



Bayan Na

...A Jake Jayfully Story



by VeryWellAged

Bayan Na

... A Jake Joyfully Story

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A Novel.

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Warning to reader: This story is connected to material from BOTH Jake's Journal: The Philippines - Joyfully ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#)) AND Retirement ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#)) stories. While it is possible to ready this story without reading those stories, to understand all references, the reader should consider reading those two stories first.

Prologue

It was a nice looking store. Its modern exterior design was a hint of what I would find inside. What I could not know then, was how much my life would change because of it.

§ § §

My name is Gordon. I am no celebrity, no matinee idol, and not wealthy. Oh, I do OK financially, what with my retirement income and the minuscule amount I get from Social Security. Moving to the Philippines was my way of assuring myself that I could live in the style I had become accustomed to in the USA, up until I retired.

It has pretty much worked out just fine in that way. My wife of ten years, a Filipina, who I had met on a business trip to the Philippines, way back when, and I, sold the condo we had outside Chicago. With the savings, we are building a home here. Jana and I have a good marriage. We have no kids. Jana had a hysterectomy due to undiagnosed endometriosis. But Jana has been there for me, at all times, and in all ways.

I do still lust after just about any good looking skirt I see. Jana knows this, much to her unhappiness, but as much as I do lust, I have not followed through. Our marriage has been without any outside stuff.

While we lived in the USA, that was not really an issue. The 'good looking skirts' I lusted after would never have given me the time of day. Living in the Philippines, it's a different story. Jana had not connected with that reality, prior to our move. It had been ten years since she had lived here. But now, now that we have made the move, she has been on edge, a lot of the time, fearful that I will take up with a younger, prettier woman. To the extent that younger, pretty females are flirting with me, I guess I can see the basis for her concern.

There are a number of reasons why I am not willing to fool around. First and foremost is that I am afraid Jana will leave me. I can't abide the thought. The second is far less romantic. The land we own here, the house we are building, the vehicle we have purchased, are all in her name. I am not a citizen here and so everything we have here, and all the money I have sunk into this place, is in

Jana's name. If she leaves, I am screwed, and not in a good way. The last reason I have been staying monogamous, is that while I might want to play around, I can't see anyone replacing Jana in my heart.

Still Jana, has been, and remains on edge.

§ § §

The house we are building is, I guess, about half finished. In the end it will be about 400 square meters¹ (SqM) and two stories. We are putting up the roof now, and putting up the walls on the second floor. Some months ago we had selected the fixtures we wanted for the four CR's², kitchen, dirty-kitchen³ and wash room. We weren't ready for them at that time, but we wanted to know, the sizes and space we need to accommodate, as we build. So we put approximately 50% down and reserved the items we wanted. Now we are ready to take delivery. And so with the balance of that payment in my pocket, and the invoice⁴ in Jana's purse we enter Bayan Na⁵.

The store sells most of what you need to build a house, though we purchase the cement, sand and gravel elsewhere. Bayan Na's prices are too high when it comes to the sanitary and PPR pipe for plumbing, but on steel, wire, fixtures, electrical outlets, and tile, we have found them a good place to do business.

Our real problem with them has to do with staff. You get assigned a sales rep. He or she will respond to your request for a week or two and then nothing. Later you find they have quit and no one knows you from Adam when you call the store's phone. So you have to go back to the store, and find out what's what.

Once again, the sales rep we have been dealing with recently has gone missing, but that is not of any particular significance today. Today we are here to get that which we had reserved, four sales reps ago. Still the invoice says Bayan Na on it and not the name of a salesman.

Like all stores here, there is an armed uniformed guard at the front door. He is your doorman. I kid you not. He sees you, opens the door for you and if you are

¹ About 4300 square feet.

² Comfort Room / bathroom / rest room / toilet.

³ A kitchen outside the house or at least separated from the main rooms and open to the outside. Keeps from heating the house when cooking.

⁴ Paperwork here is everything. Yes, there are computers, but nothing can ever be found on them. The purpose of the computers is a mystery to me. When you purchase something, it is written up at one desk, then you take your paperwork to another desk and another person, where you pay for what's on the paper. Then what you have paid for is delivered to another desk and another person, where the items and the receipt are compared with the items, before you are allowed to attempt to exit the building, only to be stopped once again at the door where your paperwork is checked again by the armed guard.

⁵ Translates to Home Now.

having problems backing your vehicle out into traffic when you leave, he will be out there to assist.

So, in we walk, not having to make the effort, to push a door open, as we enter the air conditioned space of this very attractive store front. Jana fishes the invoice out as a salesman appears. She hands it to him and the first sign of trouble surfaces. He asks, *Why are you here?* Jana tells him, *To pay the balance and pick up the items.* We are asked to wait.

We are walking around, looking at tiles for the walls of the various CRs when the salesman approaches. He explains that there is a problem.

He claims, the items are not available, as the salesman we dealt with is no longer here. Jana is dickering with him when I cut in. *This has nothing to do with a salesman. This is a Bayan Na invoice. We gave you one hundred thousand pesos. You either give us what we ordered or you give us back our money plus 10% per month interest. I don't give away my money, to your company or anyone else.* The guy starts to argue and I send him off, telling him, *Go get our items or our money plus interest. Go!*

And off he goes. Next someone approaches asking us if we really have the balance to pay. We tell him we have it. He looks pained as he walks away.

We have now been waiting over an hour. Someone else approaches saying we should start over, selecting what we want from what's on the floor now. I shut him down. I am pissed as I tell him, *No! I want to see the owner. Now! The owner.*

Jana is fit to be tied but upset with me as well. *Don't talk loud! Do not embarrass me. Do not be rude!*

What have I done? This is wrong. You know it.

No, the man say if we don't get our things in 60 days, maybe they will charge more.

Jana. They are just trying to scare you because they have screwed up!

Don't be rude!

No more than three minutes later a young man approaches. I look at him, having a hard time believing that this guy is the owner, but then I remember that many of these businesses are part of ethnic Chinese family dynasties, with the kids given a business to run. This guy does look Chinese and I do remember that a family owns related businesses to this one in town. He tells me his name

is Jonathan. And then he starts to mention the salesman...

I cut him off fast. Do not tell me that. This invoice is from your company, not a salesman. When you made it, at that desk, I am pointing to a long counter with at least five employees staffing it, you made it in triplicate. Now I don't care what you did wrong with your company's paperwork. I gave you more than one hundred thousand pesos. That was not a loan. You had the obligation to reserve our items. Don't talk to me about sales people.

I am sorry, Sir. We make a mistake, we not know to reserve. The salesman not tell us...

Jonathan stop this now. It is not a salesman's fault that your company doesn't do what they are supposed to do when you receive money. The salesman didn't get my money. The people at that desk did, and I am pointing to yet another counter.

Yes, I am sorry that we have this problem, but we can get you what you want. However it is at another location. You can go there and...

No. I want to see and inspect everything before you get another centavo from me. Bring it here. How soon can you bring it here?

Tomorrow morning.

Jana says to me, *They open at 9, we will come then.*

No, Jana. Jonathan, when will the truck arrive?

At 10AM, Sir.

OK, we will be here at 10:30.

Thank you, Sir.

Good day, Jonathan. We will see you tomorrow.

Sir, may I please make a copy of your invoice?

What happened to the other two copies?

All I get is a smile. I give him the invoice and wait for it to be returned. At least we did not have to pay the five peso photo copy fee that you get charged every time some organization here, needs a copy of their own stuff. The invoice is returned to me. I hand it to Jana, my keeper of all things official.

Sir, may I have your phone number?

Jana looks at him and says, *Your sales staff has it!*

Yes Ma'am, but I want to handle this myself.

OK I am getting a feel for how lost this guy is. Jana is about to give Jonathan grief, but I cut her off. *You know, I have given this information out to your staff members at least fifteen times and every time they then quit.*

Yes Sir, I have a big problem with that.

You also don't know what type of project we have and what we will need next, because you haven't been told by your sales staff. Is that correct?

Yes, Sir.

Jonathan, you have a nice store, but last week I tried to purchase something you display here, only to be told that you don't have it. I bought it elsewhere. You have piles of paperwork and you have no idea what is in it.

Yes, Sir. We need to improve.

Well, there are many things you can do to improve. You are just lucky that your competition is just as bad off as you are.

I give him all our numbers: my cell, our landline, and Jana's cell. We walk out, respectfully, but clearly a bit frustrated. Those in the store are not frustrated, but they are staring. They are not used to seeing their boss in such a position.

The next morning, we return to Bayan Na. There is a parking place open right at the front door. That is unusual. Normally parking is a matter of finding something to squeeze into on the periphery. As we get to the door, the guard is opening it, staff is clustered close to the door as is a pile of items. Some in boxes and some crated. Also standing there is Jonathan.

We go through the dance of opening each box, noting that it is the correct item, checking it off the list and moving it to our pickup. Jonathan doesn't think all this is necessary. I smile and tell him that it is for his protection as well as mine. At no time, in the future, will either of us have reason to complain about what happened today, as I hand him the other one hundred thousand pesos, and sign the receipt.

As all the boxes that we can carry this trip are finally loaded, I turn to this young owner, with real concern in my mind. *Sir, you have a good store here, but you have a real mess too. You have no reliable process to tell you what you have sold, where product is, what you owe customers, who your customers are, who your sales staff are talking to, and what you might need to order. You*

probably have significant problems with damage in your storerooms and I bet you have a real problem with pilfering of things going out the back door.

You are right, but how do you know this?

It's obvious! You have a mountain of paperwork that is of no value to you. You have staff who spend massive amounts of time creating and checking that paperwork, and yet you have no useful information. It does you no good for a sales person to collect information, if that information is not available to you. You are not using any inventory control system that does you much good and nothing is barcoded. There are no RFID tags on your large items.

Sir, what is RFID?

OK, this guy is sweet and completely lost. I talk to him about point of sale (POS), inventory control, just in time inventory management, sales force management, centralized data services, integrating his remote locations, competitor analysis to check out the competition, RFID to control pilferage and link-in's with inventory control, as well as a number of other management concepts. I can see his eyeballs rolling to the back of his head. The poor guy is way out of his depth.

He meekly asks me how I know about these things. *I was the COO of a mid-sized retail company in the USA. I am not telling you about anything any other such person in my position wouldn't know about. All this is pretty standard.*

What's a COO?

Yeh, OK, that is the Chief Operating Officer. I reported to the CEO and the corporate board. Look I am not trying to sell you anything, but if you want help in getting your operations running well, controlling costs and enhancing your growth potential, give me a call. I like your store and I love living here in the Philippines. If your store flourishes, it can only be a good thing for me.

How many employees does it take to sell a light bulb? Five. It takes five employees. And no, I don't mean the people who ordered the product, or received it or stocked it on your shelves. I mean these employees. The one who meets you and brings you to the person who will hand it to you. That person will bring you to the counter where the invoice is prepared. Then you take your paperwork to the payment counter when the second employee you met, takes your light bulb to the clearance counter. Once you have a receipt in your hand, you go to the clearance counter. There you will meet employee number two again who will marry the receipt to the light bulb for the employee at the clearance counter. The item will be placed in a plastic bag and the receipt will be stapled to the bag. As you exit the building you present the bag containing the light bulb with attached receipt to the guard who inspects all this before you exit the building. ... OK Jonathan, now tell me, do you think you made any money on the sale of that item?

Sir, the bulb cost me 80 pesos and I sell it for 96. I made sixteen pesos.

No Jonathan, based on the salary you pay to these five individuals, each of whom took time to process the bulb, between all five even though the average pay per person is only 43 peso per hour, once I aggregate the time, all took, waiting on the customer, labor costs you 25 peso. You lost 9 peso on the sale. And before you tell me that you make it up on volume, I noted that the time your staff takes, and the number of staff involved, grows considerably longer and larger, as more items of merchandise from different areas of your store are purchased. You are only making money on the large ticket items. Further, large customers who warrant a discount, have to get evaluated on each sale by your accounts manager on duty. This means your customers never know what to expect, are going to get angry on occasion, and you are going to lose business. You have no system to assign automatic discounts to specific customers. And discounts are only provided for cash sales, which indicates that you are not reporting these sales for tax purposes, but it also means that customers are forced to spend a ridiculous amount of time at a bank, to withdraw cash only to hand it over here. You are paying salaries you just don't need, and ticking off your best customers at the same time. As they have to select the items, find out the cost, go to a bank, stand in line to get the cash, before returning here and waiting a long time again for you to process the sale.

Sir, you make me feel bad! Is there any good thing?

Yes. Jonathan, if you fix this mess, you will get wealthy, even if you have to pay some more taxes.

§ § §

That's how it starts. I become an unpaid consultant to Bayan Na. I have no office, no title. I am just walking around, looking, asking questions, taking notes and running a small calculator on occasion.

I am here because Jonathan does call. It is the week following the fun and games we had at the store. And so I kiss my wife at the door this morning, as Jana rolls her eyes and says, *So much for retirement!*

Oh, hon, it's only for a day or two. Jonathan will listen, decide he really doesn't want to change and it will be all over.

We will see.

§ § §

The staff is quietly freaking out at my presence. By the time I sit down with Jonathan this afternoon, I have watched, run a stop watch on ten customer experiences, looked at the back room, sat behind the sales write-up desk, the cashier's desk, the clearance table, (that's not a mark-down/sale table, it's where the items and the receipt are married before you walk out the door,) and have just been all over the entire store.

I know enough to know that there is nothing worth saving in the business practices I have observed. On top of everything else, there are other warehouses, and stores. There is a parent company which has its own balance sheet and management, which this operation is beholden to in many regards. Purchasing and scheduling appears to be a challenge. There is also overlap between the parent and this operation. I have not even begun to tease that out yet.

Jonathan is clearly frustrated. He is doing things the way they have always been done and the way this dynastic family operates. I have just told him that all of it sucks. I am expecting to be shown the door. There are many, many wonderful things about the Philippines, but respect for tradition has its downside as well as the upside. This is a clear case of the downside.

Can you fix this?

You really want me to fix it, Jonathan? It will mean changing how you do business. It will mean letting some folks go, investing in some technology,

spending time learning how to run your business in a very different way, managing staff who are scared, confused, resistant to change and at times unable to adjust. Are you sure? I don't want to invest a lot of time on this, only to find out that you can't commit to the changes that need to be made.

I have to find a way to fix this. I must be honest with you. The business is not doing well and the family says my wife and I must be replaced by someone else unless I can make it work. I am scared we will lose it and don't know where to start. But we do not have money for a salary to pay you.

Jonathan you couldn't afford me anyway. My take home salary based on what I earned in the USA would be almost six hundred thousand pesos a month⁶.

Oh my God! No! We cannot afford this!

Relax! Don't pay me anything. Give me an office, an assistant, a phone, a regular time to meet with you each day and let's see what we can do.

Maybe we can pay you in things for your new house?

Sure, talk to Jana about that, but I don't expect any salary. Are you sure you are willing to change?

Yes, yes, no choice. There is an office you can have upstairs. You need a phone? You have a cell phone, I see it.

Yes, I want a landline, and an Internet connection.

OK. We will do that. You want an assistant?

Yes. Someone fluent in Cebuano, Ilonggo, Maguindanao⁷ and English as well as Tagalog, of course. The person should have some computer skills and a college education. I am less worried about the type of degree. The person should probably be single as we will be working long hours and often late at night when we have to work with Europe and North America. What I described may be hard to find, and you should get as close as you can. I understand that no one you find may fit the description exactly.

Please Sir, write that down for me. I will do my best. I will try to have everything ready for you in the morning.

Jonathan has my written requirements in hand as I leave Bayan Na that evening.

⁶ About \$13,000 a month, or \$162,000 a year.

⁷ [Languages of Mindanao](#).

§ § §

You spent a long time there. What happened?

I got hired, sorta.

Ha! I knew it. What you mean, 'sorta'?

They aren't paying me.

That not right!

Yes well, they can't afford me, but we will get stuff for the house I guess. So in a small way, we will get some payment.

What we get?

I don't know. I told Jonathan to work that out with you.

Good! Yes, that is good. When this job start?

Tomorrow morning.

What you do for them?

I think we should start with inventory control. That upsets the fewest number of people and allows for us to put the core technology in, which we will need before all the other parts that do affect staff and procedures. You know, Jana, barcodes, RFID tagging, tag readers at all portals, barcode scanners, software, and training staff on how to program in the right settings for re-order routines. It's mostly back office and receiving docks work. We will need to train the sales invoice counter to use barcoding and/or computer lookup tables containing that information, to generate the invoices. It's not where we want to end up, but it will be a first step. We have a long way to go! We have to integrate all their inventory locations. That's not going to happen overnight.

Gordon! This will take years!

Oh, Jana, it won't take that long and anyway they will get tired of this and call it quits long before I will call it done. You know, even with businesses in the USA, we find resistance to real change. This change will be seismic. Babe, it takes five staff members to sell one light bulb at Bayan Na!

§ § §

The next morning I wait until 10AM before appearing at Bayan Na. My best guess is that they will not really be ready for me. I am wrong.

Not only is Jonathan ready and waiting; not only is there an office set up, but the Dynasty is there in full force and regalia. I apologize for my tardiness, only to be met with laughs. I am asked if I do not know about 'Filipino time'.⁸ Yes of course I know, but it is not good for me to keep such important people waiting! I am told to relax. They had just arrived a minute before me. The upshot is that I am told by all, that if I can make changes to turn Bayan Na around and get it really profitable, they will all be very pleased and I will be rewarded as best they can. I honestly tell them that I am not looking for such a thing, but if they do it, I will certainly appreciate it.

And then, they are gone and I am in my new office, with a new desk, a new chair, a phone, a note about the WiFi in the building and a young woman who is just standing there.

What is your name?

Sir?

What is your name?

Everly, Sir Gordon.

And why are you standing here, Everly?

Sir Jonathan say I to be your assistant.

OK. Tell me about yourself.

Sir, Sir Jonathan say I meet every requirement you give him.

Really? You speak Muslim?

Yes Sir!

You are a college graduate?

Yes Sir. I just graduate last month from MSU⁹. My degree is Bsc. in Business Administration – Management.

Are you impressed by how things are done at this company?

No Sir, but it is how things are done here. I think we can find a better way to

⁸ Filipino Time, which means things get done whenever they get done. Official Timing of The Philippines. 'I set up a party for 6:00. This is interpreted as 7:00 Filipino time.' In some cases, Filipino hosts deliberately set the time an hour or so earlier, knowing that the guests will arrive an hour or so late. In this case, the poor Americans are surprised to see that they're the first ones to arrive and the only ones there for the first hour or so.

⁹ Mindanao State University.

track the invoices. I talk to Sir Jonathan about that this morning.

OK, stop calling me Sir. I am Gordon, or 'hey you,' but please no more, Sir's. OK?

OK, OK Sir Gordon!

How old are you, Everly?

Twenty, Sir. Sorry, sorry, I mean Gordon.

Are you single?

Yes, Sir. Oh I am sorry.

It's OK, I guess just go ahead and call me Sir.

Yes Sir.

With whom do you live?

Sir?

Do you live with your family?

Ah, no. I live with my tita¹⁰, my aunt, I mean.

Do you understand that we will be working very very late hours many days?

Sir Jonathan tell me that. Sir may I ask, are you married?

Why do you want to know?

Sir, if you are married, your wife will think we are having an affair if we are together at night.

Yes she will and maybe she will be right. But there is no other option. There is no way to do this job without the late hours.

Sir? You intend to have an affair with me?

No Everly I have not exactly intended it. But if we are going to be accused of it anyway, why not?

Sir you don't know me. I don't know you. Why you say this? What will people say when we spend an evening together and go home at 7AM?

¹⁰ Aunt.

They will say we have an affair. And how will you explain to your boyfriend that you only work all night long?

No way. I can't.

So will you have a boyfriend?

I will be unable to have that, Sir.

Even after you stop working for me for a few years, that's what people will say.

That I am your mistress?

Yes, and so, ask yourself. If everyone will believe that we are lovers and you will be unable to convince anyone that you are not, what is the best thing to do? I can only see two options. The first is to not take the job. The second one is to do exactly what people are assuming anyway. So if you do not want to have a relationship with me, decline to take the position of my assistant.

You would want me as your lover?

I don't know you at all Everly, but neither of us has a choice in this. If I take you as my assistant, all will assume sexual attachment.

But your wife, Sir. What will she do?

Everly, that's my problem, not yours.

No, Sir, she will be angry with me.

Maybe, but you will work with her to get the things for our house that Jonathan has offered. She will have some reason to get along with you.

I see. How we start what you want to do? I need to know how to organize my day. I will need to bring changes of clothing here and some other things. And Sir, there is no shower here.

Ha! It didn't take long for you to decide.

No Sir. I hear what the family say to you. I want to learn.

OK, first, go find Jonathan and tell him, I say, you need a desk, chair and computer. We will share the phone. I will talk to him about the shower. Once you talk to him go home and get your clothing. You can bring it now or later, but we begin working here at 8PM.

Sir I will have to clock out.

Everly, you are no longer on the clock. Your hours are now far too many and too irregular for any clock. I will speak with Jonathan about that too.

And that is how my day has started. I am getting organized. That's all. Tonight I need to make some phone calls to the States. I need Everly to be up to speed on everything I am doing. In the end, all I am doing, will be her job, as I move on to other tasks. It is easier to train someone for a job, if they see how the job gets put together, rather than just parachute in at the end. Of course she doesn't know this, and I am not telling her. The only person who will know is Jana. As a twenty year old, Jonathan would not agree right now to put her in charge of a complete division. Later he will have no choice. Jana has seen me do this, albeit, not with crazy evening hours, many times in the past. She is used to me training folks this way. It works and that much she knows. She also knows, or should know, that much of what I will need to do, will be during the wee hours of the late night and early morning for some time. There is no choice. So exactly what Jana will make of Everly, is beyond me right now.

Everly is a cutie. Taller than Jana and lighter complected, her breasts appear to be a bit smaller, but her hips are better defined. She looks good in the company mandated blue dress and sensible heels. Her hair is pulled back as are all the female staff here at Bayan Na. I wonder how she will dress after hours.

I find Jonathan and tell him that for the next few weeks, most of my time will be here late night. I will sleep during the day time. I suggest that on top of a shower, a small cot might be useful, until I am used to working completely through the night. He just nods his head before I go home.

§ § §

It's not noon when I walk in the door and Jana is a bit surprised. *They fire you already?*

Nope. But I am going to nap. I have to get on the phones tonight and call the States. I need leads on who to work with over here to put an inventory control system in place that can work with metric measures, pesos, and has support in the Philippines. I also will need to track down hardware manufacturers that provide what I need to integrate with the software. Later we will be able to work during day time hours, but for a while, I am burning the midnight oil.

And so I get a kiss good night an hour after lunch. It isn't a great nap, but I do get five hours before awakening, showering, having a supper meal and heading off to the office at 8PM.

§ § §

I am not the first to arrive. That honor belongs to Everly. She is no longer in the company dress. It is still a dress, but far more attractive. A little off the shoulder, coming down to mid-thigh. The heels are a bit higher. She has a bit more makeup on and some perfume. Her hair is down and it seems like the ends are a little curled.

If I didn't know better, I would think you were trying to seduce me.

Since I am to be your mistress, Sir. I think I should really be your mistress and make sure I keep you. Once you take me, I am yours, so I make sure it is for real and good, if I can.

I see. Before we go further, and since you are now officially my mistress, may I ask you some personal questions?

Yes, I guess so. What you want to know?

Are you a virgin?

Yes, of course. Why I not?

OK. Have you ever done any sexual thing with a boy?

No. Well I kissed a boy once.

Have you ever done any sexual thing with a girl?

Why you ask such a question? You are very rude! Of course no!

Do you know what a penis looks like?

Yes. I see them on my cousins when they are little.

So you have never seen one when it is hard and needing to enter a girl?

No but I see dogs when they are hard and enter a girl dog. That the same thing, Sir?

Yes I guess so. Do you understand that if you are really my mistress, that you will not be a virgin any longer?

Yes, that why I say I make sure you are the guy forever.

I see.

What if I make you do things you think are rude?

I do it if it means I am yours forever, I think.

I approach Everly. The perfume is entrancing. *You do smell very good. May I call you Eve?*

She smiles, *Yes*, puts her arms around my neck and brings me in closer. A kiss is inevitable, and not to be resisted. Her lips are soft, warm, moist. Her hands on either side of my head, fingers wide and intertwined in my hair. My hands are on the small of her back, drawing her in as she is doing to me. Her tongue touches my lips and I give way to the intruder, allowing it to enter a bit and meeting it with my tongue. Eve moans.

I slide my hands down below the hem of Eve's dress and then up, once I have found bare skin. Up the thigh, up over the hips, until I find the top elastic of her panties. Hooking my fingers over the elastic, I pull her panties down until they drop to the ground. Eve, hands still in my hair and lips still attached to mine, steps away from the fallen panties.

My hands are now on the back of Eve's thighs as I lift her in a sitting position on the edge of a desk. This will be Eve's desk, and we are about to initiate it. I open my belt, drop my drawers. My flag is flying. I am rock hard and am likely a little bigger than the little penises Eve has seen. It is not that I am preternaturally large, but I am an adult man.

I want to enter her right now, but she is dry as can be. There is no lubricant here, so I drop to my knees and start taking her orally. This causes some panic on Eve's part. She has never heard of such a thing. Surely it is evil.

I have to stop what I am doing to assure her that it is OK. It sure as hell breaks the mood, but I get back to business, attending to a virgin and cleanly shaved cunt. This is a cunt that has seen a razor and never a tampon. You have to love the Philippines!

She is a little frightened and not really getting into the cunnilingus. Maybe she will lighten up a little, later on. In the meantime I think she is wet enough for me to enter this unexplored territory. I stand up, center my pride on the path to pleasure. But before that can happen, the curtain obscuring that path must be pushed aside. I push in and finally break through. Eve is hurting a bit and uncomfortable. I give her a minute, assuring her that the pain was momentary.

I kiss her forehead. I stroke her hair. I kiss her neck. I am still inside her, just barely. Just enough to have torn the hymen, but not enough to give her any pleasure. Telling Eve to put her arms around my neck and hold on tight, I now hook my forearms under Eve's legs and push in hard. Eve gasps. I pull in a little and push in hard again. Eve, in a raw voice says, *Again!*

Eve leans back on her desk, pushing her hips up to me and says, *Yes, hard, again. Now!*

Eve's cunt is hot and getting very wet. Her breathing is ragged. Her eyes are closed tight. A smile is on her face, as I fuck her, stroking in and out, over and over. I still really do not know what Eve looks like naked. Her dress both displays and hides her beauty.

Eve is grunting as my tool saws in and out of this newly mined cave. And then she gasps, pushing her body up onto my arms, I am being pushed out of her cunt as she seems to experience her first orgasm.

I get back in her, only to have the same thing happen a minute later. By the time her third orgasm hits, my palms are on her hips and I hold her down as I ram deep into her cunt, letting loose the cum that has welled up from inside me.

We stay connected and breathing hard for a few minutes. I slip out of her, bend over her, give her a kiss before saying, *Well that was fun, but now we need to get to work.*

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Gordon, I think we need to clean up first.

We are a bit of a bloody mess with cum dripping down. I don't guess there are any towels here, so I take a clean handkerchief from my back pocket and hand it to Eve. She takes it and leans in for a peck on my cheek before slipping into a CR a few meters from our office door.

She returns a few minutes later with her clothing in far less disarray. The handkerchief has been rinsed and she has wrung it out. Eve cleans me up, playing with my member, giggling a bit in the process, as her actions elicit some moans from me.

I hitch my pants up and get myself straightened out, as Eve sets herself up at a desk, and gets a notepad up. *OK Gordon, oh, ummm, Sir, what do we do?*

Gordon is OK, Eve.

No. I will call you Gordon when I am your mistress. I will call you Sir, as your assistant.

Good luck with that! Well as to what's next. I am going to call some folks in the States. You should take notes. I will set up a speaker phone so you can hear both sides of the conversations.

I didn't figure that Bayan Na had speaker phones, so I brought one from the house that I have had for a long time. It's a simple and cheap vtech unit. Oh, sure we had an expensive Polycomm unit at the company where I had worked, but the vtech works fine for me. It only takes a few minutes before I have it working. The numbers I need are in the laptop I brought with me, but they are also in my cellphone. As I am not to referencing any documents, the laptop is not needed. So I open the phone's contact list and dial a New York number. It's 10:15AM there now. This guy has his office on Long Island. I had worked with him for years, but I have been gone for a while. I wonder if he will still be there.

I punch in his DID and within seconds hear, *Jack Wilson, how can I help you?*

Hey Jack! This is Gordon Jameson. How are you?

Gordo! What the... Hey what's this 63 about? I glance over at Eve and she looks bewildered.

It's the Philippines. Look, I need your assistance. Who do you guys have handling this territory?

What? You mean the Philippines?

Yes.

Huh. Just a sec. Let me see what our wonderful software will tell me. ... While I am looking, Gordo, is this a short time thing – the Philippines? You coming back?

It's permanent. When you find the person who has this territory, can you lie a little and say I am a nice guy?

So I have lost you? Man, I am sorry to hear that. But hey, that will be no small lie. It will be a venial sin! I am not sure I can go that far for you. Damn, I wish you were still active with me. Tell me, how's Jana? Did you sell your place in Northbrook?

I see you opened up my contact screen. Jana is fine and hopefully sleeping. I am glad to be done with Illinois weather. We sold the place. As to business, what can I say, I am sure the new guy over at the shop is OK.

No comment, buddy. Say... I don't see anything for the Philippines. Let me put you on hold a sec. And we hear music.

Sir why he ask you about 63?

When a call comes to him via his DID, his direct inward dialing number, he gets a screen pop at his computer. It tells him which of his customers are calling. It prompts him about issues related to that customer and all sorts of other details: Names of kids, spouse's name, location, how much sales revenue the customer represents. But when I called, there was no link to his customer contact database. All he saw was this phone number preceded by the country code.

Teaching someone Gordo? I had not noticed that the music had stopped.

I was explaining to my new assistant how things are done with the memory impaired sales reps at your company. They don't have that type of technology here and I don't think I have even seen a PRI T1 or DID since I got here.

Nice, Gordo, nice. Man you sure have dropped off of the known universe. No DID? What do they use, soup cans and string? Look I just spoke with the VP of Sales Development. He's got a guy in Asia, who I am told is probably sound asleep, and they have installs in Japan, South Korea and China. But nothing in the Philippines. Plus he says that significant customization needs to be made

for your market. I figured he was going to blow it off, but I told him it was you who was asking. So he has a question for you. What are you trying to do?

I spend the next thirty minutes going over where the company is now, where other operations are as well, where I want to take the company and the steps I need to take in order to get there. I can see Eve. She is quietly freaking out. She is writing, but her eyes are huge and she keeps looking at me as if I have grown a tail and breathe fire. When I get done, Jack asks for another break. He says this one will take a bit, can I hold on? Yes. The call is expensive, and I could have tried Skype or some IP phone. But the delays can be a real problem with a serious call like this. It's an investment. At least as I spend Jonathan's money, that's how I see it. There is music again. I mute the phone. I think Eve is shaking. I tell her that I will explain everything once we get off the line with Jack. She nods. I hit the mute button again to release it.

Eventually Jack returns. Gordo, Sales has more questions. Are you willing to help the development? We also want to know if you are an employee of the company you are calling about? Will the company really see this through?

Yes Jack, we can team on the development for the cost of the code. You end up owning it and we get royalty use without payment. No, I am not an employee. I am independent. And yes, the company will see it through.

Gordo, we are going to have to do a meeting on this later today. I think we will have something to tell you tomorrow. What time is it there?

It's 10:30PM.

Can I reach you at this number tomorrow?

Yes.

Same time as today?

Yes, that works.

OK, catcha later.

And dialtone follows. I tapped the button on the speakerphone to disconnect, looking over at Eve. The girl is close to tears. *Sir, this is real? Such things are possible?*

Yes.

You have seen them done?

Eve, I did them. All of them. And my company was not alone. Many other companies do it too.

OMG! You know, if you do this, Bayan Na and the parent company will control everything here.

No, it won't. But it will have a far bigger market share and it will assist the related family businesses at the same time. It will raise the salaries of some. Others will have to go, but in the end there will be more employees only because the business will be bigger.

Yes, far bigger. You really believe we can do this here in the Philippines?

Yes, why not? It is not a question of intelligence. There are plenty of smart people here. Everything else is just a matter of executing a plan.

I think this is very scary. But I am glad I am your mistress.

Why?

Never in my life, do I think anything like this will ever happen. Now I not only can see it, but I will help make it happen. You make me very special. Sir, why he ask you if you employee here?

They have no personnel in the Philippines. He is fishing to find out if I can be their local representative.

You will do that?

No, I will stay independent of them.

Why, will they not give you enough money? I am told, you are not being paid here.

Oh there might be some good money in it, but I would have to lie for them, when needed. I prefer to stay separate of them. I can provide outside consulting for such a product.

But how you are paid then?

Oh, Eve, there are ways. It may not be a salary, but I get compensated.

I am not sure I understand. ... Sir, we done for tonight?

No, we have other companies to contact. All of them are in California. So we will have to wait a bit before calling them. It's too early.

So we have some time?

Yes. Why?

Eve doesn't say a word. Instead she closes the gap between us, puts her arms around my neck. She pecks at my forehead, my cheeks, my ears, and then closes in on my lips. It is evident she is looking for a second act. But I am sixty-six and second acts are not in my playbook. I put her on the edge of her chair and slowly drop to my knees. She might have not really gotten into it the first time, but maybe the second time, my tongue can induce some good feelings. I pull her panties off her, spread her legs and attend to business.

This time, Eve is welcoming my invading tongue as it dances around her clit. I play with her, licking, poking with the tongue, flicking, sucking. Eve is getting off and I am not interested in quitting. I might not be hard at the moment, but I can please this girl and I intend to do just that.

Do I feel guilty about Jana? No not a bit. I love Jana. She is my forever wife and there is no way in the world that will ever change. She is my partner and my anchor. Eve is an ego boost, a diversion, an enjoyment. No man in his sixties should ever consider that a young beautiful twenty year old would desire him, and yet here it is and I am not turning her away. Still her professed desire of forever, is silly. I am the flavor of the month. She will soon tire of me and find someone more her age.

In the meantime, I am enjoying this young beauty. Her legs wrap around my head. Her heels beating a tattoo on my back. Her sweet small ass is in my hands. Her legs clamp tight, squeezing my ears and then a scream that might be of concern if it were not for the hollow-block concrete walls surrounding us.

Gordon, how you do that to me? I think I will die! Truly! I yours now for real. Not for job. No, for real. OK, I know now. Yes, I know. This is what I want.

I see. Well Eve, if you are mine, will you do me, like I did you?

How you mean? I do it.

Take my penis in your mouth.

Really. This is done?

Here I will show you. I open up my laptop and turn it on, slowly and gently fingering Eve's cunt with a finger as I kiss her neck and wait for my notebook to finish booting up. Once the unit has waited at the login prompt long enough, I disengage from Eve, log in to the laptop and open up a tor browser. I type

'fellatio video.' In seconds I am able to click on any number of examples. I choose one, only to watch Eve watch in stunned silence. After about fifteen seconds, I stop, close the browser and ask, *Will you do this?*

Of course, yes. I do what you want. Stuff come out of you, like when you inside me?

I don't think so this time, but yes it is possible.

What I do if it happens.

Swallow.

Really?

Yes, Eve, really.

OK, I do it.

I stand up and drop my pants. Eve squats down and starts sucking. I give her some pointers, but she is doing OK with my soft member. She is giggling about how soft it is, until, oh hell, it starts to stiffen up. I don't think I will cum, but she is getting me hard. The giggling stops and a *mummm nice* replaces it. I start fucking her head as I grow a little longer and a little harder. Eve starts to gag. Rather than teach her anything, I pull her up, bend her over the desk, and enter her cunt from behind. I am nowhere close to cumming, but I am hard and I pound her. She is hissing, *yesss, yessss. Oh yes...* She starts moaning, almost crying. I continue to run my cock into her young cunt. Her cunt tightens and she squeals, I don't stop. She is moaning anew. She is gasping for air and cumming again. My cock is bathed in her vaginal secretions, she moans, *I can't oh, no more, I can't*, as she cumms yet again. I pull out. I am slick with her juices and hard as I can be. Her ass is also slick with her own fluids. Her legs are still spread and her ass exposed to me. I put my member on her rosebud. She is relaxed and panting gently. I push my cock into her ass. *What?! What you doing? Oh MY GOD!*

I finger her clit gently and pound away on her ass insistently. She is gasping, groaning and then praised be the saints, she is cumming, screaming, *OH YES YES YES! I YOURS YOURS YOURS!!!*

And I cum, deep, in her ass.

The handkerchief routine is repeated, but this time when Eve goes to sit down, it is a bit gingerly. *What you do to me, Gordon? That not normal, I think.*

Oh don't complain. You liked it.

OK, yes. So now what we do. I am truly yours. We need a place for me to stay. Not with my Tita.

Why?

Tita will know. I not able to hide this. Besides, maybe I get pregnant. We not use a condom.

Wow, OK I am stupid. My wife doesn't need to take birth control pills. I forgot I needed a condom. I was only thinking that a virgin would not have any diseases. Yes, what happens if Eve gets pregnant? Maybe I can send her for an IUD? Hummm, maybe not at this moment, but later tonight, we need to have that conversation.

No, she wants to talk about this now. *You want me to have your baby?*

Eve, that would be very nice, but it would create a real problem with you learning all you need to learn to do what we plan to do.

So you do not want me to have your baby?

Well, not right now. We can talk about having children, once this is over? OK?

Yes, that is a good plan. I agree. We will wait until then. Gordon, I think we need a couch in here.

Yes. I asked for a cot, but a couch will be nice.

Eve and I kiss and hold each other for the better part of an hour, just getting emotionally closer, something I am already beginning to regret as I put one foot in front of another. But now it is time to make those calls to California. These calls will be more formal as they are not with people with whom I have a long close connection. With some I will call, we have met at meetings during acquisitions of other companies and conventions. That's all. But with others it will be a cold call.

I dial the first number I have and a voice responds much as I remember her. I had fantasized about this woman, many a night. Maybe her beauty helped her win clients. While her beauty is undeniable, that is not how I choose vendors. So while the old twinges surface, such is meaningless to the task at hand.

Hi, this is Cynthia, how may I help you?

Cynthia, this is Gordon Jameson, how are you?

Gordon! Wow. I'm great, thanks! What can I do for you and please, please don't

tell me you are calling because I have lost yet another account to an acquisition and you are delivering the bad news. If so, give me a moment to go find a Valium. And where in God's name are you calling from. My screen has a map of the Philippines. Really?

Relax Cynthia. It's nothing so dire. Yes, I am calling from the Philippines. That's where I am living.

What'cha do? Divorce your wife and head east to find a young bride?

Oh, Cynthia, you are such a cynic. No, I am a happily married man of ten years. My wife is a native Filipina and we decided to move here as I chose semi-retirement.

Ah! Semi? So what's the business? Do I have an opportunity here?

I doubt it's an opportunity for you. It might be for your company. Do you have a sales rep who covers this territory?

Nope! See, maybe I have an opportunity.

How can you be so sure that you don't?

See, handsome, you never used our software. If I had a rep in your area, a screen pop of the rep would have come up along with your info, side by side. If the rep had any contact with you, I would see the notes. No hiding with our code! As it is, the rep screen pop says, 'unassigned.' That normally means any of us can have it, based on opportunity.

Uh-uh. I had to stay up past midnight to speak with you today and come standard time, I would have to wait until 1AM. I need someone I can talk with at more human hours, darling.

That's not a problem. If it is 12:30AM there now and 9:30AM here that means I can catch you at the end of my day each day.

And I have to wait 48 hours for each and every resolution. I find out about something at 11AM and send you a note. You see it when you get in the next morning but need more info from me. You get it that night and only then can your folks even start working on it.

Gordon, dear, if you have a local rep, you would have essentially the same problem. She would have to work with us here and the same time constraints operate. See, I'm your gal.

Oh Cynthia, as much as it would be fun if you really were my gal, you are

probably happily married, living in San Jose and this is about software, only. So yes, you might be my rep. The next question is, can your software work in this environment?

For the record, handsome, I'm available. OK, what's up and what are you trying to do?

And so for the next thirty plus minutes Cynthia and I map out all that is needed and some of the hurdles I am sure we will have to work through. Cynthia may be a flirt on the surface, but get down to brass tacks and she is at the top of her game. I have worked with Jack for a long time and know him pretty well, but in some ways, Cynthia seems to be leaps and bounds beyond Jack on the 'getting a clue' measuring stick. When we come to wrapping up this part of the conversation, Cynthia seems to be echoing my own feelings. *Oh, Gordon. I am not sure those on the sixth floor will sign on to this, but Goddamn, I really want to work with you. This is exciting and honestly, not every opportunity has me jazzed like this has. Look, I have to walk this through a number of groups. I am not sure I even know how we will want to structure it. What did Jack offer you?*

Cynthia, I thought you didn't get a screen pop on me!

Come on, Gordon, as soon as I knew it was you, I pulled up our file on you. You have been married to Jack Wilson at that crappy Long Island outfit for years. According to my screens, they aren't in the Philippines. So you had a call with him, before you called me. He will have to check with his controllers before they cut a deal with you. So in the meantime, you called me to see if I am already in the Philippines. Right?

OK, Yes. Damn Cynthia, do you know how sexy it is when you see right through me?

Ha! You can't pull that on me. If sexy would have worked with you, I would have reeled you in years ago. So what are they offering, assuming they can do it?

A development deal. We do some heavy lifting. The company here gets use of the code without royalty payment for a specific period of time. They wanted to see if they could turn me, since I am not on staff here.

But you took a pass on that?

Yes.

Good, I love you even more. Let me see if I can match or better their offer. I can control the territory there and refer all outside consulting and installation

support to you as an independent. You can be straight with your customers. I can work with you and make sure our side steps up. Give me an email address and I will shoot the results of the meetings with the pooh-bahs as soon as I get the word.

I give Cynthia an address before hanging up.

Eve stops me from dialing. *Gordon, did she say that if she gets this for you that you will be a private consultant for her company. She will send you all her Philippine business to you, but you can charge customers separately?*

Yes.

How much money is that worth?

Many, many millions of pesos.

Eve shakes her head in amazement.

The next call results in talking to a person I have never met. My contact there has moved on. The rep I talk to does seem to have access to a contact sheet on me. That is a little humorous as are a few questions that follow.

So it says that I should call you Gordon or Mr. Jameson but never Gordo. It says that Jack Wilson of that cesspool outfit, on Long Island, calls you that just to tick you off, but that you stay with him. I am not sure I understand.

Your information is correct.

So how should I address you?

Just what it says.

OK, Gordo, what's shaking?

Oh, good grief. OK...

We go through the thirty minute liturgy, following which I am told once again that someone will get back to me. It becomes clear that no one has any involvement in the Philippines and all reps are willing to consider using Bayan Na and me to rectify that, but that they are reps only. The decisions will be made in other offices. We will see how it all shakes out.

We have to make some calls to equipment vendors for RFID tags and readers. I also want related technology and need current pricing sheets, and their local vendors. The issue of local vendors keeps on being a messy issue. I get some Asian contacts but nothing worth a damn in the Philippines.

By tomorrow, each of the software companies may decide in retrospect, they don't want to move forward, or all three may want to play. I have no idea if we will have any plan to carry out should they all end up saying 'no.' All I can do is hope that one will say yes.

It is 3AM before I am done with all the calls. We have put in a good seven hours of work, and play, in the middle of the night. I am exhausted. Eve looks pretty well done-in too. I pull her in for a real kiss, hold her close for a little while before whispering in her ear to go home, sleep as long as she can, and be ready for another late night, just as long as this night has been.

She whispers back that she wants me to take her to my home, but we both know, that can't happen.

§ § §

I get back to my home a bit after 3:30AM. Jana is sound asleep as my newly showered body crawls into our bed.

3

How did it go?

It is just after noon. I got about seven hours of sleep before showering again. I am drinking a cup of tea, Earl Grey, and a plate of spicy pancit canton with a semi soft boiled egg on top. It may not be the healthiest of meals but I love it. I feel rested and at ease. A warm breeze is telling me I do indeed live in the tropics, but leaves me comfortable in my light weight clothing and sandals.

Jana has an amused expression as she watches mine. I think she likes it when I am working. *Well, I think it went OK. No one has code that will work here in the Philippines now, but all I spoke with are willing to consider making the adjustments.*

You spoke with Jack?

Him first. Yeh, he asked about you and was pissing and moaning about how he misses me. They wanted to know if I would consider being their rep here.

Jack asked you that?

At the request of the VP of Sales Development, yeh.

And you said, no?

Of course.

Good. We don't need that sort of problem.

Yeh, I know. Anyway they are interested but no commitment. I may hear more tonight.

Ah, so it will be another late night?

Mumm-humm, sure will. Maybe a lot of them until we can work through the builds of the code, if we go that way. Anyway, after I spoke with Jack, I called Cynthia Ramos. You remember her from the Dallas convention a few years ago?

Yes! You were drooling over her! She gets her customers by being sexy. Yes I remember her!

OK, yes, well, you are correct, but that's not how she retains her customers. She's probably far brighter and better than Jack. Besides, it's hard to drool all

the way from the Philippines. And the side benefit is that she doesn't call me Gordo!

So? You want to work with her?

Maybe. Her company has good code. But just like Jack, they have nothing built that works here. Same with the third company I called. All will have meetings on it and get back to me, probably tonight.

Did you get hungry last night?

Yeh, but maybe I can bring something with me.

Yes, I will put a meal together for you. Gordon, you will need to train someone, no? You don't want to run their system, so who will do that?

Yes I will have an assistant during the implementation and that person will be the manager once completed. I will start with the inventory module. That assistant can manage that. Then I will get a new assistant for the sales modules, both floor and outside sales. Later we will plug in the jobbing, ordering, shipping, and tracking modules. Each module needs a manager. I gather that they don't have a real server farm, data center or any room built for that. As you know, that's not my thing, so I will have to ask around.

I hear from one of my friends. There is an American here who knows this.

Who?

Not sure. I will find out. Gordon, are you sure the owners of Bayan Na will want to grow like you design? I know you. It will work. But sweetheart, this is a mom and pop... yes a big and wealthy mom and pop, but it really is that, and you are getting ready to make them into a big regional powerhouse. Do they have any idea?

No, they just know that what they have isn't working. But Jana, there is no band-aid I can apply. Their problems are compounded by the lack of third party vendors with whom they can depend on to fill in the gaps and keep the company as small as it is. Still it's one of the two largest in this city. So yes it's a mom and pop, in our estimation, but it is the biggest player here as well. To fix their problems, we are going to have to invent the entire environment, the infrastructure that would be there to naturally surround a company this size in the States. You know when Obama said, 'You didn't build this,' he was more right than any of those two-bit small business operators know. The business culture and infrastructure in the USA is truly more than world class. It is the very best in the world and all those idiots who benefit from it don't have a clue.

They should try to run their business here and see what happens.

Well, Bayan Na had better be ready to contribute in a major way to our new home. They are going to owe you a lot!

We will see. It is too early. All the vendors may decide to take a pass on this.

Really? They would walk away from this?

They will lose money on our installation. They have to ask themselves if the market potential for further sales in the Philippines is sufficient and if they have a corporate structure to support such activities going forward. I have no idea how they will see this. I think there is strong potential, but only if we are successful with Bayan Na, and their story can be told. Otherwise, no one here will want to buy into the investment required to make it happen. It's too heavy a lift, if you don't know why you are lifting in the first place.

Well you just relax, read your paper and watch some TV. I will do some shopping.

§ § §

I arrive at the store at 8:00PM. There is a guard outside but the doors are locked. I let myself in, relocking once inside. Eve will do the same thing. I have a bag with a thermos of tea, a container of rice, another container of humba and one of some pinakbet. When I get to the second floor office, it is obvious that Eve is, or has, been here. She has a rice cooker set up, a cooler is on a side table. I put my offerings on a table and sit down at a desk, turning on my laptop. I had decided to not even look at any email until I came in tonight. I want to stay unplugged for as long as I can get away with it. There will come a time, in the not too distant future, when such a luxury is no longer possible.

My computer login screen gives way to my desktop as I coax the system into giving me the contents of my inbox.

Buried in the email, I have a note from Jonathan that we will have a shower and a cot very soon. That is good news.

Among the spam, email from friends, and general detritus, there are seven emails from the three companies I contacted. Of those only one is from the last of the three. I open that one first. It is a thank you, but we will take a pass on this. I am not surprised. I have no real history with these folks. I put the response in a folder for inactive contacts and move on. Jack has sent two emails. The first tells me, it's a go. They want to proceed. The second contains language that I don't like. They insist I rep them to do the job and that I agree to

a non-disclosure commitment along with a five year sunset with which I cannot talk to any other vendors.

I would have no reason to talk with other vendors, if it all worked out, but there is no assurance that it will, and, like I told Jack, yesterday, I am not interested in repping for them. And five years? Shit, I refuse to be hooked up with any company until I am 71! Maybe I can push back on this. I decide, to not decide, until I read what Cynthia has to say.

But before I do, Eve has walked into the room. I have her read the first three emails without comment from me. By the end of the last one, she looks at me and says, *Not good*.

I agree, and nod. I tell Eve to stay where she is and we will read the rest together.

Four emails from San Jose, but not all from Cynthia herself. The first is from her and that's where I start.

Gordon,

We want you to work with us. Those on the sixth floor are having a party just thinking about the possibility of rolling out code in your market. I guess I am behind the curve. The number-crunchers up there tell me that yours is the fastest growing market in all Southeast Asia, and English is a national language – making our work far easier! My manager and I gave them info on your background which made them even happier. If you say yes, you are mine! Ha! I will finally reel you in. They tell me here that you are going to get emails from the powers that be. Please, please, no matter what they say, don't say, no. If there is a problem, give me a chance to make it right.

Hoping and crossing my fingers,

Cynthia Ramos

So that is nice, and Eve is smiling, giggling and saying, *She is wrong, you are mine!*, but there are three other emails. And besides, when I show this particular email to Jana, she will tell me that I am hers and not Cynthia's. Let's see what the following emails say.

Dear Mr. Jameson,

We are more than pleased you contacted us, in your search for a solution to the problems at Bayan Na. By the way, I asked a Filipino

Bayan Na

friend the meaning of Bayan Na. It's a perfect name for the type of merchandise they carry. We love it here.

Our team knows your reputation and we have strong examples of what you can do. We also know how important the Philippines will be to us, if we can break into that market.

Sir, allow me to be frank with you. Our legal team has advised me that there are rules about business ownership there that make it hard to get going on the ground. Evidently that has been an impediment for us. Our legal department will contact you under a separate cover to discuss it and find a way forward. However please know, we want this to happen. If you find any impediment to dealing with us, please let me know. I will do all I can to resolve the problem.

Yours,

Rodger Anderson

Well, that is unexpected. Two more to go.

Dear Mr. Jameson,

I have been informed that our sales and software development groups want to work with you to assist us in breaking into the Philippines market. Legally that is a problem as we cannot own a business in the Philippines. So we can't staff there. I am told that you do not seek employment with our company and work as an independent. Are you legally able to work in the Philippines? My research suggests you are probably not. Nor can we get you a work visa as we are not based there. So while we would like to work with you, I am doubtful that we can make it happen without some other third party hiring you as an employee under a work visa.

I am sorry to rain on your parade, but my job is to keep our company out of legal problems, in spite of the enthusiasm of others here.

Respectfully,

Thomas Belmonte

Actually Thomas has little to worry about. I have a 13A visa and am allowed to work here. So no third party company is needed. Long term, so long as they have a call center somewhere to support the +8 timezone, we are good. Short term, they can work with me and no call center is needed.

The last email is from Cynthia's manager and he has CC'ed her in his email to me.

Dear Gordon,

I have read a copy of the mail from our legal eagle. Cynthia called Thomas on the phone and proceeded to use very unprofessional language, telling him that you would have never even called if you didn't have everything nailed down legally. She told him, he was playing way out of his league. What he should have done is to ask you what your legal status is in the Philippines.

So, would you please be so kind as to tell me, what's up? Is my overpaid, highly excitable sales representative correct? Or does she need to go and eat some cold crow with Thomas Belmonte?

Yours,

Bob Packer.

I think I am going to like working with Cynthia. But before I deal with that, it's time to email Jack.

Hi Jack,

I got the emails and based on your company's response I have decided to pass and work with another group. As I told you, I am unwilling to be an employee. Further the exclusivity clause is frankly repulsive.

Best of luck,

Gordon

I compose a fresh email, not a reply, to Ramos, Anderson, Belmonte and Packer.

Dear All,

I have never been any more flattered than I feel now. Your emails of solicitation and encouragement are very easy on my old eyes. I thank you for your confidence.

In reference to Mr. Belmonte's caution, allow me to set his concerns aside as they are without adequate foundation. I hold a 13A Philippine visa which permits me to live and work here for the rest of my natural life, should I be foolish enough to want to work that long. I am a

'permanent immigrant' and while I cannot own a corporation, I can work as an independent contractor. So no, I can't be your employee, but then I don't want to be. I want to be independent. Still I would be happy to act as an independent consultant, assisting local businesses who purchase a license to use your code, which is completely legal.

If there ever comes a time when you need a legal foothold here, there are work arounds and I can assist you in such efforts. However, I caution you that I will not be involved in any such entity.

I gather that Ms Ramos will be my primary contact, although there will be others with whom I will interact. I believe that this is acceptable, though timezones will cause a bit of frustration for all.

Further please be advised that you may also hear from my assistant Everly Cruz on occasion. When Ms Cruz communicates, it is to be understood that such communication is coming from me.

As there is no DID service here, and we have just one phone in this office, when you call, Ms Cruz is as likely to answer as am I.

Let us proceed to work through the details of how to move forward.

Yours,

Gordon Jameson

Following a bit of proofreading I click on send. Eve has patiently watched all this. She twists my chair around, jumps on my lap and kisses me. It's a nice kiss. I like her small frame snuggled in to me. I put my arm around her and just hold her. *Thank you, Gordon.*

For what?

What you say to them.

Well, it means we have just signed on to a few years' worth of very hard work. There is nothing easy about doing this. The easy comes, once we have successfully made it all work. It should be easy to use when we are done, not for us.

Good, then we are together for a long time. And now we can make love and no problem!

Huh?

I get an IUD today! Also we have a small problem. My tita, she smell me and say, you are a bad man. I tell her no, not true. She say, 'You want this to happen child?' I tell her, I do. She say I need to find somewhere else to live.

OK I will talk to Jonathan about paying you at a level where you can afford your own apartment.

Thank you. I wish I live with you.

Yes I know you do, but that is not possible.

Eve has her hands in my hair and telling me that I really should reconsider that decision when the phone rings. I look at Eve and ask, *Jack or Cynthia? Which do you think?*

Cynthia, of course, silly.

I press the button on the speakerphone, *Jameson here.*

Gordon! You beast! Who is this Ms Cruz? Please tell me she is seventy years old with great-grandkids and no teeth!

Cynthia allow me to introduce Everly, Eve say hello to Cynthia.

Eve gives me a playful look before leaning toward the speakerphone. *Good morning, Madam.*

Madam? Dammit Gordon, she called me madam! How old is this assistant of yours.

I nod to Eve, to answer. *Twenty madam.*

Gordon, this one's hardly an assistant. She's a child!

Cynthia, get your claws back. Eve speaks five languages and has a Bachelors in Business.

No!

Yes. So apologize.

Eve?

Yes Madam?

Is what that old fool said really true?

Well we don't call them languages. We call them dialects but it is true they have

different words and for you they would be languages.

Five?

Yes Madam, if you include English.

And you really have a college degree?

University degree.

Damn, OK. But Eve tell me, is Gordon mine, or have you already claimed him?

Madam?

Oh, don't you madam me. You know what I am asking.

Eve is giggling. Gordon is mine, madam.

Are you an employee of Bayan Na, or do you work for Gordon?

It is complicated. Bayan Na pays me, but I work for Gordon and if he tells me we work for someone else, then that will be what happens.

Gordon, do you have Skype there?

Yes.

Do it! Use my email address to search for me. And with that Cynthia hangs up. I press the button on the speakerphone to kill off the dialtone.

Skype autoloads when I start my laptop, so I bring it up and stick in Cynthia's email address. I have Eve sit in front of the computer. In no time, Cynthia's face appears, along with a cup of coffee she is holding. At first her face just looks like she is waiting and curious and then her eyes flash open wide, her mouth gapes open. She closes her mouth and shouts *Gordon! You bastard! How do I compete with this child?*

Eve is confused and a bit terrified. I speak, though Cynthia can't see me.

Cynthia, dearest, I am working with you because, one, you are smarter than Jack, two, I suspect that because of that, it will be easier to work through problems as they pop up, and you know they will, three I trust you, because even when things were not going your way, you were honest and decent, and four, while I honestly lusted after your body, that has nothing to do with my business decision making. You should know, it never did.

But this one, this Eve, don't tell me that you are not having your way with her. Sorry Eve, but I just don't believe that you are working with this guy you claim

is yours, without bedding him.

Cynthia, I chose her because of her credentials. Yes, Eve and I are very close. The rest is none of your business.

OK, but Gordon, according to your rap sheet, you know we have one on you, you will be making this one the manager of an entire division of the company. Does she know this?

She didn't until you just spilled the beans dearest. Eve swings around and just looks at me. I smile at her and swivel her chair back to the screen.

Eve, child, let me explain something to you. Gordon here is going to work with me to get the inventory control system working through you. When we are done, you will know how to use everything you have from us, he will not. His job is to make sure you can do what you need to do and to make sure your module will interface with the other modules he needs to deploy. If he has selected correctly and if Bayan Na can grow like Gordon thinks it will, you will be managing one of the largest and most complex organizations in your country. Make no mistake, Eve. Gordon does this for a living and has been doing it for years. In the years to come, people will be offering you huge sums of money to do for them what you do for Bayan Na. I can see by your face that you are not sure you believe me. He is right there. Ask him.

Eve does turn back to me with a simple question. *Gordon, this true?*

If we are completely successful, yes.

Of course, Cynthia has heard the question and my answer. From the speaker comes, *Eve, ask him if he has ever failed at doing this? Ask him.*

Eve is still looking at me. *Gordon, you ever fail?*

Not yet. But there is always a first time Eve and I have never done this in the Philippines.

But I am your mistress, Gordon. I will not be apart from you.

Gordon!

Stay out of this Cynthia! It's OK Eve. It will all be OK.

I not let you go Gordon. We will do this, but I not let you go. And she turns back to the screen.

Cynthia has a smile on her face. *You love him sweetie?*

Yes Madam.

Eve, please, please no more madam! Call me Cynthia. Now girl, please tell me he has been honest with you. You know he is married?

Yes. He is married to Ma'am Jana.

OK. Well you and I are going to get to know each other very well. In the end, when it comes to this module, it will be you and me, not Gordon. You know Eve, Gordon has just screwed up my entire way of working.

How?

First I get the boss to 'want' me and then he appoints some young guy who I can tease and flatter and flirt with enough to hold on to the account for ever and ever. Now, I can't do either. I bet Gordon figured all this out right from the beginning.

Maybe, but he also contacted others.

Yes but Jack would have lusted after you, same deal. Your Gordon is known as a man who thinks five moves ahead before he moves a chess piece.

I see. So maybe he manipulated me?

Oh no, that's not his style. Whatever you think he is, well that's right. It's just that he would not have been willing to care for you unless he decided it was the right thing to do.

I think I see.

I have had enough of the touchy feely crap and I move next to Eve and in the area of the camera. If you females are done with this we need to talk about moving forward with a plan.

Cynthia nods and takes control. Eve I am sending you right now, via Gordon's email account, some pages of questions related to weights, measures, monetary matters, quantities, processes, forms, taxes, VAT right?, tariffs and other customs duties. Just work through them. If something doesn't make sense, ask Gordon first. When you get done, email the answers back to me. Gordon, legal is going to send you a contract as a third party consultant and paperwork for Bayan Na to read and sign. Keep me informed and give me a heads up of any problems before you communicate with anyone else. And Gordon, damn, she's beautiful. How did you ever con her?

None of your business Cynthia. Are we done for now?

Yes. Let's use Skype. I will see you two tomorrow.

The session ends. My email displays something new from Cynthia with an attachment. I open it. It is the file for Eve. I copy the attachment to a USB drive and give it to Eve. She can copy it on to her computer. Eve is looking at me.

Why me?

You fit the profile I needed for this job.

Yes the job requirements, but your mistress?

That wasn't a requirement I gave to Jonathan. I didn't ask for a girl. I didn't specify the sex of the assistant and assumed he would give me a guy. But when I meet you, yes. You needed to be my mistress.

So Cynthia is right. You look many moves ahead.

I guess so, though this was not a matter of moves ahead. It was all at the same time. If I am going to spend time throughout the night with someone for many months, maybe years, I want to make sure I like who that is. With you, that part was easy.

Is Cynthia right? Will I be an important person?

Assuming we can make this work, yes.

So you have changed my life.

We will see.

Cynthia say she use her sex?, beauty?, to keep her customers. That true?

Oh, a little bit, but if her company's offerings were not good or she wasn't good in assisting her customers, it would not help her for long. Maybe it makes her feel more confident. Maybe it makes the initial contact easier, but she really keeps her customers because she is good at her job.

Yes I can see that. Gordon, I think it is time for a meal! We both bring food. I also bring some towels!

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Eve and I have enjoyed a nice meal. She is cleaning up the dishes and I am attending to paperwork.

I have an email from Mr. Belmonte, asking me for a copy of my visa. OK, I know what he wants, but what he really needs is a copy of my ACR-I card. I send that to him, CC'ing Cynthia, only to get back an email from the lawyer asking for the visa. I patiently inform him, with a CC to Cynthia, that the visa was only good for entry into the country as that status, temporarily. It has long ago expired. The 'I card' functions like a green card in the USA. The visa in the passport is meaningless.

The idiot continues to complain. I send him an email, copying the rest of his world back there, explaining that if he is going to be this stupid, incompetent and intransigent on such a simple matter, that as far as I was concerned we were already at a stopping point. I can see no way to work through any legal matter with him. I attach once again the scan of my 'I card.'

I get an email from Mr. Anderson and another from Mr. Packer. Both telling me that I will never hear from Mr. Belmonte again. I am frankly dubious that they can work around their attorney.

But then I receive a letter from corporate counsel for the company. In it, she tells me, that I was fully right in my presentation and assertions. She will be the one to deal with the legal matters for me. She trusts that she will not be as 'blockheaded' as Mr. Belmonte. Next I get an email from Cynthia. *Good! I told Packer that his attorney was an ass!*

An email containing a standard consulting contract for me comes through. I can and do sign it. It is scanned for now and I will send it in the mails as well.

I expect I will not see the other contract, the one for Bayan Na, for a while. I just sit back only to hear Eve say, *You scared me in those emails.*

You mean about the attorney?

Yes.

Never be nice to an attorney. It's bad form. It's sorta like feeding the bears in Yellowstone Park.

Huh?

Sorry I scared you. It's OK now.

Here it is very dangerous to argue with an attorney.

In the USA, it is not. Sometimes it is required. It's a different culture.

Gordon, are you going to give me a job and leave me?

You worrying about what Cynthia said?

Yes.

Oh, Eve, she's just jealous.

I don't think so. I think she tell me the truth. You have my virginity Gordon. You have my love and my heart. Don't be evil and leave me.

As Eve is talking, she is unzipping my fly, unbuckling my belt, opening my slacks. Pulling my slacks and boxers down. She has my instrument of desire, hard in her hand. She lowers her lips to my glans. She licks up and over. She encases my glans between her lips and slides her lips down over my shaft. And then, back up. She looks up, her eyes looking up at mine, before returning to her mission. For a female who didn't know what giving head was just a day ago, she is doing a remarkably proficient job of it. She is working me in earnest effort. She pulls her head off me, and is stroking me with her right hand. *I am doing correct?*

Uh-huh.

I watch videos like you show me. I learn how to do this. And she licks again. I do everything you want. Always. I learn. She returns to giving me head. I like head, but right now I want to be inside Eve. I stand her up from the squat she is in, remove her dress, remove her panties, remove her bra, and take a good appreciative look, before I turn her over the desk and enter her cunt from behind. I am fucking her and Eve is talking. You think I look OK? I not pangit?¹¹ Gordon, find us an apartment. Oh Gordon, harder, my love. Harder. Yes! Good! Oh Gordon, I am so full. You stretch me!

I reach under Eve and grab a nipple. Eve bucks her hips into me. She is gasping and moaning. Her cunt is dripping and lunging backward to meet my thrusts. It doesn't take much longer to send Eve into orbit. The screams are intense. I fuck her right through it and bring on another orgasm. If she wasn't already on the

¹¹ Ugly?

desk, she would have crumpled. Now she is almost weeping, crying. She is whimpering, *Yes, I be good Gordon. I be good. You see. I be good. I yours. Forever. Yours. Forever. Yours. Forever. Oh, Oh, OH!* And she cumms again.

This young lovely girl is everything a man could ever want. But I already have a wife. Jana is a good wife and she is just as loyal as Eve now professes to be. I am a rat bastard as I loose my cum inside Eve.

We clean up. Eve sets up the computer to answer Cynthia's email. I get an email from an engineer who reports to Cynthia. He is asking what computer hardware we have here. In return I ask, what would he prefer to deploy on? His answer is a Linux platform with virtualization. That makes sense to me, but I am not a guy who can deploy it. Maybe Jana has a lead on the guy she mentioned. I tell the guy that we will follow through, to provide that. He sends me some recommended processor, storage and memory specs.

I get a sample contract for Bayan Na. I am a bit surprised. It provides for all I have hoped but only as long as I am in control of the project. Should I be removed from the development, all software is to be removed and the development agreement is void. I get why they are doing that. I just didn't expect it. The rest looks fine and I ask for a final copy, so that I can forward it to Jonathan. I do send Jonathan a draft, explaining that it is not in the final form. I 'CC' the email to Cynthia. She needs to see whose company this is.

It's now 6AM, and 3PM in San Jose. We call it a day. I tell Eve we won't need to come back until midnight. The sun is well up by the time I drive home. Janna is up. As I go to the shower and bed, I drop a copy of Cynthia's first email on the table along with copies of the contracts. I know Jana will read them. I am under the sheets by 7AM.

§ § §

It's 4PM. I have showered, dressed and am having a meal of fried rice and tuna kinilaw. *She has a lot of nerve.*

You mean when she says I am hers? Yeh, I told her she would get push back on that. I also told her my choice of her had nothing to do with anything other than pure business. I pointed out to her that after all these years, she should know that about me.

Good. How did she take that?

Other than griping that it wasn't fair that she couldn't use her feminine wiles on me, she was happy to have my business. Actually she doesn't really have any

business, as they don't make a cent on this.

But she stands to make a killing if they can roll this out to others here.

Yes, and actually, so do we.

Yes, I am not unaware that you may make more now that you are retired, than you did when you were employed.

Yeh, weird.

Who will you get as your assistant?

It must be someone with all the major languages here, including Muslim and a business degree.

Yes that makes sense. How long will you be doing these late hours?

It might be for a while. I'm not sure. Did you get a lead on that guy who knows about data centers?

Maybe. You ever run into an American named Jake?

No.

Someone said he's been here for ten years. Has a place here. But no one I know has met him. No one knows who his wife is. It's weird. I asked, if any of my friends find a contact for him, to text me. Just an hour ago I get a text from a Filipina. Name of Mitch. She is not local. She writes in Tagalog. She do know some Cebuano but not ours, like how they use it in other places maybe. She not know Ilonggo. She prefer Tagalog. Anyway she is asking what you need. I ask her if this is for Jake. She answer, she do the work now, not Jake.

Mitch, a girl?

Yes, I think so.

OK well, this is probably not going to work but text back this. I give her the specs I got from the engineer. Five minutes later a text comes back in English. OK we can do this, but suggest these upgrades to your specs. How fast do you need this?

I text back, Once I give you the 'go ahead' how long will it take?

I get back, One week so that we can burn the system in and make sure it is stable.

How much?

The answer is less than half what I paid for a Dell Edge server a couple of years ago.

OK I can get you the money in two days. But I don't know you and I don't know this Jake. How can I be sure this is really OK?

OK, Jake will call you. What number should he use?

If he's calling now, he can use my landline. I give her the [PLDT](#) number. OK assuming I decide this is OK, where do I bring the cash?

We will come for it. Where should we come?

I tell Mitch that I will check and that I will text her with the location once I have everything ready. I give her my cell number as I have been using Jana's cell phone.

I hand the phone back to Jana and just shake my head. That was weird. I hope I didn't just get burned. I can't talk to Jonathan about this until he sees the software contract.

Not more than five minutes later my phone rings.

Hello?

You Gordon?

Yes. Who are you? It's an American accent in my ear.

Jake. My girls tell me you need a good server. That right?

I need a Linux Server that is set up for virtualization. I texted your Mitch the specs.

Yes, she showed it to me and a suggested upgrade. Can't say I see any issue with this. It's pretty standard stuff and the upgrade is just because we live in a challenging environment. You need anything else?

Like what?

Well, no offense, but it sounds like you aren't going to be the one really in the box. I would think you want a Cisco ASA for protection and VPN access. Your contacts asked for that?

No but I expect they will.

Well, let Mitch know. She can get you set up. I used to do it, but I have handed the business over to her and Abbey.

Huh. OK. So tell me, how come none of the expats I know have ever even heard of you?

Just lucky I guess. Didn't come here to hang out with expats. Got what I need and am happy about that.

So servers were your business?

No. We used servers and built our own, but no. Still, I don't figure anyone can build a better server than we can. You won't be sorry with what you get.

OK. Well, you're just a disembodied voice without a face, but I guess I need to take this on faith.

Oh hell, fuck faith. You need references? OK, you tell me you were in retail. You ever deal with Summit Labs?

Yeh.

You know anyone there?

Used to, but I imagine they are gone now.

Got a name?

Yeh. And I mention a couple.

OK I think you can still find them on Linkedin. Ask them about me. And he gives me his last name. I thank him and hang up. I find him on Linkedin. Sure enough it lists his residence as the Philippines. I send a couple of emails to old contacts just to verify, but I guess the guy's for real.

Tonight we may see the final contract for Bayan Na. There's not much else we can do until they sign it, so I will just be hanging out I guess. That raises the issue of just what I am going to do with Eve. I thought I was going to get a fuck buddy out of the deal. She sure is not thinking of 'us' in that way. Even when Cynthia told her she'd be running a big operation, she looked unhappy that it might mean losing me. I had hoped she would see it as a promotion of sorts. Maybe she will later.

This evening I can relax at home, watch some TV and decompress. My best guess is that we won't see the final legal draft until close to six in the morning. I emailed the attorney asking for an early turnaround of the paperwork, or it

would sit here until after the weekend. We will see. I don't think it's likely the attorney gets it that her Friday evening is my Saturday morning. If I don't have something from her by Thursday, she won't get anything back until her Monday.

This weekend, Eve will look for an apartment. As much as Cynthia thinks I have this all planned out, she is very wrong. Or at least my plan has gone sideways.

Jana is filling me in on doings among our friends and acquaintances. I am half listening. She tells me that she got a call from Jonathan today. My ears pick up. He has told her that I have done a wonderful thing for his company. Jana should tell a Miss Everly, what she needs and Everly will take care of getting it delivered. Jana asks what the scope is and Jonathan tells her not to worry about the scope.

I have been enforcing a no email policy away from the 'office' but now I break my rule and fire up the laptop.

There in my inbox are a series of emails between Jonathan and Cynthia. He is asking her what the software would be worth, that his company is going to get. He is told that the value of all the modules, fully implemented, which is what he is getting, is worth about \$500,000. Yes a cool half a million... of course it is also true that no company this size in the USA would need all this, still that is what he is getting. But on top of that, Cynthia, operator that she is, tells Jonathan that I would be getting a quarter of a mil a year to do this work. Now that's a stretch, but she sure has increased my stock with Jonathan. If that is not enough, Cynthia tells Jonathan that I am one of the top guys in my field in the USA and that others would just about kill to get me. Now, that just isn't true. Sure I am good, but I am not unique.

All this was going on while I showered and slept. So Jonathan is already on board. That's good to know. It is also good to know that Jana has Eve's name.

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I get to the office about 11:30 and it has changed. A wall has been removed. The office is twice as big. Instead of the cot I have asked for, there is a bed. There is also a fridge, a microwave, and a hot plate. I put my food in the fridge. When Eve walks in fifteen minutes later, she has a bemused look on her face as she asks, what has transpired. I show her the emails between Jonathan and Cynthia. I don't provide any comment. Once she appears to be done reading, she looks at the laptop, and then at me, and down at the laptop and again up at me. *Gordon, you can have any woman you want on this island. If you think I don't know this now, you are very wrong. You are a very important man. Whatever you want I*

do for you. All you do is ask.

Oh Eve, she is exaggerating.

OK maybe, but it is really based on truth, right? I mean I see how bad they really want you. You cannot tell me they didn't. I see it. I believe she is telling the truth about the cost of their software. I know you say that in the USA, no company needs all this, but we are not in the USA. You say that yourself.

Jonathan will give you anything you want. I know this because I get a text from him. He tell me to get anything Ma'am Jana want. I already text her to say I ready to do that.

She answer you?

Yes I meet her tomorrow. I tell her that my hours will be irregular. She ask why. I tell her that Jonathan select me to be your assistant. She say good. She want to meet me.

I bet she does.

If I heard that right, Jana will have heard that Jonathan selected her, not me. That is good. I further heard that Eve has not told her she is already working for me. That was either very lucky or Eve is very very smart. She is setting the table herself. I choose to assume intelligence and not luck.

The laptop is running. If mail comes in, I will hear it. There is little to do other than wait and talk. I mention the server and mention Mitch's name. Eve knows Mitch and Abbey. They had both gone to MSU. I ask her if they were capable of doing what I was asking for. Eve thinks so. She tells me that there were times they seemed to know more than did their instructors. They sailed through college. This is a big city but sometimes it functions like a small town. Eve asks for Mitch's cell number. I provide it and as late as it is, she texts the girl. Mitch clearly is texting back and a series of messages are swapped. In the middle of this, I ask why a girl has a boy's name. Eve giggles. *Gordo! Her name is Michelle.*

OK I deserved that. That Eve is comfortable to say it to me, is a pleasant surprise. Especially after what she had said just a bit ago about doing anything I asked of her. In the span of an hour I have seen three different parts to Eve. She is subservient to my desires, smart enough to set the table very skillfully for her meeting with my wife and cheeky enough to razz me playfully. Thinking about Eve as a one dimensional character is a fool's mission. She is establishing herself as a force in my life. I think I will survive this. Will Jana?

OK the server will be here next Thursday.

Eve, I haven't paid for it and I haven't gotten Jonathan's blessing for it.

You will and you will. I told Mitch that it is needed. We will pay. She say OK. They will get started tomorrow. Eve is right, but did I authorize her to act? Yes, implicitly when I told Cynthia she should accept Eve's decisions as if they were mine, I did. I never told Eve she needed to check with me. She had every right to assume she could read my needs and intentions and act on them. This may be a very dangerous precedent. I will have to watch closely, how she moves forward with this.

I email the engineer in the States and give him the final configuration for the server we will get. I get an enthusiastic response. He says whoever is handling things for us over here, knows their business. I email back asking about a 'Cisco ASA.' His response comes back in no more than 30 seconds. *Yes a Cisco ASA 5505 for now. Later we can move that into the field and replace it with an ASA5512-X.*

OK we'll get that, is my reply. Eve, text Mitch that we need a Cisco ASA5505. Fingers fly and a few minutes later it is done.

Eve walks over to the bed, sits down on it and pats the mattress. I look at her. Eve is a fine looking girl. We have made love, worked side by side (a little) and are building a trusting relationship. She sits there wanting me to join her on what amounts to a formal declaration of all this, love on a real bed, not stolen on a desk in an office. She will be with Jana in less than twelve hours. My cum will still be inside her at that moment most likely. She has a sweet smile on her face. Her dress is sexy. Her heels are high and convey the suggestion that this is no innocent babe in the woods. Her make up is minimal but highly effective. Eve's shape is without flaw and exquisite. This twenty year old wants her man. I get that.

Take off the dress, slowly and sexy-like.

Eve gives me a little bit of a smirk. If I want it sexy, I will get it sexy. In a languid motion, Eve rises, stretches, with hands high above her head, bends over as far as she can go, which in this case looks like there is a hinge in her spine as her body folds over on itself. Her hands touch either side on an ankle before she slowly rises up, hands sliding up a calf, the sides on a knee, up the lower thigh, catching the edge of the dress and pulling it up as her hands continue to slide up her upper thigh. Her hands have now reached her hips. She grabs the gathered up skirt of her dress in both hands and slowly pulls the dress up over her head, hair of her head being pulled up with the dress and then

cascading down on her bare shoulders. She tosses the dress, still in her hands, to me. She stands there, in panties, bra and heels, hands on her hips. *Like what you see, Gordon?*

Yes. Yes I do, Eve.

Good. Now come and fuck me. This is no giggling little girl. This is a woman who has decided to get what she wants. She removes her bra, and then her panties, without breaking the look she is giving me. I can't say I have seen this look in my own life very much and never with anyone other than Jana. I am too busy desiring the female in front of me to be considering the meaning behind all this.

As I approach Eve, a smile is evident on her lips and in her eyes. I am not sure what she is thinking, but something is there as she puts her hands on my ears and pulls me in for a kiss the likes of which could never be called simply friendly. If she could devour me, I suspect she would. Her hands are now behind my head pulling me in tight. Her breath and mine are synchronized, lips, tongues enmeshed in a ritual of bonding. Her hands and arms are now encircling my shoulders, her breasts pushing fiercely against my chest. She pulls me down onto the mattress, almost in a tumble, rolling me on to my back. Her legs bent and surrounding my hips, her hands pushing my shoulders into the mattress, her lips still pressing on mine. She moves, quickly, sliding down, away from my lips, hands attacking my belt and pants. Eve just about rips my pants and boxers off me.

She slides back up on me, grabs my shoulders, pulling me over on top of her. *Fuck me Gordon. Fuck me hard.* Her hand is on my rigid desire, stroking it and guiding it home. She swings her legs up, tilting her pelvis up to meet me. I push in to a tight, but not resistant, welcoming cunt. Eve is wet. Her cunt is hot with desire. Her hands once again grab my neck. Her legs lock around my back as I penetrate her, deeply, and with great need of her. I have not been paying attention to her words as we have been fucking, but I do now. She is exhorting me, claiming her primacy. Do I tell her, no, that Jana has primacy? She is challenging me to do that, but I do not. I do not say a word as she pulls her head back, looks me in the eyes and makes her claim on me once more. No I do not argue. No, I do not argue, I cum inside her. All she says now is, *Good.*

We have been lying on the bed for some time, just holding each other when I hear a tone telling me that there is some new email. Eve stops me from getting up. *I will see. Relax.* She goes to my laptop, checks the mail and smiles.

Gordon, Cynthia says she had the attorney email the final agreement to Jonathan. She thinks they will have it back signed in before she leaves work

today. She is asking for a Skype session with me. OK if I do it now?

Ha! Get dressed first!

OMG! OK, Yes. Eve picks up her dress from the floor where it ended up and slips it over her head. She combs her hair and straightens up a bit before returning to my laptop and starting a Skype session.

Hey, that took long enough! What were you doing? Getting your clothing back on?

Eve has a panicky look on her face and is totally flustered, not knowing how to respond.

You were! Oh my god! I did catch you! Eve! You are blushing! I can even see it via Skype! Oh girl, I am SO jealous!

Ha! Yes and you can't have him. Gordon is mine!

Yes I believe he might be. Can he hear us?

Yes. Eve giggles.

Gordon, you are in deep trouble with this one, boy. Did you know she emailed me all the answers and provided me scans of all the types of documents Bayan Na uses today? And Gordon, baby, I don't mean a sample invoice, I am talking about the complete document chain. The team here is both beyond happy about that, and are also laughing their asses off. They can't believe any company can be so screwed up as to do what they are doing. I told them, based on what Eve told me in an email, that this is the standard practice throughout the Philippines. They all decided to go to the bar and drink to our good fortune. No matter what we charge, we are going to pour money into owners' pockets there. But you knew that before you contacted me, right?

Yeh Cynthia, I was well aware of all that. I am also not surprised in the least that Eve took the initiative to get you all you needed. Anyone who underestimates Eve is a fool. I speak as one who initially did just that.

Aha! That explains it. She's got you by the short hairs. You know that?

Well, I prefer to think that she is making sure the table is set with a place for her next to me.

OK, that's a nice way of saying it. Look, as much as we all agree, Bayan Na desperately needs our code, we need to talk about how we will change all the processes and what the fallout will be. Eve has given me a heads up that some

documents are needed to satisfy government agencies there. I think she mentions the BIR?

Yes, the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Oh, it's their IRS?

Yes, but remember they have a VAT, and so it's more complicated.

Uh-huh, we deal with that all over except the USA. So, she tells us, we do have to kick out some extra paper because the BIR doesn't accept electronic transmission. She also mentioned that every staff member Z's out their drawer. That almost all payments are in fiat currency. There is almost no debit or credit card activity.

Yes that is the case. Also no discounts are available unless paid in fiat paper.

So the owners are not reporting some things?

Can't say one way or the other. I don't know. Why? That does not have anything to do with inventory.

Hey are you dressed yet? Can you get on camera?

Give me a sec.

Oh gee. Gordon, get with it! Actually it does have an impact on how we account for some inventory. So do we build in a dual book option?

Yes. Do you do this elsewhere?

Officially? No. In practice? How do you think we sell into some countries?

Fascinating.

See what you don't know by sticking to the USA?

I learn something new every day, Cynthia. Every day.

Betcha do too!

So you have a hidden flag field?

Yep.

And the merchandise gets listed as damaged... a loss?

Oh! You're good. Yes, exactly, one way you show a loss and the other way you show the sale and the profit. It looks legal to anyone who is looking. The only

“tell” is that the receipt the customer gets has a receipt number that gets reused in the next ‘proper’ sale in the books. So if a customer gets two invoices, sequentially, and one was a hidden sale, the invoice numbers will be identical. There are no gaps in the receipt numbers the government sees on the books. Most governments don’t go back and match the ‘valid’ receipt the customer has to the receipt record at the company. And Gordon? You need to brush your hair before you go home.

Gee thanks. Are we done now?

No, when will the server be available?

Seven days from now.

OK so we are done until then. If I have anything else in the meantime, I will email Eve.

Not me?

Oh sweetie, there are many things I need you for, but not now. Let me know when we can get onto the server.

We are done both for today and for the next few days. No evening sessions for a while. It is only 3AM as we leave the office following having cleaned up. I get home, get a shower and get into bed, accidentally awakening Jana briefly in the process.

Done?

Yes, for a week maybe.

Good. And she returns to sleep as I try to find the same blessed thing. But sleep seems to be elusive. I am thinking about Jana and Eve's meeting in just a few hours.

5

I sleep until 11AM. Jana has been keeping things quiet for me. I take a shower and shave before appearing dressed a half an hour later.

What do you want to eat?

I don't know. What will you have?

Wala!¹² I diet!

Oh, OK. Do we have any hotdogs in the freezer?

Yes, you want?

Sure.

With rice or bread?

Aren't there any buns?

Yes but they also in the freezer.

That's OK, I will warm them up.

I will do it. You make a mess when you in the kitchen I do it. How you want me to do the buns?

When you boil the dogs, put a cover on the pan and the sliced frozen buns on the cover.

Talaga?¹³ That work?

Yes. After a while, you will be able to spread the buns open a bit.

OK. I do it. How it go last night?

Good. Everything seems to be in place for us to put data on a server starting next week. I think Jonathan has signed the contract. I will check in a few minutes. The server has been ordered as has a firewall device. San Jose has all the relevant inventory documents. I get a few days off. Lucky me!

Good. We have an appointment with Everly at 2 to get things we need for the

12 Nothing.

13 Truly?

new house.

We? Oh hon, you go. I just want to rest for the day.

You sure?

Yeh. You don't need me. And in truth when it comes to selecting the ceramic or porcelain tiles for the new house, I am extraneous to the decision making. Same is true for the accent stonework on the outside walls. That's what she will be looking for today. And so, completely independent of 'Everly' issues, she really does not need me there. As to the 'Everly' issue, I will just be in the way. I have no idea how this meeting will play out. I do not know if anything gets put together or if thermonuclear war is about to break out. However, for some inexplicable reason, I have faith that Eve has this under control.

Beyond the simple fact that she does not need me to be hurt or inconvenienced, she is smart enough to know how to avoid it, I hope.

Once Jana is gone, I open up the laptop. My need to unplug during the day has ended as I won't be doing anything for about a week. I open up my email to find a message from Jonathan, one from Cynthia, one from the engineer at her office, one from one of my old acquaintances I pointed Jake to yesterday and one from Eve. I open up Eve's first.

My dearest Gordon,

I don't know if you will see this before Jana meets with me. I hope you will have her come alone. I can handle this and it will all be OK.

I love you,

Eve

I certainly hope she is right. I open up Jonathan's email.

Dear Sir Gordon,

I do not have the English for this. I learn we are very lucky you help us. I do not think I will ever be able to thank you enough. We will do what you need to make us the success that you plan.

God bless you,

Jonathan

The engineer's email is next.

Hi Gordon,

Would you please pass the word on to whoever is programming your Cisco ASA that: (1) we need you to get set up with a static IP for the outside interface; (2) please use a 172 octet private address for your LAN; (3) please allow for a VPN tunnel from a Cisco VPN Client. You can give your engineer my email address and we can set up the credentials.

Thanks!

Willie

I open up Cynthia's next.

Gordon,

My friend, and yes you are a friend. Even when I was losing business because of you, I knew you respected me and you were always decent. Now I see you trying with all you can to lift a company and maybe an economy up, only because you know you can. Eve and I have talked. They are not paying you a damned thing... oh sure a few building supplies that you really don't need for them to comp, but honestly, you would do it without that too. That much I got from Eve.

I also figured out what happened. Eve told me what your job specifications were for the assistant. You did not specify a woman. Knowing you, you thought you were getting a guy. Jonathan sends you Eve who meets your requirements. You put two and two together and tell her that if she takes the job, everyone will assume an affair. You were right of course.

Eve tells me she asked you what she should do and you said either walk away from the job or have the affair. Might as well. I can't blame you. There is no way I can see you spending night after night with that girl and not wanting to jump her bones. You gave her an option to back away and she tells me, she wanted both the job and you. She didn't tell you that, but she had designs on you from the first breath.

Look, you got very lucky. She is as smart and skilled as I have seen. Her communication skills are excellent. She will have no problem dealing with the module we are working on.

But you idiot... Eve is too smart, too sharp, and too designing in her desire for you. I have no idea how she is going to manage your marriage and your wife, but you do not have control of this. Eve does.

Your real friend,

Cynthia

OK, so now I am focused. Right now Jana and Eve are likely greeting each other. I need a drink. Seriously, I need a drink. I get up, go to the kitchen and pour myself a whiskey over ice. I hope my entire life is not in the process of unraveling.

Well there is nothing I can do about it now. I open up the last email.

Hey Gordon,

Just got a curious email from Jake. He asked me to vouch for him with you. As an engineer, I am happy as hell to do so. None better. As to his moral compass, uh-uh. My best advice is to steer clear.

Sam

Well, Jake seems to be steering clear of me, so there is no problem with that. I am pleased to know the guy has good chops. I try to be happy about this last email, but am incredibly jittery now about Jana and Eve. I take two ibuprofen and lay down on the bed.

§ § §

Wake up!

What?

Wake up, Gordon. Get cleaned up. We have a guest for dinner.

Who?

Your mistress, you bastard.

And with that Jana leaves the bedroom, if not exactly slamming the door, at least being loud about it. I'm pretty sure there is no rule about how a guy is supposed to react when in this situation. My cellphone is blinking its message light. I grab the phone. The text is from Eve.

Don't be afraid. Jana says she is going to give you a little hell when she gets home, but it's OK. Really. We make friends. I not looking for an apartment now.

I move in with you and Jana. I see you for dinner meal. Relax. I love you. All OK. Truly.

It's sort of a good deal I didn't see this until after Jana did her thing. Otherwise I might have laughed at her act and that would have been a big mistake. As it is, I am not exactly sure how to behave. I don't need a shower, other than I have bed head. For me, a brush doesn't quite do it. So a trip to the CR, getting some water on my hair and then a brush solves the problem. I put on a new shirt and I am ready, other than leaving the bedroom means I run into Jana and what the fuck do I say? Clearly Jana and Eve have some understanding but I do not know what it is. I text Eve back.

What has happened?

She look at me, frowns and says, you are his assistant? I ask, what? She say, Gordon. You are Gordon's assistant. I say yes. She say how old? I tell her. She ask me about dialects, college. I tell. She then say... OK, you his mistress. She say, I can see it.

Wow, what did you do?

I say, Gordon tells me he is married. He say he love you and will never leave you. She say, Yes, yes, I know, but you his mistress. You young, smart and pretty. I am not. I say, but he will not leave you. She say, I think, I not have problem if he finds a girl for a day or two. She will not be good for him. I know him. But you. You are bad for me. He will love you. I tell her, Ma'am Jana, I love him. If he lose you, that will hurt him very much. He will blame me and leave me too. I do not want to see you hurt. It important you stay with him. She say, how I stay with him when he has you? I say, please try. I promise he not leave you. I know he love you.

She believe you? Why are you coming here?

We talk more. I tell her I look for an apartment. She say, no, she does not want to wonder where her husband is. She does not want that. I will live with you.

When are you coming tonight?

I am coming right now. In a tricycle.¹⁴ Soon.

OK I know a little more. I still don't know Jana's feelings about this, or how it will work. In for a penny, in for a pound. I walk out of the bedroom. Jana is in

¹⁴ A cab surrounding a motorcycle. Inexpensive and ubiquitous transportation.

the kitchen. *OK Jana, what are you thinking?*

I ought to ask you what you were thinking, but I know that already. You know, as soon as I see her face, I know. I don't know why, but I know. I can see she loves you. She does not look at me like an employee with an unpleasant assignment. She looks at me like she wants to love me. Who does that? Ha! Mistresses are of two types. They either want you dead, or they want what Everly wants, to protect me. So I see it. She not hide this any good. I see this and I think. Now I know. Yes I know. So I say to her, you Gordon's mistress. She blushes. Yes, she blushes. I ask her, you speak the languages? Yes she do. I ask her, you have college degree. Yes she do. She tell me what you always say. You not going to leave me. Ha! If I get rid of her, I will lose you too. Maybe I should. You are a bastard, Gordon. Yes a bastard. But we married too long. What I do? So I decide, Everly stay with us. You, you make her the accounting manager. You get her very busy. Maybe she no longer want you. I not think this will happen. I think she will be manager but not leave you, but I tell you to do this.

OK.

She tell not to blame you. You not choose her. She sent to you. She say it just happen. I not really believe this. It true that you not needing to go to the office for a few days?

Yes.

So the three of us, we have time to talk about all this?

Yes, I guess so.

Good. I not sure how we do this. I not want to be embarrassed.

That may be unavoidable. I suspect those at Bayan Na will assume a relationship between Eve and me.

Ah, you call her Eve? OK. So you think it will be known about this?

Yes. Even if nothing had happened, if I spend late evenings alone with a pretty girl, well people will assume.

And you need to because of the timezone, yes, I can see that. So when Jonathan send you this girl, he must have known.

Maybe. I told him that the person needed to probably be single as there would be many very late nights.

You assumed he would send you a man?

Yes. I did not ask for a woman.

Huh, that's what your Eve tells me too. She says she is the only one who meets your requirements. No man does. So maybe he thinks he has no choice. So you are saying even if she was not a mistress and if nothing happens, people will still assume and I will be embarrassed.

Yes. Don't you see that?

So if she moves in with us, that may confuse the gossipers! Good.

I must admit Jana, I have never considered that way of looking at it. But you are right.

OK, tell me, Gordon, do you love this girl.

Jana I love you, I am committed to you.

Yes yes yes... Do you love her?

Maybe. I don't know. I am amazed by her. She is very bright. She is very competent at work. But love, real love takes time. I like her a lot. But love? Jana, the only person I know for sure that I love is you.

But you want to love her. Yes I think you want to love her. How you love two? How you do that? I do not think this is possible. I think you will choose.

And if I don't?

Not possible.

What if it is possible?

No.

Jana! What if it is possible?

I do not know.

We hear someone calling from the outside. I guess we both think it is Eve. Jana goes to the door. *Come in! Come!*

What I see, just should not be. The two hug, kiss each other's cheek and are holding hands. Jana and Eve go back out to the terrace, bringing in two suitcases. I can hear Jana tell Eve, *We will just put these out of the way for a little bit. Later we will figure out how this all works.*

I guess I am a little bit of a control oriented person and right now I feel a definite loss of all control. I hold my breath until both are back in the kitchen area, where I have remained. They are both looking at me, and I gather Eve is about to say something, but I think it is time for me to speak. I am not going to complain that I was blindsided because Jana has a far better claim on that than do I. No, that isn't right. I do not know what Eve thinks is going on but at least from Jana's point of view, I really think I do. Yes Jana knows me well after all these years. I know her as well for the same reason, and the conversation we have just had, before Eve appeared has reinforced my belief that I know Jana's mind.

Eve, I really don't know what you think Jana and you have decided, but you need to hear me out and Jana you need to not interrupt. Yes Jana you have a legitimate complaint about me, and we both know that this has been a long standing issue between us, but I need you to hear me out. ... Eve, just give me a 'yes or no,' have I ever told you I loved you?

No, but I...

OK, Eve just the yes or no. I know you think you see things that go unsaid, but I want answers that are about what I have actually said. Have I ever told you that you can ever live with me?

You say I not live with you.

Have I ever told you that we would always be together?

No. Eve is crying now.

Why you hurt her Gordon? She your mistress, why you do that to her? Why you do that to someone you love?

Jana, I have strong feelings for Eve. This is true. But love is a special thing. I have it for you. It is something that exists for all time. Do I feel this way for Eve? That is far too soon to answer. And if it becomes true, it can only be true if it is in harmony with my love for you. I do not want to hurt you Eve, but I do not want to live a lie. We must be honest, both with ourselves and those around us. Eve I never tell you I will ever leave my wife. Is that true?

Yes, Gordon, it is true.

Jana, you invited Eve to live with us, to keep an eye on her and on me. I understand your motivation, but what do you expect will happen?

Now Jana is crying. She runs off to our bedroom. Eve also crying, follows her. I

decide it is time for a hot cup of tea.

This is amateur hour. Eve is, oh so wrong. I failed to factor in that a twenty year-old in love is not always on her 'A' game, and Jana, well Jana is acting out of some weird sense that having Eve here gives her some control. It does no such thing. I was not going to see Eve for close to a week and considered that a good thing, a chance to settle out. I had hoped that Eve either would have the sense to make good friends with Jana or just play it straight in the product acquisitions. I feared a mess, but thought Eve is too smart for that. On that last point I have been proven very wrong. No matter what, I am not leaving Jana.

Yes I am really more than fond of Eve, but whatever we have had, these past few days are well, just a few days. They cannot trump years of love and happiness with my wife. Now, I am well aware that Jana could have chosen to leave me, but I didn't think she would and I still don't. She, sure as hell, called me a bastard, and has every right to do so. But breaking up this marriage is something that neither of us wants.

The tea is good and I am about to make a second cup when Jana approaches me. I see Eve standing back a few paces. *Gordon, did I hear you say that you have strong feelings for Eve?*

Yes.

But not love?

It's too soon, Jana. Maybe it is the beginning of love. Only time will tell and it is not clear to me that we will be close enough, long enough, to resolve that question.

OK, I hear you say that you told Eve, she could not stay here. If I want her to stay, will you be OK with that?

Maybe. Why do you want her to stay?

Because she loves you. Because you might love her. Because you took her virginity. Because I know you will never leave me. Because maybe I like her and think it will be OK.

If she stays, I am going to fuck her, in this house, Jana. You are going to hear her tell me she loves me and is mine forever. Do you really think you will be OK with that?

You are already fucking her and she is already saying that. She tells me that. Do you still want to make love with me, Gordon?

Of course I want to make love with you. I love you, Jana. How many times do I have to tell you that?

But I am old now and she is young. I am not beautiful anymore and she really is. She understand what you do at work, I never did, not really. I not see why you will stay with me.

Oh Jeez. Eve, can you tell my wife why I will not leave her?

Yes, I think I can. Ms Jana, I think Gordon truly believes that his love for you is never to be broken. I think he cannot think of life without you. Maybe he will love me like that. If he can, I will be very lucky. You are lucky Ms Jana, he is truly yours for life. This is true no matter how old you get. Is that right Gordon?

Yeh. So Eve, knowing that, why do you want to live here? Why would you still want to love me?

To live here is to be with you, Gordon. I want that very much. I love you. That is not a choice.

Jana, how is this going to work with Eve living here?

We will talk about it after we have dinner. We also need to talk about what happens with the other modules and the next assistants who will be the managers if Jonathan keeps on sending you females.

Yes. Jana, have you spoken with Eve about this?

Yes, she is worried. It's funny but I am not. I think you now have a plan that includes Eve. Am I right?

Damn, you see that? Yeh, that's what I am thinking. It depends on how flexible Eve is on the subject.

But not me?

No, unless you want to be included, I don't see why. I was referring to the work, not our life here. No one and I do mean no one else is being added to my life. Anyone else needs to belong to Eve, not me.

Good. Now kiss me and kiss Eve. We are both your girls.

I guess I could just give them both a peck, but, no, that's not going to cut it. I take Jana in my arms. It's been a while since we really had a soul shattering kiss between us. Now's as good a time as any. I take my wife in my arms and show her what I mean by kissing her in a way that communicates my love for her.

She is a bit surprised and maybe a bit embarrassed, trying to pull back. I don't allow it. I pull Jana in tighter and she finally melts into my arms, kissing back as fervently as I am giving it. When we finally break the clutch, she whispers in my ear, *Thank you.*

Eve is standing there. I don't know what she is thinking but I think I see fear. I take her gently into my arms, kissing her forehead, her eyelids, and her nose, before pulling her in for the real kiss. It is just as real, just as meaningful as the kiss I had with Jana. I pull Eve's body close in to me, our tongues dance. Our breath is shared.

I stand back and look at both of them. *Jana, do you understand that if this continues I will fall as deeply in love with Eve as I am with you. Is this your desire? If not, you need to say something now, or forever hold your peace.*

This is my desire. Both of us and no more.

OK, Eve, it is now on you to be as good, consistent, honest, and decent to me as Jana has been for all these years. I don't know what love means to you or how you can decide you love me as quickly as you have decided, but for me, it does take a while. You will have all the time you need, Jana has seen to that. The rest is up to you.

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OK, let's start with the hardest and most awkward, sleeping arrangements. How does this work? Do you both expect that I will shuttle between the two of you? Each of you maintaining your own bedroom?

Gordon, Eve and I talk about that. Tonight we will try the three of us in the bed. If she or I decide that this does not work, we will do something different.

And you expect me to be intimate with one of you while the other one is right there? Really?

Yes. Better we see it, we not be afraid, and we not know, what is happening.

Eve, you agree with this?

Gordon, yes, but may I ask another question?

Yes, what is it?

Well, I know you say you not love me. Do I have an equal say here? I not know if I do. I do not want to cause a problem.

Ah, OK. Eve, I deeply care for you. I am not sure it is true love yet, but caring is very much in my heart. Yes I think you must have an equal say. That is why I asked Jana before to speak now or never speak again. Yes in this house, for me, you have equal rights and I expect you to do your part completely. No holding back. So you really agree with the three of us being in bed together?

Yes, very much. I will be part of the marriage bed. That is more than I dream I will have. This is good. I am happy you can love your wife with me right next to you. It mean, I am really in your real life, not just a little play thing.

Jana, did Eve tell you she has gotten an IUD inserted?

Yes, we talked about this. I ask her to take it out if you tell her you love her.

O, K, really?

Yes.

Huh. Well I've gotta think about that. I guess that brings me to a side question. Eve, do you want to work for Bayan Na, if I fall in love with you? You won't have to. You could train your replacement.

Who can do what I do? No, I want to do this. It will be exciting. I am wanting to see you do the things you told Cynthia we will do. Do we really need four equal managers? Can't there be two primary managers and two managers below them?

Yes, but tell me how you think I should organize it. Sorry to be talking shop Jana, but Eve and I are going to do that a lot.

Gordon, I am glad that you do this in front of me. I like it.

OK. How would you do it Eve?

Inventory should have shipping, receiving, ordering and value added jobbing under it. The back office accounting should have inside and outside sales attached to it. And because of the larger number of employees on the floor and outside sales, HR too. Accounting has to determine discounts and credit terms for the sales staff. It is a better fit. I control things, accounting controls sales, profits and marketing.

OK, now Jana, you have been with me a long time. You say you don't understand what I do, but I think you know how I see things. What do you think I will tell Eve? Jana is laughing. Eve is wide eyed, once again.

Eve, you have just pronounced the world of business organization as per Gordon. That's exactly what he wants, but most business owners just don't see it that way. They want every module to be an equal management center. It drives Gordon crazy.

Gordon, I have it right? Is Jana correct?

Yes Eve, that's the way I will try to organize it.

So I will have four managers answering to me?

Yes. Eventually, maybe five managers.

Five?

Uh-huh. Shipping may be really shipping by truck and shipping by ship. I think we will need to split that out to separate modules. They have separate paper trails, and very different process needs. We will own our own trucks and we may end up owning our own ships. That means that HR is going to be split or at least finessed a bit. I have some ideas about personnel in the trucks and on the ships. We can talk about that when the time is ripe.

So Gordon, do I train these managers?

No, not the first time. The first time, we train them together. Remember that each of these modules are going to be built for us and, on this, we will be working with San Jose many nights.

OK so here's an awkward question for you, dearest. Are you going to fuck all of them?

No Eve. First all of them will not be women. I don't fuck men. It is not my thing. Second I don't fuck married women, but it is true that I don't think Jonathan will send us a married woman. But if you are asking will I fuck another assistant, let me remind you that you will be there the whole time. Anything I do with these assistants, you need to do too. It is to you they will need to have allegiance, not me.

Gordon, you didn't answer Eve's question.

Oh, I think I did. What do you think, Eve?

Yes. I am not sure how it will work, but yes I know what he means. I have never been with a woman, but you and I will be together tonight. Gordon is saying that if he takes a girl, I will be right there when he does it. He is saying that they need to have allegiance to me and not him. So it will be different? Di ba¹⁵, Gordon?

OK the two of you, I guess I am bobo¹⁶. I do not understand.

He expects me to fuck these women, if he fucks them.

Gordon! Eve is not a lesbian!

Eve, tell me, is this about love?

No, it's about power.

Gordon is that what it was supposed to be with Eve?

No, but I didn't expect Eve to fall in love with me initially either. In the very beginning I saw it as an inevitable office romance that would spin off as she became a full time manager, but for a number of reasons, that quickly became untenable. By having Eve there, with any other girl, it will be OK.

It hardly seems OK to me, Gordon!

Jana, Gordon may be right. He is asking people to do things in the jobs, and I

15 Is this correct? [Pronounced: Dee-BAH]

16 Stupid.

am talking about business processes, that their entire life they believe is wrong, or can't be done. If they are not powerfully attached to Gordon, or Gordon and me, well, maybe things will not get done correctly. I think it will be better if there are no male managers.

I see your brain is working again, Eve. I had doubts about that an hour ago.

Thank you, but Jana and I have one problem, the Accounting Manager. When you train her, I will not be there.

But that will be Jonathan. What's to worry about?

Ohhh. You don't know.

Know what?

Jonathan, he is the face of the company, but he is not the real power.

Who is, Eve?

His wife, Zelle. The power, the dynasty is her family. You meet her!

Really? I have met her?

Of course, she was there when you meet the family. She handles money behind the counter along with others there. She is chin-noy¹⁷. To save face, the man stands in front, but she is the power. She really runs things. And that's a real problem. She is married and you will need to train her at night.

That assumes she will be the one to be trained.

You wait. She will be the one!

Well we don't have to worry about that for a while. Let's concentrate on your modules.

Gordon, how will I learn how to be with women? I have never done this!

Practice with Jana.

Both in unison, Gordon! No!

Well why not? We will all be in the same bed!

Gordon Jameson, if you think your mistress and I are going to be Lesbians, you

¹⁷ Ethnically Chinese Filipino. Pinoy is a nickname for Filipinos. This is a concatenation of Chinese and Pinoy.

are missing the reason why we are both in your bed!

I think that given a day or two, you are going to have to convince Eve that you are right, because even now, I can see the wheels turning in her head. OK enough about work. When do we go to bed? I am actually tired. Eve and I have had some very difficult days.

Go shower. Eve and I will clean up the kitchen first.

My desire for sleep is genuine. My sleep cycle has suffered a major kick in the teeth. I do not look forward to the repeats of it that are most assuredly coming. The shower feels good. I shave. Somehow going to bed with my two lovelies with a scratchy face seems so wrong. And while I am thinking about it, Jana alluded to the suggestion that she was no longer attractive. That is pure bunk. The years have been very good to my wife. I can honestly say that she remains a looker. I hear enough comments from others in this regard, that I know my eyes are not simply clouded by my love for the woman.

I must have fallen asleep before my two angels come to bed, because all I know is that one of them is now sucking on my rod, which for some reason has rigidity in it. I moan and I hear Eve in my ear whispering, *Do you like how she is doing this? She say she will teach me to do this right.* With one hand I reach down and stroke my wife's hair. With the other, behind Eve's head, I pull the girl in for a kiss. Jana is giving me all the pleasure any man might ever ask for. My cock is fully rigid now. All the pleasure centers are firing. Eve is making sure I feel her love. I do. I do know she really believes it is love. Am I wrong to think it is too soon to be real? It feels real right now. Equally right now, I either want to fuck my wife's throat, or I had better pull her up and fuck her properly.

I pull Jana up, breaking free from Eve. I put Jana on her knees and enter my wife from behind. My rod is working my wife with a good regular stroke, allowing her to build her own need. Eve lays by Jana's side, not doing anything. I start fingering Eve. Eve reaches up to Jana's face and caresses my wife's cheek. It is not a sexual thing. It is more a gentle sign of caring and support. Jana moves her head and kisses Eve's fingers. Eve's fingers now trace Jana's lips. Jana licks Eve's fingers. And then she starts to suck Eve's middle finger. Eve starts moving that finger in and out of Jana's mouth as if to fuck my wife's mouth with her finger. Jana is getting very wet on my rod. And then as she sucks Eve's finger all the way into her mouth, Jana cums hard on me. I fuck right through it. Jana opens her mouth screams loudly, *Fuck Yes!* And cums again before collapsing below me, her face just millimeters from Eve's face.

I am still hard and in need. I move over to Eve, spread her legs just a bit before

plunging in missionary style. I grab Eve's ankles and push her legs up in the air bringing her cunt up a bit for the best penetration. I am randy as hell and am pounding the girl. Eve licks her lips, puts her hands on Jana's head and goes in for a kiss. Jana is kissing back. The girls wrap their arms around each other and I fuck my way to an orgasm. I see Eve playing with Jana's nipples and breasts. Jana is responding. This is just too damned much and I blow my load, sending cum deep into Eve, just as the girl hits tilt on her own table.

No one is moving. Eve and Jana are still lip locked. I am still inside Eve, though just barely, as I am limp. I am breathing a bit heavily. Jana's hand is clenching a lock of Eve's hair. Eve still has a hand on Jana's breast. The room is still. The aircon¹⁸ hums on a low setting. A gecko is chirping outside, *tooockoe, tooockoe, tooockoe, tooockoe*.

I slip out of Eve. Eve moans, breaking the lip lock. Jana gives Eve one more serious but short kiss. Eve squeezes, Jana's breast, which gets Jana to respond with yet another kiss. I roll off Eve. Eve rolls on her side, pushes Jana on to her back and then runs her hand down to Jana's cunt. Jana's hands find Eve's head, once again. A kiss ensues, while at the same time three of Eve's fingers disappear in Jana's cunt. I am a spectator with a limp dick as Eve proceeds to bring Jana off in a major way. When all is quiet again, Eve turns to me, fingers still in my wife's cunt and tells me, *I think this will work just fine Gordon. And Gordon, you damned well better fall in love with me, right Jana?* She asks and she evidently pops my wife's G-spot, because what I hear from Jana is a short raspy, *Yes!*, as her ass rises way off the mattress.

§ § §

When I awaken in the morning Jana is gone from the bed. Eve is completely sacked out. I let her sleep, take a shower, dress and leave the bedroom. When I enter the kitchen, I find Jana just sitting there with a coffee in front of her, but she is just staring off into space. I grab a clean cup and make some tea. I am about to walk back to the table. Jana has not moved and I am not sure she even knows I am here when she speaks. *My God, Gordon. Is she always like that? Does she always just rip your heart out and tell you it is hers?*

Is that what she did to you?

Don't you know it? You were there! She do that to you?

Sort of. When she did that before, she told me she is mine forever. But if you

18 Air conditioner

mean, does she rock my world, then I have to say, yes.

Gordon, I don't think it is an act. I think she means it.

Oh, I agree. But Jana, will it last? Is this really a forever?

Ah, you mean, because it is so intense?

Yes.

Gordon, I think the intensity will go away, but yes, it will last. She is not a Lesbian and I am not a Lesbian, but we love each other because we both love you so much. I am sure of that.

You sure she isn't just practicing for what she will do with the other assistants?

Hala!¹⁹ No! Not unless she is going to tell them she will love them for the rest of their lives, just please let her stay! She say that to me.

Huh. OK, well if it is the three of us from now on, she and you need to rethink the new house and how it will work. And if you really want her pregnant, then don't you think someone should ask me what I want?

But Gordon, she is young. It is important that you give her children. Better now, before you are too old to enjoy them. I must be inhaling my tea. The cup is empty. I get up to make a new cup. My back is turned to the room when Jana greets Eve. Good morning!

OMG, what do I call you now? Saying Ms Jana no longer seems good.

Oh, just Jana.

OK if I call you Ate²⁰?

Yes, of course yes.

Ah then, magandang umaga²¹, Ate. Ate, is everything OK with you and me?

Yes little sister! You do that to me again and I will forget you are here for Gordon and think it is me you want! Wow, that was something last night.

So it OK that we always be together?

Yes I think it is fine. Eve, I want you to come to the new house we are building

19 Watch out or Beware.

20 a-TAY: older respect sister or at times unrelated older but respected female. The 'a' sound is the same as in 'and'. The TAY sound is the 'TAY' sounds the same as in 'take'. The second syllable gets the emphasis.

21 Good morning or literally 'beautiful morning'.

today. It is now our house and we need to talk about any changes we need to make. It is the three of us now.

Oh! I not think of that! So now I am getting 'free' things from Bayan Na for my own home! This is weird.

Yes, truly sister. Gordon will you come with us?

Yes, sure. I haven't been there in a week.

The lot, where we are building the new home, is 4KM from the place we live now. We have been at it for the better part of seven months and while we are not done, the basic structure is up. That meant a vast amount of cement, sand gravel, ready-mix, coco-lumber for forms and scaffolding, deformed rebar, nails (both common and for concrete), tie wire, tools and hollow block forms, sanitary pipe, ppr water pipe, electrical entrance cable, roofing, steel for rafters, welding rod, gutters, excavation and fill. Most of those days are over, now we will be dealing with studs and Shera board for the interior walls, tile (ceramic, porcelain, and granite), plumbing fixtures, ceilings, interior electrical, doors, windows, banisters and grillwork. There are many, many choices to be made. I have been responsible for the overall structure. Jana is the one to pick out what you will see, as far as design, color and such. At least that was the plan prior to Eve. I have no idea how Eve fits into this.

We have all the plans for the house, black and white large format renditions of the blueprints, attached to a wall on a construction shed at the lot. So the first stop is to show Eve what, she sees in mid-construction, is to become when complete. We talk about how each room is intended to be used, and Jana talks about her ideas for color and features. Eve, listens, asks some nonthreatening questions and just simply pays attention to what she is being shown.

Next we walk through the building. The act is not without meaning. The drawing does not allow you to get a feel for the scale of the structure. The rooms are large by Filipino standards. But as the rooms are all proportional to each other in the drawing, it is only when you are inside the building does the scale really present itself.

I see a few things that need correcting and I talk to one of our foremen about them. Other than that, things are OK. Jana has done a good job riding herd on the activity here. Jana finally turns to Eve, who has not said a word of either criticism or desire through the entire process, *Well, what are your thoughts? What do we need to change?*

Nothing Ate. I love it. There is enough room for me to be with you here. I want

to add a desk to Gordon's office. That is all. But Ate you need to build a separate maid's quarters. This house is too big for you and I will be working most days outside the house. I think you need two maids.

Jana looks at me. I look back and answer the unstated accusation, *I didn't say a word to her!*

And I hadn't. Just as it is clear to me that this place is way too big for Jana to keep up by herself, it is equally clear to Eve. Jana has had her feet planted firmly in the mud, because she was afraid I would be fucking the maid. Well now, that is sort of a non-issue, or so I think. Exactly what Jana thinks, is well, we are about to find out. ... or not, as she announces, *I will think about it.*

Jana and Eve talk about closet space and kitchen cabinets. I am looking at the plumbing and the electrical junction boxes, making sure all is OK before we put up the double walls. Finally we leave and the girls decide that this is a good day to stop at a roadside stand for some balut. They get five. Two for each of them and one for me. Theirs are 18 day eggs and mine is 16. Eve is amazed I eat it. Jana knows I do and is having an animated conversation about it. When we get back to the house, they have theirs with vinegar. I have mine with some Sriracha. There's no rooster on the bottle and I suspect it's not the real deal I know from the States, but the term is not a trademark and refers to a type of sauce. This one comes from Thailand. The name, Sriracha, is displayed in small type under a label that says Hot Sauce, but Jana and I like it and our current bottle is almost empty.

We are relaxing at home. Eve asks permission to use my laptop, as she normally goes to an Internet cafe to check her email. I am nodding when Jana asks her if she would prefer to use Jana's Samsung tablet.

Ate, you OK with this?

Of course, yes. I rarely use it. Just a moment I will get it.

About ten minutes later, I note that Eve is totally focused on the tablet. I ask her if there is a problem.

Yes and no. Cynthia and a programmer are waiting on an answer from me regarding how we do some government mandated reports. It is complicated, so I am working my way through the explanation.

Uh-huh... on a touch screen of a tablet. Eve save your draft and log back in with my computer. You need a real keyboard. Tablets are good for sales staff, not us. I will have Bayan Na get you a laptop of your own.

A little later, Eve is giggling. Both Jana and I look over at Eve, who smiles, and rolling her eyes, announces that, *Cynthia want tsismis about the three of us. Should I tell her to mind her own business?*

Hala! Gordon, this one is a devil. What we do?

Oh Jana, I don't think she is evil. Eve, give Cynthia, Jana's email address and tell Cynthia, to ask her.

Gordon that is so bad! Giggling. Ate, what is your email address?

We decide to go out to an early dinner. The choice for the night is the Original Savory restaurant, and we are back home by 7PM. As we walk into the house, we are trying to figure out what happens next. Jana asks Eve, *Little Sister, you know tong-its*²²?

Yes! Yes, we play this at home. Who we play with? It is a three player game!

I am a little humorously put out. Hey, Eve! Am I invisible?

*Gordon? You play tong-its? Ganun?*²³

Yes, maybe not as well as you want, but yes. Why do you think Jana asks? When we are just two, we can't play, but now that you are here, we can.

Ate, this is true?

Jana is laughing. *Yes Eve, it is why I ask. When it is just the two of us, maybe we watch TV and use a computer. But now we can play. OK for you?*

Yes!

And so for the next two hours I proceed to minimize my losses to something that isn't completely humiliating. At 9PM Jana has won the last pot. She gathers up the cards and coins while announcing that it is time for bed. Jana and I normally wait another hour before going to bed, but I sense that this has more to do with Jana and Eve. No one is arguing with the pronouncement. I am told to wait in the living room while the females use the shower first. I will be called when they are ready for me to shower.

I turn on the TV and find myself in the middle of an old episode of Law and Order. About half an hour later I get the word.

22 A card game.

23 Is this true?

Kissing both females briefly, I enter the CR. I take a bit longer again to shave, before entering the bedroom. The lights are out. A candle burns on a night stand. My eyes adjust to the dim light as I put my robe on the hook. And then I notice, Jana is not in the room. Eve is here alone.

7

I look at Eve and ask the only question I have. *Why?*

We decide, sometimes it is all three, sometimes you and Jana and sometimes, you and me. Jana tells me, it is my night with you. You know what else she says?

No... but I know you are about to tell me.

Oh Gordon. She tell me, to make you love me. I ask her how I do that.

Eve has paused with a small frown on her face. I look at her intensely and do not understand what I see. *What did she tell you Eve?*

She say, not to do what she do. I should give you all you want, anything you want and stay by you all the time. She say, yes you, Gordon, do decide you love her, but she just lucky. She say, she see what you do when someone else come into your life. You not leave the one you love. So this is what I should do. Gordon, who else you want?

No one. No one, Eve.

Yes, that what I think. I think maybe you fuck a girl but you not really want her. I right?

Yes. You are very right.

So how I make you love me?

Just keep on being you.

But maybe that will take a long time! Gordon, I want to hear you tell me. I want to hear, 'I love you, Eve!'

What if you find out I am a bad man?

You are not!

How can you be sure?

I know.

Really? You know what I am thinking of doing with your sub-managers?

Yes, you are going to make them make love to me. You are going to change their

lives so much that they see themselves as part of a special group. You are also going to fuck each of them. You are going to make them have sex with each other. You are going to have them live together.

How did you come up with that?

Am I correct?

Maybe. How did you come up with that?

I find on your laptop, you have a link to an article about forming, fault tolerant, female problem solving groups. It says, men can't be used because of natural need to compete. Women normally fail because of perceived jealousy and submerged feelings of inadequacy. But with females, sexual love as a group has an effect of removing fears and canceling our jealousy. But that there must be both a male and female leader to provide focus to the group.

OK, you read it. What do you think about it?

I think you will have some problems with it.

Good, explain the problems.

Filipinas will normally refuse girl-girl sex. Filipinas are church and family oriented and this will pull them out of that. Filipinas want a husband so that they can have children.

OK, why are you here, Eve?

Because I love you. You know that!

Yes, but you are a Filipina and those reasons you list should also apply to you.

Ah, yes that is true. But I do want children. You know that.

OK but what about the other things?

I do the sex with Jana to be close to you. Oh... that why you will have sex with them?

Yes but go on, because I can't be a real boyfriend to them and we would be pulling them away from their families. Isn't that true of you?

Because being with you and working like we do is like having a super job as an

OFW²⁴ without leaving the Philippines! Oh! I see!

What do you see?

It will be the same for the other girls and you are the one who controls the ability to do this OFW in the Philippines thing. They need you to get in and to stay in. They need me to do the thing that you have let them in to do. Is that it?

Yes, that is what I have been thinking about, ever since you and I connected.

If that is true, and I know it is, then I am very, very important to you. You would not do this with anyone you did not completely trust in. It would be crazy to do this with someone you did not just love but have complete faith in. So why haven't you told me that!

Because I did not know how you would think of me when I instituted the plan. You might call me a monster. You might call me evil and hate me. You might refuse to do this and end everything.

Am I doing any of those things?

Are you?

No! You are an idiot sometimes. This is what we are doing. Your only problem is what you do with Jonathan and his wife when it comes to the accounting module. If the other side of the company is in competition with mine, we will have a problem. Oh! NO! Did you really think we were going to gift me to Jonathan at the end? ... Oh shit! You did! Yes! That is what you were going to do! When did you change your mind? I know you change it... when? When you change your mind?

After the first night.

Good answer! If you say anything else, I hit you. So what we do now?

I don't know. I am trying to figure out how to keep Jonathan, and his wife, a level removed from the actual modules.

I don't think they will agree.

With what you told me about the wife, I think it might be a problem. We will see. That will not be a problem for a while and maybe I can figure out a way to finesse it.

24 [Overseas Foreign Worker](#).

OK, so tell me what I want to hear. I know you already love me. Now tell me.

I take Eve in my arms and kiss her. She pulls her head back after a few minutes of sweet, intense and committed kissing and says, *Tell me.*

I pull her down until her mouth is touching my rod, and push into her mouth. She gives me serviceable head for about ten minutes. I have not come close to cumming when she pulls her head back and says, *Tell me.*

I pull her back up, put her on her knees and enter her cunt from the back. I maul a breast and her clit at the same time, bring her in a matter of minutes to a major orgasm. She cries out, *Oh God, Gordon, Yes!* And after she comes off the high of the moment she says, *Tell me!*

I pull out of her cunt, my rod dripping with her juices. My fingers, scoop up more of them and smear her ass. I place my rod on her rosebud and without much ceremony I push in, fingering her cunt as I continue to fuck her ass. I pound her without mercy. Her cunt spills more liquid and as I feel her body tense, I dump my load in her rear. Eve screams something totally unintelligible. I squeeze her nipple and she cumms again and leaning in over her ear, I whisper, *I love you, Eve.*

Eve collapses beneath me. She is sobbing. She rolls over, wraps her arms and legs around me, kisses me with a wet face, slobbering these messy kisses, puts her head next to mine, ear to ear, and says in a small quiet voice, *I am yours for life, Gordon. I am yours, just as much as Jana is yours. Fuck anyone you want. Make me fuck any female you need fucked. I don't care. I do that for you. I am yours and I love you for ever and ever.* And then Eve is quiet. She snuggles next to me, a total wet mess and we go to sleep.

§ § §

I wake up to Jana sitting on the bed and kissing me. *Why?*

You make Eve a very happy girl. I am happy. So now it is permanent?

Yes. She is here forever.

Gordon, it is the three of us and no more?

Ah I see. Yes, no more additions to our home.

The maids. If I get maids, will you fuck them?

I laugh and Jana hits me playfully before telling me, *I thought so!*

Hey, I'm a man. Fucking is not falling in love!

So says the man who falls in love with both women he fucks!

Eve was special.

Ha! They are all 'special.' Idiot! What am I going to do with you?

Love me?

Oh you! Get dressed. Breakfast is ready.

Eve is humming as she serves me my breakfast. Gordon, do I get a choice on who gets hired for the other modules?

Yes, sure.

Good, I have some ideas. By the way, I think Cynthia emailed Jana because I get a CC of the email Cynthia sends to her. You want to see?

Should I?

Yes I think so.

Dear Jana,

This is a very awkward email for me to write. The only time we met, I don't think you were very fond of me. As I assume you are aware, I am working with Gordon and his assistant Everly on a project for Bayan Na.

If I know one thing for sure, it is that you are the number one person in Gordon's life. That is something I have known for a very long time. I also have come to learn that Eve is very fond of Gordon and I have been concerned about all of you. Eve seems to be a very nice person and Gordon is of course always a gentleman.

I had emailed Eve hoping to learn news of how things were, hoping that nothing bad would happen between you and Gordon. In answer to that email, she sent me your address and a request I address any questions to you.

Jana, are you OK?

Sincerely

Cynthia Ramos

Well that is an interesting email! I wonder how Jana will handle it. Uh, maybe I need to check my own email. I log off Eve's account and bring up mine. There are three emails from Cynthia.

Dear Gordon,

I haven't heard anything from you or Eve. Is all OK?

Cynthia

That was the first one from yesterday morning. Last night the next one was sent.

Gordon!

I got an email from Eve telling me to contact your wife. My god, what is going on?

Cynthia.

This last one just arrived minutes ago.

Dear Gordon,

I just received the following email from your wife. Goddamnit, you have to call me!

Cynthia

Dear Cynthia,

You are right. When we met, you frightened me. I have not wanted Gordon to have anything to do with you. When I recently told Gordon that I didn't trust your intentions, he told me that I was reading you wrong. Maybe that is true. I believe I was wrong to be afraid of you. I have learned that nothing and no one will ever come between Gordon and me.

We may allow others into our life, but Gordon will never allow anyone to injure us.

I and Gordon have chosen to bring Eve into our life. That was my choice. Gordon had told Eve she was not welcome. I asked Gordon to change his mind. Before he did that, he made Eve admit that he had never told her he loved her, had told her she

could not live with him and must not have a child by him. He made her admit that he had told her he loved me and would never leave me for any reason. He made her say these things in front of me.

I told him that I had heard all I needed to hear. I know he is mine. But Eve needed to join us. She has and I am happy for it. I hope this answers your question.

Jana Jameson

I show this email to Eve and she just smiles before saying, *Skype?*

Get Jana.

Eve asks Jana to join us, which elicits a 'why?' I show her the email and mention that Eve suggests Skype. Jana offers a quiet yes²⁵. There is no assurance that Cynthia will be available, but we all cluster around the computer as Skype tries to make the connection.

Once again the delay between the initial expression and the one of recognition can be beyond humorous. The first is Cynthia looking serious and concerned and then there is Cynthia seeing all three of us smiling.

So am I to understand that all is OK and I am being just a nosy neighbor?

Cynthia, I am fully aware it has been based on the most genuinely decent of motivations, but at this point, yeh, there is little we want to say other than that we are OK and there is nothing to worry about.

Good. I am happy to hear that. Jana, does that mean I am welcome to visit?

Hala, Eve! OK, yes.

Good! You never know! Gordon, I do have some business details to discuss with Eve. Is that OK?

Well, it is Eve's time off from work, but I guess we are on odd and flexible hours these days. Is it OK with you Eve?

Yes this is fine, but maybe you should be involved too.

Jana says goodbye to Cynthia and returns to the tasks she had been attending to when we called for her. I step back and start playing Tetris on my phone out of

²⁵ Eyebrows up twice.

camera view. They really don't need me. Cynthia is asking if we can deploy the server any time soon. Eve is confused as to why, as there are so many changes that need to be made.

Eve, sweetie, yes, Bill of Lading forms are wrong. Reports are not in the proper layout, order forms are wrong... but inventory is inventory. Yes your measures are in kilos and cm's but we have been supporting that all over the world for years! The fact that you have a mix of measurements, imperial, fractional, and metric, is also not new. Our inventory back-end supports that. The reporting, form building and interfaces with other modules, needs data, your data. For us to get rolling, we want to get your server up with some of our code. How soon can we do it?

Mitch told Gordon and me, that we will have the server next Wednesday. I contacted Mitch about the Cisco ASA. She had to contact Jonathan and he had to contact PLDT. I don't know what it is about, but it doesn't sound like something that will happen fast. Do you need the Cisco ASA to connect to the server?

Ugh, yes. Is Gordon there? Yes. Gordon, are you listening?

I pause the game and get on camera. *The company does not have a static IP connection and I gather Mitch said what PLDT is doing violates every concept of network security that can be described in under twenty thousand words. PLDT is what Mitch calls the loop. Bayan Na needs to order a loop with static IP. She said something about a DMZ and a back-end LAN. I suspect Eve is right, unless we jump in and push things, this might take a while. I will see what we can do on Monday, but I might need this Mitch with us as it is not anything I am familiar with.*

Who's this Mitch?

She works for some mysterious guy named Jake. Some of my contacts in the States know him, and I guess one or two of yours might know him as well. I gather he supported the data centers in some of your client companies until he came to the Philippines.

Uh-uh, OK, shoot me some references and I will check it out. If he is really high powered, we may want him to jump in to this.

I don't think you'll get him. He says he has handed the business to two others, this Mitch being one of the two.

OK, I'll check him out anyway. I like to know who is in my sandbox. Gordon,

you will like the Cisco device too.

How so?

Do you really like hanging out in an office to all hours of the night?

Really? I will be able to connect from here and do my work?

Yes frequently.

Cool. OK, I'll get on it on Monday. Nothing else I can do today.

Maybe and maybe not. If this 'Jake' is the kind of guy who supported data centers in the States, he has the home phone of every engineer in the local phone company in his contact list. Reach out to him, please.

Cynthia this is the Philippines, not downtown a major US city. Things don't work that way here.

Bet me. Try it and tell me how it works.

OK, you need anything else?

Yes. As soon as we get the basic module in and working, I want you to deploy the receiving and dispatching module and the orders processing module. You are going to add staff supervisors for that, right?

Yes we will add staff. How soon after we get the first module in do I add them?

We will want to test it for a few days, then we need to have front desk staff run the barcodes on the sales floor, when things are sold and move out the door. We will run that on a single connection for now, just to pull things out of inventory when they do leave. So a small PC with a bar code scanner hooked up to the server LAN is all you need. Your Mitch should be able to do that in a day or two. Have Eve's staff start assigning barcodes to the type of things that do not have UPC on them. Scan the items that do have a UPC and create the table of items you sell. Once we have that being built, start adding in your current inventory, adding UPC and putting on stickers to items as needed. While she is doing that, we need the receiving and dispatching folks doing the same thing. So I think you can see why I need them added ASAP.

Yeh, you need me to get them ready to go in ten days.

Yes! Perfect.

So we are not generating any invoices yet, we are just building the comings and goings of inventory.

Right. We will do those pieces after we have something to work with.

OK. For me, we always came in to a company after the initial inventory system was in place and the job was conversion. Here we start with a clean slate.

Yes. And Gordon, I know Jana told me to stay out of it and that Eve is standing right there, but honestly working with you is like being on a roller coaster. So I have to ask. Are you going to seduce every young thing who you hire?

Eve puts her face right in front of mine, sticks her tongue out at Cynthia and then says with some bravado, *Oh not Gordon. No! It will be Gordon and me and the answer to that is, absolutely. Wanna see how we do it?!*

I am looking at the back of Eve's head and I hear Cynthia scream, *Gordon! What the fuck is going on there?*

Nice mouth, Cynthia. If you ask a question like that, you will get an answer like that.

So what you are telling me is, that Eve is saying, that it is none of my business?

Well you can certainly take it to mean that.

You two are impossible! OK, see you for now, but please try to hurry things up. My folks are really excited about moving forward.

Sounds good. I'll email you when I get something to report. In the meantime, no news is good news.

Geesh... OK bye.

The connection closes. I ask Eve to text Mitch. *Is there anything we can do to speed up the PLDT connection with static IP, San Jose is going nuts.*

I email Cynthia the names of companies that I gather Jake had something to do with. Five minutes later a text comes in, *Can someone let a PLDT tech into the building at 1PM?*

I look at the text and just can't believe my eyes. I guess we are going to the office. I email Cynthia, *Jake's Mitch packs heat. We may be getting our connection today. We are heading to the office in a little over two hours.*

I get an email back, *OK. Figures. These folks live in a world very different from the one we inhabit.*

Two hours later, a light lunch demolished, as I am about to shut down the laptop, I get an email from Cynthia. *Going to bed now but thought you'd like to*

know... this Jake is a real rock star but not in data centers... he knows about that and ran his own, but his thing is the IP side. There are tales of what this guy did with connectivity that I am told are legend. Word is that he's retired, whereabouts unknown. You say he's there?

I answer her, *Yeh, he's here but doesn't really want to be found. Weird. A friend warned me away from contacting him socially.*

We get to the office and see a PLDT truck sitting there. The guy has a big smile on his face, and this is Sunday. It makes no sense. He says that when Mitch needs something, he's happy to help. Anyway, he runs some wire, gets tone and says that he will finish the work as far as he can. Tomorrow the main office guys will have to do their stuff. We should be connected by the end of the day tomorrow.

Eve and I are home by 3:45PM. Jana is busy making a meal. Eve is texting with friends. I am reading the Sunday paper, which I have not had time to read yet. This all seems so OK and normal. On the surface it is. Below the surface there are so many things at play that it is anything but that. Eve and I have to train a number of people to do some simple tasks in the next two weeks. We have to hire two managers and work towards training them. I have put a lot of faith in the performance of some data people who I do not know, and have a very weird back story, even if a lot of it is good. I do not know with whom I will be sleeping tonight, but I really hope it is Jana.

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Jana, this is where you belong. Not in some other room.

No, she needed her time with you.

OK, maybe, but not again. I do not want to be separated from my wife like that.

Why? You love her. I know you do. She is pretty. She understands what you do. She is smart. And Gordon she loves you.

Jana, you are my wife. I love you. No one and nothing can change that. Not ever.

Oh, how can you say that? How many other girls will you fuck, Gordon? How many? Two, three, four module managers? Maids if I hire some pretty ones? How can you tell me you love me like this?

Have I ever left you?

No. I know you want me to be here with you, but I am not enough. You embarrass me. You take another woman, you know my family. They say something wrong. I will deal with it, about Eve. I will stay with you. You are my husband, for better or worse. Gordon this is worse. I do not like this. I put on a good face for others, but I tell you the truth.

What do you want to do?

I think maybe I go back to the States, but I not sure. I am your wife and I am supposed to be with you. I don't know. I need to think more.

I try pulling Jana close to me, but she pulls away. *Not now Gordon. I need time to think.*

I settle in to my side of the bed and go to sleep.

§ § §

In the morning, Eve and I ask for a meeting with Mitch. There are texts between Mitch and Eve for part of an hour, following which, Eve announces that both Mitch and Abbey are coming to the house. Jana hears this and asks why we are not meeting them at the office?

I don't know and Eve only says that they will install a device here and there is no need for them to go to the office yet. Jana is not keen on entertaining

business folks at home and grumbles, while tidying the place up a bit.

Abbey and Mitch are young. They are in their twenties. These are no seasoned IT hands. And yet they exude a confidence way beyond their years. I gather Mitch is actually the business end of the team. Abbey is the primary tech. While Mitch, Eve and I sit down and discuss what we need in the coming weeks, Abbey has spoken with Jana and is evidently installing a second Cisco ASA device here. I have no idea where they have gone, as I sit, going over details. Eventually Abbey reappears and asks Mitch for a sidebar. After which Abbey joins us to talk about how the network she has just installed here will work, and Mitch wanders off, whereabouts unknown.

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We now have both a secure wireless network that will connect up to the server room at the office that they will install tomorrow, and we have an open guest WiFi network for the devices and people who don't need to be in the secure network. My laptop has been set up to see the secure side and we have instructions on how to set up Eve's. They have been here for a good three hours before they leave and we are finally the three of us again.

Jana is fidgeting and that is not normal. I look at her as to ask a question, but she anticipates me by speaking up. *You know about those girls?*

What do you mean, Jana?

Gordon, you know how they related to Jake?

No. We only know that they have taken over his business.

Eve, they tell you?

No, Ate. What are you talking about?

Ha! I know more than the two of you! This may be the only time in my life! Do you know how old they are?

Both of us look at Jana, as cluelessly as we are at the moment.

Mitch is 24 and Abbey is 23. You know how many children they have?

No, Jana I do not. How many?

Three each! You know how young they are when they have their first little ones?

No Jana, how old?

Fourteen and thirteen. ... Do you know who the father is?

Oh shit, Jana. Are you going to tell me Jake?

Yes! Yes I am! They are mistresses of Jake and they have been for ten years. You know what else?

God, I am afraid to ask. What?

They come in and see what is happening here with the three of us without a word told to them. They see I am not truly happy and they talk to me. They talk like older sisters to me. They treat me like a young one! This Jake, he has many, many mistresses. But Abbey's mother, she is like a wife to Jake. Both Abbey and Mitch say, any can leave Jake. He will be sad, but they can leave. But if Abbey's mother leaves, they not know how he will live another day. They tell me that some men are just like that. They have many women and they love these women, but there is always one. Both tell me I am that one. Gordon, you swear to God that you have nothing to do with this?

Yes! Jana all I know is that this Jake is supposed to be weird. I do not know why. I swear I have nothing to do with this.

Eve, is this because of you?

No Ate. You are the one, who hear of Jake, not us. Gordon not know them. I go to MSU with them but not know them personally. This is the first we meet them since you contact Mitch. Here, look at my cell phone. I am the one who has been texting them.

They want me to meet Abbey's mother. Gordon, I am going there now. Maybe I come back, maybe not. I am confused about many things.

Jeez, this is not good. Eve is in a real panic, crying. She is begging Jana to either not go or at least promise to return. It seems to be working. Jana is promising to return as she walks out the door, gets into the car and leaves.

I am not OK. I am just sitting and thinking of how bad I have screwed up. I do not want to lose my wife. Eve is trying to comfort me. I am not pushing her away, only because I do not want to hurt her feelings, but I just want to be alone.

§ § §

Jana has been gone for four hours, when she finally returns home. For part of the time, Eve has been busy with work related things, but I have just been sitting. I know what the world says I am supposed to be like, what I am to do,

and to want. But it doesn't work that way inside me. What I want, what I do, what I need. If I promise Jana something that is not in me, I will just be lying. But I do not want her to leave. I love her so deeply it hurts. I am scared of what will happen, and then she finally does walk in the door.

Gordon, have you eaten?

No.

Ate, he hasn't moved since you left.

Truly?

Yes Ate.

Gordon what do you want to eat.

I am not hungry, thank you.

Gordon, I am not leaving, Eve is not leaving, and you are going to get your maids to fuck. Now, husband, what do you want to eat?

Honest Jana, I do not have any appetite.

OK I make you some pancit canton and itlog²⁶. You say you are not hungry, but I know you will eat this. Eve you want this too?

Yes, thank you Ate.

When Jana re-enters from the dirty-kitchen²⁷, and puts the dishes of food down on the table, it is Eve who starts a conversation with Jana.

Ate, what happened?

I meet Joy and Jake. It take a long time, because they ask me many questions and I have to explain so much. They want to know a lot about you Gordon. They ask about you, Eve, but not as much. Then Joy tell me how she meet Jake. She tell me about what her life like and what Jake mean to her when she meet him. She tell me that Abbey and Mitch being with Jake is her idea, not his. She tell me why. I believe her. She tells me the truth. I find out that Jake is a lot like you, Gordon, except he act on his inside needs for years before you do and he not married to the woman he love when he do. He say, if he already with Joy when

²⁶ Egg.

²⁷ A second or open air kitchen where cooking that requires heat is done. In a tropical climate putting heat from cooking in the home, is something to be avoided. The inside kitchen is used to cold preparation and simple things like making a cup of tea using the hot water dispenser on the safe [water dispenser](#).

he got the way you are now, he not sure how he would handle it. Joy tell me that she love him and maybe if she married to him then, maybe she not really understand it. Jake say men, like you, they come to a place in their life when this must happen. It is not a choice. It must happen. Joy say, if I really love you, I be proud of you, and the world you have made for me. If anyone say anything, I should laugh at them. What man do for them, what you do for me? She tell me that if I am scared or sad, I should call her. She say, you will not have young girls, if I do not put them in your bed. I should not worry about that. Gordon, I was surprised. I find that Jake did not want all his mistresses. He would have been happy with just two mistresses and no wife. He tell, in front of Joy, that he ask Joy to marry him and she say no. I look at her and she say that true. But I know now, in her heart, Jake is married to Joy, as much as you are married to me.

Holy shit. Jana, are you saying that we are OK now? You will not leave?

Yes, I know now. I not understand you before. I understand. We OK.

And it appears that Jana means it. After I finish the meal, she pulls me into our bedroom and all but rips my clothing off me and pushes me on to the bed. Then Jana does something for the second time in three days that she hasn't done in quite a while. She goes down on me. Jana has always been good at this when she does it. She just hasn't done it this often in a long time. She is still fully dressed, as she kneels on the bed, taking me in a way that Eve has no clue of how to do, even after the internet video lessons. Jana takes me to a place, where it is almost the land of no return, and then she stops and clamps me off. I am now threatening to get a bad case of blue balls. Jana strips off her leggings and panties, before mounting me fairly unceremoniously. Jana is riding me but good, and she isn't 'getting off.' She is talking. *You know what else Joy tell me? The more girls I put in your bed, the more you will want me. She say to me, do not be afraid of losing him. You will not be able to make him go! The more there are, the more he is yours. So you ready, Gordon? I am going to make sure there are so many, you can't count. We see if Joy is right. I get two maids! I want to see you fuck them!*

I can't hold it any longer. The concept that my wife is pimping for me has me way out of control. I cum and cum. Jana giggles.

§ § §

We emerge from the bedroom a little later to a bemused Eve. *Gordon, it looks like Ate has taken what is hers. You poor dear, I think Ate and I need to feed you again so you can get your energy back. You are going to be very busy these next*

few weeks.

I am now the butt of some fairly crude humor. The Joy and Jake meeting is recounted in even greater detail with Eve asking questions. I must say I have my eyes opened to why Jake doesn't want to socialize. We decide to order a Yellow Cab pizza delivered to the house. Tonight I will be with both Jana and Eve again. The mood is light and there is an ease between the three of us.

Tomorrow, Eve will be getting a laptop of her own, Abbey is installing the Cisco at the office, and has agreed to put the server there while we 'burn it in.' Having an IP address that is live, according to Abbey, makes the deployment of hand-held scanners easier and allows her to deploy three fixed base PC's in a way that she can be sure, will be able to see the server when we put the code on it. I am not sure I get the small details, but I get the large picture.

Abby has pointed out that we need Cisco ASA units at the remote warehouses and the other store. These sites do not need static IP but do need DSL connections. We have ordered them and I gather they will be installed this week. I guess we need to build in the cost of these to each store and warehouse we roll-out from now on.

It also means that Jonathan will be seeing real activity. That is good. But tonight, I am attending to other things.

For the second time, there are three of us in the bed. I have been with Jana already this afternoon. I am feeling more playful than randy. This time there is less drama in the lead up. We are all showered and the bedroom lights are still on. Cell phones are plugged in to charge for the night, before the lights are turned off. All three of us get under the covers.

I pull Eve close to me and whisper in her ear, *Eat Jana's pussy until she cums.*

Eve scoots down and Jana while surprised, allows the intrusion, grabbing me and pulling me in for a kiss. And then another kiss. And then a kiss that does not seem to end as Jana tries to eat my face off my skull. As Jana cums, she is holding on to me so hard it almost hurts. Her breathing is in short patches. I whisper in Jana's ear. *Do Eve.*

Jana pulls Eve up, gives the girl a brief kiss on cunt soaked lips, before sliding down on Eve. Eve is trying to pull me in for a kiss, but I get below Eve and slide into Jana's hot wet cunt. Jana doesn't take long before she is cumming on my rod.

Leaving her cunt after her last orgasm, I position myself behind Eve as Jana

continues to eat the girl's cunt. My tool is wet, and Eve's bottom, from front to back, is awash with female juices. I center my rod on her rosebud and push in to an incredibly tight ass. I can feel Jana's chin slap against my ball sack as we both attack Eve. Eve is going nuts: screaming, begging, promising, cussing, and praying. I reach around Eve and squeeze a breast. Eve lets out an ear shattering scream and cums very hard. I dump cum in her ass and Jana pulls back.

We realign on the bed. I am in the middle, directly on top of the wettest spot, I guess. Jana is on one side, with Eve on the other. *Just so we are clear. Neither of you are to leave me, ever. Are we clear on that?*

I get two, yes's.

§ § §

When morning arrives, we are all in serious need of showers. I get mine first.

Later as I sit down with my laptop, I find my email is heavy with the detritus one gets as soon as you start a project like this. Some of it is useful, much of it is not. Eve is busy with Abbey at the office. Janna has gone to the lot and may be there all day. I have been sent eighteen résumés that Eve has collected and Jonathan has approved for me to review as possible candidates for open positions. The first thing I notice is that all are female and all are under the age of twenty-three. I tap out a text to Eve about that and her answer is succinct. *If you want unattached staff who do not have conflicts with home life, this is what you get.* In other words, I had created the result by my definition of who will be considered. It is Sir Arthur Eddington's 'Fisherman's Net' writ small.

And so I work my way through the group of résumés. Each is only one page long. Each has a scanned photo connected with the page. Each of these girls attended the same school, MSU. I am getting the idea that Eve has collected these résumés from girls she knows from school. I send another text to Eve. *Yes they are all from MSU,* and she is confident that each will be OK. *Don't you want to be sure that the girls will be good for us?* How can I be sure of the ones I send you, except for the fact that 'we' already know them?

OK I am a little concerned that we are leaving some significant talent out by this process. I do see her point.

I will be filling in more positions later, I am going to fill two now. And these two are ones who need to have a great deal on the ball now. They will be trainers later. But if I pick the very best now, how weak are the ones that will follow? Do I save the best applicants for later and pick some slightly weaker ones? I text Eve again. Her answer makes me chuckle. *Pick the best. I did not*

send all.

I text back, There are some secondary positions. I was going to see if we should fill them in with current employees. What do you think about using some of the weaker ones here for those positions?

Yes, maybe we can use them. Current employees may not be able to be pulled away for this and may not do as you want. We need one at each invoice desk (3), one in receiving at each current location (5) and one in the warehouse at each location(5). Plus the two module managers.

That's fifteen of the eighteen!

Yes.

Eve, some of these may be 'temp' positions.

Why?

We'll talk about this later. I will pre-select fifteen. But I am not ready to take on fifteen right away, and I think I want to see if we can use some of the local staff before we take on all fifteen.

OK. Text me the names of the two you want for the managers as soon as you decide.

OK.

So I am going through the eighteen. There are three eighteen and eight nineteen year old's in the group. They cannot be considered for the two top positions. That leaves seven to be considered. Of those, two are missing some language skills. Three have a degree which I don't find helpful for the positions. And that leaves just two for the top two. One girl is twenty and the other a year older. I see nothing in their résumés that causes a concern but I want to see their college transcripts. I know I did not look at Eve's, and maybe I just got lucky there, but Eve was already a known person to Jonathan, these girls are not. I have their cell phone numbers. I send the two the same text. *You are being seriously considered for a manager position in the IT roll-out at Bayan Na. Please scan and send a true copy of your MSU transcript to: xxxxx@xxxxx.com.ph*

I let Eve know where I am in the process. All I get back is a, *Good.*

They must have had their transcripts, because less than an hour later I am looking at two perfect top grade transcripts, a 1.0 for each girl. I am sure Eve must have known this.

I text Eve that the two I indicated earlier are my first choices. I ask her feedback.

I agree. You want to meet one of them?

Yes. You need to be present. We meet her at the house. This is a daytime meet and we do not want to do this at the office in daytime.

I see, I think. OK.

You telling Jana or me?

Ha! Gordon I think I will text her. She at the lot right?

Yes.

OK she need to know. It is OK. I her girl now! ;-)

When?

How about 3PM.

OK.

§ § §

And so I sit here at the house, a few minutes to 3PM now. Neither Eve nor the first girl, we are going to interview, Delores, has arrived. But Filipino time may mean that neither will show up for an hour or two. I hope that is not the case, even though it is something you just live with here. I make myself an iced tea and relax with the newspaper.

It's 3:30 now and a tricycle comes to the gate. Eve is climbing out along with another girl. This must be Delores. Eve brings the girl in to the house and introduces her to me. Eve gives me a kiss and tells me she will be back in half an hour. Something has come up. Well OK, I have wanted Eve to be with me at the interview, but whatever. I say OK, offer Delores something to drink, including water, and that is what she takes.

We sit down to talk. Delores is a good looking twenty-one year old. She is nicely dressed and has a good bearing. Her smile is confident. I start in.

I see by your transcript that you were a star student. How many other students did you tutor?

Sir?

Well, you know your subjects very well. Is this correct?

Yes sir!

And others were struggling in those classes. True?

Of course!

How many of them did you help?

None! Why should I? That their problem!

I see. OK. Have you ever been assigned to work in a team?

Yes.

I imagine you must have found that frustrating. True?

Yes! You are very right. It is so hard because the others, they hold one back.

Yes I can imagine how you feel. Tell me about what you look forward to getting from your employment career.

At which point I just let her talk for a good long time, asking questions to make sure she knows I am listening to her and that I understand her mind. She at some point mentions that it was so nice to talk with someone who understands her. She turns the tables and tries to ask me some questions. I am waiting for Eve to come back, and so I am drawing it out. Finally Eve does come back. I circle back to the beginning and mention that I remember her saying that she saw no point in tutoring others at school and let her run her mouth, in front of Eve on the subject. Then just to make sure we put a nail in her coffin I mention that, *much of the initial work would be done late at night with me, alone. Was that a problem?*

Yes, that would not work. I would never put myself in a position where such a thing was possible.

No matter the job opportunity, is that right?

Yes! Surely there is another way!

I thank her for her time and tell her it was a pleasure meeting her.

When does the job start, Sir?

Oh, Delores, I am sorry but it doesn't, for you. We will not be able to hire you. But it was a pleasure meeting you.

Why? What is wrong?

Delores, your credentials are excellent, but we are looking for some things, for which you do not appear to be well suited. However, because the interviews with others have not ended, I do not want to discuss which things these are exactly. All I can say is that you are just not a good fit for the position we are trying to fill. Once again thank you for taking the time to interview with us.

Eve shows her out and helps her catch a tricycle.

§ § §

Gordon, I had no idea! God. She is absolutely wrong for us.

Yeh, she is. When do we see the next one?

She comes here at 9AM. Who else do you want to look at?

I review the three with the other degrees, I had excluded, and choose one of them. I text the girl asking for her transcript via email. I also ask if she will be available at 2PM tomorrow for an interview. I get a text back. I will get the transcripts tonight and she will see us tomorrow.

Eve, Delores will not be the only one we will exclude. She is only the first.

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Eve and I tell Jana about Delores. Jana is looking at me with a curious expression.

Gordon, seriously, you excluded her right away because she didn't tutor others?

Jana, our work requires intense communication skills and teamwork. A person who can't share, be supportive, and show concern for others, is not a person we can have on staff.

Are you sure it wasn't at the end when she say no to the evenings?

Ate, Gordon knew what her answer was going to be, by her other answers. She expects others to meet her needs, not thinking about how she can adapt to meet theirs. He used it as a proof of understanding, as a teaching tool for me to see how to interview. He showed me the way he knew and then showed be the result of that. I learn a lot!

Sister, you are saying that Gordon was teaching you at the same time he was showing you that Delores won't do that very thing?

Yes, Ate! Exactly.

Gordon, you may have a minor case of idol worship going on here.

I am sure I will do something very quickly to knock myself off the pedestal.

I hope so, I don't want to think that I am being fucked by a god!

Yes dear.

Ate, he is such a cute god! Giggle.

The rest of my evening with Jana and Eve is simply beyond great. We three are once again in bed together. There is caring, caressing and sweet love making. We are finding our way in this new thing. We are not yet in any rut. But the girls are once again pleasuring each other as well as getting some fuck time. Eve complains that I am not putting cum in her cunt. Do I really like her ass all that much? No, but she has an IUD in her cunt, so why not? It makes no difference. Still she gets it in her cunt tonight. Jana needs to get it in her cunt tomorrow!

§ § §

Tomorrow is now. It is 9AM and miracles of miracles, our interviewee is here. Jana is once again at the lot and Eve has decided that she should not be present for the first fifteen minutes of the interview. The girl I am to interview is Joriz and she is as cute as can be. But cute is clearly not enough. She is another one with a perfect grade point average. And so I start at the same place. I get the same answers. She does not play well with others. She thinks if others can't keep up, that, well, that is their problem, not hers. I ask her a bit about what she wants for a career. She is in the middle of that when Eve comes back in the room. Once again I circle back asking and requesting Joriz help me summarize how she feels about others who can't keep up. I then mention the hours. She is offended. She will never put herself in such a position. We thank her for her time and send her off. Two up and two down.

Eve looks worried. It is not as easy as she thought. I am not as worried. I choose another from the degree challenged group and text the girl.

I have received an email from the girl we will see this afternoon. She has a GPA of 1.4. Still very good. Her degree is in Sociology. It's the type of degree that may have you later asking, 'Do you want fries with that?' Her name is Chachi.

Chachi is also on time. And before Eve can even bow out, it is clear Chachi will not work out. Between her constant invoking of Jesus, how often she prays, and her mother, we know that Chachi just isn't going to work for us. Eve stays for the brief interview. I layout the extreme hours, the type of extended travel away from home and get her to agree that she is not a good fit. We part on friendly terms but part we do in under thirty minutes.

I now text the last of the bad degree types and ask for a transcript. Through a few texts we arrange that the only time we can see her is tomorrow night. She has a job in the daytime. Not a good job, but not one she can afford to lose. She will join us at 8PM tomorrow.

We are now zero for three. Eve is beside herself. I try to get her to relax. We really have limited ourselves to those who she knew or knew about at MSU. That is a very small pool. We will be OK. It will just take a bit longer.

Jana gets the scoop again over supper of Pinakbet, atchara and rice. The girls also eat bulad but I skip it.

Eve, Gordon not try to fuck these girls? They not pretty?

Oh, Ate, they very pretty. But they not right for us. Gordon not do anything except interview and send away.

Gordon, I am confused. I think you want to fuck pretty girls.

Only the right ones Jana. Only the right ones.

We have another night together in bed. I start by fucking Eve. I end by dumping cum in Jana. As in the previous nights, most of the time, I keep the girls doing each other.

But this time, at the end, as Eve, from behind, is fingering Jana's ass and reaching around, playing with a nipple, I fuck my wife. Between Jana's second orgasm and her third, I am ramming her tight cunt hard. She is leaking all over me and the sheet. Eve is biting her ear. She is begging me to cum. *No Jana. Not yet! There is something you need to understand! You are going to fuck the girls I fuck. Every, damn, one, of, them. You, understand, Jana? Do, you? Answer!*

Yes! Yes, oh shit!!! And Jana cums hard right along with me.

Eve whispers in my ear, *Do you mean that?*

I whisper back, *I think so. We will talk about it later. But right now, lick my cum out of her until she cums again.*

Eve does not argue. She does not say a word. She just does what I ask as I pull Jana into my arms and kiss my wife. *We are in this together, Jana.*

§ § §

Morning comes early. Jana is gone by 7:30 to the lot. Eve stays behind. We don't have a meeting with Giselle until 9:00 but in the unlikely possibility that I need to fuck the girl, I don't want to dump cum in Eve. So we cuddle before showering. Later I deal with email. Abbey has emailed that the server is ready for access, and that she has notified San Jose of the fact. Cynthia emails to say that they are putting the code on the server. We do have a time crunch now.

Giselle shows up on time. Her degree is in English. God help me, but I don't know how she got it, based on her English skills, but maybe she is just nervous. Her GPA is 1.3. She is no dummy and she is very pretty. But she is jammed up. I ask her about tutoring others and what do you know, she did... and guess who she tutored? Delores! I almost laugh when I find out that she tutored Delores in English! Of all things! I ask her how that went. She just smiles. I ask her again and her answer is that Delores got a 1.0 in that class.

God I like this girl. Eve is in another room. It's just Giselle and me. I ask her what she is doing for work at present. The answer is that she isn't. She is looking to go overseas as an OFW and is trying to borrow some funds from

family to pay the placement broker. I talk about the job and the responsibilities. She gets excited. I tell her what the pay will be. *If you have this type of position, do you still want to be an OFW?* She does not.

I mention how the chain of command works. I am on top, then comes Eve. She will be below Eve. She understands.

I talk about the hours we will be working. She just says, *OK*. I point out that sometimes it will be just her and me throughout the night. Does that bother her? *No it doesn't*. I point out that people will think we are having an affair. Her answer comes, *I hope it will be true then*.

You want me to take you to bed?

You want me?

Of course I want you. But if I do, you need to understand that I am married and will never leave my wife.

That's OK.

You need to understand that you will not be the only one I am with.

That's OK.

So long as you have the position, you will not have time for other men. That will be the way it is for the entire time you have the job. Do you understand?

Yes Sir. I am yours for the time I work for you.

You will be paid by Bayan Na, but yes, you will be one of mine. Are you sure you want this?

Yes.

Tell me, do you remember the chain of command I told you about?

Of course, yes.

Who is below me?

Eve.

What do you think Eve is to me?

A mistress?

Yes. What are you to me and Eve?

A mistress? To Eve too?

Yes.

I see. I have never been with a girl, Sir.

Have you been with a man?

I get a giggle, No sir. I not be with anyone.

Do you want me to hire you, Giselle?

Very much yes, sir.

Well now the only question is if you can be a good mistress. You have passed the rest of the tests. Come with me.

I put her in my bedroom and tell her I will be right back. I find Eve and tell her to wait fifteen minutes and no more before coming into the bedroom.

I reenter the bedroom. Giselle is sitting on the edge of the bed. I reach to her, bring her to her feet and bring her in for a kiss. *You be good to me sir?*

Yes Giselle, I will. Will you be good for me?

Yes sir. I be good.

The kissing continues. I unzip her dress, and she shakes it off her body. I unsnap her bra and she slides it off. I put her down on the mattress and slip her panties off her.

Just like Eve, she is twenty. She is as good looking out of the dress as she was in it. No tattoos, no scars, nice perky breasts, smooth hairless cunt. I undress and get onto the bed. I play with her breasts and find them very sensitive. I touch her cunt. She has indicated she is a virgin. The next few minutes will tell the tale. Her cunt is damp. I play with her clit and gently rub between her labia minor. She slicks up nicely. I mount her in missionary position and warn her that the first time there is a little pain as I break her hymen. She tells me she knows this and that she is ready.

I push in and immediately run into the obstruction. I pull back a little, slick up on her juices a bit more and push in forcefully. Giselle gasps. I pause.

Hurts?

Yes. Don't move please.

I stay as I am. She moves a little on me.

It's OK. You can move now.

I take that as permission to push all the way in. Giselle gasps. I pull out a bit and push back down. Another gasp. I speed up and do it again. She groans. I get into a rhythm and Giselle matches my movements. She is tight, sexy, kissing me, and smiling. I turn her over, inspecting my rod as I do so. There is blood. She was a virgin. As I enter her she says, *You my first and you be the only one.*

I may be the only man, but I am not the only one. There is Eve. Remember Eve.

Yes I remember.

I am inside Giselle. Our pace is slow and regular. I am not trying to cum. I am trying to bring her pleasure.

Eve is going to join us. You belong to her. She belongs to me. So you belong to me because you belong to Eve. Do you understand?

Yes, I understand, but I never be with a woman.

You never were with a man before either.

Oh God Yes! I am ramming her hard. Yes what you say is true. I be good to Eve.

I am playing with a tit as I fuck Giselle. She is getting wetter and wetter. I feel little quivers in her cunt. I pinch her nipple hard. She groans and a huge amount of liquid coats my legs. I fuck her hard and pinch again. Bingo, she is cumming. She is quieter than Eve, but she is cumming. I continue fucking her. She is close to hyperventilating. I slow her down, telling her to slow her breathing. She gets control, for a second, before I press a finger on her clit while fucking her. She bucks up against me and cumms hard.

She is coming down to earth as Eve, enters the room. I look at Eve and say, *You are way over dressed. Get those clothes off and suck this girl's cunt.*

Eve doesn't waste a moment. I have yet to cum in Giselle, but the girl has cum again and again. Eve has her cumming again on her tongue. I have entered Eve's cunt, which is hot and inviting. But I decide it's time for Giselle to eat pussy and I tell the girls to switch positions. Eve give Giselle some instructions. The girl is now going down on Eve without complaint.

Giselle is on her knees and I take her cunt once more from behind, while she is eating Eve. I speak loudly enough that I know Giselle can hear me. *OK Giselle. I am about to cum. When I do, you are mine. You cannot say no. If you do not*

want this, get up and leave right now. I will give you fifteen seconds.

I continue fucking her and she continues to eat Eve, who has cum at least twice that I have seen. My cum cannot be stopped now and I dump a load inside Giselle who screams bloody murder and cums hard. She collapses on Eve. They are in each other's arms.

Hi tutor.

Hi Giselle.

Thank you for getting me through trig.

Oh, girl, I am so glad I did! And they kiss. I had not known that Eve had been a tutor, but it does not surprise me. I need to resolve something. Giselle where are you living?

In a dormitory.²⁸

Move your things here tomorrow. We will figure out if you will live somewhere else later maybe, and maybe not. For now you live here. You belong to Eve, but I or my wife will fuck you too.

Your wife, Sir?

Yes Giselle. I told you. You are mine.

Yes sir. I am yours. It's OK. I am just surprised that your wife not leave you.

I understand. You will start working tomorrow. End everything you have now outside. Say goodbye to everyone today. Starting tomorrow and for a while you will be too busy to chicka chicka²⁹. Understand?

Yes Sir. Sir I am really a module manager for receivable inventory?

Yes, that is what you are being hired to do. Eve will be your trainer. When we hire your staff you will be their trainer. You are going to be very busy. You have five sites to supervise in two cities.

It is Eve who speaks up. Giselle, you need to get on birth control. Gordon can make you pregnant. I don't want you pregnant for at least two years. Then we can talk about it. Understand?

How I do that?

28 Ladies dormitories are common in the Philippines for single women.

29 Tagalog slang for gossiping, or helping one another.

I will tell you how. OK?

Yes, good. Does sir want me pregnant?

I smile and say, Ask me in two years.

Yes sir.

Eve, now that you have learned a little about giving head, would you teach your employee how to give it to me too?

Yes, Gordon.

And she does. I am a lucky man.

§ § §

An hour later, Giselle is taking a shower and being shown the room she will stay in tomorrow night. I am texting two of the girls who do not have one of the required languages to come for interviews. I do not know if it is for a management position or below that, so I am careful to not indicate what it is in the text. I do ask for a transcript.

We will not have any one else until tonight. Once Giselle is gone I sit down with Eve and ask her about her feelings for Giselle.

I like her a lot. She was a friend at school. I think she is from a poor family. Gordon, she will be good for us. I am happy to be with her.

You like girl-girl?

Yes. It is nice. But only if I have you too. OK?

Yes, good. Do you know the next one?

Yes I know Joo.

Well, what do you think of her?

She is Giselle's best and closest friend. You told Giselle to say goodbye to others. She will be saying that to Joo. By the time Joo gets here she will be ready to jump into bed or she will not come at all.

I see. What do you think she will choose?

I think we will fuck her. But Gordon, I think she is a virgin too.

I am not really happy about this.

Why?

How do I know she's really a good fit for us?

Oh, I see. Gordon, I know Joo. She is a good one.

Well you will have your two managers probably by tomorrow. We will be hiring their staff after that. You are going to be very busy training.

While you fuck them all. Not fair.

Oh you will be fucking them too, so what's the fair thing about? That's one of the reasons why you will be busy. You need to be training them at night at the locations where they will be working so, when they walk in, in daytime, and the regular staff sees them, they know their way around and exactly what they are supposed to be doing. I don't want them to be sandbagged.

What does sandbagged mean?

Fooled by the regular staff.

Oh, OK. I see why I am very busy!

Both Eve and I use our laptops, and test our access to the server from the house. It works. Praised be to Jake's two girls. Eve has a box of hand held scanners she is taking with her today. The main store in our city now has a scanning station set up for outgoing items. Eve is going to take in one of the scanners and see, what can be scanned in today, from the warehouse. If all goes well today, tomorrow Eve can train our two managers on the technology.

I want to move to RFID³⁰. The software can handle it, but we need to prove up the system with simple barcodes before we move to the more expensive tags.

For the rest of the day, I will be at the lot with Jana. I need to catch up on what's happening out there. Which brings up something I have not considered before. Eve has no driver's license. She claims to know how to operate a motorcycle, but if her skills are like the skills of others I have seen here, it scares the shit out of me. Her status, being essentially afoot, is shared by most Filipinos. Right now, unless I drive her, she is limited to taking tricycles and jeepneys. She needs to carry things, including a laptop and scanning equipment. I am not sure

³⁰ RFID technology enables businesses to automate labor-intensive processes, authenticate and safeguard their goods, and achieve both real-time inventories and asset visibility. The primary benefit of RFID tags over barcodes is the simultaneous and automatic reading of multiple RFID tags, while barcodes must be visible and scanned manually one-by-one. RFID tags can be read or written at distances of several feet, in motion, in any orientation, through intervening objects, and without the need for line-of-sight access.

a motorcycle is the answer.

I drop Eve off at Bayan Na. It's another twenty minutes to the lot from there.

It's amazing. It took so long to get where we were in the project of building our home. Now things are just zooming along. Jana is smiling as she explains, to a mason, how she wants the tiles to be used for a back-splash. Walls are up in some rooms and floor tiles are down. Jana thinks we can be in the house in less than three months. I hope she is right.

There is a large pile of unused concrete block on the other side of the lot. We far over-estimated how many blocks we needed. Jana and I talk about building some apartments with them. The lot is big enough. These can be maids' quarters. Jana thinks we have room for four apartments. We only need two for maids. What we will do with the other two, I have no idea. I give some labors on the site the job of digging a modest foundation. As soon as the masons are done with the house, we can start on the apartments.

Gordon, how it go with the girl this morning?

We hired her.

Oh? You fuck her?

Yes Jana I fucked her and you will have her tomorrow night.

Gordon, I don't want that.

Bullshit. You love it. I will be with you.

What's her name?

Giselle.

OK. She come to the house tomorrow?

Jana, she will live with us for now, in the guest room.

Oh! Gordon! My God!

She will share it with the other manager we are hiring.

There will be five of us in the house?

Yes, for now.

I need a maid now! Gordon, couldn't you wait until we finish this house?

I shrug. It just didn't work out that way.

10

We have regrouped for dinner. It is a Chooks-to-go night as no one has had any time to cook. Eve has run into some problems but most of her day has been successful. One of the handheld units does not work. Abbey gathered it up and will get us a functioning one tomorrow. The connection to the server does work. We are just at the very beginning of building the inventory data set, but we are up and running. That is no small deal, considering the speed we have been moving.

Eve fills Jana in on Giselle's history and both of us on what she knows about Joo. The girl will be here in about two hours. I am still concerned that the Giselle and Joo connection will gloss over problems we might have with the girl.

The TV is on and TV Patrol fills the room with the news of the day... except that it's sort of the news of yesterday. What they are reporting tonight, was in my newspaper this morning. Isn't it supposed to be the other way around?

Jana rolls her eyes when, news report after news report, I tell her what the reporter will say when he gets done puffing the piece up a bit.

Finally the TV is turned off. Jana and Eve retire to a back room when we hear the bell at the gate. I go out and let the young woman in. She looks around, but sees no one else.

Thank you for coming. Please sit down.

Thank you, sir.

I understand you know Giselle.

Yes! I am so excited to know I may be able to work with her!

Yes, I can imagine. Where did you first meet her?

In high school, sir. We were in the same section. It was the top section, sir.

Wow, did you play volleyball in high school?

Oh, yes. I miss that.

What was your best position? What did you like to do best?

I was a digger sir.

Why did you like that?

Well I was good at it and it gave the other girls a chance to get the ball back over the net. You know if God makes you tall, you can spike, block and be a good hitter, but to be a digger, well, it's what you want to do, not what gift you are given.

Did Giselle tell you what this is all about?

Yes sir. She tell me everything I think. I will be good for you. You have no worry about that. You say to do it, I will do it. And sir, I will do what Eve say too. You not have to worry about me. Me and Giselle, maybe we not the very brightest, but we are not bobo. You will not be sorry you hire us.

You know what happens if I say I want you for the job?

Yes, sir. You take me to your bed.

You are willing?

Yes, sir.

Are you a virgin?

Yes, sir. Same as Giselle. We be yours only.

You willing to travel?

Of course, yes!

OK, Joo. We will hire you. Come with me.

We get up and I lead this very willing waif into the bedroom. Eve knows to join me fifteen minutes after we enter. Joo is a pretty girl. More or less so than Giselle or Eve? Hell, I can't tell you that. They are three lovely women. Why do I have to rank what cannot be ranked? She is standing stock-still. She knows the broad outlines of what will happen, but not the granular movements to get the task done. She is waiting for me to lead her.

The thing about virgins is that they can't communicate what works for them because they don't have any idea yet. And so there is little that can be said. It is a matter of me, walking her through things and hoping that the choices I make work for her.

Sometimes the most simple and predictable is the best. I bring Joo in for a kiss. Why not? She is a lovely young woman, and if this was a date, would I not want to kiss her delicate lips? Joo is a good kisser. She puts her hands on my

shoulders and leans in. I am enjoying this, but we need to move on.

Eve will be coming in and we need to be in full insertion mode when she does appear. I unbutton and then unzip Joo's skirt. It falls to the floor. Her blouse is next and it is removed. Before I can get to it, Joo is out of her bra and panties. The girl isn't done as her hands go to my shirt. I drop my slacks as she is still removing my shirt. I drop my boxers and am about to move Joo to the bed, when she grabs me and pulls us both on to the mattress.

She is on top of me, smothering me with kisses. Her cunt is rubbing on my manhood. I am rock hard. Joo is a starving dieter and I am a chocolate cake. I am not in control of what is happening. Joo's cunt is dripping on my rod, as she rides back and forth over the underside. OK, so I know it is called the corpus spongiosum, but really, who calls it that? The point is, this little virgin has me crawling the sexual walls. Hell if she wants it that bad, why am I holding back? I take her in my arms with some force, roll her over and without ceremony, mount her, pushing through her hymen like a 747 coming in for a landing. There is no stopping me, once started.

No, I am not as large as a 747, but then this little young woman is no huge runway and the approximate differences in the relative sizes makes it a fair comparison.

The result is a gasp, a brief cry and then a huge, *Yes!* Joo has hit the 'go to turbo' button. I may be on top but she is going nuts below me. I try to slow her down and create a rhythm. Joo doesn't want to slow down. I roll her over again, putting my back on the mattress. If she is going to call the tune, she needs to be on top. That is evidently where she wants to be. It's a rodeo. Looking toward my rod, I see blood on my loin. She was the virgin she claimed to be. But she must have been a, seriously, sexually repressed one.

Slowly she is easing up a bit and getting to a place where I can enjoy her more. Still, in the process so far, she has gotten herself off at least twice. I hear the door open. I can't see, but Eve has joined us. I do see a smile of recognition on Joo's face.

Eve has removed the wrap I suspect she had on when she entered. I see her climb onto the bed as she lowers herself, facing Joo, planting her cunt on my mouth. I can't see. Are they kissing? I have no idea. Very quickly I do know one thing. Joo is fingering Eve's clit. I feel the back of fingers on my chin. Eve is cumming on my face.

I am getting close myself. Eve stays on me. The sexual aroma of her cunt is stimulation. As Joo cumms on me once more, I give the girl her first gift of

semen. There will be many more in the future.

Both girls flop off the side of me. They are entangled in each other's arms.

I am feeling for some odd reason a bit irreverent, and frisky right now. I pull Eve to me. *Put your wrap on. Bring Jana in here right now.* No argument, Eve does as requested. Joo does not know what is happening. She is lying on the bed, in a very unladylike manner and quite naked.

Two minutes later Jana appears wearing Eve's wrap and nothing else. Eve enters right behind her, completely naked. *Good evening wife. Joo here needs to eat your cunt until you cum. So get down here on the mattress.*

Eve leads Jana to the bed, helps remove the wrap and urges Jana on to the bed. Joo has a look on her face that can only be described as committed and intense. She crawls between Jana's legs and dives in. The look on Jana's face in contrast is one of shock, pleasure and embarrassment. I move to my wife, taking her in my arms and kissing her. Jana relaxes and gives Joo the willing subject she needs.

In just a few minutes, Jana is giving our newest hire, exactly what she was assigned to deliver. Joo is ours.

Giselle will join the household tomorrow. Tonight Joo stays with us in the master bedroom. Tomorrow she will stay with Giselle in the guest room. There is very little additional activity in the bedroom tonight. Sleep is the order of the evening. Sleep with three beautiful women. God, I love my life.

§ § §

Mornings are fascinating. We put away the passions of the previous evening and get on with an agenda that is anything but sexual.

I text the next girl I was planning on meeting and suggest that she come for the interview in two days. A reply from her, indicates agreement.

Giselle shows up bringing a change of clothes for Joo as well. Eve and the two girls leave the house with Jana who drops them off at Bayan Na before Jana goes to the lot. All four of them will be gone all day. I check my email and see one from Cynthia.

Gordon!

I am sending you this email from a personal account at home, as this can't be saved in our company mail archive. I got an email from Eve telling me you have hired your first two new hires. She also told me

something that might be TMI. Gordon, if what she says is going on really true? Is it a job requirement to be a fuck toy? Is this really happening? Is Eve telling me the truth that Jana is involved in this too? Skype with me if you get this early enough.

Cynthia.

I am going to have a conversation with Eve about email and general matters of discretion. I had no intention of letting Cynthia know anything about this. But the cat is out of the bag. I log into Skype and click on Cynthia's account.

The screen quickly displays Cynthia, clearly at home and drinking a glass of wine. She has a robe on. I have never seen Cynthia in anything other than professional office attire. Yeh, sure a drink in hand at the conventions, but always totally in 'role' as the account rep.

So stud, what gives?

Careful, or you will be next.

Promise? I could be convinced. She is smiling and being playful.

No promises. Just what did Eve tell you?

That you have hired two girls to handle warehouse and receivables inventory. That you, she and your wife have fucked them. What gives?

Well that's not 100% accurate, but the difference is a quibble.

What's going on?

I thought you just showed me that you pretty much know what's going on.

Stop playing word games with me Gordon. Why are you fucking them?

Not just fucking Cynthia. They are becoming mistresses. The last two were virgins.

Why?

It's hard to explain and I don't really want to get into the weeds on this. But if this is going to roll out without hitches and without local timezone support, these girls are not going to be able to maintain a successful outside relationship with anyone or even a normal connection with family. Plus we are going to do things that are against everything they believe about how things are done here. I need a loyalty that goes well beyond that of an employer. I need to reorient

them and keep them focused on me and what we are doing, or it isn't going to work. Later they will be the core of the consulting and support team that will support other companies and there will be other similar need for other roll outs.

Gordon, my head is spinning. How many mistresses are you planning on having?

Maybe only two more real mistresses. But I need the initial roll-out team to be focused on their managers. I am not sure exactly how that plays out.

Jeezus Gordon. If anyone here learns of this, shit will do more than hit the fan.

I know. I will talk to the girls tonight. And by the way, never, never ask about Jake. You just don't want to know.

Oy.

Yeh, oy.

You know, on a, don't you tell anyone, level, I think this is beyond sexy. It's as erotic as I have ever heard in real life. I mean sure there is porn, but Gordon, you have me wet.

I smile. I'd love to see what's under that robe. Cynthia, if you were here, you'd be more than wet. Eve, Jana and I would fuck you until you couldn't move.

Oh shit you're driving me crazy. You know I'm just going to have to do myself as soon as I drop this connection!

Why wait? Do it now.

You, you're serious. You with me.

No Cynthia, just you. Do it, now.

I couldn't.

Yes you can. You want to. You want to put your fingers on your dripping pussy. You want to squeeze your aching breasts. You know it and I know it. Do it. Slide your chair back and show me how much you want to come here and have me cum in your cunt.

Cynthia moves back. I can see all of her in the chair now. Not close, but I can see her. She opens her robe. One hand goes to her cunt. The other hand to a breast. It looks like she is more than playing with her clit. She is fingering herself. Her hand is squeezing her tit a lot harder than I have ever squeezed one. She is getting more and more worked up. She has most of her hand moving in

and out of that cunt. I watch for the better part of ten minutes before she does something I have heard about but not seen before. She squirts a good two feet before cumming.

Good, Cynthia. Now you need to come here.

Dazed, she just nods, a little sad it seems, and closes the connection.

I send a brief email to Jake, thanking him for everything, the professional, and personal, assistance. He must be at a desk because a HTML content style email is immediately returned with a simple, *You're welcome.*

I relax and settle in front of the TV for some mindless time.

The bell from the gate startles me from the Law and Order: Criminal Intent episode, I may have seen, for the second or third time. Looking out of a window I see a woman I do not know. She doesn't look dangerous and so I go out to speak with her.

Hello, what do you want?

You are Sir Gordon?

Yes. What is this about and who are you?

I am Maria. Ma'am Jana contact me this morning. She say you need a maid. This true?

It may be. Just a second. I pull my cell phone from the holster with the intent to call Jana, but there is a text waiting. It is from my wife, telling me that Maria is on the way. *Yes, my wife sent me a message about you. Please come in.*

Maria is probably in her thirties, but I admit to be miserable at guessing ages. She is a good looking woman, but her clothing clearly comes from the ukay-ukay³¹. She has basic flip-flops on her feet. She has spent a lot of time in the sun based on the color of her skin. Her appearance is of someone who has not been getting regular meals, as she is a little drawn. Her smile is wan. She shows fear in her eyes.

Have I done something wrong? Are you afraid of me?

Sir?

Why are you afraid?

31 Used clothing shop. [Pronounced: oo-KIE oo-KIE]

That you not hire me.

You are afraid that I will send you away?

*Opo.*³²

OK, well, I am not a mean man, why you think I will send you away?

I am not young and pretty.

Oh. OK. What did my wife tell you?

She say she need a maid because you have a wife and three pretty mistresses.

Can you cook good?

Opo.

Will you wash the clothing?

Opo.

Will you keep the house clean?

Opo.

Will you make the beds in the morning?

Opo.

Will you argue with me?

*Dili*³³

Will you do as I ask?

Opo.

Really? You will always do as I ask?

Opo.

Go into the house. Take your clothing off and leave them outside the CR. Go into the CR and take a shower. Wash your hair. Use the razor on the ledge under the window and shave off your body hair. I will put a fresh towel by the door. Find it when you are done. Dry off. Leave the towel in the CR. Find me in

32 Yes, Sir. A concatenation off 'oo' meaning Yes and Po meaning Sir or Ma'am, not gender specific. [Pronounced oh-POE]

33 Cebuano dialect meaning 'No' [Pronounced: dee-LEE]

*the Sala.*³⁴

Go naked?

Yes.

Opo, I go now. And go she does, into the house. Go figure.

I slowly follow her in, giving her time to get into the house, before removing her clothing and placing the towel, where I told her she would find it.

I sit down in the Sala and ponder what has happened to my world. My mind is wandering. I have not been paying attention to the time. Maria makes a noise. I focus on her naked visage. There is not a thing wrong with what I am looking at.

From my sitting position, I unzip my fly, unbuckle my belt and carefully exposed my rod. *Take me in your mouth.*

Maria squats down between my spread legs and starts giving me head. There is no complaint, no awkward moment. She is pretty good at this. Better than anyone else including Jana. I keep her going for five minutes, before I pull out. I tell her to get on the couch, on her hands and knees. From behind her, I mount and plunge into her reasonably damp cunt. Once again, there is no complaint. She is not as tight as my girls, but there is nothing wrong with how she fucks. Her breasts are the largest I have seen up close on a Filipina. She seems to like them being squeezed. I am rough with her, she wants more of it. I bring her to at least one orgasm before I turn her over and enter her missionary style. That allows her to grab my head and kiss me like I am St. Peter and she wants into heaven. We build in each other's arms reaching our orgasms at the same time, my cum filling her well fucked cunt.

Maria, you are our maid. Do you intend to sleep here, or go home at night? If you are sleeping here, it will have to be on the couch. All the bedrooms are in use.

I will use the couch. Where you put my clothing?

I threw it out. Before you leave later you will take some of Jana's clothing. For now, stay as you are. I will give you money to get some clothes when you go to the palengke³⁵ this afternoon. I want you dressed simply but nicely here. Keep

34 Living room.

35 Open air or public market.

yourself shaved and clean at all times. Make some rice now and feed yourself. I will have some fruit for lunch. No matter what you see or hear in this house, there must be no tsismis. Understand?

Yes, sir. I understand. You really want me naked now?

Yes. Now before you get your rice, suck me clean.

Maria goes down on me without another word. I allow her to go on for a while, not expecting much other than some good sensations. I do not expect to get hard. But I am hard again. She continues sucking me, fervently. I pull out of her mouth and put her on her knees again, but this time it is not her cunt I am wanting. I slick up my rod on her cunt and then slowly push into her ass. Maria is whimpering. I finger her cunt as I proceed with the taking of her ass. I whisper in her ear, relax and accept me inside you. She does and the whimpering stops. Maria gasps. I am in deep. I pull back and push through again. Maria groans. I insert four fingers in her cunt and ram her ass twice in fast succession. Maria hisses, yes. Her ass is mine now. I am fucking her, fingering her cunt and not letting up. I tell Maria, *You belong to me now. You are mine. I own you. Do you understand?*

She hisses, *Yes, I yours. Yours.*

Did we hire the maid?

Yeh. Her clothing was unacceptable. She is wearing a pair of your panties, leggings and a top until she can get some things this afternoon.

You fuck her?

Of course.

You like her? She is old.

Do you really think thirty-six is old?

Of course, yes. I surprised you want old girls. Where you want her to sleep?

On the couch. There is no other option for now.

OK. Where she now?

Either shopping for some clothing or at the palengke.

She will make dinner?

Yes.

Good. OK.

§ § §

We are all assembled at the dinner table. Jana, Eve, Giselle and Joo sit with me. Maria is putting the food on the table. Lechon manok³⁶, and garlic kangkong, along with the ever present rice. She places a bottle of Sprite on the table. She has not set a place for herself. I call her back.

Maria, every female I fuck has a place at this table. Get yourself a plate and sit down.

Maria blushes. There is a lot of kidding and laughing from the others. Maria doesn't want to sit. *Maria, this is not a request. Get a plate and eat with us. That is my rule. Do you understand now?*

36 Roast Chicken.

The others are now silent. Maria looks stricken. *Yes, Sir. I do it.* And she does.

From now on, Maria, understand my rule. You are to cook the meal, but you are not a servant to Eve, Giselle or Joo. You are a maid to Jana and me, only. I require you to eat with us at every dinner. If anyone here does not treat you with respect, I want to know about that right away. You are also to treat the other females in this house with the same respect. I expect this from all in this house. You are here so that the others can do the work that they need to do. Each of us has a role. But that role is not higher or lower than other roles. Do you understand?

Yes, Sir. That is very clear. Thank you.

Jana, do you have any comment?

No, I agree. You say right.

I am pleased with Jana's support. Everyone digs in to their food and Maria is told by all that the food is good and tasty. There is talk about the inventory issues that arose today. Eve has sent out an email to Cynthia and hopes to Skype with her tonight. She will take the guest bedroom, when she goes to bed. I suggest that she introduce Joo to Cynthia during the session. They can then do that in the back bedroom before both retiring together. That allows Maria to rest undisturbed and Giselle to come to my bed with Jana.

Eve asks for a change. She wants both Joo and Giselle with her on the Skype session. That means that Giselle will not be with Jana and me tonight. I think about it a bit but decide that it is probably a smart move on Eve's part. I agree, telling them that they can do the Skype in the Sala. Maria will be with Jana and me. That gets a few giggles, a shocked look from Maria and agreement from Jana.

As to the contact with Cynthia, I do not mention the raunchy part of my Skype with Cynthia, but I do mention to all that no email to anyone outside of the house, including Cynthia is to mention anything about our sexual or living arrangements. And then, directing my gaze to Eve, *You caused a major problem with your frank email to Cynthia.*

Sorry! I will not do that again.

Good. OK, so just don't even bring that up tonight.

Yes, sir.

OK, everyone helps Maria clean up.

Sir, that not necessary!

Actually it is. Don't argue.

That gets everyone's attention. No one argues and all gets cleaned up quickly.

While the girls chat among themselves, I check my email. I haven't looked since the Skype session this morning. There is an email from Cynthia's personal account.

Gordon!

What the fuck did we just do? Do you really want me?

Cynthia.

Huh. I guess I do. I email back a one word answer, *Yes*.

There is an email from Jake.

Sir Gordon,

I am Joy. I write this with my friend Rose. We use Jake's email. I talk to Jana. I think you love her lot. I think you are like my Jake. You need other girls too. I understand. Jana need to be helped for this. Please tell her to come back to talk to us. We think Rose need to see Jana.

Joy and Rose.

OK... I am not sure what this is about, but my best guess is that it is for the best.

I have an email from Jonathan. He would like to talk about the sales side. I am not ready for this, but putting the meeting off will be a mistake. I email him that I will follow up in the morning.

I pull Janna aside and ask her to get back in touch with Joy. She wants to know why and I honestly tell her that I do not know. I am relaying the request, but was not given the reason. Jana grabs her phone and disappears.

I am sure Maria did not know what she was signing on to when she asked to be our maid. I am also quite sure that there have already been a number of surprises for her. Tonight there will be more of the same.

§ § §

I am in the bedroom with Jana and Maria. Before I can say anything, Maria is speaking. She is clearly confused. *I do not understand why you do this.*

Your life here is to be a maid but also it includes sex.

Yes, yes, I know you have sex with me.

Not just me, Maria. I am happily married. You will have sex with us.

Sir? You mean with Ma'am? I am...

Don't argue Maria. Take off your clothing and get on the bed.

Yes Sir.

Jana would you please take off your clothing?

As they disrobe, I do as well. I put Maria on her knees. From behind her I play with her cunt until I get it wet, while Jana plays with Maria's breasts. As soon as Maria is wet enough, I push my rod into her welcoming chamber of pleasure. I start fucking her in earnest, as Jana slides her cunt under Maria's head. Jana grabs the maid's head and pushes it down on to her cunt. Maria, may not think it's what she signed up to do, but she knows what is expected now. Her mouth takes on the task assigned it. Jana is enjoying the experience.

I am getting off on watching my wife getting off on this. Jana's hands have a death grip in Maria's hair. The more Jana seems to be rocketing on Maria's attentions, the more Maria seems to be willing and ready to get with the program.

I feel Maria's cunt spasming around my cock, but I am nowhere near cumming and I continue fucking the woman. Jana is bouncing off the mattress as Maria's mouth and tongue work wonders on my wife.

Finally Jana has had all she can take, pulls her cunt out from under Maria's mouth and swings around to kiss her maid as I continue to fuck the woman.

Maria is talking to Jana. *Oh God, your husband! He is fucking me so good. He own me. You want me to do you like this always? You want this? You want him to own me? To fuck me like a wife? Really? Oh God, Ma'am. He make me love him. Oh God Ma'am. He make a baby inside me. Oh God! OH GOD!*

And yes, both Maria and I are cumming. My cum is where it needs to be, to make her pregnant, if that is possible in this woman.

Jana holds Maria and says quietly, *Yes, that is what I want. Now lick my husband clean and let us sleep.*

§ § §

Morning comes and with it the need to attend to the request from Jonathan. Maria has a house for which to care, Jana has to go to the lot. The others seem to have had a late night of Skype. A note Eve has left for me says that they will awaken about noon. To please not disturb them. I tell Maria, to be careful about this. Before I even have breakfast I text Jonathan and ask when he wants to meet. The answer is 9:30AM at the store.

I grab some breakfast and then read my email. Cynthia has sent me another private message.

Gordon, :-)

They are so damned beautiful. You are a dog! Can't believe you want me too, when you have them. Eve says there will be more! I am having a hard time wrapping my head around this.

BTW, we got a lot done. These girls are very smart. Eve is amazing.

Cynthia.

There is an email from a company here in the Philippines, wanting to talk with me about growing his company. I send a noncommittal type of reply. I don't say 'no,' but I am not saying 'yes' right now either. I invite him to tell me more of what he has in mind.

An email comes in from another of the guys I had initially reached out to about Jake. It only says, *'if you can afford him, you can't afford to ignore him.'* I'm not sure what that means. But as I have made my decision, I leave it alone.

It is time to go to the meeting.

When I walk in to Bayan Na, I am told to go up to my 'office.' We have converted it to a combined office / server room. Still there are some chairs and two desks and it is private. Two people are waiting for me. One is Jonathan. The other is a young woman. I vaguely remember her from the meeting with 'the family.' We greet each other. I learn that the woman is Zelle, Jonathan's wife.

We sit and I ask, *OK, what's up?* It's Zelle who answers.

When are you going to start with the accounting and sales modules? My husband tells me you have the inventory working already.

Ma'am, we have only started on the inventory. I suspect it will take us at least a month to get the inventory really complete. At that point I want to add 'order entry' and tracking. Sales and the general accounting modules happen last.

There are other things we are looking at following that, but I think we are five or six weeks away from the portion you are concerned with.

I need you to keep me informed on all the modules. I don't like it that others know and I do not.

Ma'am, once we get the development work completed, we will provide you access and training on all the modules. The development is just that, we are fixing code so that it will work for Bayan Na. None of it works now and so I can't get you trained on it yet.

I want to be part of the development.

Ma'am, I am told you run the complete back office for this company. Is that information correct?

Yes, that is exactly right.

Well, that means you have to be here during the day, just about every day. Do I understand that correctly?

Yes. What is your point?

Well Ma'am much of the development work is during the middle of the night. You must be aware that Eve has been spending every night with me and I am sure many think, because of that, we are having an affair.

Aren't you?

Ma'am, independent of whether that is true or not true, it is what people think, is it?

Yes, of course.

Well Ma'am, if you are to be involved, you will need to spend nights with me that start at midnight and run to 8AM. We do it because we are working with the software company and their day starts at midnight our time. There is no way to do the development, without being up during the night. How will you get your daily work done? What will others think? How happy would you be, Jonathan? This is not a one or two day thing. It will be going on for most of a year. Ma'am, honestly, we will get you trained on this once we have it working. Once it is working, you can relieve much of the staff I am using on the roll-out and replace those folks with ones with whom you want to work. You really don't want to spend your nights with me. All would start calling you my mistress and you would not be able to do your normal daily tasks.

Jonathan, I don't like it.

But Gordon is right on many points. How will you run the office, if you are sleeping during the day? If you are with this man all night for a year, well, yes, people will think there is an affair.

You are gone for long times on buying trips! You leave tomorrow for Malaysia, then Thailand and Vietnam. People already think this is a marriage of family issues! My sister can run the office. She does it now when I need to be gone. And I don't think this is true, what Gordon says! He is here now. This is normal daytime!

I am a little put out, being discussed in the third person while I am standing here. Yes, but Eve and all her staff are sleeping. I skipped last night's session with the development team, so that I could be here now.

See dear, Gordon is telling the truth. You don't want everyone to think you are having an affair!

Why not? She is giving him a look like I saw years ago, from my first wife. Maybe it's not the same, but that time it meant, 'There is no real marriage anyway so why prolong the appearance?' I see the look in Jonathan's face and I think, yup, that's what was not spoken. Damn, I don't want to be here right now. But before I can say anything, Jonathan walks out of the room. He's gone and I am standing there with Zelle, quite alone. I play the only card I have left, to keep her out of this.

Look Ma'am, it's not just appearance. If you are with me every night, I will take you to my bed. It won't be just once. It will be many, many times. My staff are my mistresses. And make no mistake about it, my wife knows and participates. So let's just shake hands and forget this. All this is yours anyway. All I am doing is the development and then I am gone. Whatever you have or don't have with your husband, please do not make me an excuse for you two to fight.

You want to fuck me, Gordon?

Zelle, I will fuck your cunt, your ass, your mouth, I will make you eat pussy. You don't want to mess with me. You will be eating my wife's cunt, my maid's cunt and Eve's cunt, while I fuck you and dump my cum in your fertile cunt. Now, leave this alone. I promise, no one is messing with your business. If anything, I am going to make you richer and more powerful than you can imagine, all without you having to do anything you regret.

What makes you think I would not like that?

I just look at her real hard. Is she for real, or is she just being a bitch?

I don't fuck married women, Zelle. Don't push. I do not know if you want it. I guessed you would not, but you are right I don't know.

What if the married woman wants it? Why not?

Because I will own your body or you can't stay. And if I own your body, then your marriage will be over. I will not allow another man to touch you.

Are you that good?

I have no idea. Probably not, but those are my rules.

I want in, Gordon.

No you don't. You're full of shit, Zelle.

No, Gordon, I insist.

She is calling my bluff just as I called hers. This does not make me happy. I am sure this is going to end badly. All I can hope is that this will stop her.

OK Zelle, you want to be mine? Lift up your skirt, remove your panties, hand them to me and then lean over that desk. I am going to fuck you right here and right now.

Zelle is a wealthy scion of a wealthy family. My best guess is that she has everything she needs in life. Why she will allow herself to be fucked by a married man, who has nothing to really give her, is beyond me. And so as she lifts the hem of her dress, removes very dainty panties and leans over my desk with legs spread wide, I am at a loss to comprehend what is really happening.

I reach under her dress. My hand moves up Zelle's thigh. It is wet. There are female juices flowing out of her already. My finger slides over her outer labia, easily sliding between the lips and touching the inner labia. She is gushing juices. I insert a finger in a very small cunt opening and a number of things happen, she shudders, cries 'array³⁷', and something warm flows over my fingers. I pull my finger out and look at it. Blood. Not blood from a period. Ma'am, the wife of Jonathan, is a virgin.

I drop my drawers, let old glory fly, pull up Zelle's dress pulling it over her head. No sense in wrecking it while we fuck, and then fuck is what we will do.

37 Ouch.

I plunge in to a tiny and completely unused cunt.

At first it is from behind and then I put her on her back, taking her, legs in the air, me standing on the floor, her face, facing the ceiling. Zelle cums quickly. I know this being her first time, she will be raw very soon. Still the urgency in my nuts is strong and I fertilize her before pulling out. She has a very distant, almost dazed look on her face.

She has a bra and her heels on. That is all. Zelle is a knockout! Handing her, her panties back, I tell her to call her sister to come in today and run things. She is putting her dress on as I tell her we are leaving here and she is to come with me. I get no argument. Her hair is a mess. She looks well fucked at the moment.

As we get to the first floor, I see Jonathan. We walk right by him and out the front door. I put her in the passenger seat of my vehicle and off we go.

Who owns Bayan Na? You, Jonathan or both of you as a married couple?

I own it. Jonathan is the buyer, but it is my family's money, not his. His family are nice people, but they are not like mine.

Is he gay?

I think so. I not think he do anything because of the shame it bring to his family, but he never touch me.

Zelle, I did not lie to you. Everything I say will happen to you, it will happen. You need to understand, you are either mine or you need to leave and stay far away from me.

I know. I have chosen.

When we get to the house, I put her in my bedroom and tell her I will be back in a few minutes. I text Jana, but no text comes back.

I knock on the back bedroom door. Eve opens it. She was sleeping, but smiles and kisses me. *What time is it?*

Eleven.

What's up?

Come to my room and help me fuck the owner of Bayan Na, for my second time.

Jonathan's wife? Really?

Unfortunately, yes.

OMG! OK I will be there in ten minutes.

I enter the bedroom. Zelle is sitting on the bed. *Take your clothes off.*

She looks at me as if she is having a problem processing what is now going on. I stand and wait. She gets up and slowly, unceremoniously disrobes. She stands in the middle of the floor completely naked. I move her back to the bed and tell her to sit. I undress myself before sitting on the bed next to her. *Are you sure this is what you want? I am willing to allow you to leave now without any complications.*

I am sure, Gordon.

Have you ever had a penis in your mouth?

No. I never had sex before today.

How long have you been married?

Four years.

In a few minutes Eve is going to join us. You and Eve are going to have sexual relations. Later today, you will have sexual relations with my wife. Tomorrow you may have sexual relations with my maid. I may have a tattoo inked right above your cunt saying 'Property of Gordon Jameson.' What do you think of that?

I think that is good. Then you will not get rid of me.

Huh, OK. I have no idea why I have Zelle on my bed. It makes no good sense to me. Yes sure, her marriage is a sham and she needs out of it. But why me, why now?

I take Zelle in my arms and we recline on to the mattress together as we kiss and I fondle her breasts. It is a languid loving that has no need for completion. It is its own reason for being. And that is how Eve finds us as she enters the bedroom in a robe.

Eat her cunt, Eve. The robe drops on the floor, Eve climbs onto the bed, and pushes Zelle's legs apart. In short order, Eve's face is firmly attached to cunt. I move up on the now recumbent Zelle and place my rigid rod on the woman's lips. She gets the message and opens her mouth. She is a complete novice at the process, but instruction will have to come later.

Eve's activities are bringing a quick response. Zelle is getting a lesson in how to eat pussy. Considering the less than sterling head I am getting, I decide it is

time for Zelle to eat Eve's cunt while I fuck the woman once again. Her cunt is as tight as any I have ever been inside. She is beyond revved up. Her orgasms are almost continual, as I repeatedly plunge into her. I am looking at Eve's face. She is incredulous. The owner of Bayan Na is eating her cunt. Eve is cumming hard and leaking juices. Finally Eve just explodes, as Zelle continues to do Eve. I get really excited and pound Zelle hard, before unloading another deposit of cum inside her. As the hot cum hits her, Zelle cums hard once again.

My cellphone chimes. Disengaging from the females I grab it and look. Jana is apologizing. She has been with this woman called Rose. She says she will be home before dinner.

I look at Zelle as she is sprawled out on my bed. She just about clawed her way into this. It is going to be a hoot watching her eat out the maid, but I gather I have another mistress.

12

I leave Eve and Zelle in the bedroom to talk and sort things out regarding where Eve is in the inventory work. I take a shower, dress again and enter the kitchen.

Sir Gordon, what has happened? I hear noises I do not expect this morning.

Yeh, we have a new mistress here. She will eat your cunt later today or tomorrow.

Oh! You are so rude! Why you say such things?

Because, it is what will happen. You know it. Why do you act as if you are surprised? You know what things are like here.

OK, I am wrong. Sorry.

Oh, Maria, do you really want to be here? It's OK. You can leave. We will find someone else.

No! No! Sir. You are right. I am just being difficult. It not happen again. I promise.

People do what they must to escape difficult situations in life. I am well aware of this. It is the eternal ethical quandary. Ah, you say that there is no quandary, all I have to do is behave properly. Yeh, well OK, but everything in the world operates this way. It's just that some of it falls into your acceptable zone and so you don't get exercised by it. This is not an example of wrongdoing as much as it is an example of pushing boundaries beyond your comfort zone.

Every one of these females is operating the way she is because of a need inside her. I didn't put these needs there. Yes, I take advantage of them, but they are there before I meet the girls. That's why I send some away. They didn't fit the profile. I am no Svengali. I am a bastard, sure, but not a magician. I am not casting any spells. I am providing an opportunity and some will take advantage of it, and sate my sexual desires in the process. Is it a quid pro quo? Maybe, maybe the scales are not fully balanced. But I challenge you to tell me on which side the imbalance exists. I am serious. Come see the realities of the world and tell me who is getting the better deal. You, who think you can decide from your armchair, are fooling yourself.

Anyway, I go back into my bedroom. Zelle and Eve are partially covered and are simply talking about the business. Zelle looks at me with a curious expression. *I thought you were lying about the late night, up all hours claim. I*

think you are just using that as an excuse to fuck girls.

Ah, well, as you now know, I was not lying.

Gordon, Eve and I are talking about what you are doing and what you plan to do with my business. It is far beyond my ability. I can't do it!

But I can, Zelle. All you will have to do, is manage your managers. You don't have to know how to grow the business.

You don't make a centavo by doing this. Why are you doing it?

I get many things. Do you really need me to list them?

Yes, I think I do. I know what I will get. You will make me fantastically rich.

OK, I will use the software code, we modify, to support the new infrastructure, I create in your company to sell modules and solutions to many other companies. I will also make a great deal of money.

The managers I am training will probably come with me in the new things I will do after we train others to do the work on the in-place modules we have working at Bayan Na. So business-wise, I will make a lot of money in the future. I also get Eve, Giselle, Joo, and though I wasn't looking for this, I get you. I am not going to let you go. You do know that, don't you?

You want me, but not my money?

Yeh, I don't really need your money, but I like the idea that you belong to me. You were a virgin when I took you today. I have no intention of letting any other man have what I have with you.

I guess I am honored, but is this worth losing your wife?

You think I have lost Jana?

Yes.

Eve, have I lost Jana?

No. Zelle, Jana is part of this. You will make love with her, maybe as soon as tonight.

And now I get a look from Zelle that I wish I could show you. It is a look of complete and utter incredulity. She simply can't process this information. Her hands go to her head, as if to keep the lovely thing on those sweet shoulders from exploding.

Wash up, get some clothing on and let's have a light lunch. I need to hear about what happened in the call last night and where we are vis-a-vis hiring the rest of the staff we need on the inventory side.

Eve climbs off the bed, comes to me, wraps her arms around me, gives me a kiss, whispers in my ear, *I love you, Gordon*, grabs her robe and waits for Zelle, before entering the CR for a shower.

Lunch is some left over roast chicken and rice. We are ready to add the staff to fully get all inventory read into the system. We are staying with UPC barcode for now. As we implement the order entry system, we will switch the RFID tags. Zelle needs to be brought up to date on the difference between the two and even though Eve has never seen or used one, between me, Cynthia and reading she has done, she educates our newest cunt on such matters.

I call her a cunt, because that is why she is here. She doesn't need to be here to run her business. She joined for the sex. She may be Eve's titular employer, but I am Eve's real boss. Zelle may be wealthy and own a business, but here, she is a cunt. I don't need her to do what I am doing. She doesn't solve a single problem I might have. She is simply another cunt, I, and others will fuck.

After lunch, I text the three girls, two of whom I had asked to hold off for a couple of days. I need to see them now. As I am doing it, Joo asks me what I am so intently doing. I tell her and she asks me if I might include a couple of others to my list. In truth, these folks don't really have to have all the qualifications that the managers have. So I indicate, sure, why not. I tell her to give me an idea, in writing, of whom she wants me to interview, and why, along with contact information and a back-grounder on each one.

While this is happening, Zelle is on a phone with her sister. From what I can hear, she is in the process of explaining why there is going to be a necessary prolonged absence and what needs to be attended to. The call seems to be light and filled with a sense of good natured kidding. I get the feeling that Zelle's commitment to us is being cemented into place.

The list I get from Joo is a bit unsettling. There are only two names on it. They are her cousins. That is not the unsettling part. No, that is probably just fine. The disconcerting part has to do with the age of these two girls. One is seventeen and the other is sixteen. They are too young. I say as much to Joo and do not include them in my texts.

Eve, Zelle, Giselle and Joo, are all closeted in the back bedroom all afternoon. I have no idea what is up but my best guess is that it's female bonding. I mention

it to Maria and she pretty much tells me that I am exactly right.

Jana arrives home at 4:30. She grabs me and pulls me into the bedroom.

*Bakit*³⁸? I ask.

*Hala ka!*³⁹

Bakit?

Rose, she teach me a lot! Now I know.

You know what?

Many things! About my body, about other girls, about the needs of real men. About even young girls! Yes! Now I know!

Slow down, Jana. I have no idea what you are talking about.

Rose, she teach me, explain to me, show me. Real men, are like you and Jake. Each of you has one or two special women, who are his wife or wives. But you have many females. Our job is to love you, protect you, make sure you have what you must have, always. I learn how I am to love your women and make them take care of me when you are with others. I learn that men want young ones too.

For the love of Pete, Jana. What are you talking about? I have never wanted young girls.

Yes I tell that to Rose. She laugh. She say, wait, you will.

She is wrong. I just turned down two girls because they are too young.

How old?

Seventeen and sixteen.

Ha! They not really young. Why you not accept them?

Because they are too young.

We will see. I think Rose knows better than you know! Why you text me earlier? What you need?

Ah! You say it is your job to fuck women and protect me?

38 Why? As in why have you done this?

39 'You, watch out!' or 'You had better beware!'

Yes. That is true.

OK. Go to the other bedroom. There is a female in there you do not know. Take her to this bedroom and make her yours.

Ganun?

Yes.

Who is she?

The owner of Bayan Na.

No!

Yes, Jana.

Not Jonathan?

No, he is the buyer but she is the real owner.

And you fuck her already?

Yes.

Dear God! Gordon! What you do?

I did exactly what she asked me to do.

But she not married?

Halo-halo.⁴⁰ She was a virgin when I take her this morning. Her husband is gay.

Jonathan gay?

Talaga.⁴¹

Ha! OK, why you take her? You not need her for what you do.

See, I know you are a bright wife. You are exactly correct. I did everything I can do to keep her away from here. She insists I fuck her.

Oh my God. OK, she dangerous if she think she special.

⁴⁰ Mix-mix. (Typically a drink with all sorts of things you stir together before consuming but can refer to a mixed up situation.)

⁴¹ Truly.

Exactly. You make her yours. You teach her to eat Maria.

Good plan. OK.

I leave the bedroom at the same time Jana does. She is on a mission regarding Zelle, I am going to relax in front of the TV.

That was the plan, but just a few minutes later I am surrounded by Eve, Giselle and Joo. Eve is the spokesperson. *Gordon, do you really think adding her is a good idea?*

I do not like it but there is no choice.

Oh, OK. Well you know what she want?

I can guess. She wants to be one of the ones to scan in inventory.

Yes!

So let her. She wants to learn the entire module system. As soon as we add Order Entry, she will move to that.

Yes, that makes sense. So she is on my team now?

Yes for now, but not later.

You going to get the rest of my staff hired?

Yes, the interviews start tomorrow.

Joo says she gives you two who can start tonight.

They are too young.

No, they are not and they have the languages. They don't need the college for what they do.

They are too young for me to fuck. So they are too young to hire.

I don't think Joo quite understands this matter. The age of consent in the Philippines is 18. Now I am aware that sex with younger girls happens and what happens behind closed doors, may stay behind closed doors, but in this case, these will be employees. If everyone is assuming I fuck my employees, then even if I don't fuck the underage ones, I would be inviting trouble. I may be a bastard, but I don't want to go to jail.

Sir Gordon, they are OK with it.

Joo, do you belong to me?

Yes!

I am telling you, 'no.' They are too young. Are we clear on this now?

Yes, sir. But Sir, Abbey says Jake has younger girls.

Have you seen them, Joo?

No, Sir.

Have you met Jake?

No, Sir.

So if he has younger girls, like you say, might it be also true that he has to hide?

Oh.

Yeh. Now no more of this.

Maria is watching and listening. She isn't saying a word. But I can see that this conversation is one she is taking in.

I realize that bringing Zelle in does have a benefit. Maybe this works better than I thought. When we get done, we will do exactly what Eve wants. She and these other girls will come with me in my consulting business, assuming this works and Zelle can have her own staff that Eve has trained.

Talk continues regarding the number we can train per day. Eve points out that with the four of them, (Eve, Giselle, Joo and Zelle,) they can train more than 'my two a day' right now. They can take on more trainees. That is true, but I want Eve and these other two, to be watching very closely. Further, we need to be prepping the inventory for the items we expect to arrive via container. Too many new hires on any given day, may speed one thing for us, but make a mess of others. Yes, Zelle can now help, but as she is not portable to the next company, which I will take on, as my client, I want my own girls trained on each element first. They may see it as a race, but I am building core long term staff, and we will be able to start training Zelle's staff to do the inventory once we get the database fully built, and RFID tagging equipment installed. Most of my girls then move on to the next module. They are not Zelle's long term staff with the exception of the module managers and now I am even considering that. What if I take them all with me as a tiger team for my consulting business?

I will see a nineteen year old and an eighteen year old tomorrow. There is no assurance that either of them will be good for us. The odds are, they will not. I suspect hiring will be a long process. And the reality, that I could have two girls good to go right now, is what is making Joo's suggestion so desirable to the others.

Jana and Zelle appear at 6:30. Maria has the table set and most of us are ready to sit down. Zelle however looks anything but ready. She is staring at me. *Yes? Is there something you need, Zelle?*

Do you know what your wife do to me, Gordon?

No, but is it something you want to talk about now and here?

Gordon, first I think you are lying when you say you fuck all your girls. Then I find you do. Then I think OK, you are lying when you say the other girls will make love with me. But they do. Then I am sure you are lying when you say your wife knows and participates. But she more than knows and participates. She takes me as her lover. She tell me that I will be with her whenever I am not with you. She tell me, I am to be her wife. And then she do things to me, I have never heard of in my life. Now she tells me, I am to eat Maria's pussy in front of all of you tonight. And I think you are lying when you tell me I will have sex with your maid. Now I know. I know you not lie about anything. Everything you say I will believe. Please, please Gordon, may I ask one thing? One promise from you?

What is it?

Never leave me. Never send me away.

Zelle, you are a beautiful, very rich and powerful woman. You did not need me before and you still don't need me. Everyone in this house knows this. Everyone in this house has asked me why I brought you here. Everyone here, except for you is truly mine. This is true from Jana, who is my wife to Maria who is the maid and will never leave me. Maria, tell Zelle if it is true that you belong to me.

Yes it is true. I am yours, sir.

So Zelle, the others are mine because I take them and this is the best place for them. I know and more importantly, they know it. But you, you have no reason to be here, other than the fact that I took your virginity today. Now you ask me to never push you away. I really do not understand why you want this.

I am a married woman and you take my virginity. You tell me that if you take me I can never leave you and no other man can ever have me. I agree. Is that not enough? I am now a wife to you.

Jana, you accept this?

Yes. But I think there is more. She looks at Zelle. *Tell him.*

I want babies and I am never going to get even one from my husband. You will give me my children.

I can see in Jana's face that she knew this. I can't believe my wife just said yes. I look at her real hard. *Why are you OK with this Jana?*

I will tell you later. But it is for the best. She will do what you say Gordon. Bayan Na is now yours. That right Zelle?

Yes Ate.

Damn. *Well if you are mine, then take Maria and eat her cunt right now until Maria cums.*

Maria's eyes get real big. Zelle does as she is told and in front of all of us, Maria's cunt is in public view. Maria is too freaked out to cum and I instruct Jana and Eve to distract her by sucking on Maria's breasts and kissing the female. That does the trick. Maria cums loud and long.

And finally, Eve shouts, *OK let's eat dinner.*

§ § §

After dinner I take Jana and Zelle back to the bedroom. Jana gives a lesson on giving me head. I don't cum, but I enjoy the improved technique. Finally, Jana produces a dildo, (she whispers it is courtesy of Rose,) inserts it in Zelle's cunt, while urging me to take the girl's ass. The girl must feel like a pin cushion by now, considering everything that has happened. I grab some KY from the night stand, lube her ass and my rod up, before spearing the last virgin vestige she had.

With all that has happened today, Zelle is not tensing up. She is not panicking at the intrusion. Being speared front and back has her senses confused. She starts cumming and can't stop. She is crying, cumming and completely confused. Jana's lips are all over the girl. I can't contain my need and the girl's ass gets my seed.

We collapse in place, as sleep finds us unable to move.

§ § §

Morning greets us as three more females jump on the bed and attack our fragrant bodies. We cry off the attack and find the shower.

Four females, Eve, Giselle, Joo and Zelle have decided to break protocol and all descend on one warehouse, to do the inventory. They will work there for as long as needed to completely put everything into the system. Following that, we will leave one behind to catch new deliveries. My job is to find the employees to stay behind.

Jana tells me that she needs to get back to the lot and all other than Maria and I are gone by 8AM. Maria is cleaning. I do not have anyone coming to interview until 9AM. It's a funny thing about sex, but the more you get the more you want. I grab Maria, pull her down, lift up her skirt, pull off her panties and plunge in. Sure Maria is not as tight as the others, but she is more than willing. I don't want to cum, as much as I just want to feel her cunt on my rod. I play with her clit and feel her cum as her cunt does gymnastics on me. That is what I am really after. I am having a good time, feeling my women cum. I am getting psyched for the interview.

The girl arrives a little after 9AM and immediately apologizes. She is a short, lovely girl. Her hair, which reaches her shoulders, is as straight and black as God gave it to her. Her legs are a marvel. Her features diminutive, and innocent in appearance. There is not a blemish on her skin. She is in an attractive dress and heels. Without the heels she is 148cm. In them she reaches 155cm.

According to her résumé she has just handed me, she weighs 39k. Everything about her is dainty, even her feet, which probably fit a size five and no larger. She keeps eye contact. *What do you know about the position for which you are interviewing?*

I know it is for inventory control of a large store, and that this is a new computer type project. I hear that everyone, who is hired, lives here. Rumor is that you sleep with all the girls.

Do you believe that?

Maybe. They do all live here. Correct?

If this is what you believe, that it may be true, why are you applying?

I not understand.

If you think I will take your body, if you get the job, why do you want the job?

Because I want the job.

And it is OK if I make love to you?

Yes, sure. It is OK.

Are you a virgin?

Yes. Is it a problem?

No. Are you going to be able to do what is asked?

Yes.

Shall we test that?

Yes. I do what you want.

Even if the test has nothing to do with the job.

Yes.

OK, take off all your clothing, except your heels and stand in the middle of the room.

We are standing in the sala, Maria can see us from the kitchen. The girl is fully aware of Maria's presence. I don't think the girl will do it. I suspect her talk is all bravado. I do believe she wants the job, but probably does not really believe the other rumors. But, amazingly, I am watching this incredibly beautiful young woman, strip naked. She, perfect in every way, stands just four feet from me.

Maria comes closer as if to inspect the girl. She walks around this young applicant. *Maria, please say hello to Jiecel. Jiecel, this is Maria.* Awkwardly they do say hello. *Maria, I am going to take Jiecel into my bedroom. She tells me that she is a virgin. So I will take that from her. If I do not come out of the bedroom in an half an hour, you will take your clothing off, join us and suck my cum from her cunt.*

Yes, sir.

That gets Jiecel's attention! I take the girl by the hand and walk her into the bedroom. I take off my shirt, and kick off my house sandals. I am now in slacks and boxers and I am tenting therein. *Take my clothing off me.* Little Jiecel opens and drops my slacks to my ankles. She next attempts to remove the boxers but my rod requires her to hold it flat against my body to remove them.

Guiding her to the bed, I put her ass on the edge, her shoulders flat on the

mattress. Her legs are in the air, toes pointing to heaven, her legs are flat against my standing torso as I stand at the edge of the bed. I take the KY which is still sitting on the nightstand, put it all over Jiecel's cunt and my rod. I plunge in, shredding her hymen. Jiecel cries out. I stay stock still deep inside the girl and wait for her to settle down.

After a bit, I start to move in and out slowly and gently. I see the blood. Jiecel is now getting into the rhythm. She begins to smile. I speed up, she moans. I play with her tits, she gasps. I am now ramming her hard and squeezing her nipples. She cumms and in doing so almost knocks me off my feet. I am sure as hell no longer inside her.

I get up on the bed, pulling Jiecel up further with me and just hold her for a bit before I enter her again from behind. I work her long and slow. I love the feel of this diminutive body under me. She is tiny. Her cunt enclosed tight around my rod as we continue this dance of sexual need. Her cunt starts to spasm again. An orgasm hits her and then another. All she is saying is, *Yes, yes, oh, yes*. Finally I feel the pressure build and I begin slamming into her. Hard, again and again, until, I cum convincingly inside the girl. We are kissing, fondling each other and just enjoying the closeness when Maria comes in for her part in the activities.

Maria pulls Jiecel back to the edge of the bed. She is squatting as she starts to eat out the girl's pussy. Jiecel has no frame of reference. All she knows is that she is being stimulated in a way that has no connection to anything she has ever heard of, and she is cumming again, very fast and hard.

I kiss Jiecel and tell her that when Maria is done with her, she should eat Maria out as a thank you. I then leave the room, to shower.

13

There is one more interview this afternoon. I am actually hoping I will be able to send this girl away. I am in no shape for a second round. I text Eve and tell her we have one more for her. Eve asks if she can pick the girl up from the house and get her involved right away. However I have to advise Eve that Jiecel is still with Maria and may not be ready for another hour. Eve is OK with that. She tells me that Zelle has taken off to see our lot. They will all regroup after a lunch at Nadie's Chicken House.

I have a light lunch with Maria and Jiecel, who for all she has been through this morning, seems incredibly chipper. The girl is excited and more than a little surprised to be starting work right away. Maria seems a bit protective of the girl. I will ask Maria about that once Jiecel has left for the afternoon.

My next appointment is set for 2:30. I rarely pray for people to miss an appointment. But today is that rarity.

Jiecel is gone with Eve at a little after 1:45PM and I am sitting with Maria on a couch in the sala. *You seem to like Jiecel very much. Why is that?*

Gordon, you make me have sex with all these girls. At first I not like it. Truly. I think this must be very wrong. But the girls, they like it when we do it. It makes me feel good, even though I am thinking it is wrong. When I do Jiecel, she grabs me and asks me to love her gentle and be her special friend. I think I feel something for her then I not feel before. I not want to tell you this. But now I think I must. I think I feel love for her because it feel the same as how I feel for you. I am confused. I think that yes I love you. I do these things for you for other reasons first. Then I feel love. Now I feel love for Jiecel too. Is it possible?

Yes, it is possible. But Jiecel may not be here at the house with us in the future. She may not be a long term lover for you. The possibility that our maid thinks she loves me is a wrinkle I had not anticipated, but it is not a problem, other than the next things she says, gives me some concern.

Gordon, you want to give me another child too?

What do you mean, 'another'?

Oh, I have one. She lives with my mother in Malaybalay.

Why doesn't she live with you?

How I do that? I sleep on your couch!

Ah, I see. So when you have a regular place to stay, you will bring her?

If you allow it! I not think this will happen.

Why?

Maids, sir, not allowed to have family with them.

Well, when we move to the lot, you have my permission.

And with that I get a big kiss of the type that has nothing to do with sex and a lot to do with love and appreciation.

What's her name?

Sha.⁴²

Yes her.

Sha!

Maria, damnit what's her name? Stop playing games.

Gordon her name is Sha!⁴³

OK what grade is Sha in?

Eighth grade.

When was the last time you saw her?

Last year. At Christmas.

Oh, Maria. Do you have a photo of her?

Yes, in my bag. I will get it.

She shows me a photo of Sha, when her daughter must have been ten or eleven. She has nothing more recent. Damn, I know this happens all the time here, but that does not mean I have to like it.

§ § §

My 2:30 appointment arrives at 3PM. That's pretty normal. I don't pay much attention to it. The girl's name is Alona. She is as tall and sturdy as Jiecel is

42 A pronunciation confusion 'siya' is pronounced as 'sha' but means 'he' or 'she'.

43 Oh, wouldn't Abbot and Costello be laughing now! BTW, Sha is a nickname for Sharon but pronounced as 'shah.'

diminutive. She must be 164cm. And it's not that she isn't good looking. That she is. But her short mid-thigh hemmed dress, would go over Jiecel's knees. Her hair has been colored and is brown. Her figure is a bit more womanly, than is Jiecel's. Weirdly, while Jiecel had good eye contact with me this morning, Alona does not. Her choice of clothing conveys no particular message. She is neither sexy nor cloistered. I can read nothing in her demeanor. We exchange pleasantries and I invite her to sit in the sala for an interview.

Please tell me something you think is interesting about you and might give me an idea why you would be a good person for me to hire.

Sir? I know nothing about the position.

What have you been told?

Sir?

Well, Alona, you are here. You clearly understand that there is to be an interview. Correct?

Yes, sir.

Do you know the purpose of the interview?

For a position, sir?

Yes, and what have you been told about the position?

Nothing, sir.

Nothing? Truly? And you come anyway? Why?

I am told that if I am smart, and speak a number of our dialects,... and, well, I will be qualified.

There is something else. What is it?

Nothing, sir.

Alona, I can tell there is something else. What have you not said?

They say I need to give you my body. If I don't, you will not hire me.

Since you don't want that, why did you come?

Sir! I not say I will not! Is it true?

If it is true, why do you want the job so much that it will be OK to a have the

sex?

Sir you are a pog⁴⁴ foreigner. I not know what wrong with your wife. Maybe I the one to capture your heart!

Ah, I see. Alona, there is no problem with my wife. I love her and she loves me. We are very happy. There is no chance you will take me away from her. There are special things about working for me that are very unusual, but what you think, is not possible.

Oh! I not know what to say now. I am very sorry for what I say!

It is OK, Alona. Thank you for coming and taking the time to interview. And I get up, assuming the interview is over.

Sir, I am willing to do what you ask of me. May we please continue? I sit down.

You want this position, no matter what it is and no matter what you have to do. Is that what I am understanding?

Her head is hanging down a bit. It's like I sucker punched her. Yes, sir. They tell me the pay is good and the position may be good for years. Is that true?

The work will most likely continue for years, but the job title will change on occasion. The pay starts at twenty thousand pesos per month. I know you will think that is very good. But the type of work you will be doing and the level of intelligence and honesty needed in the position justifies the pay. Still this work is not for everyone. Tell me, do you have a boyfriend?

Sir?

Do you Alona?

Yes, but if you tell me to quit him, I do it.

Are you religious?

Sir, is it required that I attend your church?

No, and please just answer the question.

Sir, I am not religious.

Have you every kissed a girl?

44 Handsome. [pronounced: poh-GEE]

Sir!

Answer the question, Alona.

Sir, what you mean?

I call out to Maria. Maria appears and I beckon her to join me.

Alona, kiss Maria in a way that you melt her heart and try to make her your life long lover.

Sir? You truly want me to do this? You not kidding?

Maria, am I kidding this girl?

No Gordon, you are not kidding. Friend, my advice to you is to always believe what Gordon says and to do what Gordon asks. He tells you to make my heart melt. I think you better try real hard.

Madam. Are you a Lesbian?

No, friend I am not. I am Gordon's maid and one of his mistresses. I do what Gordon says. Now you going to talk more or do what he tells you to do?

I can't! I can't do this.

Gordon, you are done with this one? Tama⁴⁵?

Yes, show her out. And I get up to leave.

Sir, wait! I walk out of the room. I hear a, Please! It is no good. She just isn't a good fit for us. I sit down and am reviewing some bills. Maria comes in.

Gordon, she won't leave! She say she will do what you say.

Did she do it?

Oh, I tell her to wait for you.

Take her, Maria. If she convinces you that she will do what you ask her to do, I will consider her. But Maria, do not make it easy on her. Make her suck your clit, suck your tits, lick your ass. Make her work for redemption. Do you understand?

Yes, I understand. You think she is wrong for us. Better to find out now.

45 Correct?

Exactly. But before you go, Maria, I could use a kiss from you too. That gets a smile and a tongue in my mouth checking my molars.

§ § §

At 5:30PM the five amigas return to a house where Maria has yet to be seen since I sent her off two hours earlier. I get a questioning look from Jana, the others are just standing around, waiting. And so, to all assembled I explain the current state of affairs. There is a fair amount of guffaws and *hala*'s. Jana, quiets the group and makes an executive decision. She tells all except Zelle to prepare some supper and get it ready. She has decided that Zelle and she will 'drop in' on Maria and Alona.

§ § §

I have no idea exactly what has happened with Alona, et al., but the dinner table has a new member, though I have yet to approve the addition. I make this point to all assembled. Zelle, acknowledging this, notes that if she, Zelle was not mine, she might have given the girl a job based on sympathy, but Jana has corrected her incorrect thinking. I nod, understanding what has just transpired. My wife has steered the decision to exactly where is needed to be without insurrection.

Jana then adds, *Gordon, Alona will be with you tonight, if that meets with your approval.*

Before I agree, I turn to the female to whom I have given the assignment. *Maria, please report to me on the results of your assignment.*

Thank you for respecting me. Yes, Alona was frightened but learned. By the time the others joined us, she was OK. She has lied though.

Alona is terrified. Jana's head whips around to look at Maria. Zelle drops her spoon on her plate and stares at Alona. Giselle, Joo and Jiecel just sit frozen.

Tell me.

Well I am not a Lesbian, but I think, she might be.

Will she take my penis?

Yes, I think so, but I don't think she wants it.

Well, I have not half finished my meal. The others haven't either. I get up and ask Maria and Jana to come with me out onto the terrace. Once out there, I look at Maria and say, *Explain.*

I not have the words, Gordon. It OK if I tell Ma'am and she tell you?

Yes, OK.

For the next few minutes my presence is completely unneeded. There is a series of back and forth's. I speak some Visayan, but some of the words that are flying between the two of them I have never heard before. Finally the conversation completes and Jana is ready to tell me what's up. What it boils down to is that Alona was not having a problem loving a woman. Just the opposite. The problem for her is that she is afraid that she will be known to really prefer women over men. She is convinced that her family and friends will reject her. Having a foreign man was going to be her shield from any rumors. She has never had a boyfriend. She lied to me when she said she had one. Maria thinks that from what Alona says to her, that this fear is not new today. It is a fear she has had for a long time. *Gordon, take her tonight. If she does OK, then we keep her. If she does not do well with you, will you work with Zelle to get her another job?*

OK. If it is needed, I will try that.

We return to the table. I sit down and before returning to my meal, I tell the rest at the table, *Alona is afraid she might like women more than men. But she does not really know. She has never been with a man. If we find out that being with a man really does not work for her, the following things will happen. No one, and I mean that, no one will ever mention Alona's sexual interests to anyone else, ever. You are all to protect her from any rumors, for all time! If she is unable to be successfully with a man, Zelle will find other employment for her. Are we clear on this? Alona, tonight you will be with me. I will not force you to do anything you are not willing to do. You already know that no matter what happens, you will have employment. Are you OK with this?*

Yes! Yes, sir. Why you so nice to me?

It's a defect in my personality. Now let's eat!

After dinner, I return to the bills and other paperwork that has piled up. I am tapped on my shoulder, and find Joo standing there. *Gordon, you make a mistake tonight.*

I look at her. Joo has a serious expression. She is not kidding. *What was my mistake?*

You must tell everyone at the table to not have word spread that you are a nice guy.

You are teasing me now?

No! I am serious. People will take advantage of you. They must fear you. I hear that you send those first three girls away and everyone knows to fear you. But this, Gordon, no one must know!

Joo is right. Maybe it is a defect in my personality to help Alona, but it is one that must be hidden from view. I get up and look for Jana and Eve. I need their help with this now.

§ § §

I won't go into detail with what happens with Alona. All I want to say is that, yeh, she can't handle a penis. It freaks the poor dear out and watching her vomit, is not high on my list for an encore. I get up, and find Maria, who puts the girl on the couch for the rest of the night.

§ § §

Early the next morning I speak with Zelle about what happens next. She tells me that she has two plans, but that I just need to allow her to work it out. She will not be with my girls today. She needs to return to the office. Alona should hang out here until Zelle calls for her. Other than wanting Alona to let others know that she did not get offered a position here, I agree to her requests and get on with my activities. Zelle has the responsibility to update all others on her plans.

My plans today include two more girls. Both will be eighteen. I am robbing the cradle! It will have been twenty-four hours since I last deposited some cum, before the first candidate might get the next deposit from me. The last time was with Jiecel yesterday morning. It's hard to believe but I am horny.

§ § §

Taciana could be Eve's little sister. They look so alike. I am afraid I am staring. *Good morning. Let me start by asking you to please share one thing about you that you think is special and that will make you a good selection for a position here.*

I get a giggle. She controls it, visibly gets herself settled down, smooths her dress on her lap, looks up at me and speaks in a small but clear voice. *Sir, I am going to do anything you want, whenever and wherever you want. I don't care what it is. I will do it. You are an important and powerful man. I know you are married. I know you have your wife. I know you take Eve. I know they say you take Madam Zelle. That make you very special. I will never be like them, but I*

want to be close to them. I do not know what we will be doing at work, but I am smart and I can do whatever it is. I am the best girl you can hire.

Well that is quite a speech. Now I will try to embarrass you. Are you a virgin?

Yes. Do you want to check? Damn she is cheeky.

Have you ever sucked a cock?

No, but I want you to teach me to suck yours.

Do you? And you are sure that I will allow you near my cock?

No, I am not sure, but I want to do it.

Have you ever had sex with a girl?

No, not yet. Who do I do that with?

You are quick with your words. Let's see if you can walk the walk, now that you have talked the talk. ... Maria!

Yes Gordon?

Taciana here says she is ready to eat your pussy right here in front of me and she says she's going to make you cum.

Is that so? Well little one, do you want me standing or sitting?

Sitting Ate.

OK bata⁴⁶, I am all yours. And Maria sits on the edge of an office chair. Taciana kneels in front of Maria, removes the panties, spreads Maria's legs and dives in nose first. In an instant, Maria is looking at me with a stunned expression. Her mouth wants to talk, but no words are formed. She squeezes her eyes shut and her head rolls back. I sit and watch Taciana work Maria's pussy without stop until Maria trips a circuit breaker and loses it.

OK you can stop Taciana.

*I hear a muffled, *Not yet, please*. And then I see Maria blow the master breaker, falling off the chair. *OK I'm done now*.*

I get up, pull Taciana up, and push her face-down over a tabletop. I pull her panties off and over one of her high heels. I spread her legs and move a finger

over her exposed cunt. She is damp. Maria is still on the floor, but she has dropped my slacks and is pulling my rod out from my boxers. I center my tool on Taciana's allegedly virgin cunt and push in. I don't get far when I get a yelp. It is a clear sign that I may have plowed through her hymen. I wait a bit and then push in further. There is no complaint, but little other noise. I start fucking the girl in earnest. She is talking now. *Yes, more, good, ah yes. See, I am a good girl. Fuck me good. Fuck me.*

Maria is flicking the girl's clit while I pound the cunt. I pull out, pull Maria up, tell her to get a dildo and meet us in the bedroom. As I pull Taciana behind me. Her panties fall off the remaining high heel and lies on the floor on the way to the bedroom.

The three of us are in the bedroom. I am now naked, but Taciana is not. I remove her dress and bra and toss them on the floor. Maria is there with a KY coated dildo. I whisper to Maria to insert it in the girl's ass. Taciana is a bit surprised but does not complain. I put the girl on her back. Maria maintains a grip on the dildo as I insert my rod in the higher and currently unoccupied hole. Maria strokes in concert with my strokes and we send little Taciana into orbit in short order. But I am not done. I need to cum. Do I care much about the girl I am in? In truth, no. She will be a good addition, but no, she is just a girl who was a virgin until a bit ago who will now get my cum. Yes she is pretty. They are all pretty. No, I need a team that is mine. I am collecting them to be mine, but I am not theirs. That thought is foremost in my head as my cum fills the girl who is just a rumpled quivering mass of a body when Maria and I are done with her.

I lift Maria up, kiss her and tell her to take care of cleaning the girl up, before putting her to bed for a few hours. Whether she will be in any shape to work later today is open to question. I do text Eve that we have selected another one.

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There are six girls now. Eve, Giselle, Joo, Zelle, Jiecel and Taciana. The way they are working, I really don't need to add many more, before they train Bayan Na staff. The concept of having my staff fully in each location is probably not needed. Sometimes plans need to be changed as you go forward. Now that Zelle is mine, my relationship with Bayan Na is different. I think I can stop now, but there is another girl coming this afternoon. I will see her but don't really need to add her.

I get a text from Jana. *Did Zelle tell you she was sending people here?*

I have not a clue what Jana is talking about, as I respond with a highly articulate, *What?*

There are eighty workmen here. There are at least seven big trucks I can see right now.

What?

Workmen, boxes and boxes of tile, truckloads of [Wallright](#) cement. Trucks with metal studs and wallboard. A man tells me, they have orders to finish building our house right away! He says, Zelle sends them.

I am on my way.

No need, Gordon. There is nothing you can do. I know what needs to go where. You will just make them scared.

OK.

I think we will be done in maybe two weeks instead of the three months that we were planning it will take. We can also get the apartments done fast!

I am just sitting at my desk, playing on the web when another text comes to my cell phone. *Please send Alona to me at the store. Tell her to use Jana's makeup to fix herself up nicely.*

I respond simply, *OK.*

Alona has been watching TV and looking a little scared. Now that I give her instructions, she gets up, turns to me and, considering the vomit that came out of her mouth as she looked at me last night, says something that surprises me. *No one has ever been kinder to me, than you have been. I owe you a lot.*

Alona, I do not know what is going to happen. So your thanks may be premature. But then she kisses me on my cheek before running off to follow the directions. Thirty minutes later, she is gone and once again I am alone in the house save for Taciana, who is sleeping a back bedroom, and Maria who comes to me, unbidden. She takes me by the hand and pulls me back into my bedroom, which she has put back into pristine condition. She removes all of my clothing and bids me to lie down. Maria disrobes before lying next to me. She says nothing as she kisses me and with a small warm hand strokes my flaccid tool. Maria, it's too soon. I...

Shhh. Gordon, I know this. I know. Just please, I want to be with you.

OK.

Not much is happening and everything is happening at the same time. I am not getting hard. That is not what is in Maria's playbook. What is in her mind is the simple reality that we, the two of us, are becoming bonded. Bonded by the shared experiences, by the courtesies we extend to each other, by the trust she has in me and that I have learned to place in her. This time in a simple, quiet, undramatic way, is an acknowledgment of that fact and a forceful argument for the meaning of it. Maria knows and I know, that we will never be apart. This coupling is now forever. Just as Jana will always be my wife, Maria will always be my mistress.

Ah Gordon, I think you are getting hard! Be careful! Not now. You have another girl coming this afternoon. We must both be ready for her. I have the dildo ready!

We get up, dress and are having a light lunch when we see Taciana appear from the back bedroom. *Sir? What I do now?*

Taciana, it's your choice. You can get your things, and return tonight before 8PM, or by 7AM in the morning, or you can meet the others this afternoon.

I will return tonight! May I go now?

Yes, of course. Dinner will be at 6PM if you want it.

Sige⁴⁷. See you later. And out the door she goes.

I am supposed to meet with Renelyn at 2PM. She is a nineteen year old with all the required languages. A 2x2 inch photo of her, clipped to her application,

⁴⁷ OK.

shows a pretty face. The height and weight listed on the form look fine. Once again, according to the application, she is single and has no children. None of this information would be legal to gather in the USA, but this is the Philippines and I can ask all sorts of things. But I am so over this. There are many pretty girls here. I have now all I ever want to have around me.

I sit down at the computer and check email. It is both a distraction and something I have been avoiding for some reason. There are a three emails from Cynthia. The last one simply wants to know if I am avoiding her. I send back a quick, *No! Just real busy.*

I have an email from Jack, asking me if I am sorry I went over to the dark side to work with Cynthia. That can be ignored. No response is needed. There is an email from Jonathan that is a little weird and a little pathetic. I will show it to Zelle tonight and ask her how she wants me to handle it. A few other personal emails need attention, and I am wading through them when my Skype chimes. It's Cynthia.

Hey you're up late.

Hey yourself. What's going on? I got a weird message from Eve.

Oh no. More TMI?

Well maybe but not about sex. About Bayan Na. Something about it's yours now.

That is beyond an exaggeration. The actual owner of Bayan Na has joined us here.

Jonathan? Really?

No, Cynthia. He is married to the owner.

Who is the real owner?

Zelle.

Is Jonathan's signature on the contract we have, any good?

He has the right to obligate the company, so yes, you are covered.

OK, if she is married, what does it mean that she has 'joined' you, Gordon?

Ah, well, yeh, this is a little weird and complicated. It seems that even though she and Jonathan are married, the marriage was never consummated.

What!?

Yeh, weird but true.

Why? Is he missing a piece of equipment?

No, he's just missing the desire. Zelle is convinced, he's gay, but closeted so deep that he can't deal with it at all. So no sex at all. He might as well be a monk.

OK, so horny wife jumps into your bed. What happens to the marriage?

I don't know. I suspect some of that is being dealt with today. But as I am married, even if their marriage ends, I am not marrying Zelle and so I will never be an owner of Bayan Na, and the fact that she is in my bed now, means nothing for the future.

Not according to Eve! According to your associate, Zelle is there for the long term.

We will see. Yes, that is what we tell each other, but people say all sorts of things. She is young, beautiful and has a husband who is missing in action. What she ends up doing is beyond me. I do not need her to do what I have in mind. Although it does make my exit play from Bayan Na and launching the consulting business easier.

And the rest? All those girls... are they as less likely to stay with you?

Huh, as weird as it seems, I think most of them will be with me for some time. So, to change the subject, where are we with the order entry?

Didn't Eve tell you? We are ready to roll it out. It didn't require many tweaks, at least we don't think it does.

OK, sounds good. Once we have that solid, we can move on to the next module.

Yes, I want to be there when we kick off the sales end stuff. I want to see how you train on that.

Don't book anything yet. I am not close to ready, to move forward with it.

Oh, hurry up!

Nope. I'm not ready Cynthia. This project is going to roll out carefully. All current inventory has to be in the system. All new orders have to be in the system too. Everything going out of the door has to have been in the system and then removed. I will then work on integrating the shipping and delivery modules. Only after I have control of what is happening to the product, will I

add the sales component. That's when you can come, and you can stay for a while because after that we will tie in the customer database we generate from the sales activities to the outside sales reps and the customer discount database.

You are a mean man! It will take months before I can get there but I like the fact that you will keep me around for a bit!

Good. I just hope I am doing this right. Look I have to go. Catch you later.

OK, bye.

It is a few minutes after 2PM when the Skype session closes. Renelyn should be here any minute. Maria is busy, but staying close by. I return to a few more emails. These are not urgent, but a reply is needed in many of the cases.

I get a text from Zelle. Great news about Jonathan and Alona. Things are good. Hope Jana likes the help I sent her. Are you done with the interviews today?

I respond. Am waiting for the afternoon girl. She is late. The morning one is good and hired. After this, no matter what, I am done.

Really? OK, good. Is it OK if I come back now?

Sure. I may be busy, but you don't need permission to be here.

Good! Soon.

It is close to 3PM. Renelyn has not arrived. Zelle drives up in a fairly new brown colored [Mitsubishi Pajero](#). The temp tags indicate that it has probably been less than a year since it was purchased. She has changed her clothing since this morning and is struggling with a couple of large suitcases. Maria sees her and before I can react, she is out the door, grabbing a bag.

As Zelle enters the house, she lets the case she has been pulling sit, and walks up to me, kisses me and says, *Honey, I'm home!*

Why do I feel that there is a story behind that comment?

Because you are smart. We have time?

Renelyn is a no-show. Yes we have time.

Well... When I think about me and Jonathan, I think, OK, he's a good buyer. He is good for the company. I am married and will stay married, but there is no reason to live with him. I also think about Alona. She wants the world to think she likes men, but does not want a man. Gordon, do you see it?

See what?

They are perfect for each other!

Explain.

She can be his employee and travel with him for business. The world will think she is his public mistress. She is pretty and young. When they are away from home, they can find what love they can. Here in town, they protect each other's secret. I move in with you. Everyone thinks we have separated in a friendly way. We are nice to each other at the office. There will be some tsismis⁴⁸ but because there are no arguments, the tsismis will die down. I explain this to Alona before I talk to Jonathan and she likes the idea. Living in my home with my husband and not needing to have sex with him, is a very good deal for her. Plus she becomes an assistant buyer right away. She tells me, if Jonathan is what I say, she will do it. ... I text Jonathan to meet me at home. When he gets there, I have the first honest talk with him I think we have ever had. He is angry with me at first. But I talk about our fake life. He cries about the sex thing. I tell him I understand and think I have a solution. I tell him about Alona and her secret. I tell him that he can find loves away from home and maybe she can too. Gordon! I find out that he has a lover in Malaysia! He says he wants to meet Alona. He does not know, but she is at the house with me. I go and get her. I leave them to talk. I go to the bedroom and bag some of my things. When I am done, they are sitting, talking and laughing. Alona jumps up and hugs me. She say she is the happiest girl in the Philippines today. I look at Jonathan, and ask, 'You agree?' He say yes. We will stay married. He will live with Alona. I will live with you. Gordon, we need to finish the new house! This house is not good!

That is a lot to absorb. So our very young Alona, jumps to the front of the line as an assistant buyer for Bayan Na and becomes the mistress of the husband of the owner. The second part works just fine. The first begs the question, does Alona have any taste whatsoever? How good a buyer will she be? I also now know why we have an army of workmen at our lot. In one day Zelle has made some very savvy business decisions. I am cautioned to not underestimate her ability to work through obstacles. I am also now aware that Zelle does not see her time here as short term. I know Zelle had said as much before, but words are not always followed by deeds. I had called Zelle, our cunt. I saw no reason why we need her. Even though it does make the transition away from Bayan Na later a little easier, we really still don't need her. She, however, needs us.

I am not sure where she is going to put all the things she brought. She is right,

48 Gossip.

for her, this place does not work.

The suitcases are no longer in the room. Maria has put them somewhere else. The two of us are talking about the odd things that happen with marriages, as Maria brings us each a tall glass of buko juice⁴⁹. I am relaxed. Maria and Zelle are good companions. I feel good. The nagging issue of Jonathan seems to be resolved and the world will see Jonathan as having stolen one of my young girls from me in retaliation for my taking Zelle. Balance! I like balance.

It is close to 4PM when a tricycle stops outside. I am not expecting anyone. Well that's not right. I was hoping that Renelyn was a no show and it appears that she is a full two hours late. This is not a good time for an interview. She had not texted and I am less than pleased. I quietly cuss. Zelle is in agreement. Her comment is, *Bad start*. It is indeed.

I look out the window. If this girl is nineteen, I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury. I know I am not a good guesser of age, but there is no way! No, if she is fifteen I will be surprised. The tricycle is driving away and the girl is ringing the bell. I tell Maria to give her twenty pesos and send her away. She is too young to even speak with.

There is an animated conversation at the gate. Maria is pretty adamant. The girl is pleading her case. Maria is not giving in but neither is the girl. I do not have any interest in meeting this child. Zelle gets up and walks out to assist Maria.

Finally the girl, twenty pesos in hand walks off. When I am rejoined by my two, I am told the girl claimed to be nineteen and even produced what was probably fake ID showing that to be her age. It was only when after claiming to have attended MSU, and Zelle then said, *OK, get into the Pajero and we will find your teachers*, that she admitted that it was all a lie.

Maria goes to get dinner made and Zelle, pulls out a laptop she has brought and indicates she needs to get to work on a few things. I do the same and the time passes pleasantly for a bit until Jana walks in at a few minutes before 5PM. If she isn't wild-eyed, she is damned close to it. *Gordon! Has your wealthy mistress told you what she has done!?*

That all depends on what 'thing' you are referencing.

Our new house!

Then, no. What has this woman, who is standing just three feet from you, done?

49 Coconut water. The clear liquid inside young green coconuts.

Has the architect been here yet?

What architect?

Oh! You wait and see!

No, Jana. Why don't you and Zelle tell me?

You know we have an army of workers there today, I tell you that.

Yes and I believe Zelle made reference to that in a later conversation.

Did she tell you that there are people there, even right now, digging a new foundation for an expansion of the house we have yet to even complete?

No. That I have not heard. What type of expansion?

The workers do not know. All they have are plans for the columns. They say the architect has the plans.

When did this start? You didn't mention it this morning.

They started digging at 3PM. They bring lights and are still digging. There are others with rebar building the steel for the new columns. They say they not use coco-lumber for the forms. They use steel forms. They say this goes up very fast. So you did not approve this?

No, I didn't. I am too surprised by the development to really have a valid reaction. I look at Zelle and simply say, I think you need to explain what is going on.

It was, oh no, I am sorry, it was not supposed to happen! Yes I talk to the architect I use on projects. I tell him I have an urgent need to propose an alteration in an existing construction as the needs of the place has recently changed. I tell him that his plan will need to be one that can be easy to carry out and fast to complete. I tell him where and what I think is needed. I do not tell him to start. I only ask for the plan. Gordon! I am so sorry. This is not meant to be.

Jana, you were out there. Is there anything that cannot be undone yet?

They are just digging right now. I think it can be undone.

Zelle, I am not saying no to you, but you need to stop them for now and we need to see what you and this architect have in mind. And I also need to understand how much it will cost.

Zelle gets on her phone without comment to me and a few minutes later announces, *All work is being stopped but not reversed, right now. The architect is coming right now and he will apologize to both of you. I tell him to bring what plans he has. Gordon, you say you need to know how much it will cost you. That I can tell you now. Nothing. It will cost nothing. I give my house to Jonathan and Alona. I live with you and Jana now. We need to be comfortable. You have four bedrooms in the new house plus some small apartments on the property. Maybe an apartment like that is OK for a normal maid. Is Maria a normal maid?*

No.

And there are seven of us. Eve, Giselle, Joo, Jiecel and me, plus Jana and Maria. Where are you going to put everyone? Yes you and Jana have the master bedroom, but seven of us in three other bedrooms? Really? You really think you are going to tell any of us to live in those maids' apartments? Ha! And you only have three bathrooms with showers for nine people? Maybe it will work, but I do not think so. So I think we need more bedrooms and bathrooms.

Zelle, first, there are now eight, Taciana joins us tonight or tomorrow morning. Why do you think they are all staying here?

What?

Why do you think that all the girls stay here?

Because they are yours!

Yes, they are mine but we are building a very large company and they will be posted in other cities, cities where you don't even have operations yet. You have made assumptions based on how your company works now and an assumption that I want a large harem. Both assumptions are wrong.

Zelle's eyes are the ones that are wild now. Jana is smiling. Maria is smiling too. How many of us stay with you? Do I stay, Gordon?

Yes Zelle, even though I had not planned on your joining us, you stay with Jana and me. Maria stays. And Eve stays. The rest are being readied to take on assignments in other cities. It will take a few months to get them all where they need to be, but the entire reason they are with me, is so we can become a team and learn to trust each other completely. This will always be their home base, but not where they work. I will always care about, and for, them, but no, they are not going to be part of this household in the future.

So four of us stay and four go?

Yes. But Eve will also be traveling a great deal between the sites.

So you don't need to expand the house?

No, I don't, at least not by much. I can see making the apartments nicer, because Maria has a daughter and even though I deeply care for Maria and she has an important place in my heart, a nice apartment for her and her daughter will be a good thing. Do you agree, Maria?

Thank you Gordon. Yes, that will be very nice.

So Maria is in an apartment. She is not a normal maid and her apartment will reflect that status. There are four bedrooms in the house. Where's the problem?

You are right, we don't need another bedroom, but maybe we need more office space. I know you have an office for you in the house. Is it OK, if we add an office for me and one for Eve? Gordon, until the other four go, they really do need a little more room and after they go, we can turn those two rooms into offices.

I think the suggestion has merit and glance over at Jana, eyebrows up, and then to Maria, also eyebrows up.

OK, that makes sense. Let's talk about where these offices are. We could lift the roof off the house, add a third floor and add two more offices up there, plus a half bath. The rebar holding the rafters can be used to extend a few columns. We can add stairs up off the second floor balcony, fairly easily. That preserves the footprint of the house. The original design for the house, we based ours on, had a third floor similar to that. I don't need an architect to do the drawing, just a civil engineer. Jana, you OK with that?

Yes, but I know you. You will want the top office. You and Zelle take the ones on top and give the one on the second floor to Eve.

Maria has moved off to go back to her cooking. I am looking at Jana and Zelle. You two OK with each other?

Jana looks at Zelle and says, *Yes, I'm OK. Zelle, thank you for all the workmen. We will be done very soon because of what you do. You not know what Gordon is thinking. I understand why you do what you do. But, do not do it again. Talk to us first, even before you call someone.*

Yes Ate, you are correct. Thank you. Gordon, thank you for not getting angry with me. I know they should not have been doing anything, but Ate is right. I should talk to both of you first. I did not know your plans. You told me at the

beginning that I should just sit back and that you would make me a very wealthy woman. I didn't sit back and look at the mistake I make. Gordon, please explain what is going to happen to my company. Maybe I do not need to know, but I want to know what you are doing to me.

Fair enough. Tomorrow after the rest have gone, I will give you the high altitude view.

As the last of this is transpiring, our four other females saunter in, laughing, and loud. Taciana will join them soon. But straggling in behind them and hiding behind Joo is the young girl I sent away earlier today.

Joo, who is hiding behind you.

*Sir, please, let me explain! Everyone is now quiet. Maria appears from the dirty kitchen and shouts, *Hala!**

Hala indeed! Joo! Explain to me why you have brought this child into my home when I had her sent away less than two hours ago. If I do not like your explanation you will be leaving with her.

Joo stops dead in her tracks. OK, I go, just let me get my things sir.

Stop! Zelle stands in front of Joo. Gordon did not tell you to leave. He told you to explain to him why you did what you did. I want to believe you have a good reason and that you will tell Gordon what that reason is. If it is a bad reason, tell it anyway. Maybe it will still be OK.

I do not have a good reason, Renelyn is my friend and I want her here. I tell her to apply. I tell her to lie on her application because she is too young. She meet me outside and tell me that she never meet Sir Gordon. That women send her away. I bring her to see Sir and to ask if she can work with us.

How old is she Joo?

Sixteen.

Really? You not mean sixteen next birthday?

Yes that is what I mean. But Ma'am, the work we are doing, she can do!

Joo, you are being trained for something far greater, with far greater responsibility. Renelyn is not right for any of that. And Joo, you know what happens in this house. You and I, we choose to do this with Gordon and the other girls. You think it is right for Renelyn to do these things?

*Ma'am you do not know about Renelyn's life. Her mother and her father they patay⁵⁰. This is because of **BIFF** fighters who come into their village. She hide so they not kill her. She is smart and I love her. She will do anything for Sir Gordon and be happy to do it. Maybe her body is young, but her eyes and heart are not young. She needs to be in the arms of a man who will be good to her.*

Maria slaps the table with a pot. *Gordon, the girl stays.*

I look at Jana. Her eyebrows go up.

OK, Joo, your explanation is a good one. You and Renelyn stay. Maria and Joo, since this is both of your decisions, you will accompany young Renelyn to my bedroom tonight. If it turns out that Renelyn is just a little girl, you will have to find another place for her to live. Zelle, if she stays, I need to work with you about where she can be placed in Bayan Na. I do not have a place for her on my team.

Yes you do, Eve injects. Gordon I will tell you later, OK?

OK.

Just as dinner is served, Taciana is here, getting introduced to all. It is a noisy group.

After dinner Eve pulls me aside. *When can we begin order entry? Didn't Cynthia tell you that it is ready?*

Yes, she told me. We can start now, I guess.

Eve asks, *Didn't we talk about moving Zelle into that?*

Yes. OK, let's get the code set up. I don't think she is going to be doing it any more. But I need to speak with her about it.

Yes, of course, but Renelyn can be your local order entry girl. She doesn't need to be in the field. Sir are you really going to have sex with a fifteen year old?

I thought she was sixteen!

Sir, you not hear Zelle ask her if she didn't mean sixteen next birthday?

Yes.

50 Dead.

Well that's what she meant. She is fifteen now.

Then she can't stay here. She has to go.

Why?

Because there is sex in every room here. You know that. There is sex between you girls in the other room. I want that and you know that too. If she is here and is not having sex, it does not work.

Then I guess you need to take her. None of the girls here will understand if you send her away.

At that moment there is a ring of the bell. The architect is here.

Good evening Sir.

Yes, good evening, Sir Gordon. I understand that there is a problem. You have not yet approved my plans?

No Sir, that is incorrect. I reject your plans and tell you that you have damaged my property.

No Sir, I do what Ma'am Zelle say!

Sir, Ma'am Zelle does not own the property. My wife owns it and I paid for it. It is our names on the clear deed and title. You had no permission from me, or my wife.

Sir! This is a mistake.

Yes, the mistake is yours. You will correct the mistake immediately and then vacate our property. If I find any tools or materials missing, I will hold you responsible for the acts of the men you placed on our property.

That is unfair!

No Sir, what is unfair is you interfering with our property without authorization. The architect looks over and sees Zelle. He addresses her, Ma'am, I only do what you tell me.

No, Architect, you didn't. I said to get ready, not to start. Sir Gordon is correct. You had no permission to start. I suggest you go and make sure things are returned to the proper state and make sure your men leave with no more than they brought with them.

But Ma'am, I do not know what the original state of the building site was!

Sir Architect, that is also your problem. I cannot help you with that. The longer you delay here, the worse this becomes. The architect whips out a cell phone and calls someone in a hurry. There is an excited exchange, followed by the Architect running out of the house.

I look at Zelle. I thought you told him to stop earlier.

I did. Evidently he chose to ignore that instruction. Gordon, he is a good architect, but he does have a bad habit of being hardheaded. I have warned him about this before. It seems that my warning didn't work.

I didn't catch what had been said during the phone call he has made. I look at Jana, and she says to me, *It sounds like they knocked down one of our walls.*

Call our foreman. Do not let them touch the building any further. The architect can pay for the damage but I'll be damned if I let his people touch the house any further. If they refuse, call the police and have them arrested. And Jana, tell him I want to know why he let anyone knock down a wall without our permission. I am not happy with him either. Jeezus, I need a drink.

Zelle is in tears. *Gordon I am so sorry!*

You didn't cause this to happen. It is clear that the architect acted outside your instructions.

Jana is now off the phone following her call with the foreman. It appears that there is damage to: the electrical service, floor tiles, ceiling, studs and a complete loss of a section of a double wall between two columns. They also damaged, because of their excavation, sanitary pipes that go to the septic. It's a mess. The foreman says the guys told him it was authorized. That is not an acceptable answer, but there is nothing I can do about it now.

Zelle suggests that we keep the guys who did the damage and have them rebuild the section. I reject that as the construction techniques we are using for the walls and electrical are not the standard Filipino way. My guys are trained on it, these new guys are not. I figure we are set back a few weeks, maybe a month. We can't move in as soon as we had hoped. I will go to the lot tomorrow and survey the extent of the damage. I tell her, *...to recontact the architect and tell him my instructions have changed. He is not allowed to 'repair' the house. He will have to pay for the materials and the labor. Just have him get his people off the site.*

Sir, I do not think he has the money.

Then he had better start borrowing fast. Zelle follows through and gives him my message. It is obvious that he is panicking. I am unimpressed. I can't start on the third floor extension until the repairs are complete.

Eve brings me some brandy on ice. I sit down, Eve starts to give me a back rub. I enjoy it and after about fifteen minutes I am feeling a bit less stressed out.

Zelle, let's go out on the terrace and we can discuss the future of Bayan Na.

Are you sure this is a good time?

No, but you asked earlier and you deserve an answer.

We move outside and as I swirl the brandy over the ice, I relax and find a comfortable place to sit.

Look the problems of a company such as Bayan Na is that your funds are tied up waiting for product to sell, the additional costs of shipping with third parties, loss of product due to pilferage and damage, the loss of sales because of inventory shortages which drives your customers to other companies, the lack of x-dating customer critical dates and needs, the loss of customer contact information and far more.

I continue, *Yes you are making money but you are bleeding money you should be making. You don't have enough floor space, or customer access, to properly utilize best practice inventory. You need more stores. You need more warehouses. You need to own your own trucks and probably some ships to carry cargo from the MICP⁵¹ to your ports of destination. That will allow you to sell your excess shipping capacity to your competitors and others to fill up that capacity and assure you that your products will arrive as soon as they clear customs.*

I have a sip of brandy before I go on. *You gain control as much as possible of your operation, control product, as we will scan product in before we load it on the first thing you control, truck or ship. We will know where everything is through your entire operation at all times, and be able to balance inventory between locations. Eventually we will scan the products all the way to delivery, when we do a truck based customer delivery.*

I can see that Zelle's head is swimming but I add, *You can open up a distribution system for products you don't sell, and make better use of warehouses. That will also make better use of your trucks and keep them on the road making regular deliveries. You will have vertical integration while at the same time, using your system to serve other companies at a fair price. And you will get an idea of what others are selling. That type of information can be invaluable.*

I can afford this?

Yes, you can. By controlling loss, we can roll the savings into expanding your operations. It will start slowly, but build quickly.

I have three showrooms now. How many do you think we will build to?

I have twenty other cities targeted as good possibilities. Maybe two locations per city for the big ones. Or a small showroom in a mall and a large showroom elsewhere. That is what our core of four girls is going to be doing, while we are still growing Bayan Na. They will be rolling out places. You will have to hire many more girls later, but those new ones won't be mine. These four are the ones who will start the build out in different cities and train your staff.

I take another sip of brandy before I explain further, I also have an idea of using Muslims from northern Mindanao for the trucking and shipping. We should have less of a problem with alcohol and with drugs with those crews. It will also give us some cachet with those communities, opening up a showroom in Zamboanga. It's a good port city. If we can show support of the community in our hiring practices, not just in their town, but in the company wider, something that is missing from many operations, I think it will go well, both for sales there, and trucking from there with Muslim drivers. That is one of the reasons why I wanted that language for the girls.

Oh my God.

By creating a fully integrated product delivery system, I can also sell control systems to other companies who use your ships or trucks. They will know where their products are at all times. The in-house systems we are putting in Bayan Na, will be sold to many others and each of them will want to connect to your transportation network.

Gordon, can we really do this?

Yes. And your customers are going to love it when we get it all working. They will be able to access their current purchases, past purchases, warranty information and manuals all on line.

My head is spinning. I think I want to lie down.

Her's is not the only head that is having problems tonight. Between Renelyn, the house and Bayan Na, there is a lot going on.

An hour later I enter the bedroom.

When will you be sixteen Renelyn?

I am sitting on the bed with Maria, Joo and the girl. We all have our clothing on and no one is touching anyone. I am not sanguine. It is wrong to have sex with a child.

Sir?

When did you turn fifteen?

Oh, last month, Sir.

Renelyn, in this house, everyone has sexual contact with everyone else. I have had sex with your friend Joo. Eve, and my wife Jana, have had sex with Joo too. Tonight, Joo will have sex with Maria. If you stay in this room, both of them and I will have sex with you. This is not a house for fifteen year old girls. Now I ask you again to please leave this bedroom, this house, and never come back again. If you stay I will treat you like an adult, have sex with you, without concern for your young age. So will everyone else. Just in case you did not understand me, these two females will tell you in your native tongue what I have just said, while I go get a cup of tea. And then I leave the bedroom, discouraged and unhappy.

Five minutes later, tea cup in my hand, I return to the bedroom. The three are not looking at me, but Maria turns towards me and asks me for a kiss. That is the first sensible thing I have been asked for, for some time.

I lean in to meet Maria's lips. They are soft and sweet and filled with what feels like love to me. Her hand is on the back of my head. Her fingers are in what hair I have. In close to a whisper, Maria asks, *Gordon, she is ready, please take her and make her yours.*

I kiss Maria again and in the same, almost whisper, I say to a woman I have a hard time thinking of as a maid, *Maria, this girl is less than a year older than your daughter. How willing are you, to give your daughter to me? How is this different? Explain it to me. Think of this girl as your daughter and tell me why you think it's OK for me to take her. No, don't do that. Maria tell me why you want me to take your daughter when she comes here. Maybe you can't think of this girl as yours, but your daughter is coming here. So you think of Sha, not Renelyn, and tell me why I should take Sha to bed. Convince me that I should and that you really mean it, and I will take Renelyn. If you don't, I will not take Sha and I will not take Renelyn, but if you do, then I will take both of them. Sha's future is in your hands. I will give you up to another hour to decide. But decide you must.* I lean in and kiss Maria again, gently. *I love you, Maria.*

I turn to Joo, *You are simply too young to understand the consequences of the decision that needs to be made. I know you have acted out of love, kindness and caring. I respect that and am not angry with you, but I do not trust your judgment in this matter. And you Renelyn, if I were you, I might be asking exactly what you have asked me to do. I understand that. But my responsibility is not to do as you ask, but what I think is best for you and all others. I do not*

think it is good for me to have sex with you. Maria has the task of helping me decide. She has my trust and she carries in her heart all the things that need to be considered to make the right decision.

I get up and leave the bedroom once again. I go to the kitchen and put my tea cup in the sink. *Gordon! I thought you would be deep inside that little one by now.*

Oh Jana, how can anyone expect me to want to take a girl this young? It isn't right.

Jake takes them far younger.

Oh please, not Jake. I am not like that guy.

I think you are, Gordon.

He takes girls younger than fifteen?

Yes.

And Abbey, Mitch, Joy and Rose don't report him to the police?

No, sweetheart, they don't. Remember? He took Abbey and Mitch when they were thirteen and fourteen.

I don't get it.

No one is there against their will. This one is not either. She just about knocked our walls down to get in, right?

And that makes it OK?

Yes, I think so.

Oh, Jeezus, my head is hurting. Maria tells me to do it. You tell me to do it. Joo is begging me to do it. This girl is patiently waiting and hoping I will do her. I seem to be the only one with serious qualms about this? And that is SO wrong!

Gordon, rules are made for the average, the everyday, the normal. This is nothing like that. Go break the rules. She walks up to me, kisses me and wishes me good night. She tells me she is going to be with the girls tonight and expects to get her cunt eaten out very good. I am thinking, is this TMI? Oh, well, I did set all this in motion.

I return to the bedroom. All three are naked. Maria is giving Renelyn a class in eating pussy. The cunt in use is Joo's. Maria looks up at me, and with a serious

face tells me that I am going to fall in love with her daughter, Sha, and she, Maria, is happy that it will happen, and now, I need to fuck Renelyn.

I quietly disrobe as the three of them return to their lesson. Once sans clothes I get on the mattress. There is KY on the nightstand. I put some on my rod. Renelyn is kneeling as she eats Joo's cunt. Getting behind Renelyn I run a finger from the very top of the hood on her cunt, splitting her labia major and minor, finding dampness as I go, and back around until I touch and pass the rosebud of her ass. As I go, I hear Renelyn moaning. She wiggles her ass as my finger moves over her. She spreads her legs in an effort to give me more access. I repeat the action again, this time making sure I contact her clit, moving a little deeper into her cunt without piercing her hymen and finally pushing a little bit into her ass, ending before reaching her coccyx.

Renelyn is getting juicier. I am not going to take her virginity with my finger, so I get my rod behind the girl and, using my hand, guide it to where it will, in short order, destroy her hymen. I push in, she cries out. I stop. She breathes hard and softly says, *please go ahead, it OK*. I push in and find no further blockage. I am, God help me, inside the cunt of a fifteen year old.

Renelyn is not a weakling. Her body is strong and her cunt muscles are powerful. I feel like I am being squeezed so tight my rod will become a long string of spaghetti. Strong arms and legs are below me. Renelyn is growling, demanding, *more, faster, harder, more, now, ugh, harder!*

Forgotten is the cunt in front of her face. All that matters to her, is the intrusion in her own cunt. The blood on my rod isn't even a memory to her. At present, she has one mission in life and that is to be completely fucked and nothing less is acceptable. Her brown body is on autopilot. There is nothing coy, no artifice, only raw desire and need. I feel it. I hear it. I see it. I am responding to it. I am hungry for the power I feel beneath me. I slam into her, shaking the bed.

I am oblivious of Joo and Maria. All I know is this female, attached to me in the most intimate and sincere manner. The heat from her body is measured by the meat thermometer I have inserted in her. She is hot and I am so close to cumming. I am holding back only because I do not want the feeling to end. And then there is no choice, as my cum shoots out and into her receptive cunt.

I am still in her. She is moaning. Little quakes continue to rock her body, one of them expels my rod from her cunt. I roll her over and take her in my arms. I go in for a kiss, but she is ahead of me and her lips attach to me, arms pulling me close, legs wrapping around me. She will not let go. For the longest time, she stays there. Joo and Maria, caress her hair, her cheeks, her shoulders, but she

remains firmly on me. Joo's lips touch her temple, her forehead. Slowly Renelyn releases her grip. Renelyn looks at Joo, grabs onto her friend, naked skin to naked skin, breast to breast, nipple to nipple, and simply says, *I am safe now*, before slumping into her friend, exhausted and sated.

I get up, put on a robe, grab Maria, who quickly puts some clothing on and we leave the bedroom. *OK I gather you decided I should take your daughter. That makes no sense to me, so now that the excitement is over, explain it.*

Gordon, you ask me the right question.

How?

I think, what happens if I am gone? What will happen to Sha? What future she have? I think, maybe you will take care of her, but Gordon there is no one else. No one in the world I know who can do for Sha what you can do. So I say to myself, is it better to hope, or is it better she be your lover. Then I have the answer. My Sha is better with you than anything else she can do. Maybe if she not be yours, maybe she find a good man, but maybe not. I think more not. It is hard to find a man who will respect the girl, be good to the girl, respect the girl's culture, take care of her with love.

Maria, you make me sound like I am a good man. You know I am not.

Why you say that?

Look at all these girls here. What good man does this?

No, you a good man. You just not want anyone to know it! Ha! You are good to me. I know this. And now you are good to Renelyn. She right. Now she is safe.

16

The next four months are fairly uneventful. We get the repairs to the house completed to the tune of one hundred and thirty-five thousand peso. The architect does come up with the money. He had to, or I would have pressed charges. The roof is removed from the second floor and we pour another slab and columns for a smaller third floor. We have moved into the house. It's not finished, but we needed to move.

We got started with the apartments on the property three months ago. The first two are ready now. We are almost finished with the last two. They are all considered 'maids' quarters, but they are nice, a little more spacious and better appointed than the normal type. They provide privacy and dignity. Maria and Sha will have one. I am putting Renelyn in one. No, she's not a maid, but I think it will be best if she has a little more of her own space and it puts her closer to Maria. The third, when it is finished, will be for Giselle, Joo, Taciana and Jiecel when they are here but they go in the field and will be back only infrequently.

Maria moved into hers two weeks ago. Renelyn, (with Taciana and Jiecel as temporary roommates,) move today. Sha will join her mother soon.

Luckily the columns I poured for the second were a little excessive to begin with and that saved our bacon when it came to building up another floor. The third floor outer columns far exceed the outer dimensions of the walls on that floor allowing for two meters of roof over the edge of the walls on all sides. We decided to not use any block on the outer walls of the top floor, with the exception of the CR there. It is tinted glass floor to ceiling in both offices. But there is block on the interior walls. The girls were a little flustered, but we hung drapes for them. We take those down when they move out. That happens today for one of the rooms, as Taciana and Jiecel temporarily move into Renelyn's apartment.

I guess I should mention that I have been teaching Eve to drive following 'defensive driving' practices. In the beginning she thought the concept was silly, but I think it is now embedded in her psyche. She is a competent driver and I have purchased a [Hyundai Accent](#) for her.

§ § §

Order entry has been functioning for months now. It is happening from Eve's new office, via a computer set up for Renelyn. She is fine on a PC and Zelle is pleased with the results. However she is putting in full days plus a little, even

though she is good at this. As we add capacity, we are going to need more staff. This becomes a topic of conversation at the dinner table.

Once again, Joo, my purveyor of underage girls, brings up those two girls I rejected before. If Renelyn can do it, why can't the other two?

All the others are agreeing with Joo and two have friends they want to recommend as well. I have agreed to meet the seventeen year old tomorrow.

Cynthia is chomping at the bit to visit, and we are almost ready to deploy the sales side. We have gotten 100% in-house inventory compliance with sales, but are not fully tracking from order entry, as some things we are receiving, were ordered before we set the system in place, I want the entire chain to be complete before we add sales. Cynthia is complaining that I am just dragging my feet. Still, we are not far off.

We have started using the RFID tags on new orders as they arrive. We also set up scanners, for the RFID tags, at all ports of entrance and egress from every warehouse and store.

It has proven to be eye opening to Zelle. Only eight days after the tags first came into use, and the scanner technology was on-line, we caught product walking out the door at 10PM. What the two employees who stole the stuff didn't know, was that their access keys now also had RFID tags embedded in them. We knew not only what was gone but when and who. Better yet, because we had set up an alarm setting for RFID that moves through the scanners outside of approved hours, we knew about it as it happened.

Zelle called the pulis⁵² immediately. We jumped in her Pajero and drove down there too. By the time we got there, the pulis had the two employees in custody and the merchandise secured.

That was the first time. I think some folks must have thought it was a fluke, just bad luck on the part of the thieves, because a few days later three others tried their luck with equally bad results. Then the very next day a gal tried it from another warehouse. She is cooling her heels in jail as well.

Following that, the word quickly got around the company, we are catching thieves and pressing charges when caught. Almost immediately Bayan Na's bottom line is getting better and the number of things listed as damaged and disposed of, drops by 86%.

When those numbers become clear, Zelle, is fit to be tied as she comes to

⁵² Tagalog for "police."

understand how bad the bleed has been. We are now able to quickly open up a new store and a new warehouse as our projected costs, losses and turnover looks a lot more favorable. That also means two new trucks and that means the roll-out of the shipping/transportation module.

We can now dispatch from one warehouse to another or other showrooms and have a way to track it all. The RFID triggers the scanners which captures the cargo and produces a bill of lading with the location of the loading, the destination, the driver, the truck and the time of dispatch. The driver cannot say, 'hey, it wasn't on the truck when I took off.' Receiving can't say, we didn't see it when we unloaded the truck. If the unloading is not a match to the lading, alarms go off immediately. Also, since we know when the truck leaves, and we know when it arrives, and as we are tracking via a guard who records the odometer at departure, our drivers are on a pretty short leash. Once again we have reduced losses of this type to almost non-existence.

Yes, on the rare occasion something does get broken, but when that happens a safety stop/loss technician travels to the site, evaluates the damage and what caused it. People climbing over boxes is now not a smart thing to do! If we find the damage is caused by an employee acting in a way that is outside permitted rules, that employee is let go. It's amazing how enforcing such things has resulted in fixing long standing problems.

Tomorrow we will send off Giselle and Joo with Zelle, and eight of the Bayan Na office staff, to start the process of setting up a new showroom and warehouse in a new city. Zelle will only be gone for a few days, but Joo and Giselle will likely be there for many months. Taciana and Jiecel are working with two other Bayan Na office staff to set up a trucking operation. Since the primary port city is where the new showroom will be located, they are already gone and have been gone for a few days. The trucks we are running are 'straight jobs,' for trucking between warehouses and stores, and flatbeds, for picking up containers at the port. We have actively been recruiting drivers from the Muslim community. We have relief drivers for Friday work and Muslim holidays. We can move product seven days a week without having to worry about religious holidays and Sabbaths.

On the product side I should also mention that it appears Alona is a natural as a buyer.

Jonathan continues to do that job and now is on the road far more than before. We have been feeding Alona requests we get and can't fill based on current products Bayan Na carries. Alona has been finding products in those areas and sales of what she buys are very strong. That is not to take away from Jonathan.

He's a good buyer, but no one can do it all, all the time. What we find now is that customers of Bayan Na are saying that they rarely have to go elsewhere to complete their list of needs. That has a huge impact on the bottom line. We assume we will find different requests as we enter new markets.

I contact Cynthia to see if she has a module that sales staff can use to list things they are unable to sell based on customer requests. There isn't but it is a natural fit, to link, to a purchasing needed module our buyers can access. These requests can be posted in a suspension screen for Zelle to review and then release to the buyers if she approves. We are testing it now. So far so good. However, Cynthia is now having shit fits. She is ready to come.

On the social end, Jonathan's connection with Alona has been accepted. There are no homophobic rumors at all and it seems that they are actually happy with each other. Zelle tells me that the stress she felt before when talking to Jonathan is gone.

Tonight I will spend the night with Joo. Giselle was with me last night. It will be the last time I am with them for a long time.

I think it will be just the two of us, but am surprised to find, when I enter the bedroom, that Renelyn has joined us. Before I can ask, Joo points out that the two of them have always been close and since Renelyn has come into my life, she sleeps most nights in Joo's arms. (This is news to me. I had assumed Renelyn was alone in her apartment and that Jiecel and Taciana were in an apartment with Giselle and Joo. But no, she has been with her friend all this time. Giselle, Jiecel and Taciana have roomed together without Joo.)

While this is a separation from me, it is an even greater separation for these two. I am starting to undress, but the girls jump off the bed and announce that they will do this.

They engage in the slowest progress of undress as is possible. Each button is an event. The zipper on my slacks is loosened tooth by tooth amid giggles. I am teased, hot breath is sent through the fabric of my boxers in onto my rigid penis. The two girls are cooperating and coordinating to maximize my ardor as they subtly tease me and tempt my erection. Two lovely, truly beautiful girls. One young and the other impossibly younger. I have seduced neither of them. Both came to me, fully aware that she would become a consort, a mistress to an older and married man. There was no subterfuge, no bula-bula⁵³. The two wanted in

53 Lying, exaggerating, as done by boys courting Filipino girls.

my bed and they have made the most of their options. Both have been the most loyal, sweet, hardworking, dedicated, and sexually accommodating girls, any man could want.

I am coming to understand the message that Joo is giving me tonight. She is aware that this position of authority and responsibility, she is moving into at the remote office, is the reward I am giving to her, in a way for her offering herself up.

She is not being 'sent away.' She is now a protégé who has my trust that she has the rectitude and ability to handle the responsibilities before her. She knows she has a serious task to accomplish. The fact that I think she can do it, is a crown she wears with pride. So this is not a 'goodbye' fuck, this is appreciation night. Joo isn't looking for the affirmation of my love for her. She knows she has it. This is Joo doing all she can to thank me.

But there is something else going on. This is Joo putting Renelyn in my face, in a way that I have frankly been avoiding as much as possible, these last five months.

One moment, it is Joo's mouth on my tool, the next moment it is Renelyn's. They keep up the oral administration for a good half an hour in a desultory fashion. They are not trying to get me off. That's the last thing they want to do. They want to keep me going for as long as they can. Part of it is to increase my pleasure. Part of it is to get me more comfortable with Renelyn as a sex partner, and I suspect part of it is to teach Renelyn a few things in the process.

Joo is now giving Renelyn lessons on oral scrotum contact while manually keeping me rigid. I'm having a harder time paying attention to what they are up to as Renelyn's smooth, shaved cunt is settling on my mouth. She is dripping wet as her Labia Major and my nose meet. I shift my face a bit and wipe my nose on her thigh giving me a chance to breathe again, before aligning myself to do justice to the young cunt in my face.

It's hard for me to convey the power, the strength in this young girl. Yes she is incredibly pretty, but there is nothing dainty about her. There is a firm tautness to her whole being. She doesn't wish for sexual fulfillment. Her body demands it.

The lessons on my rod have been slow in progress, but now I sense a need in Renelyn. A desire for finality. I am about to disruptively deal with this, when my rod meets another cunt being lowered on me. Joo's cunt is tight as it moves in a nice easy repetitive motion, up and down. I have been hard a long time now. Feeling the pressure and heat is not helping my control at all. I am not in a

position to stimulate her beyond what is inserted in her. But I sense that someone is rubbing her clit as we fuck. I feel a finger as she bounces on me. I hear Joo gasp and feel her cunt clamp on me. It is quick but both of us have been building a need. Joo's orgasm triggers mine and I loose my cum inside the girl.

Renelyn however has not cum and is still on my face. That has also become clear to Joo who is moving up closer to Renelyn. Soon there is a dripping cunt over my chest as well as the one over my mouth. I suspect they are kissing. I am sucking hard on Renelyn's clit. I nip it and the child drives my head into the mattress as she explodes with her own orgasm.

They roll off me. I am a mess of female juices mixed with my own cum which has evacuated Joo's cunt and dripped on me. Leaving the two girls on the bed, I go into the master bathroom and rinse off before returning and drifting off to sleep.

§ § §

Did you enjoy yourself last night? Jana has a satisfied expression on her face as she dips a slice of cincamas⁵⁴, in vinegar and salt, and waits for me to answer her.

Why do you ask?

Because she is the youngest one you have had. Because Sha gets here this week and Maria says you will have her too.

There is no reason for Sha to have sex with me.

You didn't answer the question I ask. You want some? Offering me some of the sliced tuber as she pushes the query about Renelyn forward.

I take a slice of the cool crisp food, dip it into the shallow plate of salty vinegar, and take a bite. It gives the zing of eating salt and vinegar potato chips without the guilt.

How do you parse this “enjoy one's self” from the issue of having sex with someone so young? Sure, I enjoyed the sex. Yes I marvel at Renelyn's youthful body. Do I lust after young girls? No. But will I have sex with Renelyn again? Yes. Clearly, yes. I find the whole thing beyond confusing. I do not want to talk about it because I don't know what to say. It's too nuanced a matter to get from

54 The Tagalog name for Jicama. Here is a [link](#) to Cincamas in Mindanao.

my English to my wife's good but not perfect understanding of the language. It would be a train wreck. No matter how I approach the matter, my language will not be understood, even to this woman who otherwise knows me so well. I only answer, *It's complicated*, before taking another slice and dip of the cincamas.

Why you not want sex with Sha? Maria think this will happen.

Why are you pushing for me to have sex with young girls?

Men like you like young girls.

And you know this because?

Rose and Joy explain this to me.

I am not Jake! Why are you trying to make me like him?

I am not! It is you! It is OK. I am not worried for me.

I am glad you are not worried, but it isn't going to happen.

*We will see. I am right. You will see. I know, I know. Joo's cousin comes today?
Di ba?*

Yes. She comes after lunch.

You know, she is not really seventeen.

What?

Yes, she is not.

How do you know this?

Giselle tell me.

How old is the girl.

I do not know. The girl is Joo's cousin. Giselle not really know her.

So you think she is following Filipino custom of using the birthday that will come and not the one that has passed?

*I not know, Gordon. Remember the false age Renelyn give when she first come?
She not nineteen, she is only fifteen.*

Oh damn. So this one can be even younger than that?

I do not know. But if you really think the girl will be seventeen you are bobo.

Yeh, I guess I am stupid. ... Oh shit, that's the reason the girl is coming just after Joo is leaving, and it is another reason she had Renelyn with me last night. I cannot say the next one is too young, since I am taking Renelyn to my bed.

Filipina's are not stupid! Of course that why she do it. She want her cousin here. She not want you to send her away like you try with Renelyn.

I think I need an aspirin.

Hindi⁵⁵, you need a Cialis.

Very funny.

Oo⁵⁶ it is true. You have this young one this afternoon. I want you tonight. You should take the pill. You can have the young ones, but then you are with Maria and me tonight. You want I cut up another cincamas? Maybe you want the hopia⁵⁷ I buy at the bakery?

Well that takes care of any lunch I might have considered. I text Joo who left early this morning. *What is the truthful and real age right now of Raya?*

Sorry? I tell you seventeen before.

Yes I know what you told me. What is the truth? Tell me now or I will not see her.

Sir, you must see her!

What is her age?

Fifteen. I think she look seventeen.

Shit. Why isn't she in school?

The school she go to now is a bad one in her province and very far from her home. She stop going after sixth grade. But she smart and she can do the work.

And your other cousin, Amzkie? The one that comes tomorrow? How old?

Raya's younger sister. Amzkie fourteen.

Also not in school?

55 No. [Pronounced: hin-DEE]

56 Yes. [Pronounced: oh-OH]

57 Sweet pastry, can be filled with mung bean, onion, or ube.

Yes sir.

Why did you do this Joo?

You know why. Why you ask?

OK, well maybe she is right. I probably do know. It's stealing in reverse. Rather than take from me to give to her needy family members, she is gifting me her family members and they then get more than she might ever be able to steal. I probably should be angry. But I see the desperation among so many. I feel less angry and more exhausted. But Jeezus, I don't need to be fucking children. Well OK, they're not exactly children anymore, but they are legally far too young.

Eve will be home for a few days next week. I see her very little these days and that needs to change. She has been on the road a lot, and will continue to need to be, but she also needs to be here more often. Zelle is keeping very busy with the things that are happening at Bayan Na. I am not seeing her very much most days. That is not a complaint. She and I am happy with how things are going and happy with each other.

Jana tells me that she and Maria are, to me, much like Joy and Rose are to Jake. I sure as hell hope that the claim is inaccurate. I hear the guy likes his girls very young and has far too many of them for any marginally sane human. Still Jana and Maria are functioning like a team here. As a simple reality, if I say something to one of them, the other will learn what I said in very short order. If I want to keep a secret from one of them, it must be a secret from both.

I have just told Jana the ages of Raya and Amzkie. Maria will now know.

It is twenty minutes later, and no surprise, that Maria is now at my office door with the Cialis and a glass of water. I am expecting a kiss on the cheek and a little gentle kidding. Instead I get a full arms encircling assault of tongue tangling need.

Wow. That was great, but why?

Now I know.

What do you know?

That you will take Sha too. If you take these two girls, there is no reason to not take Sha.

There is no way I will argue about Sha. I know Maria's weird logic about this. By the end of this week, if things go the way Joo and Maria want, I will have bedded two fifteen year-old and two fourteen year-old girls. Three of them will

be my back office order entry team. Sha is not a company employee. As Maria's daughter, I have no plans for her other than that she live here with her mother.

Maria, feeling very sure of the world she inhabits, walks out of my office, convinced that the world is spinning as it should. I am not so sure.

Five minutes later, Raya is at the front door and Maria is bringing her upstairs to my office.

Gordon, this pretty girl is Raya.

Raya, this is the man you will do everything for. If you fail, you cannot stay here.

Good afternoon Raya. Please sit here. I will go out of the door and speak with Ma'am Maria and be back soon. OK?

Yes sir.

I grab Maria's arm, move us into the hall, close the heavy mahogany office door behind me, and ask, *What do you mean by threatening the girl the way you did?*

Rose tell Ma'am Jana, that the girls must be told that the older women in the house know what is happening and protect you. They need to know this right away. If this is not what they will do they should not be here!

Maria, I am not sure I like how you did that. We will talk about it later, but I do appreciate what you were trying to do. Maybe we can find a better way in the future. OK?

Sige, sige⁵⁸, maybe you are right.

I leave Maria and reenter my office. Raya is tense. Telling her to relax is meaningless. The girl is stunningly good looking even if her clothing are clearly from the ukay-ukay.

Raya, I wish to apologize to you.

Why sir?

You will not be sent away. Maria is not right. She only means to tell you she knows I am a bad man but if you do something against me, she will protect me.

Why are you a bad man? Joo say you are a very good man.

I am a bad man because I have sex with girls your age.

I not understand. Is that bad? It happens where I live. No one calls it bad.

⁵⁸ Literally it means OK, OK. However there is a sense of resignation as in 'OK, let's just continue on.' [Pronounced: sih-GEE] Dialect: Cenuano or Ilonggo, not Tagalog.

Will you have sex with me?

Yes sir. I hope I do. Joo tell me I will like to do this with you.

Have you had sex?

Sir?

Have you been with a man or boy and had sex?

Oh! No sir. I no do that yet.

You want to do that with me?

Yes sir! Very much.

I see. Do you know that the reason I asked that you come here, is to hire you to work?

Yes! Joo say I will do order entry on a computer. Is that right?

Yes, that is the plan. We will pay you for working. You don't have to have sex with me. There is an apartment here, you can live in, and never come to my bed. You will have work and money and food. If you have that, why have sex with me?

You don't want me? I am not pretty?

Now, I know, I had a fit about Renelyn not staying because she was too young to have sex with me, and that all the girls need to be in my bed. But that was before we moved. I have room now and do not have to have Raya in my bed. I just as soon not have any more children receiving my sexual attentions. But frustrating a female in one direction is as bad as doing it in the other. If they want to fuck, telling them 'no,' evidently creates problems too.

Raya's question about her beauty is nonsense. She is exquisite. When you see that beauty, yeh, sure you want to possess the girl. So do I want her? As much as I feel shitty admitting it, sure, I'd like to fuck the girl. But she will never be a love of mine. I will be enjoying the sex. That is all.

Yes I want you very much. You are very pretty. But your clothing is not. Please take your clothing off.

Here?

Yes here and now. I will show you how much I want you.

Good!

Raya almost rips the clothing off her body. Everything I see with one exception is perfect. I text Maria to bring a good robe upstairs. *Raya, you are a beautiful girl. In a moment, Maria will come, bring you a robe. You will go downstairs to the second floor. I want you to shower. While you do that, use a razor that Maria will give you and shave your pubic hair.*

Yes sir. We not have a razor at home. I am happy to do that.

When you are done, Maria will let me know.

OK sir. I do that.

Maria comes in, sees what I saw, and without instructions, asks me, *Which CR?*

Mine.

New razor?

Yes, give her, her own.

OK, come child.

I take the Cialis that is sitting on my desk. Damn, I had a plan, but it didn't include underage girls. Still, I seem to be collecting them. This is not normal. I ask Jana why she is pushing me toward the very young ones. The only answer I get back is that essentially it is less of a threat to us as a married couple. That makes no sense, as there is Eve and Maria here, both of whom can be married. But I am married and this being the Philippines, there is no divorce, only annulment, and that is very hard to get. And anyway, I do not want an annulment!

I suspect it is more that, while I can have sex with the young ones, I can't really connect on a meaningful level in other ways with ones so young. That may be so, but I would posit that Renelyn seems to love me. So while I may not love them, will they all love me? Go figure. I have no idea.

I am sitting at my desk reviewing a number of details regarding the roll-out and now the build-out. I have been stalling Cynthia but looking at what I have in front of me, we really need to roll-out the customer sales modules right away. I send out a text to Zelle related to this, only to get an immediate response, *Thank God! Finally! Home in two days.*

I email Cynthia the news. She is sleeping now, but I expect her to want to talk as soon as she reads this.

I get a text from Maria. *Come to your bedroom. Miss Raya is ready for you.*

I shut down the laptop and leave the office.

Raya is sitting on my bed. Maria is sitting next to her. There are smiles on their faces. As I walk in, Maria kisses Raya on the cheek, rises and leaves the room. I take off my clothing, tossing the shirt in the hamper, hanging my slacks on a hook. The boxers get tossed in the hamper as well.

We are now both naked, as I sit down on the bed and pull Raya to me. No, that's not right. I am going to pull her, but as I reach for her, she moves to me. Raya has lovely breasts. They must be B cups. Her hips are narrow but she has them. Her waist is trim. Her hair is thick and black. There are no tattoos, and with the exception of little studs in her earlobes, no other jewelry. Her cunt, newly shaved, is smooth. We reach out for each other and draw each other into arms needing, wanting, expecting... love? These joinings are not a form of prostitution. Each is a mini marriage, a promise of a commitment. They are making it and so am I. Love or not, there is commitment. It is a commitment of safety and a future, even if that future may not be in my bed and this house. Each of them has found a safe harbor. In each I have found another accomplice in this life with whom I can build something new and wonderful.

Raya's lips find mine. Her hands are on my shoulders. Her lips are pushing hard and her breathing is too fast. I slow her down. She does need to relax. I decide to risk freaking her out in the effort to reset the table for us. I move down on her body. Raya is a little frantic. She wants to know what I am doing. I ignore her and push myself, a little forcefully to get my head between her legs. She calls out, *Sir!*

I continue to ignore her and lick the outside of her labia. That elicits an, *OH!*

She is breathing deeply, almost gasping. With my hands behind the lovely globes of her ass, I pull her up to me as I go down on her, splitting her outer labia and sliding my tongue over and up her slit until I find her clit. That brings her off the mattress in a serious way. But she isn't breathing now at all. She is holding her breath as I lick up and over the clit. Raya expels a large breath and calls out, *Oh my God!*

I do it again. This time she grinds her cunt into my face. I have her attention now. The gasping is gone. She is moaning and murmuring. She is happy and that is what I want. I continue to lick and suck and nip for a while, giving Raya her very first orgasm. But I don't want her raw and sore before I can enter her this first time.

My face is covered with Raya's fluids. Maria has placed a towel on the night stand. I move up on Raya, grab the towel, and wipe my face. I apply some KY on my rod and center it over her virgin cunt. *This will hurt a little. You ready?*

Two eyebrows go up emphatically. I didn't need to tell her about pain. Like all these poor young girls, they have known pain and handle it with an equanimity that surprises those who are not from these shores. I push in and immediately run into the obstruction. Grabbing her ass, tilting her pelvis up a bit I push through. Raya's eyes are on me. She does not speak. She does not make a sound as I short stroke repeatedly until I am all the way inside the girl. She signals a small nod. She's OK. I pull out most of the way and push deep into her. Her eyes close, open and then there is a smile. She looks at me and says, *Again*.

I pull back and run into her again. This time I get a, *Yes. Good*. And then a very broad smile, eyebrows way up and a giggle. We start working together. Raya learns how to fuck with me above her. I turn her over and get a very confused look from the girl. She was having fun, why did I pull out?

I slide into her cunt from behind. I get a '*hehehe oo like a dog!*' In short order, Raya has this figured out and is working with me. I am free now to grab a tit and her clit as I fuck her. Raya comes for the second time. It is a loud one. I think about giving her a chance to catch her breath. I have not cum yet, and am worried that this first time she will be sore if we go much further, so I fuck right through it, working my own passion and cumming deep in the girl as she cumms for a third time.

We both collapse on the mattress. I hold Raya in my arms. She snuggles in as tight as she can get. *Joo right. You are good! Go figure.*

I am still holding Raya in my arms when Jana comes into the bedroom. Raya hears the door open and when she sees Jana, the girl begins to panic. Jana sees it, smiles and says, *Kalma ka*⁵⁹! *I am happy for you little one. Was it good for you?*

Yes Ma'am. It was very good. May I ask you, who are you?

*Oh! I sorry! Sorry! I am Jana. I am Sir Gordon's asawa*⁶⁰.

Talaga?

Yes child. You are Raya? Tama?

59 Literally 'Calm yourself' but more colloquially, relax or calm down.

60 Literally marriage partner as it is not gender specific, but here it would mean 'wife.'

Oo, Ma'am Jana. It OK I here with sir?

Yes child, it is OK. We will share him. OK with you?

Oo! We share him at the same time? Joo tell me such things happen.

Don't you just love it when others are talking about you, right in front of you as if you aren't there?

Yes this happens normally. You OK with this?

I never do it, but Joo say it OK, so I say OK.

Do you know Renelyn?

Oh yes, she is a friend of mine. We were schoolmates.

I am not surprised! Huh, neither am I. Well it's time for me to leave these two, to have their female bonding time. I slip into the CR, take a quick shower, put some clothes on and go back upstairs to the office.

Tomorrow I meet Amzkie. This is getting weird. In the last two days I have had sex with fifteen year-olds. Tomorrow with a fourteen year-old. And worse yet, Sha is coming. I don't want to be fucking Maria's daughter. That's beyond weird. All of this because I had an idea about Bayan Na entering the twenty-first century.

In the office, I find messages from Giselle. They are needing a little tweak to the inventory module for a small issue they have encountered. The Bills of Lading format needs to be massaged a bit. I send all the comments through to Cynthia.

I also receive new requirements for different types of RFID tags from Giselle. I push that through to the appropriate party as well.

I have a message from Eve. At one of the new locations, some Einsteins thought that theft is a good way to thank Bayan Na for employment. Two such geniuses are now in jail. Zelle insists on pressing charges. She wants to make a clear example for others to note. One result is that Eve reports five staff quit today. She figures that it was a criminal group. She has contacted the pulis about who quit and was told that these folks are on the list that the pulis think have been engaged in a number of thefts in the area. Eve asked if she might provide the pulis with the list of her employees to screen them, but the officer refuses. I am not surprised. She needs to find an employee who is related to an officer. Then she will have better luck.

As we build out in the coming few years, most of my legally aged females will be in the field. Even Zelle and Eve may be gone often. If Zelle is gone, well, OK, she owns a company and her connection to me is not the same as the others, but I don't want Eve gone so damned much.

Since Zelle has joined us, Eve's role as a module manager has morphed into my assistant for all code and modules. She has Zelle's trust. Eve will handle sales modules and everything else with me. She is not compartmentalized. She will be able to do it all. But that means she will be in demand outside of the office more than I want.

Unless I do something different with staffing, it occurs to me that as I look around, it will only be Jana, Maria and five children. This is not what I had been thinking of, at all. Still the fact that these females were going to be gone, was known to Jana and me from the first. It's just that I am in love with Eve. In truth I love Zelle too, but, that one is 'complicated.' What I didn't see were the underage ones.

As I work through my messages, it occurs to me that being here in the Philippines means that I don't get the business solicitations I would get in the USA. Here the contacts come via text or landline calls. I don't trust these type of solicitations and so those who try, run directly into a solid, 'no.' I am sure many of them don't understand why I will not engage. But the bottom line is I can verify a business email. I can check out their website and call the company in return. Here most companies don't have websites or the site is so out of date that phone numbers listed no longer work. Text messages from cell phones offer no confidence. There are no good white or yellow page directories, paper or online. There are a myriad of companies, but no way to easily search them or connect to them. That works against my needs sometimes, but for Bayan Na sometimes, it will make the company a force in its industry once the sales and x-dating modules get properly deployed. Every time a salesperson is in the field, Bayan Na will harvest all the information on to the main servers. We will not lose sales leads. Bayan Na will have a customer database better than anyone else in our market. Zelle can't wait and I don't blame her.

Even though we have yet to deploy all the code, our gals are busy training others to use the modules we have perfected for Bayan Na in this expanded company. These are skills, the people we train can't take anywhere else, unless the company comes to Cynthia to purchase the code, and that means my staff will do that training as well. I can see full employment for these gals for years to come. I am already getting requests from other companies.

Bayan Na is working on building a fleet of trucks. In six months I think we will

start looking at how to get into the ocean ferries, moving product between the islands. Things are moving fast.

Early tonight I will be with Jana and Maria, before I get back out of bed, and get back to work late at night. I know Cynthia will want to talk as soon as she sees the email when she awakens.

I am looking at what islands have what type of ports for ocean cargo when I get a text to come down for dinner. I get downstairs at about the moment that Raya sees Renelyn for the first time since she got here today. If I expected squeals, I was not prepared for tears. But that is what is happening. Tears, great sobbing and heaving of chests.

Maria pulls me aside and tells me that the fighting in the Muslim provinces has been devastating to the families of these girls. That is why Joo worked so hard to get them here. Yes, there are shelters, but their lives and their futures had been wrecked, if there ever had been any hope before. Hope there now in has crumbled into ruin. If there is any hope to make these girls whole again, it is here with us. Maria makes it clear that there are tens if not hundreds of thousands right now that are in equally dire straits. These girls are Joo's, the others, the many thousands are not. And so... and so, I know that no matter what, Amzkie, who is coming tomorrow, is going to be here to stay. I stop and text Joo. *OK, I guess I finally understand. They are welcome here. But Joo, Amzkie does not need to be in my bed.*

I get back. *Yes she does. Don't be difficult.*

§ § §

Dinner was good and is now over. I read some of the newspaper that came this morning. At 9PM I am back in the bedroom with Maria and Jana.

Jana is in a slip as is Maria. They are relaxing on the bed. Jana pats the mattress by her left side, a slice of mattress between the two of them. I undress and join them. *Gordon, are you OK? I know you say you not want these young ones. But really, they are OK with it and want to be here.*

Yeh, I get that, Jana, but for the love of Pete, this is not legal.

Sweethart, no one is complaining, and no one will complain. It's OK. As Jana is saying this, Maria has my equipment in her hand and she is doing a nice job of stroking me into tumescence. Jana is still talking. *You know, in a few years, when you are ready to take on other companies, the young ones, here now, will be legal age and ready to leave for outside placement.*

And your point is?

Well it seems to me and I think Maria sees this too, you can deploy every girl that is legal. The work is greater than you can grow the staff. You need young ones here learning the modules.

I am not following.

How long do you see this business opportunity to continue?

Huh, longer than I want to run it. Maybe twenty years.

And you are going to run out of young ones in three or four years. You need to add other young ones. Maria is giggling.

Jana that gets him harder! See he likes it. He just say he not.

OK I am enjoying it. It's still not right.

Gordon, think of the good you are doing for these girls and stop telling us it is not right. Renelyn and Raya will be gone in under three years and they will have a real future. Amzkie will be gone in under four years. Then what?

OK, in a year or two we can look for a couple more young ones.

Gordon, you need more girls in the field right now and you need young ones, a regular supply of them. Maria is now giving me head and, goddamn, it is not helping me concentrate on what Jana is pushing towards.

What are you talking about?

You need more girls in the field now. I hear you say that to Zelle. True?

Yeh, OK, and?

And you need more young ones? True?

That's your theory. But OK maybe.

But it is not easy to get young ones. These that you have, they are because Joo know them and they are special. You are right, it is not legal and you need to be safe. Maria and me we talk to Rose and Joy about this. She introduce us to friends of theirs, Imee and Maricar. We talk about your problem?

My problem? With what Maria is doing right now, Jana I have no problems.

Gago⁶¹! You know what I mean!

OK, OK, do I gather that Imee and Maricar are also mates to guys who have many mistresses?

Imee and Maricar are like us, asawa and mistress to the same man.

OK, and?

They have a dorm full of mothers and daughters. These are ones that Jake can't take because there is a daughter that is too old for his program.

And how old is that?

Fourteen.

OK, I'm listening, and a little appalled by this Jake.

Imee and Maricar say they can't take any more of these and Jake has many that need a place to land.

Jana I am not running a shelter! I think I am getting soft in spite of Maria's best efforts.

Gordon you don't understand. Jake's program is for the very, very brightest girls and mothers. They cannot get considered unless they are, oh what did Joy say Jake called them, oh, I remember, 'Off the charts!'

With each family they would send us to consider, there would be a mother, who needs a good job, is very pretty and is smart, a child at least fourteen who is also a top performer and a twelve year-old who is a very top performer.

I pause, I need to take this in, and in case you are wondering, yes I just got hard again. Jana am I to understand that if the fourteen year old was not there, Jake would be taking the twelve year-olds? Is that what the bastard is doing?

Maria has my nuts gripped hard in her hand and she is sucking for all she's worth. Yes Gordon that is what he is doing, and it is what you will be doing, sweetheart. I'm going to help you. You're going to start fucking twelve year-olds. Oh, fuck, I blow my load in Maria's mouth.

61 Foolish, silly, dumb, stupid. [Pronounced: gah-GOE]

18

There are moments when our bodies refuse to agree to the lie our mouths are spouting. That was a dirty trick they pulled on me. But I do have real qualms about it. It doesn't make any sense and so I will tell Jana, it was a nice sexual fantasy, but, no, I'll take a pass. It just doesn't pass the smell test to me.

But now, I have to attend to business. I am sure Cynthia will want some of my time. So at midnight I am sitting at my computer reading a news portal when my Skype comes alive.

Hi! OK I'm coming to see you!

Yeh, I figured that would be your response. When should we expect you?

I'm going to see if I can fly out standby today. Where do I want to fly to?

Ah, OK. Well you can either fly to Manila or Cebu. You will need a connecting flight on the domestic side to get here, but if you are flying standby, you will need to purchase the domestic ticket once you land. But your standbys aren't round trips and you must have a round trip ticket to enter into the country, so you buy a round trip fare for a later flight and then try to get in standby. You don't save money, you just fly sooner if they have a seat.

Is the domestic flight pricey?

No. It will be under one hundred dollars for a one way fare.

Suggestions on best airlines?

Yeh, stay away from any flight that takes you to mainland China such as Air China.

Duh.

No, I am serious. It will likely have seats available and be the least expensive, but do avoid it.

OK, others?

Well I don't like United and Delta is marginal. Korean Air is good but it makes for a longer flight. Philippine Airlines will be the most direct, and I like the service, but it is the most expensive. Either of the airlines that go through Taiwan, China Air or EVA, are good and it's a short hop from Taipei to Manila. Manila is a longer flight to here than is Cebu, but you may take longer getting to Cebu, routing wise.

I'm confused, didn't you just say to stay away from one of them?

Yeh, it is confusing. Air China is a PRC operation and takes you to Beijing. China Air is Taiwanese. See?

Damn, yes, OK.

Look I just checked from SFO to CEB the layovers are murder. Go SFO to MNL via Philippine Airlines. It's non-stop.

OK. It's hot right?

Yeh, dress as if you are going to be in Phoenix, or better yet, Austin in July.

O...K. Got it. Leave the hose at home.

Pretty much. There are air conditioned malls and businesses, but yeh. But Cynthia, the women do wear dresses here unless they are going to be out in the sun. When in the sun, they tend to wear leggings, long sleeved shirts and jackets, to keep from getting dark.

Jackets? I thought it was hot!

It is. It can be broiling and will see folk in hooded fleece lined hooded sweatshirts, and stocking caps, to keep the sun off. It makes no sense to me, and you will die if you try it.

I've gotta see that!

You will.

Food OK?

Are you a picky eater?

No, not really. I like Thai. Is it like that?

Yes and no. In my opinion, Thai is bland, not savory, and frequently hot. Filipino, can be hot but is usually not. It will mostly be savory, or sweet, but there are some sour dishes. Visually the food isn't as pretty as some other cuisines, but the flavors are very good. The biggest issue is that they chop right through bones leaving little pieces in the meat at times. It's not a problem at restaurants or here at the house, but eating home cooked meals elsewhere will present this as a challenge. There isn't much beef here. Fish, chicken and pork is what you will see as far as protein. Rice and noodle dishes abound. Korean, Chinese, Japanese and Thai cuisine is available. In general, the food here is very good. But if you are a US junk food addict, there is Mckie'D's, KFC, and Pizza Hut.

Montezuma's revenge problems?

Probably not so long as you stay with bottled water when not at our house. But

it doesn't hurt to carry some loperamide just in case. When you are not sure about the water, drink beer. When at the airports, you will find food you recognize. We will pick you up at the airport here, when you arrive. You will eat with us at least to start, so don't worry about it.

Uh-uh, I am staying at a hotel. I don't want to get crosswise with Jana.

No, you are staying here, at least for one day, and you will not get crosswise with her. I promise. If you still want a hotel after that, OK. You are coming from GMT -8 to GMT +8, so there is an eight hour time difference for you except that it is now Daylight savings in San Jose and so you are really GMT -7 and the difference is nine hours. It's not too hard but it is going to take a bit to adjust.

You don't do the daylight savings stuff?

No, when you are seven degrees north of the equator, there is no earthly reason to do so.

Ouch. Bad pun! OK what do I do for transportation?

We drive you.

Sorry, no! I need a car!

You've been to Mumbai right?

Yes, and?

Imagine the same traffic patterns, with all the same type of improvised vehicles and bicycles, and pedestrians and animals on two lane roads with nowhere to pull off. Plus thousands of drivers of pickups and SUV's who have never had a driver's lesson, drive like they are threading through traffic on a motorcycle, and for toppers, there are no traffic laws nor enforcement. Half the vehicles at night have no lights and operate at all sorts of slow speeds on unlit roads. Promise me, you won't kill yourself or someone else.

Really?

Really.

So how do you do it?

Carefully and it took me a while, plus I got here before the traffic got this bad. It has incrementally gotten worse over the years since I first arrived. If you need it, we will rent a car with a driver for you. How long do you expect to stay?

I can't afford a driver!

You can't afford \$300 a month salary?

That's all? Shit! OK maybe. As far as how long, I don't know. Management tells me to stay until I can figure out what's it like and what else we need to be doing. I will have to handle my stateside business from there just as you are doing. By the way, I got the messages about the things that need adjustment and have forwarded them on. You should hear back on that in about two days. Look, I am going to pack and get to the airport. See you soon.

Damn she could get here about the same time that Sha arrives. But now, it's time for bed and rest. I'm truly tired.

§ § §

This morning I get to meet Joo's other cousin, Amzkie. As it happens I am finishing my breakfast when Raya comes in with Raya? Huh? Ah! Amzkie! These two could be twins. Yes there are small differences, but if they are not standing right next to each other, and you don't know them well, which I don't, well, good luck! You won't know which is which.

Raya tells me that her sister arrived last night. Amzkie says nothing. She stands mute by her older sister. *Good morning, Amzkie.*

She says nothing. Raya whispers in her ear. Looking at the floor, Amzkie shakes her head. I turn to Raya. *Your sister may stay but she is not to come to my bed.*

No!

Yes. If she can't say 'good morning' to me because she is too shy, she is not to come to my bed, and that, Raya, is final.

But sir...

No Raya. No.

Amzkie is just standing there, looking down at the floor. I get up from the table and climb the stairs to my office as I hear Maria entering from the kitchen. I ignore the commotion.

I have emails to review. One is a note from Cynthia. She is on her way, as I read this, somewhere over the pacific. She could not get on a Philippines Airlines flight, but she is on her way. There is no reason to answer her right now as she can't get email in the air. But I do email her as when she lands she will find a free wifi somewhere and she should use that to let me know when she will arrive here.

I have just clicked on send and look up to see Maria waiting patiently for me to

be done with my task. *Are you going to tell me I should reconsider?*

No.

Good.

You did right. I am happy you tell her she can stay.

Good, now explain that to Jana.

She knows. She agree too.

Really?

Yes, we talk to the girl. You are right.

Well praised be! OK, finally a little sanity around here. On a separate note, we are getting a visitor.

Is this Cynthia? Jana say that she think we will see her soon.

Jana is right. She will be here soon. Probably tomorrow morning.

She stay with us?

Yes, for a day at least.

OK I get things ready for her. Jana say you will take her. That correct?

Maybe, but she will need her own room.

Ah, OK. I see. You will put Amzkie with Raya in an apartment for good?

Yes. They can share with Renelyn.

Very good. I will take care of this. Gordon, Sha, she comes today. If she wants, you will take her? Yes?

Maybe. Do not push her. If she doesn't ask today, she is not denied the right to ask later. Wait. If she really wants to, then we will see. But, Maria, for her there is no reason to want to be with me. She is yours and you are mine forever. There is no problem.

I think that not right. But I will not push.

Good. What is Jana doing?

She outside with the flowers.

I would like to speak with the two of you together about something else. When she comes back in, will you both come back here?

It bad?

No. Nothing bad.

Sige-sige, I will get her. And with that, Maria leaves the office.

There is an email that has just come in that is both a surprise to me and a problem for Zelle. It is from Alona, but not from a company email account. I have not seen the girl since she left here the day we sent her off and she was paired with Jonathan. I have not seen him since even before that day. In the months since Alona has become a buyer, Zelle thinks she has done a very good job. Of course most of the buying has been Jonathan's work. We have been happy for how things have worked out. However, this letter is clear proof that we may have been overly optimistic.

I send Alona a note on a clean new email, not a 'reply.' My message says, 'Got your note. Hope to see you soon. I will email back when my calendar is stable.'

I do not know if Jonathan might see any mail I send and don't want to tip my hand if the basis on what Alona says is true. Next I text Zelle. *Have an email you need to see. I want to talk with you about it when you see it. When is a good time?*

A text comes back, *Give me an hour. I will text you when I am free.*

Never a quiet moment! I feel like I am bouncing from one pillar to a new post as Jana and Maria enter the office. *OK Gordon, what is this about?*

Last night. The things you said about Joy and Rose and those other two women? I don't think that's a good idea. So don't do that.

Why?

Oh Jana you know why.

You like it. I know you do.

Even if that is true, I don't want to do it.

Gordon, there is no way you can do the build out you want if you don't do this.

I will find a way to do it.

Gordon, you are just being difficult. First you refuse Amzkie and then you tell

Maria to not put Sha in your bed and now this. Why?

Because it's not right.

And it is right with Raya and Renelyn? Really?

No, it is not right, but that does not make it less wrong with the others.

What follows is a long, and colorful, Visayan discussion of my various inadequacies as a human. There is no reason to memorialize the list of my reputed failings. I offer nothing in return as nothing is called for and the two leave, with the parting shot of, 'Ha, no, nothing bad!'

I am reviewing the status of module integration on the servers and the size of the data set we are generating when Jana returns with a glass of buko juice and a request. Would I please take a small trip with her across town? It will take about three hours.

I show her the email I got from Alona and the texts I have from Zelle. *When this is over I can go, but this needs to happen now. Will that work for you?*

The email shocks Jana and she tells me, yes of course. She can wait.

About ninety minutes later I get the text from Zelle, she is free. I send the email that she can read on her tablet while we talk. I call her.

You reading it?

Yes, but I can't believe it. Do you really think he would do that?

I don't know him. How can we know?

OK, I think I need to find out. He has just left Thailand for Malaysia. I have the contact info for the Thai manufacturer he has been using. I think I know how to find out. I'll wait until I know he is with the company in Malaysia before I make the call. I'll let you know. I hope it's not true!

Yeh, I know. And with that the call ends. I shut down the laptop and go downstairs to find Jana.

§ § §

I don't know what to say.

I am sitting here, having just come back from a place that I had no idea existed. We were gone for five hours. I have seen things that were and in many ways are still beyond my understanding. Jana is sitting here with me, at the dining room

table. She is being really decent and just giving me room to absorb what I have seen and have been told.

What can I say? I saw a school. A school that by all rights, ought not to exist. A school with only one grade. A school where every student and her mother lives in a dormitory even though the student and the student's mother does not have two pesos to rub together. A school filled with students who are impossibly bright. Beyond bright. A school where every student and her mother are beyond lovely. They are incredibly beautiful.

All that, in and of itself is enough to blow my mind. But the reason the school exists and what happens at the school and where the students and the mothers go after the school year, is simply and completely beyond my feeble ability to process.

This is the world of this Jake, and yet Jake has little to do with it. It is run by women for women and girls. I gather Jake does have a role, but that is all. I met women today. I never met Jake. I met two teachers, Jun and Cherise. I met Joy and Rose. These four seem to be the ones who are in control. I spoke with students and their mothers.

I was given over two hundred folders, dossiers of young girls and mothers who do not fit into the school's format or are simply over the limit of twenty per year that the school can handle.

Jun and Cherise are amazing. Joy and Rose implored me to reconsider my refusal to consider their offer. But it is what the students and their mothers said to me that has me so completely weirded out. These truncated families begged me to give others a chance in life. I asked them why they would suggest that I take their daughters as my own. Why did they not say to me, don't touch the daughters and just give the mother's a job?

Separately, two looked at me and each essentially said, a job? How long that last? How long before some supervisor not like them? Who protects the daughter? Who makes sure she has a future? If you take the daughter, then you commit to them. You make sure they have a future they can trust. This they will understand.

I was sitting with a student and a mother. I look at this twelve year-old student and in front of her own mother, and, *You really like to have sex?*

I get back a, *Yes, sir! Very much yes. Mother and I will make our man very happy!*

This is not how the world is supposed to work. I am not intellectually or emotionally prepared to hear such a thing. I feel disoriented, almost sick.

And here, now, on the floor by the table, are two boxes of folders. Each containing a story that will probably rip my heart out. I have not put my hand on either box. I have not looked inside any folder. I am scared to do so.

If Jake is a sick weird fuck, then if I put my hand in there, what does that make me? Am I supposed to reevaluate my assessment of Jake? How? He is bedding so many underage girls, far younger than the ones I have bedded. How can I give him a pass? How can I allow myself to do as he does?

Is there justification in that it is for a good cause and the participants are willing? Does that claim carry any weight? How can that be? But then I have the echo, in my head, of the mother who said to me, *I think you will say, no it is not moral and leave these poor mothers and daughters to suffer, so your conscience can be clean! I think maybe you are one of those.*

Jana sees my distress. *Gordon, I will ask Maria to put the boxes away for a day. I have asked Maricar and Imee and their guy, Lawrence, to come for supper. Maybe you will talk to Lawrence?*

Jeezus Jana. Really? What am I supposed to say, 'So, Larry, how do you like fucking little girls?'

Gordon, don't be makulit⁶²! They have gone through this and maybe Lawrence can share his feelings with you.

Jana, my head hurts already. I am not sure I am ready for this.

I will get you some paracetimol. Lie down until dinner.

§ § §

The lights have been turned on and I am being roused from what must have been a pretty effective nap. I am a bit disoriented. I look up and see Renelyn.

Sir! Get up. We have a whole house of people downstairs.

What do you mean, a 'whole house,' child?

Renelyn leans in, gives me a kiss, before answering. I like the kiss and pull her in for a bit more which elicits a giggle, *Sir! Sir, there are nine very pretty guests*

62 Exceedingly difficult. [Pronounced: mah-koo-LIT]

and one Kano⁶³ here! Really, please get up!

Well, by that description, I gather it's not the pulis. With Renelyn watching over me, I get up, straighten my clothing, run a brush through my hair and follow her out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs I run into a crowd. A guy close to my age, reaches his hand out to shake mine. *I gather you are Gordon. The name's Lawrence. The females tell me that you are getting pushed to add some of Jake's overflow.*

Who admitted it was a push and not an interest? I want to give that person a medal!

Ha! You can give it to your wife. She says she is pushing but you are pushing back. Gordon, no matter what else happens, I have to tell you, you are as lucky as I am with my wife Maricar. Through everything that has happened, she has been the very best wife, closest friend and trusted mate a man can ask for. Your wife has not tried to sugar coat your concerns, or your deep upset. She asked us to come to discuss this with you, but not push you.

I look over to see Jana looking at me, with a little trepidation in her eyes. I smile at her. She comes over and I give her a hug. *Lawrence, would you be so kind as to introduce those who you have brought?*

Of course! He reaches out not more than a few inches away and pulls a woman to him. This is my wife, Maricar. I know Jana met with her and Imee. Imee is not here tonight. But this is her daughter Jovelyn who is the mother of five of my children. And this is Ikay who is also a mother of some of my kids. This lovely lady is Gloria. Next to Maricar, Gloria is just about as protective and powerful in our home. Rosa here and Jessica are two I simply can't live without. And these two, Cheri, and Nicca, both of whom came to me, impossibly young, will never leave my side, and for that I am eternally grateful. These are some of my girls, but not all of them. I am surrounded by the love of women for whom I have no reason to claim other than blind luck and the odd fate than can befall us in life. Now you have some females here. Will you introduce them to us?

Ha! I am a piker! This is, as you know, my wife Jana. Over here, and I reach out to her, is my mistress Maria. Here Lawrence interrupts, Maria told me she is the maid!

That is how we originally brought her in, but no, Maria is a love of mine and a mistress. I think Jana will agree with that. Jana is sending her eyebrows way up

63 Slang for an American. [Pronounced: kah-NO]

twice. Over here is Renelyn. She joined us as an employee and as my lover. Next to her is Raya, who just came to me yesterday. She will be an employee and is a lover now. Clinging to her side, and hiding her face, is her sister Amzkie. She is not a lover but she will work for us. There are others, but they are out of the house at work assignments today.

Sir?

I look at Maria, Yes?

Sir you have not met her, but this is my daughter Sha. She arrive today. She will live with me and I hope Gordon will take her to his bed, but so far he say I am not to push her.

Like you just did? Maria, really!

It's OK sir. She does not need to push me. I want this. I am not shy like Amzkie.

Oh Jeezus. Who has sandbagged me?

There is a bunch of giggling and Lawrence is laughing.

Gordon, you, Jake and I inhabit a weird world. A few others do to. Come let's eat. My girls made lots of food that we have brought. After supper we can talk.

It's simple really, Lawrence tells me. I never want anyone younger than fourteen in my bed. A couple have snuck in by dint of determination, but the rule is age fourteen. I don't go for what our friend Jake does. Lawrence is at least on my wave length at the age, or at least a little closer to it.

Huh, I haven't met Jake.

No? Well that can be resolved. He's a good guy. And he has done better than I have limiting the number of women who have his heart. He pushes most out every year. The way Joy and Rose set me up, they gave me a problem as the mothers and daughters do not age out of my dorm for four to six years. That left plenty of time to fall in love and no good exit plan. We had to shut down the program we originally set up. We froze things in place and assisted a few to leave. But I have more women than any man should ever have, and more children too. If you get into this, there are somethings you need to avoid!

If this was supposed to be a sales talk, you are doing a great job of talking me out of it!

You should know that Imee, Jovelyn and Ikay were mine before I met Jake. They are the reason we became aware of Jake.

So the many kids are not because of Jake?

Yes and no. I had kids before Jake, but Jake's females swelled the ranks even though it wasn't supposed to happen. The women wanted to get pregnant for reasons of the ability to stay longer than the original plan. If your plan allows them to stay without pregnancy, you may not run into that issue.

Unintended consequences?

Exactly.

Would you excuse me for about ten minutes? I need to check something on my office email. I have a colleague flying in tonight from the States.

Of course.

On second thought, why don't you come up with me? We can continue talking while I wait to hear from her. Lawrence nods and follows me up the stairs.

I turn on the laptop.

He's looking around. *Nice digs.*

Thanks.

The laptop is booting. *How many are not here tonight?*

Six. But four will stay in the field primarily for years. Two really belong here.

Adults?

Yes.

So all the juveniles are here?

Yes. And for the life of me, I don't want any more.

Good. You like the young ones?

Yes, but I feel guilty as hell about it. It gives me headaches.

Have you forced any of them?

No. I try to talk them out of it.

OK, so they are all volunteers?

I guess you could call them that.

Why haven't you taken Amzie?

She's too shy. She can't even say good morning to me. So she is not in a place where she can ask for anything.

OK, good call. What will you do with Sha?

I will try to talk her out of it.

What if she still wants a roll in the hay?

Then she will get it. I am worried about what happens if I reject one who asks for it.

That's why you are afraid of the girls from Jake. You are afraid the twelve year-olds will demand it.

Yeh, but I am uncomfortable with the fourteen year-olds too. I had set the bottom limit at fifteen. It's not as bad as those who would be twelve but so far I have avoided anyone younger than fifteen.

I check my email. There is a note from Zelle, she will be back tomorrow morning. We do have a problem.

There is nothing from Cynthia. She should have landed an hour ago.

Gordon, there's little difference between a single year. I suspect you would get over that. So don't bed the younger ones until they turn fourteen. If you are only going to take a small group and they are in it for the long run, and they know it, I doubt you will get any pressure to take the very young ones early.

I don't think Jana and Maria will cooperate.

Well, you do have to be driving the bus. You need to make it very clear, even if it means hurting their feelings a bit. Taking the very young ones is a dangerous road to travel down.

A chime on my laptop tells me I have a Skype session request. I signal to Lawrence to wait a second and take the call.

Hi! Where are you?

I just checked into the Marriott. I will fly to you in the morning. Gordon is the traffic there like it is here? It is insane here. Do they put Vaseline on the quarter panels of the taxis? I swear they must have touched but not a sound and no bump.

No, but it's equally nuts here for different reasons.

OK, well I am sending you the flight info. Will Eve and Zelle be there?

No, Eve will be back in a couple of days, Zelle will be back tomorrow. We have a problem to resolve.

Trouble?

Could be.

Affecting me?

No. This is an internal Bayan Na issue.

OK. See you tomorrow.

The Skype session ends and I look over at Lawrence. *Sorry for that.*

No, no, it's quite alright. You are running a business. That is perfectly clear. It is also why we are having the discussion of the girls. Correct?

I smile, Yes, if it weren't for that, there is no way I would need so many people in my life.

Exactly. And that, Gordon, is what you must remember, as you go forward. Your internal guilt feelings are going to lead you to act, as if they were all about accumulating pussy for a sorry horny old man. You have to keep in mind that there is a real business need here.

Lawrence are you giving me a 'fuck her for Old Glory,' talk? Honestly?

If the shoe fits, Gordon, why not wear it?

Because it's just a little too convenient.

Tell me, given the culture here, and the standard practices here, if you used the normal procedures, how easy would it be to do what you are doing?

Not a chance. There would be no way to accomplish the tasks.

And you are sort of rejiggering things to make it happen?

Yeh, you could say that.

And how important are these girls in the rejiggering?

Very. OK, the shoe fits.

Gordon, take a look at a few of the folders. There are some amazing ladies in those pages. They will be loyal to you, and you will be a lucky man to know them.

OK, OK. I give up. Lawrence, tell me, how many of those females down there do you truly, deeply love?

Oh Gordon, I know you will find this hard to believe. All of them. I love all of them. Not, just like, or lust after. No. I love them.

It changes you, doesn't it? It must.

Yes, it does. But be honest. I saw it in your eyes, when we first met downstairs. You already are in love with Maria, the one who was supposed to be your maid. Right?

Yes.

And I think you are falling for that little Renelyn?

OK! So do you not think that very fact is scaring the hell out of me?

Jana knows how you feel about Maria?

Yeh.

And she still loves you.

Uh-huh.

And, both Jana and Maria are pushing you to add these girls? Right?

Yeh, that's something I can't wrap my head around.

Trust them in this one. They are your loves and they both love you. That is obvious. Trust them, Gordon.

Wait a second. Just a few minutes ago you said, I needed to make it clear, who is driving the bus and now you are telling me to trust them. Which is it?

Probably a little of both. You do need to set limits, but you need to accept that they are right on the big issue.

I just shrug my shoulders. We are done up here and we rejoin the group downstairs. Soon enough the gathering is over. The females from my house are hugging and speaking in an animated fashion to Lawrence's girls all the way out to the gate. The house is quiet.

Renelyn comes back in and asks, *OK if we with you tonight?* She is pointing back toward Raya, who has her back to me as she is saying goodbye to Ikay, Cherie and Nicca.

I am with Jana and Maria tonight. It will have to be another night.

It's OK with them, if you agree. I asked already.

OK, I will tell Jana and Maria that I will be with the two of you then.

I get a hug and she skips off. A few minutes later my wife and mistress have both been informed of the evening's plan, plus details regarding Cynthia and Zelle's return tomorrow. But Jana and Maria want to know about other things. I am bracketed by them as Jana asks, *Did Lawrence talk to you about taking those women?*

Yes, you know he did! That's why you had them come over.

And?

And what?

Gordon, stop being difficult! What you decide?

I decided that I do not understand either of you.

Ah! That because we are smarter than you! What you decide about the ones from Jake?

I will look at them.

When?

I don't know. We are real busy tomorrow and probably for the next few days.

Maria and I will go through and select some for you to look at.

No, you will not. This is for work and not my pleasure. I will see who looks like a fit for the company first. I am not ready yet. You will have to wait!

OK. We wait.

It's been a long day. I go to the bedroom and take a shower. The girls are not here. That's OK with me. They can come to my bed later and we can have fun in the morning if it comes to that. This is not a command performance. Once under the sheet, I turn off the light.

I am awakened by movement on the bed. I do not think I have been here too long. I glance at the clock on the nightstand and get confirmation. It has only been about fifteen minutes. Renelyn murmurs a greeting in my ear and begins to nibble. Raya is somewhat inexpertly stroking my rod.

I feel their skin against me. I sense their excitement. I am excited myself, sensing the urgency in this girl who has no idea how to pleasure my rod, but is so ready to do it. We are a tangle of bodies in the dark room. My rod is rigid and wanting more than Raya is delivering. I pull the girl up, and on to her knees, under me. I center my rod on her cunt and ram it in, only to hear her cry out, *Aray!*⁶⁴ Damn, she must have been dry. I should have used the KY. I pause but feel a little moisture. I resume slowly. Raya is getting wetter. We speed up. Raya is grunting as I slam into her, repeatedly. Her juices are leaking out around my rod as we plow through the need we both feel.

Renelyn is on my side and a little behind me. She has grabbed my scrotum and is squeezing as she urges me on in my ear. *Do her Gordon. Fuck her hard. Make her yours. Make her need this. I need this. Make her one of us. Make*

64 Ouch! [Pronounced: ah-RIE]

Amzkie pregnant!

Amzkie? What the fuck? I am fucking Amzkie? Fourteen year old, shy Amzkie? Oh fuck! And I blow my cum into the girl with a force that sends both of us into orbit. Amzkie has her first orgasm as she receives her first load of cum.

I roll off her back and onto an empty section of mattress. As soon as I do this, Amzkie shifts around and grabs on to me. She is holding on as if we are on a roller coaster and she is afraid she will fall out.

I put my arm around her and she sighs. I reach out and bring Renelyn to me. We go to sleep.

I awaken at 6AM, alone, with blood on my shrunken rod and on the sheets. I shower and return to the bedroom only to meet Maria, who looks at me with a broad grin. *I see you have Amzkie last night! You make her very happy!*

I was tricked! And I have ruined the sheets.

No, I clean them. It OK.

Maria gives me a sweet kiss and leaves the bedroom, sheets bundled up in her arms. Once dressed I enter the kitchen area, only to run directly into Renelyn, Raya and Amzkie. *Good morning Amzkie!*

The girl puts her head down, runs into my arms, hugs me tight and whispers, *Good morning, Sir.*

I kiss the top of her head and think she is done. She is not. She is not letting go. I reach out for a glass of juice, and she moves with me. I move to the dining room table and she remains tightly attached to me. I try to sit down and she climbs on to my lap, snuggling her face into my neck. I just hold on to her and stroke her hair. She is murmuring, purring, humming.

I do my best to eat some breakfast, one handed while holding on to the girl. She has calmed a bit. Her breathing is slow and regular. *Sweethart. Amzkie, I love holding you. I love having you close to me, but I need to go and take care of some work. Is it OK if we do more holding later?* She slides off my lap, at first, head down and then she picks up her head. She looks me in the eyes, and smiles. *OK Sir. I be your good girl. Always. I promise.* And then she runs out the door.

Hala!

What about, Jana?

That one, Gordon. That not sexual happiness. That not relief and feel safety. That is love.

'Hala' indeed. Didn't I just hear last night from Lawrence that he had a number of females he was in love with? Is this how it is?

I go up to the office but there is little to do. A note from Cynthia says she will arrive at 8:45AM. I need to leave in thirty minutes. I text Jana, downstairs, to get ready to go.

There are three of us in the vehicle. Maria is with us. The trip to the airport is uneventful. We are waiting. The plane is late. That is not a big surprise. When it does come, there is a scrum of families all bunched up waiting for arriving passengers. The three of us, hold back. Eventually Cynthia appears, wending her way through the throng. She pulls the standard case you can stick in the overhead bin so that you don't have to check your luggage. There are both advantages and disadvantages to this when traveling internationally, but it does mean that on this domestic flight she is 'good to go' quickly.

She sees me and Jana. She has no idea about Maria. Rolling her bag up behind her she comes face to face with my wife. Cynthia is a little hesitant and sticks her hand out to shake. Jana does everything but bat it away. She brings Cynthia in for a kiss and a hug. Jana whispers in Cynthia's ear. *You are as sexy as I remember. This time I am happy about that!*

Following that hug, Cynthia steps back. I smile at her. *Let me introduce Maria to you.* Once again Cynthia goes to shake a hand and once again, she gets manhandled, kissed and hugged. Another whisper, *If you are going to bed Gordon, you are going to bed me too.*

That wins an *Oh!*, from Cynthia.

The initial drive back is easy driving and Cynthia is in the middle of telling me that she should get her own car, when reality rears its head and we are surrounded by all manner of transports, weaving in and out, cutting across without warning, whizzing from the most unlikely of places, and Cynthia can only exclaim, *How?* Still, we haven't needed to pass a carabao drawn cart yet. As we thread through uncontrolled, heavily congested intersections, the argument, that she should get her own car and drive, ends.

We arrive home, the gate slides open, allowing us to drive into the compound. The stout concrete walls and upper grillwork on the fence, I find graceful, but to Cynthia's eyes, it is startling. *This is a fort! Is this necessary?*

Yes, it is common here.

Huh.

The gate closes behind us as I park the vehicle under the carport. We walk towards the front door. Cynthia's eyes are taking things in. *You have CCTV?*

Yes.

O.... K.

We enter the house. *Gordon this is huge. How high are the ceilings?*

Four meters.

No dear, how high in feet.

A little under 14 feet.

Are all the floors like this? Tile?

Yes.

Don't sell many vacuum cleaners here, I bet.

Uh-huh.

Maria takes Cynthia by the arm. *Come I will show you, your room.*

A few seconds later they are gone, Jana is walking outside to attend to something, I know not. I go up to my office and find Zelle next door in her office. I stick my head into her and say, *Hi.*

Hi yourself. What do we do about Jonathan?

What have you confirmed?

He is buying for our competitors. Getting the better product for them, and getting that product to them first. He then gets us the knock off, at the same high price and gets it to us after our competition gets their stuff. It could hardly be worse.

Can you prove it?

No, it would be next to impossible. Everyone will deny it and it is happening overseas. Plus, I can't fire a husband. And it gets worse. Jonathan and Alona have had a fight about it. She is flying back here now. He is still in Malaysia.

Does he know she is talking to us?

Apparently not. She told him she was done with all of us and hoped to never see any of us again?

She mean that?

No, it seems she was just covering her tracks. She will be here at the house, this afternoon. She says she has something she wants us to see.

About what?

I don't know, she would not say.

Well nothing to be done until we see her. Cynthia is here.

Where? When?

Here, in the house. We just got back from the airport with her.

Wonderful. I can't wait to get working with her. Well, almost. Gordon, I missed you.

Zelle gets up from her desk, comes over to me, puts her arms around me and holds me tight. I stroke her back. *Gordon, I know you are married and I am married, but honestly, I love you, Gordon. I know you don't need me, as a lover, to do what we are doing for the business. But I love you. Can you love me? Maybe a little?*

I am hearing Lawrence in my head. *Yes Zelle I can. I do.*

Good. Good.

There is no sex, no touching special places. Just hearts, arms and need. We hold each other for a while.

I kiss her temple, whisper in her ear, *Come, it's time you meet Cynthia, formally.* I pull back. Zelle has been crying. Her tears have soaked my sleeve. She nods, dabs her eyes with a handkerchief and we walk downstairs.

Cynthia is sitting with Jana and Maria. They are laughing. There is the remains of a sliced mango, and a señorita banana, on a plate in front of Cynthia. A cup of coffee is half full.

Maria looks at me and announces, *Ma'am Cynthia takes her coffee like a normal person, not like your tea!*

I'm glad you approve of her preferences in coffee. I suspect they do not extend

to, balut, durian, bulad⁶⁵ or Bagoóng. So be careful.

Ha! We will see!

Cynthia is now a little panicky. Wait! Maria, I suspect that Gordon is right.

OK.

Cynthia I hate to interrupt your social hour with my wife and mistress, but you and my partner in business crime have never formally met. Zelle is every bit as important to me, as these two conspirators are and I suspect the two of you have much to discuss.

Jana comes up to me, gives me a kiss and then to Zelle and gives her a kiss, before retiring from the room. Maria, taking her cue from my wife, follows suit though she exhibits a little more groping of hands over Zelle who squeezes Maria's butt in return before breaking the clinch.

Cynthia, are you up to this, or would you like to take another nap?

Sleep is the last thing I want. Zelle, I have some code on two USB sticks in my bag. Can we get to a computer of yours and look at some things?

That is exactly what Zelle wants to hear. She grabs Cynthia and they are gone. From four females in this room, I am down to none. That is fine. I am turning around to go back up to my office when I hear, *Sir Gordon?*

Good morning Sha. Did you sleep well?

Oh, yes sir. Very good. I have a very nice bedroom. Thank you for that. Mother say I should have my own and not have to share. I never have such a thing before. I feel very special. Mother say it is because of you that I feel this way.

It is because I love your mother, Sha. Since I love her, you are very important to me.

Will you love me too?

Sha, in a way I already do. I do so as you are the daughter of a woman I love. I will never let anything bad happen to you.

Sir I not mean that type of love. Maybe you would love a dog if it was my mothers. I am not a dog. Will you love me!

65 Sun dried fish.

Bakit? Why is this needed? I am an old man. I am married, with many mistresses. Why do you want me to love you?

Mother say you are makulit about this. She say I should just tell you “to be good and take me.”

I see. I told your mother to not push you into this.

Sir, she is not pushing me. I am pushing her. This is what I want.

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I take Sha upstairs to my bedroom. *Sha do you understand that if you and I make love, and even though I love you, that I will also love many others?*

Yes sir. Mother tell me.

So before we begin and I do something that cannot be undone, let us talk about what this means and what it does not mean.

Sir! I know this! I am not your wife. Many others love you. I know this! I know what you not know.

What is that?

You really love us when we do this with you and you will always protect us. And we not have to risk a bad man and a bad life to find good love. We already know you are good. And with that Sha begins disrobing.

Sha is a child. No, I know that they are all children by legal standards if they are under eighteen, but Sha is not very developed. Though she is fourteen there are almost no breasts. The hips are not really wider than is her waist. Her legs are not well defined yet. I know she is fourteen, but honestly, could I tell that she is older than twelve? Not by looking at her. She has a hairless cunt, but I don't think she is shaving yet. I think the hair hasn't come yet.

She looks at me. *Am I supposed to take your things off too?*

Mmmmm, maybe another time you will. No I will get them off this time. And with that I am committed. I take, what I have on, off. Sha gets on the bed and waits for me. She is cute, darling and I feel every bit a rapist. No not a violent rapist, this is statutory rape. Yes I know it was statutory rape with Renelyn, Raya and Amzkie, but they at least had breasts and hips and the remains of pubic hair. If I was in Cambodia, it would not be rape, but this is the Philippines.

I take the KY and anoint my rod. Sha asks me what I am doing. I explain it to her. And then I anoint her labia with the KY. We are not engaged in any foreplay. This is an initiation. I lie on my back. Sha straddles me. I explain what needs to happen and that she will feel some real pain as she breaks the hymen. Sha tells me that her mother has explained this to her.

The girl positions herself, takes my tool, moving it lovingly over her cunt a few times, takes a deep breath and just sinks down on me. I do notice a little pause

in the beginning but not enough to stop at the hymen. What was there, is no more. We are pelvic bone to pelvic bone. Sha lifts up. I see the blood. Not much, but it is there. She slams down again. If it were not for the KY, God knows what damage I would be doing.

Sha is moving up and down, up and down. She has an intense expression on her pretty face. She is biting her lower lip just a bit. And then at about the same moment, as her eyes shut, her mouth opens and expresses a silent 'O,' I feel juices flow over my rod. Eyes still closed and a determined look on her face, Sha picks up the pace and starts a quickened assault on my rod. Juices are now flowing freely. Sha is breathing hard and rapidly, as she drives herself on, as hard and as fast as she can.

I want to take her from the rear now but decide to wait until she gets winded. Sha is not getting winded. She keeps on going. I reach up and pinch a nipple. There is no breast, but there are always nipples. That causes her to gasp and stop for a second. I take the opportunity to roll her over and put her on her knees. Sha is confused and I tell her what I am doing. OK, so long as we are not done, I can do as I please. She informs me in a very clear voice, she will pitch a fit if I stop now.

Sliding into her is no problem. She is incredibly small, but her cunt has given way for my member. I run deep into her. I start my own movements, in and out. For the very first time in Sha's life, someone is touching her clit. I am rubbing it gently as I fuck her. In only moments, Sha cumms hard. I keep it up, and Sha cumms hard again. I do not stop and Sha's body just cumms undone, clamping so hard on my rod that it is just this side of massively painful. It is enough to bring me to orgasm. Sha gets her reward.

I flop down to the side of the girl.

Wow, Gordon, wow.

Yeh. Wow, Sha. I am curious if maybe she has just turned 14 and ask Sha, *When is your birthday.* Sha tells me the day, the month, and then the year she was born. Holy shit! Sha is not fourteen. No, na-uh, noooo, shit, fuck, goddamn... NO! I am so fucked. Sha is eleven!

I want to cry. What has Maria done to me?

We are just lying on the bed. I, holding Sha. I, not knowing, what to do or say. My loins dappled with the blood of her hymen, her thighs crusty with my cum that has dribbled out of her.

There is a knock on the door before it opens. It is Maria. She is looking proud. I am ready to kill her. I hold Sha close to me. I want her to know I am not rejecting her, not sending her away. She has done nothing wrong. Yes, I have done something gravely wrong but she is innocent. Her face is against my chest. I suspect she can hear my heart, as I speak to her mother.

Maria, why did you lie to me?

Gordon?

Why did you tell me that Sha was fourteen?

I never tell you that!

Yes you did!

No! I never tell you her age. You only ask me what grade she was in. I tell you that.

Yes you say eighth.

Yes, she was in eighth.

Sha what grade are you in?

From my chest she says Eight!

How? You are eleven.

They advance me. I am smart!

Maria looks at me and smirks. See?

Maria! You permitted, no wanted, me to sexually take your eleven year old child?

Maria speaking to Sha. Child are you OK?

Oo, Nanay⁶⁶.

He hurt you?

Hindi!

It feel OK?

I feel super! [giggle]

You want to do this again?

66 Mother. [Pronounced: na-NIE]

Very much, Yes!

Gordon, I do not see that anything bad has happened. Clean up. Lunch is on the table. And Maria leaves. I close my eyes and try to gather my thoughts. My emotions are all over the place. If I am honest with myself, I had just enjoyed sex with a child eleven years old. It is not supposed to happen. I did not believe that eleven year-olds could ever get sexually excited. I know she was not faking it, so how do I understand what has just happened?

Sha is tugging me. Get up! 'nay⁶⁷ say it is time to eat!

I am up and we are in the shower. I wash her. She tries, bless her heart, to wash me. We dry off, redress and go downstairs. Sitting at the table are Jana, Zelle, Cynthia, Renelyn, Raya and Amzkie. Sha and I walk in together. All talk stops. Jana says nothing, just looks. Zelle gasps. Amzkie squeals as she, her sister and Renelyn run to her and hug her. Cynthia is staring and then in a very slow measured voice, asks, *Gordon, did I just see what I think I saw?*

I do not know what to say. I am tongue tied. Jana however is not too impaired. *Cynthia, Gordon had refused to do this. He felt it was beyond anything acceptable. He accused Maria and me of evil things. But Maria and I tricked him into this, because it needed to happen. Sha is Maria's daughter. It was Sha and her mother's choice. Gordon is embarrassed. Please do not make things worse for him. If you have any complaints, blame me and Maria.*

Gordon, is what your wife saying true?

Yeh, and... No, goddamn it. No matter how I got setup. It is still my decision and no one else's. My only concern right now is not to hurt Sha's feelings. Mine are irrelevant.

Cynthia turns to Sha who is watching and listening to all this. *Child are you OK?*

Yes Ma'am. I am great!

How do you mean?

Sir Gordon, he try to tell me to not do this, but I want this so bad I convince him it is OK. Only we not tell him my real age until we do it! And a big grin now covers Sha's face.

Gordon, they sandbagged you?

Yes. I guess. But it is still wrong.

67 Short for Nanay which means mother, [Pronounced: NIE]

Does lying happen a lot here?

Yes. It is a cultural thing. Lying is seen as OK.

Jana, you lived in the USA for years. You know how we treat lies in the USA. Is what Gordon says about lies here being normal, really true?

Cynthia, when we see someone who won't do something for a silly reason, it is perfectly OK to lie to get around the objection. It is the best thing to do.

Americans get so hung up on silly rules.

Gordon, I think I am getting a headache. Do you have any aspirin?

Jana jumps up and tells Cynthia she has something for her. I know it is a paracetamol. The pill is given to Cynthia, who asks, *Only one, not two?* Yes, all she needs is one and then she goes back to her bedroom. Zelle has not said a word. I look at her and all she does is ask me, *Gordon are you alright?*

I am not sure.

Sweetheart, sit by me, eat something and then we will just lie down and rest, OK? No sex, just rest.

That sounds about right. Thank you.

I motion Sha to come over. I give her a hug, a kiss and tell her she should spend the rest of the day with the other girls. She tells me that, that was her plan and runs off. Jana leans in from the side opposite Zelle and whispers, *You enjoyed it. You can't lie to your wife.*

I turn to her, kiss her and tell her that she is right on both counts, but it was still a dirty trick.

After lunch, Zelle and I do lie down for an hour until Alona arrives. The rest does me good and I think just being held has helped Zelle who now must deal with a husband who is now working to hurt his wife. Zelle felt sorry for Jonathan before. She did not blame him for his deceitful behavior towards her. Instead she sought to free him of the self-imposed bounds he had placed on himself. He has repaid her with treachery. I feel a piece of the pain she is carrying.

§ § §

Alona's appearance here is singular. She does not look like the woman I met months ago. Not only is she dressed better, but there is an air of confidence about her. She has never been in this house and she looks around, before commenting, *This is what I could have had if I could have tolerated semen! Nice place.* Actually she would be out in the field at this point but that is a

quibble and I don't mention it.

The three of us go up to Zelle's office. Zelle looks at Alona. *This is your show. What do you have to say?*

Before I begin, Ma'am I need to ask you something. I do not mean to be rude, but I need to know how bad you want to hurt Jonathan.

Why do you ask? Are you wanting to protect him?

No! No! I am very angry with him for many reasons. He is a bad man. But he is your husband. If you love him and want to protect him, you need to tell me.

Alona, I want to rip him apart, chop him into little pieces and feed him to the pigs. But I can't use what he has done to me, to hurt him. It will not stand up in the courts.

Ma'am what I have will do that to him, if you use it. At the very least, it will allow you to annul your marriage to him and force him from any position in the company.

Zelle looks at Alona very hard, and one word at a time slowly asks, *What... do you ... have?*

Alona pulls a USB stick out of a pocket and inserts it into a tablet she is carrying. She taps on an icon and the screen displays Jonathan, naked and grabbing a boy of maybe eight or nine. At least the boy is young enough that the balls have not descended. He slaps the boy, pushes him over the back of a chair and fucks the little boy's ass as the child screams in pain. The video is disgusting and continues until Jonathan has obviously cum. He pulls a shitty bloody cock out of the kid and makes the boy suck him. The kid vomits. Jonathan gets angry, kicks the kid in the gut and then the head, before walking out.

I look at Alona. I am sickened. *How did this video get made? Were you there?*

No sir. Two nights ago, after I found out what he had done, we fight over what he was doing to Ma'am. Then he started acting weird. I see him pick up a very young boy. I was worried. I had a bad feel, in the past, over a few things I think might be happening, but I not sure. When he gets angry with me, he acts bad to others, at least that is what I think. So I hide a camera in the room, and leave it running. This is what I find.

I ask Alona, *Will you sign an affidavit saying these things?*

Yes of course. I am sorry Ma'am. I know my time at Bayan Na is now over, but I think what he do is wrong. Wrong to you and very wrong to that boy. I tell him I quit and I not come back to his house.

Zelle sits back and looks at Alona. *Was it your decision to purchase these things?* She brings a list up on the laptop screen.

Yes Ma'am. Do I do wrong?

No, you did right. You did perfect. How did you think of those things?

Ma'am before I live in your old house, I would not understand. But when you live in such a house, you begin to understand why some things are needed and others do not work. I think that was a big help to me.

Do you want to continue working for me?

Yes Ma'am, if you allow it. Yes, very much. But not with that man. I never want to see him again!

Gordon, can Alona have an apartment here, until we get this settled?

Not in the house here?

No, in case a lawyer asks, because she is a Lesbian, I don't want it to look like we are under the same roof.

Sure we have an apartment that is available.

Good, can you get Maria to settle her in it now? I have some calls to make. Alona, please leave that USB memory stick here.

I walk Alona downstairs, find Maria and Jana, explain what needs to happen for Alona, and leave Alona in Maria's competent care. Jana hangs back with me. She wants the gossip. I tell her enough to satisfy her and not so much as to cause a problem, no matter what is said. *Alona has given to Zelle evidence of such wrong doing on Jonathan's part that she needs protection for a few days and it is best that she can honestly say she is not under our roof. You are not to mention this to anyone, including others in the house. OK?*

OK. What you are saying is don't tell Cynthia.

Yeh. Exactly.

I know Zelle needs her privacy and stay away from her. Instead I decide to see how Cynthia is feeling. I knock on her door and hear an answer that I might enter.

Gordon, Cynthia moans as she lies on the bed, it the dark room. Come here. I sit on the edge of the bed. No you bastard. Take your clothing off and fuck me. Tell me if you like fucking an old lady after fucking a child!

I start unbuttoning my shirt, *You are not old. What are you, late thirties?*

Fuck you! I am thirty-four you bastard!

So you are younger than Jana. Why do you call yourself old?

Shut up and fuck me. Cynthia pulls back her sheet. She has the handle of her hairbrush up her cunt. She is naked. Now naked myself, I pull her legs up in the air and mount her from above. She uses her legs, now in my hands, to arch her back and get me in deeper. I pull back out a bit and slam in hard. She seems to like that. I continue in the same fashion. Cynthia doesn't have the small tight cunts I am enjoying here, but I am not complaining. Her cunt is not shaved. But we can deal with that later. Between poundings, Cynthia is talking. *You like the young ones? How young Gordon? How young is too young? Oh yes, fuck this old broad. Fuck me good. You gonna waste your cum in this old cunt stud? Of fuck yes. Fuck me.*

Oh shut the fuck up Cynthia. I'm going to keep on fucking you until the day you leave. I'm going to make you pregnant by taking your pills away. I am going to have my girls fuck you and you fuck them. If you are a bad girl I am going to rent your ass out. So be a good bitch, say 'Thank you, Gordon' and then be quiet. I pinch Cynthia's nipples hard.

Thank you, Gordon! Cynthia explodes in a big squirting orgasm. I fuck her through it. She cumms again, and I keep on fucking. She is screaming, *Oh, Jesus, Oh, Jesus, Oh, fucking Jesus. Oh fucking YES!* She cumms again and I cum with her.

A few minutes later I get up and start dressing.

Am I one of your girls now?

Only if you want to be. Where are your birth control pills?

In my purse, in the side pocket. Are you really taking them away from me?

Yes.

Then I am one of your girls now.

Good, that means you get to have sex with an eleven year-old.

No!

Oh, sweetheart, yes you will. And I finish pulling up my zipper before I walk out the door.

Back up in my office, I am responding to some normal issues when Zelle comes in and sits down.

I stop what I am doing, which is no big deal, swivel my chair and give Zelle my full attention.

Gordon, in five months, I am no longer going to be married. The marriage will

be annulled. That is pretty much a sure thing. Asshole will get nothing. He will have to move out of the house and he will lose any interest he might have had in the company. If any of his family as much as makes a squeak, we will show them the video. There will be no public problems. I will be a single woman in complete control of the company. If you were single, I would marry you. I would insist on it. I am considering having Alona live in my old house. If she is going to be my buyer, she makes a good point about understanding things. Plus she has shown her loyalty. What do you think?

About the Annulment? Yes. About marrying you? OK, but I am not single, so it's not an issue. About Alona living in the house? Yes but.

OK, what is the 'but.'

She's a Lesbian. Maybe she needs to live with another Lesbian, who can also be a buyer.

How do we assure loyalty?

By asking Alona to be the arbiter of that. She has shown loyalty and trust. Reward her with trust.

How do we find a Lesbian?

I have an idea. I need to make a few calls but we don't need that resolved until you get the Jonathan piece done.

OK. Good. I think it will be fixed pretty much in one day. Jonathan is back and wants to talk to me about why he had to fire Alona. I told him to meet me at the company office tomorrow morning. Our company attorneys and a pulis detective will be waiting for him when he comes.

Already?

I shared the video with our top attorney. That is all it took. He said if I don't do this I will be in trouble as an accomplice to a cover-up! There is the possibility that he may have to give up his passport. Our government will not want him traveling to other countries where he might do this sort of thing again.

So, if he loses his passport, he can't be a buyer.

Exactly. I am going to do everything I can to him including cutting off his dick, if I am allowed!

Zelle this getting the pulis involved is just a little close to us for my comfort.

I know. It will be OK. Do I have you tonight?

You can, but you won't like the results. Sha had me this morning and Cynthia just had me this afternoon. I honestly don't think I am any good for an encore.

Take some Cialis and let's hope. I need you tonight.

When do you start the roll-out with Cynthia?

Tomorrow afternoon. I want Eve here for that. She should get back about 2PM tomorrow.

§ § §

The Cialis is in my bedroom. I take one. I doubt it will do much, but you never know.

Dinner isn't for another couple of hours. I walk over to Alona's apartment and knock on the door. The girl opens it. *May I come in?*

Yes of course.

Alona, you don't need to worry. I am not needing you sexually and I am Zelle's good friend. You are not in any trouble. Your loyalty is appreciated. Your intelligence has been noted. Your capabilities have astonished Zelle. I am here to plan with you for the future of Bayan Na and you. In all likelihood, Jonathan will be out of the house the two of you lived in as quickly as tomorrow. Zelle wants you back in that house as soon as Jonathan is out.

What if he comes back?

We will put a guard outside. We want you safe.

She will do this for me?

Yes. But I raised a question.

Oh?

Well we need more than one buyer. I think you know better than anyone else, that two senses of taste work better than just one.

Exactly! Yes, I think that. You see it too?

Yes. I also think that setting you up with another gay guy is a bad idea.

OK, and?

What do you think if I look for a Lesbian lover for you to live with and be a buyer with you?

Really?

Well, we won't know if she is a good buyer until we try, but I think we can find you a Lesbian lover to live with and if she doesn't work out as a buyer, maybe we can use her at the store. But here's the concern. We can't know about your lover's loyalty. Only you will know.

I understand. It will not be a problem. I promise.

That's what I told Zelle. Good. I will need you to help me select your wife.

Really? I get to do that? How?

I will explain once I get things set up. OK?

Yes! Yes! Sir, is it OK if I kiss you? Like a friend and not a lover! OK?

Yes.

She kisses me, and no, it isn't like a lover, but it isn't like your maiden aunt either. The hug is pure love. Not sex, no, but real love. As I leave, Alona, pulls me back a little, looks at me in the eyes for a long time, nods and says, *I owe you everything good that is happening in my life. Do not think for a minute that I do not know this. You and Zelle will never ever have to doubt me. I not be your sexual lover, but I am your heart lover.*

I just nod as we close the door between us.

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Jana, I need to get a request to Joy and Rose.

You haven't even looked at the box yet.

Yes, this has nothing to do with that. I need a box of mother and daughters were the mother is actually a Lesbian.

Ganun?

Yes.

Who for... Oh! For Alona! Yes OK. Right now. I text them.

The cell phone in her hand comes up and the message is passed in just a few seconds. A reply comes back only a few seconds later. And then a volley of messages.

Gordon, they say they have maybe thirty folders to look at. You want me to go pick it up? They have them pulled now!

That fast?

Joy say she put a query into an application and it tells them which folders to pull. As we were texting, Rose, Abbey and Mitch pull the folders. It is done.

OK, you want company?

Sure, you want to come?

Why not. Yes, let's go.

The drive takes about twenty-five minutes. We are expected and the gate swings open as we approach. Rose meets us on the terrace. The woman is bubbling, she is so happy. The box, she explains could have been brought outside, but then we would not have a chance to meet Jake. That just will not do! She insists we come into the main house. The last time I was out here, we were only in the school and the dormitory.

The house is gracious. The dining room is a bit larger than is ours. The house is four floors. People are moving in and out. There is a box on the dining room table. Jun is standing behind the box. She is crying! She beckons us to come to her and she grabs me, giving me a big hug.

Jana is just standing there with a big smile and proud as you please.

I have no idea what is going on. *OK, I give up, why is everyone so damned*

happy?

From behind me there is an amused male voice. *Because you have the radical belief that a good, trusted, employee who is Lesbian has a right to have a fulfilled life with a Lesbian lover and be happy working for you. Gordon, for these women, a man who can have that thought, is close to being a saint.*

I see, I say as I turn around to meet the man I have been warned about and who is as close to a ghost as I have dealt with here. Do they not see that it is a simple matter of making sure we keep a trusted, loyal and bright employee, happy and healthy?

The simple fact that you don't treat Lesbians, as sick, is news all in itself. I am personally pleased to meet a kindred spirit. I have no animus toward Lesbians. They just don't fit our model here. I am tickled that even one will be given another option.

It doesn't have to be just one, unless the Lesbians themselves need to have a dyadic relationship. Do you know if there is a preference? I suspect that there is such a preference as they would be just as molded by societal norms as straights are.

Yes, I suspect you are correct. Rose is the exception to the rule, but she is really Bi. Rose is about to say something but Joy shushes her. I turn to Rose. Rose since you may be the expert on this matter. Do Lesbians need to be in exclusive relationships?

No! No! You are right, they are told they need to, but sir! I can fix that! Let me try?

I turn to Jake. This is your call. If you want to allow Rose to try, I am OK with it, in fact I see benefits, but not without your full and unqualified agreement.

I think I see what you might see in a coterie as opposed to a couple. Fascinating. Self-reinforcing, dynamic and more durable. How will you use them?

Mostly as buyers. They will be traveling. Various tastes provide better buying trips, better negotiations and more resilience.

And if one isn't a good buyer, you can use her somewhere else?

Yes.

And these women are less likely to fall into the man traps overseas.

Yes.

Yes, OK, Rose, you have yet another job! For the life of me I do not see how you

can juggle so many obligations, but give it a try. Gordon, have you decided who you want to interview from the other folders?

No, sorry but we have been very busy. You know about the theory of unequal distribution?

Clumping?

Yes.

Sure. Nothing happens smoothly. Averages hide the peaks and troughs. So you are experiencing a peak right now?

Yes. This today is part of that.

Got it. Well good luck! It was good to meet you.

Same here.

As we are walking out the door, Rose catches up with us and asks, *When and how I involved?*

The answer is obvious. *Tomorrow morning. Whenever you can come over. You need to meet the woman for whom this is being done. If you don't get her agreement, the rest of this is meaningless.*

On the way home, Jana asks, *What is this about? Coterie? Dyadic? I do not follow.*

Sweetheart, which is better; a house full of loving Lesbians who can be buyers and take care of each other, or a Lesbian couple, with all the limitations of any couple?

Ah, OK, a female harem, for females.

Yes.

This will work?

I don't know. But Rose says, yes, it will.

OK, we will see. Ha! A whole house of women you won't and can't fuck!

Yes, but each of them has a daughter!

Hala!

We are back for dinner. It is a lively and somewhat bawdy meal. Afterward Cynthia is introduced to karaoke, Philippine style. Some are playing video games. I go up to my office for a brief check in to see if anything needs my attention. A few small issues do. I look at the folders of Lesbians that we will be

reviewing with Alona tomorrow. A number of them look very promising. I am curious how Alona responds to multiple loves.

I put that box down and pick up one of the boxes of the folders for me. Holy Shit! If we take these beauty queens on, I am going to have a revolt on my hands. These girls are incredible. I knew the school was filled with such beauty, but I thought the rejects were not. I failed to connect that the reason they were rejected was because there was an older daughter, not because they were not lovely.

Still if I have staff in the field this lovely, I am assured we will be getting business we would not have any expectation of getting on the merits. I will have to sleep on this.

I put it all away. I don't have to stay up to Skype with Cynthia tonight. In my bedroom are Zelle and Jana. One is my wife and the other apparently would be standing in line should something happen. That is something I don't think I will share with Jana.

I showered this afternoon, but take another brief one now and get into bed with two women, each with a cell phone in her hand either chatting on Facebook or playing a game. I don't know.

As I settle in, both their phones are laid up on the nightstands. The nightstand lights are turned off. I put my arms around these two wonderful females and just want to feel them close to me. My rod is not rampant. Maybe it can be so encouraged but of that I am not sure.

A few moments later, Zelle is trying that very thing, but Jana wants to talk.
Gordon, if something happens to me, you have to marry Zelle.

Are you planning on dying, Jana?

Of course, not.

Then why are you bringing it up.

Just do it. OK?

What? No marriage proposal? No options, just do it? Zelle is pinching me. Jana is punching my arm. What is this all about? Nothing is going to happen to our marriage. You are years younger than I am. You will outlive me by decades. This is silly. I am aware than Zelle will be single in a few months, but I am happily married and Jana, in case you missed this part, I am happily married to you. Zelle, you are a fantastic woman. If I was Muslim, you would both be my wives, but such is not and will never be the case.

You could annul me, Gordon.

No I couldn't and I won't. Now I want this conversation to stop immediately. I love you both and that will have to do.

I am flaccid. That conversation has done not a damned thing for my libido. Zelle starts again. This time she moves down on the mattress and takes me orally. It feels good, though I don't think I will get hard. But Zelle is getting a little rise from me. Jana is whispering in my ear. *Did you look at those folders for you? Did you see how pretty they are? Did you see how pretty their daughters are? You are going to fuck them all. All of them. They can be here tomorrow night. You can be fucking a new twelve year old tomorrow. Or maybe you want Sha again. You want to fuck her eleven year old pussy again? She wants you Gordon. She would be in your bed every day if you let her.*

I am hard. Goddamn how did I get this hard? Zelle has mounted me and is riding my rod. Jana continues to whisper in my ear. *You want younger than Sha? How young you want, Gordon? How young?*

I am randy as hell. I push Zelle off my rod, roll her onto her back, and mount her missionary fashion. Zelle's childless and damn close to unused cunt is as tight as any teenager's. I push Jana's face towards Zelle's face and yell at her, *Kiss the woman you want me to marry. Kiss her good.* As she is kissing Zelle, my fingers are in Janna's cunt and up her ass. Zelle sneaks a hand onto Jana's breast and is flicking a nipple. I am tapping Jana's G spot and have my thumb all the way up her ass. Jana is losing it. Zelle is going into orbit too. And the miracle of miracles, I cum in Zelle.

§ § §

Morning comes and with it, all those things that we have slated to be dealt with. Zelle has gone to the Bayan Na office. Jana and Maria are getting the house under control. Cynthia had a late night with issues back in the States and is now sleeping. Eve is on her way back here. Rose will be here in two hours. And me? I am sitting with both Sha and Amzkie on my lap. One on each leg. They are trying to convince me to take them both to bed right now. I tell them that they need to be in school, but all three of us know that this is summer vacation. School is out of session. Amzkie talks to Sha in Visayan, ignoring me. I guess she thinks I don't know what she is saying. *Renelyn says, if we play with his penis, he will do what we want.*

Really. That is all we need to do?

That's what she says. Want to try?

Sure.

OK you distract him.

How?

Kiss him. Play with his hair. I will get off and take his penis out.

OK

I let them get into position, Sha is licking my ear. Amzkie has a hand on my rod. I am having a hard time not laughing. In Visayan I tell them that if they were both on the floor licking my rod, they might get me hard, but I don't have the time to give them a proper fucking right now. Maybe we will try later. Eyes get big. Amzkie yells, *Not fair!*

I pull her up, and give them both good kisses. They are good kids and they are fun to be with. But Rose is on her way and this is just not a good time to play.

The box is in my office. But before we deal with the box, the question is, what Alona is able and willing to accept. How I approach this is not completely clear, but I can trade on Alona's respect for me. Rose arrives by motorcycle.

Once here, she asks for a moment to freshen up in the CR.

Rose takes only three minutes before she is ready to meet with Alona.

We walk over to the apartment. I am about to knock on the door when Alona opens the door. Alona's eyes are misty. *Gordon, you bring her to me?*

Ah, I am sorry, Alona, Rose is already taken by a friend, but she knows a number of incredibly beautiful girls who want to meet you. We have thirty separate persons for you to review. But before you do that, Rose wants to make sure that you are as happy as you can possibly be. I am not knowledgeable in such things. So with your permission I will leave you with Rose. When the two of you are ready, come up to my office in the house and you can look at the folders we have for you.

Alona's eyes go to me and then to Rose and back to me. *Gordon, please do not leave. I will happily speak with your friend, but please do not leave.*

Rose takes a hard look at Alona. *Alona, I do not doubt you are a Lesbian. But child, you are in love with Gordon. Is this not true?*

Yes, I tell him that very thing yesterday. I tell him I not sexual in love with him but I am in love in the heart with him.

Rose looks at me, shakes her head, *Why didn't you tell me this? You must stay. Nothing will happen in this one's life unless you tell her that you approve. Do you not know this?*

No, what do you mean?

Gordon, you are an idiot. You are her husband. Rose looks at Alona and asks,

Di ba?

Yes. It is true.

I am confused. How can this be?

It is. OK Alona, let me tell you what your husband wants to do for you. I have to tell you that it is probably the very best thing that can happen for you, now that I know how much you love him. Gordon was afraid that any one girl you choose may not end up being a good match for you. He also thought that if she isn't a good buyer it will be very hard on you. He asked me, must Lesbians always just have one love, or may they have a number. May it be four or five or six girls in the house? All Lesbians? Would they not be happy and supportive of each other? This is what he asked me. I say to him, yes it is possible, so long as the woman is not looking for a wife or husband. What do you think?

You know that many other Lesbians? Talaga?

Yes, there is a box with the names of thirty such girls. What do you think?

We could live all together like girlfriends and love each other physically? Yes?

Yes.

Wow, what fun! And they could all be buyers?

Rose looks at me.

Alona, not all will be good buyers, but having a number of buyers is a very good thing.

So when I look at the list, I am looking for loving girlfriends, and not a wife. Tama?

Yes, that is exactly right, if that is what you want.

Yes, that is perfect.

Alona, here is what I think about you and Gordon. But before I tell you this, I will tell you something about me. OK?

Yes, of course.

I am a Lesbian. I think I only want women. Even today I think this. But I find in my life there is an exception. I love him very much. I think, I not want his sex. But I have him put his sex in me and let him take me. I am his. I will always be his, but I am with women every day. That is what I want, even though I am his. Maybe I am wrong, but I think this is like you and Gordon. But you have never had Gordon put his sex into you, correct?

Rose I say before I want Gordon in here all the time, but maybe it is best if

Gordon go back to his office and we can talk, is that OK?

Once again I am being spoken about in the third person, but I know it's time for me to go. I get up and go back to the office, just as Alona wants.

I am waiting and waiting. They have been at it for an hour since I left the apartment. Finally there is a knock on my door. I walk over to the door and open it up. Rose is not here. It is Alona only. I look at her and say not a word. I can't say I have ever seen the look in the girl's eyes I see right now.

Gordon, I think I have learned more about myself in the last two hours, than I ever knew before. Rose teach me things about loving women, I have no idea about! She is an amazing woman. Now I know I can please any woman and make her happy. I know what I want women to do for me. I can be confident. I also know what I want from you. What I have always wanted from you but was too afraid to ask you to do. Gordon, I do not want to touch your thing. I do not want it near my face. I do not want to see it. I do want you to put it in me, and push it in hard. This is want I want. I want you to do this now before I choose the woman I will have. I will bend over your desk. I want you to take me from the back. But to not cum where you can make me pregnant. Before you do this you put it in my ass. You put your cum there. Do not make me pregnant!

Well this is the first time any woman demanded I fuck her ass. I can and will do what she wants. It is OK with me and sort of flattering. But before we start I am going to need the KY from the bedroom. I tell that to Alona. She puts it in my hand. I look at her.

Rose tells me to go to your bedroom and check in the nightstand. She says I will find it. I say, how can you know this? She smile and she say, she knows a man just like you. She also say, I am very lucky I find you. Now please do me. You know I am still a virgin.

And with that, she lifts her dress up. There are no panties. Alona, leans over my desk. I drop my slacks, step out of them, put some KY on me, and on her cunt. Alona is shaking. I center the rod on her, pushing her flatter on the desk, forcing her legs further apart, and then without ceremony, I plunge in, ripping right through the hymen. I choose to fuck her hard and steady. Alona picks up on the rhythm and starts responding. Hers is an incredibly tight passage. I feel like I am moving organs out of the way as I fuck her. I force my hand under her and get to her clit. Alona screams and bucks. Her legs shoot out behind me. She is soaking the floor. It is a good thing the floor is tile.

But my balls are getting tight. I pull out. She screams for me to get back inside her. I grease up her butt, she is crying, *noooo*, but this is what she said she

wanted. She did not want a possibility of getting pregnant.

I put my rod on the, newly greased up, rose bud. I snake a finger in. Alona moans. I pull out and snake two fingers in. She is accommodating it. I pull out and quickly slide in my rod. Alona gasps, but she is quickly accommodating me. I start fucking her ass in a serious way. I have a dildo here and I run it into her cunt. That startles her. Alona jerks, groans, cumms, dumps her juice on the floor. I fuck her through her orgasms and into her next. But I refuse to be done. I fuck her right into an orgasm that does not seem to want to end. But it will because I have reached my limit. I fill her ass with my cum.

I back away from Alona. She lies still face down on my desk. The floor is a mess. I look around and realize we have an audience. Jana and Maria are standing at the door. They are looking but not speaking. I see Jana texting. I bet it is Rose. I grab my clothing. I pull Alona up and help her into my bedroom and the shower.

I am soaping Alona's body. She is a little wobbly. *Are you OK?*

Sir? Sir? I not know what that will be like.

You sorry you do it?

No! No, sir. I am angry I not do it before. Sir, I am confused.

Explain.

Sir, I dream of girls. I dream of loving girls. I not want, not dream of men.

Yes I know this.

But then I know I love you in my heart. I not dream of you, but when we are together, my heart knows you are in there. You understand?

Maybe.

Well sir, I never feel complete. I want girls, and I not have any until I travel with Jonathan. Then he show me how to get a girl. I do this. I like it. I feel good. But sir, I not feel complete. Still I want to be with girls. I need this! Men not do this for me.

OK.

Well, when I talk to Rose, I tell her this. She say, 'See, you are the same as me!' This is like me and Jake!' But she take Jake in her mouth and let him give her a baby. So I think, maybe we are similar but not the same. Still she tells me that even though she must have women, the only time she is complete is when she takes Jake inside her. I think, maybe this is me too.

She is holding on to me, kissing my cheek. But I think, not my mouth, not

pregnancy. I ask her about the butt, She says, *because that how Jonathan has sex with boys. So I decide to do this.*

Alona and I are being sprayed with the shower, but we are not showering. We are just standing and holding each other. Alona is not done crying and talking.

I think I do this. I find out. Maybe it is a big mistake. Maybe I will not feel like Rose. Oh Gordon, Oh God, I am like her! Very much so! I was so angry when you pulled out of me. I not afraid of you in my bottom. But I know now, I need you to do it inside me. I need to feel this. And yes I also want all the girls you can give me! I will be like a child in a candy store!

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Alona and I exit the CR to see Jana and Maria sitting on the bed. Jana pats the mattress by her. *Alona, come sit by me.*

Alona stands by me, wrapped in a towel, and looks at me, frightened. *It's OK, you are not in any trouble. Go ahead.*

Sitting on the bed, next to Jana, Alona is still fearful. *Little sister, why are you shaking?*

You hate me. I am afraid.

Why you think that?

I love Gordon.

Yes, I know that. Do you think I do not know that Ma'am Maria loves Gordon? Or Eve or Ma'am Zelle? They love my husband too.

Ma'am they not love him like me.

How can you be sure?

They kill themselves if anything bad happens to Sir Gordon? Truly?

Is that how you feel?

Yes Ma'am. I kill myself.

I see. Do you understand that he loves me and will never leave me?

Yes Ma'am! I know this. I will protect you because, if you are hurt, then Sir Gordon is hurt. I never want Sir to be hurt.

Rose say that you need to be with women, but you love Gordon. Is she correct?

Yes Ma'am. This is true.

So you still want to be with a woman?

No ma'am.

What?

Not just one. I want what Sir says, many women. I should have many women to live with. We will have many buyers! A team. If there is a bad one, I will kick her out. We will have a team! I will have happiness of women to lie down with and we will have a loyal team for Bayan Na! But I will come to be with Sir Gordon when I can. I need him inside me. Very much so. Maybe I have a baby with him like Rose has from Jake. I think that is the right thing to do. You not hate me?

I do not hate you. I was confused. This is true. I thought you throw up at Gordon's penis.

Yes I do, that happen, but that not happen now. But Ma'am is true too I want to be with females. No other man. Only Sir Gordon. It true that I want to be with you because you are Sir Gordon's wife. I want you to love me. I want you to do things to my body. I want to do things to your body. I afraid you hate me.

Jana looks at me. Did you talk to her about this?

No, I am hearing it for the first time.

What do you want me to do?

Jana, this is your decision. I can't make this one for you. If you want to take Alona to bed, then you should. If you don't, then be honest and tell her. I think right now the only thing that works is honesty.

Jana looks at Maria. Help me move my things to Alona's apartment. I am moving in with her.

I interrupt, Jana that may not be a good plan. It looks like Alona will be able to move into Zelle's house later today. We will start adding other girls to that house with Alona in the next few days.

Gordon, thank you for the information. Maria do as I say. When Alona moves, I will move with her. Alona, have you chosen who will join you?

No Ma'am. Not yet. Alona looks at me, We were going to do this now?

Yes. That was the plan. Jana what is going on? What are you doing?

Gordon, if Alona is Rose, then I am Joy. We are a team. Maybe we figure more out about this later. But I think I need to spend time with Alona for now. You

will be fine. You have Maria, Zelle and Eve.... and maybe Cynthia. Gordon, I think she is staying. You know this?

No, well sort of, but I did not believe it.

Believe it.

Why are you leaving me?

I am not. Just like Alona is not. We are setting up the other house. We are going to spend time together. We are making sure that the other girls do not hurt any of us. Is that right Alona?

Yes! Yes, ma'am.

Stop calling me ma'am. I am Jana.

Yes Ate! That gets me and Maria laughing. Jana is not going to win this one.

I decide we need to get with the program. Jana you can move after dinner. Alona, please go up to my office and bring down the box of folders. You, Jana and I will look at them together on the dining room table. As soon as Alona is out the door, I look at Jana and ask the question I have to ask. Why?

Jealous?

Huh?

I am going to own that girls body. She may be yours, but to be yours, she has to be mine. When I am done with her, she will know that. Those other girls will come and go. I will always be here and she and I will be a couple. A couple for you, but a couple. Maria, Zelle, Eve and Cynthia, yes they love you, but die for you? I am sorry Maria, but that is not true. Well, maybe Zelle. I not own her. I partner with her.

I am not sure about this. Jana I think you are wrong. Maybe Maria needs to speak for herself.

Thank you Gordon. Yes Jana is not correct. I think there is a truth she not tell herself. I think she likes girls very much. I think she wants Alona very much. Yes she loves you and she always be your wife. But this is because she wants the girl. For me, I never leave you. You know this.

Thank you Maria. Jana, any comment.

Hindi. Maybe she is right. I not know. But I do know I need to be with Alona for a few days at least.

§ § §

The selection process is interesting, Alona has a pile of mothers with older

daughters. Jana has a pile with younger daughters. I am leaning towards Alona's pile for that reason. Jana is pushing back. *Jana we have no way to deal with ones as young as the ones in your pile. I suspect that part of you seems to want to have young ones sexually. Maybe that is why you push young ones on me. That is OK to admit, if that is part of you, but it is a part, we can't do. We will use Alona's pile.*

Jana looks a little scared. *You love me, Gordon?*

Yes, of course, I love you. Why do you ask that?

Because of what you say.

What I said, has nothing to do with my love for you.

You love me anyway, even if it is true?

Yes, Jana.

Oh. OK. OK, we do Alona's pile.

A text is sent to Rose with details of who and how to contact follow. We tell Rose we have to wait a day or two.

Anyone hungry?

§ § §

Jana and Alona have retired to Alona's apartment. It is 3PM when Zelle's Pajero pulls into the compound. I watch her get out of the car. Actually I watch as she sits in the car for the longest time. And then she gets out and just stands leaning against it for a few minutes. Finally she stands up straight and comes into the house. As she enters I hand her a cool glass of water. She drinks it in deep draughts. Putting the glass down, she looks at me, silently. She takes my hand and brings me to the couch, indicates that I sit and she then sits so that we can see each other, our knees touching.

They take Jonathan to jail. We get a judge to order him away from the business and the house. The pulis, they not easy on him. I see this. His father come to me, when the pulis still there. He accuse me of bad things against his son. The pulis they push him into a chair and play the video. The man, he cry. He say, 'Don't kill him! Don't kill him!' I tell him to never come back again. His family must leave me alone or I make the video public. He beg me, 'No, do not do this!' I tell him, it is up to him. Cause me no problem then I give him no problem. But his son must pay for the evil he do! He must agree to an annulment, He must not request anything from me. I want to be done with him. He say 'OK, OK' they will do this. The pulis, they say, they will write a report saying that this behavior shows a deep variant criminal psychological makeup that has existed

from before the marriage. My attorney and the judge they talk. If Jonathan pleads guilty to these bad acts and agrees to jail here, they will agree to not deport him and with the admission of guilt the annulment will go through right away. Oh, Gordon! It has been a terrible day!

I see Cynthia standing out of the way and out of Zelle's line of sight. She has heard all of this. Maria is far off but I can see her. I wave at her to please come. She is scared for Zelle. Clearly something bad has happen, but she is not privy to the information. *Ma'am can I do anything for you.* Zelle is saying no, but I ask Maria to please get her a paracetamol and some more water right away, and then get her to bed. Finally I suggest a hot kalamansi⁶⁸. *Yes, that would be nice,* comes from Zelle, followed by a thank you to me. We kiss briefly and chastely before Maria walks off with her. Bed first and then the paracetamol, water and kalamansi.

Once Zelle and Maria are gone, Cynthia, who has been waiting for Zelle all afternoon comes over to me and sits down. What the fuck was that about?

The explanation takes a while, but I go through all of it. I know Cynthia was not supposed to know, but it is too late for that anyway.

Gordon, do you have the video?

Yeh.

I want to see it.

No you don't.

Why?

Because it would serve no purpose.

Is this going to affect the business?

No, it actually clears away a problem. It upsets your time frame by one day, but it frees the company to deploy better and more buyers who will not damage the company every time they take a trip. It clears up the confusing relationship of an unconsummated marriage. It frees up our ability to work more closely with Alona who has been a good, loyal and loving member of this group.

Does Jana know about this?

Yes, she knows all of it except for what just happened.

⁶⁸ Also spelled Calamansi by those not in the southern parts of the Philippines and confused with similar cultivars, (example of [error in this regard is wikipedia](#).) this a green lime like fruit, sweeter than a lime. About the size of a 'key lime'.

This Alona, she the one I saw at the lunch table today?

Yes. Whose lover is she?

Jana's, mine... why?

I think Jana.

Yeh, well as they say, it's complicated.

There is a lot of drama going...

Cynthia! Hi! Eve has just walked in. There are hugs and kisses and giggles and then from Eve, *I so need you to deploy the sales modules! We are dying for them. I have staff that we need to get trained on these things right now. When can we start? Do you have them with you? Can we put them on the server? Can we do it now?*

Wow, slow down! Yes I have them. Yes we can put them on the server. But we need Zelle involved and this is not a good day for her.

Why?

You don't know? Gordon, is Eve out of this loop?

Yes, but only because she has been gone. I need to get her up to date.

OK you do that. I am going to access your server from my laptop and install code. Maybe we can talk about this after dinner. Gordon, this place is worse than an x-rated soap opera!

Yes dear! ... Eve, come up to the office.

It takes a couple of hours, but I get Eve fully up to date. She demands to see the video and I decided she does need to see it so that she has no question as to conspiracy theories that might later float around. Once she has seen it, all she asks is, *How long do we let the bastard live?* I think my answer ends it when I tell her that, *Let his family kill him. We stay out of it.*

Eve is now aware of where Jana is and the plans for Zelle's house. She is also current on Raya, Amzkie and Sha. Yes Sha. It is embarrassing, but she needs to know. We are just finishing up when Maria texts that dinner is ready. I text Maria that I will check on Zelle first.

Zelle's room is dark, as I enter. You come to check on me?

Yes. Are you OK?

No, but better. It is hard to be OK, right now. But we can move on. Alona can move back and you can find a girl for her.

I found a girl for her. She's with Alona already, but they will add more girls too.

Really? Who, do I know her?

It's Jana.

What?

Yes.

How?

I will tell you before we go to sleep in our bed tonight. OK?

Our bed? Gordon? Not your bed?

Our bed. Oh, you still share it with Eve and Maria. But yes, you belong in it as my love.

Oh my God! OK. What happens now?

You come with me to the dinner table. After dinner you will meet with Cynthia and Eve about the Sales modules.

OK, let's go.

Dinner is a full house. Maria texted Jana and Alona that they can move into the other house after dinner. Both are at the table. Eve having returned along with all my underage, walking, heartthrobs, makes this a loud and active mealtime. Maria looks a little frazzled. She needs help! Oh shit. I announce, *Before we go to do the things we need to do tonight, everyone helps Maria clean up and put things away!*

Things are done as I requested and in no time, all are off to their own needs. The little ones are off to work! They are doing order entry that piled up during the day.

Jana and Alona are getting ready for the move tomorrow morning. Zelle, Eve and Cynthia are meeting on the sales modules.

I am in my office reviewing status documents and performance charts. There are soft footsteps coming my way through the open office door. I look at to see Maria.

We need to look at those folders, Gordon.

I know why she is asking. This is not for the company. Yes, OK, it's for that as well, but she needs a hand here. My best guess is she wants me to pick one pair, where the mother stays with us. That is not something I want.

Jana, Alona, and Cynthia are going to be gone. Eve isn't going to be here much.

It is just Zelle, who will also be gone a lot, you me and the kids. Surely we don't want to add another permanent adult here!

You can't count! Cynthia's not leaving. Eve will be here most of the time, and so will Zelle. Yes I need help. Get the boxes out.

Why does everyone think that Cynthia is staying? She lives in the USA.

Fool, you took her birth control pills. Did she complain?

No.

So?

I see.

Finally! Jana tells me she has been in love with you even before you do business with her.

Jana is imagining things.

Maybe. I will ask her.

Who? Jana?

No, silly, Cynthia.

You think she will tell you?

Of course yes. Women know these things. Get the boxes out.

As much as I don't want to do this, I must. We need to grow the business and I can't without more staff. The staff I want is not your typical staff and that drives all of this craziness. It has created the craziness which is creating the problems for Maria. Maria is here because of the craziness.

I put a box on the desk and before removing a single folder I say to Maria, Do you have any idea how beautiful and smart these people are? Have you thought about what having such beautiful women and girls here will mean to the rest of you?

You think one of us worries about such a thing? Are not Zelle and Eve both lovelier than Jana. Do you leave Jana for either? Is Cynthia as young as any here? No, she is not young, and not ugly but not as pretty as others. And me? I am pangit, but you love me.

You are not pangit!

Yes I am!

No, you are darker skinned. That is all and that does not make you pangit.

We are not worried. Yes they are very beautiful. That is good for business. Di ba?

Yes, it is true.

So?

OK, OK. I pull out a few folders. In the next two hours, we have gone through sixty folders and have seventeen reserved for serious consideration. I am about to suggest that we have Jana review them too but Maria is already on the cell with Joy giving her the list. She tells Joy, We have selected.

Maria why did you do that? We haven't looked at them all yet.

Gordon, you are just delaying what must be done. She kisses me and leaves.

I get a text from Jake. Nice selection!

I text back, That was a first cut from one box. Maria is angry because I am dragging my feet and sent the list over.

*You *are* dragging your feet. Relax, you made some very good choices. BTW, heard news about Alona, you and Jana. Fascinating. You OK?*

Yeh, I think so.

Uh-huh. Been there, done that. Joy pulled the rug out from under me when Rose showed up. Pissed me off at the time. Rose has been a God send. She has a taste for women, stronger than mine. The woman is insatiable! BTW, you need Jun and Rose there when you interview the girls. They will scare the shit out of the girls, as far as keeping you from getting in a jam. She will also explain how the cow eats the cabbage when it comes to their daughters.

OK, thanks.

Who, on your list, is setting up the interviews?

Me, I guess.

How about you give Rose and Joy your times to meet applicants. They can do the contacting and setting things up.

Sure, that would be a great help.

No problem. L8R.

I text Joy a set of times I can conduct interviews. Picking up a folder we have set aside and now may be an interviewee, I read through the documents carefully. The mother is well educated but fell on very hard times. There are two children, both girls. One is fifteen and the other is twelve. The mother is only thirty. She had the kid when she was fifteen. Jeezus. The fifteen year old is

out of school. They are trying to keep the young one in school.

Other folders tell similar stories. I don't see one of these who will be happy being a maid!

I get a text from Joy asking if we can start tomorrow morning. I text back, yes.

Those the folders for your new staff and mistresses?

Jealous, Zelle?

Actually, no. I should be. Right. I mean Maria told me they are like binibining⁶⁹, di ba?

Yes they are. All of them and their daughters. Why aren't you?

Jealous?

Yes.

You don't want them, Gordon. You have fought to not do this. You love us and fight to keep us, when we say you should change. You say no! Why be jealous. I think you are more worried. Why?

Too many, feelings will get hurt.

See, I know it. You care too much. You don't want to hurt us. Look we will have them out in the field, not here.

No, that is true for the mothers, not the daughters.

I see. ... Oh! I see! OK, we will figure this out too. May I see them?

I toss a folder over to her. She takes her time, moving through the pages and back. *Another?* I toss her a second one. Once again she works through it and then back to the first one. *One more?* I am not sure what the issue is, but she now has three she is reviewing.

Gordon, OK, maybe not jealous, but scared. When I hear binibining I think OK, yes pretty. No, not pretty. Gorgeous, stunning. And smart.

Yes, and poor and desperate and scared and alone.

OK. When do you meet the first one?

Tomorrow morning.

Oh! That soon?

69 Beauty Queens.

Yes.

Huh. So while I am working on the sales modules, you are going to be fucking some of the world's most beautiful women? So not fair!

Well when you put it that way, I do sort of like my job! Are you ready for bed?

Yes! That is why I come here.

Zelle may be stunned by the beauty in the photographs, but by any measure, she is a keeper. The odd thing is that they don't see their own beauty, they see their imperfections. We walk into the bedroom together. It is an odd night. Before she was married and I was married. Now though the legality of our unions to others has not changed, it is only because reality and legality are not in sync. Her marriage to Jonathan is over. My marriage to Jana, is... what? I don't want it to be over. But just last night she was telling me to marry Zelle and today she leaves me for Alona. What am I to make of that? And so, here we are. This woman, who less than thirty-six hours ago said she wanted to marry me, is here alone with me. I start to undress, I have already slid out of my sandals, with no socks, but no, she stops me. *Gordon, allow me.*

She unbuttons my shirt, sliding it off my chest and arms. Her hands sliding over my bare chest. *Nice*, she says. She unbuckles my belt, unbuttons the top of my slacks and unzips the zipper, slowly. She giggles a bit, looking up. *I have always wanted a husband to do this with.* She drops my slacks down around my ankles and helps me out of them. She reaches up and rolls her fingers around the waistband of my boxers. *Why you wear boxers? Why not briefs?*

Don't know. You have a preference?

No, she says as she squats before pulling the boxers down, and over my semi-rigid pole. *You ready for me, pog?*

I am not handsome, but ready? Yes, it seems so.

She leans toward me and takes me orally. I tell her, *That's nice, but don't you think you should have your clothing off too?*

She pulls her head back, looks up, smiles and says, *Patience!*, before resuming her worship of the holy vessel.

When was your last period?

Huh?

When was it?

I don't... oh!

Uh-huh.

I pull her up, order her to take her dress off, slowly. *I want to fully appreciate the mother of my child. Do it as sexy as you can.*

Zelle is in a fog. The realization that she may be pregnant has just hit her. She was so wrapped up in the business that nothing else was registering. I wait until the woman, I once referred to as a cunt, is naked before me. Taking her to the bed, I bend her over and take her from the rear. She is tight, hot, wet and needing everything I am giving her. This deposit of cum will be meaningless. I am pinching the breast that will soon give milk. Fucking the cunt that will soon provide portal to my child. Married or not, she is bound to me now. I roll us over. I want to watch her as she rides my rod. Zelle scoots around so she is looking at me. There is a huge smile on her sweet face. I am deep inside her. She wiggles and giggles.

I am yours now. Really yours. Really forever. Our child will bind us. Our blood combines. We are history now, Gordon, not a footnote. I love you, Gordon. Truly. With this penis in me, I thee wed. Oh Gordon, this is such a good way to end this day. God, I love feeling you in me. You can fuck all the pretty ones. It's OK, we are always one. You and me! And with that, Zelle rides my rod until she can't move, her legs giving out.

I am still hard. I roll us into missionary position and help Zelle cum and cum again. I am not cumming and that is becoming a problem. I am hard, but nothing doing. And then I think about the fifteen year old I may see tomorrow. I think about her beautiful mother putting her on my rod and Zelle receives my cum.

Morning finds me with Zelle spooned against me. We both need to get moving. Gentle kisses do the trick. Showers completed and dressed, we head toward our different duties.

I will not see Zelle, Eve or Cynthia until tonight. Jana and Alona are moving to the other house this morning. It is disquieting watching my wife leave with five suitcases. I am not happy. I will not see her for how long? I surely do not know. Tomorrow Rose is helping with the interviews for them at that house. Maria remains as do the children. But the three older ones are working in the fourth apartment which we have set up as their office.

I am fidgety, uncomfortable. Sha and Maria hover. Joy will be here in less than an hour. The interviewees, mother and daughters, will be here in two hours.

Sir, Sha needs instruction on sex. You are not busy right now. May I teach her? I am not thinking and say, *Yes*.

Maria and Sha squat down close to me. Maria puts her hands on the inside of my knees and pulls them apart. She unzips me and pulls my flaccid rod out, handling gently. In very quiet voices, mother and daughter discuss the details of a penis. Fingers slide smoothly over parts. First Maria's, later Sha's. A tongue touches me and then again. A mouth encloses around my member, and then the other mouth, too small, encircles me. There is nothing unsettling, nothing quick. It is all in slow motion: no sharp edges, no nails, no teeth. I drift. I am not close to cumming but I am very hard. I hear someone clear a throat. Oh shit, it is Joy! The girls scramble and I zip up!

I gather that Maria was teaching her daughter?

Yes, you are correct.

That is good. Mothers normally do not do this. It is best that they do. You looked like they were doing it good.

Yes, it was a good lesson. I am sorry you see it.

Ah! That is not a problem. I am happy for you. Maria is a good mistress. Jana is gone?

Yes.

Are you OK?

No.

I think that is what it is. You not know how much Jana wants girls, correct?

Yes, that is right.

I warn Rose about that. I see it when we give her the first folders. I see it in her eyes. She is not like Alona I think. But she wants girls too.

I see. You can tell these things?

We see many females. We learn what the looks say.

Oh. What do you see in Maria?

She love you. She will not leave. You should trust her.

OK. But she gave me her eleven year old daughter.

Yes, I am glad she does that!

Why?

Now all she has is yours. She has nothing without you. She and her daughter will always be with you. Very good. Like me and Abbey for Jake.

Oh.

Jun is coming with all the girls.

What do you mean, all of them?

All the mothers. We will have a meeting here. They will learn the rules and learn that they are a group, a team. None of them is special. They need to know this at the beginning. They need to see that they are not any more pretty than any other one here. That is very important.

Oh, you have done this before?

For the school yes. When we help Maricar and Imee we do not and we cause a problem. We will not make that mistake again.

Big problem?

No but it did cause Lawrence headaches he should not have had. He had to send one girl away that Rose thinks we could have avoided if we had done this. I don't know about that, but maybe.

I see. Do I need to get chairs for all of them?

No they will sit on the floor. Not a problem. Is this all you will need?

If this works, we may need two to three times this many in total.

Ganun?

Yes.

These are seventeen families. So either another seventeen or maybe as many as thirty-four?

Yes eventually. Not all at once.

Wow! OK this is very good news. You have a vasectomy?

Excuse me?

You cut?

No, why?

Then you will have many many mestizo children! Nice!

How did you meet Jake?

What I hear I guess is not for this. It is a long story, but the short version is that she and Abbey sandbagged the guy. So Joy and Abbey are the original bricks in the edifice of what has been built. She has been with the guy for years now. It is clear that she is his.

Joy tells me that as far as she sees it, and she has not met Zelle or Eve, Maria is my Joy. Jana is not. I find that take on things interesting, though I hope, inaccurate. In my experience, people often try to fit others into the roles that they know and understand. It's a matter of 'typing.' It is often, simply, wrong.

We hear a jeepney drive up. Joy tells me they arranged for this. The gate is opened and the women are disgorged from the vehicle. Joy is outside and putting them all on the lanai. Chairs are put in front of them for Joy, Jun, Maria and me. The fact that they are including Maria is a surprise to me and I gather to Maria.

Jun introduces me and says that, *Maria is one of Gordon's trusted assistants. If she says something, you should assume it came from him. If you are selected to stay with Gordon, there will be others you meet with the same type of power.*

This is more an interview to see if you will be accepted into Gordon's family. There are two companies that are run as family operations from here.

If you are selected, you and your daughters will become Gordon's mistresses and enter into the family. You will help run one of the businesses and help grow it. These jobs are not entry level positions. These positions involve starting up new stores and warehouses, hiring and firing others, and running these locations on a day to day basis.

After training, many of you mothers will be far from here for long periods of time, but the daughters will stay here until they are old enough to run

operations for the company.

Each and every person chosen will have a real future for life. These are not five month contracts at small wages. But if you or your daughters are unwilling or unable to bind yourselves mind and body to Gordon, then you should get up and leave now. The Jeepney will take you back, no questions asked and no problems.

Then Jun says, You are now to take a ten minute break, talk among yourselves only, not us. Following the break, if you have chosen to stay, you can and should ask us questions. After the break, every question asked will be answered. If some want to leave after the questions are answered you will have that opportunity as there will be another break. You can also talk to others if you choose before you decide to leave. The Jeepney will have returned by then. ... A second question period will occur after this second break and once again we will answer all questions. If you then want to leave the Jeepney will have returned to take you away, if you want to go. ... If you stay, you will have to sign a confidentiality agreement which will bind mothers and daughters. Let no one say you were forced to do anything you didn't want to do! ... OK break now, get on the Jeepney if you want to leave!

Jun motions for us to get up and go into the house.

Maria scoots into the kitchen and pours a pitcher of water and puts some glasses on a tray, brings it to Jun and Joy and me. She texts. Thirty seconds later, the young ones come over from the apartment. In short order they are carrying pitchers of water and glasses on to the lanai. Maria has not issued any instructions about what they can and can't say. I can see the girls getting quizzed. I suspect that it will be OK, though I am a little concerned about Sha's presence.

Twenty minutes more than passes. I look out and no one is in the jeepney. The driver is leaning against the bus. He can't hear what is being said on the lanai and he had instructions to get into the bus if he needed to drive someone back to town. We go out to the lanai and sit down.

Jun starts again, *Questions?*

Those girls, they say they are mistresses of Gordon. Is this true?

OK here we go, I may be going to jail. I speak. Yes, they are mine and I love each one of them.

Love in your heart or your bed, sir?

Both ma'am.

A little young?

Very much so. And I said as much to the youngest's mother. She is sitting right here. Both she and her daughter lied about the child's age and insisted. But yes, it is me who took the girl and my responsibility. Anything more about my sweet Sha? No? OK next question?

What type of companies?

It's a combination of retail home furnishings, trucking, shipping, logistics and software. We are in the process of growing the companies. We can hire employees but we need the structure to manage and bind the entire system together. Part of this involves computers, data, intelligence collection and management, and some of it requires a corporate staff to glue it all together.

We would be that glue?

Yes. Each of you have amazing résumés. You are all incredibly intelligent, show flexible thinking, have great beauty and your daughters show the same attributes. There are others – more than one hundred and fifty more – just like you. We chose you first simply because you were in the first box of résumés we reviewed. So while you bring us the things we need, there are others. You do not need to feel any pressure to stay. We will be OK if you leave. But if you stay and are as good to me as I hope you will be, we will all have a great future.

Why the sex? Why not just hire us?

I am not looking for employees. Employees leave. I am looking for mistresses, some of whom will give me children.

There is a murmur in the room.

How many children do you want?

We have not set a limit. I want my children to run these companies some time in the future.

What will our daughters be doing?

Going to school and working in our back office doing data entry in the modules we use to track and manage the companies. By the time they are old enough to go out into the field they will know more than any of you, I send out now!

But you will have sex with our daughters?

Yes.

Why?

Same reason as with you.

What if we want to leave?

You may leave, but you are bound by a confidentiality agreement. Talk about anything you have seen here, or done here, or know about here, and we will be very severe in our legal actions. People who put all the others here at risk, by acting badly will not be ignored. Every person who joins the family is a stake holder in the future of the company and in every other woman who joins us. Hurt one of us and you hurt all of us.

If we leave, will we be able to take our daughters?

This is not slavery. You mothers have full legal control of your daughters, not me, until they reach legal age. If you leave before they are legal adults, they must leave too. It is a simple issue.

Will you fire us?

That's a good question. I have given that a lot of thought. If I ask you to join a family, what does that mean? The answer is no, so long as you have not killed someone, stolen from the company, which means from the rest of us, or injured another member of the family in another way. We had a situation where a person almost killed someone in sick rage and stole from the company. That person is in jail. Other than that, if you are not working out in one position, we will find something that you can succeed at. All of us have limitations. Families love each other and find a way to succeed.

There didn't seem to be any more questions. Jun got up and declared another break and another chance to leave. As soon as the break was announced, merienda⁷⁰ and pitchers of juice appeared, brought out by my girls.

Jun looks outside and asks Maria, *You tell them to do this?*

No.

I don't understand.

They see what is happening. They have good hearts.

Where did they get the money for the merienda?

The cash drawer. It's for that sort of thing.

The money is in an open drawer?

Of course! Gordon trusts us. We respect him.

⁷⁰ Snack foods.

OK, good.

I look out. No one is leaving. I look at Jun. Why is no one leaving?

Same reason why, when I give this talk at the school, not one leaves. This is the best option they may have ever had in their lives and we pre-screened for flexible thinking.

After fifteen minutes we are outside again and ready for questions.

What religion must we follow?

There are no religious requirements. You may pray, or not. You may be any religion so long as you practice tolerance toward other religions. You may not proselytize. I don't care what you believe, you are not to tell anyone else that your way is better than theirs.

Truly?

Yes.

May we take off for religious observance?

Yes but you must find someone to cover for you. We do not shut down the companies because of your religion. These are companies and not churches.

Where is your wife?

She is busy organizing the team that will be our international buying unit.

Why are we not considered for that?

Because none of you are Lesbians.

Shouts of, Hala!

Sir Gordon, I don't think any of us will leave, may we just relax, wander around, go to the CR, talk to you and Ma'am one on one? I think we are all your new girls anyway if you will have us.

I look at Jun. Sir will need to interview each of you individually before you are truly accepted, but I suspect all of you will succeed. So, Sir Gordon, I recommend that you agree to this.

OK, then let us assume that we are free until noon when we will all have some lunch. Maria, can order some pizza's from Yellow Cab. Is everyone OK with that!

I get a chorus of yes's.

Things get a lot less formal. One female comes up, shakes my hand and says, I talk to Sha. She is so young! I say to her why you allow this man to do this to

you. But she say you try everything to tell her not to do it. She say you promise her she will always be OK and safe, without ever touching you. She say she demanded you do this. Sir Gordon, I don't know what to say. I find what happened is wrong, but how do I find you wrong? And then I think about my little ones, we will stay if you let us, but I am truly concerned for my little one.

If I remember, you have a fifteen year-old, Pia, a twelve year old, Brenna, and a ten year old, Princess. Do I remember correctly?

You know?! Yes! That is exactly correct.

Your name is Anja?

Yes! Oh my God! How you do that?

I spent time making sure I was picking good people. Here is my promise to you Anja. Unless you put Brenna in my bed, I will not touch her until she is at least fourteen. I will not touch Princess, I don't care what you do for at least two years. I prefer to wait until she is fourteen, and will only take her sooner if you put her in my bed, which I hope you never do. If I agree that you are to stay, I will take Pia and you now. That is my promise to you.

You just tell the truth. You do not lie to get your way. I never meet any one like this before. They say Jake is like this. I am not happy with my Pia having your penis in her, but I agree to it.

Will Pia? She has to agree as well.

Yes she will agree.

Is Pia here?

Yes, there she is back there.

May I meet her?

Yes, of course.

A very pretty girl comes forward.

Pia, you heard everything said today?

Yes, sir.

Do you have any questions?

Am I pretty enough sir? The mothers, they are all so beautiful. But you say we will be lovers, correct?

Yes you are very pretty and yes you and I will be lovers if you and your mother are selected.

What do we need to do to get selected? We will do it.

You are OK being my lover, Pia?

And have your child? Yes! Hehe, of course Yes!

See, I told you sir, there is no problem about my daughter.

Yes Anja. That is what you said. Where are your younger ones?

We leave them at Jun's school. I have nowhere for them, and Jun say I should come. I say to her I cannot because of my children. She agree to keep them for the meeting. I need to get back to get them soon.

If I send one of my girls and Pia to get them, is it OK if they are here for the Pizza and stay for the afternoon?

Sir?

After the pizza the jeepney will carry the rest away and we will set up interviews. But, if you want, I will do Pia and your interview today. Do you need to go back to something right away?

No, we have nothing to go back to. We have nothing. But I not have money to get us back later if the jeepney is gone.

Well if you need to go back later, I will drive you back myself. And maybe you will stay.

Sir?

What?

You say, if we accepted, we just stay?

Yes unless you need to go back.

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! No. Nowhere. Nowhere! Yes! Please! Send for my girls!

I signal to Renelyn and ask her to go with Pia and take a tricycle to Jake's, to get Pia's sisters. As they take off, I tell Jun what's up. She tells me to stop Renelyn! I get them stopped just before they are in the tricycle. Jun gets Mitch to drive the girls here.

Once all this is completed, I ask Maria to take Anja and Pia into the house, give them showers, and good clothing. I don't have to say more. Maria has the two herded into to the house fast as can be done. Jun is talking to some of the mothers. Joy comes up to me. Looks me in the eye and asks, *How did you know?*

Know what?

From our evaluation they are better than any of the mothers we took into the school with the exception that the mother came two years too late. If she had come when Pia was twelve, we would have found a way. The family is special. What did it for you?

The way she spoke with me. She was honest, clear, focused and flexible all at the same time. That makes her a very unusual, remarkable person. Pia spoke with a maturity and a sense of humor that is impressive.

Yes that is exactly what we see in her. I am happy with you Gordon. Not many men are in Jake's class. Almost none. That is why we keep others from Jake. You are like my Jake. He doesn't think so, but he needs friends, maybe you will be one to him.

That is a very kind thing to say. I know you love Jake in a way that is without limit. Jake is lucky to have you.

By the way, I listen in to what you say about Anja's girls. That is very smart. For what you are doing, it makes perfect sense.

Thank you again.

While we were talking, Amzkie and Raya have set up the Karaoke on the lanai. A party has broken out! I withdraw to the house.

Inside, I sit down at the dining room table. Renelyn sits down by me. *I like them Gordon.*

Oh, why?

Pia. She will be a good addition. When we are leaving we talk. She asks if she can really do meaningful work if she is here. She say she dreams of doing things that have meaning.

Nice.

Where did she go?

Maria took them to a CR for clean-up and new nice clothing.

Cool, I am going to help do makeup! See ya!

The pizza delivery is a big success and everyone claims to be full even though plenty of pizza is left over. Jun gets them back on the bus. We will set up more interviews starting tomorrow.

It takes quite a long time before I see Anja and Pia again. This time they are with Brenna and Princess. When I do, well I don't. They do not look the same.

Maria is standing behind them, rolling her eyes and indicating that we are all in for a hell of a shock. But it's not just Anja and Pia who are taking my breath away. Good God! How does one so young look like that! But Anja and Pia are without words to describe. There is no way! Oh, fuck, are they all going to clean up this good? I remember what Zelle said last night. Jeezus, what will she say now? Binibining indeed.

OK, well as much as my tongue might want to hang out and drool on the floor, there are realities and necessities. The reality is that there will evidently be others just as beautiful and I am going to get to fuck all of them. So the tongue can stay put. These girls are mine if I want them. The necessity is that they should not believe they are that special to me. I don't want them to think they have any advantage over others.

Come eat! You must be hungry!

The young two hurry to the table and are helped to food by Amzkie and Sha. But Pia looks at her mother who then looks at me. They stand straight. *You like, sir?*

I laugh, and get a startled look from them. *Anja! You and Pia are beauty queens, as are many of the other mothers with daughters I will be making part of my life. Yes, your beauty, and that of your daughters', is exquisite. There is no question of that. If beauty alone was the measure, I would accept you right now. Both of you, come sit by me, grab some pizza and drinks, and we will talk more.* I look up at Maria. *Come join us, my love.* Maria smiles, nods and sits with us.

Maria is not your wife? This is correct?

Yes, my wife is Ma'am Jana. Maria is a mistress. Her responsibility is this house, all that happens in it, and... me. Do I have that right, Maria?

Yes Gordon, but you do not come last in the list.

Anja looks perplexed. *Sir, Ma'am Jana is not the one to take care of you?*

Not at this time.

Then Ma'am Maria is a very important person!

Maria is embarrassed and blurts out, *Hala! No! The important person is Ma'am Zelle!*

Who she?

She own Bayan Na stores.

Oh! She friends with Sir?

Hindi! She his mistress.

OMG! Talaga?

Yes!

I decide to stop this nonsense. *No! It is true that Zelle is a mistress to me. It is not true that she is more important than Maria. Maria is very important, and you will not be working for Zelle's Bayan Na. You will be working for our family's business. It is true that I want all my mistresses to like and love each other. But do not put anyone over Maria.* I look right at Maria as I say, *No one belongs there. No one.*

Sir may I ask a question of Ma'am Maria?

Of course.

Ma'am, how you do this? This place is too big for you. Who help you?

Maria stares an Anja, closes her eyes, shakes her head, and takes a long breath before opening her eyes again. *Friend, you are right. This place is too big and I tell Gordon, I need help. The others when they are here, yes they help, but they are not here most of the time. It is a problem. I ask Gordon that maybe he find me help from your group of families. He says he does not think any will be right for this.*

What? Not right for taking care of Sir's house? What nonsense is this? Sir! I will do this! I will! That makes Maria smile, but we are jumping ahead of where I want to be. Further it is useful to consider that Anja is a very smart girl. I have just announced that there is probably no more important person in my life, than Maria. Having immediately figured out that there is a hole in the fabric here, which Maria needs filled, she is ready to align herself with my trusted Maria. So essentially being a 'maid' mistress isn't demeaning, it is, a step into a power position, and to become the colleague of a true love of mine. Anja is no fool. She may be all she seems, but I know now to never assume lack of thought in her actions. Pia is just listening and watching the play of minds. Maria now looks at me. She grasps that I am not ready to accept the offer, and then she seems to understand some of the 'why' of it.

Anja, what you have offered is interesting but it will be more difficult to apply to become such a person. Those mistresses who operate far from this house once trained, do not have to deal with the complex sexual relationships inside this house. They simply have to be my bed mates and possibly have my children. If you are to help in the administration of the house, and my life, you will have sex and live with me, and with Maria, and with Zelle, and with Eve, and with Jana,

and with Cynthia, and with all the young ones, including Sha! And once you are having relations with Sha, there will be a push, by the young girls, for you to put Brenna, at least, in my bed. Quite honestly, being part of the primary makeup of this house, is far more complex than anything else that anyone will have to do. It is not for most. If you really want this and feel you can do it, the challenge to prove to me that you can do it will be great!

I see Maria nod. She sees and understands the truth of what I have just said. If it hadn't fully been clear to her before, she knows I am not making difficulties just to be difficult. Pia is looking at her mother. I have clearly told her mother, she has a better shot at being accepted for some other position. Does her mother really want this? It is not a glamorous position. Yes the real power is close at hand, but that power is Maria's. It will not necessarily be her mother's.

Sir, I think I understand. You make these points to me. First for me to think about is my daughters. If I am alone, maybe I will be OK having sex with the little ones, if that is what they want. Di ba? But my children are with me. I tell you before I not want the young ones to have such things happen to them. You tell me, you won't unless I require it. Di ba? I not see that I will ever do that then. But now you show me. Maybe this will happen if I ask for this special position. So you say I should think about this. Di ba?

Yes that was one of the points.

Oh Sir, I know the other points. But to be close to you every day and be at the center of things, I will happily do all that! I think Maria is very nice and I will be happy to be with her. Even Sha, she is a sweet bata⁷¹. If she wants me to touch her, I will. I not afraid to be touched by females. That is OK. If Maria thinks the others are OK, then they are OK. If she thinks they are not OK, I not think you allow them to be here!

Maria gasps. Such a thought never crossed her mind, but there is a lot of truth to the assertion. Maria wields more power than she knows. I laugh again, this time at Maria's incredulity. *Yes, you make a good point. But the choice of what you want to do here, needs to be clear to me. I was not considering you for a helper to Maria. Now that you understand the complexities of that, you need to tell me. Do you want to be evaluated for that?*

May I speak with Maria privately? Is that a bad thing to ask?

I think it is a very smart request. Go ahead. I will go to my office and check on things. I am getting up when Pia asks, May I come sir?

71 Kid / child.

No, Pia. I am sorry, but I will not be with you alone unless and until the matter with your mother is resolved.

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There is no question that Anja is sharp. Her flexibility to adapt and parse were both in display in our discussion. She saw the clear conflict she had regarding her kids and understood that either she needed to put them first, or more cynically, I would doubt her authentic honesty if she didn't.

I have no way to know which, the way she played it.

And Pia, was that her way of trying to play me? It was a pretty cute move to ask to come up here. Maybe she is, as Renelyn said, really wanting to be part of something meaningful and she wanted to see what it looked like.

I am filled with contradictions. Some folks are so smart that it causes problems reading their intentions.

I am working through some issues that have come up regarding the integration of two of our modules. It seems that we need some new code to resolve this, and I am writing out the design specs when Maria walks in and sits down.

We sending them home?

Sir? Ah, no. I talk with her about Sha and her daughters. She cry. I say do not do this. Do the work away from here. It will be a good life and Gordon will not take your young daughters like that. Pia, she say to her mother, “talk to Sha more! She not damaged. Maria not a bad person and Sha is hers. Why you make this fuss about us in beginning?” ... Sir?

Yes?

Now I know why you not think these good for the house. We find a girl without young daughters maybe.

Yes, or maybe another friend of Joo's! We laugh about that.

Maria and I are discussing some short term fixes to her situation when I have an assembly of beauty at my door. There stand Sha, Princess, Amzkie, Brenna, Raya, Pia, Renelyn and Anja. *OK, who is the spokesperson?*

Me!, says Sha.

OK, what do you have to say, Miss Sha?

Me and my sisters decide that we tell Princess and Brenna to stay out of your bed until they are thirteen. Brenna will be thirteen in four months. This way they can stay! Their mother agree to this.

I see. Is there anyone who does not want this agreement?

Before anyone else can speak, Sha shouts, *No!*

Sha, I am not asking you. I am asking the others. Brenna, is this what you want?

If you want me, I will be in your bed soon. Yes sir.

Princess, is this what you want?

No!

Anja gasps, as I ask. *Ah, OK, why not?*

They tell me this is the agreement. I not want.

What do you want?

When you have this thing with Sha?

I am sorry, I do not understand your question.

How old Sha when you do this with her.

Eleven.

I am eleven in two months.

I see. Sha your plan has a big problem.

At this point I do believe Anja is telling the truth as to her feelings. I see no artifice here. I am however ready to send them away. I can see no way to accommodate them under any circumstance now that the door to having sex with me has been discussed with the young ones. Even if we place Anja at a remote site, I will have problems with Princess. Brenna I might have finessed, but not Princess.

Did I give away too much on my face just now? Anja is speaking, *Sir, may I speak with you in private?*

No. You may not. If you have something to say, Maria will hear it too.

Yes sir. That is fine for me.

I make a face to the young ones and in a flash, my four, round up the other three and they are gone.

Sir, I make big problems for myself and for you. I am willful and foolish. I make demands that make things not able to happen. I know why I do these things.

Maybe anywhere else, it is right to do so. Not here. I think now you will send us away with nothing. I see this is the way it must be. You are a smart man. If I can see it, then you see it too. I know this. I make two, no three mistakes. I am not used to making mistakes. I have bad luck in life, but we survive because I not

make mistakes. Now I make three in one day!

What mistakes have you made Anja?

I not hear you correctly when you say what you say about Ma'am Maria and Sha when you first answer questions. That I not pay attention to. If I do, I know that no young child with a mother in a position like the one I ask for, can be kept out of your bed. If the mother is not part of your household, you will treat the child differently. But my children would be with Sha every day, di ba? That was the first.

And the second?

I make you promise to not touch my youngest daughters. If I had paid attention, I not do that unless I want to walk away.

But I don't want to have your young ones.

Yes, I know this, but you took Sha anyway because of politics and pressure here, di ba? So I should not have assumed that it would not happen anyway.

OK. And the third?

I talk to Sha downstairs to find a way around this and she talks to my daughters about being with you. Now there is no way back.

OK, you are at the same place I am at.

So sir, I need to ask you to allow me to rethink this. I have to ask myself, Anja, which is more important, keeping your daughters pure, or giving them to you and giving us a future I may never get a chance to have if we walk away.

There is a chance that you will find a good future if you leave with your girls.

Thank you sir, for your encouragement for me to leave and not feel bad. Why are you so nice and you have sex with little girls? This is hard for me to understand! But it is the way you are. Maria tells me this. Sir I am smart, I know this, but I not want to run a store or hire staff. I want to take care of a house and a man. I like Maria very much. I think she likes me. I know you will take every one of my children and make me a lola⁷² years before I want this! You do this, and I not complain. I help you take my little ones. Just be kind to them sir. Allow us to stay, please.

*I look at Maria and she gives me her eyebrows. I look at Anja. The fear is evident in her face. As I continue to look at Anja I speak, *Maria, take her to your rooms and make sure she knows how to please you until she has made you**

72 Grandmother.

cum. Once you have done that, the two of you get dinner ready. After dinner take Pia and do the same with her. Have Brenna and Princess spend the night with Sha in the apartment that Alona has been staying in. In fact get them set up with that now. In the morning come see me.

Gordon, are there any instructions I am to give to Sha?

No.

Where does Anja stay tonight?

Oh, maybe Cynthia, maybe Zelle, maybe Eve. We will see. Anja has to be accepted by the others in this house before I take her. Go now.

A few minutes later Renelyn is at my office door. Sometimes getting work done, is a challenge.

Yes? What is it?

Sir, they are so pretty!

Yes they are.

You not take them to your bedroom. Bakit?

If they belong here, I will. But we have to make sure, everyone gets along with them first.

Ah, OK. It OK if I bring Pia to work with us now?

Yes. That's fine.

Thanks! And she is gone.

I text Joy, asking who is coming tomorrow morning. She tells me and asks, *How it go with Anja?*

We will see. Not clear yet.

Problem?

Maybe. She wants to be Maria's assistant.

Ah, I see. That is complicated.

Yes.

Maria like her?

Yes, so far.

Ah. OK. BTW Jake says he is impressed.

Thank you. For crying out loud, what do you say when a massive sexual

exploiter of children tells you he is impressed! Oh good grief. It's not as if my hands are clean, but really, this is nuts.

I return to my work and this time actually get through it.

§ § §

OK, now let me tell you about dinner. Anja and Maria have cooked a big meal. There is humba and pancit bihon and shrimp with sayote⁷³. It is sitting on the table when Jana, Alona, Eve, Zelle and Cynthia all walk in as a group. Maria goes about getting drinks on the table as everyone is talking. As Anja walks in from the dirty kitchen, half the females in the room go silent. The other half turn around and then there is not a sound other than the humming of fans. Zelle is the first to gain her voice. *Maria, who is your alalay*⁷⁴?

This is Anja. She is from the group Joy brings us. She wants to work with me to take care of the house.

Friend, I think I speak for all of us here. I hope your spirit and cooking is as wonderful as you are beautiful. It is clear that Maria can use the help, and Gordon will appreciate your beauty. Welcome! There are a number of other such comments made.

We start to eat. Anja is trying to leave the room and Maria is arguing with her. Anja's face is filled with fear. I ask, *Maria, what is the problem?*

This one refuses to sit at the table. I tell her you require it. She say, no, she is the maid, it is not done.

I look at Anja. Maria is correct. All the females in this house are equals. No one is excluded from this table. To make sure all know this, I do require that you join us. Do not argue.

Anja acquiesces. Maria asks me, *where does Anja stay tonight?*

With Eve and Zelle I think. There are gasps. I look at both, Eve and Zelle before saying, Wear her out. Make her scream. Make sure you want her here.

Zelle is putting a piece of the humba pork in her mouth. She chews on it, looks at Anja, at Eve, at Maria and then back at Anja. *Friend, do you understand what Gordon is doing?*

Yes ma'am. I think I know exactly. I want to belong here with you. I know I need

73 Filipino spelling for Chayote

74 Assistant; helper. [Pronounced: ah-LAH-lie]

to earn my place with you. Sir Gordon did not tell me, but because he has not touched me, and he asks you to touch me, he wants your approval of me before he accepts me. That is a message to you and a message for me. To you he is saying, you, each of you, is so important to him, that if you cannot accept me, that he must not either! For me the message is, this is a real family of love and trust. Every one of you matters to Gordon and so it is important that you matter to me. Ma'am do you agree that I know what Sir Gordon is doing?

Zelle does not respond to Anja. She looks at me. She sits back in her chair, looks at everyone assembled, and back at me. Ladies, this Anja is no fool and she is not to be ignored. I suspect that we are going to find ourselves surrounded by some incredibly smart and beautiful women. Maria, is it your opinion that Anja should stay with us?

Oo.

Gordon, is Friend Anja correct that you have not accepted her yet?

Yes.

For the reason she stated.

Yes.

Did you explain that to her?

No, but she doesn't appear to need explanations. She has been reading my mind all day.

Who decided she would be Maria's alalay?

No one. She assessed that Maria needed help and asked for the position.

Wait, say that again?

We had a lot of people here today. During a break, Anja was sitting with Maria and me, she learned that Maria is responsible for the house. She said, this place is too big for one person, who helps Maria. When she learned that there was no one, she asked for the position. Maria, do I remember that correctly?

Yes, Gordon. That is how I remember it.

Gordon did you tell her she would be running an entire store or other operation and have major responsibilities, and a good income?

Yes. She doesn't want that.

Does she understand that she doesn't need our unanimous approval for that type of position?

Yes, she knows.

Anja, is this true? You know you could be a boss? Have employees? Be reasonably independent in your own office and instead you choose this?

Yes, very much yes.

OK, I am very willing to be your friend. Eve, we will be in your room, OK?

Eve signals a quiet yes.

Zelle looks back at me and ask, *Maria with you?*

No Maria is with Anja's daughter Pia tonight. That brings forth some surprised expressions. I continue. I am with Cynthia, Jana and Alona tonight.

All lend a hand at cleaning the remains of dinner. We have a couple of hours before anyone's bedtime.

I ask Jana and Alona to join me in the office. Beside the sexual activities we will engage in later, I want to hear what they are thinking about, in relation to the other house and their plans. We have the issue that the Lesbians on Jake's list are also mothers. What is going to happen with those kids? These families were excluded by Jake's group, because of the sexual orientation of the mother, not because there is an older girl in the family. They do not match what I am trying to do. Where do these kids go?

We decide to text Rose and Joy about the kids of the Lesbians. The initial answer is sort of a non-answer. We all have to think about this. I suggest they engage these Lesbian mothers, who will live with Alona, for their ideas. We agree to try that.

We are still sitting in my office when Jana opens up a conversation with, *We need to build a dormitory like Jun's school has. The older girls can watch the younger ones. There will always be some mothers here for training and mothers will return from time to time to visit their kids.*

I am thinking that Jana is correct, but the dorm will have to be larger than Jun's. And I suspect we will need a school too. *We have enough land. Zelle can pay for the building materials. I will see if Jake has city approved building plans that we can base ours on. But we can't take the girls that you are adding to the other house.*

Alona asks, *Why?*

I explain and that causes some real confusion.

The issue of the need for the dorm and school is real in any case. We decide to move on this right away. On another matter, I need to know about Jana's plans. *Are you two going to stay together in that house or are you coming back to me,*

Jana.

For now, we will stay together, but we will both come back to you frequently.

Jana, I have to ask you a question you may not like, but you need to be honest with yourself and with me. Since you are loving Alona, she needs to be part of this too. I know you seem to have an attraction to young girls. My question to you is, how young?

I don't know. I seem to be attracted to girls as they first bloom into their sexuality. So I guess the lower limit is eleven and the upper limit is thirteen. I still want to be with women, but that desire is in me, you are correct.

Well, I guess I understand, but it is very risky.

You asked about my attractions, you did not ask if I am going to do anything about it. I am not.

OK. Any issues with the house?

No.

Comments about Anja?

My only comment is that I can't believe you didn't take her to bed. She is a beauty. You think she will work out?

Yeh.

Tonight is special in many ways. I find it exciting to have Cynthia, Jana and Alona all with me. I have never done anything like this. I have sent the three of them into the bedroom first while I shower. I can tell that Cynthia is a little confused about what will transpire. These things are not scripted, but I do want Jana to take Cynthia as much as she can. I also want to fuck Alona to completion. She told me last time when we were done, she thinks my cumming inside her is something she needs to feel. I am not sure she still feels this way. Years ago, Jana was scared that Cynthia would seduce me. Now that is, so, not a problem.

When I get to the bedroom I see Jana propped up against the headboard with Alona on one side and Cynthia on the other. All are in slips. Getting onto the side of the bed next to Alona, I smile at Jana and tell her to, *make Cynthia feel welcome, while I plant a seed in your girlfriend.* That gets me three gasps, I suspect for different reasons.

In fact Alona and I are going very slowly. We both are watching Jana attempt to bring Cynthia off. Alona whispers in my ear, *She is hungry for that girl. Do you see it?*

I do. I was of the opinion, and the hope, that Jana's obsession with Alona would not last long, and as I watch her go after Cynthia, I am thinking that my read may have been very right. Cynthia for what it is worth, is responding in ways that are a surprise to her. Jana started by simply kissing Cynthia but quickly added fingers into Cynthia's cunt. She is now chewing on Cynthia's face, mangling a tit, and fingering cunt and ass at the same time. Cynthia is gasping, humping, moaning, cumming and losing it. Jana refuses to let up. Cynthia is flopping around like a fish out of water. Alona kisses me gently and says she will be right back before leaving the room. Jana is not letting go of Cynthia. Cynthia's eyes are open wide. Her mouth is open wide. Her breathing is short and shallow and then she cumms again and again. Her legs just quiver.

Alona has returned to the bed. She pulls Jana off Cynthia, pushes Jana onto her back and sits on Jana's face while inserting a large eggplant in Jana's cunt. Alona has tossed a second eggplant onto the bed. Sitting up over Jana, with one hand ramming the eggplant into my wife's cunt. She pulls up a disoriented Cynthia, whispers in Cynthia's ear and then grabs one of Jana's legs, pulling it up into the air as she continues to pump the eggplant into Jana's cunt. Cynthia is now functioning. She grabs the other eggplant and finding the exposed rosebud due to Jana's raised leg, she inserts the eggplant in Jana's ass without a great deal of ceremony. Jana now has eggplant in both her cunt and her ass. Alona climbs off Jana and hands the other eggplant to Cynthia who is now holding on to both. Alona slowly moves Cynthia so that Jana's legs are elevated on Cynthia's body. Alona's job is done. Now it's all Cynthia as Jana gets reamed. I move over and start flicking Jana's cunt while Cynthia continues her intrusions. Jana is cumming hard, continually. We keep it up until Jana collapses.

Cynthia and Jana just lie on the bed spent. I return attention to Alona. She is on her back and I mount her as she pulls my head down to her for a kiss. Her tongue meets mine at the same moment my rod enters her cunt. She sucks in her breath. I pull back a bit and push in hard. Her body is responding. Her arms are around me. Her lips are locked as I fuck her. I feel the need in her arms, lips and thighs. She pulls her head back just enough to say, *Do it. Make it happen.* I know what she wants, but before I cum inside her I want to feel her body orgasm. I want to feel the intensity of her animal desire. I whisper in her ear. *Tonight you are the wife.* She whispers back, *I know. I know! Not just tonight. No, not just tonight!* And she cumms hard. Her nails dig into my arms, her body arches off the mattress. I push cum into a cunt that has never had cum before. In thank you, I hear, *Yes!*

Wet with bodily fluids, and exhausted, the light is turned off and sleep beckons.

§ § §

When we awaken, the four of us are still in bed and we are trying to sort out the emotions of last night. I think I may have a better grasp on this than the others do. *Jana you latched on to Alona because you were afraid you were losing me and you have discovered you like girl-girl sex. Alona, you allowed it to happen because you didn't know what else to do. Cynthia you are in love with me and need to be close to me. Jana, you are going to move back into this house and you will room with Cynthia. Alona, you are to follow through with the plan of the other girls but I expect you in my bed every month during your most fertile days until I get you pregnant. Cynthia, the same is true for you. You are to come to my bed so that I can make you pregnant. Jana, you have the job of seeing that the dorm and school is built. OK, now showers!*

I am either a tyrant or I read this correctly. There is no argument. Not a single word. Cynthia and Jana take showers first. When they are in the CR, Alona says, *Not just one child, Gordon, many. Jana needs to annul you. You need to marry me.*

Alona, Zelle thinks I should marry her!

Really?

Yes.

So you will marry her?

No! I am married!

Not for long! Not for long.

Why do these women think my marriage is over? It isn't.

§ § §

I find myself bracketed by Eve and Zelle as I drink a cup of tea. *Well?*

Eve is holding her own cup. She takes a sip, pauses, smiles, and tells me, *Add her. If you don't you will have problems with the two of us.*

I see. Does it matter what Jana says?

Honestly? Then no, it does not matter.

I see. Why does it not matter?

She is no longer connecting with us. The only one who would miss her if she completely left, is you, Gordon.

No, Cynthia, it would matter to Cynthia.

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Do you want your time with Anja, Jana?

What did the others say?

They say to add the girl.

OK well, maybe you should check with Alona, but it's OK with me. Add her.

I see. Why are you OK with her?

This is your decision, Gordon. You take the girls you want. I am OK with what I have.

She is going to be taking care of your house. Are you sure?

Is it my house? It is your money. Yes, OK it is in my name, but maybe I swap with Zelle and put this in her name and the other in mine. I don't know. We are married and that is forever, but maybe we like each other and live a little separately. People do that all the time. Maybe I petition for an annulment saying that I learn I am a Lesbian and you marry Zelle. That would be nice I think.

What if I marry Alona?

Ganun?

Well, why Zelle? I don't need her company, and she doesn't need the consulting company I am setting up. What's the point? Maybe I should marry Maria? Huh, no because then I am also involved with incest! Oh hell Jana, I love you and don't want an annulment.

In truth, Gordon, I don't either. I think maybe you really want one. But maybe you not want to do that. OK. Well I enjoy Cynthia. It is funny. I was afraid of her. Now I am her lover! Will you get her pregnant? Really?

I'll try.

Good then she will stay. I think I want to keep her. She is my age and we can be good friends. Gordon, Anja is fine. Add her. She doesn't scare me. None of them do. You know why?

No, please tell me.

I am older and more pangit that all the others here and you still love me. If you were going to change your mind, you would have done it already.

§ § §

Jana has left to meet with Joy and Jake about the dormitory and school. Alona has returned to Zelle's house and is awaiting Rose and the girls selected.

Cynthia, Eve and Zelle have left for the Bayan Na building. Renelyn, Pia, Amzkie, Raya and Brenna are in the apartment working on order entries. That more than maxes out the computers, we have, to do the work. I gather that the new ones are being trained, which requires doubling up. Sha and Princess are watching TV in the apartment. I am in my office. We will have an interview of a mother and daughter in an about an hour. Jun tells me that they are coming by tricycle.

§ § §

I am in the office. Maria joins me and sits down. She is patient, waiting for me to come to a stopping point. I look up. *Pia was an angel. No problems.*

OK, Eve and Zelle say add them. Jana says it's OK with her. Maria looks a little surprised. *I know, but she says it's my call and she trusts you.* (That's a prevarication. She didn't say that, but I know she does feel that way.)

OK but she hasn't been with you.

She will be with me tonight. Alone. I don't expect any issues.

OK.

Maria, is she going to be enough or do you need more help?

Ha. After what happens with Anja I think more. Yes, I am going to need more help, but we will have many girls, di ba? Fourteen through seventeen, correct?

Yes, that's the plan. You will have more than you need to work here. I think they need to do shifts on house work. Days on, days off.

That my idea. Maybe that work OK.

Of course.

I ask Maria to send Anja and Pia to see me. They arrive about ten minutes later. Both are dressed very nicely. Both are very much the knockouts they were yesterday.

As they come in, I stand. Walking over to Anja, I take her in my arms and kiss her. She is a bit surprised but welcomes me. We keep at it a while, but I keep it PG rated. When we break, I turn to Pia, take her in my arms, and before I start to kiss her, I tell her, *It seems that your mother and you will be mine. Now you need to hear this clearly, Pia. You are now my lover. I will take your virginity. I will give you children. You will be mine for many years. This is not a game. This is your life. As I wrap my arms around you, it is you and me, not me and your*

mother. You and I will have a life together. This is the last chance you have to say, wait, to say no. Once I take you, you are mine. Are you really ready, or do you want to reconsider? I really want you to reconsider.

If you are going to be my lover, do I call you, Gordon?

Yes, that is fine.

Gordon, I am ready.

Pia may be fifteen, but I defy any man to tell me she isn't one of the most magnificent females on the planet. I take her in my arms. Her lips seek mine. Her tongue seeks mine. Her arms and hands wrap around my back. Her loin pushes against my thigh. Her breath and mine mingles. When we finally break, I see the look in Anja's eyes. I look at those eyes. With one arms still around Pia, I pull Anja back in. As Anja's cheek brushes my cheek she say, *My God, she is going to steal you from all of us! I see it.*

I can feel it too. Pia is something special.

Girls, both of you will be with me individually. Tonight, Anja you will come to my bedroom. Pia, you and I will find a time later.

Pia has a question. *When do Brenna and Princess join you?*

That has yet to be resolved.

But they want to.

I know. And it will happen at some point. But in truth, they are really too young. When I told your mother yesterday that I didn't want little girls, it was the truth. I said, I knew they would push to get in my bed. I know they will. But I really don't want to do that too soon. You and your mother are the two I wanted.

But Sha!

Have you ever heard the expression, 'The exception that proves the rule'?

No.

Well look it up! And Pia, no one has ever kissed me better than you did. You are amazing. Now scoot. I have an interview to conduct soon.

Thirty minutes later there is a mother and two daughters at the gate. Maria lets them in, takes them to a bedroom with a CR and makes them presentable. Well I am sure they were presentable, but they, and I, need to see them as they 'will be' if we take them. The before and after yesterday with Anja and her family left me convinced that this really matters.

An hour after they arrived, the three of them are escorted into my office.

Mother, Ladylyn, fourteen year old, Kimverlyn and twelve year old, Jeslyn. Anja and Pia have competition. All three are amazing.

OK ladies, this is the next chance you have to ask questions.

Ladylyn asks, *Why you always want us to ask questions and you not ask us?*

I will ask some questions, but I know a lot about you already. I know where you are living. I know what you are doing to make some money. I know what the school records say. I know how you all three did on the tests you were given by Jun. I know your fears based on the interviews. I am sure you will do a good job for me if you are selected. What I don't know is wrapped up in the questions you wanted to ask yesterday but didn't.

Kimverlyn asks, *How you know we wanted to ask questions?*

Because I am almost as smart as you are Kimverlyn. Is it OK if I call you Kim?

Yes, Kim is good.

And I call your sister Jess?

Yes!

And Ladylyn, do I call you Lady?

Ummm, use Lyn, OK?

Yes. OK girls, what are the questions?

Are you going to have sex with my sister Jess?

No, not for at least two years.

But you will have sex with me?

We can wait until you are fifteen. Would you like that?

Really, you not require me to do you on your desk right now?

Kim, I have to say, that is the least romantic description of sex I have heard in a while. No, I do not require you to bend over now. But Kim, if you don't want this, then we should not do it. I don't want to force anyone. Not everyone is right for this family. That's OK.

Ladylyn rips into her daughter in Visayan, telling her she is screwing everything up for all of them. Kim answers back that she's OK with me, but just thinks I am some sex pervert. I'm not? Now she is not so sure. She didn't expect the answer I give her. I do not let on that I know what they are saying. I am however not so sure that this is a family we want to take.

Sir, my daughter is rude, she does not mean the way it sounded.

Oh, well, I am not sure how she intended it. The intent is for those who join this family to find a way to love me and the others here; to find a family out of strangers, to give birth to my children and to live with me for years to come as we build companies of great wealth, for all my girls and our children to enjoy for generations. I didn't hear anything that convinces me that your family will fit in.

More Visayan. Mom is beyond pissed at her daughter. The daughter, in all honesty doesn't want with the program. She is not being disrespectful to her mother, but she is being honest. This is not for her. Jess on the other hand thinks it's a fairy tale come to life. Kim tells her younger sister that she's too immature to understand that it's a bad deal.

Ladylyn tries me again. *Sir if I might just have a few minutes outside with my children?*

I think not. I have heard enough and I need her to understand why, and so in Visayan I tell her, *Madam this is not going to work. It is perfectly clear to me that this child is never going to be happy with me. I take her at her word. She is being honest with you and I respect her for that. Her decisions were clear and while they do not work for me, they are valid for her. Kim, I never, and I do mean, never, ask anyone to do something that is against their own good judgment. That is why I ask those who come to ask questions. From the questions, I learn feelings and intentions. I wish you and your family the best of luck in your lives. I thank you for coming. My staff will provide you money for the tricycle ride back home. I will text Maria who will get you back into your own clothing before you leave.*

I do text Maria, but it takes a couple of minutes for her to appear. Ladylyn tries me again. *Sir; what if it is just me and my little one?*

I am sorry but that does not fit our model.

Kim who has just been kicked to the curb by her mother, comments, *What? You have a model? Oh that's so false.*

Yes, well I am sure you feel that way, but the mothers, once trained go out into the field very soon leaving the daughters behind. The older daughter becomes a lover of mine and the caretaker for her younger sister. By having access to my bed, she is assured that if something bad is happening to her little sister, I will fix the problem right away. If the older sister is not in my bed or not here, the younger sister is a risk for mistreatment by others. I will not allow anyone to be hurt here. So, Kim, yes there is a model.

Now Kim's eyes come alive. She is crying. Her mother is screaming at her. Maria has appeared and escorts them out.

I text Joy, I have rejected this family.

Joy asks why. I tell her that Kim wasn't right for us and made it very clear.

Joy says to send them directly to her. I ask why. She wants to make sure there is no blow back from the rejection. I text Maria to instruct the tricycle driver where to take them and if he fails, he had better leave the city because I will hunt him down.

I text Joy that they are on their way. She asks for exactly what happened. It just so happens that I record these interviews for other reasons. I send her the mpeg of the session.

Twenty minutes later I get a call from Jake and Joy.

Hi you pervert!

Yeh, hi to you too, Jake.

We listened to the interview. I have to say, I didn't find any flaw in what you did. It was respectful to an unpleasant girl, it was respectful to the family. It is clear that we missed something with the girl. We have taken a second look at who is going out to see you tomorrow. I don't think there will be any problem with them. By the way, what happened to Anja, Pia, Brenna and Princess?

Oh, I'm in love! No, really, they are wonderful and will fit in nicely. Anja is scary smart.

Yes she is. I am glad you like smart girls.

On another matter, we seem to be proceeding with the Lesbian girls but have no plan on what to do with their daughters.

What's the problem?

How many do you want? First, most of them do not have daughters older than twelve.

Ha! And your model needs the older girl.

Yes.

Next, even if we could solve that, politically, getting the young one sexually active with a man at a young age, might not go down well with some who are Lesbian.

Yes, a point that Rose doesn't seem to grasp! I've seen that before. Do we pull back?

I don't know. We are going to ask those who are being considered, for their thoughts. Those girls are never joining my family. So they will function as a

separate unit in any case.

It might work. I'll ask Rose and Joy to assist in that.

Thanks.

I text Maria, Do you know where Pia is?

Yes, she is with me.

Please send her to my bedroom.

OK.

It doesn't take long to shut things down in my office. The house is quiet as I walk down the flight to my bedroom. Pia is in the bedroom waiting for me. She has a smile on her face. This is it? You are going to love me now?

It is, only if this is what you really want.

Sir, that family that just left, maybe they are stupid. I am not stupid. I want this. I want you. I want you to love me. I want your baby. I want to be yours and never leave. The others, they will leave for their jobs. But Mother and me, we stay here with you, always. ... Sir, you like me to be sexy with you?

What do you mean?

Dress sexy for you. Touch you and make you hot when I am near you. You want me to try and make you happy when we are not in the bedroom?

Where did you get this idea?

I watch women attract men. Yes? You know? They do this, di ba?

OK, sure.

And I see what they do when they get their guy.

What do they do?

Ha! It is not what they do. It is what they stop doing! They stop attracting him. I think, OK, this must be a mistake.

If you do what you are talking about, you will drive the other females in the house, crazy.

Good! I want to see what happens. OK? It will be our experiment.

So says my virgin girlfriend. OK, but let's take care of your hymen. I intend to destroy it.

Yes. Let's do that right now. ... Gordon, I am dreaming about you. This is special for me.

Oh, shit, how does a crusty old dude like me deal with that? Is she buttering me up with this love stuff, or is it real? Am I a fool if I believe her? Am I a sick cynic if I don't? Pia is every bit as smart as her mother and her mother was at least so sharp as to have me figured out. Pia is a dead ringer for her mother, which makes her a fifteen year old binibining. She is simply stunning. Her breasts are developed, her hips are well proportioned. Her legs are long and perfect as she stands in stiletto heels she must have gotten from Zelle's closet. Her face is simply one in a hundred thousand. She draws you in, just to see her. And now... and now she is slowly taking her clothing off in a very provocative manner, tossing each article at me as it comes off her body.

She stands before me naked except for the heels. Who told her how to do this? She walks up to me. Slowly, button, by button she opens my shirt. Her hands touch my neck, my collar, as she slowly removes the shirt from me.

She squats in the heels. Her face is zipper level. She unbuckles my belt and removes the tongue from the clasp. She unbuttons my slacks, lowers the zipper before holding the waist band, she lowers the slacks to the floor. She removes my sandals one at a time, removing the leg of the slacks at the same time. Her fingers reach up to the waistband of my boxers. She pulls the waist band out and peers in. *Oooo, nice*, is her comment, before returning the waistband to my middle. She kisses my belly, licking my navel and kissing it. Her hands move down and up my legs. *Gordon, I want to remember this for the rest of my life. This is my wedding to you. This is where my life begins*. And with that she grips the waistband again and making sure the boxers clear my rod, she removes this last article of clothing.

Pia is still squatting. She takes my rod in her hands and does something I can only describe as worship. She is not pumping, she has not put it in her mouth. She is holding it softly, firmly. She is looking at it. I am hard, rigid. Pia is studying it. Her thumbs move over the underside from the scrotum to the glans. *Does this feel OK, Gordon?*

Yes Pia, it feels good.

What am I supposed to do for you?

I will teach you later. Today, it will be what I do for you. OK?

Really? It is not my responsibility to pleasure you?

Pia, when we make love, we pleasure each other. As the more knowledgeable of the two of us, allow me to show you some of this pleasure. It will be good for both of us. Then later I will show you some things you can do for me.

Gordon, does this mean that you will want me to feel love from you?

Yes, that is what it means.

Then Gordon, I am right! Right in wanting this more than anything else, and the ones that left are so stupid! Gordon, what do I do?

I lift Pia to her feet and place her on the bed. I remove her heels, slowly, one at a time, massaging her feet. She giggles a bit but admits it feels good. I massage her calves. She lies back. I push her legs apart and kiss her thighs. Pia moans. Moving up I lick her labia major. She sucks in a breath sharply. I do it again and get a, *yessss*, in response. Using my fingers I pull her labia apart and see her hooded clit. My tongue touches her little bud of a clit. The reaction is immediate and intense. Her hands grab the back of my head and holds me in that place. She does not want me to move. Neither do I. Her sweet cunt, smelling of nothing but soap, hairless and as smooth as a baby's bottom, is pushed against my mouth. I lick again and again get a torrid response. I decide to do something that I suspect she is not ready for in any way. I suck her clit into my mouth and then lick it as it is pulled in through my lips. Pia's legs fly into the air and then heels first, pound down into the mattress and just about flip my head off her cunt. Pia screams, *Gaaaaa!* My jaw is drenched with her juices. I move up on Pia, place my rod where it will do the deed, and shove. I hit the hymen. Pia flexes her pelvic bone up and I shove again. Pia gasps, grunts. I pause. *You OK?* She answers. *OK now.* I start short stroking. Pia is encouraging me on.

I pull back and do some deep dives. She hisses, *Yesss.* Pia's head is pushed back and arched against the pillow. Her eyes are tight shut. She is biting her lower lip. Her loins are responding to me, seeking my manhood, seeking the pleasure and though she is not aware of it, seeking the completion of the act. She will have to wait. I keep her going. Pia moans, whines, grunts as her body demands more and more.

I turn her over and take her from the rear. She does not fight, she obeys my hands as I place her as I want her. I push into her and she welcomes my return. Her tits are easy to grasp and I take one. Squeezing a nipple. I hear, *Oh, my, God!* As I fuck her, I put a finger on her clit. Her response is a, *naaaaaaa.* *Oh God, Gordon!* *Oh! OH!* And she cumms hard. I give her clit a break, not wanting to make her sore. Taking the tit I haven't attacked yet, I squeeze that nipple and pound her cunt. The next cum follows. The mattress and my legs are soaked. *Gordon!* *Oh Gordon, I can't...* *Oh God, Oh Gooorrrdenn ggahhhhd.* And the next orgasm rips her as I feel my need reaching the point of no return. I pound her hard, faster, ignoring her and responding to my need alone. I have her hair in my hand and am pulling her head back as I send all I have deep inside Pia. The hot message she receives, sends her into her last, and a profound, orgasm.

We fall onto the mattress, completely spent. She is face down, my right arm draped over her shoulders. *Gordon, is that what it feels like every time?*

Probably not. But it can feel this good. Why?

How, how is any woman, not pregnant, ever? My God! Gordon. How does a girl live without that all the time? Why don't I have a dozen sisters? Gordon, why do the other girls here let you out of bed? That wasn't just the best thing in the world. Gordon it is the ONLY thing in the world. The rest just filler!

Yeh, well, you haven't tried to walk yet. Let's see if you are not ready to kill me in an hour!

Oh. You think maybe it will be a little tender?

Ha! That is an under-assessment. How long do you want to stay here before you start feeling sticky and sweaty and want a shower?

Hummm, fifteen minutes? Gordon?

What?

Honestly, this is the first day of my life. I am happy I am with you. You don't know it yet, but I will show you. You will look back years from now and you will know I told you the truth. I am Gordon's Pia.

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Pia and I take a shower. I have Maria give her some paracetamol for the discomfort I know she will be feeling. Pia does not want to leave my side. She is pushing me to teach her about what she can do to please me when she can't fuck. She points out that girls have periods. What can she do then? The good lord preserve me! Never in my life has any female, I have ever known, given a shit about me when she is on the rag.

Still Pia is dead honest and for the life of me I do not want to disabuse her of these beliefs. I am not likely to cum for a while, but sure, why not teach her how to give head. We climb onto the bed, which thanks for Maria, bless her heart, has fresh sheets and has been made.

I provide an anatomy lesson. I teach her how to give me manual stimulation. I teach her how to take me orally. I tell her about the thing where the girl takes the dick down the throat. I have never had that and I hear that it causes the girl some distress due to the inability to breathe. It doesn't sound like fun to me. Pia wants to know about it and I tell her to [google](#) it. I remind her I am not recommending it.

Eventually the session ends. We get up and start to dress. I ask her how she feels.

Stiff? I am not moving good. But no pain.

That's the paracetamol working. Take another around dinner time and then one more if you get up in the middle of the night. You should be OK by tomorrow.

OK. Gordon, you are great. I know I tell you I don't want a job outside the house. Do I have your permission?

Yes, if Maria agrees.

Oh, Maria is happy for this. I already ask her.

I see. OK. Then it's a deal.

When you going to do Brenna?

I told you, not yet.

Gordon, that's not fair!

Pia, stop. I will decide this. You are my love and my mistress, and not my master. Got it?

Yes. OK. Sorry. But am I really your love?

What do you think?

Oh! Hehe. Yes! Wait until later! And I get a smile that if it had come from a lovely lady would had made me happy. But I get it from Pia, one of the most beautiful creatures on this earth. I am melting.

§ § §

Pia is now with Maria, getting lunch on the table. I am sitting at the table, with a cup of tea and the newspaper. Anja sits down by me. *What did you do to my daughter?*

Problem?

Ha! No! Well sure. She is now in love! Gordon, she is crazy in love. What did you do? What did you say to her? All she say to me is, you wait, nanay! You wait. He will make you say prayers to God that Gordon never die. What you do to her?

I took her virginity and made love with her. This certainly can't be news to you. Making love does not do this to a girl!

Oh, you are an expert? How many men have you been with?

One. My husband is dead.

I am sure he was a good man. But one man does not give you a vast sexual knowledge.

Anja makes a curious face. *Maybe I will like it more?*

Maybe. Maybe you won't like it much. Each of us is different. Maybe we will find out tonight.

You still want me tonight?

Yes, why?

I, uh, my husband, I, um, he, oh... nothing, nothing. I will be happy to be with you tonight. Sir, what happen with the people who come this morning? Maria say you send them away.

They had attitude problems.

They crying when they leaving. You mean to them?

Ah. No Anja. But maybe you need to learn a little. I think we have a few minutes before lunch. Come with me.

And so we are in my office. I am playing the interview for Anja. She sits there, getting angrier and angrier. She has me stop the session in the middle before I

stop Ladylyn.

Why did they even come? What they thinking?

Yes, well, let me finish for you and then we will talk. OK?

Sige, sige.

I resume the video. When Anja sees me speaking Visayan she shouts, *Hala!* I laugh. When we come to the end, she looks at me and says, *OK, I never will doubt you. You are right. You were nice to them and they did not even deserve that! If I here then I tell them mean things. I have been here now for over a day. You have not touched me. You respect the others in this house and do not any feelings hurt. They not understand. You are a good man.*

Ha! Tell me that tomorrow morning!

Ha yourself! If you anything like Pia say, I will be on my knees praying to you!

We leave the office. I insist all sit with me and have the same lunch I am eating. I hear cries that I will make them fat.

The afternoon is office time. Anja and Pia are with Maria, who I gather is a very happy gal. She has two others helping her and in one day her life has gotten far easier.

Dinner talk starts with discussion surrounding Zelle's pregnancy. I notice Eve is very quiet. I take my spoon and tap it on my water glass, getting the attention of all. *Eve, I believe you have an announcement.*

How did you know!

Never mind. Tell us.

Maybe it will not be OK?

Tell us, Eve.

I... I think maybe... I am pregnant! I miss two months now.

I am very pleased. I raise my water glass. *This is wonderful news.*

Maria muses, *I wonder who is next.*

Could be you, Maria.

Oo, maybe. But I not think so. It hard for me to get pregnant. Maybe Ma'am Cynthia! That would be nice!

Cynthia is blushing. Jana decides to shake things up. *It could very well be Joo, or Giselle, or Jiecel or Taciana, or Renelyn, or Amzkie, or Alona. And in a little bit you will be able to add Anja and Pia to that list. Gordon, your seed will be*

well planted! Speaking of Pia, where is she?

Here! Pia has been in the dirty-kitchen. She has the shortest of skirts on, a see-through blouse, over her bra, and heels. That gets everyone's attention. She walks in, puts a large dish of leche flan on the table, struts over to me, and sit sideways on my lap, a hand in my hair, as she kisses my ear.

*There is a chorus shouting *Hala!**

*Jana taps her water glass and announces, *Girls, we have been challenged. Pia is going to try to steal Gordon's heart, if we let her. Are we?**

*Many voices erupt but Zelle uses her spoon on her glass to gain the chair. *Pia, you may be younger, far prettier, sexier and have more energy. But we older ladies know things that you have yet to learn. We accept your challenge. Let the battle begin!**

There is great laughter at the table, but for all of it, Pia has not moved, and that is noted by the others. As the rowdiness ends, I ask Alona how things went today.

Alona is pushing the food around her plate. She has not been eating. She is looking down. I wait and the others, sensing that something is off, are patient too.

I am not sure it will work, Gordon.

OK, why.

They got on Jun's list because their girls need better schooling than they could give. Yes, their lives are not good. But these ladies are focused on their daughters and we do not have a plan for the girls. They like the idea of the travel and the type of work. They say it sounds exciting, but what about the girls?

Rose is there and she tells them things I am not sure Jun, Joy or Jake want told. This does not make me happy! I am about to say something, but Alona is not done. The ladies tell Rose, yes they already know all this. The word is out. They would have been OK with what happens to the girls if the lives of their girls were improved like they would have been. One of the ladies asks about you Gordon. She say she hears you are taking some of those that Jake can't take. The others say what is this about? So what I do? I tell them. Gordon, I am sorry, but I tell them. I keep quiet, letting her continue. I say that you not taking Lesbians. In that way it is like Jake. I say, I am a Lesbian and that is why I can take them. But then the conversation comes back to the girls again. One says, what if the girls are with Gordon and they are with me. I tell them, you not touch any less than fourteen. They say, why that? Jake do it. The men who

marry Jun's ladies do that. Why not you? I not know what to tell them. We agree we meet tomorrow and talk more. Gordon, I like them and they like me. They will be good for the company, but I not think it will work.

Zelle offers to send the girls to a good private school. I ask how many girls are we talking about. The answer is four. Each mother has one child. I ask if anyone has any other ideas. No one is speaking. Alona continues to push her food around in circles.

Bring them here. Gordon, you and all of you here, Jana, Zelle, Eve, Maria, you need to be here too. Pia has our attention. These ladies are going to be the buyers for Bayan Na, di ba? So you need to respect them and let them know that they matter more than just being Lesbians. You all need to work on this and make a plan. You are very smart people. Mom and me, we know this about you. We want to be around you. Now you all need to solve this together. Even if the answer is only to send the girls to school, you need to respect these ladies.

There is stone silence at the table. And then Cynthia shifts in her chair, puts her spoon on her plate, takes a drink of water and, *Let me tell all of you something. This young lady has more raw intelligence than the rest of us seem to have. She is right. You can't treat your buyers as an add-on. These ladies will be critical to the success of Bayan Na. You can't grow the company like you want without far more good, innovative and engaging products. If they are as good as Alona thinks they are, you have to do exactly what this young lady has suggested.*

Alona is looking at Pia and Cynthia with amazement. If she was looking for an answer, these are the last two she would have predicted as the ones to offer it. In a weird way, I am not surprised. Nothing Pia has done fits with what you expect from a fifteen year old girl. When it comes to sales, no one at this table is a sales person except Cynthia. Quite honestly, she is one of the very best and very smartest in the business. Put Pia together with Cynthia and you have a combination that may be the most formidable anywhere.

I am in agreement with Pia's recommendation. I agree with Cynthia's observations as well. I have a conflict I need to fix. Alona, what time are they coming?

8AM at the house. I could text them to come here.

My appointment starts at 10:30AM. I will see about pushing that off until 11. Can the rest of you be here tomorrow morning?

All those named, signal agreement. *Maria, Anja, Pia, Renelyn, Raya, Amzkie and you Sha must all be here too. This is a family meeting and I want these ladies to see all of you. I want them to hear all of you. I want you all to say what you want to say.* And bless my heart it is Sha who asks the question that

must be asked?

Sir, even if we disagree with you?

Yes, Sha, especially if you disagree. These ladies need to see that this is a family, not a dictatorship.

Sir, I am younger than those girls we are talking about.

I am well aware of that, Sha. But your mother is right here. The mothers of those girls will often be thousands of miles away in different countries.

Oh, I didn't think of that.

That's OK. I expect this issue to come up tomorrow and I want you to feel free to say whatever you want to say.

You won't hurt those girls sir. We all know that!

Maybe you do, but those girls do not have your safety-net. Let's save this for tomorrow when they are here, OK?

Yes sir.

OK, good, Alona, are we good for this?

Yes, sir.

Good, now please stop stirring your gulay⁷⁵ and eat it.

I text Joy and ask her to delay the mother and daughters who are coming tomorrow until 11AM. All I get back is an, *OK*.

§ § §

When the impossible becomes the improbable, and the improbable becomes reality, reality becomes a concept without an anchor.

There is simply no way I can begin to describe what it is like to be alone with a woman, as awe inspiringly beautiful as is Anja, when she is trying her best to let you know, you are the one for her. You want a concept? OK here are the current binibining. I honestly think Anja is prettier.

I just can't begin to explain what makes one female stunning and the next just pretty. I can't explain Anja to you. Like I said, look at the binibining and add something extra.

We are in my bedroom. No one else is with us. Anja walks around me, one of her hands on me. She comes back in front of me, squats down, unzips me, takes

75 Vegetables. [Pronounced: goo-LIE]

my penis out and gives me what she thinks is head. Everything was perfect until she touched me. She honestly doesn't have a clue.

I pull her up. She is embarrassed and confused. With a finger I lift up her chin and kiss her lips, gently. I back away and walk around to her back. Standing behind her, I lower the zipper on her dress until it reaches her ass. With one hand on each shoulder strap I lower her dress to the ground. She steps out of it. I am still behind Anja as I unclasp her bra and bring the straps forward on her arms. Freeing her breasts and eventually tossing the bra on a chair by the wall. I reach around her and with each hand, I cup a breast, becoming her bra, holding them firmly before taking each nipple between two fingers, pinching and rolling them, slowly. I hold Anja close to me. From behind I lean down a bit and kiss her neck, while still playing with her breasts. Anja sighs.

My hands wander down over her exquisite flat belly. I feel her excitement but I do not want to go where she wants me, not yet. My hands broaden out, on to her wonderful hips. Grabbing a hip in each hand I pull her back, her ass smashing against my partially exposed loins. I nip at an earlobe. She murmurs. Spreading my fingers out across the front of her hips, I slide a little bit under the elastic of her hip-hugger panties. I am still above where she wants me and she squirms a bit to get my fingers lower. I do not go there. My hand briefly wanders over the front of her upper thighs before returning to her breasts, which get a good squeeze.

I turn her around, and looking straight into her eyes, I tell her, *Undress me, slowly.*

I don't think she is used to men who look straight at her. She looks back and me, with something that looks a little bit like fear. I can't be sure, but I think she is used to being in control. I have taken that away from her. I rejected her oral offering. I have refused to touch her cunt. I am playing with her. This is not what she expects or understands.

I back away from her just a bit. She starts with my slacks. The zipper is already down but the belt is still on and they are still buttoned at the top. These matters are addressed. I step out of my sandals and the slacks. She is holding the slacks in her hands. I tell her to drape them over the chair. She looks at me briefly, frightened?, nods and complies. She now unbuttons my shirt. Once removed, I tell her she can toss it on the chair. She nods and complies. She is still in her panties and I am in my boxers.

I ask her to take two steps back and as sexily as she can, slowly remove her panties and when she is done to put them on the window sill. She smiles and does what I ask. She is now given permission to remove my boxers and toss

them on the chair.

The only thing either of us are wearing is on Anja. It is her heels. I tell her to walk over to the bed and sit down. Once she has done as I ask, I walk up to her, put my arms under her legs and lift her up so that only her neck and head are touching the bed. Her cunt is in the air under my nose. I look at the cleanly shaved pussy. I put my nose close to it and breathe in a clean fragrance. I lick it and she gasps. I don't think her husband ever ate cunt.

I am holding her like this to get the message to her that she is not going to be in control. I lick a little more, giving her more reason to gasp and moan, before lowering her down.

As I do lower her down, her eyes are open wide. She simply has no words and I am not talking to her. I take a leg, sliding my hands down to her right ankle, grab a foot and massage it, playing with her toes. I do the same with her other foot, then move up to the calf and the thigh. Massaging and playing.

I have her roll on to her knees and manually play with her labia. She is not very wet, but there is the KY on the nightstand within reach. I put some on me but not her intentionally, not now anyway. If I will have some need for this later, it is in close proximity. But my fingers do have some residue of it, as they play inside her, checking out the landscape, sensing that I might have found her G spot. With one hand on the outside and the other hand's fingers pressing down on that spot, that some think of as mythical, I send the girl into orbit, without fucking her yet.

My reward, is Anja, screaming, grunting and then when I stop, almost crying,
How you do that to me?

My answer is to do it again.

But this time as I am playing with her G-spot, my slightly KY covered thumb is piercing her ass, getting past the bunghole. I am knuckle deep at the same time that I am doing the G-spot magic. Anja pretty much bucks up and forces my thumb deep into her. My reward this time is, *Mother of God! Oh Jeesus!* Followed by a delivery of juices out of her cunt that can only be called prodigious.

I move the hand that is outside, up to a tit and pinch a nipple hard. I get a response that tells me she is good to go.

Pulling my hand out of her, I mount her from behind, sliding quite easily into the now well lubricated cunt. She is not very tight by Filipina standards, having had three children, but as things go, she is not sloppy big. I fuck her cunt hard, playing with her clit and that same nipple I just pinched. Anja is cumming and

cumming. But she is also crying.

I am still inside her, but stop.

Anja, I do not want to have sex with you if you are crying. I do not want to make you feel bad.

No, no! I not feel bad! I not know this is how sex feels! Never, never in my life, I ever feel this. I am crying. How I have three children and not know sex? It OK if we do more?

I am still hard, so that is not going to be a problem. But I decide to make things a bit more interesting. I move around a little so her ass is up in the air more. I start fucking her again, but insert my thumb slowly up her ass again. Anja is just about speaking in tongues. She is thrashing around, mashing her ass into me as hard as she can. She is gasping for air. And then comes an orgasm that rocks her like none before. Her cunt muscles are doing a dance on my rod and that is all I can take. Finger on clit, thumb in Ass and cock in cunt, I cum in Anja. She whimpers.

We lay like that for a few minutes before Anja asks me, *You do that to Pia?*

Not exactly. But we did have a good time.

Oh Gordon. I must ask, how any girl here lets you out of bed?

Odd, that is what Pia asked too.

Ha! She is a smart girl, my daughter! OK, now I know. We make the right decision to be yours! Hehe. Oh my God. I can't believe you do this to me. What you call it when I shake like that?

An orgasm.

That it? That orgasm? I hear of such a thing. I not know how it happens.

Yes, you heard right. This beauty queen had heard of things like the big O but never had one. It happens.

I wonder what Maria and the others experienced, that they passed on her without giving her an orgasm. Weird. I will have to ask. OK, I am tired and it is time for sleep.

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Mornings reset the world. Anja is out of bed and assisting Maria, as is Pia. At 8AM we will all assemble on the lanai. Maria and Pia have been up since 5AM preparing some snacks and a lunch meal for all who will be here. There will be eleven of us and four of the Lesbian mothers. I do not know if the daughters are coming. I forgot to ask Alona.

My cell chimes. Joy is confirming the 11AM time for the interview.

I check email and handle a few things for Joo, and Giselle.

There is an email from Cynthia! It is from her personal account, and is, what I guess what you might call a love letter. I think she and I need some “bed” time very soon. The fact that she sent it, rather than just say it to me face to face, is sorta cute. I'm not sure I know how to reply. Maybe it will be best if I just kiss her when I see her.

A few minutes after the last email is read, I turn the system off and walk down. It will be 8AM in a few minutes. I just as soon be on time or early. What I don't want to do is to make a 'royal' appearance.

Well, it never works out the way you want it. Everyone is waiting on me when I enter. It will do no good to point out that I am early. They are simply earlier. I sit down and get introduced to the four and four twelve year-olds. There is no way I am going to remember eight new names as I have not spent the time studying the folder as I did for my group earlier. I decide not to try. These are lovely women and they are not for me. That is perfectly fine.

The greetings are over and Alona sets the discussion going by reviewing what has been said by them yesterday. Even though we discussed this last night, these four women do not know that, and it validates them to know that they have been listened to. The fact that there is talk, in front of the daughters, of the mothers thinking it is fine that I have sex with the daughters, is for me, a bit beyond weird.

Finally Alona is at the end of the summation. She asks, *Did I cover everything correctly?*

The four seem to agree that we are all now on the same page. It seems Cynthia has been holding on to something that she needs to say. She looks at the four mothers as she asks, *Do you not want your daughters to live lives like you, as Lesbians?*

There are some shocked faces. Finally one of the mothers responds. *Ma'am, if*

we thought our daughters were Lesbians, then yes, but they are not.

But they are only twelve. How can you know?

I think we would know by now, but if we are wrong, no harm will have been done and we will correct the thing.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but how does allowing your daughter to start having adult sex at twelve, do no harm?

Are you saying that this man here is mean to girls?

No. He is not.

Then they will be fine.

I can't stay silent any longer. I do not want to have sex with girls this young.

Why? The girls are here. You can ask them if they think this is OK.

Ma'am, they are sitting with their mothers who have told them that they should say yes. That is not a good way to convince me. And even if they do think it is OK, I honestly do not. When I take a girl who is fourteen or fifteen, I will try my best to get the girl pregnant. That makes her part of my family for life. These girls are too young for such a thing. These girls need to be close to their mothers and go to school. We will pay for their schooling. If when they are fifteen, they still want in my bed, I will accept them.

The mother who challenged me, looks and asks, You are assuring us of jobs until our girls reach fifteen?

No, I can't. I am saying that if you work out as buyers, we are not going to let you go, no matter how old you are and no matter if your daughter enters my bed or does not. We think, you four are special and we want to work with you.

But you bind the others here by taking their daughters!

Alona is a bit frustrated. No he does not! Most of us were virgins when we meet Gordon and we have no daughters. We are his for other reasons. Those reasons are things you aren't going to do. There are only two mothers in Gordon's group.

The push for me to take the girls is hopefully over. There is another discussion about school for the girls. The mothers are just not real excited about this. There is no assurance that anything is long term. One of the mothers asks Eve, If you don't work out with what you are doing for Sir Gordon, do you leave?

No, we would find something else for me to do. But I share a bed with him and carry a child of his inside me. You won't. You are not family. You can't be! You will not be his mistresses and you won't carry his children.

Why you say that? Maybe we will!

Now Eve, is getting a little testy. Look, Joy and Jun went through these issues with you before, If there was any way that you would be OK with a man, you would not be here today.

But if our children are with him, we become family through our children!

Actually no. If Gordon takes your daughters, then they are his, but not you. And that's a problem too. What if you can't stay but your daughter has been with Gordon? He says, if you are here in two to three years, and the daughters still want to join him, he will be OK with it.

If my daughter is his, I say good. I will be happy for her!

Ma'am? Sha is looking at the mother who just spoke. May I ask you a question?

Yes little one. You may, but why are you here?

Ma'am I am Sir Gordon's because my mother, is Sir Gordon's and she pushed Sir to accept me. Ma'am I think maybe you have not been told something.

What is that? What has been hidden?

It is not hidden, but we not discuss it. All the girls here, we make love with the other girls when we are not with Sir. Your girls will be taught Lesbian love. They will be taught this love with older women. Is this what you want for your daughters?

Well damn, that does, what I and Eve and Alona could not do! It causes them to rethink the push to have their children join us. Well it does for about five minutes, before another one of the mothers accuses me of putting Sha up to this as a way to dissuade them, as if I had a clue that it would have worked. I quietly text Renelyn and Pia to give some instructions to Amzkie and Raya.

Thirty seconds later, each of them approaches one of the mothers, squats in front of the mother, pulls up the hem of a dress, pushes legs, apart pulls panties out of the way and starts to eat the females. I think the mothers are too startled to stop it from happening. My older girls, Eve, Jana, Zelle, and Anja, go around and taking the heads of these mothers, start to kiss them and play with their breasts and undressing them as best they can.

Cynthia, Maria, Alona, Sha and I are just watching the action. While it is going on, I pull Cynthia in for a kiss. She looks at me, and I just kiss her again.

This is one hell of a show and the daughters are getting an eye full! I allow this to continue for a good five minutes, before calling the girls to stop.

They do stop but do not move. *Now ladies, my girls are going to give you all*

mind blowing orgasms. When they are done with you, they are going to do the same for your daughters. This is only fair, because this is what will happen to your daughters if they stay with me. If this is what you want for them and what they want for themselves, you should all say so and we will proceed. They will join this house and when they are older by two to three years, I will bring them to my bed. In the meantime, this is what awaits them. Do we continue or do we find a different path for your daughters?

One of the mothers, is sharp enough to say. *Oh God I don't know! I need to talk with my daughter!*

I ask, *How about you three?*

There is agreement. They need to talk among themselves. I tell all my girls to join me in the dining room. We leave the Lanai.

My girls are all hot and raring to go now. It was a real turn on out there. I am not sure how it will turn out, but if these mothers want to turn their daughters into a bisexual lifestyle, well that works for me so long as I don't have to bed them for two years. Cynthia is right, we need these women, assuming they will do a good job for us. My gut says they will. The daughters are sure as hell cute. Whether they will be cute in three years is anyone's guess, but seeing as how the mothers are lookers, these kids have a good shot at it. One of the mothers comes to the door of the lanai and asks if Alona might join them. She does.

About a half an hour later, the same mother comes again to the door. They are ready for us. When we all sit down, it is clear that there has been some heartfelt discussions. The 'set' faces I saw before are now more open. The daughters also have different expressions.

The mother who came to the door, begins the discussion. *I not think we understand before how this family works. We think you are like Jake. We are wrong. We think this is sex for you, but most of the women are sent off to work in other places! We not know this. Most of your women will carry your children and be yours, even though they are gone from here and working in other places. That is not what we expect. We not know you really not want young girls. Jake does, but not you. We willing to have you give us children, but we not able to love you so it not work. ... Two of our daughters are willing to be with your girls until they get old enough. Two are not. They willing to be with you when they turn fifteen but even then they not want the girl-girl thing that happens here, so we think it not work for them. ... Maybe we just try the school and see. We talk about this more later, OK?*

I could not be more happy with the outcome! *Yes, that is fine. Do I understand that you are all accepting positions as buyers?*

Yes.

Good! Please stay for lunch. Visit with the girls here. If you like one, pull her aside for some fun! I will be unable to join you for lunch because of a meeting I have now. Thank you! We will see each other frequently from now on.

Sir, one of the girls, a daughter would like to talk to you privately. So that OK?

Sure. I have about fifteen minutes. I need to go up to my office. Is that OK?

Yes, that is very nice of you. Jennylyn will go up with you.

I smile at young Jennylyn and turn towards the stairs. Two flights later we enter my office. The girl looks around before asking. *Are we alone?*

Yes.

Good. And at that moment, Jennylyn proceeds to completely disrobe. I ask her to stop, but she ignores me and as there is not that much that needs to come off, the task is done. The girl is lovely. She already has breasts, hips and a face that will stop you in your tracks. She is holding her panties in her hand. She holds them out to me and I don't make a move. Almost crying, she asks, *Please feel them?*

I take them from her. The panties are drenched and smell of sex. I need you, sir. I know you don't want me 'cause I am too young. I am not. I am also not right, living with Nanay. She knows this.

And with that, she comes to me, puts her hands on my crotch and pulls down my zipper. I don't stop her. I don't need a crying naked twelve year-old bringing everyone upstairs! She pulls my rod out, jumps up into my arms and tries to get me to enter her. I am not going to do it. I am not putting her down, but I am not fucking her either.

It was a mistake to bring her upstairs. Now I am holding a naked, weeping, child, who is trying to get me to fuck her. Right now, if I could shoot Jake, I would. Whoever put in this girl's head that a child this old should be fucking, well I don't appreciate it.

Between sobs, she is saying, *Mother say I not want the other girls. That not true. She not want that. I do. I want you and them. I will stay here with them.* She is wiggling around and I am off balance. I back up. The back of my legs hit the edge of the desk. I fall backward, my ass hitting the desktop.

Jennylyn gains purchase and spears herself on my rod and my rod goes deep into the girl. She is still crying so any indication of piercing her hymen is obscured by the flow of her tears.

Yes she is tight and cute and sexed up, but I don't want this and I can't afford to cum in this little one for all sorts of other reasons. I let her ride herself until she cums once. She may be tight and sexy, but she is a problem. I am irritated but don't want to show that to the girl. I pull her off me, kiss her forehead and send her down to her mother. I text Maria instructions to have Jennylyn and her mother stay when the others leave. I need to deal with this after I have interviewed the new folks today.

There is blood on me, my slacks and on the desk. I clean up the desk. My cell phone chimes, the mother and her daughters are here. I text back and have them wait downstairs, and then I quickly descend to my bedroom, pull off the slacks, and wipe myself clean, before putting on new clothing. Ten minutes later I am back in my office and ready to meet these folks. Maria brings them up and mentions to me that they have been talking to the Lesbian families who are about to be served lunch. I gather that this may signal a problem.

I offer them chairs and sit down with them. The mother's name is Dian, and she is every bit as lovely as is Anja. Dian's daughters are Glanna, age 14, and Shamcey, the twelve year old. At this point I am at a loss to know how to start, given the fact that there has been discussion of a type downstairs that is not what I would have wanted.

I gather that you met some women who will be working as buyers for Bayan Na and their daughters.

Yes Sir. It was sad for them.

How is it sad?

They not want a man in their life and so they are not right for here. We are lucky I think. It is also sad for the daughters.

Why? We are sending the girls to a good school as part of the employment package.

But sir, they can be fired and there is nowhere else for them to be placed here. They tell me that if I am not good at one thing, as one of your girls, you will find a place for me. Is that true?

Yes. Is that what you want, to be one of my girls? I have a lot of girls.

Yes, but I think you will give me a child. I like this. And you will give my Glanna a child!

You are happy I will make your young daughter pregnant?

Yes, very much.

And what about Shamcey?

Sir? Why I should have any concerns about Shamcey. They tell me you will not take her until she is the age of Glanna. Is this not true?

It is true. You have learned a lot from the women downstairs.

Yes, we talk for a while. Sir, we want to be with you. We do whatever you want. We love whoever you say to love. This is not a problem. We want to belong to your family.

Well, there are things the women did not tell you, because they don't know. I will not accept you until some of my girls here accept you, after you have been to their beds. If they approve, then I will take you. It really is not needed if they are going to be in the field, but the screw up with them talking to the Lesbians makes me want to change the rules a bit.

I see. Sir, we will do our best.

I am pleased to hear that. I have a request. It is not a demand, but because of something that just happened, I am curious. You do not need to do this. It will not affect the decisions for you to stay, but if you will, I would like to see each of you three, naked, right now.

My little one, sir? Shamcey too?

Yes, but I said, this is not a requirement.

It's OK, we will do it. A few words of Visayan are exchanged and then each disrobes. This is not a sexy thing. They just remove clothing.

Now I want you to think about how it will be the very first time we have sex together. Think about us touching each other. Think about how it will be when you have given your soul to me. I am going to run my finger at the bottom of your cunt, but I will not stick anything inside you. Do you understand?

They do.

It is totally unfair of me, totally inappropriate and completely exploitative of my position. It is also the most amazing and wonderful view I am presented. That these females can be this beautiful and this willing is hard to comprehend.

I approach Dian first. She is trembling a bit as I run my finger between her labia. She is damp. When I bring my finger to my nose, I smell nothing. Next is Glanna and she is dry. There will be nothing to smell.

Last is Shamcey. My finger barely grazes her labia and I find my hand dripping with her juices. She is the youngest. How can this be? Are twelve year-olds easier lovers than older girls? What is this about? I ask them to dress and join us

for lunch.

Lunch is supposed to be a friendly end to the day for the four Lesbian mothers and their daughters. It has turned into anything but that. What happened with Jennylyn is now known to all. I feel sandbagged and angry. Jennylyn's mother Goldy is pissing me off big time. I lose my temper, something I rarely do.
Goldy, you set me up and yes, I fucked your daughter. Jennylyn stays here. But as a consequence of that you are coming upstairs with me.

Why?

Because you can't leave this house until I get you pregnant, no matter how long that takes. If your daughter is mine, then, you are mine. Maria take this one upstairs and get her ready for me. Alona, you have three in your team now. In a matter of five minutes the other three and their daughters are gone.

Pia brings me a cup of tea and asks me to relax. I tell the family assembled that Dian and her girls want to join us. I announce it is up to my family to decide who beds them and who spends time with them. I can see a little discomfort in the family, but I guess I am still pissed. I don't care. I am going to the bedroom to fuck a Lesbian.

When I get upstairs, there is an argument in progress. Maria and Goldy are going at it in a loud manner. I stand in the hallway and listen. It's in Visayan.

Goldy is yelling. I not let him rape me.

Shut up bitch. What you think will happen when you do what you do? You act deceitfully and now you complain that you are caught and are to be punished.

I just helping my daughter.

And if he allow you to get what you want, everything falls apart for everyone else. You are greedy and stupid.

I need to leave here so I can be with Alona and the others?

You think you are still a buyer? Ha! No! If you are here and here to get pregnant, you are no longer a buyer.

What?

You are stupid! You think Sir Gordon allow you to succeed in your plans? You are a fool! No, you will work for me. You will never leave this house and you will have many children. You are a maid whore now!

Well, I can't say I thought that far ahead into this, and am not sure that it will not backfire if I try it, but Maria is sure as hell on a righteous tear. I walk in to see Maria standing over Goldy who is sitting on my bed. Maria has one hand on

a hip and a finger pointed at the maid whore. If it is possible for a Filipina to turn white as the blood drains from her face, well that's Goldy right now. As much as I am not thinking that having a maid whore is smart, I am still pissed with the bitch.

What are you doing with your clothing on? Maria, did you tell her to disrobe?

Yes I tell her but the bitch only argue.

Am I going to have any more trouble with you?

You can't do this to me!

Maria, have Anja take Jennylyn and give her to any man you find downtown, who wants to fuck little girls. Once Anja and Jennylyn are gone, this bitch can leave the house.

No!

Why not? I am not going to touch you, and that is what you want. I am also not going to touch Jennylyn again and the girl clearly needs cock. I did not cum in the girl. She will not get pregnant by me. Do it now Maria.

Maria is texting Anja. There are a series of texts and then it is over. I walk out of the room. Goldy is bawling. I don't care.

I hear her scream, *Wait! Wait!*

I don't. I go up to my office. I get a text from Maria, *Can I tell Anja to give the girl tricycle money and just tell her to go home?*

Yes. When that is done, get rid of Goldy.

I sit down and as calmly as I can, I write a long, honest and very specific email to Jake and Joy about the events regarding Jennylyn and Goldy. It takes twenty minutes to write and forty minutes to proof before I send it off. Jake may not want to have anything to do with me after this and if that is what he wants, that's OK with me.

Once sent, I go down to my bedroom and lie down.

About two hours later, I get a call on my cell phone.

Hello?

Gordon, are you OK?

Hi Jake. Yeh, I've had better days.

I guess. Two days and two disasters. Just to make sure you had read things the same way the others did and see if there were other problems we needed to deal

with I had Rose check with the other three who are still over there at the other house with Alona. I also sent Joy to see Goldy. Gordon! That bitch asked Joy if she can go back to Alona's now! How fucking dumb can you be and have an IQ as high as hers? Look, my friend, I am not sure, I would not have reacted exactly as you did. I know you and Maria were really pissed and I can't blame you. In the end, you did the right thing. You didn't touch the woman and you sent her daughter home. The other three will not try to pull any shit on you and have accepted the very generous offer of schooling for their daughters. I am dumbfounded to know why Goldy would not accept that. It is a damned fine offer.

Thanks, Jake.

By the way, how is Dian and her crew?

They seem fine. I will know more in a couple of days.

OK, then. We will give you a breather and send no one tomorrow.

Thanks! I think we do need another group, but yes a day between meeting them is helpful.

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Doings at dinner and the events surrounding Dian and her girls happen without my involvement.

Zelle, Eve and Cynthia are pushing out the tablet based sales apps to the outside sales team. Each of them is traveling with staff to see if the app: is working; is understood; gets what we really need; and is well received by staff and customers.

I am watching what comes into the servers and making sure we can use the data we are collecting.

At the same time, two stores and a warehouse, and a trucking operation are finally coming on-line and data that was collected onto USB sticks is now being pushed on to the servers.

If the back office can't use the data, the collection of the data is meaningless. Things are looking good for the most part, but I am flagging some things that need to be fixed right away as well as things that need to be in a future iteration of the code.

Jana has a copy of the dormitory and school plans. We hope to break ground in a couple of weeks.

Princess brings me a tray of food. She is younger than Jennylyn and Shamcey. She is close to Sha in age. I have never considered these little girls to be sexually ready. Am I a victim of cultural bias? I do not touch Princess, other than to kiss her forehead and thank her for the food.

We need to open more trucking depots and some warehouses. I am working on separating these from Bayan Na. Zelle and I have decided to call the new company Gordon Logistics Services, GLS for short. The reason for splitting it off is that we can offer tracking, GPS monitoring, RFID tagging and inventory management to other companies, in some cases competitors to Bayan Na. We will give Bayan Na, 'load first' rights at all depots, we will deliver based on best route rules.

We will run regular daily routes and when we have enough trucks, later, if there is an excess of cargo at a depot, we will dispatch an extra truck, rather than wait to the next scheduled day's delivery. I am pricing the service to be very competitive with outfits that don't offer anything like we have.

We are not going to lose money, so it's not predatory pricing strictly speaking but our competition will see it that way. I do expect to drive some of them out of business. (Ignore the pun please.) But I need more 'staff.' Just for GLS, I need girls who are bound to me and won't walk over to the competition. I have, maybe, one downstairs. I need five more at a minimum. For the Bayan Na operations we need yet more again. But on Bayan Na, I can use our staff to open a facility and then move other locals in each town to run the locations once we have it going. The technology will be our safeguard against local criminal corrupt practices.

There is a limit to the number we need for Bayan Na. I am not so sure yet about GLS. It's too soon and there are too many variables. One came up today as I work through our future need for a large fleet of well-maintained trucks. A driver suggested we buy dealership for the type of trucks we are using. The idea has some merit. We aren't ready for it yet, but stocking a parts inventory that we really need, to maintain our fleet, and doing it at manufacturer's costs, may be a smart bolt-on to our operation. It's an idea I can't just ignore.

We are also looking at the shipping between ports. We are not ready for that yet, but it is part of the mid-term plan.

Tonight I am with pregnant females. Two girls who were both virgins when I took them. It is a slow and easy love making. There is giggling and playfulness. It is not the type you write pornographic passages about. Oh, yes, the girls give me head and suck each other's breasts. Uh-huh, sure that happens, but we are also talking.

I mention my discovery of the wet pussies of twelve year old girls. We are talking about my reactions to that and of female biology. We are talking about what we all think of Pia. We talk about why I am refusing to take Brenna. Both of these girls, Eve and Zelle are pregnant with my seed. Eve got rid of her IUD the day after I told her I loved her. It took her a while to get pregnant after that. But she is surely pregnant now.

We are in no rush to plant seed that has already been planted. I doubt that I will plant it anywhere other than a mouth. I give them orgasms. They give each other orgasms. Like I said, we are in no rush. Zelle gets a text in the middle of all this and answers it. I ask, *Really?*, and get a giggle back. Finally the cell phone is put back on the night stand. *I can't believe you did that!*

Relax! Now where were we? Eve is laughing and playing with my rod. Zelle is nibbling and biting my nipples. Between these attacks she is saying, *Gordon, Anja is OK with you taking Brenna and Princess.*

Oh bullshit.

No really, I was just texting with her.

Why the change?

You can't figure that out? Sha, Jennylyn and Shamcey told Princess you touched their pussies. Now Princess is bugging her mother and wants to know what's wrong with her, that you won't touch her. I tell Anja to bring the girls here now.

No! Tell Anja to come here, alone!

Gordon. Why are you so difficult?

Just do it.

But part of it is too late, the little ones have just entered the bedroom and are looking at a scene with two naked females and naked me in a fairly sexually explicit activity. Zelle can see that I am pissed and my rod is now anything but firm. She hurriedly calls Anja to join us.

Very quickly Anja is in the room. No one has moved and I start out in slow measured speech. *Anja I did not give permission for your two to see this or even be in this room. You and I have spoken about your girls and you know my feelings on the matter. Harm has been done here.*

Gordon, it is OK. The girls want this. I did not force them.

I didn't say you did. I said, I did not agree to this.

OK Sir, I hear you. I am now asking you to change your mind and allow it. I want my girls to be with you. I want this very much and they want it to happen. Stop telling me that you are opposed to it. I know it. But you told me I could force the matter of Brenna if I chose to and I choose to do this now. So there is no reason to argue about Brenna. She is here by the understanding you and I have. Princess needs to be with you. She is ready, and she is feeling you don't like her.

Anja I just threw a woman and her daughter out today for putting her twelve year old on my cock.

Sir, that is not true! You throw her out because you only allow the girl to stay if the mother will have your child. She refuse and say that it will be rape! I want your child. There is no rape. So you can take Princess.

Princess is not yet eleven. Get her out of here now. Brenna must leave for now but depending on the results of what happens next, I may allow her in this bedroom at a later date. Princess must leave and not return to my bed until she is fourteen. There is no exception to this now. IF you can fix the damage you have once again created, you can stay. If you cannot, you are to leave this

house and take your children with you.

Eve is crying. Zelle says nothing. She knows I am beyond furious. Anja gathers up Brenna and Princess, and leaves. Eve and Zelle put wraps on and also leave.

I am alone.

Fifteen minutes later, Maria enters the bedroom. *Sir, do you want to know what is happening downstairs?*

Not really Maria.

I think you should know.

OK, so tell me.

Pia is screaming at Anja. She is calling her very bad words. Anja is hysterical, crying. Eve is screaming at Zelle, asking her how she can be so stupid. Telling her she has ruined everything. Jana and Cynthia hear the screaming and come out of their room. I tell them what has happened and Jana starts screaming at both Zelle and Anja. She is telling them they disrespect you and that this cannot happen. She calls them fools for sending a ten year old to your bed. Pia tells Princess that she needs to accept the simple fact that she is too young. She tells her little sister that she should go to her bed and pray real hard that if she is good and waits until she is fourteen, that they will be allowed to stay with their Gordon. Princess tells Pia she will do it and runs to their apartment, with Raya and Sha going with her. Pia orders her mother to come back up here and apologize and ask your permission to try again with just Brenna. I hear this, but I not allow it. I say I will speak with Gordon first before any one do anything. Zelle says I do not have the right to make that demand. Jana say that I am correct, they are to all stay where they are until I come back downstairs.

Wow, OK. Keep Anja downstairs. Send Eve and Zelle up. I am as pissed with Zelle as I am with Anja. She will not be leaving, but I can't have a repeat of this from her, ever. I will text you once I get that figured out.

Gordon, may I say something?

Yes, Maria, speak your mind.

That is why I not allow Anja to come up. I think this is what you will need. It is a sad time, and a sad way, to find out that I know you, but I am glad to know this.

Oh. Maria. If I did anything right in any of this, it was falling in love with you.

Maria sits on the bed and we kiss briefly before she goes downstairs. I put my robe on.

Less than a minute later, Eve and Zelle are back in the room. *Eve, do I understand that you had nothing to do with this?*

It is Zelle who answers. *She had no idea.*

OK, Zelle, so why did you do this?

Gordon, all I can say is that it was an error in judgment that will never happen again. You have my word on it. You and only you sets the rules for who enters your bed. I will never forget that.

Zelle, I do not like anyone working behind my back. You want to argue with me, do it to my face. But it is not just my bed. Do not manipulate. You carry my child and I will never ask you to leave, but you and I will enter a cold relationship if I can't trust you.

Gordon, it will never happen again.

OK, get your clothing off and get on the bed.

I text Maria. *Send up Brenna and Anja.*

There is a rush of activity as the two disrobe, which is completed only moments before Anja and Brenna appear.

Brenna, come out to the hall with me, alone. I take her hand and once we are in the hall I close the bedroom door. Sweetheart, do you really want to be here tonight and lose your virginity? I am happy to love you as a daughter and not have sex with you. Wouldn't it be nicer to have me as a Tatay⁷⁶ or Tito⁷⁷ and not a lover?

Sir? I want to be in your bed. It is not my mother who tells me to do this. I do want it.

OK. And we re-enter the bedroom.

Zelle and Anja will assist Brenna on to my pole. You are both to assist in the stimulation of Brenna's body. Anja and Brenna, disrobe.

Brenna and Anja pull clothing off as if it were on fire. They scramble up onto the bed and sit naked by my side. Zelle and Anja discuss the benefits of a good education, following which, two recent virgins, and a woman who didn't know what good sex was like until three days ago, decide that they are going to give an anatomy lesson to Brenna. At about the same time that the 'lesson' begins, Pia slips into the room. She stands back by the door as the women start describing the penis. She doesn't stand back for long before she starts laughing.

76 Father.

77 Uncle.

Zelle and Anja stop and ask Pia what's so damned funny.

You two are! You don't know! Gordon show me, I watch videos on the web, and I read. I know what you are saying is wrong. I see the right way. You two have no idea! Mother! How do you have three children and not know these things?

I am thinking about the day I took Pia and then Anja. It was Pia who wanted to know what to do. Anja was totally lost. Zelle is also truly lost. They move over and Anja tells Pia, *OK smart daughter, you teach your sister.*

And she does. Since we have been together, Pia has obviously decided to educate herself! She knows about the parts of a penis and scrotum. She understands techniques, though she freely admits, she hasn't had an opportunity to make use of this knowledge yet. She talks about other parts of a man's body. She explains the different ways and positions to mount and be mounted. She explains orgasms, both for the female and the male. She talks about ejaculate, both male and female. She talks about the various ways she has read about giving head. She has read up on deep throat techniques and mentions this, much to the amazement of the others.

She gets Brenna into the act, teaching her, mentoring her on how to handle my equipment. She guides Brenna through taking me in her mouth. I stop her and insist she spend time on female body parts and such matters. Pia is ready and willing. She teaches Brenna the names and helps her identify parts of Brenna's vagina. I suspect the others are learning a fair bit as well. She has Brenna learn by checking out Zelle's cunt. We all talk about the hymen and virginity.

Pia asks me to play with Brenna's cunt but I remind her that, it will have to wait until I take the girl's hymen. I have the other females stimulate Brenna's breasts.

And then the moment arrives. I have Zelle and Anja assist, with the application of KY on Brenna's cunt. I then have them place the girl on my rod as I lie on my back, rod in the air. Brenna's cunt is open enough for my glans to be resting on her hymen. Zelle urges Brenna on and the child pushes through. A tear is on her cheek. I have her pause for a bit, before moving again. But move we do, and Brenna's quasi-sullen expression turns into one of delight as she starts bouncing on my rod. She is being encouraged on by the others. She is laughing, giggling, grunting, yipping and enjoying herself, until, all of a sudden her eyes widen, her mouth forms an unspoken 'O' and she freezes astride. Brenna has had her very first orgasm. As she comes down from the high of it, she is breathing in a somewhat ragged fashion. *That was it, right? Oh my God! That was it! It is so good!* And the child giggles!

I am hard, but not ready to cum. Brenna did get to me, but the distraction of all the others on the bed makes the likelihood of early ejaculation improbable.

I am not going to cum in this girl. With the arrival of her orgasm, I have Anja remove her daughter from my rod, who is at least now happy.

I pull Anja down on to the mattress and mount her, giving instructions for everyone else to grab some part of the girl and start stimulating. Eve, with the help of some KY, has four fingers up Anja's ass. Zelle and Pia are each sucking a tit. Anja is going nuts and I am fucking her hard for all I am worth. Orgasms flow through the girl and none of us gives her any rest or quarter. Anja is begging for completion and finally, ... I do cum.

But I am not completely done. To give Anja a lesson in the seriousness of her decision, I have Pia give Brenna a lesson in sucking the cum out of a cunt. The lesson at first mortifies Anja, and then it sends her into major orgasms as her own daughter's mouth does, so good, work.

I send most away and sleep with Pia.

It seems to me I shut my eyes and the next moment, it is morning. I feel Pia starting to get out of bed. I hold her. She stays put. I pull Pia into my arms and kiss her. As she kisses back, she insinuates her body very close to mine. Her thigh is rubbing my prestige, which is in its morning wood phase. I pull her under me and push into the girl. Her legs are spread as wide as she can make them. I plunge in to her warm inviting and juicy cunt and make repeated visits, soaking both her loins and mine with her secretions as my rod pulls them out of her.

Not a word is said as we fuck in earnest. She puts two hands on my head, one on either side and pulls our faces together for a kiss that I feel all the way to my balls. When the kiss breaks, all she says is, *It's my turn. Give it to me.* And I do. What a nice way to start the day.

By the time Pia and I make it down stairs, there is a great deal of activity. Cynthia, Eve, and Zelle are getting ready to leave for the day. Jana is talking with Anja, Maria and Dian. Renelyn, Raya, Amzkie are clearing the table before going over to their office. Sha, Brenna, Princess, Glanna and Shamcey are all watching cartoons on TV.

Pia and I are sitting eating some fried rice and fried egg when Dian, Maria and Anja sit down. Maria announces, *We need to talk.*

OK, what about?

You taking a younger girl.

I see. Maria. Dian, do you understand that I did not take Princess and all hell broke loose when it was tried?

Yes, Anja tell me that you were very angry. She also say you did take Brenna.

Fair enough. So what do you want to talk about?

Shamcey.

What about her.

You should take her too.

Why?

Because she is close to Brenna's age.

Oh Jeezus. Really? That is a reason to deflower a child? Would you girls please get a grip!

When you touched her yesterday, she was wet, correct?

Yes.

Then she is ready. Why are you arguing about this?

I see, so before I touch a girl again, I should scare her to make sure I don't feel any dampness?

Gordon, stop being hard headed. Just do it.

I haven't agreed to accept you yet, Dian.

Maria tells me, Yes, I think we will all agree.

OK, well let's talk about that at dinner tonight. If I take you Dian, and if you ask me to, I will take Shamcey as well as Glanna. But Dian, you will have to put my penis inside your Shamcey. It will be you, not me, who will make it happen. Are we clear?

Dian looks at me. There is less assurance in her eyes as she says, *OK*. I am not sure that means she is going to do it. It can also just mean that she understands what the rules are. However, as far as Maria is concerned, the conversation is closed and she asks, *Good! Is anyone coming today?*

No. I am going to try to get some work done upstairs!

There are more issues popping up that need application fixes. Jiecel and Taciana have identified major holes in the trucking application. We spend some time talking about it on Skype. Taciana wants to come back for a week. Jiecel asks if they can spell each other on a four week rotation where every other week both are on site and in between one or the other of them are here. I think it makes a lot of sense for the time being. I don't want to institutionalize it and explain why, but I think the plan is good for the near term. Taciana will come back in

four days. Eighteen days later, it will be Jiecel's turn.

Joo sends me some screen shots and scans of paper documents to review along with a written analysis. She is spot on, in her argument that the code will need changes.

I build a change request, with attachments, referencing the code architecture and where the entry screens do not allow us to correctly set fields to match reality. We will also need more query options, changes to two forms as well as one new form. I send this to San Jose and cc Cynthia.

Two hours later I get an email from Joo. She has just Skyped with Jiecel. Joo and Giselle want the weeks that Taciana and Joo are both on-site in the same rotational scheme. I am less sure of this as their operations are up and need daily care. The trucking operation is less a full time thing at present and both girls are at the same location. With Giselle and Joo, each has their own active store. I tell Joo that her plan will have to wait until I can send out a support staffer to cover for her.

She asks, *When?*

Maybe Eve will cover one week, Zelle another and then maybe by then we can find new staff to assist. Give me a chance to work on it?

OK, Thanks.

I work through some less demanding issues before my cell phone receives a text from Pia. Lunch is ready.

Lunch is affritada and rice. It's a tasty simple stew. I am enjoying it as Dian sits down by me. She is easy on the eyes and so far has been easy to deal with. *Sir, may I talk to you, or must I wait until this evening? I do not mean to cause a problem.*

There is no problem. What is it?

Sir I have been talking with the others. I think you are making some mistakes.

OK, now I am really listening. Dian, who has yet to be accepted, is analyzing the operation and deciding that she knows better. Either I need to jettison her asap, or she is going to prove to be invaluable and I am going to have to make her a personal assistant. Which will it be? *OK, tell me all of it. I want detail before your reasoning and suggestions.*

Yes sir! OK, so if the information the others give me is wrong please stop me and correct me. OK?

She just passed the first hurdle. She did not '*a priori*' assume she must be right.

OK, go ahead.

Sir you need many women, at least eighteen but really in their late twenties or thirties in the field setting up new operations. They need to be trained here on a variety of software applications and learn what they need to do in the field. Am I right so far?

Yes, though at present, we are just running a limited number so we can debug the system before we go large.

Ah, I did not know that! It doesn't change my thoughts, but yes I can see that! May I ask, if you have plans to change how you select families for this as you are ready to go large?

Ah, no... but I think I can see where you are headed. Please go on.

Well sir, you are taking 48 to 72 hours for each family. That assumes no interruptions and consumes a vast amount of your time, right when you will need to do the build out.

Yes, go on.

That also means that each woman must be trained at a different time and does not get the benefit of a group process that I believe would push into the open, many unforeseen problems. Sir your selection process, as you use it now, is probably as good as it can be in making sure that all who join are the best possible ones. But sir, I have read that perfect is the enemy of the good. You have heard this?

Yes. It is a well-known concept. And you are saying that my process fits that?

I am sorry sir, but yes. I think it does.

You know what I think?

No sir.

I think you are correct. OK your analysis is right. What is your suggestion?

Decide exactly how many you need and assume a failure rate of those you might initially select. Add that number and accept that number of families conditionally. As they are trained, you have an opportunity over time to be with each one and her eldest daughter before she goes out into the field. There will be no time for any of the youngest daughters or even all the mothers initially, and so you will not see the push you got from me today. You will have to weed a few out, but the result will be a good group that knows each other and is more productive.

Dian, why aren't you running a corporation right now?

Sir?

You are right. I am doing this wrong. Your plan is a good one. I am making an executive decision. You are hired. Eat some lunch and then get upstairs.

To your bedroom?

No, to the office. You will be in my bed tonight. Today, we have work to do!

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I put the folders of those we have already had on the lanai in a drawer. I don't think we want more than that number now.

I am honestly not sure how many we will eventually need in the field. There are too many variables. Each variable has a number associated with it, but how it all plays out is not clear. Certainly, we will need a second group after this first group and we can work on that later. But before we go further with Dian's plan, we have logistical issues. *OK Dian, where do we put all these people? We are building a dormitory, but it will not be ready for a while.*

Sir, I think you do not understand the circumstances these families live in. I do not wish to insult you. You know many important things, but about this you are bobo.

OK, now that I am aware I am stupid... where do we put them?

Bahay kubo⁷⁸ sir. You can buy these on the highway to the north.

I know where you mean. The cost is about ₱30,000 each for a good one.

Yes but if you buy, say ten of them, I think you will get them for under ₱20,000 each. You can sell them later for at least that amount.

There are more than ten families.

Sir, bobo again! You can put four women in each and the children in separate ones, eight each! That's four families for two of these units. You can take twenty families at once. There were seventeen families, correct?

Yes.

How many left? Fifteen?

Fourteen.

One rejected?

Yes. Not much misses you.

Sir?

Never mind.

We need a big CR. Outside by the huts.

⁷⁸ Also called a Nipa Hut. Native housing.

OK, I don't see a problem. So, we really only need seven of these huts.

Sir, you will need more later, if there is another group, until your dormitory is built. The girls can live there, even after you select them.

The young ones will be OK with that?

Oh, yes sir! That not a problem.

OK, so you are saying get more than seven now because we get a better price for all?

Yes sir. Sir, you don't want to be the one to get the huts. Me and Maria should do this. We get a better price.

Yeh, that makes sense. We will discuss the building of the CR's tonight at dinner. I will contact Jake and Joy about the change in the plans once we have also discussed this tonight. I am not putting it to a vote, but I think I need to tell everyone before we act on it. Of the fourteen, I suspect, after what I have seen so far, that we will only be able to retain ten. Four will not work out.

Sir, may I ask, which one not work for you?

Dian, I am not sure it is fair for me to tell you that.

Sir, I think I know, that is all. I see who you have here and I think there were only two who not work. I sure about one of these.

Who are you sure about?

Her name is Ladylyn. She has a daughter who is bad and she is not good either. The little one, maybe she is OK. Hard to know, but I know Ladylyn and the older child. If you see her, I am sure you will reject her.

I'll be damned. OK. Yes, it was Ladylyn. So out of the next fourteen, you think thirteen will be OK?

Yes.

Who is not?

I not know this one's name. I only know what she looks like.

I pull the folders of those selected out of a drawer and put them on the table. There are pictures in each folder. Which one and why?

Dian goes through each folder and moves on through eight, before she hands me a folder and says, This one sir. She is the one. The child, yes she may be smart like the folder say, but that not her real mother. I know this woman. She not have these children.

How do you know this?

Sir, Jun and Jake, they not from here. Their ears not good on our dialects. Joy and Cherise should know! Joy is from northern Mindanao and Cherise is a local girl. I not know why they not hear this. I have a good ear. The children speak Visayan now, like their 'mother,' but I believe they are native Maranao speakers. I hear the mother talk with the younger one when we first in line to be interviewed by Jun and Cherise. Cherise interviews me but Jun does her. Joy not there. Maybe Joy never talk to her. I talk to Joy the next time I come back for the second interview. I never see them again until they are on the lanai. Then I hear both kids. They both have this accent. I am sure, the children are not hers.

I had just gotten done telling Dian I would wait to call Jake and Joy tomorrow. But now I pick up the phone and make the call.

Afternoon Jake. Something has come up and I would like you and Joy to listen to what Dian tells you. Following that, I would greatly appreciate your thoughts. ... Yeh, OK, I've got time. I tell Dian that we are waiting for Joy. Yeh, it's a better day. We are keeping Dian and her girls. She has schooled me in better HR management! ... Yeh, I do like being around bright girls. ... Yeh, we are making changes. I will tell you about them tomorrow so just hold off until I talk to my group and get things straight on this end, but it's all OK. Just as I have switched over to our speakerphone we hear Joy as her voice comes over Jake's speakerphone. Jake is filling Joy in on what I asked. Finally Joy, a little put out says, What is this about, Dian?

Dian proceeds to explain what she heard with the dialect inflections. I hear Joy cuss. I hear Jake ask for their original work product folder. I am not surprised that one exists. I have learned enough about Jake to know that all contemporaneous notes during the interviews were most likely preserved in some format. In this case, it's paper. I hear Joy call Jun to come over to Jake's office. Evidently Jun is tied up and can't. Jake says they might not need her. We wait as they get organized.

Finally Jake is talking. He's got the record in front of him. Evidently it was Jun only who spoke to the family each time and as it was determined that the older child was in the picture, Jun put the family in the suspension for age group. Which meant that they were interesting but didn't meet the format due to an older child.

In this case it, it not does meant that I won't take them, however the matter is troubling enough that it requires the type of investigation that I am not set up to do. Jake says it is their place to do this as they sent me the folder. Joy and

Cherise will follow up and get back with me. He asks if Dian can hear us. She can. *Dian, I want to thank you. You did not call the mother good or bad. You did not pass judgment. You heard something that was odd and you reported it. I suspect that you are with Gordon right now because he has made an assessment similar to the one I am forming of you. Good work!*

I agree with Jake and thank him for the assistance before ending the call.

Sir, I will go if you have other things you need to do. But if you have the time, I would very much like to know your plan, in detail?

I think the 'in detail' piece was a gentle dig at my comment to her earlier, but it doesn't hurt. I smile. I do have the time. I pull out two maps I have marked up with routes, ports, dialects/languages, populations and current competition in retail, and cartage companies. I put on the desk a book containing the system architecture for the integrated modules I am deploying along with a reference schematic flow chart for the modules. *These, Dian, are the plan details and reference materials. Is this what you really want, or do you want an overview?*

Dian, is quiet. She looks at both maps and my legends. She takes a long look at the flow chart and compares it with the contents pages on the book. She looks at me as if she has just discovered that there really is a tooth faerie, a Santa Claus, and ... an honest man, before saying, *Sir you don't need to give me an overview. This has already done that. I would like to study these. May I?*

How do you know when you have a prodigy on your hands? Dian may be one. I will only know by allowing her to do this. There is enough room in my office for her to set up and review all she wants while I go about what I need to do. So that is what happens. I get some things off a table I use for laying out large drafts of work processes and get her set up on it, before leaving her alone and getting back to work I have left to resolve from earlier.

Sir, may I have a notebook?

A computer?

No sir. Just paper to write in.

You are going to make notes by hand?

Yes.

No. I know this is the Filipino way, but this is not a Filipino office. In this office we take notes electronically so we can search, reorganize, and edit them later. I have a light weight unit I use on trips when I need less weight and not as much raw power. Do you know how to type?

Yes sir.

Good, here use this. I power up the little Dell XPS 13. I have Open Office installed on it and it is set up to save all data to a “cloud server.” I can access it from anywhere I am. She can make all the notes she wants and I can read them at my leisure on my laptop later.

The rest of the afternoon passes without another word between us. We are both working.

I get a text from Pia. *Please come to dinner, Gordon. We are all here.*

I text back that I am coming.

Save your work Dian, it is time to shut down for the day and have dinner.

She says nothing. Her computer is turned off and she is ready.

We descend the stairs together. As we set out onto the first floor, we are greeted with a chorus of *Hala!* And, *You said you were going to work today!*

We have been working, in my office, and with the suggestions that Dian has made, we have a great deal to discuss tonight. Following that, Dian will join me in the bedroom. But for now, it is business we will be discussing!

And as dinner progresses with all at the table, including Maria, Anja, Pia, Renelyn and Raya, we discuss the problems with what I am doing and Dian's suggestions. I mention the contacts I received from Giselle and Joo. We talk about the bahay kubo's and a design for a workable CR. Zelle says she will buy the huts as most of the staff goes to her operations. She will also have the architect who blew it with me earlier, do penance by designing and supervising the construction of the CR. That makes me laugh.

Everyone is complementing Dian. I announce that I am breaking the tradition I have established and am accepting her without further consideration. There is no dissent. Anja then says, *I know you are the smart one when we are on the lanai.*

I look at Anja and ask, *How?*

She knows exactly what you are doing. She is comfortable and tells us we are lucky to be here. There is only one who is rude to her and bad talks. There is one who goes to the other side of the lanai and does not talk. But the rest of us listen to her when you are here inside.

The one who is bad to her. That was LadyLyn?

No, she is the one who goes to the other side of the lanai.

Who is the one who is arguing?

I not know her, but she is different.

Why?

How a mother who speaks Visayan has Muslim children?

Huh?

They speak Visayan with a Muslim accent. I think their native tongue is a Muslim dialect. I not understand this.

Yeh, Dian doesn't either. What was the argument about?

The lady say this a scam to get free child labor.

I see.

I think we are done with this conversation, but Dian has other ideas.

Sir, may I ask, how many buyers you have and where they are from?

Alona, Zelle, you two want to respond to this?

I get some surprised looks but I am just as in the dark as they are. Zelle goes over the requested information.

Ma'am, Sir, I think maybe there will be a problem.

Zelle is about to get her back up. I think I know better than to get defensive with Dian. I get my voice in before Zelle responds. *OK, Dian, you have been looking at my designs and plans for a good three hours. What are you seeing that we may have missed?*

You have a design for a national roll-out of Bayan Na. But Bayan Na is buying based on tastes in a unique region of Mindanao. There are different preferences in other provinces. Your buyers will have no idea how to buy for customers in those other places.

Zelle is frustrated. *We can't have buyers from all those places! Other stores are national, why can we not do the same thing?*

Ma'am I am not saying you should have buyers from all those places. But the reason you do so good even though you are more expensive than the national operations is that you do know your population. Sir, Ma'am, you have the roll-out plan backward. You are planning on rolling the trucking out as you put up retail operations. That is wrong. The data you can collect from your trucking operation can be used to learn buying patterns in areas before your retail operations get built. Once you have an idea of what is being stocked, you can also send your buyers to see if what is being sold is of a quality that will compete with the quality and price point you are designed to serve. The trucking and logistics services will be your intelligence service!

Zelle's mouth is hanging open. Not a word is emerging. Cynthia says, Damn! If you don't keep her here, I will hire her in a New York minute. That is wicked smart. Never in all my life has anyone told me that I am doing my job all wrong and made me a believer. But I'm a believer now. She is right.

Yeh. Don't you like how she is so nice, as she tells you how stupid you are? She did that to me this afternoon. I already learned my lesson then. That's why I cut you off Zelle. I had a feeling she was going to do it again. She spent the last three hours before we came to dinner going over my plans. On her own. I didn't explain anything. She was going over the source material. Just three hours and she tells us we have the plan upside down.

But Sir, it's a very good plan. Bayan Na will be the biggest high end retail for home furnishings in the Philippines and GLS will take over a market segment that doesn't even exist today in the Philippines. Yes, there are rapid shipping companies and there are traditional trucking firms, but marrying the information and expedited handling to traditional trucking isn't done now. Sir, it is brilliant! You have a real wonderful plan. The design for the data collection services are already in your plan. I see that. And Ma'am I think your buyers will do a good job once they know a little about the regional differences.

Zelle has gained a bit of composure. So, Dian, you don't think it's a problem with the current stores, even the new ones. You just don't think we should branch out much further without the new information, correct?

Yes Ma'am.

Gordon, I have, with my family, been in business discussions as long as I can remember. I have never had such a conversation as we have had tonight. I have never had as much powerful business knowledgeable people as are in this room, you and Cynthia and now Dian. It is a little scary. I realize that I am very lucky to own a business that is not competing with all you!

Ma'am I do have one other thing, I think it will be OK with you.

Zelle, takes a long drink of water, puts it down, closes her eyes for a bit, opens them before saying, OK Dian, I think I am ready. What is it?

Giselle and Joo want relief, and you are going to have thirteen more mothers here. Of those, we should train four for Bayan Na. Nine for GLS. Once we have them trained here. We can start sending them out to be under the training of Joo and Giselle. You and Eve can spell those two and all four of you can be involved with training them. Once they are trained, they are the trainers for the next group you run through. When you are done, you will have about ten or twelve employees who can open up new stores in teams of four each, and train local employees before moving on. That means you can open up three stores at

a time with good staff and allow for relief and rotation back here for each of them every month. The balance of the staff we train needs to be for GLS. Once the trucking operations are fully deployed, Sir can start working on using that same staff to start the shipping company.

Dian, you got all of that from reviewing the documents in three hours?

Ma'am? I make a mistake?

Noooo. I am not saying that. It is just that it has taken me months to grasp the fine points of Gordon's plan and I am only seeing some of them now that we are deploying the remote sales apps.

Yes! I read about that. It is so great! You can know exactly when the customers will need things before they know, using the metrics from the buying experiences of other customers doing like things in the same market. That is way special!

You figured that out this afternoon? Did Gordon tell you that is what we are working with right now?

Ma'am. I do something wrong? Gordon leaves me alone to study the plans. I saw that module in the flow chart. I not understand what it means and so I go to the book on that module and read it.

Wait! This is Cynthia. You read and understood the module design enough to see about heuristics in buying patterns?

Ma'am I have to look up what heuristic means on-line. I not understand that first.

Shit! Gordon, she's a fucking genius!

Yeh, welcome to the fan club. And I get to bed the wench tonight!

And that is what is happening now that dinner is over. Dian and I retire to the bedroom early. We have a different type of work to cover tonight. I know Dian is a genius when it comes to many things, but how will she be in bed. At this point it can be a disaster and I probably will not care. She has earned her place here.

Once we get into the bedroom, there is no sexy vixen like design to Dian's behavior. She is talking about the interpersonal dynamics of the dining room table as she in workman like fashion undresses and hangs up her clothing on hangers in my walk-in closet. She makes a face and finishes taking my clothing off in an equally wifely like fashion. There is no sexy message. It is the message of comfort, familiarity and ease.

Once done she plops on the mattress and asks, *OK Gordon, what are you into? I know not to play the little girl! You don't like that! You want a wife, whore, a sweet dumb one? You like your cock sucked? You want to do anal with me? The girls say you are not kinky, so you will not wear ladies things or ask to be whipped. I can tell you, my nipples are not very sensitive so you can get rough with them. My clit is a little sensitive so be careful, OK? I do have a G-spot, and if you hit it good, I will squirt. I think anal is OK, but you should use lubricant, OK? And my period ended five days ago. My pussy discharge right now is clear and stretchy. I am ovulating. If you want me pregnant, tonight's the night.*

I have to laugh. What else is there to do? I mean have you ever in your life had a girl talk to you like this?

I do wrong Gordon? I am sorry!

No, Dian, you didn't do wrong. I have never been with anyone like you. There isn't anyone like you out of bed and, I suspect, in it. I think we will enjoy each other. OK, Dian, I like a variety of positions, but nothing painful. I believe a woman, after she has lost her hymen, can and should have two or three orgasms before I have mine. Once I have mine, while I can pay attention to you, I will not be able to reenter for quite a long time. I don't like the term foreplay. I want love making to have meaning in every way, not just a lead up to the act of fucking. Yes I like getting head. I also like eating cunt. Yours looks very good for eating! I like anal and I will use lube. But this will not happen every time. It will not happen tonight as my cum will be in your cunt. My nipples are sensitive so be careful. You can grasp my scrotum, you can even squeeze tight, but do not jiggle my balls. It hurts. I like to kiss. It means something to me. I want to make love with you, not just fuck you. You OK with that?

Did I just hear the last part right, Gordon? You want to make love to me? You want to really feel and give love?

Yes.

Oh shit, Gordon.

What, Dian?

You can and I hope you will love me. I will love you and be yours. But Gordon, you can't love all the girls that are coming your way. That is not going to work.

Yeh, I know. And I won't. But I suspect you and I are going to be together for a very long time.

Oh, Gordon, you have no idea. Now come make love to me.

We reach out to each other and what happens first is what I guess needs to happen first, we kiss. We ignore the flesh below the neck and concentrate on lips, tongues, breathing, and with hands in each other's hair, we spend a wonderfully long time kissing deeply, then nibbling lips and ears and eyelids, and kissing deeply again. Dian is a partner, she is playful, she is all there for me, she hides nothing, she needs everything, and all we are doing is kissing. How can this be?

She bites my lower lip, she bites my nose! She licks my eyebrows. She then whispers in my ear, *Bring Anja and me to bed with you. I think we will be a good team for you Gordon. A very good team. You did good taking her. She was the best of them.*

Dian, that is what Anja said about you.

And the kissing begins again. A hand snakes down and grabs my rod. Educated fingers play with me in a way that makes what is already hard, much more rigid. She pulls me on top of her and I slide into a hot wet cunt. This is the most straightforward sex I have had on a long time. No side trips, but it doesn't matter, there will be many other nights. She whispers, *OK Gordon, time to get me pregnant.*

30

Sometimes plans are just the thoughts you have while reality plays out. Dian does have her three orgasms before I give her my cum but all the other stuff we talked about never happens. Still, we are happy with each other and fall asleep spooned together. I wake with Dian kneeling over me with her legs spread so I am between them. *Gordon, may I help design the CR. Men always get these things wrong.*

OK I will let Zelle know.

Good. Anja and I need to go and get the Bahay Kubo ordered. We do not want to be in a fancy car. I want to borrow a motorcycle. It OK if I ask Joy for that? She has one.

OK, why you and Anja and not Maria?

I decide we are a team.

When did you decide this?

Last night.

Oh, OK. Anything else?

Gordon, I never have a man who wanted to love me. The man who gives me my children, he likes sex and paid me to be his maid and have sex. But he never love me. You really want to love me?

Yes.

Then Gordon, I am going to love you. That is a serious thing. You understand that?

Dian, all the women in this house love me and I love them. Zelle and Eve were virgins when I took them and have my babies inside them now. Do you think I can love anyone more than them?

I know. I am not a fool, but you never have women like Anja and me before. Maybe you not understand. But you will see.

And with that Dian gets up and goes to the CR to start her day.

My day takes an odd turn as soon as I get downstairs for breakfast. Zelle, Eve and Cynthia are sitting, waiting for me. *Good morning. I am sure there is a reason you are not at Bayan Na right now, so what is it?*

Zelle gives me an exasperated look. *You don't know?*

Uh-uh. Not a clue.

Zelle looks at Cynthia. Are all men this stupid?

Yes, I think so. ... Gordon, it's heuristics. Dian is right, the trucking operation will tell us about the competition in other areas before we get there with the retail. But she missed the point that it will tell us about our buying and sales strategy in the areas Bayan Na operates in right now. I spent half the night looking at this and what we get from the modules. I spent two hours with Stateside staff discussing both the email you sent them yesterday, that ties into this and other points I saw as I reviewed things earlier in the evening. Then I woke Eve and Zelle up three hours ago and showed them what Dian was seeing, what you have identified as gaps and what else we need. Then I showed them what I think we can get from the GLS side of the business. We can tie the outside sales folks to link in the sales we don't get and what was purchased from others. With the GLS we see what the competition stocks are, in tracked items, and heuristics tells us how much to order before the others know they will need it! We can price just under their price point, and sell into the competitions customers with the same or similar product. But we have to get GLS flying! Bayan Na needs to concentrate on gathering intelligence. The inventory modules are in place as are the in-house POS⁷⁹ activity. We don't roll out anything else, other than train outside staff to be intelligence operatives. We compensate them for their efforts even if they don't make the sales. What is more important is the data!

It's a lot to take in but I think I see a staffing change that needs to change. So of the next group almost all will be for GLS?

Yes.

Cynthia, you are going to school me about the changes we need in the modules?

Of course. And you are going to tell all of us what I missed. Then we are going to talk about how much money we need to sink into building the trucking operation to make this really fly.

So I need Giselle and Joo in on this too.

Yes, we think so.

⁷⁹ Point of Sale.

You realize, GLS needs to look totally independent and unrelated to Bayan Na.

Zelle simply smiles and calls me a clueless idiot. Of course they know this.

Anja who has been putting my breakfast down in front of me tells us that Maria and Pia will serve us lunch upstairs in the office, when time comes. No need to stop our work. She and Dian are going to find the huts.

The rest of the day is a mind bender as we look at the data we can pull out, how to link it to a heuristics program that was initially designed to link to a single companies inventory. While the data is there, the system architecture is not designed to work the way we need it to function if we hope to do what we want. A little of this was covered by Cynthia with her staff, but a large amount was missed. We work on some flow charts, some field descriptions, and some new query rules; on some triggers we are looking for, to set flags that will force reports to generate warnings on the inventory status of our competitors based on expected need of customers. I have no memory of what I eat for lunch or who served it. It is only fuel and the bodies that delivered it were ghosts to me.

By 4PM we finally have the document completed and sent to San Jose. I am sitting back. Cynthia has gone in search of Maria for a paracetamol. Zelle is just staring at a flow chart we designed today. Eve looks at me. She is drinking a Sprite in a green glass bottle, just like we no longer have in the States. She has a smile on her face. *You know Gordon, when I was in school, we had an instructor who told us that meetings like this happen. I could not believe it. How could it be? How could there be so many talented people who had the same goal and could create out of nothing a new idea and how to implement it. When I hear this, I think, ha! This person has seen too many movies! You know what I am going to do one of these days?*

Eve I know you want to tell that instructor what just happened. You can't. You can't tell anyone, ever. What has happened today must be a secret for as long as we live. No one can ever know about the connection between Bayan Na and GLS.

Damn. I have the greatest story and now I can't tell anyone!

My phone rings as Eve takes a long swig of that sweet citrus drink.

Hi Jake! Oh shit, I was supposed to call you today about the new plan!

Yes you were Gordon. As it is, there is no need. Dian and Anja explained what is happening when they came by to pick up the two-wheeler this morning.

Ah! Good. And thanks for that.

Not a problem. The decision to use nipa huts⁸⁰ make sense. I guess we wait on the others until the huts are there and the CR is built.

Yeh, I figure one to two weeks.

My back of the envelope number is three. Look on the other matter of the odd mother, I have some information for you.

Good. I am betting you are going to tell me that you have taken an executive action to exclude her, and maybe call in the authorities.

Well, remind me to not play cards with you. That is it in a nutshell. I don't figure you need to hear the rest of it.

Sounds about right to me. Thanks for the heavy lifting, on this.

Oh well, it gives me something to do and keeps my mind off underage pussy.

I think I am sorry I thanked you! Jake! Good grief man.

Hey, you are in the same boat, so don't give me any holier than thou shit!

Guilty as charged.

Yep. ... Look, from what Dian tells me, you will have openings for seven more families. Why don't you pull them from the folders?

Huh, yeh, I guess so. Jake, are all these women as dangerously smart and gifted as Dian and Anja. It has been a little frightening.

No not all. Oh they are bright, but those two, well I suspect they are right there at the top. OK, hey, I've got a little emergency here, but talk to you soon.

I am sure she is little. Later.

Eve comes over to me, sitting on my lap. Gordon, are me and Zelle losing you already just when we are pregnant with your babies?

No, Eve, that is not possible. Just like it is not possible that I will ever leave Jana. You and I are forever. I took your virginity. You are giving me a child. I love you, no let me rephrase that, I am deeply in love with you, and I think that you love me. Nothing changes that.

Gordon, they are prettier than me, smarter than me, and they will love you.

Yes, Eve, that is true. They are also smarter than me. We are lucky we have them with us. And I will love them too. They may give me children. I am not going to lie to you about them. I am telling you that you and I are a forever

80 Another term for Bahay Kubo.

thing.

I want to argue with you but do not know how. You are too smart for me.

Eve you are smart. I would not have chosen you, no matter what Jonathan did, if I didn't think you were a wonderful, lovely and smart female. You are all these things. Prettier than Dian and Anja? I don't know anyone who could be. But that isn't everything. Smarter? OK, but this is not a competition. We all are in this together. What they can understand, benefits all of us. Last night you saw Dian is brighter than anyone at the table. Then later, you saw Cynthia catch fire and see things that Dian hadn't. I was in the dust behind both of them. Today as we worked through how the modules needed to work, I saw some things that were not obvious to them, but only because that is my specialty. It's what I have been doing for a living for many years. There are times you see things that Zelle does not see. I know because she tells me. But is any of them, more loving? No, Eve. Maybe in the future, they will all be, just as loving, but never more. That can't be. Eve's arms are around my neck. She is a little teary. But then she is going to be the mother of one of my children and I am fucking other women. What do you expect?

§ § §

At dinner I learn that we have scored ten bahay kubo that normally sell for ₱30,000 for ₱17,000 each. The huts arrive next week. I also learn that Anja and Dian met with the architect this afternoon. Zelle had sent him an email about what they were looking to build. When the girls got there, well they called him everything but smart. Zelle had told him that this is for women. He designed it with Lakae⁸¹ and a Babae⁸² sides. He failed to understand that a communal shower would be preferred as mothers would be there with daughters. My girls got him whipped into shape and excavation starts in the morning. We will use steel furring. Once we pour the concrete slab the structure goes up fast. The water proof concrete and resin boards attach with rivets. It isn't the prettiest thing, but it is functional, fast and meets our needs. I am pleased.

Cynthia reports to us but really to Dian on what has happened with the observation of the previous night. I am interested in seeing how Dian will react. Will she feel diminished? Will she get defensive? Will she be magnanimous? This isn't meant to be a test of Dian, still it has the potential for an unpleasant outcome.

But none of those things happen. Dian is surprised, happy, giggly, stunned, and asking how this is done with the sales people as we aren't selling to get the

81 Boy. [Pronounced: lah-LAH-kA]

82 Girl. [Pronounced: bah-BAH-EE]

heuristics. When it becomes clear, she jumps out of her seat, runs to Cynthia and hugs her. Jana sits there for the second night in a row and finally says what I suspect she has been thinking for days. *There is something very wrong with all of you! What woman in her right mind gets excited by heurrootics? You are all crazy! Especially you Cynthia, my love. You were supposed to come to bed last night!*

Maria walks behind Jana, puts her hands on my wife's shoulders leans a bit over Jana's left side and says, *You are on the wrong side of the house. You belong with me and Anja. Join us tonight.*

Jana simply says, *Tama, tama.*

Cynthia looks around and announces, *Zelle and Eve with me tonight?*

Both indicate assent.

Well this is different. I look around. *Renelyn and Pia with me please.*

I don't expect push back, but I get it.

Sir?

Yes Pia?

Please add Glanna and Shamcey.

Not without Dian.

I have not meant to invite Dian. I only mean to say, no, to Pia, but Dian says, *Good, I will be there!*

What the fuck am I going to do with five of them in bed? I can only cum once. So help me God, I am not like these stallions who never seem to tire. *OK, I have no idea how this will work, but it has to be an early night. I have work to do in my office at 1AM.*

Pia announces that we can all start as soon as the dishes and kitchen is clean. Renelyn and the two younger girls jump to it with Brenna, Glanna, Raya and Amzkie all helping. Maria is laughing. She was worried about needing help.

I am not going to write about what happens in romantic detail for one very simple reason. No one other than yours truly is looking for romance. Nope, three of them are there to make sure the two little ones get fucked. And one of them is there to make sure she gets the cum because she wants to be pregnant.

Tonight is all about rites of passage and insemination. What's love got to do with it?

Well there isn't much to tell. Pia, who was the master of ceremonies at the

taking of her own younger sister evidently has offered to do the same tonight for Dian's kids. Dian is more than happy to see this happen. The kids need an anatomy lesson, which Pia and Dian are more than competent to provide. I am the practice dummy. Sorry to disabuse you, but this is not erotic. Some of it is humorous. Some is sweet. None of it is informative to me, of course. We use KY to ease Glanna and Shamcey's acceptance of my cock. There is really nothing to say about Glanna. She is a sweet girl and I think she will do fine here, but between the two of us, I am the horny but likable uncle and she is learning about life. She likes me and I am fond of her. She does bounce on my rod after losing her hymen. With the added stimulation provided by Renelyn, and Pia, the girl does manage to cum once. That is enough and she is removed from my magic wand.

When it comes to Shamcey, I guess I wish I could say it is just the same. It isn't. Lovely little Shamcey wants to be on my rod. She maintains eye contact as we fuck. Her hands are on my chest and she leans into me, licking and biting her lips, as she gets off in a bigger way than her older sister did. As Pia and Dian help take her off me, there is a tear in her eye. She fights them off, grabs on to me and tells me she wants to be with me. How, in any scenario that you can construct, is there an appropriate way to respond. I have no idea. I kiss her on the lips and tell her she is wonderful.

Then Pia and Renelyn say they both get three minutes on the rod, before Dian gets to finish me off. I ask them how it is they can be sure I won't shoot into them. I just get an answer which translates to, *please just stay with the program*.

Anyway both girls get a dram of rod before taking Glanna and Shamcey to their beds. From five females, I am in bed alone with Dian. Dian has my precious, in her warm hand, and says, *Hi handsome*.

Hi yourself. Mmmm that feels nice. And it does. Dian knows what to do with her hands.

If you like that, you are going to love this. Dian takes me in her mouth and proves her point. Dian knows how to keep me hard without taking me over the edge. She has her hands on the globes of my ass and is taking me deeper and deeper. Then she slows down and relaxes me before taking me there again. She is not allowing me to touch her. This is all about me. She takes me up again and slows me down, removing her mouth, pushing me onto my back and mounting me, face to face. *OK Gordon, time to plant the seed again.* She starts a motion that I don't think is going to get us anywhere. But then she grabs my nipples and squeezes as her cunt spasms. Dian is rewarded with hot cum. Damn, how does she do that?

Gordon, did you see what happened tonight?

Yeh you got me off for the second time in two days and I haven't had a chance to even touch your cunt.

She laughs. Not that. Where is your wife sleeping?

With Maria. You heard that.

And where does Maria sleep?

Ah, in the apartments.

This is her house, but she is not sleeping here. And she won't any more.

How can you be so sure of that?

I just know. She is in the apartments now. And where are Eva and Zelle?

With Cynthia. You are going to tell me about that too?

The two pregnant ones, who you need to send off to manage the stores and train the outside sales staff. They will no longer be in your bed.

OK, what is the rest of the plan?

You get the children and you get Anja and me. You will get the ones from the field on occasion but they go back in the field and eventually get pregnant. Once they have their child, you are not going to see them very much.

Why?

Oh it's just a guess.

Huh, I think you know why, Dian.

Gordon, it's because you will also give their oldest daughters a child and the mothers will not feel OK back in your bed, once they are a grandmother of your kids. It will be too confusing for them.

But not for you.

Not for Anja and me. We expect you to give Pia a baby soon. My Glanna and Anja's Brenna you will not cum inside. We will make sure of that.

I see. What about Shamcey?

Why you ask? She is too young.

Your Shamcey is not.

But you do not want the young ones. You said so. So you won't get her pregnant.

I said I didn't want you to put them in my bed until they get older. They all will.

Dian, you are the one who put Shamcey in my bed tonight. I am going to take your Shamcey and fuck her time and time again. Not now but at some point later she will be pregnant. What do you say to that?

You are telling the truth! I can see it in your eyes! You feel something for her! Oh God! OK, Yes, sure, you want her? OK, I will help! There is nothing and no one I will keep from you. If you really want her Gordon, make her pregnant. But I will keep your bed under control. Your life will be easier.

I am not sure if I am angry or horny. I am not supposed to be hard so soon, but I am. Dian has appointed herself the controller of my bed and my access to the females here. I am not sure I am going to let her do that. I pull her to me and bring her tight for a kiss, a hard kiss, I then shove her face down on the mattress, grab the KY, dump some on my fingers and run my fingers up her ass. Dian grunts. I snake the other hand beneath her loin, find her clit and mash my fingers over it and into her cunt. Dian is moaning, breathing hard. I pull my fingers out of her ass. My other fingers are still in her cunt. I get behind her and without warning force my rod into her ass. Dian yells, *Oh God Gordon! Oh oh!*

I am pounding her ass. My finger that had been in it, grabs her tit and squeezes, hard. Dian squirts on me. *Bitch, no one runs my life. You don't run my life. If you try to do that again, I will put you out on the street. You hear me bitch?*

Yes Gordon! Yes! OK Oh God, oh Gordon.

I am getting off on my raw sexual anger as my rod rips in and out of Dian's ass. She is hyperventilating, gasping. She is going to pass out. I do not stop. She cumms hard. Our legs are soaked with her juices. She has told me her clit is sensitive. I have only been pressing on it as I finger her cunt. Now I slide my fingers out of her cunt, put her clit between two fingers and as I plunge into her ass again, I pinch her clit between the fingers. Dian screams, her body goes rigid and then she does pass out as I cum deep in her ass.

She is out cold. I get up, text Maria to bring me some rope asap. Five minutes later, Maria, in a robe, with Jana right behind her, gives me the rope. I tie Dian's arms and legs to the four corners of the bed. It is not a gentle job. She is tied tight. I go to the master bath and wet down a towel. I put the wet towel over Dian's face and she rouses, gasping a bit. She realizes she is restrained and twists her neck to look at me.

Dian, this is about control. You have none. Maria, Jana, wear her out. Fuck her over and over. If she passes out again, wake her up. And I walk out of my bedroom.

I walk to the apartments and find Shamcey. I will lay with her and eat a little underage pussy until it is time to go to work.

§ § §

Work tonight is interesting. The folks had never considered doing what we are asking for. It's not that they don't get it. It's that if someone tried to do this in the States or the Eurozone, it would be so illegal as to be impossible to even try to pull off. But not here and not in other Asian nations. We spend a few hours on the matter before we are all sure about what needs to happen, in what order. I am ready for bed. Anja is in Maria's apartment. I go there. The door is locked but I have the key. I let myself in, undress and crawl into bed, next to a sleeping Anja.

Why are you here? She looks damned good in the morning.

It's a long story, but understand one thing Anja. None of you control me.

No, she didn't!

She didn't what?

She didn't tell you she deciding who is in your bed.

Oh yes she did and she said you are part of it.

No Sir. She tell me but no! I think she is joking. You going to kick her out?

No but I did punish her.

Where is she?

Probably in my bed and still tied up.

You tie her up?

Yes and then I tell Jana and Maria to do her, a lot.

Hehe. I bet she now learn her lesson. Those the two she wanted away from you most. I tell her you love both of them very much.

I bring Anja in close to me, lifting the bottom of her slip. Gordon, what are you doing?

You know damned well what I am doing.

Anja's giggles turn to sighs as my fingers reach her mound. Oh Gordon! Oh... but I have to pee! And she jumps out of bed. Oh well, so much to a romantic morning encounter.

I walk back to the house and up the stairs to my bedroom. Maria and Jana are gone. Dian is lying there. She has been crying. I release the ropes, pull her up and push her into the bathroom telling her to shower while she is in there. I sit on the edge of the bed and wait. She is quick about it all and appears in a towel. Get dressed, go back to your room and stay there until I call for you.

Sir, are you throwing me out?

No. You are here permanently. I told you that before. I do not lie. But you have acted in a way that will not be accepted.

Yes sir.

Now go. And she does.

Breakfast. It's a nice thing. Not formal like dinner, not interrupting the day like lunch. It is the beginning of things, the setting the stage for that which will follow. I am sitting enjoying a quiet breakfast. We will have work crews here today and things will get noisy. But they are not here now. The girls are all on different schedules this morning. People wander in and out. Zelle and Cynthia are talking about something that has Zelle animated. Eve sits down by me. *I hear there was some excitement in your world last night.*

Five females in bed is more excitement than I want!

I am not talking about that. I am talking about Dian. Why did you tie her up and leave her with Maria and Jana?

She had promoted herself to a position which is not available.

No! She try to decide things for you?

Yes.

And you teach her, she cannot do that!

Yes.

OK, now I know! She not leaving, correct?

Correct. She stays. She just needed to learn a lesson.

OK. Good. She is very smart.

Yes, but sometimes smart people think they have more power than they really have. We needed to fix that and I think we have.

You were up late with the software architects?

Yes.

Things OK?

Yes, we will have the code to test in a week.

OK. Good. Zelle and I will not do any more training until the new code comes. I think we pretty much have a week off.

Yeh and the huts don't get here until next week. The CR won't be done until next week. I agree, most of you have a week or more off.

Most but not you?

I will be working with the San Jose folks to perfect the code all through the week. This is not like ordering a coke. We are making it up as we go. Plus, I

have to look at how many trucks and depots we need to really make this work. Zelle and I are going to be very busy for a few weeks on this.

Ah, OK. I guess I know this. I mean about the code. I not think about the trucks.

Well... you have been part of small tweaks to code. This is a more major issue. As to the trucks, we also have to look at GPS tracking along with other transmittable intelligence.

Why the software people willing to do this? What you mean about the intelligence?

Because the Philippines is not the only place that they will be able to use the technology. It gives them something to sell that no other product will have. As far as the trucks go. I want to know, where they are, when they are moving, how fast they are going. I want to know how long they are at each stop. I want to know fuel consumption, and engine readings. I want to know what things come off the truck and where that happened. I want to capture that in near real time.

What you mean, near real time?

It would be too expensive and impracticable to stream data, so we can do it in batch uploads every so many minutes. It can come in via data over cell from the trucks without the driver's intervention. It can tie the readings to the GPS location at the time of the read.

Why do you need this?

For many reasons. Let's take the worst issues first. The truck gets stolen. Where is it? Is it in an accident? How fast was it going? Less serious but affecting our bottom line. Is the driver taking too long at the stops? That happens here a lot. The driver unloads the truck and decides to add an hour gossiping at the customer site, or during a break at a roadside stand. Is the truck being maintained? Are the drivers watching the gauges? Has something happened to the truck or driver? It allows us to know before a truck reaches the next depot if we need to maintain the truck. We can even get parts at the depot before the truck arrives in some cases. Trucking companies live and die by whether they can keep the trucks loaded and on the road. Failures wipe out profits and lose your customers.

No one does this here.

And that is one of the reasons why we will take business away from them.

Will the drivers know you are spying on them?

Yes. We will make sure they sign a disclosure form in which we will tell them of all the things we will be monitoring. We will also make them pass a

breathalyzer when they take a truck at the terminal and when they return the truck. No one is allowed to drive while impaired.

I think you will have a hard time finding drivers!

What if I hire Muslim drivers?

Oh! You going to hire all Muslims?

Yes, mostly. Just like we do locally now. I intend to do that. I will make an outreach in the Mosques for the drivers. We will hire Christians as well. Muslims will want Friday off. Christians will want Sunday off. By having both, I can keep the trucks running seven days a week. I figure I need two or three Muslim drivers for every Christian driver. Of course there is a large Seventh Day Adventist contingent here and I might work some of them in as well.

This is why you wanted Muslim speakers?

Yes.

You knew this from the beginning?

Yes.

OK. You and Dian are scaring me.

I find Dian in a bedroom. You say you do not hurt! Why you do this to me?

I didn't whip you. I restrained you to teach you to never, never try to control me. Did it work?

Yes. It worked.

I hope it has. I guess I will only know as we move forward. I value your intelligence, your ability to understand complex issues. I appreciate your beauty. You are mine permanently and that will never change. But your ability to work with me in my office is based on my ability to trust you. Scheming, even if you think it is for my good, damages my trust in you. Do not scheme, ever again. If you think that something needs to change, your responsibility is to come and tell me. I may agree with you. But you cannot do anything like that without my intentional approval. Remember I say intentional! You cannot do something to trick me and later say I gave approval. Understand?

Yes, sir. I do understand.

Good, as I say, I hope so. We have a lot of work to do this week and your assistance is needed. Get yourself put together, get something to eat and come to the office, we have work to do.

§ § §

It takes three weeks to get the huts here, the CR built and the code ready. The dorms will be up in two more months. Dian, Zelle and I are busy each day with the details of leasing trucks, leasing depots, searching the truck technology I want and arranging to install all of it. We will not be ready to start the new enhanced operation for another month at the earliest.

§ § §

The huts and the CR are ready and so there are another seven mothers and daughters on the lanai, along with my retinue plus Jun and Joy. Dian and Anja were on the other side of this last time. This time they are sitting with me as are their daughters. There are more of us than there are these aspirants. We go through the dance we did last time. No one leaves again. This time they are told that they are provisionally accepted but that if they work out on the work side, they and their older daughters will join me as mistresses. I will touch no one, unless we are sure they will work out.

There is no push back and once it is over, no one on my side thinks there will be any problems. Anja and Dian have mingled with them during the breaks.

The very next day, all the huts are filled with these women and the remaining thirteen from the first group. Eve, Zelle, Jiecel, Cynthia, and Dian are doing the training. Taciana is running our current trucking operation during all this.

I have nothing to do with these families during the first three weeks of the two months of training.

We are waiting to see if anyone just isn't cutting it or if we have personality issues, or just cold feet. But they all seem to be winners. Eve gathers the strongest five and asks, if they are ready to join me.

All are but they ask if I am taking the older girls too. Eve informs them, no not now. Not yet.

§ § §

Janella is simply another beauty queen. It defies understanding but 2:30 this afternoon, she will be escorted to my office. I have seen her around but really haven't interacted with her. Eve says she's one of the very best we have. I have no reason to doubt Eve's assessment.

I am focused on a set of specifications relating to engine electronic readouts and transmission capabilities, when Eve pretty much hits me on the arm to get my attention.

Oh, hi. What's up?

Gordon! It's 2:30! It's time for you to meet Janella.

Right. Oh, OK. Sorry. And I close my work. I am done for the afternoon.

I turn around in my chair and she is standing in front of me, a bemused smile on her face. *Sir, for a man who has a harem of many women, you are the least likely person I would think looks like such a man!*

Is that a good or bad thing?

I think it is maybe a good thing. I not know yet! My friends here are all very beautiful. You leave us alone. We are all supposed to be yours, but I am the first one to be with you and you are so busy with work, you forget I am coming. I am confused! You like women, yes?

Yes, I very much do. I think Eve can assure you that I do.

Yes, we meet all your women here, so I think you must. But in truth sir, when most men look at me, they do not look at my face and my eyes. You look right at my eyes. This is different. Women look at my eyes, not men.

Ah, I see. Well, come sit here for a bit. If you have questions, now is the very last best time to ask them.

And sit she does. She looks so damned confused. OK I have some questions. You have many women, why do you want more?

Janella, you and I are going to have a real relationship. You and I are going to have a child or more than one, that you will carry and we will care for. I am going to care for you and I hope you will care for me. Together with the other women downstairs, we are going to build one of the most powerful companies in this country and your children will inherit part of that. It will take all of us working as a team for years to make it happen, but it will happen. Tell me, which is better, to have people I don't care about and do not care about me in this company, doing the work, or is it better to have my girls, the mothers of my children doing this?

You are serious. Oh my God. You ARE serious. That's what we are? The mothers of the ones who will inherit the business we are building?

Yes.

This isn't about sex, not like selling sex. This is family. Oh Mother Mary! You don't want my sex, you want my heart! You want my loyalty to my man. You want me, not someone to have sex with! You have that already!

Yes.

You are going to be my man. Now, now I know. OK, now I really know. You

understand that not all will understand this?

Yes and some may need to leave.

Oh God! Yes! If they not the right ones they no good even if they can do the work, di ba? OK,... OK. I am the right one. Please take me to your bed. We need to begin this.

Down the stairs and into the bedroom isn't so far a walk, but it is when you feel that you are leaving one world and entering a new one. A world you never expected to enter, before you die. Janella holds my hand tight, as if to let me go, she might lose all she hopes to receive.

Inside the bedroom I turn to her. Janella, here and now there is no right or wrong way to love. It is either to love or not to love. I think you have already chosen that, and so nothing else is a test you have to pass. The rest is only the process of us learning how to please and love each other. Everyone has likes and dislikes. That is normal and expected. If you like something, let me know. If you don't like something, I need to know that too. I have the same responsibility to you. Do you understand?

You are telling me, I am already accepted. OK, I am still scared, but all your girls, they say one thing over and over. You never lie. So I do believe you. How we start?

Would you like me to take off your clothing or do you want to take it off?

You mean seksi⁸³?

Yes that would be nice.

She smiles and proceeds to playfully disrobe. One article at a time. *Sir! Why do you keep on looking at my face?! Men not do that.*

You don't like it?

No, I do, but it is scaring me. Sir I not used to a man who sees into my soul like you doing. And as she is saying this, the last of her clothing, her panties are removed. Janella is completely naked.

Now come undress me. She approaches, her fingers almost afraid to touch as if my body is on fire and will singe her fingertips. Carefully and with caution, she removes all I am wearing.

Janella, your brains and your beauty have brought you to this moment. If you didn't have either, you would never be here. Those things were your ticket in the

83 Taglish for 'sexy' and but is pronounced with the hard 'k' sound of the spelling.

door. What we do now, is neither. It is love. Having sex and having a baby and not caring would have stopped you from even getting into this room. So come and kiss your man. Come give me your love and I will give you mine.

Janella closes the distance, puts her arms around me and we stand naked, in the bedroom, just holding and kissing each other. Her lips are committed to the task and we begin the process of nonverbal communications that we need to have in these moments.

I guide her to the bed and have her recline on her back. Getting low between her legs, I taste her pussy. She is frightened, wanting to know what I am doing. *Has no one ever done this with you?* No apparently, not. I ask her to relax and trust me. She says OK, and I return to her fresh, sweet hairless cunt. Carefully my tongue makes a circuit over the labia before spreading those lips and caressing the interior with my lips and tongue. From fear, I sense a relief flow through Janella's body as she feels what I want her to feel. There is a moment of realization that sex isn't just jump, pump and leave. And in that instant, I have a real partner. Janella gets playful, helpful, talkative, silly, seksi, and loving. We spend a long time just learning to touch, exploring bodies and getting introduced to each other. Is it sex? Yes, it is. Not the heart stopping, screaming, mattress slamming type. No it is mostly the gentle, at ease, honest and loving type. But after a couple of hours of pure happiness, I mount Janella, and I do take her hard and steady, pinching her nipples, squeezing her clit, as I ream her cunt. Janella has her very first orgasm and it freaks her out. She needs to stop and understand what has just happened. It is not the way I would have wanted to play it, but when a girl says stop, well, my friend you stop.

We talk about it a little and Janella is ready to go again. We are back in the saddle and just a few minutes later, we get an encore. This time there is no stopping and we fuck right through it. She is grunting and swearing in Visayan as I push her into the third big O. Catching her breath she growls at me, *OK, Sir now, give me your baby now! NOW.*

I keep on fucking her, as she begs for a child, until my balls insist on erupting. As my cum enters Janella, she starts bawling. Huge inconsolable wailing sobs. I am out of her and holding her in my arms as she shudders.

Minutes later she gains control and I ask her if she is OK.

Sir? That was lovemaking? Di ba?

Yes, Janella, that is what it was.

Sir, I have two children and I never have that in my life until now. Never. I have a man who say he love me. Now I know he not! No, he not! Only you love me. Now I know. Sir we do this again, if I not pregnant?

Yes and even when you are, Janella. You are mine now. That is for real.

Yes. Yes. It is for real. OK. OK. Sir, do I have to leave now?

No. Would you like to spend the night with me?

It is OK?

Yes Janella, it is OK.

§ § §

In the six weeks, I bedded the other nineteen. Some have sexual knowledge, others not so much. More than half had never cum before. That is sad. But during the training time I do not touch their daughters.

Some I am with only twice. Others, like Janella, I bring back a number of times, often with Eve in bed with us. For all of them on their second time, we do include Eve.

But in the end, all of them stay. We have not lost one of them. I am amazed. I wonder what would have happened to Ladylyn and her group if we had run them through this way. Perfection is the enemy of the good.

§ § §

Zelle is deep into her eighth month of pregnancy and is so ready to do this thing. She tells me that the first seven months were a blast, but these last two, not so much.

§ § §

We start the job of recruiting drivers. We have to reject some because they just aren't going to work out. We are very clear that if we find them speeding or dawdling, they will be let go. We get smirks from some until we tell them the trucks are wired to send us the information while they are driving. We are told by two guys that others just don't believe us.

When we are finally ready with the vehicles, I call a meeting of all of the drivers we have hired, both men and women. I have a few trucks already installed with the technology. From the truck depot in town, we ask two of them to each take a truck out for a test drive, but if we find they have been speeding, or not following the assigned route, or drinking, we will not keep them.

We give them a route, which, in one part, will allow them to cheat, take a shorter route, but warn them again that any deviation from the route we give them will mean they will be let go.

We have set up a tent on the property and I have set up a laptop connected to a 55 inch TV screen in the tent. The rest of the drivers we have hired are at the house under the tent. The screens are on and displaying information on the two trucks. Joo is there, explaining to the drivers, what they are seeing as the trucks begin to roll. The trucks have been on the road for twenty minutes by the time I get back to the house.

Things are very noisy. Joo's impression as to which ones would be speeders appears to have been right on the mark. Both of these clowns she chose for the test, have violated what we have given them as the speed limits. What's more, they are taking the shorter route and have pulled off at a bar. The disclosure each signed said they would get a breathalyzer test. We didn't do it when they left, but we will when they return here to the house.

All the other drivers see the path the trucks are taking on an on-screen map. Cameras on the rigs show the bar they are stopped at and display along the mapped route, the speed of the rigs while they have been driving. What the guys don't know is the employee ID badges they are wearing have RFID tags in them and we now know they have switched trucks they are driving as they leave the bar. Joo has found two real assholes. Those under the tent start to yell as the photo of the driver attached to the truck numbers switch on the screen.

Joo explains that we track everything that happens in the truck. If they drive for us, it must be with the understanding that we are watching everything all the time. Eight guys just get up and leave. Joo shrugs. She figured this would happen once they saw what we were doing. For the record, none of the Muslim men left. The Catholics were the ones to leave. Say what you will about the problems in the Muslim world, when it comes to upright behavior in this type of matter, they are the real deal.

When the two drivers pull up at our gate, they are brought to the tent. I sit them in front of the TV screens. Joo plays the video we recorded at the depot where each man is told in English and his native tongue what the rules are and what the route will be. We show the part where they are told about the breathalyzer and sign a consent form for this. In the video, they sign a disclosure form related to the reasons for termination. I then ask them if they understand what they signed. Yes, they understand.

Joo stands up and asks them to blow into the breathalyzer. They are refusing. I hold up the consent for and play the video about that again. I tell them they must comply. Each does and each has alcohol in the test. I tell them that this may qualify as grounds for termination.

I then put up the map displays. It shows their real trip, speed, the stop time and

the switch of drivers. *Gentlemen, you are both fired.* Two more Christians are gone. The Muslims take notice. Three guys come up and one asks, *This means if we have a problem, you will know?*

Yes and we will try to send help if needed.

You are OK with normal breaks for the CR and meals?

Yes. Your packet makes it clear we don't want you driving for too many hours before you take a break. We do not want you driving too many hours each week. We will not ask you to drive on your holy days. You may pull over to pray when needed.

We do not understand, are you a Muslim?

No.

Why you hire us?

Did you see any Muslim leave earlier?

No, of course not!

That is why I want you as employees.

Then why you hire the Christians?

I need my trucks on the road on Fridays. It is that simple.

If we know others who want to drive for you, it is OK we send them to you?

Yes. Even if we do not need them yet, we will later.

It doesn't look like we will have problems hiring the Muslim drivers, but the Christians may be a difficult deal. A few suggest I consider Baptists, Mormons and Seventh Day Adventists. I agree. We start making outreach in those congregations.

§ § §

As Zelle gave birth to our daughter five weeks ago, she is not doing many new activities at the moment and Eve has stepped in for her as a courtesy though Eve is only two months behind her in the procreation business. She is due in maybe three weeks. Joo and Giselle are shadowing Eve, as Eve will need to step aside before Zelle is ready to return.

§ § §

Eve is at the lying-in clinic⁸⁴ and at this moment is on her back, ready to give birth. I expect to be running out of here at that moment to be with her. But for now, I can trust that my girls will hold things together for Eve.

I am reviewing the leases we have signed for depots when I get a text. It is time to leave, and to do it on a dead run. My second daughter, Eve's Faith, is on the way.

§ § §

OK I'm a daddy twice over. Two wonderful daughters. Am I hovering all the time? Am I a metrosexual cool dad? No. Am I changing diapers in the middle of the night to spell the mother? No. Am I taking turns caring for the little ones? No.

There are a host of surrogate titas⁸⁵. And Eve is now getting the full package of support that comes from a united family. I am not ignoring Eve and I am spending time with her and Faith. I count myself very lucky. So does Eve, who can't stop smiling. *Gordon, remember? Remember when you say we might as well have an affair? You say I can't live with you and you will not tell me you love me? Remember, sweetheart?*

Yes, Eve. I remember.

Well Gordon, I have everything except the ring, and right now, your wife is changing our daughter's shitty diaper. You, Gordon, are my man. You will always be my man. And sweetheart?

What?

Thank you. Thank you for everything. Gordon, remember when my tita kick me out of her house?

I smile. I do remember that her aunt had smelled the sex on her and told her to move out. *Yes. I remember.*

She just texted. She wants to see her niece. You know what I tell her?

⁸⁴ An alternative to a hospital for birthing.

⁸⁵ Aunts.

I hope you said, yes.

No! I tell her, No! She kick me out and I will never forget.

Eve, were you damaged by her action?

No, but that is only because you not let me be hurt. She not care if I am hurt. You think I should turn the other cheek? No! I know the difference between good people and bad. I may have to ignore the bad ones in our work. I do not have to ignore them in my personal life.

OK. It is your decision.

Good, I make another decision.

What is it?

Next year we work on another child. I want a son. I want my own little Gordon.

§ § §

Prior to the hiring of the drivers, we trained the twenty females on how we want the depots run, on how we want the drivers dispatched, on how we want cargo loaded, on the modules and apps, on hiring staff for the loading bays, on use of RFID tags for materials and employees. We have had them out on site at our existing depots.

We then using teams of five, sent them out to open four depots. They are also to contact local businesses and talk to the decision makers who choose the trucking company they will use. We give them literature, a price schedule and an offer of free shipping for two weeks, on a specific start date. Joo and Jiecel check up on and evaluate each team, spending time with each as they open up depots.

The first depots have five girls there opening it. When we open the next four depots, each new depot has three, two staying behind with the first depots. After the first eight, we will have four girls free to open up two more depots. These pairs will be on their own but will have been through it twice before. We are opening up ten new depots on this island this first round. When all ten are up, all twenty girls plus some from our second group will be in the field, if it works. If we don't lose any. If they work out.

They will train local girls as their replacements before relinquishing the depot

and returning here or moving on to another depot that we need to open. We need to open a total of twenty depots before we move to other islands.

It takes us six additional weeks to get the ten depots ready. The trucks are ready. They have all been fitted with our technology. We are running a prototype of the technology in our existing depot. Thanks to our buyers, we have taken the various electronics and brought it to a factory in Guandong, China. They have built a single controller for all the sensors. It is less expensive than what we were using as the prototype, and is also smaller, easier to maintain and is unique!

§ § §

This is STDay, start trucking day! This is the day we start the offer of free service for two weeks. It includes where we have been before both to old as well as new customers. Each customer has a mobile app they can use to watch the exact location of their shipments. The app also allows them to reroute shipments and to initiate pickups. The app is free and of course only works with Gordon Logistics Service trucks.

Everyone in the house is excited. We set up four large screens on the lanai. And we watch. No one moves inside for lunch and instead it is brought out onto the lanai. We have stats on estimated delivery times and actual delivery times. We watch the truck performance statistics for road time, time on delivery, fuel consumption, and actions outside allowed ranges.

If every day goes as well as today goes, we are golden. The first day goes without incident. Our depot agents, which today means our girls, call customers for their first day experience. They are told to ask: what went wrong, what went right, what changes does the customer want to see, how can we improve for them. I tell them to not ask for any commitment at the end of the two weeks.

The depot agents are posting the responses as they get them. We are getting a few valuable comments and they will be pushed out to all the agents, for them to see first thing in the morning.

We see only two negative comments. We do not ignore them. Both have to do with damaged boxes. We are supposed to check boxes as we receive them for visible damage when we receive the shipment. If we see damage, we are supposed to take a picture, fill out a report and have the shipper sign that the box is in this condition as we receive it. Do we have reports on these boxes? Yes! OK why wasn't the delivery driver notified and provided with the evidence at time of delivery? That needs to be fixed.

Tomorrow the agents will travel to both locations, apologize to not having this information for the customer yesterday, promise to do better and leave the

evidence with them. All our agents will also get a heads up on this. We missed this in the training. We failed to make the connection for them. The delivery driver and customer needs to have this information. The customer should be able to see the condition of the damage before the box arrives. This has to be like the Holiday Inn used to say... no surprises.

§ § §

Day two is as important, maybe more important than was day one. Can we perform as well today? Yesterday everyone was on their best behavior. How will it go now?

Our agents have been told to give out a phone number here if the customer does not feel the local agent isn't fixing a problem they have identified. I don't expect the speakerphone to ring, but it is here on the lanai, just in case. At 10AM it rings. Shit. What has gone wrong?

I have Eve answer. Not because I am afraid to, but she is better with all the dialects. *Good morning, Gordon Logistics. How may I help you?*

Yes, hello. I am calling to thank you.

Ma'am, that is very nice, but what have we done?

You bring over pictures that show me the truth about the bad box! I have a signature! Proof! Now they can't say, 'Oh no Ma'am it not us, it your shipper!' Ha! They do this to me before but I never have proof!

I see. I am glad we have helped you.

The call goes on for a while but it is only good. I am relieved and the screens are also looking good, though the day is early. Today I do go inside for a brief lunch. We are sort of going in shifts. There is always someone watching. Each depot is watching their screens but we can see all the depots here.

At 3PM a truck has a flat tire. I watch what happens. The depot has a spare truck and a mechanic. The mechanic, with two alalays, drives the spare truck out to the stranded driver. All four move the remaining freight from the disabled truck to the other one quickly. The driver is on his way twenty-five minutes from the time of the flat. The spare tire is eventually changed forty-five minutes later and the truck is driven to the shop where the bad tire is taken for repair. All the packages get delivered 'on time.' None of our customers is even aware of the problem. We send out a congratulations message to the depot. We get a message back, *walang problema*⁸⁶.

⁸⁶ No problem.

The agents are not to call customers today. We will call again next Monday.

The third day, the last one where we will have the screen up on the lanai is completely uneventful. It just works. I have asked depot agents to ask the drivers to make any comments they want about how it is going. The comments can be neutral, good or bad. I don't care. I want to hear from the drivers. I tell the agent that any driver who submits a comment gets a bag of chips or a soft drink. Believe it or not, that works. Almost everyone makes a comment. Some want better seats in the trucks. Some are just happy. A few think our routes are wrong and suggest better ways. I tell the agents to believe the guys and have one of them drive the suggested alternate with the driver. If it is better, go with it. One driver doesn't like the situation at one customer's delivery location. She says, she has a better way but the customer won't let her do it. I ask the agent to go out with the driver and see what's up.

We may find we have one or two drivers who just like to complain, but we start by believing them. We can't succeed unless we have happy drivers. I am having our agents follow up every negative comment with the assumption that the driver is right.

Day four, a Thursday is also without incident. The phone here is not ringing and it is looking good. At the end of the day, I am getting feedback from my depot agents. Every route that was identified as bad, has been changed. All the drivers were right. Each is told that we have made the change in the system. The driver who wanted to deliver freight differently is also right. The agent convinced the customer to allow the driver to try what she wanted to do. It went perfectly and it is no longer a problem. We are investigating what to do about the seats in the trucks.

My agents tell me that word is spreading among the drivers that we are listening to them. Friday is a day without the Muslim drivers. I am holding my breath.

Friday goes fine. It is just another day. Same with Saturday. And now it is Sunday. We deliver on Sunday. My agents have been instructed when they signed up their customers, to find out if they want Sunday deliveries. We got some incredulous looks. We were asked more than once, how much more it was going to cost. It's free now and the cost is the same as weekdays if they sign up for the service after the two week period.

I don't think they really believed we deliver on Sunday. But we do. If we have something that needs to be delivered, that other services might wait to deliver on Monday, well we give it to you on Sunday. So while those who sort of believed us, might have been thinking about some priority service, well we

have the normal stuff for them. Just in case, on Friday and Saturday, we call the customers who have freight we will deliver on Sunday and ask, '*will you be there to receive it?*'

The responses are fifty/fifty in their ability to take delivery, but overwhelmingly positive on the service. Sunday's deliveries are light and we need less than half the drivers to run routes. How that will work out in the future is unclear. Once they get the idea that it is possible, do they take advantage of it? We like it because traffic is so much lighter on Sunday.

§ § §

OK a week has passed and it is time for the agents to call the customers again. For some customers this will be the first call they get. We ask them the same questions. But we also ask, do you think you will want to continue using us after the free service ends?

The answer is a resounding yes. They are almost without exception signing up. I have been hearing that other services are fuming about our free service and telling their people, just wait until the customers have to pay! Well, we are less expensive and better. Right now we are just on one island and we don't have ships. We are not a DHL or Air21. We are a freight service. And we are going to own the freight service in this country if we can continue to perform as we have this week.

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I have been fucking little Shamcey a few times a month for the last three months. She is with me more than any other little one and Shamcey knows it. She also doesn't need any anatomy lessons any more. At the moment, she is showing me that she has mastered a technique that Pia taught her this week, by giving me deep throat while her cunt is dribbling her female juices on my face, just inches above my nose. The things she is doing with her throat and tongue are things that my limited vocabulary is unable to verbalize. All I can tell you is that if she doesn't stop in the next fifteen seconds I am going to blow my entire load down her throat.

Shamcey! Don't if you want me in your cunt don't! Oh God child, what are you doing to me! Shamcey, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuuuuuuck! And I cum. She can't taste it. It, honest to God, went down her throat.

Half a minute later she is right side up, in my arms and snuggling next to me. As I drift off to sleep I think of something Jake said about getting addicted to the little ones.

§ § §

GLS is a success. Yes it is a success because it is making money in all twenty-one markets (the twenty run by the new staff and the one that used to be run by Jiecel and Taciana), where we have depots and between the depots as well. But it is also a success because it has captured so much of the business in the locations where the company operates, that we are building a huge database of critical information.

We took in ten more mothers and daughters from Jake's folders along with ten for Bayan Na in a second group. These GLS mothers are now in the field in our busiest depots. Zelle has her ten at her current stores. Giselle and Joo are back with us here. As are Taciana and Jiecel who are no longer needed in a depot.

It is a success because I now have a significant client base of new customers for the San Jose code. My girls, including Joo and Giselle, who were only training Bayan Na staff are now training others and Cynthia is a very busy lady.

GLS has had a huge impact on the current Bayan Na stores. Bayan Na is taking significant business away from the competition. At present, we figure that about seven percent of customer business from each of the major competitors, has come to the company. That is a major change to the Bayan Na bottom line and a major hit to the competition. They think it has to do with our app driven outside rep sales tools. And, that is certainly part of it. We are happy that they think so.

What they do not see is the link to GLS.

The proof of the heuristics where Bayan Na is operating gives us confidence in what will happen as Bayan Na opens up stores elsewhere.

Our plans for GLS are big. We currently have at least one of the girls at each store and the rest are local hires with no connection to me or the home office. Though I have bedded the mothers, our agents, I have not touched their daughters at all. I have no need for them. We have them all in school. With the assistance of Jun and Cherise, we have set up a little school for the seventy-three kids. It is far less expensive than sending them to a private school and we didn't want them in public school. Plus I wanted to limit the loose lips sink ships issues, with these young ones, smart or not. Keeping them here also helps bind the mothers close to us.

With her expanded group of our girls, Zelle is currently opening new stores on this island. Because of the good will we have engendered with the large Muslim contingent at GLS, Zelle has gained confidence in hiring Muslims to manage and staff her stores in the [Bangsamoro](#) region. The results so far are good. The stores there do close on Muslim holidays. Bayan Na now has twelve stores opened or in the process of being opened on the island. No more are planned.

The next step for our team of thirty GLS gals, is to set up shop on the Island of Cebu. We are scouting out locations now.

Our buyers are doing as well as we had hoped. Alona's passport has run out of visa pages.

Something has come up that may be interesting. The owner of one of Bayan Na's competitors has contacted San Jose via an email query about purchasing the software. San Jose referred it to Cynthia, who knows full well that this is a direct competitor. We can sell selected modules to them, but not the whole package. I suspect that what they want, is the ability to do the heuristics that Bayan Na is doing. It won't be as powerful, as they will not have the trucking component, but it will work. Cynthia does need to sell into this region, but does she sell to a direct competitor?

Zelle says, it would be OK, if this wasn't the competitor for whom Jonathan was working behind her back. She says, anyone else but this guy. Newly pregnant Cynthia is Zelle's part time bed mate. Cynthia does have an out. There is a clause she can invoke about competitors of existing software customers, needing to get permission from the existing customer. Technically since Bayan Na is not paying for the product, this clause ought not to be invoked. But Cynthia has invoked it.

The upshot is that a meeting has been arranged for Cynthia, Zelle and me at the

competitor's home this evening. Each of us will arrive separately so there is no look of the collusion that actually exists.

Cynthia is now driving, and has purchased a red [Toyota Vios](#). So far so good.

When each of us arrives at a mansion, we are met at the front door by a very attractive woman. I am the second to arrive. Zelle is the last. There is a pretty teenage girl standing by a door down the hall. A young boy is by her side. The woman escorts us to a sala where we meet the competitor, whose nickname is, and I am not making this up, Dingdong.⁸⁷

Dingdong knows Zelle is aware of Jonathan's double dealing. Cynthia explains again that Dingdong needs Zelle's agreement for his company to purchase the software. He also has to get my agreement as I also use the San Jose software as it links in with what his company would be purchasing. For GLS to link in to code he might purchase, I also need Zelle's blessing and so he needs to deal with me as well, if he wants that part of the package.

Dingdong wants to know how it ties in and I explain that as soon as he places an order entry, our company flags and tracks the order, making sure we have it on our trucks the moment it can be handled. That may mean more trucks to a location on a given day. It means that we notify your inventory software of exactly where the product is as soon as we touch it. Your floor staff can see that from their tablets right away.

Dingdong looks at Zelle. *You have this right now?*

She smiles wanly and answers, *Yes.*

He looks at Cynthia. *You can sell that to me?*

Yes but to link in to that and even to purchase the code, you need Zelle's agreement as she is the existing customer in your market type. I would have no issue if you were selling shoes, or automobile parts. Then the competition clause isn't triggered.

Dingdong looks at Zelle. *What do you want? I need this code. You know it! You are putting me out of business. Is it necessary for you to do that? Is it not better that there be healthy competition?*

Zelle looks at Cynthia. *Ma'am I think it is best if you not be here for this discussion. We will tell you tomorrow how it ends tonight.*

Cynthia gets up and is escorted out by the same woman, who I think may be Dingdong's wife.

⁸⁷ Yes, it's a real name. (There is even a [serious actor](#) and [politician](#) here by that name!)

The question Dingdong is, how badly do you want this? You destroyed my marriage. Is your business worth yours?

No Ma'am I did not destroy your marriage.

Yes you did and don't argue with me or I will walk out right now.

OK, OK.

So, the question is, how important is your business to you? This is your wife?

Yes ma'am.

The two kids we see when we walk in are your son and daughter?

Yes, ma'am.

Bring them in here.

Dingdong signals to his wife to get the kids. She leaves.

So, Dingdong, if I understand where you are, you will have cash, but you are losing money in your day to day sales. If you are going to save what you have, you either need to turn this around by fixing the sales picture, or you need to liquidate your stock and close your doors. That about it?

Yes.

The wife and kids are in the room.

What is your wife's name?

Wenelyn.

And your daughter and son?

Mhae and Micx2⁸⁸

OK. Wenelyn, Mhae and Mic2x, we are about to find out how important your husband and father thinks things are. What's really important in his world? It is really very simple. When I leave this house tonight, he will either have permission to purchase the software he needs to make his company profitable, or he will not. But to save his company, you, each in your own way will pay a big price. If he decides to not force you to pay this price, he will lose the business, but you will not be poor. You will not be rich any more, but not poor either. Dingdong knows the truth of this. If any of you leave this room or refuse to do what he tells you to do, he will immediately lose. If in the future, any of this comes out, any agreement I give tonight, is canceled. Wenelyn, do you

88 Mic-Mic.

understand?

Yes Po.

Do you understand, Mhae?

Yes Po.

And you Mic2x, do you?

Yes, I do Po.

OK. And Zelle leans over Dingdong ear and whispers. We cannot hear. He answers. She is saying something else and he is shaking his head. Zelle straightens up and says, *Let's go*, to me.

I get up just as Dingdong, with a crack in his voice says, *Wait! Mic2x come here.* The boy of maybe ten or eleven stands in front of his father. Dingdong unzips his own trousers and pulls out his own penis. It isn't very large, but it is hard. The father orders his son to kneel and suck his father's cock. Wenelyn shrieks. Mhae's eyes are huge, as she stares at the scene in front of her. The boy is shaking. Dingdong puts his hand on the back of the boy's neck and pulls him down, shoving the boy's face into the fathers lap. Dingdong screams at Mic2x. *Suck it! Now!*

The boy is crying, but he does as his father orders. Zelle leans over Dingdong again and whispers. Later she tells me that she told him not to stop until she tells him. But she tells him something else because Dingdong yells at Wenelyn, *Take off your clothes and suck the Kano's penis! Don't argue, do it!*

Wenelyn takes off her clothing, approaches me, apologizes to me, *I am sorry Sir, I know you are married, but I must do this.* She takes my rod out and does an incredibly incompetent job of giving head. Zelle looks at me and knows that the head I am getting is not only not good, it is painful. She leans back, over Dingdong and whispers again. *Woman you are doing such a bad job you must now have the man fuck you.*

Wenelyn is in a state of cognitive denial. She accepts the direction as if she is in a trance. She isn't but her world is collapsing around her. I bend the woman over the couch and enter her. She is not tight and not enjoying this. It is like fucking a knot hole in a piece of balsa wood. No sharp edges but nothing is going on. I make another face at Zelle. She shrugs.

Another whisper into Dingdong's ear. I note that the guy is as hard as a rock. The fucker is enjoying having his son giving him head. Zelle sees it too. She whispers in the guy's ear. He quickly gets up, pulling Mic2x off him. The boy looks a little relieved, but the relief is short lived. Dingdong pushes the boy

over and runs his cock into the boy's ass, without any preparation. The boy screams, but Dingdong continues. Zelle moves over to Wenelyn and whispers in her ear.

Wenelyn is getting up and as I figure it is Zelle's instruction, I allow it. Wenelyn goes over to her daughter and takes the girl's clothing off, leaving Mhae naked. She brings the child to me and tells me, the child is mine to fuck.

As this is happening, Dingdong isn't just cornholing his son, he seems to be getting off on it. I turn the girl's head to her father. *Look at him. He likes fucking your brother. He gave his wife to me and she has given you to me. You are now mine, child. Look at your father as I fuck you.* I put the child on her back, on the couch and lying over her, I rip through her hymen and push in. She is still watching her father fuck her brother. *Now look at me. Do you want him to fuck you next? If we leave you here, he will be fucking you and Mic2x, not your mother. You want me to keep on fucking you, or do you want him to fuck you?*

You, you!

And I do until she cumms. But I don't want to cum in her. I do not want to get the girl pregnant. I pull out of her, walk over to the mother and pull her down. She allows it. I tell her, *Do you want that asshole to get you pregnant, after he has fucked your son, or do you want me to cum inside you?*

Wenelyn snaps out of wherever she was and looks at me. *You. Fuck me good.* This time she isn't a block of wood. She is working it and making my time inside of her, memorable. I give her my cum. She screams, *Oh fuck yes, give me a baby!*

And believe it or not, at that moment, Dingdong blows his load inside of Mic2x. Zelle tells him, he can stop. He can have his code, if he wants to buy it. She then speaks to Wenelyn and Mhae. *We know who that man wants to fuck. The question you have to ask yourselves is if you want to stay with him. He chose his business over protecting the two of you. He has fucked his own little son. The boy isn't good for anything now except for what his father will do to him next. If you don't know that, I can't help you. You can come with me and sleep in a bed far from here, or I can leave you here. I am leaving now.*

Wenelyn looks at Mhae before she speaks. *Ma'am, Po, please give me a moment to talk to my daughter.*

Zelle signals her agreement.

The two females are holding each other, crying and refusing to look at Dingdong who continues to hold the boy in his arms.

The boy is crying. The father is stroking the child's hair and in a weird way

trying to comfort the boy. The boy's ass remains on display, cum dribbling out the asshole and the father's cock is rampant again. How long before he is back inside the kid?

Zelle and I see all of this.

Wenelyn comes up to Zelle, *I will come with you. But the child asks if she can go with Gordon. I understand he will probably say no and I not know what to do.*

Zelle smiles. *Gordon will take her. You will see why later. Say goodbye to your asshole husband.*

No, I will never talk to him again!

We all leave in our two vehicles. The reveal, that we are together, is going to be an interesting third act. I have no idea how it will play out. I was well aware that Zelle was angry with Jonathan, but I do not think I had any idea of how strongly the anger burned within her. She went tonight for one reason only, to destroy that man's marriage. If I understand it, if he had chosen his family, every time he looked at them he would see the company they cost him.

Alternately, if he chose the business, Zelle wanted that marriage destroyed, if she could do it. His fucking the boy might have been a serendipitous thing in my mind, at the time, but she must have known he had a son. She must have known that the entire family might all be home at night. It was her decision to have this meeting here in his home on an evening. He had wanted it during normal business hours. I guess I was a pawn, in this play, but I understand her anger.

I give Zelle time to get to the house. I take Mhae to get some pizza and a Sprite. I figure on lightening the mood a bit for the girl and let her know I am not a complete monster. Mhae wants to talk.

Why did she do that to us? She did it to you too! Mother says you are married!

Yes I am married. Luckily to a very understanding wife. You don't know the history between Zelle and your father, I guess.

No! What happened?

Well, it is not a nice story, but you have every right to hear it. I am going to tell you what I know about it. If I am wrong in some detail, big or small, it is only because I can only tell you what I have been told. OK?

Yes, thank you.

Huh, don't thank me until I am finished. I proceed to tell her about Jonathan's role as the company buyer of the company Zelle owns and he benefited from as

the husband. About the loveless marriage, but how Zelle was never going to end it. She cared enough for Jonathan to try to find a way for him to be happy. I told her about how he worked to hurt her by helping Mhae's dad win business from his own wife. I told her how someone found out about the cheating and what he did to someone in his anger. I told her about the video of him in Malaysia and how the marriage ended.

Mhae was crying, but she said, what Jonathan did could not have been as bad as what Zelle had her father do tonight.

I shook my head. I am sorry to tell you this, but it was worse.

It can't be!

I could show it to you. I still have it on my phone, but you don't want to see it.

I think I do Gordon. I need to understand her anger at Jonathan and my father. Please, I need to see it.

Mhae, it is violent and horrible.

Show it to me.

Sitting in the Pizza restaurant, at a table by ourselves, I do. Mhae says nothing through the entire video and then taps to watch it again. *OK, Gordon, I get it. You think, no, I don't think you thought about this at all. I think she thinks my father and Jonathan were lovers. That is why she knew to tell him to take Mic2x. Father used to go to Malaysia all the time. But he stopped going some months ago. I think she knows something she has not told anyone about them.*

Damn, Mhae just put the puzzle together for me. *Gordon, I don't want to go back there.*

OK, I understand. But there is more you need to know before you make any more decisions. It is true I am married and it is very true that I love my wife. I believe she loves me. But what you don't know is that I live with many females.

You mean daughters, and in-laws?

Sorry, no, I mean I live with and make love with my wife, with Cynthia, with Zelle, and with others. Some of them close to your age.

Really? I mean you aren't trying to get me to go back to my father? Because I will not go back, even if this is true.

Huh, finish your pizza, Mhae. This is going to be a night of surprises for you. And I get a quizzical look from the girl.

The drive to the house is subdued. When we pull in the lights are all on and I can see many moving around. I park the vehicle next to Zelle's and guide Mhae

in to the house. Sitting at the table is Wenelyn, Cynthia, Zelle, Jana, Maria, Anja, Dian, and Eve. Wenelyn looks like she has been pulled through a wormhole. Mhae runs to her and hugs her mother. *Do you know why? Do you know what this is about, 'nay?*

No, child, I don't understand any of this.

Gordon, give me your phone and tell me where I can talk privately with mother.

I give her the cell and take her up to my office, leaving them there and walking downstairs. I look at Zelle, hard, and simply say, *You knew Dingdong liked boys, because it came out when you had that meeting with Jonathan. He told you about the trips he and Dingdong took together to Malaysia to fuck young boys. You knew that. You knew he had a young son. You had a pretty good guess the family would all be home at night and you knew that one way or the other, you would ruin that man's life tonight.*

No one says a word. None of the females in the room move. Cynthia looks shocked. Zelle's face is stone. Finally, speaking as if to herself, or at a great and quiet distance she says, *Yes. I knew. I knew he could not resist fucking his son. Jonathan said he called every little boy he fucked by his son's name. I knew it. He is a monster just like Jonathan. I was going to make sure his family knew the monster he is. I did it. I am glad I did it. I would do it again. I only hope he kills himself now.*

No one says anything. Maria goes to a cupboard, grabs a bottle of brandy, puts together a tray of tumblers and brings it all to the table. I grab a tumbler and pour a stiff drink. Others do the same. The room filled with people is eerily quiet. It isn't that there is nothing to say, it is that we have no idea what to say. We all love Zelle. What she has done is both monstrous and rough justice. We don't seem to know which it is more than the other.

Half an hour later with two brandy bottles empty and a third one half way there, I hear Wenelyn's thin voice. *I think my daughter and I need some of that.*

Wenelyn is on one side of me. Mhae is on the other. Jana told them that, as my wife, she was ordering them to my bed. Wenelyn was totally confused. Mhae told her mother to do as told. So here they are. Earlier tonight, I have already fucked them both. Wenelyn already has my cum in her cunt.

I really do not need to be sexually active with either of them. I think Mhae senses this as she snuggles in to my chest. I put an arm around Wenelyn and sense her fear. *Relax, all we are going to do is sleep.*

Truly?

Wenelyn, unless you grab my penis, I am not going to start anything sexual with you.

Why does your wife send us to you?

I can't explain Jana and I am not going to try. I don't know if she expects me to have sex with you. Maybe she does. I don't really care. I have no need to do so.

You are able to have children?

Yes. Why?

This is my fertile time and you do me.

Huh, well I hope you are happy with whatever the results are.

Is the child I see in Zelle's arms when I get here, yours?

Yes.

Cynthia is pregnant. Is that yours too?

Yes.

You make them both pregnant? You want me pregnant?

It will not make me sad.

You want me pregnant? That why you leave Mhae and take me?

I didn't want Mhae pregnant. That is why I pull out of her. I assumed that she would have no birth control. I assumed you did.

I do not. My husband has not touched me for years.

I see.

You will be happy if I have a child?

If you want the child, yes.

Why you want me to have a child?

Well, if you are staying here, you should have a child by me and be one of my girls. If you want to stay here, I believe you will tell me you want a child. If you are not staying here, then I do not expect you to want a child. And in any case, why are we discussing this in front of Mhae?

You took her virginity. You think she has not the right to hear this?

OK, I accept that.

So you will give me a child but not Mhae?

No. I didn't want to give Mhae a child when she was living in your husband's house. And like I said, I figured you had birth control.

So you will give Mhae a child now?

Only if the two of you decide to stay and be one of mine.

What if she stays and I go?

Sorry, but no. If you go, she goes. Mhae is a minor and you are the parent. She stays under the control of her parent.

You have strange rules.

Probably, but they work for me. Now it is time to sleep.

No. It is time you give me a child.

No, you need a few days to think about this before you make your decision. Tonight we sleep.

§ § §

It is morning and Wenelyn does not want to get out of bed. I do coax Mhae out, with the promise of spending time with girls her own age. I take her into the master bathroom and tell her I will leave her, so that she can shower.

Why?

Why what?

Why are you leaving? You have seen me naked and made love to me. Stay please.

I close the lid to the toilet and sit on it as a chair. *OK, I will stay.*

Why didn't you do sex with us last night?

I did!

No! Not when we are in bed with you!

Oh, OK. Look I didn't ask to have sex with you, ever. That was Zelle's decision really. I liked being with you, but I didn't like how it happened. I do not want to continue to take advantage of you or your mother.

Mother says it's OK.

Your mother is still in shock over what has happened with her husband. I don't trust anything she decides right now. I do not know if you and your mother will go back to Dingdong, or go to other family members or leave the area or stay here. It's just too soon.

Mhae steps in the shower and begins washing. I would like to do what we did the other night and see how I like it. It was too scary then.

We can do that so long as I do not complete inside you.

No babies?

No babies unless and until I know you and your mother are staying. I do not expect you to stay.

You like sex with me? I do OK?

You mean for a scared teenager in a scary situation?

Bad? I do bad?

Mhae, it was not a good place to know good or bad.

But I not good for you?

Mhae! It was not a thing which allows for such a concept.

If I am good, you would tell me. It was not good. I am not good at sex. I not make a man happy.

Mhae, this is crazy talk. I am sure you are fine. I am sure that in the right place and time, you will have a very good time with a man.

Am I pretty? Now this girl has just walked out of the shower and is completely naked. Her hair is plastered to her face and so she is not at her best, but yes, she is a very cute kid.

Yes Mhae, you are pretty.

I am naked, but you don't move to even touch me. I don't think it true that I am pretty. I think I am pangit.

You are not ugly. What can I say that will convince you that I find you attractive?

If I am pretty, why don't you touch me? Here I am, naked. You can do anything you want and I not going to stop you. What is wrong with me?

I move toward her and pull her in for a hug. My arms enfold the girl. *Nothing is wrong with you. I think you are very pretty*, and I lift her chin up to give her a sweet kiss, *but what happened last night, should not have happened. I am sorry I took your virginity in that way. If you and your mother both want me to touch you sexually in two days, I promise you, I will make the moment joyful. But please, let's take a break and see how you feel in two days. I'll still be here.*

You promise?

I promise.

OK, I guess.

Exiting the bathroom, Wenelyn is completely under the covers. Mhae and I dress and leave the bedroom. I send Maria in to Wenelyn. Maybe she can coax the poor woman to get up.

I get as far as the bottom of the stairs when Pia and Renelyn grab Mhae and pull her away. I count that as a good thing. I make a cup of tea and grab two senorita bananas from a basket of fruit on the table. There is a plate of cheese dogs, and a bowl of rice that appears to be what the others are having for breakfast today.

Cynthia sits down by me. She looks like she wants to talk but nothing is coming out of her mouth. I say the first thing that comes to mind. *Shocked?*

Huh, yes, to put it mildly. Do I understand that after I left, Zelle told Dingdong to rape his son if he wanted the license?

Yeh, that's pretty close to the short form.

You know, if the company ever hears about this, we are all toast, right?

You're worried about the company? I am worried about the PNP⁸⁹. You ever see a jail here?

Shit. How are they this morning?

Fucked up. Wenelyn is hiding under the sheets and Mhae wanted me to fuck her this morning.

Did you?

Hell no! But I am not as worried about them, and I am worried about them, as I am worried about what has transpired with Dingdong and Mic2x since we left

⁸⁹ Philippine National Police.

last night. I really don't want to pick up the phone and ask him, "how's things." I don't want ask Wenelyn to do that and I am afraid of what might be said if, or when she does.

I understand, but I need to call him and arrange for the paperwork, to get him on board. I can't say I want to do this, but I have no choice. Cross your fingers. I will call him right now.

Cynthia picks up her cell phone, selects a number from her contact list and the phone number is dialed.

Hello, Dingdong?

...

Oh, I see. OK, I will call back later.

...

No, this is a business matter with Dingdong.

...

Excuse me?

...

Oh! Oh, no! Is everyone else OK? I saw him and his family yesterday evening!

...

Yes, his wife, daughter and son were all there.

...

I see.

...

Yes, they were all fine when I left. We were supposed to sign an agreement this morning.

...

Yes, Sir, my name is Cynthia Ramos. You have my number.

...

OK. Bye.

Gordon! Shit! The guy is dead! They wouldn't say directly, but I think the boy is dead too.

Who were you talking to?

The police! From what I gather, the guy left a note, before the killing started. They know the wife and daughter were not there for this because it looks like he referenced something they know or saw or was told before he did what he did. The policeman says he admitted to a criminal act overseas and a criminal act here in the Philippines. They are looking for Wenelyn.

Before we get Wenelyn, go get Zelle. As much as we know, I think there is more to this story and I think she knows it. Bring her up to my office. I will close the door once she gets there. No one will be able to hear us.

Ten minutes later, Zelle and Cynthia are in the office, the door is closed and I tell Zelle what Cynthia has learned this morning. All I see in Zelle's face is a nod of the head.

I think you owe us the complete story. What do you know that we don't?

Jonathan didn't kill that boy in Malaysia, at least he didn't do it alone. After the video that Alona shot, more happened. Jonathan didn't know I have not seen the rest and he confessed to things I did not expect. Dingdong came into the room and they both fucked the unconscious boy. But at some point, and Jonathan does not know when because they kept on beating the child, he died. They put the kid in a suitcase, dragged the body outside and dumped the kid in some trash. Jonathan also said that as Dingdong fucked the kid, he called the kid Mic2x, over and over again. Last night when I was whispering in that asshole's ear, he admitted to me that he was already buggering the boy and had been doing it for two months.

Jeezus, Zelle. Well it's a mess now. I am going to try to bring Wenelyn up here and you are going to tell her everything. Everything! She needs to hear this now. I have no idea what she is going to tell the police, but it is better she hear this before she gets sandbagged by some cop.

The cops may arrest me.

Yes and they may do that anyway. You have to tell Wenelyn what happened so that she better understands her husband's actions.

OK. OK, go get her.

A few texts to Maria does the trick. Twenty minutes later, Wenelyn is sitting with us, if a bit shaky.

Wenelyn this is going to be a bad day and as it goes forward it is going to get worse. There is nothing I can do to make it good. All I can do is make sure you know everything. Most of this, I just learned for the first time myself. You may want to ask questions, or you may not. It is completely up to you. But you need to hear all of this now.

She just stares at me. I tell Zelle to start at the beginning again, and go over everything even though some of it is ground that has already been plowed. It takes forty-five minutes with a few interruptions from me, because I feel she has skimmed over some details. Zelle takes us up through the details of last night. She has not talked to the police this morning and so that part she does not relate.

Wenelyn, you have not said a word. Did you understand what was said?

In a very small voice, Wenelyn asks, *He really say he having sex with Mic2x for two months?*

Yes, that is what he told me.

Wenelyn explodes. *Oh Jesus! That explains so much! That bastard! I will kill him!*

Wenelyn, that brings us to this morning when Cynthia called Dingdong to offer the license contract.

You going to do business with that bastard? How can you! How!

I now lie a bit, No, we are not. But we needed to find out what had happened after we left last night. Cynthia had the best excuse for calling him.

OK, so what he say?

He didn't answer.

What? He always have that phone in his hand.

He didn't answer, the police answered the phone.

What?

Cynthia accepts that this needs to come from her. Wenelyn, when I call, the police answer. I find out that Dingdong is dead. He left a note saying he did bad things both in Malaysia and here. The police didn't tell me, but I think he may have hurt Mic2x too. They know you and Mhae left when you found out about him. They are looking for you and do not know where you are. I did not tell them I knew.

I take over. *Wenelyn, what do you want to tell Mhae? What do you want us to do?*

I am going back home. I leave Mhae here for now. I will tell them she is with my friends and is safe. I want her to have nothing to do with my husband. I only come back for clothing and hope he is at the office this time of day.

What will you tell them about last night?

I will tell them I see things I do not ever want to see and will never talk about it to anyone! Let them try to make me! I am glad that man is dead. If he take the life of Mic2x, I am sorry for Mic2x, but at least he will be in heaven and not the hell he was in here! ... I need to go! I need to talk to Mhae and then go!

You want us to take you?

No! Then they know you are involved. No. I will take a tricycle to the mall and a different tricycle from the mall to the house. They will not know where I come from.

If I had any concern as to whether Wenelyn is lucid, I do not have it now. She is thinking very clearly. As Wenelyn is about to walk out the door, she turns to Cynthia. *Will you give me the license to the software?*

Yes. You are going to run the business?

I did most of the time anyway when he was on his trips. Will it really help us make money again?

Yes. Just in inventory control, pilferage, and customer x-dating, you will be able to become profitable again.

Good. Zelle, we can compete and be friends too?

Yes. We can.

Gordon, you will tie your GLS information to our company?

Yes we will tie in for your order processing and deliveries.

OK. Good. And she was out the door.

I look at Cynthia and Zelle. Both are a little confused by the result of this intervention. I don't think that this outcome was a possibility that had been considered. *It's too early, but I need a drink. Cynthia, is it OK if you get the others up to speed on this?*

Gordon, no, I will help, but Zelle needs to be the one.

You willing Zelle?

Yes. I guess I must.

OK. I am going to text Pia. After Mhae has been briefed in as much as Wenelyn will brief her, I want Pia to put Mhae with Raya, Amzie and Renelyn. I will get Pia up to date as best I can. She can then be Mhae's support system, if needed.

Most of the next few hours are taken up with this mess. Mhae comes to my office in the middle of all of it. *Do you know if my brother is OK?*

No, I do not know. I am afraid something bad may have happened to him.

Yes, I am too. Mother said that father had been doing the things we saw him do, to Mic2x, for a long time. And here, for those who think that kids don't listen to their parents, is the very scariest proof for me, that they do, as Mhae continues, I think maybe it best if he is in heaven now. Sir, Gordon? How someone live with that in your head?

Oh, Mhae, I don't know, but how will you live with what I did to you last night? That not the same!

Why?

Because you are a man and I am a girl.

I see. But it was forced.

Not by you. You never force me. You make sure you not give me a baby because you care about me. No, it is different.

Huh. OK. Well I am glad you think it is different.

§ § §

We don't see or even hear from Wenelyn until seven in the evening when she comes to the gate in a Fortuner. Anja and Pia run out to get her in and handle a few bags she has brought. She walks in to the sala, stands, looks at us, including Mhae, frowns, takes a deep breath, and says, *I should have asked. May my daughter and I stay here for a week or two?*

Everyone looks at me. *Yes, you are welcome.*

Good. This has been as bad a day as you said it would be Gordon.

Do you want to share it, or keep it private?

I, um, I, I think I need to share. Dingdong is patay, so is Mic2x. His father kill him first, I think, then write the letter, then kill himself. He admit killing the boy in Malaysia. He admit forcing Mic2x to do sex with him. He say he cannot stop. He say he is sick and deserves to die. He say, Mic2x is not good to anyone anymore. Better to send him to God. The police, they tell me they are sorry for me. They only ask what happen and I tell them I never will say the ugly thing I saw. They say, OK, they understand. I am having the bodies cremated. I will put Mic2x's urn in the house. Dingdong's can go in the trash. I not want it. The room he do this is filled with blood. It smells bad. I will have people strip the walls, the floor and the ceiling to the bare concrete. It will be redone before Mhae and I move back in. No one should tell me they are sorry for my loss. I glad he is dead. That way I not need to kill him. Now, I need to rest. Where I

sleep tonight?

Jana answers. *You can sleep with Gordon, or with any of us. It is your choice.*

Zelle. I will sleep with you. Please take me there.

Zelle nods but adds, *Yes, Eve and I will be happy to be with you. Come.*

Mhae now asks, *Where do I sleep?*

With me! Pia insists, *You are with us.* She is pointing to Renelyn and Raya.

I take a moment before asking, *Maria and Anja, will you two join me tonight?*

This has been a day I never want to repeat in any form. I understand Zelle's deep animus towards Dingdong, but shit, it has taken us to a place I never want to go.

In the bedroom, Anja and Maria decide I need a massage. They can't be more right. I am tight, wired and just not comfortable. In the months Anja and Maria have been together, they have formed a bond that is both durable and flexible. Both know they are more than maids. They are the glue that holds everything else together and that includes my mental health. Jana is a good wife, but our marriage never contemplated the world we have now. Jana is the head of the household and she has to manage quite a lot. I concentrate on the consulting business supporting Cynthia's sales and GLS.

Cynthia is using the depot agents to pitch her code to GLS customers. This has been very successful as we have twenty-one depots. Eve, Giselle and Joo are our lead trainers once I develop a plan for each customer. I make initial contact following Cynthia's sale. I design the project and give it to Eve. She works with the customer to put it in place. Giselle and Joo train the staff. That has been working well, but we are out growing that staff's ability to be everywhere we need to be. I am looking at creating three teams, one under Giselle and one under Joo.

Things are moving very fast in the addition of possibly many more depots on Cebu, in Talisay, Mandaue, Danao, Bogo, Toledo, Carcar, and two depots in the southern end of the island. Then we move to Bohol, Leyte and Negros, before branching further.

Thanks to Mitch and Abbey, GLS has established an office downtown with large generators, large batteries and space for a large server installation. We are under-using it now, but better to grow into it, than have to move again when we are so busy.

The young ones no longer do order entry for Bayan Na. That has been handed over to Bayan Na staff and my girls are supporting the servers plus doing the

GLS alarm response for non-standard deviations of routes and times. Anything that falls out of the metrics sets off an alarm. The driver receives an alert. He or she then has a specific amount of time to respond with the cause. Based on the response or lack of response, the girls have a set of options to exercise. The depot agents do not have to babysit this and can carry on daily sales and support tasks.

All this has been going on every day, seven days a week. Dropping the Dingdong mess on us, is more than a distraction. For me, it has been like a bomb in the middle of a choreographed Superbowl dance number.

So yeh, I am tense!

As I loosen up, Maria takes me in her mouth and Anja's lips approach mine. I feel all the tension of the day flow into the lips, the mouths and on to the tongues of these two wonderful women. Hot breath followed by warm lips on my rod, causes a sense of release long before I am ready to cum. Hands on my head, my temples being massaged as lips suck my lips, a tongue invades my mouth, her breath enters my lungs. At this moment, are they my women or am I their man?

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I have lost an entire day, yesterday, and have a desk littered with notes about calls I need to return. I have so many emails in my inbox that I am trying to do triage and have set up three mailboxes into which I am moving the emails, just to get a sense of where to start. If I was semi-retired before, I am clearly full time employed presently.

This house, which I had initially envisioned as a place of peace and gentle solitude, hums with activity.

Morning goes pretty well and I think I have put out all the fires that were burning. The rest of the emails are project related. I am working my way through them, but without a sense of pressure. GLS activity is what we call nominal. In saying that, yes, we are busy, but we are maintaining a proper posture and there is no presentation of a structural problem. What problems we are seeing reflects normal things that happen, such as flat tires, and some road closures. None of these things require my intervention.

I have nothing to do with Bayan Na these days. Alona is still running the buyers operations and Zelle is running the company with the help of ten females we trained from a second batch of Jake's girls. However I have not touched them and I swear, I am not going to, ever. Still the daughters are all here and the mothers feel like they are part of a special team. Eve, Giselle and Joo trained them and they are the ones who are the long term local store, back office, managers of all the current and future Bayan Na stores. The bottom line is that Zelle does not have to be in a store to know exactly what is happening.

Between the: centralization of POS accounting; outside sales x-dating and contact information; inventory management; purchasing; stocking; customer discount and credit accounts, the local offices can concentrate on the customer.

The home back office makes sure the stores have the inventory and competitive pricing.

Every once in a while, each store hires someone who thinks they can get five finger discounts. In each case we have the individual arrested and press charges. Rates of pilferage are very low, and real damage of inventory is insignificant.

Zelle tells me the stores have a sense of equilibrium. Staff expects things to go well and conveys that attitude to customers as they walk in the door. Profits these days are so much better than they had been that Zelle has been able to slash margins and still make more money, while at the same time putting

pressure on her competition. If she wasn't so overwhelmed by the constant expansion, I think she would be having a good time.

Cynthia's sales activities are so strong that San Jose has taken her USA based accounts away from her. She cried about that for no more than 30 seconds. She has the exclusive territory of the Philippines and is making a nice commission check each month. Since she gets far more rewards for new accounts as opposed to retention of accounts, the loss of the retention of her USA based business customers, simply freed her up to work new business accounts more of the time.

All of this is happening too quickly in a real way. The growth has been breakneck for all of us. And so it is with all this in mind and a great deal on my desk, less than forty-eight hours after the evening fiasco, that Wenelyn knocks on the door of my office mid-afternoon.

Good afternoon. Are you feeling rested in any way?

Yes, thank you. It's odd, but I feel relieved. I feel like a heavy weight has been removed from my shoulders.

I felt that way when I filed for divorce from my second wife.

Death is far more final than divorce, but yes I suspect it might feel the same. That had not occurred to me. But then we do not have divorce here. I didn't ever consider annulment. I couldn't. But now I am free of those bonds and I did nothing wrong to get free. I am embarrassed to admit it, but it feels very good.

You don't have to be embarrassed about anything with me.

I don't know why, but yes, I think I know this. It is why I come to talk with you.

Ah, OK. What would you like to talk about?

Zelle's husband and my husband were friends, both evil and both bad to their wives. Di ba?

Yes, OK.

You are the father of the child of Zelle, di ba?

Yes... and?

I have lost my son.

Yes, I am very sorry about....no... wait... You want...?

Yes. I want you to do for me what you do for Zelle. We are competitors, we will both run Cynthia's software, we will both use GLS and we will both have a child by you.

Wenelyn, I think you are taking symmetry way too far. There is no need for you to have a child by me.

You said if we wanted this in two days, you would agree.

Yes, but two days are not up yet and your reason for wanting a child by me is hardly convincing.

You gave your word. Keep it.

I will give you a child if, and only if, you are a mistress to me, and that means no one else. That is the condition that all the others have accepted, including Zelle. You want symmetry? That is the deal.

Your bed, tonight, Gordon. I accept the deal. Your bed for me and Mhae.

What? You can't be serious! You haven't even cremated your dead husband yet!

Both of us. Don't argue and don't mention that man again.

OK I have a number of issues. First, all my mistresses have sexual relations with each other. To join me, you will be having sex with Zelle and Cynthia as well as my wife and the young girls here. Are you really willing to do this? Are you willing to have your daughter do this?

I already do this when I am with Zelle and Eve last night. Mhae do this with Pia. So, yes.

Next, I do not take mistresses as short term. I am not a filler between now and where you will be later. Frankly Wenelyn, this bothers me greatly with you and your daughter. You are going through a period of great upheaval. How do you know it is me that you want to have as your man for all time? My other mistresses are with me, truly, forever. It may not be a marriage in law, but it is a marriage in other ways.

We become yours that night. It is done and cannot be undone.

Huh, OK... But both of you in the bed at the same time? No. That will not work, if you want me to cum in each of you. If you want my cum and not Mhae, that can work. But do you really want to be with her as I fuck you? I'm OK with it, but are you?

I not think of that. Yes both of us need to have all of it. When can we start? Me first and later Mhae.

I tell her 8PM for her. Tomorrow for Mhae. Now, try to get back to work after that. Just try. I think I need a drink.

§ § §

At dinner, I need to make some news. It will not cause a problem for most, I think, but it will cause something for Cynthia and more especially Zelle. Wenelyn and Mhae are with us, as I ask for the attention of all. It is not something I do often.

As this affects all of you, I am telling you all at the same time. Wenelyn and Mhae have asked to join me as mistresses. And before I go further, I now ask both of them to confirm to you that this is their request of me and not me of them. Wenelyn, this is your request?

Yes, yes it is.

Mhae you really want this? You are not just saying this because your mother wants it?

Yes, I told you yesterday morning I want it! Same now.

OK, so considering how I got introduced to these two, I am accepting them as mistresses. That means they are joining all of you too. Zelle, it will mean that you will see your history every day. I cannot and will not alter that fact. You spent the night with Wenelyn. You will spend many more. She wants a child from me. Your child and hers will be siblings, as will Eve's child and Cynthia's. The issue of your economic competition needs to be resolved. It can continue in a modified form, but it must change. No one here gets pushed to the brink. We protect each other and all of you, now, especially you three, Zelle, Eve and Cynthia, you must protect Wenelyn. Questions? Comments?

There are times when surprises are good, when those around you rise up in ways that you do not expect. At the moment, I am only hoping to avoid an ugly incident and unpleasant words. I have been unable to read Zelle for two days. And it is Zelle who, in a dead quiet room chooses to speak.

Wenelyn, friend, come sit by me, Anja, it's OK for you to move, di ba? And there is a shuffling of chairs and bodies as Wenelyn sits down at Zelle's side. Zelle takes Wenelyn's hand before she continues. You and I are sisters now. My sister, you and I are becoming wealthy women. We are going to grow your business to every market, mine is in. Competition in markets is a good thing. You and I will be each other's competition and the others will fall away. I know how, Cynthia and Gordon will tell you that this is true. What we two can do, by cooperating here and competing out there, is to take the oxygen away from everyone else. Our stores will control the entire market. So for business, sister there is no problem. For my heart, it is open to you. I am glad you join us. I hope Gordon gives us both many children. And then Zelle stands, and asks all my girls to come and give both Wenelyn and Mhae welcoming kisses.

OK, you think, aw, how nice. Ha! The line of well-wishers includes, Sha,

Princess and Shamcey of deep throat fame; and kisses are not all on lips. This fact is about to be announced in a remarkable manner. I see whispering and giggling between the three youngest. Princess becomes the next in line to congratulate Wenelyn. She playfully climbs up in a chair seat before taking Wenelyn's head in her hands and landing a serious tongue invading kiss. While Wenelyn is figuring out exactly how to deal with this. Sha is opening Wenelyn's blouse and grabbing a tit. Shamcey has pulled Wenelyn's skirt up, her panties down and is in the process of attempting to eat some cunt.

Raya, Amzkie, and Glanna see this just as they are in line for Mhae. They are not about to be out done by the little ones. They proceed to strip Mhae's clothing off the girl, pull her on to the floor and take her in all the holes the girl has.

I am just sitting there, watching what is becoming a full blown female orgy when Maria and Anja sit next to me. Maria leans in and asks quietly but loud enough for Anja to hear, *Are you OK?*

Huh, I guess so. I sure didn't expect to hear what Zelle said. So I guess it will all be OK. But I did everything I could think of to get Wenelyn to not demand that I let them in to our family. I was envisioning a train wreck, not an orgy. I still think that it is too soon for them to have made this request.

Dian, who sitting next to Anja has her own take on this. *No, she is yours. She was, as soon as Zelle put her with you that night, and showed her who her husband really was. She needs your child. She is Zelle in many ways. She needs a son from you Gordon, and she won't stop until she gets one. You give her a daughter, and she will love the girl, but she will be back for a boy. The same is true for Zelle I think! And Zelle is right. If they both expand into a town with our technology and GLS backing, the existing businesses will crumble. Zelle is smart to see that. I bet that Zelle will help pay for the code, just to get Wenelyn started.*

What Dian does not know is that Zelle is standing behind her. *Thank you for the compliment, Dian. Yes, I will invest in Wenelyn's company and that will give them the money to purchase the software. I will keep my family from going crazy that I am giving money to the competition. They would not understand the need to have a good competitor with whom I can strategize! And Gordon, I not think about it before, but Dian is right. I love our daughter, you know that, but you need to give me a son.*

What if all I can give you are girls?

Hala! Then there will be many children!

Dian is not done. *But Ate, if her son marries your daughter, you bring both houses into one. She inherits her husband's company instead of it staying in his family. You and she can rework her connection to Dingdong's family connected businesses and maybe even work out of connected warehouses, saving both of you money. You starve them out of the growth you would have brought Dingdong's family and cement your family to hers.*

Shaking my head, I point out, *Dian, that is incest.*

Yes and no. In truth yes, but on paper, maybe not. They have no legal father. Di ba?

However, Dian is unaware that I have already formally and quite legally filed my claim of paternity with Zelle's daughter. As the desultory if a little weird discussion among us roles on, a full blown orgy is taking place before us. The only ones not involved are these three, and Cynthia. Jana is currently munching on Mhae's cunt. Eve has her cunt in Sha's face while Sha's cunt is being attended to by Wenelyn's mouth. Wenelyn's cunt has an eggplant stuck inside it courtesy of Brenna. Brenna is being munched on by Glanna and Princess. I guess I could go on but it's just too much of a tangle down there. The only thing I am hoping for, is that Wenelyn is too worn out for anything from me tonight.

For what it's worth, we haven't eaten our dinner yet.

§ § §

We do eventually get back to dinner amid laughing, taunting, bawdy comments and wrecked clothing. I do get my wish for a rain check from Wenelyn. Mhae is also not ready for anything more tonight. I am pleased to request Maria and Anja to be with me, but both inform me they are having their periods. As we walk away from the table, I ask Dian to join me.

Alone?

Yes Dian, just you and me.

We haven't been alone since the night you tied me up.

Look I am very rarely alone with any of you. You must know that.

Except Maria. You are alone with Maria.

You don't miss much.

Gordon, she is one of the oldest, not the prettiest, not the brightest, not the most educated, like me she has had children, so she is not the tightest for you, yet you are with her more than anyone else. It is hard to miss that.

What does that tell you?

She is your Joy.

There was a time when Joy herself told me that Maria was my Joy. That Jana was not. Joy had not met others in the house and for many reasons, I had hoped that Joy was wrong. Now, it seems to be apparent to Dian, exactly what was apparent to Joy months ago. If it is true, then Sha is my Abbey and Abbey has given Jake many children. I am well aware that Sha has turned twelve. It is a little eerie. I don't say a word of this to Dian.

Gordon, Abbey started having Jake's children when she was thirteen. Will you wait as long with Sha?

Good grief, Dian, get out of my head. And in reflection, you don't get me alone. Bring Shamcey with you. Eight PM work for you?

OK, but why? Why can't I have you alone?

Because you scare me.

Why? Why I scare you?

Because I can't have a private thought without you knowing what it is!

Gordon, I have not once, since I asked you to see the plans for the business, asked you for any favor. I ask for a favor now. I ask that you trust me. I only have love for you in my heart. Trust me that I will not hurt you, I will not work against you. I will always be for you. I respect that Maria has the key to your heart in her pocket. I not try to change that. Let me be close to you. Please?

OK alone tonight, at 9PM. But Dian, I am scared of how well you read me before I can even read myself.

That's only because you are concerned with all the moving parts around you and I am looking at you! It because you are not an egotist! It because you are a good guy! Relax, I am on your side.

Ha! You want my son to marry my daughter! Dian, do you have any idea how thinking like that, and the idea of wiping out the wealth from Dingdong's family in strategic reorientation of business practices all at the same time, causes everyone around you to just look for life preservers?

Really?

Yes.

But I'm right!

And that's not the point! Being 'right' is only part of life. Sweet Dian, that's the

part that is so scary. For you, it's just black and white, A to B and the things in the way that you need to move to get to B. But Dian, there are times to leave things as they are, even if you can't get to B.

Like incest?

Yeh, well that's a good place to start.

OK, I will think about that. Nine?

Yes.

§ § §

Dian may be in a league by herself when it comes to intellect, but it is her inability to understand issues of propriety that causes the concern. Tonight, I hope that such matters will not surface. She knows to not put herself before others here. It is a lesson she learned the hard way, but I do believe she has learned it.

When I get to my bedroom, and it is mine alone, Jana is rarely here, Dian is completely naked and reclining on the bed. Not seeing any reason to prolong things, I disrobe and join her, pulling her into my arms. As scary as Dian's brain is, it helps to remember that she is every bit a living breathing beauty queen. No one here is lovelier than she. No one. Pulling her into my arms is not something that is hard to do. The fact that she wants to be in my arms, might cause you to be concerned for her sanity, but not mine.

Gordon, she says as she gently fondles my rod with one hand and strokes the back of my neck with the other, I don't intend to push anyone aside. I won't. But I do want to push myself into your heart as well as your arms. She centers her cunt over my rod which she is holding and slides me into her. Oh Jesus, Gordon, I need this. I need you, she intones as she moves my rod in and out of her cunt, her hands on my head, her lips, when not speaking, dusting my lips, cheeks and eyelids.

The perfume she has on is perfect. Her movements are exquisitely teasing my rod, keeping me rigid and not causing anything to get too far advanced. Her generous breasts are pressed against my chest. We kiss and kiss again, longer and more intensely. She bites my lower lip, hard, before returning to a kiss.

This languorous lovemaking continues as she plays with me, teases me, and keeps me going, but far from the edge, for the better part of two hours. I am enjoying the time with Dian, and frankly have not wanted it to end too soon. But there comes a time when I decide that she needs a good hard fucking. I roll Dian on to her back, and holding her ankles high in the air, slam into her cunt over and over as she begins to, and then continues to, cum hard. I keep her

cumming as my desire to impregnate her grows and grows.

There is nothing finessed about this as I take this female, and work my rod into her repeatedly. Dian is grunting and drenching my rod, spasming and cussing. Her cunt walls widen and then collapse around me repeatedly. And then I cum inside this beauty, only to hear her thank me for it.

§ § §

How was it with Dian last night?

Different. Janna, when are you coming back to my bed?

Oh, Gordon, after you get the rest of them pregnant!

That's not an answer. Jana, asawa, I miss you.

Ha! I think I know what happened last night.

OK what?

Your Dian pointed out to you that she was amazed you chose to be with her, since you have pretty much kicked her to the curb. She probably wanted to know why you were not with your true love last night.

You mean you?

Oh, Gordon, we all know! It's Maria.

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Maria, why aren't you pregnant? I am inside you more than anyone else here.

Ha, I never let you do me when I am ready.

Really?

Of course! I make sure you have the others when it is their time. There is always someone else.

So I have been upset that Dian was setting my table, or at least trying to, when in at least one way, Maria has been doing this all along.

§ § §

Wenelyn stays at the house for five weeks before moving back to her place. Lovemaking with her and Mhae is good, but not out of the normal range. Wenelyn is another adult female with two children who had never had an orgasm. It is beyond me how these things happen, but clearly they do.

Mhae and I enjoy each other. I believe she went home with the knowledge that she is attractive and good at sexual relations. Our relationship is not over and I am looking forward to being with her in the future.

Wenelyn is in an ugly fight with Dingdong's family over the control of the business. The 'note' that Dingdong wrote has not been shown to the family yet, but Wenelyn has prevailed on the pulis to provide her a copy. A will that Dingdong wrote, leaves everything to Wenelyn. His family is contesting the will and the judge appears to be in the family's pocket. Tomorrow, Wenelyn is going to show his family the letter and if they do not drop the suit against her she will release the note to the Malaysian government and give the family a real problem to worry about. The next suit they will have to deal with, will not be in front of a friendly judge.

§ § §

Cynthia and Zelle have had to hold off on getting code to Wenelyn until the legal issues are sorted out, but we are not running heuristics for Bayan Na against the data set we have on Wenelyn's company. We are trying to give the company some breathing room.

§ § §

Pia and Renelyn are reporting that they are pregnant. Dian is so jealous, that it is funny.

As Anja and Maria are on the same Menses cycle, I asked Anja last month after a conversation I had with Maria to tell me when her period was over. Anja was more than happy to tell me. I used it to figure out, not only when Anja would be ripe, but when Maria was as well. And then I kept them with me for an entire ten days at just the right time. Maria clearly knew what I was doing by filling her with cum night after fertile night.

This morning she has sort of had enough of this dedication to knocking her up. She looks at me and asks, *Why you doing this. I am your maid!*

Maria, you stopped being my maid a long time ago. You are a mistress, a lover, a confidant, a housekeeper, a friend, but not a maid. And soon I hope you will be a mother to my child.

Gordon Jameson, you are an evil man!

Oh Maria, how much more evil would I be, if I got Sha pregnant?

You wouldn't!

Why not? You gave her to me.

Ha! Now I know!

What do you know?

You teach me a lesson. Yes it is an important lesson. OK Gordon, it is time for my pregnancy. And it is time for Sha's too.

What is the lesson Maria?

We are yours Gordon. We are not employees. We are yours. I think I not really believe you before. I think, Maria, he can say all these nice things, but you are just the maid. No, that not true. I am not the maid, I am yours.

If you would have believed me before, you would not have given me your daughter.

Maybe... No. It is right that she is yours. It is right, we both yours. Like Joy and Abbey.

Ahhh. Yes, you are my Joy.

Maria just looks at me. And then she cries before running away.

§ § §

Why you make Maria cry?

Oh, Anja, I told her that she and Sha were my Joy and Abbey.

She not know that before?

I think not.

OK. I go and see what I can do.

§ § §

I go up to the office. Work calls.

We are about ready to start our GLS activities on Cebu. I expect Cynthia to be gone quite a bit. So far she has been operating under a tourist visa. But we are re-jigging the staff. I am taking ten of my depot agents and 'giving them' to Cynthia. It will allow her to apply for a SVEG visa⁹⁰. Considering what she is doing and how busy she is, it makes perfect sense. She pays the girls out of her commissions, which as things are going, are substantial.

I have been using "depot" staff to do this work, but it really is work to bring Cynthia business. Her staff will produce customers and contracts. My Eve, Giselle and Joo, directly under me, as outside consultants, do the training. By turning GLS staff, into a Cynthia's sales personnel working under commission, and paying her staff out of her commission checks, we skirt a bunch of legal hurdles.

So as we kick off Cebu operations, Cynthia's staff is housed in my depots but working for her.

However, some of my best depot girls are arriving in two days for a few days. We need them here to work through the details of the roll-out. On the top of that list is Janella. I am looking forward to seeing the girl.

We have a new version of the electronic unit we use to monitor trucking activity. They are being installed on a few trucks here so we can debug the equipment before a broader roll-out, but I expect it will be ready for Cebu.

Dian may have been, until recently, far from my bed for a long time, but she is in the office every day and she is here now. She has been good at not mixing business with personal issues and she has been invaluable here physically in the office. By the time I walk in, she has already sorted my email into multiple folders based on the urgency and importance of the matter. I trust her to do this, because she does it exactly as I would. I never have a problem with her choices.

Today she has flagged something I might have missed. There is a large company that is falling on hard times. It owns a large tract of land. Land that will work nicely for us when we need it, but we don't need it now. The failing

⁹⁰ A qualified non-immigrant foreigner who shall actually employ at least ten (10) Filipinos in a lawful and sustainable enterprise, trade or industry.

operation does need it now, but could give it up later. However they need money to cover a bank problem and payroll right now. Exactly how we put this entire picture together, as it hasn't been reported anywhere, is a piece of business savvy that I can't explain without naming sources, but it is Dian who has put the disparate pieces of intelligence together, not me.

We review what we have and I text an individual, who is likely to be the only one to whom we should be talking. The text reads, *We may be able to help each other. I can cover your shortfall on payroll and BPI matter. Understand you still need the 80 hectares close to Makar but we can make a deal for later as you wrap that up. Interested?*

Ten minutes later I get a text back, *Who U?*

I answer. *GLS.*

You work for Gordon?

I am laughing as I type, *Yes, I do what Gordon tells me to do.*

Where we meet?

Bo's Coffee at SM in 90 minutes?

What you look like?

Pangit Kano. :-) Blue shirt.

K.

We know exactly how short the guy is. What I want is a clear deed to the land now. We can give him a "Permitted Use Of" affidavit in which we will specify he does not have to vacate the land until a date specific in the future, but puts the land in our name now. Because I know what his bottom line is, I know what to walk away from. I get it at the price I want or I don't bother with it. Is the land worth far more? Sure, it's worth triple what I will offer, but he can't sell it now, as he needs it and he has nothing to generate the cash he needs today. This is all Dian. This is why I would just as soon cut off my left nut than lose her.

§ § §

I am back from meetings with: my attorney, the guy, and finally, my bank. These meetings are never fun. I sure don't want to ever be in this guy's position. He knows I am stealing the land. He knows I know it. He knows that if he can't meet the payments today he loses not only the land but the entire business. I pretty much have him by the short hairs. There is no assurance that he won't be right back against the wall in a month or two. But if he is, I will already own the land. He tries to squeeze me for four times what he needs. I tell him exactly

what I will pay and tell him, if it isn't good enough then we have no deal. He says, no deal. I get up and walk away. I am backing my vehicle out of my parking slot when he texts, *OK, please come back.*

I do. We agree to the amount, the terms, and the legal language. I call my bank and ask them to contact his bank that there is a deal. We just have to get the paperwork notarized.

Before I left his office this morning, I had our attorney draft the correct document. Without discussion with me, as it was just speculative at the time and something she was tracking on her own, two weeks ago Dian had gotten an unofficial copy of the deed so that we could work up the exact language. She has my permission to do this sort of thing. I don't need to spend time on a dozen snipe hunts. All the attorney needed to do today was put in the date and the exact amount.

I get to my bank and get the cash needed. The guy goes to get the physical title and brings his attorney with him when he comes to my attorney's office. His attorney does a bit of peacock strutting, at which point I announce the deal is off, rip up the agreement I have already signed and walk out the door. The guy is pleading, following me out. I shake him off and get into my vehicle. He screams through the window, *I fire the attorney. We do the deal as written.*

I turn off the engine, get out of the vehicle and tell him to do it. *If I don't see the asshole walk out the door, I am leaving.* A minute later the attorney is gone. I re-enter the office, sign the documents including the transfer of the deed, with the guy and he is handed, and I am not exaggerating, a suitcase filled with bundles of one thousand peso notes⁹¹. The consulting business and GLS has put a great deal of money at my disposal.

As it is, I have lost the whole day to do this. It is dinnertime. Anja asks, *Who will you be with tonight?*

You and Maria.

§ § §

I have not spoken with either of them since Anja said she would talk to Maria, after Maria ran off this morning. This is the last day of their truly fertile days and so I was going to be with them anyway, but I want to know what the hell happened this morning.

⁹¹ The Philippines is essentially a cash society. Checks, bank notes and such are not trusted. It is not uncommon to see bundle upon bundle of one thousand pesos, each bundle holding one hundred such notes. Each full bundle equally one hundred thousand peso. The bundles being a million pesos.

Well, why the crying?

You put me ahead of Jana.

I didn't do that alone.

No I not tell you this!

Maria, I am not talking about you.

Just because others like Dian say it, not make it true! I not ahead of Jana!

Then you will have to convince Jana of that.

What?

You heard me. Jana thinks you are number one here.

Oh no! She will hate me!

No she doesn't. I told her, to get back in my bed and she said no. She say you are my girl. We talk about annulment, but neither of us wants that. So no annulment. We will always be married, but you are number one.

Then it is Anja and me as the number one because we run the house!

Anja I love you very much. I think you know this, di ba?

Yes Gordon, but I am not number one. I know this. There is only Maria who is number one.

Bakit? I am tumanda⁹², bobo, and pangit! Bakit?

You are not old. You are not stupid and you are not ugly! Why do you say such things?

Look at the others! Then look at me!

Anja, is prettier than you are. I know. And she is younger than you are. Yes I know.

And she is smarter than me!

OK, probably. So that is why she should be number one and not you?

Yes!

I love Anja and I know she loves me, di ba?

Yes! That my point!

92 Old.

I mean no disrespect to Anja because I would not have it any other way for any of you, but if something happens to me now, Anja will be OK. She will miss me, but she will be able to go on and do well, I suspect. There are only two of you who would totally come apart should something happen to me. The rest are like Anja and they would be OK.

Now Anja is crying. I look at her and shake my head. *OK why are you crying now?*

I cry because as much as I want to argue with you, you tell the truth. There are only two. You tell the truth.

Maria is looking at me with real fear in her eyes. *You OK? You going to die? Why you talk like that! Don't scare me!*

Maria you just proved my point. You are one of the two.

Who, who the other? Jana right? It Jana?

I look at Anja, *You want to tell her?*

Ate, it is Alona. You and Alona! Gordon's Joy and Rose. Ate, you think Joy is as smart or as pretty as Cherise, or Jun? Hindi! Or are you as educated and young as Abbey and Mitch? Hindi! Joy is Jake's anchor, di ba? You are Gordon's anchor. Do I understand Gordon?

Yes.

But Gordon there are two others who would be lost without you that you not know.

Who?

Pia and Shamcey.

What?

It true. For them, there nothing else and no one else in their world. I love my Pia, but she no longer mine, she is yours in ways that cannot be described. Her pregnancy changes her. I not know how to say this. And little Shamcey's world starts and ends with you. The fact that you ask for her so often the only thing that keeps her breathing.

I think it is going to take a bit for me to process this but I believe the truth of it and for me it fits with how I feel about those two.

Well now, ... I think Maria got my cum last night, so tonight, it is your turn Anja. Maria would you please suck me to stiffness, while I have a chance to kiss your roommate?

Good, get her pregnant! Maybe she will love you harder and become number one!

Jeezus! Maria, why are you so angry that I care about you so much?

I not deserve it!

Maria, I don't deserve any of you. Come up here and let me kiss both of you. It is true, I don't deserve love from either of you.

That does it, she's not going to kiss me now! She goes down on my rod and sucks hard enough to suck a marble up through a quarter inch straw. I gather Anja up and she whispers in my ear. *I not know what to do without you either. Gordon, you not know what you mean to us.* And then she is kissing me deeply. There is a hunger in her heart and it does not seem to be for sex. *I do want your child. Please do this for me. Please. Make me like Pia.*

Anja wants to hurry. She wants to complete the act. It's only fair, we can all hug and kiss once the insemination is complete. Cumming tonight isn't seduction. It is insemination pure and simple. The loving can and should happen later. And so I mount this beautiful female and I do my best to make a child inside of her. The act is not as dramatic as it is comforting and assuring. Not all sex is as erotic as it is loving, caring, compassionate and almost quiet. I love these two women. Deeply and without reservation, I do love them. For me, at the end of the day, I am happy to be with them. There was a time I said I could not live without Jana. I guess that is no longer true. Oh, I will never leave her, but I am without her most of the time already.

Zelle, respects, and has deep love and affection for me, as well, but I can see her moving off for any number of reasons. The same is true for Wenelyn, my new addition. Cynthia, my Cynthia who has wanted me for years, I gather. I guess will never leave me now. I don't know why, it just is, but just sitting beside her is enough most of the time. She will have my child and we will see how that changes us.

Dian I have already mentioned lately. She is too far inside my head for me to understand her, though I continue to try. Eve, dear Eve will be, as a good wife should, with me until the end. She doesn't need me on any given day as much as she needs me to be here. The younger ones I can't understand. Is that a generation gap, or is it the reality that we shouldn't be together at all?

This business continues to grow, continues to place more responsibilities on these females, who until recently had none other than to worry about where the pesos would come from to pay for the rice.

Tonight as I sleep with Maria and Anja. I could not be in a better, safer, and

more loving place. I am a very lucky man. Let my warm semen find its way through a Fallopian tube and find an egg. Let this be the night.

§ § §

We have been waiting all day for the results of the legal conference between the parties in Wenelyn's Mexican standoff with Dingdong's family. At 3PM we get a text from Mhae. *We win. See you tonight. Nanay say we need trucks first thing in the morning.*

I text all the depots to send spare trucks and staff to us tonight. We will need them here at first light tomorrow. I text Zelle that we are going to need every bit of spare warehouse space Bayan Na has.

Dingdong's clan do not know of GLS involvement with Wenelyn. I text Mhae back. *Is this private information or is it publicly available?*

Announced in open court as an out of court settlement. It is on the news radio now.

I have Dian turn on the news and sure enough it is on and I like what I hear. GLS does regular freight business, no code sharing, with Dingdong's family and has for many months. So we know these guys and they think they know us. I send a text. *News reports you will probably have empty warehouses by tomorrow. GLS needs to expand. Want to do a deal, or you planning on sitting on empty space?*

I get a reply back. *You're fast!*

We just got a text from the other side saying they need to hire us to move their stuff to their new place. So I ask why. I like taking her money to move her stuff and getting the warehouse for myself.

We only hear the news ourselves now. Yes, we can do business.

They have three warehouses, but only one is used for Dingdong's stuff. They have a little other stuff there but not much. I shoot him a number that covers his exposure in the mess the loss of the case created for them, but is half what the warehouses are worth. Still selling a warehouse is not easy. They might never sell it.

He texts back, *Cash?*

Yes, tomorrow morning for a clear title.

OK, we will need time to get our things out.

I have trucks, you want help?

Yes! Sure? When can you start?

Our trucks can be there at 6AM. I need to go to the bank. We can meet at the attorney's at 10AM. You bring the title and I bring the cash. We will have your stuff out ASAP. Which of your other places do you want us to use for this stuff?

I get the answer. It is done.

I text Zelle that she can stand down. No need to use the warehouses.

We still need the trucks and at the same location, we are just taking different stuff to a different place.

§ § §

Everyone is at the table for this dinner. Dinner is a celebration for Wenelyn. But it is clear when she walks in the door that she does not look like a happy person. The celebratory nature of the night quickly is dampened. Jana immediately goes to Wenelyn's side and guides her to a chair, offers her friend something to drink. A Sprite is accepted. As thoughtfully as she can she asks, *What is wrong friend? You daughter texts us with very high spirits.*

Where do I start? OK the thing that will cause us to lose the entire business is the fact that they own the warehouse our stock is in and I have no way to get it out. If I don't they will seize it.

Before you go on, I think my husband has news for you.

Oh? You can move our stuff tomorrow? There is a lot of it.

I want to smile but this is neither the time nor the place. We can move it if you want, but we are buying the warehouse. The sale will be complete by noon tomorrow and our people and trucks are moving the stuff that is not yours out starting at 6AM tomorrow. Since we will be there, no one will be allowed to touch your things.

Gordon, you do this for me?

Wenelyn, are you my mistress?

Yes, I am.

Then why ask if I do this for you?

She just looks at me, at Zelle, at Eve, at Janna, and then back to me. She closes her eyes and sobs. The other women in the room surround her, hold her, and console her. Eventually the sobbing comes to an end. Jana looks at her and speaks again. *You said there was more.*

They were horrible. We bring in a fax machine. It is hooked up. In the end they say they don't believe we will send a copy of the note to the Malaysian government and police. We say OK we give up. You can have the company. We

send the fax. They hear it is received. Once it is done, they tell the judge they withdraw the suit and ask the judge to solemnize that the company is mine! He does so, stamps and hands the paperwork to other officials who run out to doubly formalize it.

Jana is crying. Oh my God what did they do to you? You are destroyed!

Well that is what they thought. But we didn't fax it to Malaysia, we faxed it to my cousin's office in Manila where it was destroyed immediately. Then the company and all my holdings, including my house were sold for one peso. If those fools try to fax something to Malaysia the only connection to Malaysia is their holdings.

Jana looks confused. Gordon, selling the company to Mhae does not fix anything does it? Liability will flow to the family member, right?

Friend, Mhae does not own the company.

Who does?

I wanted to sell it all to Gordon. There is a gasp in the room. But he is not Filipino. So I have my attorney create a new company, a corporation. Gordon owns 40%, Eve owns 20%, Dian owns 10%, Anja owns 10%, Maria own 10%, Jana, you own 10%. The name of the corporation is Family United Corporation. I own nothing other than my place by Gordon's side. The names of the owners are not disclosed in the filing papers. Only the numbers of the certificates of ownership. All certificates are duly notarized and here with me.

There is silence in the room.

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There are times when it is not that people are trying to maintain a respectful silence, rather, no one knows what to say. They don't. I do, and I gather Dian does because if I don't speak she will. *I am speaking for myself and I gather for ten percent owner, Dian, and therefore representing half the voting certificates, I hereby place in nomination for the position of Chief Executive Officer of FUC, and I for one, do not believe that acronym was an accident, Wenelyn. Is there a second.*

Second!, yells Jana.

Dian yells out, *I move nominations are closed!*

Anja yells out, *Second!*

I ask, *All those in favor of the motion signify by saying, aye!*

There are a round of Aye's.

All those opposed signify by saying, Nay!

Silence.

Motion passes. Madam CEO, the company is yours to run and you will collect a salary commensurate with your profitability, which we will assist you in achieving.

Eve stands up, *I nominate Gordon Jameson as Chairman of the board.*

Maria, bless her heart, shouts, *Second!*

Dian screams out, *I move we accept the nomination by acclamation. Are there any dissents? ... Hearing none, Gordon Jameson is Chairman of the Board.*

As Chairman, I gather it falls to me to make sure we have a Board Secretary and a Board Treasurer. Normally these functions are filled by people who are not related to the Chair. In this case, we will have to waive that. I call for nominations for Secretary.

Dian stands up and nominates Maria who immediately refuses and asks her name be withdrawn. Dian then nominates Anja, will she accept? Yes... OK others, none? Anja is elected by acclamation as well. I ask for nominations for Treasurer. Jana nominates Dian. Yes she will do it, anyone else? No?

Acclamation again and Dian is Treasurer.

OK we have a duly elected board and CEO. Madam CEO, it is up to you to decide how you want to organize and run your company. We are not going to

get in your way. The roles we have assumed are for legal purposes. The board only requests that on a quarterly basis you file with the secretary the required financial statements. I also need to note that as the future owner of a warehouse that FUC uses, FUC may at some point purchase the warehouse from GLS so that there is no conflict of interest. I will only ask to be compensated for the price I paid for it.

Wenelyn asks, *What did you pay?*

When I tell her she laughs. *It is worth at least three times that much.*

Yeh, I know, but your successful suit actually causes them some financial problems. I plugged their hole but at a severe cost to them.

Wenelyn is thinking about this and suggests, *If FUC needs to purchase it, it should, but there is the embedded conflict with GLS. Gordon, may I be so forward as to suggest you sell all of GLS to FUC and remove the conflicts? We can create separate operating units, my store and your freight service. You can be CEO of that and also be Chair of the board.*

She is right and it makes sense to me. I agree. However there is a housekeeping issue. *Now there is one more matter. We need to rename the store now that we at FUC own it. I want to have all think an independent outfit is running it. I welcome all suggestions.*

Wenelyn speaks up. *I have long wanted to change the name to, "The Home Place."*

Any other name?... hearing none, shall we do this by acclamation?

A volley of yes's follow. *Wenelyn, you have your name.*

Through all of this Zelle has not said a word. Now my mistress with our daughter in her arms, speaks. *Gordon, Wenelyn is right. GLS should be rolled into FUC. So should Bayan Na. I will sell the company, just as Wenelyn did. We will set up operating units. We can integrate the back office activities, saving the companies money.*

I look hard at Zelle before asking, *Are you sure? This is pretty radical.*

Zelle speaks in a room that is in shock at the suggestion. *It is necessary.*

Dian sees the problem and speaks faster than I can speak. *If both are Bayan Na and the Home Place are to be operating units of FUC, then Wenelyn should not be the CEO. I'm sorry Wenelyn, but you should be the CEO of The Home Place. I think Gordon should be CEO and Chairman of FUC.*

Dian, I agree and formally resign as CEO of FUC. I ask that Gordon be elected

by acclimation.

And I am. Well one such a turn requires another, but once again Dian is the first to speak. *I nominate Wenelyn as CEO of the Home Place!* And it is done.

Maria is close to tears. *Sir, Ma'am? May I ask a question? What does it mean I own 10%? I do not understand.*

It must look like I am struggling to know how to explain it in simple terms. Dian sees this and asks, *May I Sir?* I nod.

Friend, there are some simple things to understand. A company owns stuff, pays bills, sells stuff, borrows money, and signs contracts. At any time the actual value of your ten percent is based on how much the company has, how much it is owed and how much it owes. But there is one other thing to remember. At the end of every year, the books are balanced and the company can decide to pay money, called dividends to the owners. Even if there is money left over, it does not have to do this but it can. You may be allowed to sell your ownership interest, and that will depend on how the corporation was created and the language in the articles of incorporation. The value of the share is only what a willing seller and a willing buyer agree is a fair price. Does that answer your question?

So, Friend Dian, since we are talking about our Gordon, we will all be rich?

Oh shit, I can't believe she asked that! Thankfully Dian doesn't answer. It is quiet, and then Cynthia speaks. *Yes Maria, you are all going to be rich women. But more importantly so are your children. Zelle has Gordon's first child.*

Wenelyn is going to make sure she has children by him too. Their children will probably inherit far more than either of these two women might ever amass on their own. I do not doubt for a second their love for your man. They do love him and more importantly, they trust him to do right by them. But they also know that their children will not be out in the cold.

Zelle, there's something else, di ba? Dian's voice is clear and sure of herself. We see Zelle raise her eyebrows once as Dian continues. *Ma'am Zelle's annulled husband, Jonathan, sits in prison here, after admitting the killing of the boy in Malaysia. Malaysia not know this. If Malaysia see the note, they not only come against Ma'am Wenelyn, but because they cannot extradite Jonathan, it likely they come against Ma'am Zelle and her family. Di ba?* Zelle raises her eyebrow again. So Zelle is in the same if not worse jeopardy. She needs to protect her family too. *Ma'am Zelle, I am sorry if I speak wrong.*

No Friend, you see what the others are blind to see. You see clearly. This is not the first time you prove your worth here. We are all lucky you are with us. Yes, as Friend Wenelyn is speaking, I am thinking, Oh my God, if this comes out,

what do I do? And then I hear her plan. It is brilliant. Ma'am Cynthia is correct. My child will inherit and Gordon will be good to me. I am not in danger. But even if this not true, it is important that I protect my family. Friend Dian, how you know they not able to extradite Jonathan?

Ma'am, Malaysia has capital punishment, di ba? We don't. We cannot extradite if the accused is at risk of such a thing. If your Jonathan had admitted to only harming the boy but not killing him, then our Government would extradite. His only way to make sure he is never sent there is to admit to the killing when here. Even if he must go to prison here.

So you are saying he admitted it, even though I didn't know about it, to protect himself from this problem?

Ma'am I not say I can know his mind at the time, or his fears. I am only describing what the results are of the acts he do.

Jeezus, wheels within wheels. But Dian sees things that the rest of us just don't. She is right. She hasn't suggested motive, she has described outcomes based on actual actions taken.

Maria has not gotten everything she is concerned about. She turns back to Cynthia and asks, *Why you call him my man? He's your man too.*

Pregnant Cynthia looks around at the females around her and asks all those assembled. *Is there anyone here who does not think that Gordon is Maria's man? Anyone? Silence. That is why, Maria. Because you are. Because the rest of us may have some other agenda we pursue. Your agenda and your only agenda, and the agenda you would die without, is your man. You are a gatekeeper who lets all through and still manages to protect Gordon. We all know it.*

Wenelyn evidently is still not done. *Gordon, I have another request. FUC owns the house I have inherit. I do not want to live in that place ever again. Is it OK if Mhae and I live here?*

It is, but we have a serious problem with space.

§ § §

In the coming days, Jana and I turn ownership of GLS over to FUC. We still own half of it but we now own half of The Home Place and half of Bayan Na. The Bayan Na sale causes a stink with her family but we work through it, following a discussion of the Malaysia issues and by virtue of my daughter, named Patience, who I immediately legally acknowledged at the time of birth.

The family understands we are protecting them and I make it clear that as The

Home Place operation now lacks the back end she had, there will be more business for them. The fact that they are a small part of our needs, and we will have to create operations like theirs, in our new markets, is left out of the conversation.

In the end, we get the blessing of the family and I become, a provisional member of the family, via Patience.

§ § §

There is a meeting of the three CEO's in my office. Dian sits in the back, allegedly minding her own business, which is total bullshit. She is listening to every word. *Gordon remember when you gave my architect hell for the damage he did to this house?*

Yes Zelle. Now is when you are going to tell me we need to expand. And you are going to recommend we hire the same nitwit.

Wenelyn asks to be filled in and I signal to Zelle that this one is all hers. While she is doing it, I text Jake. I like what his architect does. I ask him to reach out to the guy. Just as Zelle is finishing her story, Jake texts back that he is sure the guy will get back to me today.

So can I call the architect?

I think not. Zelle, you know the plans we got for the dorm and school?

Yes, where did you get them?

From Jake's architect. I would like to talk to him. Your guy pisses me off. He couldn't even get the CR right without significant intervention.

OK, I give on that, if you are willing to give on an expansion.

Deal.

I would like rooms for me and Patience. Wenelyn needs rooms for her, Mhae and a baby. And before you ask her, she doesn't know yet, but she will at some point, so we need to get it done. We need to provide for Eve and her baby as well as Cynthia and hers. We need to see if we can add another office to this floor.

The phone rings and Dian picks it up. She speaks quietly to not disturb us.

Wenelyn says we should sell her old house and lot to pay for the work here. I am not sure I like that. I am thinking about how we are using Zelle's old place for the buyers. I know that Wenelyn's place is very old style and probably would not work as well for that, when Wenelyn catches me up and asks, *Cold feet, Gordon? Not sure you want me?*

No Wenelyn, you're mine forever. I will never let you go. That's not what I was thinking but, yes we should sell it.

Sir?

Dian?

The architect is on the way over now.

Zelle looks at me. How?

FM Zelle, FM!

FM?

From behind me, Dian's voice comes through, Fucking Magic, Ma'am, just Fucking magic.

Gordon, that's rude.

Yeh, well, look we don't have a building that can expand to what you are wanting. But the huts are gone, the kids are in the dorm and there is room for some pavilions with covered walks. Each pavilion would have bedrooms and a CR. Each would open on to a covered terrace. Three of them will have an office as well, one each for you two, and one for Cynthia. Does that concept work for the two of you?

Zelle doesn't like the plan. Gordon, we need some separation between living space and work. Create a cluster of four residence pavilions and a second cluster for our offices.

OK, so four residence and three offices?

This time it is Wenelyn who doesn't like the suggestion. No, the residences are OK, but the business pavilions do not make sense. GLS needs its own office. You don't have to be in it, but you are going to have to add office staff to GLS very soon. So even if you don't need it now, it needs space there too. We also may find the need to expand, so add one more. I suspect we will find a need for it soon.

Zelle? You agree?

She does.

OK, we a need cluster of four residence pavilions; and a separate cluster of five office pavilions. Correct?

Both give me eyebrows.

§ § §

Mr. Reyes?

Yes Sir Gordon. Sir Jake says my services are needed? Is this correct?

Yes we believe so. May I introduce Ma'am Zelle, Ma'am Wenelyn and my trusted alalay, Dian?

Yes, nice to meet you all. We are all to work on this together?

Yes, Mr. Reyes. Ma'am Zelle and Wenelyn will be directly affected by the design and I highly trust the judgment of my alalay.

I see. What are you seeking to do and what ideas have you considered?

We have a diplomat! This guy is not going to step on toes. Jake tells me that I can trust your discretion. Do I understand correctly?

Yes you do.

We proceed to discuss how the family works and our needs. I leave out of the discussion, all the young ones including and up through Renelyn and Pia. Their needs are handled by the apartments anyway and that will not change. I lay out my idea about the pavilions but make it clear that at this point it is just an idea. Reyes and the rest of us walk the grounds before reassembling at the dining room table.

Sir what you have explained, and showed me, requires far less concern for my discretion than Sir Jake's situation requires, but I assure you, you will have it. What you want is not really any different than what a wealthy Muslim might hope to have. They have wives and you mistresses, but the need for each to live with privacy and dignity is the same. Yes the idea of the pavilions is both possible and very good. May I ask, do you wish to keep the same architectural design as the main house, or shall each pavilion express the wishes of the occupant?

Damn, now that's something I sure as hell hadn't even considered, but he's a real architect and I ain't. I don't know. I look at my two companion CEO's and ask them. They look at each other, do something I do not understand. Then at the same time they say. *Same.*

This does not surprise the guy at all, other than to elicit a comment. *Sir, you are a very lucky man.*

Yes I am.

Sir, I can tell by appearances that you need this done, as Sir Jake would say to me, yesterday. Is this correct?

Yes, it is Sir.

OK, do you have the lot plan, the current house and apartment plans?

Dian, would you pull them out please?

We have them in PDF, Sir Reyes. Maybe you prefer the PDF, di ba?

Yes, Miss ... Dian? Yes that is preferred.

OK, you have a USB stick with you, baka⁹³?

Reyes hands Dian a USB drive and the plans are copied. A few minutes later, he is gone. And in short order, so are Wenelyn and Zelle.

Dian is just looking at me. She wants to say something and clearly feels she can't. The last time she did, all hell broke loose for her.

OK, yes I see it. You are not 'making it happen.' You are not manipulating things. You see it and are only reporting on it.

Yes! Why don't you see that!

Because last time your ego got away from you. You missed some things, and you took credit for that which had nothing to do with you.

Oh. OK, yes. But you see it now?

Yes, I see it. Jana will be living with Cynthia. Cynthia, and the other three will all have their own homes. They will always be 'mine' but not in a traditional way. As you see and say it, the ones who stay are you, Anja and here's where you were very wrong, Maria.

Yes!

But you missed two who are not adults.

Oh! Of course! My Shamcey and Pia. Yes?

Yes. But I am not one of yours. Just these others.

No, Dian, you are one of mine. One of the ones closest to me. You will be in my bed often and no one is closer to me, here, where I work.

Why I get this 'promotion.'

Because we both have learned something about you. Dian, trust your vision but keep your ego to the side. You are never going to be ignored or sidelined again.

Yes. I understand. Can we talk about business a little bit?

93 Perhaps.

OK, what?

Well, you have to create a company like Zelle's family owns but has operations in all Bayan Na markets, or manage individual relationships with each one. So far we have stayed out of this, and Zelle has eight relationships she is juggling. But by growing The Home Place's operations and the growth into Cebu, it is a bad idea. We need to integrate this. FUC needs another operating unit. Family United Construction Materials and Equipment.

No!

Yes! ... FUCME. She is giggling. It will make all the men laugh and we will get business, just so they can embarrass their wives! ... And Gordon, that is the company that will occupy the fifth office pavilion! You know, we will see other needs. I can see a need for at least one more right now. GLS will be both trucking and shipping. They cooperate but are really separate structures. So that would be six pavilions. I bet we will grow at least one more time. Gordon you need two clusters of four pavilions for FUC. Not just one cluster FUC.

§ § §

Zelle and Wenelyn are back in the office. I have Dian explain her FUCME plan and I see Zelle getting up tight. Zelle, this will not change how we do business with your family here. Like Dian said, this is for the operations where your family does not operate. They don't have the staff or the technology to expand. You know that. They are happy with what has happened with Bayan Na, but they made it clear that their side was working just fine and they were not interested in doing what we do.

But this is huge! We will dwarf them. We will probably end up selling below their costs.

Let me talk to them again. I need to have this discussion before we move on FUCME. God I can't believe I just said that! Look Dian has also pointed out that I have failed to see the need for more pavilions. Wenelyn, your observations were right, but Dian thinks there is even a greater need than you saw. I walk through the matter of GLS, both land and sea. We need pavilions for Bayan Na, The Home Place, Cynthia, FUCME, GLS by Land, GLS by Sea, and if we assume that for some reason, we are not done, that is seven. If we assume that we need seven then we need two clusters. As fast as things change here, I recommend two clusters of four each but designed to leave room for one more per cluster.

Gordon, I think I be the one to talk to the family about FUCME. Yes, Dian is correct. Wenelyn and me not see like she sees. We need more pavilions. Can we fit them into the lot?

I will talk to Jana. It will ruin some of her flowers and trees, but yes. We can, just barely.

Dian, please have Mr. Reyes include Abbey in the work with the office clusters. We will need fiber runs to all the buildings.

Fiber?

Fiber Optic Cables. I learned when I was in the states, that copper is limited to 100 meters between switches and the more switches the more problems. Fiber is not so limited in length and we can consolidate everything in one main switch. So, if I remember correctly we run a local switch collecting local traffic in each office and then connect that switch via fiber to the main switch. The IT guys said that if I was printing over IP inside my office, the traffic would never leave the office, but if I was checking my email or out on the web, it would go out over the fiber. So what needs to be local stays local and what needs to go out of the office has a direct path out.

I think I see. OK Abbey will be included. But sir, why not use WiFi?

We can for tablets and cell phones, but that is shared bandwidth. We are going to have a lot of data flying around. A WiFi only network would choke or at least slow us down. At least that's what the IT guys used to tell me. Maybe it's wrong. Abbey will know far more than I do about this.

§ § §

I have Dian contact Reyes and explain the change in plans. I gather he laughed and then said, *no problem*. But talking to Jana about this is not going to be easy. Just finding her, at any given moment these days requires I text her and say, *where R U*. This time, the answer is, *Lanai*.

She is there with Maria and Anja, going over the shopping list and menu for the next three days. There is a list of things that can be purchased now: canned goods, eggs, sugar and such. There are lists of things that have to be purchased fresh from the palengke each of the three mornings. There is a need for two new 50 kilo sacks of rice.

Eventually Jana can take a breather and I ask her for a moment of her time. I see panicky looks on the faces of three females. *Relax! This is a discussion about the property we own. There is no problem.* Anja and Maria do relax, but Jana does not.

OK Gordon, what now?

We need to build more.

Ha! This is not news. You finally figure this out? What you want to do?

I explain the residence pavilion cluster and she is all for it. When I explain the need for the two office clusters, she both understands and is incredibly sad. When we purchased these two hectares, Jana thought of it as her private park. She has been busy creating it ever since we moved here. And now we will do great damage to her dream. She both sees the need and is in mourning.

Maria and Anja have left us now. Jana and I are just holding hands and talking about what has happened to our life. She is in love with Cynthia. There is no other way to explain her feelings. And so the concept that all we have done, should not have happened is unacceptable to her now. Her Cynthia does need a real office. Jana knows this. She knows how cramped things have become.

Jana takes a deep breath. Gordon, do it. But sweetheart, it is time to transfer this property to FUC. You and I will still own 50% of it, but we also own 50% of Bayan Na and 50% of the Home Place and 50% of GLS... It is only fair that the others, Eve, Dian, Maria, and Anja also own a part of this.

Are you sure?

Yes, I think so. You know what else?

What?

Once we do this, if you annul me, you do not lose everything you have. You can marry Maria!

Oh, Jana. We are not getting annulled. Not now, not ever.

You know Gordon? I know. I agree. Good. We do it. We transfer the property to FUC and build the pavilions.

§ § §

Janella is on Skype from Cebu. I ask her, *Hey, how are things?*

You want the truth or you want the assessment of GLS only.

OK... GLS first and then the rest.

We are going to kick ass here. We are having no problems finding qualified competent drivers. Our reputation is amazing when it comes to that. We have been given big welcomes from the local Mosques. We are getting offers to place our operations on very favorable terms by Muslim business concerns. I see no problems. I think we should hire our local agents now, fly them back to our existing sites with our local talent there, and then we can let them fly on their own far faster. It will allow our girls to get the locations set up, the trucks in place and the drivers hired. We can get this going very quickly. It's up to you.

OK, arrange with Dian on the placement of your local depot agents, for training.

We don't need thirty of us here.

How many?

No more than ten.

OK, give me a list of who you want to keep with you.

Uh-uh, but I will explain that later. I will send you a list of who stays.

What do you want to do with the others?

Bohol, Negros, Leyte? We can expand there more quickly.

I see. OK that will take a little time here to prepare, but OK. Anything else GLS?

No. OK, I want to come back. I miss you. I am not the only one.

Get me your list of who stays.

OK, thanks.

The Skype connection closes.

You have a problem, Gordon.

And this is news to me?

No, I guess not. Do you know the names of the other girls Janella mentioned?

Probably. There's just three of them. I'm reasonably sure of that... and no Dian, I do not have a plan yet.

Janella's GLS comments, they were interesting. She is a smart one.

Yes, she's our best.

Then she should be here, not out in the field.

Why? I need intelligence in the field.

True, but the others are not stupid. They will do fine. Put her in charge of the GLS operations. You concentrate on FUCME and corporate issues. Plus we need to talk about the ferry operations. How good are the other two?

There were five top performers in the first group. All three are part of that five.

So make them a team. Make her the GLS COO⁹⁴ and them VP's under her. One

94 Chief Operations Officer. Corporate officers report to the CEO and the Board. VP's only report to a corporate

for existing operations and one for new markets.

You just, in what, thirty seconds, figured this out? Jeezus Dian! Maybe, and I mean maybe, I would have come up with as good a plan. I am not sure I would have. OK, put it on the agenda for the next Corporate Board meeting. I can hire them all as VP's but to make a COO I need the Board.

Do you really mean just the board? Why not all shareholders?

Yes, you are right. From now on, whenever we need a board meeting, invite all of them.

And Sir, at least temporarily make Jiecel and Taciana VP's for GLS staff training and personnel development.

No I need them for the consulting business. We will pull two more from the GLS group that does not stay on Cebu. ... Dian?

Sir?

When was your last period?

Right now.

OK make sure that five days after your period ends and for eleven days following that, you are in my bed.

Yes. Gordon?

Yes?

Thank you. Just so you know. I will never want a pavilion.

I know, Dian, I know.

§ § §

Zelle and I are sitting in my office. I talked to my family. They agree that FUCME operates everywhere except here. My family does not want to change and there is not room for them in FUCME because of the corporate structure. They do see how it increases the value for our daughter. There is a 'but.' They want access to buy their stuff as part of our purchasing so they get the prices we can get.

Zelle, so long as we are buying what they need, there's no problem. But what if we are not purchasing the same type, or the same quality?

officer.

I covered that with them. I show them a list of the things we will carry. They can either get what we get or do their own thing.

OK, Dian, put that on the shareholder meeting agenda.

§ § §

The best place for a shareholder meeting is the dining room table. The day before the meeting, we inform all shareholders that there will be an after dinner meeting and we distribute the agenda, along with supporting documents.

Maria pulls me aside and asks why I give her such things. *I am not on your board!*

Because you own ten percent of the company. Your vote counts.

Ha! If you vote yes, you really think I vote no?

OK, but you might have comments that will help us. Maybe you will change my mind. I do care about what you say.

OK, but I do not understand this. I have Anja help me.

§ § §

The meeting is fully attended. Jana can't contain herself and I don't think we formally open the meeting. It just begins with, *Gordon, you cannot be serious. You can't call the company FUCME.*

We are calling the company Family United Construction Materials and Equipment.

Nowhere will it say FUCME?

Nowhere.

But people will call it that!

We won't.

I not believe you come up with this name. Dian. This is you, di ba?

Yes Ate.

Ha! OK, I don't like it but OK. We call it that.

There is a prolonged discussion about what happens here where Zelle's family operates. But we vote to continue with the plan. I am elected CEO of the new operation. I tell them that I want to move it to someone else, once we are up and running.

Jana and I discuss our decision to put our property inside FUC. That causes

some real surprise among Anja, Maria, and Eve. It causes far more than that for Dian. She starts bawling and then she gets angry. *Jana, Gordon is wrong to do this to you! I can't believe he make you do this!*

Sister! Kalma ka!⁹⁵ This is my suggestion to Gordon. He not think of this. I do this.

Ganun?

Tama!

OK, OK. Sorry, sorry.

That moves the discussion directly into the changes I want to make in GLS. All see how FUCME will need a great deal of my time. Adding a COO and executive staff to run GLS makes sense. We do not add new personnel. We are just moving our existing staff around. All agree, but Maria comments, *I think these three will be in Gordon's bed often.*

Jana looks at Maria. *What do you know that we don't.*

These three very much love Gordon. They staying here, I think, is because they ask for this. I think Gordon agree because they are special to him.

Gordon, is Maria right?

Yes. ... but they would not be getting the positions, if they weren't also the best we have. ... Look I have another matter that is not on the agenda. I want to nominate to the board, as members, all remaining shareholders. We are all in this together. I ask the board to accept this recommendation and appoint Eve, Jana and Maria as board members. Do I have consent of the board?

I get it and it is done.

⁹⁵ Calm yourself! or Relax!

Janella has no idea what the plans are. Everyone in the house knows, but no one is saying.

I am in the office as is Dian. It is a normal day for us. We are busy with lease documents sent in from Janella's compatriots in Cebu. There is an email string with MICP port operations regarding ferries, another one with the Cebu Port Authority, and yet another with the Port Management Office of Tacloban.

Good morning Janella!

Good morning Sir. And to Dian, *Good morning Friend.* Dian smiles.

Janella is no poor woman, these days. She is well dressed, well shod, and stands with a bearing that simply announces she is stable in her world. She is also every bit the beauty queen she was before. The fact that she is here because she misses me would be humorous if I wasn't so damned happy to see her myself. *Come sit by me. I'm glad you are here.*

Glancing at Dian as she sits, she looks at me and asks, *Really? You not just trying to make me happy?*

Dian, would you please hand Janella the org chart for GLS.

Yes sir. I have it here. And she hands it to her compatriot before sitting down again.

I am waiting for some response. Dian is waiting. Janella holds the chart in her hands and just looks at it. Not a sound, not a smile, not a grimace. For the longest time, not a sound. *Sir, this office is where, Cebu, Davao, Manila?*

Here.

Here? Here in town?

Here in the house.

Sir, Gordon, you are not teasing me? This is real? Dian is he teasing?

We just smile.

Me? You make me a corporate officer? Me? Sir?

Janella, do you love me?

Oh Sir, with all I am, yes.

Will you do your best in your new position?

Of course yes!

Have you been rated by all, as the best at whatever job we give you?

Yes, all have been kind to me.

Nonsense. No one is being kind when they say you are the best we have. They mean it. Janella, I love you, and I am happy you are here, but I would not put you as COO unless I believed that you are the best person for the position. Maybe I would have found another way to keep you close to me. I don't know because I didn't need to deal with that. You have this position because of how well you have performed. You got hired based on your beauty and intelligence. You will be in my bed regularly because I love you. I am not telling you anything I have not already admitted to all in this house.

Janella once again turns to Dian. *Friend, this is true? All know I love him and he love me?*

She gets raised eyebrows and a smile. At which point, Janella launches into my lap and grabs on to me, kissing me every place a fully clothed woman sitting on a fully clothed man can find.

After she settles down, I tell her that until we reorganize things here a bit she will be sharing an office with Eve. Eve has the office downstairs, Joo and Giselle do come in and out of it, but I put Janella in it too.

I tell Janella that she will be with me tonight. She blushes and tells me that she is having her period. I smile and ask her to make sure Dian and Maria knows her schedule.

§ § §

I am skipping over a lot! The pavilions are up and all have moved. We get Janella set up, and she is taking over running GLS. It is like she was made for this. The other girls all seem to like working with her and she is getting a lot out of them. Cebu is all up and running. The two week free cartage offer was a huge success. The Sunday deliveries are very popular. We are only three months in and have captured so much business that we have to revamp a bit and set up a new large sorting center.

We have a lead gal on the ground there. She is one of those who were part of the initial top five. Her name is Aniezar and Janella tells me that they are best friends. Aniezar has made friends with some of the operators at the sea port. That has been a good deal, because I am seriously over my head. Not just a little, I mean unless I get some help, we can't launch the ferry fleet.

Because of her, I gather I will have a meeting with some of these folks this

afternoon. I am not sure how this will work. But I am up for having the meeting.

The launching of FUCME has been based on the truly combined efforts of all three of us, CEOs, along with meetings with members of Zelle's family. We got Alona's and Wenelyn's buyers involved with this too. We scouted out locations for stock. Here we are using the Makar location as the main site and then trucking smaller amounts of the items to the remote city sites based on general inventory level requirements and heuristics. It appears to be working and we have shaved some costs, much to Zelle's family's happiness. We are priced a little below our competition in all the towns where we operate. Because of that we are incrementally picking up more and more of the business. FUCME is profitable. It is also creating a mini scandal because of the name. We never use the acronym outside the home office. We call it CME to the staff in the field. Still I am told folks in other towns are saying, that if you don't buy from us, you are, because you are saying FUCME anyway!

Our girls, who are setting up these places, (seven of the gals I brought back from Cebu,) are creating a real crush to "meet the manager." The girls will be gone in short order, as we send them back to Cebu to set up FUCME's there.

We are getting intelligence from our trucking in Cebu and so growing FUCME and Bayan Na can proceed. The Home Place needs to grow here first. I use Eve, Giselle, Joo, Taciana and Jiecel to assist Wenelyn as we start a major build-out of The Home Place. Eve says they need more staff. We contact Jake for a new group to be trained for The Home Place. Once again we have a housing problem and we are out of room. It's not just that we need to build, it is that we are out of lot space.

Dian has an idea. She asks if I will give her forty-eight hours before she tells me what's up. She has no idea if her screwball, my term not hers, idea will work. I take a long drink of water, and a long breath before agreeing.

While I have Jake on the phone asking him for the list of girls for The Home Place, I ask him if he can do text searches on his lists, on values that might indicate general knowledge of shipping, containerized freight, and cargo ferries. He says he will see what they can do. He also suggests that we get together for dinner. I ask, *You and me?*

Well how about, Joy, Rose, Abbey, Mitch, Anabel, Jana, Rosamarie, Cherise, and Jun from my side and then your group. I don't know all of those.

How young is the youngest in your group?

Sixteen, but she has been with me for four years. If you have a younger one, bring her on!

OK, I will have Maria contact Joy.

Really? Maria and not Jana.

Yeh. Go figure.

Jana still there?

Yes and she will come if we do this.

But Maria is your Joy?

Yeh.

OK later.

There is a knock on the door. Five men are standing there. Each of them has a skull cap. I get up and welcome them in, while at the same time asking Dian to get Eve and some extra chairs quickly.

I welcome them into the office and put them around the big table. Dian scrambling to get two more chairs from Eve's office which is now the one next to mine. We are only short one for them, but Eve is coming. By the time I have the guys seated, Eve enters, seeing what's what, ducks back out, grabs a scarf, puts it over her hair and comes back in. The guys notice this, and I see smiles.

We exchange greetings. Eve answers them in Maguindanao, though she can't be positive it is their native language. Evidently it is and these guys are ecstatic. Eve tells me later, they ask her if she is Muslim. She explains she is not but wishes to be respectful. That is all they need to compliment her and tell her she is a true child of Bangsamoro. She thanks them for the sincere and meaningful complement.

At this moment. Pia and Anja, come in with head scarves carrying drinks, bread rolls and fruits. The girls place it all on the table before retreating.

Turning to English, one guy says, *I see you respect our ways. But sir, it is true that you are not a true believer?*

I smile and tell them that while I do not follow their faith, I wish to be friends in the development of this great land. I honor their values and recognize their ancient history here. I ask them if they are here regarding ocean shipping.

Partially, Sir, you have many women and I am told children from them. I am told you respect them as we are taught to do. You take care of the children of your workers and educate them here on your land. You are in our eyes a righteous man who would find a welcome home in our faith. And you could take, as one of your wives, a daughter of one of us. We are all in the shipping business and would be honored to work with you.

Ah, I see. Gentlemen, you honor me in many ways. If I could tell you truthfully, that I can believe in a God, any God, be it Allah or any, we might talk with some honesty about my faith beliefs. But I am afraid that in the deepest part of my heart, I do not believe this can be true. It is a limitation of my own, I am sure. But it is a limitation that is real. For me to profess anything would be a lie. All here will tell you. I never lie. I refuse to lie. ... If we can find a way to do some business, I will be happy. I have found that the followers of Mohammad, praise be unto him, are my very best drivers of my trucks. I have no doubt the same will be in the ships.

You honor us in your praise and your honesty. How is it that a man who comes from a place that hates us so much, shows such hospitality, and respect?

Sir, when one paints with a broad brush, one covers over many things. Very few things in this world are simple. Many in my country respect your religion. I do not deny that there are those who do not and they have very loud voices.

This is fairly said. We will not speak of it again. It is good that we are welcome and respected here.

You are, and when you are my guest, you are my responsibility. You shall always be welcome and safe here.

Should you visit us, the same will be true for you. There is general agreement to this.

Gentlemen, my mistress and mother of a child of mine, Eve, will take down all your details. Not just names and cell numbers, but what you do in the matter of shipping, the best way to reach you, the things you are interested in doing with us. I do this, not out of courtesy, but out of real need.

Eve has a tablet out and is putting the information down as I discuss the organization of the house with the guys who aren't talking to Eve at the moment.

Eventually it is all done and they take their leave. Eve walks them out, before returning to me. She flops down in a chair and groans. *Gordon this is not going to work. Each of these guys has his own fleet and wants you to contract with him. Each of these guys wants you to convert in the worst way. You stopped them today because no one had ever spoken to them in the way you did, but I am afraid that if you contract with any one of them, it will not stop. You did a good job with 'you are safe under my roof' piece. There will be no blow back because of that, but these guys will not work. Are you sure we need to have a basically Muslim run ferry fleet?*

Yes. We need to find a way. They are sober, they believe in honor, their rules

against stealing make ours look silly.

OK, well I don't know how you will do it.

Neither do I. Neither do I. Thanks for all the help.

Gordon are you really an atheist?

Eve, there may be a God, but you don't need God to explain the universe. I live in the universe.

That's not an answer.

But it's the only one you will get. What I was telling those guys and am telling you, is that I do not believe in a God that has anything to do with me or the world in which I live.

Eve is getting up, flattening out the wrinkles in her dress and preparing to walk out, as she says, *I'll have to think about that.*

The door closed behind her and Dian guffaws. *Gordon, what do you think will happen if they ever figure out that all this religion crap is pure faerie tale?*

It will be a very scary day, Dian, a very scary day and a very dangerous one. As much as I think it is all bunk, the concept that the rest of the population will figure that out, scares me to no end. Every time you see the smiling face of some poor soul who has nothing, remember that he is smiling because he knows in his bones that he is going to heaven. What happens when that is taken away from him?

Oh shit!

Yes, oh shit.

And why didn't you ask me to speak with those guys? I speak the tongue.

Dian I love you without limit, but I know some of your limitations. You are not my most diplomatic mistress.

OK, it is true.

I got a text message while the guys were here. I look at it now. It is from Jake. Joy is coming over with two folders related to shipping, plus two hundred for The Home Place. He also says that she is in contact with Maria about dinner. I text back a thanks.

I get up, walk down the stairs, out across the campus to a pavilion in the second office cluster. I find Janella engaged reading activity reports. *How is my COO today?*

GLS is fine, however your COO is having her period again. Gordon, I want a

baby! I smile, Have patience!

She's Zelle's.

Have faith, it will happen.

Grrrr, she's Eve's!

There is always hope!

There's no Hope. Cynthia takes that for hers! Now clear your calendar for my days. I want them all!

§ § §

Once again there is a large set of boxes. But they are in Wenelyn's pavilion office and not mine. Here on my desk are two folders. The mothers are lovely, the girls are as well. In each case, based on notes in the folder, the mother fell over the age range but not the girl and there was only one child. These two folders are two years old. Evidently Jake checked and they remain 'available.' So the daughters are now fourteen and the mothers thirty-two and thirty-three. This is not a problem for me.

Both mothers grew up in families deeply engaged in sea cargo business. Both are within 60KM of the house. I ask Anja to reach out to them and find out what assistance they need, cash and/or transport to get here. Anja is to make it happen without further intercession by me.

Dian and I will interview them. With the girls I am less worried about diplomacy as I am with catching the nuances. Dian is the best we have at that.

Gordon, are the girls Muslim?

Good question. Jake does not list religion in his folders.

If they are in shipping, there is a good chance they are.

Interesting.

I text Jake and ask him about religion.

He cheerfully answers that he had found the Muslims have always self-selected themselves out of the application process.

I respond with an OK.

He texts back, *I'm surprised. You have a twelve year-old and two thirteen year-olds on Maria's list. Joy has been telling me I have a soulmate. Maybe I do. See you soon.*

Joy must have added Sha and Shamcey to the group. Who else?

§ § §

Dinner is boisterous. News about the dinner with Jake is out. I get to hear the list from this side. It is just about everyone! Glanna, Brenna, and Princess are included as are Sha, Shamcey, Taciana, Jiecel, Joo, Giselle, Pia, Renelyn, Raya, Amzkie, Mhae, Janella, and her two compatriots Cri2x and Jassel. Of course Jana, Zelle, Wenelyn, Eve, Dian, Alona, Anja and Maria are also on the list! This is beyond embarrassing. I ask Zelle and Wenelyn if it is OK that they be seen together like this. They are OK with it.

Maria says when Joy sees the list she decides they need Lawrence's group too. Including me we are twenty-six. There are only ten in Jake's group. That makes thirty-six. Joy tells Maria that Lawrence's group is far larger, close to our number. My God there may be sixty of us. Where do we meet?

Joy says we can do this at Lawrence's. I ask about the little ones in front of Lawrence's group. Joy has assured Maria that it is not a problem. I ask Maria if she made it clear to Joy that Princess is not a bedmate. Joy knows but Maria said, it would be cruel to exclude her from the party. This is beyond weird.

I text Lawrence. I am not sure he remembers me so the text is a little stilted, but I ask if he is aware of some party that is being planned. He is and he knows it is at his place.

Cri2x and Jassel are the newest here. Cri2x asks, *Sir, this means I am a real mistress to you?*

You work in this house?

Yes.

You live in this compound?

Yes.

I make love to you in my bed?

Yes.

Am I trying to get you pregnant?

Yes, I hope so!

What else needs to happen for you to know you are a mistress?

Oh! Duh. OK, gaga ako!⁹⁶

Yes you are. How is a girl so smart and so beautiful, so foolish? Ah I know.

96 I am foolish girl.

Because when she looks in the mirror she also thinks she pangit.

Oh! How you know this? Who tell you?

The mumo⁹⁷.

Laughter fills the room.

97 Visayan for Boogeyman, or ghost-like monster. [Pronounced: muh-MOO]

There is a girl coming this morning. Her name is Shann2x. She is thirty-three and her fourteen year-old daughter, Aira Mae, have made the trip by jeepney and tricycle. Before they even walk in the door, Anja puts pesos in Shann2x's hands and thanks her for coming. She then takes both into the downstairs bedroom where showers, new clothing and makeup await. Once done with that, Anja recommends that her daughter stay with Pia and Raya, while Shann2x goes upstairs to meet with me.

Shann2x is sorry, but no, Aira Mae will go with her. Anja is not about to argue with her and brings them both upstairs while Pia texts me about why both are coming. I give Dian a heads up.

Anja brings them into the office and Shann2x gasps, *Oh! I think we are going to your bedroom!*

I see. Is Aira Mae to be protection or enticement?

Both?

Protection that you will stay by enticing me?

Yes, that is it. Why you have me shower, change clothing and put on makeup and then just bring me to your office?

I am not sure I can explain. But it makes you more equal now.

Ah! Yes, I see. Why you do that? Why you not want me to be below you?

Because you aren't. ... Do I call your daughter Aira, or Mae or something else.

Mae, sir.

Mae, why don't you sit over there? Dian, do you have that tablet that Mae can play with? Yes? OK good. You like to slice the fruit? Yes, it is fun. ... Now Shann2x thank you for coming.

You are welcome sir.

I would like to talk to you about shipping cargo by ferry. Do you have any knowledge of this?

Yes! Yes! I do! I am good at this. I used to work for 2Go sir. I do this for ten years sir.

Good. What did you do for them?

Over the years I do everything except buy and operate the boats. I do

everything there is to do in the office.

Can you set up offices?

Yes! Yes! I can but you want me to do this alone? It is a lot of work!

By any chance do you know a woman named Arvyjoy?

She have a daughter Mae's age name Juvyline?

Yes, so you know her?

Yes, Sir! I work with her for many years. She is a good one. We were friends. I not know where she is. They posted her to a different port. My cell phone was snatched at the palengke. I lost all the contact numbers.

Shann2x I am going to have my assistant ask some questions about your work. I will listen, but maybe you will find it more comfortable to speak with her. This is Dian.

OK Sir. I answer Dian's questions.

The conversation moves into Visayan filled with slang I have a hard time following. I gather some of it isn't as much slang as industry specific terms. They talk or chat for the better part of an hour. I get some of it but by no means all. While they talk I marvel at the extreme beauty I am surrounded by, each and every day. Shann2x and Mae are no exception. They are both magnificent. As their conversation wraps up I get a text. Dian has texted me as she speaks with Shann2x. The text says simply, *Hire her.*

Shann2x we find you a very impressive candidate for a position here. Let me explain what we are offering.

At which point I tell her all the ins and outs of life with us, including sex with me and the other girls. I do not mention any sex with Mae. I have no need to have sex with the girl. And now there are many girls in the school I have never touched. I cover the income, the school for her child, the need to do some traveling, training of others, involvement with the development of some apps and learning how to use many apps that are company specific.

I know she wanted the job when she walked in. Now that she knows she will be eating cunt and taking my rod, and having my child, does she still want it?

She says she does. But words are one thing. I am not sure that the confidence she displayed initially wasn't a front hiding fear. *Shann2x it is time for Mae to go join Pia so that Dian and I can assess the more personal issues of you joining us.*

She stays, Sir. It is OK.

I am a bit peeved. *No it is not OK.* I decide to be graphic and crude. I guess we will lose her, but it is what it is. *You are to go to Dian, pull her skirt up, pull her panties off and lick her cunt until she cums.*

Now, here?

Yes Shann2x here.

I figure she will get up take Mae and leave. She gets up takes Mae by the hand, approaches Dian, squats, pulls up Dian's skirt, Mae pulls off the panties and Mae starts sucking cunt while Shann2x opens Dian's blouse, pulls the bra up exposing Dian's tits. Shann2x is sucking and mauling tits, Mae is eating cunt and Dian is about to go into orbit.

I move behind Shann2x, pull her leggings off along with her panties. I drop my slacks and push into Shann2x's cunt. I am fucking her for a few minutes. She is sexy, tight, lovely, and there are no problems. I am not ready to cum but there is no reason why I should cum this soon. Dian is totally gone, as orgasm rolls over orgasm.

Shann2x pulls her mouth off a tit long enough to tell me to fuck her daughter. I keep on fucking Shann2x. She turns back to me and says emphatically, *Do it! Please!*

I get behind Mae, push up her skirt, push aside the crotch of her panties and push in only to hit an obstruction. The girl is a virgin. What the fuck, I push through and run all the way in. I stay where I am, but Mae wants action and wiggles her ass. I start fucking her. She is a willing partner. She is more than willing. She has stopped eating Dian, much to Dian's approval. Mae's head is in Dian's lap, her hands are around Dian's hips. Her ass is pushed back and up to give me the best angle. Dian now has hands on Mae's tits.

Now it is Mae who is going into orbit. After I bring the girl to her first orgasm, I pull out. I tell Mae to stay with Dian and keep her happy. She is not arguing. I pull on my slacks, take Shann2x's arm and pull her out of the room, down the stairs and into my bedroom. *Take off all your clothing girl.* She does what is told. I take off my clothing and pull her on to the bed. *Suck my rod.*

There is blood and her daughter's secretions covering my cock. It doesn't seem to faze her a bit. She takes me in her mouth. It is not the best and far from the worst I have had. I pull her off and on to her back, taking her in missionary position. She is working with me. I lean in for a kiss. This evidently is something she was not expecting. Her first kiss is tentative, filled with fear. I grab her head and pull it to my lips. As we continue to fuck, she gets the message and really does start kissing me. Her arms go around my neck. She is pulling me to her now. She bites my lower lips hard, painfully as she has her

first orgasm of the day. I maul her left tit and she has her second orgasm. I am fucking her hard as I bite hard on her earlobe. She explodes a third time. Her juices are flowing freely. She is breathing hard. Her nails rake my back, and I suspect draw blood. I grab her legs, push her ass in the air and pound her cunt as she cries into her fourth orgasm, her body losing muscle control. I cum hard and long. I role off her, lean over bite a nipple hard, sending her into yet another orgasm. *You are hired.*

§ § §

An hour later we are cleaned up. I have Dian take the daughter to the CR on the office floor and clean up. Pia takes them downstairs and with the information that they are joining us, they get introduced to as many as are around. The second girl arrives tomorrow. Shann2x is introduced to Cynthia with whom she will work to build the shipping app. Once Shann2x figures out what this is about and how it might work, she gets very excited. They do have computers at 2Go, but nothing like we are going to have. She and Cynthia disappear from view and other than the party and meals, I don't see her for days.

Mae is a different matter. But that happens after the party!

In the meantime, there is a party tonight. There are many of us. A few months ago I purchased a [Toyota Hiace Grandia](#). It legally sits eleven. In reality it sits as many as twenty. Tonight we can get eighteen in ours. That, plus Zelle's Pajero and Wenelyn's Fortuner. Both legally sit seven and in reality up to thirteen. That's forty-six at the max, but in truth we can easily carry thirty-five comfortably. And all that leaves my, Cynthia's and Eve's vehicles at home. Tonight with the addition of our two new ones, there are twenty-eight of us. That is simply not a problem.

Patience and Faith are being cared for by some of the girls from the dorm. They are more than happy to help.

We have a three vehicle caravan. I drive the Hiace, Zelle is driving her Pajero and Wenelyn, her Fortuner. We are going to Lawrence's, where I have never been. But Lawrence gave me very good directions. The girls are following me.

Food sits on many laps. Maria, Janna, Pia, Anja, Renelyn, Raya, Brenna and Glanna have been cooking all day. We are bringing over twenty dishes, each enough to feed between six to ten people. I told them that this is over kill. I was told to mind my own business.

All the girls are dressed as fashionably and as sexily as they know how. Maria has told them that all the others are real beauties. I gather there is a sense of

competition.

When we pull up, we see a Hyundai Grand Starex parked by the gate. That is probably Jake's. Watching all of my 'family united' exit the vehicles is both embarrassing and humbling. Every one of these girls is in my bed and every one of them depends on me. Jovelyn meets us at the gate, giggles, and beckons us in.

I see Lawrence and Jake drinking beers. I am half way to them and Ikay runs up to me with a beer. *You remember me from your party?*

Yes, Ikay. I remember. How are you?

Great! If you have some time, you can visit the nursery and see our kids. OK?

Sure. I'd love to do that.

I walk up to the guys and shake hands, click beer bottles and take a swig. Lawrence is curious. *I thought you were involved with Bayan Na. But there is rumor that you're involved with that new operation, The Home Place.*

Rumors are dangerous things. My company GLS provides logistics and freight services to both on an equal footing. Our data operations provide independent support for each. Because of our close relationship to each there is a corporate board connection I have with each. But I am not running either. The ladies that do run the two companies are very close friends, but the companies really do compete.

But the woman who owns Bayan Na is a mistress of yours. She's here, right?

Yes. But she doesn't own Bayan Na anymore. She's the CEO but not the owner. She sold it to a corporation due to legal issues with her ex.

Oh! Wow. So who owns The Home Place?

That's a corporation too.

Not a woman? I thought you said a woman ran it.

Yes a woman runs it, but does not own it.

Jake is grinning ear to ear. *Lawrence, ask the SOB who runs The Home Place.*

OK Gordon who runs it?

Well Lawrence, that would be that woman over there talking to Maricar.

You asshole. You are connected to both, both women are your mistresses. How the fuck did you pull that off?

Well in a way I didn't. Zelle did and in a way she didn't either. Zelle's husband

and Wenelyn's husbands were among other things, lovers. Unfortunately, they were murderers too. It's a very complicated story and one I really do not want to go through. But the girls both ended up in my bed unbidden and unrequested. We reorganized the companies to protect them from civil suit. The companies are run completely independently and I really don't have anything to do with that. We provide many services to both, but the products they carry, policies, staffing, advertising, and promotions are all independent and the two work from separate offices. I am not aware that they share anything other than my bed and a communal love. Right now The Home place needs staff. Though I contacted Jake for Wenelyn, the folders are in her office and I will have nothing to do with the hiring. I will not bed her employees or the daughters. I didn't bed the ones that Zelle hired either. With the exception of Zelle and Wenelyn, all my girls work for GLS or CME.

CME?

It doesn't operate in this city, so you would not see it. It sells construction materials and equipment, CME.

CME sells to their operations?

We are a safe harbor for them because we don't sell retail. So we don't compete for their customers.

But you sell wholesale to others?

Yes, of course but we started CME to protect their interests.

And GLS provides the freight services to all three?

Yes, but to all comers. Not just them.

Tidy operation.

Speaking of operations, Lawrence. What's this I hear about a nursery? Ikay said something about it?

Would you like to see it?

Sure.

You coming too Jake?

Sure, why not.

Ikay sees us walking toward the nursery, waves at Jovelyn, and trots over to join us. What I see is a little surprising. I look at Lawrence and I ask, These are only yours?

Yes. They're all mine.

Jeezus. OK well I'm a piker.

No you have just gotten started and your girls weren't taking pills that produces twins and triplets.

No shit? Damn. OK. And what's that over there? It looks a lot like my dormitory?

That's what it is.

Lawrence, may I ask, how many fourteen year-olds did you bed?

Well if you add fifteen year-olds to those who were fourteen, initially twenty-four but as the twelve year-olds aged up there were twenty of them too.

And they haven't all stayed?

Some left, but most are here and will always be with me. Between the number of girls you have brought with you, and Jake – he's a piker – has brought with him and mine there are more than seventy five females here tonight. And just the three of us.

Lawrence, are you bedding all of them?

Well I have, but I stopped bedding some of the ones in the dorm. They are OK with it and I am happy with the arrangement. When I call Jake a piker, it is only that he doesn't keep the girls he fucks. He fucks over forty new ones each year, right Jake?, but then he sends them off. So no long term love entanglements. I bet you can't say that Gordon. I bet you have a real issue with love. I know I did.

As he is saying this to us, Jovelyn and Ikay are hanging on him like Christmas ornaments and Gloria comes in, whispers in his ear and kisses his cheek before walking off to deal with a child.

Jake looks at me and says, *Yes, you can really see the guy is all stressed out, now can't you?*

I am about to make a comment when Zelle, Eve and Anja walk in. Eve takes hold of one elbow, Anja just takes my other hand in hers and Zelle leans in from the front, kissing me, and saying, *Gordon, we need to talk about a nursery.*

I kiss her back, and turn my head to Jake, saying, *About as much as I am.*

I am about to ask a question about the layout of the nursery and if he would change anything now, when Shann2x walks in, gasps, runs up to me, gets between Anja and Zelle puts her arms around me and kisses me rather soundly. *And what is that for? What have I done right?*

I am just a lucky girl. I know this now. Thank you.

Lawrence is looking a little confused. Jake has a bemused look. *This is Shann2x. She just joined us yesterday. We are very lucky to have found her. Sir, will we have some place like this for our children?*

Zelle thinks we should. I guess we need to plan for how we will do this.

Gloria is back with Lawrence. She looks at me and says something that I expect only from Dian. *Sir Gordon, I see in the eyes of your girls, and in their way of being, great love. They are as lucky to have you as I am to have my Lawrence.*

Lawrence looks at me, nods his head and says, *Jake doesn't have this issue. You and I do. These girls love us deeply and fervently. There is a responsibility that goes with it. Do you feel it?*

Yes. Lawrence, I do.

We get called to eat. There are tables and tables of food. The event is with about eighty of us counting the guys, and there is still far too much food. There is something else. The incredible beauty here. All these incredibly lovely females make me want to blink and ask if I am dreaming. Yes Joy is in her forties now and not the looker I am sure she once was. Maricar is also not as young but she is striking and lovely. The others? I am unable to say anything more than holy shit.

§ § §

The party is over and I haven't asked anyone to join me tonight. Pia sees that and asks, can she please be with me? Sure, that will be nice. I go to the bedroom, put my clothing in the hamper and get into the shower.

Pia can wait. I am soaping up my old and honestly time ravaged body. I am more than fifty years older than these girls. Fifty years before I was born McKinley was president, forget the two world wars, the Spanish-American War had yet to be fought, TR had yet to charge up San Juan Hill, the Philippines was under Spanish rule, and the airplane had not been invented. That's the difference fifty years make.

By the time I get out and into the bedroom, I am met with Pia, Mhae and Mae. I give Pia a look.

Here are three lovely girls. All of whom want to be exactly where they are tonight. I didn't offer them candy and entice them into my car. Have I told each of them that they could stay here without jumping in my bed? No, I didn't. Pia did have to get into my bed. Mhae, was, I guess, what can only be called, raped.

I was not happy about that when it happened and I sure as hell did not ask for it. But we are talking about her body and not mine. It was my penis that shredded the girl's hymen. And yet, what did she ask for the very next day? She asked for a repeat performance.

So any way you look at it, it's fucking nuts. All I ask now is, *Why?*

Gordon you deserve some of us young ones tonight.

Pia do you have a plan for who gets the cum?

Me!

I see. You two agree with Pia's plan?

Mhae answers me. *We are here because Pia allows us, so it is her choice tonight. Maybe another night it will be different?*

Good answer, but Pia is already pregnant. So why should I put my cum in her? Pia?

OK. You right. I like it, but you right. Then I say Mhae. She is next.

In seconds there are lips on my lips, a mouth on one of my nipples and a mouth on my rod. I know Mhae is kissing me and I know from the oral technique, that even though it is good, it's not Pia. Pia has her own special way. The only other person who does it the same way is Shamcey, who has been taught by Pia. And to digress, the fact is that little Shamcey is far better at giving head, than is her mother, Dian.

All such thoughts are whirling around in my head as Mae finds me getting more rigid. I have my left arm around Mhae and my right hand on the back of Pia's head with my fingers in her hair. Mae has one hand around a globe of my ass as she uses the other to assist with the head she is giving me. Some guys need a sleeping pill at night. By the time these three are done with me I will sleep all night long.

Mhae's lips are playing with mine. She is nipping, licking, pecking, her tongue darting out and then back. She whispers, *I love you*. I whisper back, *I love you too*. She nips the end of my nose before whispering, *I know. I don't know how, but I know*, and she goes in for a long kiss just as Mae stops the head I have been getting and mounts my rod from above. God, this is so good.

Pia moves up, kissing Mhae's cheek and forehead. Mhae relinquishes her lip lock on me and attaches to the nipple that has yet to receive attention. Pia is on my lips. Mae continues to ride my rod below and she has me going nicely. Pia pulls back, looks at me, smiles and just says, *Hi*.

I smile. *Hi yourself.*

I want a nursery here, Gordon.

I know.

We can have so many babies!

Yeh, I am aware, sweet Pia. All the while, Mae is doing things to me that are somewhat distracting. But Mae is stopping and pulling off me. I sense a change in riders.

Mhae is on me. Her cunt feels different. Not better or worse but different. Certainly it is not as dripping wet as Mae's was a moment ago. It is not as physically hot as was Mae's. But it also has a different feel to the cunt itself. Mhae starts working me while Pia is talking about nurseries. Different agendas.

I am hard and Mhae is working on her own needs at the moment. Pia smiles back at me, *This one is just the first, you know?*

Yes, Pia, I guessed as much.

My baby is a boy. I am going to name him Gordon.

You haven't been pregnant long enough. You can't know the sex of the child. And what if someone else wants to name their child Gordon?

Ha, they can! We will all have Gordons. And she kisses me, deeply, convincingly. She doesn't stop. I am feeling Mhae getting hotter and hotter. She is letting loose her fluids and then I feel her orgasm. She stops. I push up against her and get her going again, as Pia keeps up the kiss. Pia's tongue is checking out my molars. Mae is biting a nipple. She and her mother like to give and receive a little pain.

I feel Mhae cum again and she stops once more. I break the kiss with Pia. *Sweetheart, it is time I pin Mhae to the mattress and finish the job.* She nods, pulls Mae off me and then Mhae up. Mhae looks distressed as Pia tells her to get on to her back. Mhae does it moments before I mount her. As I enter her from above, she nods and says, *Do me good.*

The other two just lie on the bed as I fuck Mhae hard and steady. Mhae cums and cums again, crying out and whimpering. I look down at this girl. She should not be mine. She should hate me. She should run from me in fear, but

she is here below me wanting me to make her pregnant and I am trying. At this moment I am trying as my cum erupts and enters her. I watch her eyes fly open, her mouth form an 'O.' I watch as she looks straight at me, her head nods and a smile forms. *Thank you*, is all I hear.

It is still dark. The clock on the nightstand says 4:40. I have just come back from the CR. I needed to piss. The girls are sacked out. I get back into bed carefully. Not carefully enough. One is awake and reaching over to me. I pull her in and try to get back to sleep. She has different goals as a hand grabs my rod and starts to work it. Another hand grabs mine and brings it to her cunt. Oh! It's Mae. I know her cunt by feel. She is wet and pumping against my captive hand as she works my rod which is responding quickly.

Mae pulls, urging me to get on top of her. I do and push into her cunt. She swings her legs up around my back and we start fucking in earnest. Her cunt is on fire. Her hands are clawing my shoulders. There is an intensity to our actions. I can feel that as short as all this has been, I will cum soon. Mae is cumming now. She is clawing and biting my shoulder. I am pounding her cunt.

I feel a hand grip and hold my balls tight. It is not Mae. The hand is squeezing. Another hand is snaking between the cheeks on my ass. A finger is inserted. Goddamn! I shoot cum into Mae. I keep on shooting. My balls are aching, but in a good way. I am spent. The clock says 5:00.

§ § §

I am in my office and catching up on work by six this morning. Most of the house sleeps, but from out my window I can see there is activity in Cynthia's pavilion office. I walk over and see she and our newest recruit are having a Skype session with San Jose about the types of documents we need for the cargo ferry operations. Poking my head in, I get Cynthia's eye and silently mouth, *All night?* She nods. They must be exhausted, however Shann2x simply looks determined.

I decide to do no more with the ferry cargo, other than what Cynthia is doing, until I have a staff who knows how to roll this out. I am way out of my area of competence. All I know is that we need it.

Last night Jake said something to me that has me worried. He asked me if I am not worried about Muslims using my boats for smuggling, including guns. With the activities of the [MILF](#), [MNLF](#), BIFF, [Abu Sayyaf](#), as well as the [NPA](#), smuggling of armaments is a concern.

So OK, I'm stupid. But I think I have a technological fix. Jake and I talked about it last night. He has agreed to do the research and get back to me. I am reminded of the comment I got about him, *'if you can afford him, you can't afford to ignore him.'* I am discovering how true that is.

GLS has a strong and positive relationship with both the PNP and AFP and so I use my contacts in those organizations, sending an email, asking for a consultation with them regarding the issue of a ferry fleet and controlling illegal activities. My belief is that the more I cooperate with these guys on the prevention side, better life will be. I will also send a text to some of the local leaders of Mosques asking for a meeting. Better to discuss things in the open with them. They are for peace here. I truly believe they are. But not all are.

OK so, I have done all I can on the ferry side of the GLS business. I shut things down and decide that it is time for breakfast.

Pia serves me a plate of ginisang ampalaya, rice and a cup of tea. The ampalaya dish is a favorite of mine. As I eat far more than I should, Pia sits with me. *It was a good night, Gordon.*

Yes, Pia. Pia, you know I do truly love you, correct?

Yes. I know. I am not worried. That is why I bring the others. I am not afraid. We know you. But, we do need a nursery. This is true.

Yes I know.

We also need more bedrooms. Even with the pavilions, there is not enough room. Gordon, is it OK if I complain and criticize you? You not be angry with me?

I smile. What would I do with females that could not think? Am I worried about the criticism from someone who loves me? No, I welcome it. *I want to hear your thoughts. Please tell me.*

Gordon you see into the future about the business but not how it affects us here. It is OK that you add other girls, but there is no room for the ones you add now and there are not enough for the ones you must add later. And don't say they will not stay! Some always stay or come back! Plus their children stay. It does not matter that you don't take them to your bed. They are still here and they are here for years. I think this is your blind spot. I am not the only one who knows this. I am just the only one who tells you. OK, I'm done now. You angry?

I am not angry. I am sad that the others haven't also told me. You are right. I do have a blind spot. I don't think the blind spot will disappear just by knowing it is there.

So, what I say does not matter?

Hardly! What you say means we need to make a change.

How?

You know who else knows this and is afraid to tell me?

Yes, but I not want to name them.

You don't have to. Go back to them and tell them that they, along with Dian are formed as a committee. They are to meet with Architect Reyes. The committee is to find an answer to these problems and the ones Dian and I have identified.

You know about this? I am wrong?

Only partially. Yes I know about this, but you are correct. I do have a blind spot. It was only yesterday that Dian pretty much told me the same thing. The problem is we don't have enough land to expand on, even if we want to make a plan. She is working on that problem now.

Oh!

So do not wait. The committee needs to meet today. Now, Pia, knowing how this worked out, are you willing to criticize me again when needed?

Her eyebrows go up, she kisses me and scampers off. It's hard to think that this big house could have gotten so cramped. My breakfast finished, I check in with Janella. I get a hug and a kiss. All is OK. Up in my office there are responses from both the AFP and PNP emails I sent. They want to meet today. They both ask, am I free this morning? I am and after a couple of additional volleys of emails, they say they will be here at 9AM. I text downstairs to not freak-out and send the guys up to me.

I share what's up with Dian. She will be here for the meeting but has a couple of meetings about the land. She is ready to tell me what's up.

Gordon, if FUC will purchase land in Brgy. San Isidro 2000 SqM lots and build modest homes on them, the three home owners on either side of you are willing to do a direct trade for their 1,500 SqM lots. We can take down the buildings on the land and do whatever we need. There will be just enough room for a nursery, a dormitory, a school, and extra housing.

Where are we going to find this land?

The property was foreclosed on. Here is the bank officer who has it. And she hands me his card.

The title will be clear?

Yes.

You have seen the property?

Yes.

Have the six homeowners seen the property?

Yes.

They all agree?

Yes. Gordon, I have done the work on this! I cover these issues!

Have they agreed on a floor plan for the house we'll build?

Dian laughs. Yes!

I text the FUC board in one multiparty text. Request your vote, Yes or No, for a purchase of 1.2 hectares in Brgy. San Isidro for a swap to get 4500 SqM on the South and 4500 SqM on the north of our property.

I get four Yes votes back via text. Dian asks, do you really need me to text, yes?

OK contact our attorney and have him work up agreements with the six first and get notarized documents. At the same time, tell the banker we will take it and set up a meeting after the other documents are signed. Are there actual plans that can be city approved?

Uh-huh, I took the basic two story plans that Camillia is using. All accepted this.

And you think there will be time for this meeting?

Yes. I will email Atty. Cruz all the details. I will email the banker the intent to purchase. I will text the landowners that we have a deal and the paperwork is being prepared. Then I am done with this for a few hours.

Get it done.

Yes, Sir! And she laughs.

§ § §

There are six uniformed folks sitting in my office. Four from the AFP and two PNP. Four of them are women. I guess that is a surprise to me, but I am not sure why. I know women are part of both groups. Dian and Eve have brought in extra chairs. Along with these six, Dian and me, I have Janella and Shann2x join us. Officer Bale mentions that it is a little bit intimidating being surrounded by so many lovely ladies.

Officer, what should intimidate you even more is that they are even brighter than they are lovely. These are very smart women.

Indeed? May I ask what their duties and skills are?

Shall we start with Eve? And then I think we will move to Dian, Janella and

Shann2x. OK? Go ahead Eve. I think by the time Shann2x is about to speak, the Officer has about had enough. Shann2x is a little shy and says so. I explain that she just joined us yesterday. Shann2x, please just tell me, what you were doing with Cynthia until seven this morning.

By the time Shann2x finished talking about the app structures, forms, tracking, containerized and non-containerized shipping document processes, all Officer Bale could do is ask, lamely, *And you just got hired yesterday?*

Yes Ma'am.

Sir, none of these women are your wife?

No, she is downstairs.

She is not jealous?

Why should she be jealous? I love my wife and will never leave her. Everyone here knows this.

I see. Sorry to take up so much time.

Major Labrilla laughs, tells Bale that he learned a great deal. It was OK. And then continues, now directing a comment and a question toward me.

OK, so you are clearly interested in starting a cargo ferry operation. Is that why you ask us to meet with you?

Yes. And I walk through the issues that I have been cautioned about from others. My question to them is, Are these concerns real? If they are, is there a way I can work to mitigate them and work with you?

Sir Gordon. I so wish all business owners have your beliefs. We will be happy to help, but often there is little we can do.

Sir, I believe I will know when cargo has been loaded secretly.

How? You will have spies?

No sir. It is a matter of displacement of the ship in the water. We can't catch small things, but if the shipment is large enough, our monitoring systems will tell us.

I do not believe you can install and use such things here!

The PNP folks know I have a system in the trucks. I gather these folks from the AFP do not. I suggest we walk down and across to the GLS data office where the girls have the tracking screens, but Dian interrupts. *Sir, give me a second and I can set up a screen here. They won't see all the sites, but let's bring up the Davao Depot system fleet.*

I agree and Dian starts moving a few wires around while the discussion continues. It seems like the largest issue may be ships that receive illegal cargo in open waters, not at the port of lading. Shann2x is nodding.

The big 55" screen comes alive and Janella takes them through a training course as if they are new hires, on what the screen is telling her and how to use it. We access cameras on rigs, we watch speed, we look at route progress, we note tire inflation, RPMs, engine and oil temperature, and the driver's ID. We can bring up driver background information. We can bring up what's in the back. The weights and sizes of all the freight. Where each item has come from, through which ports and everything that has happened to that item since we picked it up. We can bring up the destination and the time of expected delivery.

Now imagine if we fit the ships with this type of technology. We can check displacement of the hull in the water when unloaded, in short order we will know the displacement with the crew and we will know expected displacement with the freight we are carrying. If the displacement does not match, it will send off an alarm. We will be monitoring displacement throughout the journey. We will also use the same, GPS tracking technology as on the trucks, as well as engine status, camera, batch upload technology. Why will I not know when something is happening?

You won't have a clue in rough seas.

We are working on that using gimbals, lasers and a small embedded computer along with the displacement sensors fore, aft and amidships. I have a team working on this problem. (I do. It was one of the things Jake and I discussed last night.)

The Major grins as do the others. *OK, I'm a believer. You will need to talk to the Navy once you get a prototype working. If they can see that, I suspect you will get lots of assistance. The AFP will do what we can and appreciate the demonstration. You will need a liaison and once you get going, I will make sure you have one with the AFP.*

A PNP officer hands me her card and basically says the same thing about the PNP. They are all quickly gone as is Dian. Shann2x and Janella are still with me and we put chairs back where they belong. Janella, a chair in two arms, as she walks across the floor comments, *I am going to know days before we truck things, exactly what is coming to a port. Intra-island shipping will still be based on averages and heuristics, but this freight, once we pick it up at the port or origin, for us, will have weights and sizes attached. I don't think the software allows me to plug those values in, in advance.*

Talk to Cynthia about that.

Shann2x is distracted. I stop her and ask what is troubling her. She looks up a little sheepishly and says, *They all do it!*

Do what?

Smuggle. All of them. Janella just looks at me.

§ § §

I send Shann2x to bed after the meeting. She doesn't want to, but I demand that she go. I decide to hold off on contacting the Mosques until our technology is in place. I don't think I will see Dian much more today.

Arvyjoy will arrive in half an hour. The girls downstairs are aware and will send the woman up to me.

Have I bitten off more than we can chew?

§ § §

Good morning Arvyjoy, please come in and have a seat. Thank you for coming today.

You are welcome, Sir. I am surprised to get the offer of an interview. I am told it is a position regarding cargo shipping. Is that correct?

Yes. From the international ports to and between the other major Philippine ports. I gather from your résumé and from an acquaintance of yours, that you have such experience.

Yes this is true.

The initial work here will be to assist others in creating the shipping company, the offices and how it will work. We can discuss the actual salary in a bit, but I believe you will be happy with what we are offering. Would you be so kind as to tell me as best you can what types of duties you have in your years of employment in the industry?

For the next half hour I pretty much get her life story from when she got her first job to when she was let go. I am not hearing any problems and am comfortable with her.

She doesn't know a damned thing about us and I am not needing to fuck another woman. She is not jumping up and down, saying where's the bed? Maybe now is the time to just hire an employee. I think we have one room in the dorm that will work for her and her daughter. I talk about wages, the school for her daughter and the off work hours, which is why she needs to be living in the compound for now.

She says she wants the position and she seems OK. I ask her to wait in the

office. I walk downstairs, tell Anja and Maria what I want to do. They tell me that the daughter is with Raya and Glanna at the moment. I ask them to ask my girls to not talk the new one about having sex with me if they have not done so yet. I then return to my office. I ask Arvyjoy if she would like an advance to go back to where she lives and collect her things. She does and I provide her five hundred pesos before she leaves the office. She says that they will return by nightfall, and then she is gone.

§ § §

Breaking for lunch is no big deal today. I can't move forward with the ferries, the rest of GLS is no longer my responsibility. FUCME is up and running. We do need to expand, but I have that in motion and there is nothing that requires my attention today. I have just finished eating some fried rice. A second cup of tea is in my hand. Jana walks in and sits down.

I want to hear you say it.

Say what.

Ha, stud, you know what. Say it.

Uncle?

Yes! That! Say it again.

Uncle!

Good. Good. By the way, we are working with the architect. And she gets up and walks off.

§ § §

I am back in my office for all the afternoon. We are still consulting with other companies, if a bit more slowly because my 'consultant assistants' have been retasked. Still there are things that must be done and I work through them. I finish for the day and walk down to the first floor and into a screaming match between, Shann2x, Anja, Maria, and Arvyjoy. Jana is there but not saying a word. The others have not seen me. I signal to Jana to meet me up on the second floor and I retreat.

What is going on?

Evidently this is what happens if you don't fuck your employees!

Gee, thanks. No, Jana, really, what is happening?

I told you. Gordon, this girl learned from her daughter, who learned from Raya and Glanna, how real members of this organization are treated. She also learned where those who don't get bedded by you go.

Where?

To work as regular employees at one of the stores. They are sent off and not really part of us. Your new girl came back demanding to know why you didn't bed her and her daughter. Anja told her you have stopped. But Shann2x said you bedded her only yesterday and bedded her daughter both yesterday and today. And that is sort of where you came in.

Suggestions?

None.

Uh-huh. Yeh. OK.

I walk downstairs, loudly. All heads really do turn, there is a moment of silence and then screaming. I put my hand up, palm out. I am hoping they interpret that as a sign to stop and not that I need to go to the CR.

Quiet returns. No one, and I do mean, no one, is to speak unless I ask that person for a comment. Now Arvyjoy. I offered you a position here, not somewhere else, here, without conditions, today. I want a yes or no answer. Did you hear me do that?

But..

STOP! I said 'yes or no.'

Yes.

Anja, have I ever lied to anyone as far as you know?

No.

Maria, do I lie?

No.

I will not ask Shann2x as she has only been here for thirty-six hours.

Anja, did I come downstairs this morning and tell you I was changing the policy about bedding the women here starting with Arvyjoy?

Yes.

Maria, did you hear that too?

Yes.

Arvyjoy, if no one had told you about what I used to do, would you have been happy with the job as offered?

Bu... Yes. Yes, I would have.

Shann2x, were you sleeping today because you worked all night last night?

Yes, bu...

NO! I said only yes or no answers!

Shann2x you did not know that Arvyjoy had no prior word about how things worked here and I decided to remove the option of sex with me. You did not know because I made that decision when you were sleeping and after I had been with your daughter this morning.

Does everyone here understand what happened this morning? Anja?

Yes.

Maria?

Yes.

Shann2x?

Yes.

Arvyjoy?

YES! BUT I NOT TAKE THE JOB NOW!

Why?

I am too ugly for you.

JANA!

You don't have to yell, Gordon. I am right behind you.

OK, Jana, is this female ugly?

No.

Please tell her how you are related to me.

Arvyjoy, I am Gordon's wife.

That gets Arvyjoy freaking out but good. I go! I go!

But Jana looks at the girl and tells her to stop being a fool. Shut up and be good.

Arvyjoy freezes.

I take a breath. This is just way out of acceptable behavior. She may just have to go unless I get her to start acting rationally. Arvyjoy is too long a name. What is your nickname?

Vy.

OK Vy, if you can't listen and respond correctly, I will agree that you have to go. I am going to give you another chance to listen to what I said, not what you think it means. I then want to hear you explain to me the difference between what I said and what you answered. Do you understand what you are being asked to do?

Yes, I think yes.

OK, here is what I said. "Does everyone here understand what happened this morning?"

Vy's eyes get large. You only ask us if we understand what happened and maybe then why we had the fight because Shanna2x not know and my daughter not know either. You not say what you will do. You not make demand. You only ask if we see what happen. Sir, am I correct?

Yes. Vy, I have so many women I love and who love me, that when you come and want the job without wanting to be in my bed, I think OK. This is a good thing. There is one thing that Dian would tell you if she were here, it is...

I am here!

Well then you can verify you said this, I need more women here than I can love?

Yes, that is really true.

And Vy, what no one here says, but I think they all know, is that I seem to be unable to make love to a woman, who is here and in my bed more than once or twice, without falling in love with her? I fall in love with the women who come to my bed. Is there any here who wants to argue with me about that? ... No?... Jana, any comment?

No. It is a bad thing and a good thing. You will never leave me because you really love me. But we now have a compound filled with women who love you and who you love.

So Vy, my offer of a real, meaningful position with a long term potential, one that will last long after I die, has been placed before you. You will have a good income. You can find a man who meets your needs. Your daughter can get the education she needs and find a boy who loves her, all while working here. Or you can take your clothing off here in this room, in front of my other loves, be brought up to my bedroom by Maria, and get ready to have my baby. The job will be the same, but you will be in my bed and in the beds of my mistresses, I will bed with your daughter, and so will my mistresses, and the two of you are mine for life. I will give you an hour to talk with your daughter and anyone else you wish to discuss this with of the people in this room. However this cannot be discussed outside with anyone else. Do you understand what you have been

offered?

Yes. The job is the same, either way I choose. I choose you or not you. If I choose you, I am also choosing for Juvyline.

Yes. OK the hour starts now.

Vy looks at her daughter. Juvyline's eyebrows flash up. Vy undresses, completely. *Maria, take me to Gordon's bedroom.*

Maria takes Vy's hand and they walk up the stairs. I look around and ask the assemble girls. *Can anyone explain to me why she did that?*

Jana, walking away only says, *Buang ka*⁹⁸.

Juvyline, you told your mother to do this. Your mother had the job anyway. Why did you tell her to do it?

You love Raya?

Yes.

You love Glanna?

Yes.

They ever leave, even if they are buang some day?

Ah... No.

I will love you, if you let me. I will be good to you if you let me. I will also some day be buang, like nanay is today. I never want to think you will send me away. I want your love, Sir.

At which point, Dian says, *What part of Jana calling you a fool, did you not understand?*

Yeh, got it. Thanks for that Dian.

Any time Sir. It is what I do.

I climb the stairs with all looking at my receding back. It does not feel particularly good.

98 You fool. or. You are a fool. [Pronounced: boo-AHng KAH]

40

When I get to my room, I find Maria sitting on the bed and no Vy. I give Maria a look.

I send her to take a shower and to shave. She is not smooth. She upset that I touch her there. I tell her, she better get used to it, because it is normal here. She say that cannot be true. I say to her, do you hear Sir Gordon tell you that you will be in the bed of his mistresses? I say to her, What you think that means? You think he lies?

She look at me with fear. I say, not too late to just take the job. Sir Gordon will allow this. She just get up and go to shower. I think it is best I stay until you get here. I will go now.

No. Stay please. And later, after dinner, please stay the night.

OK I will text Anja I stay here. And she does. Gordon, I think she not right for us.

You may be right. Text Anja and have Pia and her join us. And she does, smiling.

Maria, you have your clothing on! Why?

Ah, Sir, I do apologize for my error. Allow me to fix it for you! And so saying, Maria goes about a slow strip. She is not quite done when Anja and Pia arrive, appreciative grins on their faces. Pia says, You first, to her mother. Anja is in the middle of her show when Vy comes out of the bathroom. I motion for her to sit on the bed as Anja does her thing. Completing, she comes to my side, kisses me and snuggles in as Pia begins her strip show.

But there is something about Pia that no one else has, and that is raw sexual intelligence. She uses a chair back to heighten the appearance of her clothed tits. She uses the drapes on my windows as a peek-a-boo device as she removes her blouse and bra. Then showing us a tit, hiding it and then coming out showing us her bra-less back. She pulls down her skirt with her ass pointed toward us and then leaning down far enough to show us a tit as she flings the skirt to me from between her legs. Her panties come down with her side to us and her left leg the one nearer us pushed forward enough to not show any cunt as the panties come down, and finally tossed to me. She is now naked, but her left arm is across her breasts and with her left leg still cocked forward, we see nothing. She holds that position, and bows. Maria and Anja clap, I yell, *bravo!*

Pia scampers on to the bed as well.

I turn to Vy. *These three, are very important to me. Far more important than I can explain. If they tell you something to do. It is because I asked them to do it. If I don't ask them, their response to you about me, will be, 'Ask Gordon.' They are smart and they know many things happen in this house. None of them can know all that is happening. But if I ask them to do something, they know to do it. When you came to this room tonight, you didn't believe Maria. Never make that mistake again. Whether we make love or you choose to go downstairs, it doesn't matter, you still have a job here if you want it. But do not doubt Maria, or Anja, or Pia. Pia may be young, but she is to be believed at all times and without exception. You might also find it helpful to know, Pia carries my child inside her. Downstairs I said that you would be with me and my mistresses. Here we are. If you stay WE make love to you. And tomorrow, we do this with Juvyline. If you go downstairs and stay with us, this will not happen but, as I have said twice before, you still have your job.*

Pia, using some sense of what needs to be done to get the message across has pushed Maria over and is eating her cunt. Anja moves close to Vy and puts her hand on Vy's shoulder and neck, stroking Vy's hair. I never want Vy to say she or her daughter were forced to have sex here. Something tells me that it would be ugly. Vy needs to make a choice. I don't think she really wants this. She closes her eyes. They are squeezed shut. She takes a few deep breaths. *Sir, I don't know. I truly do not know if I will be OK with women. If I try now, before you touch me, then maybe I can make a decision. Right now I don't know what to decide.*

I have to admit, I like the answer. It tells me a lot about Vy. *Yes, I think you have made a good request. I will honor it.* Vy says nothing to me other than to bow her head slightly, briefly. She then turns to Anja puts her one hand on Anja's shoulder, and they join for a gentle kiss. I sit back against the headboard, a voyeur or spectator, take your pick.

Their lips dance over the others face. Hands gently trace shoulders, arms, backs, necks, hips, thighs, and then chest, breasts, and bellies. Kisses become more fervent, more prolonged. Hands are no longer gentle, as they pull, grip, pinch and hold. Anja pushes Vy down flat, her hand on Vy's mound, a finger curling in, into Vy's cunt. Vy opens her legs and pushes her pelvic bone up. Anja's fingers move into Vy's cunt. Vy grips the back of Anja's head and brings her in for a real, tongue invading kiss. They are making love.

Anja has Vy going. Vy's breathing is choppy, she gasps and groans. I hear the wet slap of hand against cunt. Vy is clearly lubricating. And then Vy cums. She cries out and just about levitates off the mattress. Anja brings Vy down gently. Nipping at Vy's lips, she asks, *Sweetheart, are you ready for my man now?*

Your man?

Yes, and if you do this, he will be your man too. We not let you go, if you join us.

Yes, yes I am ready. Anja backs away so that I can take her place. I put my head between her legs and taste her wet cunt. It is clean and smells fresh. I lick up and she moans. I keep on eating her right into her next orgasm. She is still recovering from it, when I move up and mount her, gathering her legs in my arms. She cumms hard and almost continually as I pound her cunt. Anja is pinching her nipples and biting her earlobe. We haven't been at this very long, but VY is in orbit and she puts me there too. I cum.

I never, never, Sir, never, this is sex? This is what sex supposed to be? I never. Oh God. How many years. I never. Oh Mother Mary. Oh! What you do? How? Oh, God. Never, never, nev...and she starts to weep. Pia and Maria hold her as the weeping continues.

It is not that I am a great lover. I am not. It is what hasn't happened for this girl until now and for that all I can say is, that's a damned shame.

Vy you need to get some sleep. Your work day starts at midnight?

What?

Yeh, I told you weird hours. We are going to leave you here to sleep as best you can. Pia will bring your clothing up and will put it right outside the bedroom door for now. Someone will awaken you at 11:00 tonight, bring you some food and bring you to your work office an hour later.

§ § §

It's 8PM and Cynthia and Shann2x have been at work for at least two hours. They ate their supper in Cynthia's office. I ask Shann2x to wake her friend a bit later, discuss where we are and go to my office only to find Dian working there at this late hour.

Gordon you have email that Jake has forwarded to you, which you need to read. After that there are two implementation issues that need your attention from the appliance store chain you are supporting.

I sit down and tackle the triaged emails. Dian may want to talk but she knows to not do this as I am reading. The forwarded mail is interesting and encouraging. There are routines and math for everything we want to do. It hasn't been used in just this way before, but there is no reason why it can't be done. There are some questions for me. I answer them and send the email off.

The implementation issues are easily resolved. These guys were looking at the issue sort of backwards. I give them the steps, for each and send that off too.

I sit back. That is the signal that Dian has been awaiting. *Sir, is she really going to be OK here?*

I had serious doubts, but yes, she will be OK. We OK with the land swap?

Yes, and now there is one more piece of land we can acquire.

Oh? Oh! The two hectare piece on the right side!

Tama. I have made inquiries. It may be possible. For now we have enough for the housing but I want to see if we can move the dorm and the school to the two hectare tract first.

OK, sounds good to me.

Sir, would you be willing to build a new main house?

Why?

We need both more bedrooms. We can do all this by pavilions or a new main house.

I see. No, I think we will stay with the pavilions.

§ § §

Just four hours before a board meeting regarding the land purchase meeting is set to start, we learn that Malaysian officials have received a copy of Dingdong's suicide note and confession. We know it because some folks try to serve Wenelyn with papers. But the papers refer to a company that does not exist. She informs the process servers that the company has been sold and she owns no company. Since the papers refer to her as an owner in a specific company, the papers are meaningless. But the shit is about to hit the fan. We think we are covered but it is a risk.

Two hours later, the same guys are back looking for Zelle. Same result.

The meeting is anticlimactic following the previous events. We agree that for all sorts of reasons, stopping all expansions is the best course of action. We will concentrate on the building projects.

Dian announces that we are in negotiations to purchase two more hectares. That will give us a total of two and one half hectares total. We spend the rest of the time planning out a campus. Giselle, and Joo will oversee the 'stand down.'

§ § §

Two weeks have passed. We have heard nothing more about Malaysia. The land has been acquired. It is legal but final paperwork is a slow process here. The actual new deed will not be issued for months, but we are just a week away

from starting on some ground breaking.

The first thing we are doing is moving the children's dorm and the school to the far end of the two hectare tract, these will be larger than the current ones. The old dorm and old school stays up for now to house and train the females we will train for The Home Place. Each cluster of pavilions is built around a roofed-over center court.

Three clusters stand now; one cluster for the four initial residences and two clusters for the companies. Two new residence clusters are to be built.

We will call these clusters C4 and C5. The original cluster of pavilions we built are now called C1 (residence), C2 (office) and C3 (office).

The first office pavilion in cluster C2, is C2P1. That goes to Bayan Na. GLS/Land gets C2P2. The GLS/Sea gets C2P3 and Cynthia gets C2P4.

The second office pavilion in cluster C3, is C3P1. That goes to The Home Place. C3P2 gets FUCME. C3P3 and C3P4 are empty for now.

There are two new clusters of pavilions for residences.

The four and fifth clusters of five pavilions each are efficiencies. Two or three bedrooms, a CR, a small sala with a little breakfast bar. A new large free standing kitchen has been designed for campus food service. Food can be carried to the pavilions or eaten in a formal dining room attached to the kitchen. These two clusters of pavilions will also be built around a roofed-over center court and will have tables and chairs for socializing and meals.

All the pavilions are bungalows, one floor.

With Zelle's and Wenelyn's contacts, and how each of the pavilions starts as a detached structure, we will have six being built all at the same time. We are using multiple plumbers and electricians. Each building will have its own crew of masons and carpenters.

§ § §

Vy is working out just fine, but I have stayed away from Juvyline. And that of course has caused a problem. I guess the girl's nickname is Juvy and that just isn't going to work for me. I am calling her VyLy. Tonight at dinner, in the middle of a pleasant meal, VyLy turns to me and says, *Sir, do I have a disease?*

Excuse me? What?

Do I have some illness that you will get if you touch me?

The table erupts in laughter.

Ah! OK, I get it. Janella, I know we were looking forward to some time together this evening, but will you permit me to check VyLy's health status tonight?

Yes, can we reschedule for tomorrow? This is my fertile time.

Absolutely. OK VyLy, please join me at 8:30 in my bedroom. I will see if I can give you a fever.

Thank you. I want to catch what Pia and Renelyn caught. I am told that the effects are long term. There is a nine month incubation period, followed by fourteen years of headaches!

Yes I have heard that but I gather that it isn't easy to catch this illness, even after exposure to the cause.

Sir, Pia tells me that repeated contact is the best way to get this illness.

Yes I have heard this too.

§ § §

Two months have passed. Cynthia's girl, Hope, is about to breathe her first breath. Still no word from Malaysia.

The first four residence pavilions, what we now call the C1's were built before this project. Zelle, Eve, Wenelyn and Cynthia are all in their own 'homes.' Jana had a room here in the house, but now lives with Cynthia in a manner that suggests it may be permanent. Giselle, Joo, Taciana and Jiecel are bunking downstairs in Cynthia's old room.

Maria, Pia and Anja share an apartment. Glanna, Brenna, Princess and Juvyline are in the second apartment. Renelyn, Raya, Amzkie, Shamcey and Sha are bunking together in the third apartment. Shann2x and Vy have the fourth apartment. Dian, has Jana's old room. Cri2x and Jassel are in Eve's old room.

We hope the residence pavilions will be completed in a month.

With ten new residence pavilions, living arrangements will be:

C4P1 – Renelyn, Raya and Amzkie – The three that run GLS data center.

C4P2 – Dian – My assistant.

C4P3 – Shann2 and Vy – GLS Sea Cargo staff with their daughters Mae and JyVy.

C4P4 – Joo – Temp'ed to Wenelyn, attached to my consulting company.

C4P5 – Anja, Pia – Housekeepers.

C5P1 – Maria – Housekeeper.

C5P2 – Janella, Cri2x, Jassel – GLS.

C5P3 – Glanna and Brenna – Students.

C5P4 – Princess, Shamcey and Sha – Students.

C5P5 – Giselle – Temp'ed to Wenelyn, attached to my consulting company.

The plan gets blowback from Dian. She wants a bedroom on the second floor of the main house. Her office is on the third floor and as my assistant, she wants to be more 'available.' Others are rolling their eyes at this. I tell her that if she gets pregnant she will need to be in a pavilion. Her response is, *Then get with it! In the meantime, I am in the main house.*

Anja and Maria want to share a pavilion. I say OK to that.

Giselle and Joo want to room together! OK we agree to that.

The final plan looks like this:

C4P1 – Renelyn, Raya, Amzkie – The three that run GLS data center.

C4P2 – Mae and JyVy.

C4P3 – Shann2, Vy – GLS Sea Cargo staff.

C4P4 – Joo, Giselle – Temp' to Wenelyn, attached to my consulting company.

C4P5 – Anja, Maria, Pia – Housekeepers.

C5P1 – Taciana, Jiecel – GLS but temp'ed to Wenelyn.

C5P2 – Janella – GLS.

C5P3 – Cri2x, Jassel – GLS.

C5P4 – Princess, Shamcey, Sha – Students.

C5P5 – Glanna, and Brenna – Students.

I thought about demolishing the apartments, but Dian says we should keep them for others who rotate in and out on occasion.

Dian and I are the only ones sleeping in the house! There are four bedrooms in the house and two are empty. The three offices, in the main house, are filled with my consulting company staff. Dian tells me that she has a plan to make two bedrooms on the second floor into a suite. If she succeeds with the suite, she may find Maria, Anja and Pia in it! But that would reduce the number of bedrooms in the house and the only room that would be empty would be on the first floor.

The work on the ferries has been moving along. I have a lead on a ferry company that is going bankrupt. We may be able to take advantage of someone else's misfortune.

If we don't hear anything more about the Malaysia stuff, we will look at getting going again on expansion. The old dorm and school sit vacant and ready for a new set of families.

§ § §

I am the proud father of three girls, Patience, Faith and Hope. There is no Charity here. Luckily there is no Gordon yet, because Pia is having a boy and she has announced that it will be named Gordon. Renelyn is having a girl. She asks, *What do you want to name her?*

Felicity.

What?

Felicity.

That's a name?

Yes. It is a good one.

§ § §

We have five more pregnancies now! Anja, Maria, Janella, Joo and Dian. Maria is the longest along and simply kept it secret until Anja spilled the beans.

All the pavilions are up and finished. The house is quiet much of the time. It is weird. But it may get noisy. We are about to build a nursery based on the plans that Lawrence used.

Malaysia has acted, but it doesn't touch us. There was no way they can sue FUC. They could not sue Zelle or Wenelyn for the profit they made from the sale, because there was no profit. An extradition for Jonathan was refused and if it is appealed to the Supreme Court, it will be 'junked'⁹⁹. Jonathan is not related to the family that owned Bayan Na and so, with Bayan Na sold, there is no one and nothing to go after there. However, Dingdong's family is still in business. Malaysia has filed a claim against his family, but not Wenelyn, who was not the owner at the time of the crime.

We hear through a back channel that it was Dingdong's family that sent the suicide note to Malaysia in hopes of hurting Wenelyn. I guess they may have screwed up big time. However, I have been told to post guards outside our

⁹⁹ "Philippine Supreme Court junks petition" means The Philippine Supreme Court dismisses the petition.

compound. Wenelyn and I have been told by a senior local official in the PNP not to travel without bodyguards. That does not make me happy. I guess Dingdong's family has decided I am responsible in this somehow.

I decide on a different option. I reach out to some of my contacts in the local Mosques. I mention that Dingdong's family are threatening us. I am asked what I want to see happen. I ask that they might, if they think it is appropriate, have a delegation meet with Dingdong's family and express that should anything happen to me or Wenelyn or any of my clan, that Dingdong's extended family might consider leaving the country and never coming back.

The meeting does happen. I know because I get a call from one of them expressing outrage that I would threaten them. In reply I expressed amazement that they thought I have sent this delegation! It is true that we had heard of threats against us, but as it was evidently a rumor widely known as I have many friends in the city, some of my friends must have taken it on themselves to act to protect me and those who live with me. If the threat is false, I can't see that there is much for either of us to worry about.

But the guy says, what if someone else hates me and tries to hurt me?

I tell him, I would worry that someone else might hate him as it won't be me, but gee whiz, just as he doesn't control others, I don't either! But he says, he has gotten word that his extended family including many generations and degrees of consanguinity are in peril! I sympathize and say, yes, if you choose to start a war, it is best to know who your enemy is before you even make the plans. Sometimes, even the threat will backfire and kill you. Surely he should have known this. It seems to me, I tell him, that once you light the fuse, if you find you are sitting on the bomb, the only thing left to do is run. It's too late to put it out.

He gets the message. If we lose his business, that's OK with me.

I haven't told anyone of this in the family. Not the threat from Dingdong's family and not what I have done. So tell me, how the hell does Dian know? Because she does. The very next morning, as I sit down in my office Dian lectures me. *Gordon, I don't care that you think you have scared Dingdong's family. The word is already out that they want you and Wenelyn dead. We need to get you two protection.*

What are you talking about?

Don't you even start playing bobo with me.

Dian, I am rarely out and about. Wenelyn is also a homebody these days. We do not have regular activities out of the compound. We are not in grave danger.

Where did you hear about this?

Good try. I have my sources!

41

We have had the births of Felicity and Gordon Junior. Yes, he does not have a Jr. after his name. His second first name¹⁰⁰ is Junior. You know we are calling him, Junior, right?

Dingdong's family finds itself sandwiched between the suit by Malaysian authorities and the possibility that the fuse they had lit under me might go off under them. They decide to sell off all their holdings and literally leave the country. I gather most of them have already gone to Indonesia. It seems they left three weeks after my call. Three of the men have stayed back to sell off their stock and then they say they will be gone too.

Who is buying their stock? A corporation, the Pilipino Universal Sales and Supply Incorporated. These guys don't know it, but that corporation is owned by FUC.

If Dingdong's family had just licked their wound and gone about their lives, they would have saved themselves a great deal of grief.

However PUSSI is now the prime competitor to Zelle's family. Her family doesn't know anything about this until we sit down and tell them. I am expecting a mess and hoping for the best. I see the value in us controlling the market with them. Will they see it, or will they scream bloody murder?

They are laughing and drinking to our good fortune. We talk about how we handle this. We come to agreements about carrying exclusive brands, splitting things between the operations and sharing some stock in a special warehouse. FUC creates another separate operating company, named once again by Dian. Consolidated United National Trading is formed and I am once again the CEO. I make Dian the temporary COO of CUNT. It's only fair.

CUNT, as an importer, will consolidate all import orders from Zelle's family, PUSSI and FUCME along with other wholesalers. Acting as an importer only, its activities end at MICP in Manila Bay, with the exception of distribution warehouses on other islands. Much of what it brings in, but not all, will transfer as cargo to GLS by Sea. For items our companies have ordered, we will have tracking that starts in China, Malaysia and Thailand. It allows all our companies to order via the same importer without outward collusion and allows CUNT to consolidate the purchase orders when it can to get better prices.

¹⁰⁰ A middle name in the Philippines is a matronage name. The last name is the patronage name. All names before the middle name are first names.

While CUNT will sell to any large wholesalers. We will have an advantage as port handling fees will add one percent to what it handles for others compared to our costs.

Many things, rebar, (both regular and deformed,) angle bar, flat bar, square steel tube, galvanized sheet metal, nails, (both common and concrete), and steel furring will be affected by the consolidated purchasing. All three companies, FUCME, PUSSI and Zelle's Family can pull inventory out at the same price. Nothing could be sweeter.

I give the GLS staffs on the islands the job of finding the locations for the warehouses. If I was just dealing with the average employee, this would be a dumb idea. But the raw intelligence of women we have allows us to project, out into the field, a capability to solve problems that is a little humbling.

But with the addition of PUSSI and CUNT we need more staff, more women and that means another call to Joy. I need to steal a couple staff from GLS and FUCME to train the new women. It's time to add twenty more families. I have Maria call Joy and ask for the folders with the understanding that I will not be bedding the women, but the children would stay here and go to our school while the mothers were out in the field.

Soon I will never have to call for more women as the daughters will fill positions for us as they age into the program. From all I have seen, this is making all very happy. All know they have a real future. There has been no blowback.

I decide to bring Aniezar, whose nickname is Anie, back from Cebu to train the new women on their role as the hub of our national distribution network. They will have to understand both the interface with GLS and with the stores.

I bring a woman in from FUCME I haven't mentioned here before. Her name is Sharriecca but her nickname is Ricca. Ricca was in the first group we trained for GLS, and then stole from, to staff FUCME. She was exceptional at GLS and has become exceptional in her understanding of how to get the most from FUCME. As the CEO of FUCME, time and again, it has been her insight that has lead me to modify how we get things done. She was not seen initially to be at the top, during the first training phase. Yes, we noticed Janella and Anie as special, but not Ricca. She was good, but she didn't stand out, until we got her in the field. And then she started to shine. She continues to shine.

Between Anie and Ricca, we have the perfect pair to train our twenty new women. The older dorm and school will be filled with women for the ferry operations next, but these two can get started figuring out what we need to teach these gals and they can also help Vy and Shann2x with the first group.

§ § §

I get a call from the same guy at the PNP that word is, no one is looking to hurt us anymore, as there is no 'value' to doing it. They figured out that there would be no one here to reward them.

GLS Trucking is now operating in Cebu, Negros, Bohol, and southern Luzon. We are building out to Northern Luzon at present.

With the help of a bank we use, BPI, we have purchased the bankrupt cargo ferry business from Malaysia. The boats have been refitted and properly equipped with our monitoring systems. Shann2x and Vy have proven to be invaluable for a number of reasons. What one has not done before the other has. In the rare case where neither has, they have a deep well of contacts to draw on, for information. With their help and the good will of the local Muslim community, we have been able to get very favorable rates to dock and refit the ferries. We are using our own labor to do the work on the ferries as we will always have repair and maintenance issues with the fleet.

We have dipped into Jake's folders to get staff to help staff our remote operations, but not completely. Vy and Shann2x pair our new girls up with girls that used to work with their old employer. As we have informed Joy about the families for CUNT, I am not dipping my toe into this group.

Janella, Anie, and Ricca are also receiving training on port operations, as are the new girls. Janella does it because she is Vy and Shann2x's supervisor. Anie and Ricca, because as trainers for the new teams that will be the primary interface for the ferries, it only makes sense. Plus I have ideas about their future with me that mandates they learn all this.

I can't offer anything of value. So I keep out of their way.

Between Janella, Vy, Shann2x and Cynthia, the software is whipped into shape. Janella works with the developers that Jake involved regarding the ship displacement matter, and the fabricators we use in Guangdong, to create a complete package for each ferry. The results are just what we have hoped they would be.

The thirty women we have trained, are sent out in teams of three. Ten groups, and ten initial port operations. We will open up eight more later stealing eighteen of these gals and leaving one back in the port they opened. But for now, we will have ports on Luzon, Cebu, Nergo, Bohol, Letye, Samar, Mindoro, Palawan, Panay, and Mindanao. In the second round we will add a port in Zambangao on the western archipelago of Mindanao, Cagayan de Oro on the northern part of Midanao, Laoag on the northern end of Luzon, Masbate, Catanduanes, Polillo and Biliran.

§ § §

The port operations are ready. Our women are waiting for the ferries.

We are ready to launch the fleet. We set up the tent again and invite all but one crew to join us, along with officers from the PNP, AFP, PCG and the PN. These crewmen are veteran sailors, but while we have told them about the systems we are deploying, they haven't seen how it works.

Vy and Shann2x take everyone through the matter of RFID tag reading on the ferries, the GPS, engine and other readings, a few of the camera views, (but not all,) and displacement and estimated weight of the cargo and crew. The crew names are displayed on the screen. A few of the sailors joke that we won't know shit about displacement once underway. My girls do not rise to the bait.

All have now seen the ferry get loaded and are watching it get underway. It will take a bit for it to clear the bay and so we serve some lunch. The screens are up, but all pretty much socialize and eat. Well, all do, with the exception of the group from the government.

They have clustered around Shann2x and are asking questions nonstop while keeping one eye on the screen. And then one of them, sort of, gasps in amazement. The cameras are showing very choppy water, but the displacement indicator is stable. He mentions it. A colleague comments that in her opinion, it is a false read. Vy insists it is correct. The woman says, *No way*. Vy says, *Just wait. I don't want you to be embarrassed later!* That gets a lot of laughter.

Shortly after lunch, Shann2x calls all to note an approaching vessel. An alarm sounds as the vessel gets close. Shann2x acknowledges the alarm and silences it. We all watch as the vessels tie up and new cargo is loaded on to the ferry. We see the displacement change. Then we note a crew member has left the ferry, not because we can see him but because his display info leaves the screen and an alarm goes off. Shann2x acknowledges the alarm and silences it. We also note the displacement changes a little bit. The ferry is still heavier than it was before the vessels tied up. We note that two boxes that had been loaded at the port are now removed and they show up in a portion of the screen saying "missing." Another alarm has been sounded and is acknowledged.

The ferry is now a bit lighter than it was before the two tied up. But the sea is getting very rough and the vessels part.

The cameras are showing large swells but the displacement does not change. Once again our doubting PGC officer is questioning what she is seeing. But we have two huge containers of water lashed down amid-ships. We radio the crew, please dump the water overboard. They do and the displacement adjusts in the heavy seas. The PCG officer admits defeat.

What she didn't see, because she was watching the monitor, was that the men we have hired to crew these vessels were watching what approximated a smuggling operation that was observed completely. While Shann2x has been talking to the officers, Vy has been watching those that we have just hired.

Vy gets up and speaks. *In reality, an alarm will sound on the ship immediately as well as the one here at our command center for all these alarms. We know where our ships are and what is happening on them at all times. This is to protect the crew, the cargo and the ferry. We will be loading the ferries to the limit of their weight capacity but never in excess. We will know the weight of the crew and the weight of their possessions. All weight on board is accounted for. Changes of weight are recorded, based both on time and location added and removed. Questions?*

I lean over to Janella, who is standing at the back with me, *I bet you will lose a bunch of them now.*

That was exactly what I was thinking.

A fellow gets up and asks, *You will know if we need help?*

Yes.

Why are these officers here?

They are interested in our technology.

How much weight allowance do we get?

Ten kilo per crew member.

The questions go on for another fifteen minutes before Vy calls it day and thanks everyone for attending. Our new crews leave. If they are still with us, they need to sign papers tomorrow. The officers stay with us and we meet on the lanai.

First off, they want us to give them the code and technology. I explain that the code and the technology is proprietary. Plus it is tied into other software that we have a license to use but do not own. So, no, they can't have it.

The PCG folks are more than happy to take our calls, and the Navy is fascinated over the ability to see smuggling activity, in essentially real time. In the end, all leave with the clear understanding that we want to run a clean operation, and if something comes up, we want to be on their side. They have gotten that message.

That's about as much involvement as I have, in this part of the business. I gather the crews do not quit in large numbers. Yes, some don't follow through, but

most do. The concept that we will never overload a ship and put them in jeopardy, is a good thing. We will see.

§ § §

We bring in another group of families and start training for CUNT. We stole two staff from FUCME to run PUSSI and have to back fill a bit now. We are seeing problems when our women are not on site at the FUCME locations.

My consulting business is becoming a bit overwhelming. GLS customers who don't have the San Jose code can't link to the core software that provides them what others, including the competitors, have. Cynthia's sales/marketing staff's presence points that fact out. Those customers aren't getting all the benefits that are there for the picking. It has created a massive demand for our help.

I have Eve, Giselle, Joo, Jiecel, Taciana, Cri2x and Jassel assisting me in this now. I need all of them.

Cynthia's business is going well. She is making obscene amounts of money, and she is pregnant again. Her staff of ten has grown to a staff of fourteen and these gals are also making good money. Cynthia has the entire Philippines under her control with San Jose. No one can poach and there are no meaningful competitors here yet.

I need to move some of my responsibilities to others and I ask for a board meeting of FUC.

The board approves creating a COO positions for FUCME, PUSSI and CUNT. We make Ricca the COO of FUCME. She also functions as the COO for PUSSI until Renelyn turns twenty-one. In the meantime, Renelyn is her assistant.

We make Anie the COO of CUNT. When I tell Anie of the board's decision, I have one of the oddest conversations any CEO has ever had with a COO.

Bakit? I not one of the girls you bed all the time. Why you pick me?

Anie, are you one of my girls?

Of course, yes.

Have I used your ideas to improve GLS and FUCME?

Yes.

So, can you see that I value you?

Yes, value. But why not you reward a girl who wants in your bed more?

What does being a regular bed partner have to do with getting promoted here? I do not understand.

But I thought that...

Yes? What did you think?

I confused. Never mind. Sir?

Yes?

Am I supposed to be in your bed more now?

That is up to you Anie. It is not part of the job of COO.

But, you want me to do this because I am your girl? Di ba?

Yes and because you are very good at the job.

You OK with me if I not in your bed?

Anie, some women just don't want that much sex. Do you love me?

Oh! Yes Sir! You make my life very good. I always love you.

Do you have another man in your life?

Never! No!

So, just be my girl and run the CUNT operations. We will both be happy. OK?

OK, Sige.

§ § §

Alona is sitting down in an office chair. Husband, I have a problem.

OK tell me.

I need more buyers. Maybe double what we have now.

Can you absorb that many new ones all at once?

No, not without stressing us badly. That why it is a problem!

OK so add one at a time. Call Rose and work it out. Where will the new ones live?

With us! At the house.

Do you have enough room?

No, but if me and my kids move out we do.

Where do you want to live?

Here, of course!

Where here? There is no empty pavilion. When we added Anie and Ricca we

had to make them bunk with Janella.

Here in the house. There is a bedroom suite on the first floor that is not used. Diba?

Yes, OK.

Good!

What about your need to be with women?

Gordon! Your other wives live here. I love them and they will love me! I am supposed to live with my husband. I am coming home now.

OK, Alona. When do you want to move?

Today.

I have my Rose and my Joy. I know when Jake hears this, he is going to have a very good laugh. As to Alona's perceived need, I know she is right. Buying for as many stores and types of materials have stretched her staff to the breaking point. None are leaving but they are exhausted. Going from four to eight buyers will fix the problem. Rose will be happy to place for more of these women.

§ § §

There comes a time when what I have done, has generated enough steam, that things just sort of move on their own. Janella, Anie and Ricca do come to me to approve expansion plans, but that is becoming *pro forma*.

So I am CEO of GLS, FUCME, PUSSI, and CUNT, but I do not get involved in day to day issues. I allow the COO's to carry the load. Each of the COO's will become the CEO's in the not too distant future. CUNT and PUSSI now are housed in what were the empty office pavilions.

FUC sees the balance sheets, but doesn't get involved with any day to day issues. I concentrate on my consulting.

§ § §

Wenelyn has a child by me. Gordon Three is the poor guy's name. I am not kidding when I tell you, we call him Three. She is pregnant again.

Alona now has two of my children. She claims she wants another!

The nursery is getting filled.

§ § §

Our fears about smuggling were either overblown or our technology scared everyone off. We have had more trouble with maintenance than with anything

else. Vy and Shann2x have been marvels. Their work with San Jose is now being used in many other parts of the world. San Jose has benefited handsomely from the investment they made here.

I got an email from the corporate attorney from Cynthia's company asking me what I did to get Cynthia here with a legal visa. The answer is actually a case of sleight of hand. Cynthia does not and has never received a salary as an employee. She gets commissions. As far as the Philippine government is concerned, that makes her an independent contractor. Who are we to argue the point? That's what eventually got her the visa she holds now. In the beginning, she was here on an extended stay tourist visa, as she wasn't selling, but only just observing. And, yes I know that it is a prevarication, but that's how we played it.

§ § §

In the next two years we have a cadre of girls who will be eighteen and ready to leave here and take their places in our stores and operations. All the operating units need this as they all need to grow.

All parts and pieces of the build out, I envisioned for Bayan Na, are functioning. The store that once was, now exists in just about every province in the nation. Profits are embarrassingly good. And to that end I am now formally out of all the details of all the operating units. Those who were COO's under me are now CEO's of their respective units. I retain the CEO position in FUC and the position of chairmen as well.

My life has changed dramatically. I stopped taking Social Security as my salary here is so great, dealing with that piddly check was more a hassle than it was worth.

Princess finally has gotten old enough to climb into my bed. She is the very last I will allow to enter it.

Dian remains my trusted associate in the office, though calling her an assistant does not do justice to what she does here. She did knock down a wall between two bedrooms and created a suite, but visits mine frequently.

I have done what I set out to do three years ago. The Bayan Na store that I first walked into then still exists and I guess from the outside it might not look very different. Zelle still runs the place, though she is rarely there.

Tonight, I am with Zelle and Wenelyn. Both have given me children. My will makes sure that the children will inherit value far greater than they ever would have received if their mothers still owned the businesses. The other girls receive inheritances from the value of GLS, FUCME, PUSSI, CUNT, other holdings of

FUC, and of my accumulated wealth from the consulting business which is now substantial.

I have kept my promise to all the girls. Maria came to me the other day, after we distributed the YTD and balance sheets for the last quarter. She just asked me to sit with her for a while, and hold her. She is a wealthy woman now. She knows this. She could leave here, build her own house and hire her own maids. I kid her about it, but she cries when I say it. She loves me and the thought of leaving is the last thing she wants to hear from me.

But tonight, I am with these two dynamic powerful business women, who in my bed are simply my mistresses and the mothers of some of my children. Zelle has yet to turn thirty-one.

Along with Dian, Eve is my essential partner in the consulting business. She is running much of it. I only parachute in when needed. She is also and will always be a deep and true love of mine.

Other than Maria, Anja, Pia and Shamcey are probably with me more than anyone else. They are my shadows.

And Jana? She's here. She is my wife, my love, and she always will be. Didn't I say that at the very beginning?

Recipes

Tuna Kinilaw (Kinilaw na Tuna)



Kinilaw na Tuna: a raw fish salad.

Ingredients:

500 grams fresh (sashimi grade) yellow fin tuna fillet, cut into cubed
1/3 cup spiced (with chilies) vinegar
4 cloves garlic, finely minced
1 white onion, chopped
2 tablespoons minced ginger
4 tablespoons kalamansi or lime juice
salt and pepper to taste
3/4 cup vinegar for washing
1 red onion, chopped(optional)
3 pieces birds eye chili (siling labuyo), chopped(optional)
1 tablespoon sugar(optional)
2 tomatoes (small to medium), diced(optional)
1/2 cup pork cracklings(chicharon), crushed

Preparation:

1. In a bowl, combine cubed tuna and vinegar then mix well.
2. Let stand for 2 minutes then drain vinegar.
3. Add the remaining ingredients then mix well.
4. Cover and refrigerate for 45 minutes.

Serve chilled with lager or pilsner beer.

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Photos and graphics

PP-R Water Supply Pipe				
	PN 1.0MPa	PN 1.6MPa	PN 2.0MPa	PN 2.5MPa
Outer Diameter d_n (mm)	Wall Thickness e_n (mm)	Wall Thickness e_n (mm)	Wall Thickness e_n (mm)	Wall Thickness e_n (mm)
16				
20	2	2.3	2.8	3.4
25	2.3	2.8	3.5	4.2
32	2.9	3.6		
40	3.7	4.5		
50	4.6	5.6		
63	5.8	7.1		
75	6.8	8.4		
90	8.2	10.1		
110	10	12.1		
160	14.6	17.9		



PPR Pipe

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Pancit with Egg.

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Buko, a young Coconut. Inside a copious amount of juice.

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Bahay Kubo, also called a Nipa Hut.

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1000 Peso note

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Velocities

The resulting velocity components - in their most general form - can be expressed as:

$$\boxed{u = \frac{\partial \Phi_w}{\partial x} = \frac{dx}{dt}} = \zeta_a \omega \cdot e^{kz} \cdot \cos(kx - \omega t) \\ \boxed{w = \frac{\partial \Phi_w}{\partial z} = \frac{dz}{dt}} = \zeta_a \omega \cdot e^{kz} \cdot \sin(kx - \omega t) \quad (2.13)$$

An example of a velocity field is given in figure 2.2.

Beneath the crest of a wave, the water movement is with the wave. Beneath the trough it is against the wave. This can be seen easily by watching a small object, such as a bottle, floating low in the water. It will move more or less with the water particles.

The combined motions in the x - and z -directions become circles, as will be treated hereafter. The circular outline velocity or orbital velocity follows from the two equations 2.13:

$$V_o = \sqrt{u^2 + w^2} \\ = \zeta_a \omega \cdot e^{kz} \quad (2.14)$$

This velocity, which consists of two harmonic contributions, is in this case not harmonic; in this case it is constant.

Displacements

Because of the small steepness of the wave, x and z in the right hand side of the equations 2.13 can be replaced by the coordinates of the mean position of the considered water particle: x_1 and z_1 . Hence the distances $x - x_1$ and $z - z_1$ are so small that differences in velocities resulting from the water motion position shifts can be neglected; they are of second order. Then, an integration of velocity equations over t yields the water displacements:

$$\boxed{x = \int_0^t u \cdot dt} = -\zeta_a \cdot e^{kz} \cdot \sin(kx_1 - \omega t) + C_1 \\ \boxed{z = \int_0^t w \cdot dt} = +\zeta_a \cdot e^{kz} \cdot \cos(kx_1 - \omega t) + C_2 \quad (2.15)$$

Displacement Math

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Dingdong Dantes, Isko Moreno on LP list of possible senatorial bets

Gil Cabacungan
@gilcabacungan

Philippine Daily Inquirer 1:49 AM | Monday, April 27, 2015

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(From left) Dingdong Dantes, Herbert Bautista and Isko Moreno. HIL PHOTOS

MANILA, Philippines—Dingdong Dantes, Rep. Leila "Bibek" Bautista, "Isko Moreno," Leila de Lima, Francis Tolentino and Leni Robredo.

They are among the 19 names short-listed for the administration coalition's senatorial slate for the 2016 elections, according to Caloocan Rep. Edgar Erice, a member of the ruling Liberal Party (LP).

Only 12 seats in the 24-member Senate are at stake in May next year.

Actor Dantes is the husband of actress Marian Rivera and a commissioner-at-large of the National Youth Commission. Bautista is mayor of Quezon City while Isko Moreno is Marilao Vice Mayor Francisco Domagoso. De Lima is the Justice secretary and Robredo is Camarines Sur representative and widow of the former interior secretary Jesse Robredo.

The LP list includes reelectionists and former senators and members of the House of Representatives.

Others being considered for the administration senatorial ticket, Erice said, are reelectionists Senate President Franklin Drilon and Senators Ralph Recto, Teofisto Guingona III and Sergio Osmeña III; and former senators Danilo Lim and Crisostomo Cayetano.



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Penalize recruiter, Veloso kin urge



Dingdong for Senate

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