manage for her.

Still, the reason she was laying there with me was because she wanted us to make love. And she never lost sight of that 'goal'. Nearly an hour went by with the two of us talking before she decided to change the subject by asking me "Tito Dan? Do you think that you are ready to make love to me now?"

I gave her a hug, and softly caressed the nipple in my hand before I answered "I think so, dear. But if you look, I think you can see that even though I am *ready* to make love with you, there is still something that needs to be taken care of."

She looked down to where my penis was laying against me leg, and understood what I meant. Looking up at me, she grinned and told me "I can fix that!"

I grinned back and answered "I thought so", making her grin even wider.

She didn't delay in pivoting around so that she could take my limp penis in her hand and begin stroking it - and feeling me begin to respond to her gentle touch. With an impish grin, she opened her mouth and took nearly my entire length inside, gently sucking on me as she used her *wonderfully talented* tongue to massage me back to life. I began to caress her thigh, and when she looked over at me, I told her "I want to do like that to you, again."

She gave me a happy nod, and released me from her lips long enough to let me stretch out on the bed; when I was in position, she quickly picked up where she left off. While she was doing that, I carefully guided her to a kneeling position, and got one of her legs lifted up and positioned on the other side of my head - leaving her positioned for what I wanted to do with her.

Raising my head a little, I was able to once again start licking between Marilyn's thin, slick labia, savoring the taste of her on my tongue. As before, it didn't take me long to exhaust the immediate supply - but I also knew how to get her producing more! Still, what she was doing to me was feeling damn good, so I decided to return the favor for a bit. Fastening my mouth over her opening, I stiffened my tongue and tried to see if I could somehow manage to lick her tonsils from THAT end of her - and was rewarded by a deep, prolonged groan as she tried to help by pressing herself back against me. When I ultimately decided I wasn't going to make it - a couple of minutes later - I switched over to softly sucking on her opening, as through trying to draw a particularly thick milkshake through a straw. She seemed to like that feeling as well, if her gasps and moans around my erect penis were any indication.

With my hands holding the firm globes of her ass, and my face buried between her smooth thighs, I wasn't in any particular hurry to stop what I was doing. The feelings she was creating around my manhood felt great - but I wasn't anywhere *near* being aroused enough to cum, so I took the opportunity she was presenting me to enjoy myself a bit. Between softly 'chewing' her labia, 'milking' her clitoris with my lips, and everything else I was doing, it was only a very few minutes before I had her fairly *dripping* in arousal - accompanied by a nonstop series of moans, gasps, groans, and other happy/aroused noises.

When I was finally satisfied, I lowered my head back to the bed and asked her "Are you ready, Marilyn?"

She released my penis from her mouth with a soft 'pop' and sat up before answering "Oh, yes, Tito Dan!"

I smiled to myself at her eagerness and enthusiasm, and gently guided her so that she wasn't straddling my head any longer. She turned around to face me, and with only the faintest hint of nervousness asked me "How do we... What do we do, Dan?"

I sat up and took her in my arms for a kiss before answering "The easiest way for YOU would be if you were on top of me. Then you could just kind of 'sit down' on me, and only go as fast as you wanted to. If we do it any other way, then it will be up to me to know when to slow down, and when to stop, so that it is easier for you."

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She thought it over for a second, and told me "I want to have you on top of me - that is the one they call the 'missionary position', yes?"

I nodded, and told her "Yes, that's it. But why do you want to do it that way, instead of the other one?"

To my surprise, she blushed a little before telling me "I am a little bit afraid that I will not have the courage when it is time to break my... what you call it? Cherry?" I nodded, and she went on "And you are very big and strong, and I want to feel you over me, like you are protecting me while we are making love the first time."

There really wasn't anything for me to say to that. I was worried about hurting her, but I was damned if I was going to disappoint her, either. The only thing I could do was to make sure I went slowly, and was as gentle as I could be with her, and didn't hurt her too much when the time came. Smiling at her, I told her "If that is what you want, then that is what we will do" - and got a big (relieved) smile in return.

She quickly moved to lie down on the bed, and spread her legs for me without a second thought. I moved between them, and as she looked up at me in complete confidence and trust, got us situated: with my gentle guidance, she bent her legs and lifted her knees, tilting her pelvis up and making it easier for me to get positioned and lined up. I reached between us and took hold of my erection, then slid it up and down between her vaginal lips, making sure the head was well lubricated with her oils. As I was doing that, she closed her eyes, moaning at the feeling of it. When she felt me position myself at her entrance, she opened her eyes again and looked up at me, saying "I am ready, Tito Dan. Please, make love with me."

As we looked into each other's eyes, I began to press myself forward - slowly, but firmly. Around the end of my penis, I could feel it as she consciously tried to relax herself to let me in. After a few moments, she had relaxed enough that the small amount of pressure I was applying was enough to let the head of my penis slip through her opening. When that happened, her eyes got positively HUGE - but she didn't utter a peep. Still, I waited until I saw her smile, and nod to me that she was ready for me to continue.

I pressed forward again, and something under an inch of my manhood slid further into her before I stopped again to give her time to not only adjust to having me inside, but to let me know if she was having any pain, or any difficulty. After a few seconds, she lifted her hips a bit to let me know to go on. I think it surprised her when I withdrew a bit, but when I pushed in again, another half inch went inside her before I felt the head of my penis touch her maidenhead. I could see in her eyes that she could feel it, too - but she didn't show any sign of fear or discomfort. I waited a little bit, though, before easing myself out to re-distribute her oils, then entering her again - only to be surprised when I felt the head of my penis hit, then slip past, her hymen. I saw a brief flicker of *something* cross her face, and immediately stopped, asking her "Are you okay, Marilyn? Does it hurt?"

She gave me an absolutely stunning smile before answering "I'm *fine*, Tito Dan - it doesn't hurt even a **little** bit. I felt a little bit of a pull, but that was all. It feels *good* to have you inside me!"

I **knew** I was past where her cherry had been, but she wasn't showing even the slightest indication of any discomfort. If anything, she seemed quite pleased that we were past that point. Nothing to do but keep going.

I slid out of her a little ways again and then back in - even further, so that a bit over half my penis was inside her. She was incredibly tight inside - as you'd figure a virgin (or former virgin, by that time) would be. But she was also very wet; that was the only thing that I could think of that made it possible for me to enter her as far and as quickly as I had. More mystifying to me, though, was the apparent ease with which she was accepting me - there wasn't the slightest indication on her part that she was having *any* trouble having me stretch her inside, as I knew I must be doing. I finally just told myself "Fuck it. Drive on." and proceeded to finish making a woman of her.

A couple more strokes, and I felt the head of my penis touch the deepest part of her even as my pelvis was coming into contact with hers. When that happened, she got a Mona Lisa type of smile on her face and I knew that I'd made her happy - at least, a little bit. She wouldn't really be satisfied, I knew, until I'd brought her to orgasm by making love to her. With the knowledge that she was able to accept me without discomfort, I proceeded to try and satisfy her wishes and desires.

Over the course of the next couple of minutes, I slowly began thrusting in and out of her, steadily increasing the pace of my movements. As I did, I could see in her face that not only was she comfortable with what I was doing, but actually *enjoying* it. It wasn't long before I was steadily pistoning in and out of her while the liquid sounds of our joining filled the room - along with the heady aroma of her increasing arousal and the sounds of her pleasure.

Looking down to where we were coupled, I watched as my penis slid in and out of her: her labia were small and thin enough that they barely moved. Instead, they remained parted, her clitoris exposed at the top of her cleft. Her eyes were closed at first, but she opened them and saw where I was looking. She lifted her head to look, too, and I heard her moan before she whispered "O, diyos, ito asta pagayon sexy!"; my limited Tagalog was enough to let me know that she liked what she was seeing.

She let her head fall back, looking up at me with a mixture of love and lust plain on her face.

I lowered my body, resting on my elbows to hold myself over her as I continued thrusting into her wet, *tight* channel. As I did, I could feel the hard nubbins of her erect nipples dragging back and forth across my chest - something that must have felt as good to her as it did to me, since she tried to press herself against me even more to increase the sensation. As I continued to slide in and out of her, she lifted her legs and locked her ankles behind my back to open herself to me even further - making it even easier for me to plunder the depths of her womanhood.

The two of us began kissing, while her nipples continued to dance intricate designs on my chest in time with the rhythms of our mating. Compared to the coolness of her skin, the depths of her vagina felt like a small blast furnace around my manhood.

It wasn't much longer before I began to feel faint twinges of her sheath around me; a couple more minutes, and they had grown to distinct, rhythmic clenching, and I knew that she was approaching her first orgasm as a young woman. I continued my rhythm, since it seemed to be working so well for her, and was rewarded as the spasms of her vagina grew stronger and more frequent - until, finally, she threw her head back and cried out softly as she clamped down on me in what could only be her release.

I held myself deep inside her, delighting in the sensations she was creating around me as wave after wave of her climax coursed through her young body. She gasped and moaned and tossed her head, making her hair fly as she found the pleasure she'd sought. After she'd gone through several spasms around me, I heard her draw a deep, ragged breath before she opened her eyes - looking up at me, but not seeing me as a few more waves of release overtook her. Only when several seconds went by without a repeat did she seem to see me; even then it took her another few seconds before she actually seemed to recognize me. But when she did, she threw her arms around me and pulled me down, hugging me fiercely as she cried her joy into my chest.

When she released me, I raised myself off of her again and listened as she told me "Oh, *thank* you, Tito Dan! That was **SO** much better than I thought it would be!"

I smiled at her and answered "But we're not done yet, Marilyn - unless you want to be" before sliding my still-erect penis out of her a little ways. Her eyes grew wide, and before she could speak I told her "Remember, I told you that after I have a climax - which you gave me - I could make love longer. So we can make love some more, if that is what you want..."

She got a delighted expression on her face and told me "I want that!"

In *very* short order, I was making love to her again, much to her pleasure and delight.

I don't know how much longer we continued to make love with each other. I only know that when I started to get a little tired from the position we started in, she saw the sweat starting to develop on my face, and wanted us to change to a different position that would be easier on me. We settled on 'doggy', and I was able to bring her to two more orgasms before THAT position got to be too much. Next, at her insistence, I lay down on my back and she was the one on top - where she was able to bring BOTH of us to a climax as she eagerly bounced herself up and down on my manhood. When we uncoupled, I got up and went in to get a washcloth to clean us of our combined juices - and a few traces of blood. When I started to clean the area between her thighs, she tried to protest "I will be the one to do that!" - but gave in when I firmly told her "No, *I* will." Then I went and got each of us something to drink, and a snack; when I got back, she gladly snuggled into my side as we refreshed ourselves. After we'd rested for a bit, we got up and took a shower together - something that pleased her greatly was having me washing her cute little body with my bare hands and a bar of soap. She did the same for me, and I have to say that it was quite enjoyable having her cool, nimble fingers cleaning me off.

After we'd dried each other off, we went to bed; she insisted that I lay on my back so she could lay on her side next to me, one arm on my chest and one of her legs draped across mine as I held my arm around her. After a number of soft, gentle, loving kisses, we finally fell asleep.

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The next morning, I woke up and found her on her hands and knees over me, slowly dragging her nipples across my chest. I looked up at her, and she gave me a shy grin before saying "It felt so good last night when this happened, and I wanted to feel it some more."

I laughed, and told her "Its okay, Marilyn. I think it's a *very* nice way to wake up!"

She laughed, too, and said "It will be time for the children to get up soon, and I have to go and make their breakfast. You stay here, and I will bring you a cup of coffee, first."

I thanked her, and she smiled before getting off of me and going over to put on the robe she usually wore when getting the kids ready for school. When she was ready to leave, she came over and gave me a kiss before telling me "Thank you, Tito Dan, for making love with me last night. It felt *very* good, and makes me love you even more."

I reached under her robe and gave her ass a soft caress and said "I am glad that you enjoyed it, dear."

She grinned, gave my penis a playful squeeze, and left. A couple minutes later, she was back with TWO cups of hot coffee, telling me "I didn't see Tita Kelly, so I brought some coffee for her, too. I know that you have to get dressed so you can go to work, now."

I got up, took the coffee and thanked her, then followed her out into the hallway; she went one way toward the kitchen and I went the other to the bedroom. Inside, I could see that Kelly was still asleep, so I held the coffee in front of her face, knowing that the smell of it would awaken her gently. It was only a few seconds before she opened her eyes and saw me sitting on the edge of the bed. She sat up and accepted the coffee from me, took a sip, and asked "I'm going to trust that everything went well last night?", a smile on her face.

I gently laughed and answered "Oh, it went just *fine*. She said she didn't feel any pain, just a little tug inside; and she only bled a little bit. She seems to be willing to try damn near anything, and she's right enthusiastic, she is."

Kelly smiled, and asked "Did she enjoy it? Is she okay this morning?"

"I'm going to assume she did - she had about a half-dozen orgasms along the way. I suspect she's a *little* sore inside this morning, but she's not showing it."

Kelly raised an eyebrow as she repeated "A half dozen?"

"Yeah, about that. Might be plus-or-minus one, but that's close. Like I said, she's enthusiastic."

"I guess!" Kelly said, with a small laugh.

I went on to tell her "I don't know when, but I think it's a pretty sure bet that she's going to want to have some time with YOU, too. She didn't come out and *say* it, but I definitely got the impression she's willing."

Kelly grinned at me, and said "I think I could handle that." - then laughed when I replied "Somehow, I thought you could."

After a bit, Kelly got out of bed, and the two of us got dressed - 'helping' each other along the way: I'd check to make sure her bra cups fit properly, and she'd check to make sure my underwear did, and so on. Despite the (literal) grab-ass, we did manage to get dressed and out to the kitchen where we saw that Marilyn had made some breakfast for us, too.

Kelly and I finished our breakfast as the kids were, so we had enough time for another cup of coffee before we had to freshen up before heading for the office. I think Marilyn was more than a little surprised when Kelly gave her the kind of 'goodbye' kiss that *I* did, though.

As I'd thought, it was a couple of days before Marilyn was ready to have a go with Kelly. The two of them disappeared into Marilyn's room shortly after the kids went to bed, and I didn't see either of them again until Kelly woke me up in our bedroom the next morning. We had a conversation that was pretty much a mirror of the one we'd had after I had been with Marilyn, and soon decided that whoever got Marilyn as a permanent lover was going to be both lucky (at how agreeable she was) and cursed (at how 'enthusiastic').

In the weeks that followed, Marilyn wound up in our bed several times, making love with Kelly and I at the same time; I have to admit that it was more than passably fun. From us, Marilyn went on to spend time with Jan, Robyn, Sandra, Susan, and even Candice when she was finally able to stop in for a visit. All of them agreed with my and Kelly's opinion about the benefits and hazards of being Marilyn's lover.

Marilyn spent Christmas with us, since the break at school wasn't really long enough for her to fly home and spend it with her family. We arranged another phone call from Marilyn and Ted, which thrilled her, as did the gifts that all of us got for her. She finished her first semester of college with a 3.92 grade point average; her second semester ended with her raising that to 3.96. All of us told her how proud we were of her, which embarrassed her to no end.

When school let out for the summer, she flew home; then came back again in time to start her sophomore year, with all of us picking up pretty much where we'd left off. The one exception was that Bishop Ferguson had finally convinced me and Kelly to start teaching classes at the Catholic high school. Each of us had just one class a week, on different days, so it wasn't any trouble working it into our schedule. Kelly is going to be teaching "Philosophical Discussions" while my subject is "Problem Analysis" - but those are just the 'cover names' so Kelly can teach the kids what 'love' is, and so I can try to teach them how to *think*. We made it clear what we were going to do to the Bishop, and he doesn't have any problems with it.