

Gimme Shelter



by VeryWellAged

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A Novel

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

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Chapter 1: Safe harbor

***H**e strangled her?*

That's what she texted.

When?

Just now. He just come home from that bar.

She needs to get out of there! The damned fool is just another drunk, like the rest of those expats down there. None of them are worth a damn. She is in danger.

I know. I ask her, where is she? But no answer.

Does she have family around here?

No. Just her and her two kids.

The kids aren't his, right?

Correct. They are from the Filipino boyfriend she had. He left her.

She's not married to this guy. Why doesn't she call the police?

I don't know. She not answering my text.

How old are the kids?

Elementary school age.

I don't want it to be permanent, but if she needs a place to stay, she can come here tonight.

I know, I text her that, but she not answer.

It's late. Will you hear it if she texts back, if you are asleep?

I think so. Good night Pogi. My pogi talaga asawa¹! [giggle]

Good night, sweetheart.

§ § §

Mahal! Mahal!² Someone ring the gate-bell! I will look through the window! Be ready to go out please!

I put on a robe and some flip-flops, but hang back for my wife to indicate whether I need to allow someone in, or ignore the bell. There can be danger in opening the gate at night, if you do not know the person who is ringing the bell. It's two thirty in the morning.

Hala!³ She here! Go let her in, please!

I know *Hala* means 'watch out,' but I do not think Anabel means me. I think she is indicating, that it is dangerous for a woman to be outside at this time at night. I hurry out to let her in. At the gate I find three of them. The two kids are with her. All three look frightened and very tired. I open the padlock on the manhole⁴ in the gate and get them through. They hurry toward the house as I re-lock. It is a warm night and being in a robe, as I finish the locking, is no cause for distress.

As I get back, into the house, my wife is busy getting the kids settled in the back bedroom. Their mom, Kaysi⁵, is sitting bewildered, and seemingly in shock, on the couch. It is a miracle she held it together long enough to get here. The twenty-seven year old is a good looking female. Her skin color is darker than the ideal by Filipina standards, but she looks fine by mine. She seems like a nice girl, but then I do not really know her. She might be a real bitch, but bitch or not, does not give a boyfriend, or husband for that matter, license to assault a girl. Of course, I do not have first-hand knowledge that he did try to strangle her, but the marks on her neck, look pretty real to me. I don't try to talk to Kaysi, but I do grab a glass, and pour her a drink of chilled water from the water cooler.

¹ Good night Handsome, My truly handsome husband!

² My dear! My dear!

³ Be careful. Can also mean 'watch out!'

⁴ A small gate, for a person to fit through. It may be part of a larger gate through which a car can pass, or it may be to the side of the larger gate.

⁵ kay-SEE

She takes it and drinks it down. I take the glass from her and refill it. Handing it back to her I get the faintest of smiles as she takes the glass and sips at it.

Anabel returns to guide Kaysi to the back bedroom. I turn off the lights in the Sala⁶ and go back to our bedroom. Minutes later, my wife returns. We try to catch a few more winks of shuteye.

§ § §

Ray, thank you for allowing us to stay here.

I think that may be the most she has ever said to me. She is in the kitchen this morning, when I enter. I gather she has been talking to Anabel, but, at the moment, Anabel is out in the dirty kitchen and Kaysi is sitting alone at the table. To my amazement, Kaysi begins talking anew.

Anabel is very lucky. You are a good man. A very good man. Not like the others. I am unlucky. I not find any good man. I only find mean and bad men. I wish you were my good man.

The next comments out of my mouth were meant to be facetious. It was not an invitation, or at least I didn't think it was. *As I am already married, you will need to convince Anabel to share me, if that's what you want.* I said nothing more and nothing more was said at all. Anabel enters the room with a bowl of fried rice and a plate of [tocino](#).

Did she tell you what the bastard did to her?

No, she was just thanking us for allowing her to stay here.

Ray, she has bruises in places she cannot show you! I tell her we should call the pulis⁷. He should be deported. He a bad man!

She will have to show the bruises and they will want to take photos. I agree with you, but, Kaysi, are you willing?

⁶ Living room or parlor.

⁷ Tagalog for Police.

No. No. Just want away from him. Wala na⁸.

It's Saturday, so no school today. Where are they going to school?

West, they go to West.

You need the rest of your stuff, right?

Yes, how I get it?

Anabel, can any of your friends let you know when Jack is at the bar? I suspect it will be safe, if we drive her down to the apartment then, and she can get what she needs.

OK, I try.

§ § §

Anabel gets a heads up. Jack is at the bar by noon. My wife stays with the kids and I drive Kaysi to the apartment. The idea is that if Jack shows up, my presence will damp down any real potential danger for Kaysi. As it is, Jack never shows up and with the garbage bags we have brought with us, we have everything sacked up and out of the place in less than an hour. While Kaysi is sacking and I am loading everything in the back of my pickup, there is no talking, other than the occasional, 'thanks.'

On the way back to our place, Kaysi, is silent for a bit and then out of the blue as she asks, *Ray, what do I do to convince Anabel to share you?*

I am shocked, flattered, but at least for a bit, without any words. Finally, cluelessly, I ask, *Kaysi, do you think I am coming on to you?*

No. You have never done that. You are a gentleman. We all know that.

Who is 'we?'

All the girls! You know, all the girls of the expats. Some of the guys, they are always saying things. They touch you, but you not want that. You not do that.

⁸ Nothing else. (literally 'Nothing now.')

So why do you want to be with me, if I do not flirt with you?

Ray, Sir, if you take me, then I am safe, my children are safe. You are handsome, and nice. Anabel say you never hit her and we all know you not a drunk. All the guys at the bar call you names because you will not join them. I think if they not like you, then you must be really very good.

You understand that I will never leave my wife?

Yes, I know this.

Kaysi, I love Anabel. She is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I do not want to hurt her.

How I convince her I not going to hurt her? How I convince her she need to share you?

This has got to be the weirdest conversation I have ever had. I never, and I do mean never, have given this female the slightest reason to assume I am interested in her. Granted, I find her attractive, but I find many females attractive here in the Philippines. I have made it clear that I love my wife and will not leave her, nor will I allow her to be hurt. What more can I say without hurting this young woman and without being cruel? I think I have the answer as I tell Kaysi, *I guess you have to convince Anabel your love for her is so strong, that sharing me is the only way you can live with her the way you need to live.*

Now, Filipinas do not understand bi-sexuality. To them, you are either a Lesbian or you are straight. I figure that my answer will drive a stake in the matter. To the extent that the rest of the trip home is one of silence, there is nothing to prove me wrong.

Once we get back to the house, Anabel and I assist Kaysi to carry the bags into the bedroom, in which she and her kids are staying. As Kaysi disappears into the back bedroom with the kids, I sit down with Anabel on the lanai⁹. *How long is she going to stay here?*

Ray? She just got here! She doesn't know. Give her a few days.

⁹ A lanai or lānai is a type of roofed, open-sided veranda, patio or porch.

OK, OK, but not long. OK?

Yes, OK.

§ § §

When I come in from the Lanai, I find the kids, sitting in the Sala, watching cartoons. They seem nice and well behaved. The older one, about 9, is a girl. The boy seems to be a year or two younger. I am sure that I will get the full scoop soon enough. I retire to the bedroom and pick up a book I am reading, but don't get more than five pages read, before I get a call. One of my friends has been taken to the hospital. I am needed.

For a guy who is supposed to be retired, this life seems to be anything but retiring. My friend has a subdural hematoma, but the subdural part is the problem, it is in the brain. He's bleeding internally into his cranium. His twenty-one year old wife is freaking out and it seems that I am the only one who they trust to give advice. That's flattering but I am no doctor. Still, at least I am not panicking and I do have my friend's best interest in mind. I guess that counts for something. I get to the hospital by about three in the afternoon. I leave eleven hours later. The guy's going under the knife in the morning and there is nothing more I can do for now. The intervening hours have been a combination of sheer fear for the guy's life interspersed between long stretches of boredom as we just wait for tests, results and doctors to appear. There is little as dehumanizing as being an emergency patient in a hospital. It only gets worse when your brain, your ability to think, to reason, your emotional stability, and ability to remember, are dramatically impaired. God save me from such a personal experience.

I have been texting on and off throughout the evening, until Anabel went to bed a few hours ago. The house is locked up but the outside lights are on as I unlock the gate, park the truck and lock things back up. It has been a very long and weird twenty-seven hours. I am exhausted.

I get six hours of sleep, grab a quick breakfast after a shower, and am about to leave. I am needed back at the hospital. There is a snag about the surgery. Anabel tells me that the texting universe has exploded with questions about Kaysi's disappearance. It seems, the fact that she had left the apartment was no big deal the first night. But the fact that she

returned, took her stuff and 'disappeared' has every one of the bar group up in arms. They seem to think that she could not leave like that without assistance and they want to find out who the bastard is who has helped Kaysi. Oh fuck them, and the horses they rode in on! I have more important issues with which to deal.

What part of emergency do they, at the hospital, not understand? Jeez! I am gone another twelve hours, finally getting home at nine-thirty Sunday evening. What a way to spend a weekend!

Anabel feeds me a rewarmed supper as we talk over the events of my day. I ask her how her day has gone and I get an odd look, and a cryptic response of, *Ray, that's something we need to talk about, later.*

Later, it turns out, is when we retire for the night, behind the bedroom doors.

Ray, what do you think of women who love women?

I thought all women, love women. Don't you love all your friends?

No, bobo¹⁰! Not love like that! You know what I mean! Love, like I love you.

Oh, well, I guess I haven't given it much thought. Why?

Are you offended by it?

No... why, Anabel?

Just suppose that I loved you and I also loved a woman, would you be willing to share me?

You mean you live with me, Monday, Wednesday and Friday and you live with the girl, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday? No, that I would not like. I am not a part time husband.

¹⁰ Stupid.

I not mean that. No, I not want that either. Huh, I guess I not know how to ask it. Would it be OK if Kaysi stay with us permanently and I have sex with her?

Anabel, how would you like it if I asked you if I could sleep with Kaysi and you too? How would you feel?

I would feel like you were breaking your marriage vows.

And that is what you are asking me, right?

Oh! I never think about it that way! But you are right. I cannot do anything outside the marriage. I cannot have a relationship that takes my love away from our marriage. I not think of it, but yes I see that now. Ray, I have a problem. I think I love Kaysi.

You don't know her enough to really love her! Hell, I don't know her at all. How do you know she is not manipulating you to get to me? How do you know her real plan isn't to function as my second wife, without having to act like a wife or mistress to me, but getting the benefits, of food shelter, safety and a future for her kids? Have you thought about that?

Please Ray! Don't be so angry! She is not like that?

So you know this?

Yes!

What if I can prove to you that you are wrong? What if I can prove that the one she really wants is me and that she is just manipulating you?

I not believe it?

What if I can prove it?

You can't!

Oh yes I can. You tell her that the only way she can have you the way she wants you is to also be my mistress. She can only have you if she gives herself to me completely.

She won't do that after what other men have done to her!

Oh yes she will, Anabel. But the problem, is that you will be asking your lover to fuck your husband. What if you are wrong? Are you really willing to risk your marriage? What if I fuck her? What will you feel then? You are convinced she will not do it, but I am convinced you are wrong. I do not want to lose you Anabel. You don't know this girl very well. I don't know her at all.

OK, OK, I think about this.

Good.

§ § §

Monday morning requires me to return to the hospital. The good news is that the guy is out of surgery, out of recovery and is listed as stable. There is a hole in his head and blood continues to drain out. He is not out of the woods, and we do not know when, or even if, the bleeding will stop. The doctor is pretty sure we will see an end to the blood in the next three days. In the meantime, there are financial issues that need resolution. Once again, it falls on me to review the bills and sort out what needs to be done. I spend most of the day there before returning home at five-thirty.

Supper, and four souls, are evidently awaiting my arrival. The table is set a little more formally than the norm. Anabel rarely eats much for supper. She is constantly dieting, she tells me, but afternoons and late evenings by the TV seem to be enlivened by snack food. So it's not exactly a diet, but what the heck. She's a lovely, trim and attractive woman. I love her dearly and if that is what she wants to do, well then, OK. Most nights, she just puts a plate out for me, puts rice on it and a bowl of whatever she has made for me on the table. So it's quite different to see place settings for five on the table, along with [pinakbet](#), a platter of [bihon](#) and the always bowl of locally grown white rice. Also different is the presence of a bottle of Sprite on the table. Anabel pours me a glass of water with my

supper each night. Tonight there is no glass of water. Instead, Kaysi is pouring me a beer.

We all sit down and Kaysi asks if we start our meal with a prayer. I tell her we normally do not, as I am an atheist. She asks if one of her kids might say a prayer. I tell her to go ahead.

Sam2x¹¹, say your prayer for Tito¹² Ray.

The child gets a very serious look on her little face, bows her head before uttering, just barely loud enough to be heard, *Bless us Oh Lord, and these thy gifts, which we are about to receive, from thy bounty, through Christ, Our Lord. Amen.*

I do not say 'Amen' but all the rest do including my wife. Ah well, no point in fussing, they will be gone in a few days and we can return to normality.

The pinakbet and bihon are very good and I compliment Anabel. I am thinking, maybe I should have beer, more often, with these meals, if that's what is making them taste better! I have been eating my wife's cooking for a decade and while it is good, it sure tastes better tonight.

You like it? Yes?

Yes, it is very good.

That is because I not the one to cook. Kaysi cook for us. She is good cook, see?

Yes. Kaysi, this is a very good meal. Thank you.

You are welcome Sir Ray. I want to do for you. You are so kind to my children and me. I will take care of your house and cook your food. It what I want to do. I will be your maid. OK?

¹¹ Sam2x is Sam-Sam which is an endearment or nickname for Samantha.

¹² Uncle.

Chapter 2: Who's helping who?

Well it will be nice for Anabel to have some help until you can figure out where you want to live.

Here, Po¹³, I want to live here, with you and Anabel. Anabel say I can if you give your permission. It OK with you, Po?

Why Kaysi? You are young, lovely and clearly a very good cook. Many men will find you a good catch. Why do you want to live with us?

Po, I have three boyfriends in my life. My first, he was Filipino. He beat me and then after he give me Boy2x¹⁴, he leave me. Then I meet a guy from UK. He beat me too and then he go back to the UK and die. Last year I meet Jack. You know what he do me. I have very bad luck, Po. I afraid the next guy, maybe he just kill me. You not kill me. You a good guy. I want to be with you and Madam. You both good to me.

I turn to Anabel, and give her a look that tells her, 'see? See I told you she was manipulating you!' Anabel in turn, returns my look and says, *Ray, come to bedroom. We talk in private, OK? Do not be afraid, Kaysi. It OK, promise.*

I am not so sure anything can be promised. I am getting pissed. I get up from the table, leaving half my supper uneaten. All of a sudden I am sure as hell not hungry.

Once in the bedroom, Anabel is alternately angry and crying. *Why you so mean to her? Bakit¹⁵? You are rude. You should not be rude. Why you that way? Bakit!?*

Why do you want to ruin our marriage? Bakit ka rin¹⁶!?

I no want to hurt marriage. I want to help my friend. Why you not do that?

¹³ Sir or Madam, it is not gender specific, but it does convey respect.

¹⁴ Boy-Boy, a person's nickname.

¹⁵ Why. [Pronounced: bah-KIT]

¹⁶ Why, to you, also!

Because she wants to be my mistress! You want that?

Yes!

What? Last night I told you she was manipulating you so that she could have me. You said that was not true. Now you don't care?

Yes!

Really? Anabel, you don't really mean that. You are just angry.

If you let her stay, she be your mistress. I no care about that.

You will care the very next day.

No! Not true. You take her. I OK with that. You take her and she stay with us. No one hit her anymore. It important, no one hit her.

And her kids, you expect me to be their father?

No. She take care of her kids. She get a job to pay for them, if want that.

You love her, Anabel?

Yes!

You make love to her?

Yes!

Am I losing you to her?

No! Mahal, no! I love you. Same same! No change that.

Anabel, I do not love her. I barely know her. You are having sex with her. She needs to go.

OK, OK, malit, malit¹⁷ I not have sex with her. I promise, Mahal. I not sex with her. Just friends. You find out if you like her. OK?

¹⁷ Wrong wrong or very wrong. Here Anabel is saying she is wrong.

What?

Please, Mahal, please. You do this for me? I afraid, we kick her out, she go back to Jack. She not know what else she do!

I want no part of this, but it is clear that I can't kick Kaysi out, without creating a wreck with Anabel. The concept of going back to that creep, is unpalatable to me as well. *No sex? No sex with her for either of us? Correct?*

Yes OK, tama¹⁸.

OK, go explain it to her.

She will be the maid? Yes?

For now, OK.

Mahal, she gives a good massage. You allow this?

Anabel!

Mahal, please allow her to feel accepted. No more angry with her! Make peace, please.

OK, OK.

Good you stay here. I talk to her and then you get a massage to relax.

Anabel gives very acceptable massages. I fail to see why I should get one from Kaysi. I am no longer hungry and I am exhausted. I kick off my sandals and lie down. My mind is filled with the conversations I have had with Kaysi. Is she simply needy? Is she a real manipulator? Is she dangerous to my marriage? How would we handle a third wheel? Why should I allow it? She is attractive. She was honest in approaching me on the matter, twice and she followed through with the path I laid out for her. I just didn't mean it! It wasn't Kaysi who was being disingenuous, it was me.

¹⁸ Correct. [Pronounced: tah-MAH]

My mind is bouncing around with these contradictory thoughts when the bedroom door opens. It is Kaysi and she is carrying at least four towels in her arms, and is holding on to a plastic bottle of something.

Po, please get up. I put three towels on the bed. I give you towel. I go out. You take off clothes. Wrap in this towel and tell me you are ready. I then come back in. OK?

I nod my head and get up. Kaysi hands me a towel, strips the coverlet and sheets off the bed. She then places three very large towels over the mattress, before leaving the room. I strip down, wrap the towel around my middle and open the bedroom door. Kaysi is standing on the other side. She enters and closes the door.

Kaysi places me on my stomach and asks me to loosen the wrap and allow her to have it just draped over my middle. We cooperate in the process. Once the towel is suitably draped over me, she slides it down so that my ass is covered, just barely and then she folds the towel so that its width is halved. I am still 'covered' but not by nearly as much.

Oil is applied to my back neck and arms before she starts the digging into my muscles. This is not a sexy massage. This is the real deal. She is working the muscles, pulling this way and that, working my joints. Some of it is just this side of really painful. But I recognize it for what it is. It is a professional massage. As that fact becomes clear, I guess I relax, because Kaysi comments. *Ah, see, now you learn to trust a little! Good. I not here to hurt you. I am good to you. I always be good to you. You will see this. Po, why you fight me so hard? I not a bad girl.*

How do I know that you are not a bad girl? How do I know that?

Ah I see. OK. I not know how to show you. Kaysi is continuing to do things to my joints and muscles that make me grunt and moan. *How you know that you trust your wife before you marry her? How you do that?*

Ha! I don't know that either, Kaysi. Good question. I think I just learned to depend on her and learned that I never regretted giving that trust.

Maybe, Po, you trust me and see that I am good? You do that?

There was sex in that relationship, Kaysi. There was money that we handled together and for each other. It's not the same thing as being a maid.

Po, I not want to be your maid. I want to be your mistress. You know this!

Yes, I do. You have not told Anabel that.

Yes, Po, I do tell her. I tell her I want to be a mistress to her and to you. Just like you say. I learn to love her and she learn to love me. I tell her that I be a mistress to both. Why she not tell you that?

When did you tell her that?

Yesterday, Po. Bakit?

Wala¹⁹. Kaysi, I do not want to destroy my marriage. You are scaring me.

I not hurt your marriage. I promise.

Dear girl. You can promise to do many things but you cannot promise what others may do! You will have no control over Anabel, if things fall apart.

I see. But it be OK, you will see. Kaysi has moved down to my legs. She has applied oil. Po, it harder to give you massage, you have much hair on your body. Oil not work the same way with you! I wish not so much hair! Hehe, maybe I shave you!

You try and I will spank you.

Hehe, I not believe you, but if you do, maybe I like that! She is working close to my glutes and I am getting concerned that she not make this about sex. Relax, Po! I not have sex with you when I massage. You are safe. You must learn to trust me! But when you are ready, I do good sex massage too! You will see.

Damn, now that's not fair. I am getting wood. I will not have sex with Kaysi, but now I am uncomfortable. Kaysi finishes with my back and has

¹⁹ Nothing.

me turn over. It's quite a sight. The manual stretching she has been doing with my limbs has caused a lot of oil to be transferred to her thin tee shirt. It is now clear that she is not wearing a bra. The tee shirt has become, if not transparent, then translucent. I can clearly see her breasts. They are amazing and they dangle only centimeters from my nose as Kaysi works me from above my head. Is she aware of this? I suspect she is. She is teasing me. Showing me what I can have, that's 'right in front of my nose.' I am sporting heavy wood and am tenting under the towel.

By the time the massage is done, I am worn out in a serious way. I take a shower and crawl into bed. I must have gone sound asleep because I do not remember my wife coming to bed. In the morning, I awaken as she gets out of bed and starts packing.

Where are we going?

Not we. Me. I am going to spend a couple of days with my mother.

Anabel! No! You are not leaving me here with Kaysi!

Yes I am. You get to know her. You learn to trust her. You say you not know her. This way you know her.

Am I losing you?

No silly. Not losing. I am your asawa²⁰. No change.

How can you be sure?

I know you Ray. You never leave me. Why you not know? I never leave you!

Even if I am fucking Kaysi?

Yes, even then.

How can you be so sure?

Because Kaysi love me too. She not want us to split up.

²⁰ Husband or wife. It simply is the marriage partner.

You understand that this is wrong?

No, I think this is right. I think you are being makulit²¹.

§ § §

I am wifeless. She tells me she will be back next week. Kaysi is only gone on occasion to take her kids to and from school or to go shopping. I provide the money for the shopping, and a little for the tricycle²² transportation. I have gotten another sex free massage and must admit that these could become addictive. Kaysi's cooking is quite honestly better than Anabel's. She knows how to keep a house clean and she does the laundry every day. Everything gets ironed and put away. How Kaysi doesn't have a gold plated marriage is beyond me.

She says she is 'unlucky.' If she wouldn't date drunks, I suspect her luck would improve measurably, but she says something that surprises me. It is simply that she hopes I will change my mind about her soon as she is getting really horny. She needs sex, a lot. It can take quite a lot of time to find a good man. If she is trying to find a guy quick, she will be dealing mostly with the type of guys who will hurt her in the long run.

Kaysi has been wearing very revealing outfits. She has been bending over to make sure I get a view. She has been teasing me in every way she can imagine while not laying a hand on me. The damned girl is giving me heavy wood and I am about at the end of my rope. If I text Anabel and complain, she will tell me to 'do' Kaysi. That would be so not helpful.

By the third day, I have had just about enough. I have a wife, who wants me to fuck the maid. I have a maid who desperately wants to be my mistress. Why am I being so recalcitrant? The only one who is holding out is me. I give up, but I am a bit pissed. It is almost time for lunch. Kaysi is wearing a very short dress. I see her in the kitchen and tell her, *That dress is too long, pull it up a bit.*

She gives me a real long hard look, and pulls the hem up a bit. *Better, Po?*

²¹ Exceedingly difficult!

²² Motorcycle with cab functions as a taxi.

Huh. No I think not. Just take that damned dress off. Maybe that will be better.

She doesn't nod, but simply removes the dress, draping it over the back of a chair from the dining table. *Better?* She has no bra on. Her panties are not much more than a thong.

Yes, that's better. Stay like that. I prefer it. Her eyebrows raise once. She will comply.

As she serves my lunch, her right breast brushes my cheek. Her nipples are sticking out like little bullets from her breasts. She is aroused. She has moved away from the table, I ask her to come to the table by me. When she is close enough, I pull her into to me and put my mouth on one breast. I handle the entire breast while sucking and licking her left nipple. The moment my wet lips meet her breast, she moans, deeply. *Come, Po. Let me treat you right! Come!*

Kaysi's grip is firm. I have become accustomed to her touch and arise from my chair. She does not let go of me, as she pulls me firmly, but not unwillingly, into my own bedroom and on to my own bed.

Kaysi proceeds to undress me. Once she has me completely naked, she removes her panties and joins me on the bed. *Now Po, I give you a sex massage. When I am done, you will sleep. I will get my children from school. When I get back I will wake you up and you will fuck me hard. It must be very hard, Po. Then I will give you, your dinner. After dinner you can relax while I get my children to bed. Then we fuck again, into the night. Now lie back and allow me to do you good.*

I gather my input was neither sought nor required. I have just been told what the program is, not what I might choose off the menu. I have never had a 'sex massage' and have no idea as she leans over me and takes my nipple into her mouth. I have never had a nipple sucked on. It is an amazing feeling. Kaysi is taking her time, getting me stimulated without ever touching the woody. She is showing me that I have places on my body that I never considered as sexual but are very much so as she proceeds to conduct a symphony of sexual enlightenment on my torso. For the better part of an hour she has me in a state of stimulation, and I

do not know how I didn't blow without any contact with the member in question.

She seems completely unwilling to touch Willie. I am humping the air. She has me going crazy. And then just when I am going to open my mouth and tell her to get with the fucking program, she puts her head just a few centimeters from my predicament and sends her hot moist breath over it. That's all it takes. I start to blow ropes in the air, but as I erupt, Kaysi's mouth clamps down on my member. Not a drop of cum is to be found. It is all down her gullet. She licks me clean, kisses me deeply on the lips, strokes my now limp member and whispers, now go to sleep. Evidently, I do.

I awaken a couple of hours later. I am still naked. Kaysi is naked and she has me in her mouth. I am not hard at the moment of consciousness, but I get that way rapidly. Remembering what the girl told me earlier, I grab her, flip her onto her back, and without ceremony ram my tool into her cunt. I grab her legs and slide my hands down, raising her legs up until I have her with her ankles in the air, her ass elevated, her shoulders sunk into the mattress as I pound her cunt as hard as I can.

Yes, fuck me. Take me. I am yours. Fuck me hard. Yes. YES! Fuck ME! Oh! YES!

There is nothing subtle going on. I am not playing with her clit, or a nipple. I sure as hell am not kissing her. I am just pounding a cunt with a hard cock. But her cunt is tight and her juices are flowing copiously. As I pound her she squirts right into my abdomen. Her body is convulsing. Her cunt muscles are clamping on my cock. I cum hard and deep.

Suck my clit, hard! Suck it, Po. I do and Kaysi goes nuts again, convulsing, squirting in my face.

Oh God! Po, that was so good! Thank you! Thank you! Jack was always so drunk, he could not fuck me good. Not for a long time. I complain he not good in bed. He too drunk! That when he choke me! It a long time I not have a good hard cock in me! Later tonight we make real love! But now we take a shower, I make you supper and put the children to bed. OK?

OK, Kaysi. OK.

We shower in the master bath and I stay in the bedroom while Kaysi goes to the kitchen. How do I say this and not have it come out wrong. I love my wife and will never leave her, but Kaysi, is younger, prettier, cooks better and has so much more sexual knowledge and skill, that Anabel seems like a bush-leaguer by comparison. This could cause real problems. I need my wife home now. I grab my cell phone and text her.

Bel, I have consummated with Kaysi. Critical you come home immediately. No delay acceptable. Come home now!

Bakit, Mahal? It not good?

You know damned well. It was too good. Come home now!

You still love me?

Of course I do.

Sige²³, Sige, I coming. Tomorrow. No way to get there today.

OK

²³ This is hard to provide a direct translation. When said as is it here twice, it means OK, fine, I agree or will do and indicates the discussion is pretty much over. [The 'i' here is sounded like a [shwa](#) (ɛ) as is the I in pencil. The 'e' is hard, contrary to typical Tagalog fashion. So it is sɛ-GEE.]

Chapter 3: Rumors of roomers.

I try reading for a bit, while Kaysi is getting supper ready. That is a non-starter. I cannot concentrate. I try to play a game on my cell phone but keep on dying. As my wife would say when playing Candy Crush, *Mahal, I have no life!*

I am just jittery. It is like there has been 'a disturbance in the force.' Finally, Kaysi sticks her head in to the bedroom and calls me to supper. Oh I could have left the bedroom before, I just didn't want to put my fevered brain on display, I guess.

Tonight's supper is [Ampalaya con Carne](#). It is masarap²⁴! Does she know this is one of my very favorite dishes? The kids seem to love it and I can't get enough of it. Kaysi seems to be brimming with pride. I look at her in a new light. She is quite a fantastic female. I am having second and third thoughts about allowing any other man near her. If I can hold my marriage together and add Kaysi, I will do it. The question is, can I? It is easy to say, 'no problem,' when your partner is not falling in love with someone else. How will it be when Anabel sees me falling for Kaysi?

Following supper, I get up, kiss the cook who kisses back fervently, in front of her kids. I retire to the Sala as Kaysi gets the kids washed and in bed. I am beyond conflicted. I am falling in love with Kaysi. I am panicky, not wanting to lose Anabel. How does this work out? I have, in life, seen many marital breakups over far less. Oh, I know of guys who have a string of girlfriends, who may come and go, but none of them are wives. I am afraid this is going to end very badly, regardless of what my wife and Kaysi seem to think.

Kaysi isn't the only female around here with a rocky relationship. Granted the other guys haven't been strangling their wives or girlfriends. Still one, a retired US Army vet, threw gas on his wife and tried to light her up! One, an Aussie, is at least verbally abusive, possibly physically abusive, a skirt chaser, and a drunk. Another guy from the land of the Euro, is a little dictator. He is maddeningly controlling and verbally abusive. Another is a bible thumper who insists that his wife is simply

²⁴ Very delicious.

there to do what he tells her. He refuses to listen to her. There is a cadre of idiot males around here. Some of the women are not exactly my idea of a good deal, but these men are simply an embarrassment to the human race. The fact that the females stay with these guys has always been a wonderment to me. So Kaysi is not alone in having a bad relationship. She is alone in the fact that she jumped ship before being dumped and in the fact that she chose to come here.

I get up and pour myself a short brandy and sit back down, nursing the alcohol, as my brain, tries futilely to resolve what is clinically called [cognitive dissonance](#).

Please, Ray, are you drunk?

Huh? Oh no, Kaysi. I am not and you will never see me drunk. I do take a shot every once in a while, but that bottle has been in the house for six months.

Talaga²⁵? Six months?

Yes.

Wow, I never see that ever. OK, you not sound drunk. You scare me. I afraid you just like the rest.

Ah! I am sorry to worry you. I am not a drunk, Kaysi.

Good. Come to bed?

Sure. I put the unfinished drink on the kitchen counter and grab Kaysi's hand, to go to the bedroom.

You not going to finish it?

No, we have better things to do.

Wow, I never see that either. Good! Very good!

²⁵ Truly?

We enter the bedroom hand and hand. I pull her to me and give her a real kiss. Not a peck, not a playful smooch. I have feelings for Kaysi now and we have not really kissed. We have not touched souls. We have touched each other's sexual needs, but not the heart. I want to touch her heart and I want her to feel mine. Is that silly? Am I a romantic fool? I guess I am. But it is who I am. I believe in love. I believe in commitment.

And so, I am committed to this kiss. It has meaning for me. Evidently it has meaning for Kaysi, because she is right there with me. We tumble on to the bed still embracing and still kissing. The kiss refuses to end and I am hungry for her breath in my lungs, her hands in my hair, her tongue touching my tongue. God, I am so deep into devouring, and being devoured, by her, I can think of nothing else.

I honestly do not know how long we kissed. But at some point we stop for moment. Kaysi whispers in my ear, *I am yours now*.

I do not answer. Instead I undress her, slowly. We are in no hurry. She then undresses me. We kiss again, this time, skin against skin. Her warmth against my warmth. Her baby soft smooth skin against the weather worn skin I inhabit. She cares not. She has no intent to let go, ever. Nor do I.

I have already broken my marriage vows. I have done so with the prodding of my wife. I do not feel guilty. At the moment, I am filled with too much desire to worry about our future tomorrow.

Still kissing, my woody finds its natural home and waits patiently at the door. It is not knocking... well maybe tapping a bit. Kaysi's hand snakes down and guides me in through the portal into where I belong. I belong inside this girl. She knew it days ago. I know it now.

We move slowly, deliberately. Once again, there is no hurry. There is comfort and pleasure in the feeling of being where I am supposed to be. Does she know this too? Does Kaysi share this sense of rightness? I am about to break the mood and ask her. No need as she whispers, *See, my love? See how right this is? See? This is supposed to be this way, you and me. See? Feel my love surround your love? Feel my heat? Feel my need?* From underneath me, she is moving her groin up and down slowly, working my cock gently, and slowly, in and out just a little.

I reach out for her left breast, and cup it, in my right hand. Kaysi moans. I roll her nipple, she groans. I go in for a kiss and she bites my lower lip. I pinch her nipple and she bites down a little harder. I pull my cock back out of her a bit and ram it home. Her mouth opens as she gasps and I pinch her nipple hard. Kaysi explodes in a first class orgasm. She catches her breath as she settle back down. *Oh! How you do that to me? I think you know more than your wife know! Hehe, you surprise me, Mahal.*

No 'Po,' any more?

No, you are my Mahal now. You love me. I know this. ... Oh! See, when I say that your cock twitches and gets bigger! See I right! You love me. ... Oh! Oh that nice, do than more! Yes! Yes, that! Oh God! YES!

I have a finger pressing in to her bottom right between her cunt and her anus. I am also twisting a nipple as I ram into her cunt. Kaysi is going off like a rocket. We are going to have to change the sheets again! She is squirting. I pound her right through it. She squirts again and I keep up fucking her, and diddling her ass. Her cunt muscles are clamping down on me and I am being bathed with her very hot juices. I can do no more. I cum deep in her love. All I hear is, *Yesssss!* And she wraps her arms around me as if afraid I will disappear at any moment.

After a bit Kaysi loosens her grip and we get up to change the sheets. As we are doing that, she says, *Why don't you get the rest of your drink?*

She seems genuinely confused when I tell her I don't want any more. *But it will have to be thrown out, Mahal.*

So throw it out. It's only a little brandy. No big deal.

Never, never in my life, I ever hear a man say such a thing. Never. Come here, let me pinch you. I not sure you are real! I luckiest woman in the world to be the mistress of such a man!

Kaysi, you are my girlfriend and my lover. You will only be a mistress, if we make love in front of my wife and she doesn't want to leave me. Understand?

Yes, Ray, I know, but it will be OK. You will see! I will be your mistress! Ray, may I sleep with you tonight?

Yes. I want that very much.

We finish making the bed, take a shower together, dry each other off and get back into bed. There is not a millimeter separating me from Kaysi. She is plastered to me as we fall into a deep sleep.

§ § §

Morning comes early as I get a kiss and Kaysi is quickly out of bed. She needs to get the kids up, dressed, fed and delivered to school. By the time she gets back from the last errand, I am up, dressed, filled with my morning coffee and reading the newspaper. Based on a text I get, we will see Anabel around two in the afternoon.

Mahal, we need many things from the market. Will you drive me to SM²⁶?

§ § §

An hour later we park in the covered parking lot and enter the supermarket. Kaysi has a long list. She asks if I have a limit on how much we can spend today. I don't. If we need it for the meals, then we will purchase it. I ask her, *You want a [basket](#) or a full size cart?*

Cart please!

As we move through the isles, a hand touches an arm, smiles are exchanged. Private conversations continue as we learn about each other. At some point as the cart becomes heavily loaded, Kaysi gets a bit panicky, *Are you sure this is OK? Mahal, it will be a lot of money!*

We're OK. What else is on the list?

Only three more things, I think. Oh I hope it is really OK!

²⁶ A chain of Malls/Department stores/supermarkets.

By the time we check out, the total is a bit over ₱4,000. Kaysi is squirming. I hand my BDO debit card to the teller. The teller smiles, asking, *Savings, Sir?*

Yes, savings.

The card is run, I input in my pin into the hand held card reader and all is fine. I knew it would be fine, but Kaysi's world had been somewhat more cramped financially. There are ten bags. We reload the cart with the bags, and roll it through the mall and out to the parking garage. Bags now in the back of the pickup, we thread our way back to the house through the busy streets. It is time for lunch.

Kaysi is desperate to fix me lunch and wants to leave the bags where they are while she takes care of me. I stop her. There is rice, still in the rice cooker and some left overs from last night's meal. I put a plate together and stick it in the microwave. The girl just looks at me. *You not angry, I not make your lunch?*

Why would I be angry? We were busy.

You sure?

Yes, I am sure. Now relax. Nothing bad has happened. I am quite capable of heating up a lunch meal, Kaysi. I am not stupid. I know how to cook and this doesn't even count as cooking!

Oh my God! I think I must be dead. This can't be earth! Men not act this way!

This one does, so you had best get used to it.

She just looks at me. I laugh, and kiss her forehead. The microwave beeps. I take my plate and sit down to Kaysi's wonderful cooking.

Bags unpacked, food put away, lunch eaten, dishes cleaned, I am sitting in the Sala, trying once again to concentrate on a book, when Kaysi comes up behind me and starts giving my neck a massage. I put the book down and just enjoy the experience.

Do you two know the rumors that are flying around this city?

Good afternoon Anabel! I am glad you are back!

I am glad to be back, too, Ray. Kaysi, when you are done with Ray, would you do that for me too?

Of course Mistress!

Excuse me... did you call my wife 'Mistress?'

Yes! She is my other lover! I love you both Ray. I thought you knew that!

OK, well I guess I did but it is only now sinking in. So how will this work? Are we all sleeping together or are we shuttling between beds?

Ray, that's entirely up to you. Kaysi and I will do what ever you want, so long as we all stay together. Right Kaysi?

Tama! Yes! Anything you want Ray.

Anabel, are you saying you think you will be OK with me fucking Kaysi in front of you in the same bed?

I think so, because I will make love to her in front of you. Plus you and I will make love in front of Kaysi. She knows I love you and will always love you. She likes that about you Ray! She likes the fact that you never leave. You are mine for life. Kaysi, I am sorry for speaking for you, but Ray, it means that if you accept Kaysi, she is here forever too. She needs a forever type of guy. And I don't lose my guy, I get a female lover.

Oh, God, my head hurts! This is not supposed to be, and I am sorry Anabel, but I am having a problem believing that it will be that way once you see me fucking Kaysi.

I need to clean up and shower before anything happens between the two of you in bed, with me there. But before that, what were you to doing in public this morning? I have at least a dozen texts asking me why you have left me for Kaysi!

We went grocery shopping at SM. That's all.

Huh, OK, well I guess that was enough to get the tongues wagging. It was going to happen soon enough I guess.

Anabel, did you respond to the texts?

Of course, Yes.

Wife! What did you say?

Oh, I told them that Kaysi had joined our family. That's all. Let them talk. It gives them something to do. And anyway, what can they say that isn't going to be true? So long as they see us all together, which they will, what they going to say that not true?

Well, damn, she's got me there. Kaysi has moved over to Anabel and is providing my wife with her massage. I am just looking at the two of them in total fucking amazement. And then, I have a moment of panic. Am I really ready to fuck another female while my wife watches? I have never done such a thing. Just how does one do this?

Anabel's cell announces an incoming text. She picks the phone up, reads and answers. A new text appears. She reads and types again. A third text comes. Anabel laughs and types. *Oh boy, this is going to be interesting. First Kate wants to know where I am. I tell her I am home. She asks if the two of you are here. I answer, 'Of course, yes.' Then she says, she and some of the other girls want to come over to play cards now. I tell her not today, because we are busy, but come tomorrow. So Kaysi, you and I will be very busy tomorrow. OK, girl?*

Yes. Of course yes. We know this will happen.

Ray, I am going to clean up. Kaysi, do we have time before you need to get your children?

Yes, I think it is fine.

Time wise, it might be fine to start, but what if I can't get hard or stay hard because of doing this, with Anabel watching? I am incredibly

uncomfortable. I guess Kaysi can see it. She comes to me, sits on my lap, leans in for a kiss and then tells me something I am not sure I am ready to hear. *Relax, Ray! She want you to cum in my pussy. She wants to see your cum in me. She says to me she will lick your cum off my lips and give me another orgasm. Oh, God! I want this so much. I want to belong to the two of you so much, Ray.*

I have to give it to her. Even if she is lying, she gets me hard, just thinking about that. The thought of watching my wife lick my cum off Kaysi's cunt has me ready to cum right now! I never could have imagined such a thing. Might it really be true?

Thirty minutes later we are all in the bed. Kaysi and I are naked. Anabel has put a bra and panties on. The reason for that is unclear to me and so I ask. The answer is that Anabel is a bit cold. Sometimes answers are as simple as that.

I am on my back. Kaysi straddles me and leans in for a kiss. This is a kiss that does not end. It is like last night and, goddamn it, I mean it. I mean to show the love to both of them in this kiss. I am not fooling around. My wife wants me to add Kaysi to our life, well, this is what it means. Kaysi breaks the kiss, looks me in the eye and ask, clearly and loud enough for Anabel to hear, *Do you love me, Ray?*

Anabel is going to hear the answer as well. *Yes Kaysi, I do love you.*

Are you every going to leave me, Ray?

Kaysi, I will never leave you.

Promise?

As God is my witness, I promise.

Good, then fuck me and put your cum inside me!

I roll Kaysi on to her back and take her like I took her the first time, with her ankles in the air. I pound her cunt. Kaysi is screaming, *harder, harder!* I give it to her harder. She screams out to Anabel, *Your husband is fucking me, making love to me and he love me for as long as he lives.*

See his cock pounding my cunt, Anabel? Come closer and watch it go into me! See how hard he is. See how he want me. Now tell your husband you want him to cum inside me! You tell him Anabel! Tell him!

Anabel gets her face close to mine, looks me in the eye. Kaysi's right, Ray. Fuck her, cum in her, love her, just like you love me. Be a husband to both of us. Never let her go! Never let me go! Be the man I know. Fuck her good!

Anabel grabs my balls from behind and squeezes. I blow my load into Kaysi who soaks my legs, Anabel's hand and the sheets.

Watching Anabel suck my cum out of Kaysi's cunt brings me to life again. I pull Anabel on to her knees and enter her cunt from behind. Anabel continues to eat Kaysi as I do my best to ream my wife's cunt while mauling her clit with my fingers. Kaysi sneaks a hand down and grabs one of Anabel's tits. That sends my wife into orbit. And whatever she was doing with her mouth sends Kaysi back into orbit too. Anabel's cunt muscles are playing havoc with my cock and she gets a deposit from me she wasn't expecting, sending her into another epoch cum.

The bed is wrecked. Kaysi has to hustle to pick up her kids and my brain is on overload. Before Kaysi runs out of the house, they both kiss me and tell me at the same time, that see, I was, *worried about nothing! It's going to be fine!*

So they think! Maybe it will. I am truly confused.

I wonder, what happens tomorrow at the card game?

Chapter 4: The candle stick.

While Kaysi is getting Sam2x and Boy2x, Anabel is getting supper started. I am calm enough now to read a book, but I don't want to do that. What I want to do is just sit and watch my wife. She has more than surprised me. I can't account for it, but there she is, humming, swinging her hips and seemingly pleased with herself and the world in general.

Anabel is a beautiful woman. Yes she's older than is Kaysi. But by all rights, she is still young in my world. She's sexy and fun. It has been an education that her sexual knowledge, and mine for that matter, is not nearly as advanced as is Kaysi's, but I expect that Kaysi will remedy that pretty quickly.

Anabel has been, and is, a great wife. Do I really have two wives now? Damn, look at her ass move! God, I want to fuck her again right now! *Did she teach you anything you didn't know, Ray?*

Huh?

Kaysi! Did Kaysi teach you anything about sex you didn't know?

Yeh, she did. I guess I am uneducated.

Yes! Me too! She teaches me a lot! But we will learn!

Yes, Bel, we will learn a great deal. Bel, do you understand that I have fallen in love with her?

Yes, Ray, I know. You feel guilty about that?

I know it's what you wanted and I tell myself I should not feel guilty, but, yes, I do.

Because you broke the marriage vows?

Yes.

And you know I wanted you to break them, right?

Yes, Bel, I know.

Ray, I love her too!

Oh, Bel, that's not the same. I am only supposed to have one wife and love her only. I am not supposed to love two women.

But you do. You love me and Kaysi. And Ray, that's what I want, so stop feeling guilty. You are going to fuck me again tonight and Kaysi is going to suck your cum from my pussy this time!

Kaysi returns with the kids. The little ones scoot in to the bedroom, and Kaysi teams up with Anabel to get the meal on the table. This having a bigger family has the benefit that I am no longer eating my suppers alone and that is nice. I suspect the little ones are a little worried about me and their mom, now that Anabel is home.

I must not be the only one wondering about that because, when I get called to supper, Anabel lays a big kiss on me and then Kaysi does the same damned thing with Anabel cheering her on. I guess the kids now have the message that there are no secrets here.

I have no idea what part Kaysi had in the meal, but once again, the quality of the meal has clearly been improved. I decide it is probably smart not to mention that and so I keep my mouth shut, other than to thank both for a very pleasant meal. However, Anabel is having none of that! *Pleasant? Ray you know very well that this is far better food than what I make! We are very lucky to have Kaysi in our life and in our kitchen! Now tell her the truth!*

OK, OK, Kaysi, Anabel is right. The quality of the food you make is extraordinarily good. We are both very lucky that you are here to make our lives more enjoyable. OK, Bel?

Yes, that's better. Now no more silliness. Kaysi and I are not in competition. We are a team. Got it?

I am not sure, Bel, but I am trying, truly I am.

You know, the kids just heard this. I wonder if they can assimilate that. I am in truth struggling with this. Compared to Anabel, Kaysi is younger, her body is a bit better, her cooking is far better, her sexual appetite and skills far exceed either of us. Other than her skin being a bit darker, which means nothing to me, I fail to see how Anabel can be sanguine, other than the fact that we are married, I love my wife and will never leave her.

I keep on waiting for the other shoe to drop, and discover the reason Kaysi has been so unlucky, but so far, other than the fact that she likes a bit of pain in her sex, and she needs lots of it, I sure don't see anything. Kaysi seems to be a number one, first class keeper. I guess I just don't get it and don't get why she is ours. Still, she clearly is. Go figure, 'cause I sure can't.

Supper is over, the kids are playing in the bedroom and the girls are cleaning the kitchen, doing the dishes. Once again I am, instead of reading, watching to asses swinging around and being playful. Two sexy as all hell girls seemingly just filled with joy. They are beautiful and they are quite inexplicably going to be in my bed tonight.

No one I know would ever believe this. If I tried to tell any of the guys, they would assume I have either cracked up, am living in some perverted fantasy or am a very bad liar. I will hold my tongue. If anyone should ask, lying by omission may be the only sane thing to do!

The dishes are done and Kaysi has put her kids to bed. Anabel asks if I am up for going to bed a bit early tonight. I am. I took a shower before supper and do not need another one. The same goes for the girls. So we close up the house, locking the gate and move toward the bedroom.

The first time we all three did this, it was a test. This time it feels different. I am no longer concerned about disaster. I want to know what is like to be a threesome and not a pairing with the other waiting. I get the girls to get on either side of me and engage in a group kiss, group hug. Well we tried, but it's not sexy and doesn't work very well. I admit defeat.

Kaysi, however, has another solution. Both girls slide down and put their mouths on my member, licking me, kissing each other, sharing each

other's saliva of my member. It is sexy to watch if not completely stimulating.

Anabel takes me orally. It is the way she has always done it. Kaysi is whispering in Anabel's ear. Bel stops and asks Kaysi a question. Kaysi moves over and shows Anabel something. I think I know what it is, because I can feel the difference. Kaysi stops and Anabel starts again. Yes! I can feel the difference. Kaysi has taught her something. Kaysi says something else. Anabel keeps going, but with yet another difference! God, this is so good! It is so much better than it has ever been!

I am arching my back. The feelings are intense and so immediate. I am luxuriating in it, when all of a sudden, Kaysi's lips are on mine, her tongue is in my mouth, her hands are gripping the hair on my head. Anabel's pull on my loins is insistent. Kaysi inhabits my senses. I see her, taste her, smell her perfume. I will not last long and Kaysi senses this, pulling away from me and pulling Anabel off my dick. Kaysi crawls back to me and whispers, *Take her like you did me, ankles in the air! I will finger her ass!*

Anabel does not like anything in her ass. Oh well, Kaysi will learn that soon enough. I put my wife on her back and holding her thighs wide, I mount her, hard. I am normally far more gentle, but this time I just slam in and her eyes go big as she looks up at me. I slide my hand up on the back of her legs until I have the back of her ankles in my hands, as I pound her cunt, I am getting in very deep. Anabel is grunting and gasping. But the fireworks are about to begin as Kaysi sneaks in under me. I am prepared for a huge fit from Anabel, as Kaysi invades my wife's ass. But by holding her wide by the ankles, the rectum is already opened and cannot close. Kaysi's fingers get easy entry and Anabel cannot close to force them out, which would have caused pain. So she feels the intrusion but not the pain.

Evidently it gives Anabel the time to adjust and accept the rape of her ass. Just as she has adjusted, Kaysi sticks in four fingers while continue to pound her cunt. The feelings are new, intense and highly stimulating. They must be, because Anabel wails, cums hard and simply does not stop cumming. The pressure on my cock is intense and I blow my load.

Kaysi pulls me off of Anabel and dives in to eat pussy. That sends Anabel into more orgasms. Her legs beating Kaysi's back hard.

When the excitement is over, Anabel can barely walk, Kaysi's back seems to be red and may show bruises later. I am spent. We troop to the shower. It is eleven at night when we return to the bedroom and start changing the sheets once again, when the gate-bell chimes.

Anabel throws on a robe, runs to the Sala and looks out a window to see who might be at the gate. Quickly the curtain is closed and Anabel whispers, *Jack!*

He is ringing the bell repeatedly. Stepping into my shorts, and sandals, I will deal with this.

As I approach the gate I call out, *Hey, it's a little late to be comin' a callin'. What'cha need fella.*

He's drunk. I can smell him a few meters away. *I come for Kaysi. Tell her to come out.*

Jack, I don't figure that I'm about to do that. So you might as well just head home.

Let me in this damned gate.

Jack, if you were nimble and quick you might just jump this gate with a stick, but you're just a damned drunk who ain't worth Jack, Jack. So don't be a Jack Ass. Hit the road Jack, and don't come back. Don't come back no more.

You fucking asshole, you've been boning my girl!

Jack, go home. The only sex you're going to get is if you jack off.

You think you're funny, don't cha?

Uh-huh, I am having I bit of fun at your expense, but you're the one who choked your girlfriend and now the only thing you're going to choke is your chicken.

You're goin'a pay for this!

Jack, you're a sorry fucking drunk. You assaulted your girlfriend. You pull any shit and I will make sure Kaysi lodges a complaint with the police and I will lodge a report with the Bureau of Immigration. You are an embarrassment. Now get the fuck out of here and do not return.

Asshole! You'll pay for this.

Jack, listen to me. You do anything else and even before I call the police, I will put the word out that you are so polluted that you can't even get it up, which is what your girlfriend was complaining about when you, in your impotent rage, choked her. You want that story to get out? I will make sure everyone hears it by nine AM tomorrow unless you clear out and leave us alone.

You better not tell anyone that!

It's up to you Jack. Leave us alone and I don't tell what happened. Otherwise the story gets told. What will it be?

You think your so fucking smart. You'll get yours buddy.

And he continues in that mode as he walks away.

Entering the house, Kaysi is not in a good state. She does not want to go to the police. I tell her I don't think she needs to, but putting the story out to others, might be a very good idea. Anabel thinks that's right, but suggests we all sleep on it.

That's a good idea, but I am too wound up to sleep. Anabel asks Kaysi to give me a massage. Anabel will make me a cup of tea.

§ § §

I do relax, thanks to both the massage and the tea. I suspect, giving the massage settled Kaysi down as well. An hour later we are in bed, the three of us. This is so different. The concept that I will be living with two girls like this from now on, is hard to accommodate. How does this work? I am too tired to give it any serious consideration right now. With

Anabel to the right of me and Kaysi on the left, a spoon with a spoon, and a female hand gently on my genitals, I drift off.

§ § §

The girls are up early. Kaysi needs to get the kids to school and Anabel is expecting a number of female visitors today, all wanting the scoop. I figure the best thing I can do, is to be absent. The pickup needs another 5km maintenance and this is the perfect day to sit in the customer lounge for half a day. I'll try to figure out how to spend the rest of the day while I cool my heels at the dealership.

That was my plan. It doesn't work worth a shit. The dealer tells me to come back another day. I get back to the house, in time to see ten females, sitting around the terrace, having a serious powwow. However the talking stops as I approach. My wife and Kaysi give me a smile and a wave, but it is clear that I should not join or be near them. It is just as well and I enter the house. Maybe I will have the patience to read my book.

Of those, on the terrace, every one of the ones for whom there is a problem at home, is here. Their countenances are sober. This is no 'party.'

I make it through three chapters before the group talk breaks up and my two girls enter the house. I look up but neither wants to share. I am a few pages into the next chapter when Kaysi taps me on the shoulder and asks me to come to the bedroom.

Anabel is waiting for us on the bed. She has stripped off everything except her panties. Once I have entered, Anabel proceeds to undress me as Kaysi disrobes.

I am not complaining but I would like an explanation as to why, why right now. *Bakit*²⁷?

You not want? Anabel asks and she continues to remove my last article of clothing.

²⁷ Why?

I did not say, 'No.' I am simply asking, why right now, Bel.

Ah. Well, Mahal, Kaysi and me are very a lucky girls. Other girls are not so lucky. We hear what their life like and we think, better show you how much we love you.

Bel, I know you love me.

No, Ray, you know I not leave my husband and love you as a husband. You not know how much I 'love' you as a man. That different. You a good husband and a very good man, Mahal. Kaysi and me, we know this. We know this more after we listen to the others.

And with that, Kaysi whispers in Anabel's ear, my wife acknowledges, attaches her lips to my left nipple while Kaysi goes down on me. It might not sound like much to you, but have two beautiful naked women do that to you some day. I am in heaven.

Anabel uses her fingers on the right nipple as she continues to work the left one in her mouth. Kaysi has my balls in one hand, tightly held, a strong suction on my cock and a finger in my ass. Lord help me, I am not long for this session, before I will spew sperm.

I warn them to stop or I am done for. They refuse to stop and in no time at all, I cum in Kaysi's mouth. She swallows all of it. Now spent, they now ignore my supine form and go after each other's cunt in a classic sixty-nine, right to the side of me, eating pussy and mauling each other's breasts. They do not stop until both have cum at least once. It is an amazing erotic performance, but think I am spent, I just lie there and watch it with a shit eating grin on my face.

As they complete and settle down, I pull both up, next to me, each on a side. *I love both of you too. But watching the two of you has gotten me hard again.* And in truth my flag has started to wave again. *Bel, would you mind, if I took Kaysi right now?*

I not mind. Do her Ray. Show her your love.

Oh, I will show her something! I slick up Kaysi's ass and my Pride with some KY cream and plunge in while torturing her nipples. All Kaysi says

is, *Yes!* As I pound away, Anabel's mouth is at my ear, whispering, *Take her hard Ray! She is ours. We own her. Take her real hard!* And at that very moment, as my rod is ramming Kaysi's ass, Anabel sticks at least two fingers in my ass. Jesus! I hit a new gear and smash into Kaysi, and send ropes where is does no damned good. I am bellowing, Kaysi screams and Anabel yells, *Yes! Yes!*

It's a hell of a way to spend a morning! We lie there for a good half an hour before showering and dressing.

So what happened out there this morning, anyway?

I don't think Anabel really wants to talk about it, but Kaysi is ready. *They tell us what their guys are doing. Ray, it is sad. It true, they can leave, but they be very poor then and they have kids. They not want to be poor with children. So they stay even though some of them not married and no legal reason to stay. Some are married and they stay because of the marriage vows. You know, we believe marriage is truly for better or worse. For them it is truly the 'worse.' I know, you say, go to the pulis. But it not easy to do that. And then they very poor too! It very sad.*

I see. I am sorry to hear that. I guess I am surprised. I thought the girls came to hear the tsismis²⁸ about the two of you.

Oh, of course, yes! We talk about that too. That why we talk about the other thing. Ray, they want to know what happen last night, because they say Jack leave town today. He say he hate the Philippines and want to never come back! He going to Colorado? Yes I think that it, Colorado. Also they ask, if I am your mistress. We surprised them. I say I am mistress to Anabel and to you. They not know what to say. It confuses them. They say, how that be? I say, it just is, that all. I say I belong here now. I not leaving. [pause] That when they ask, about you and Jack. Some of the guys know he come here last night. But they not see him again until this morning and then he say he is leaving.

Huh, OK. I wonder if he will really leave or if it is just talk.

He left on Cebu Pacific this morning!

²⁸ Gossip

How? He's on a tourist visa and he needs [Bureau of Immigration clearance](#) to leave!

Ganun²⁹?

Yes!

I not know. Maybe he will find out in Manila when he try to leave!

Yes, and he may have to return to get the clearance.

Oh! I hope that not happen!

Me too, but he has screwed up, in any case.

Kaysi sits down on a chair in the dining table. Aray³⁰! Aray! Ray! What you do to me. It hurt to sit down! Hehe. You do my ass hard. Maybe you are really a bad guy! Hehe!

Ray, Kaysi is telling you the truth about those other girls. I am sad for them.

Yeh, I can see that Bel. I don't like it any more than you do. But there are plenty of poor people in the Philippines. They will not be alone, in being poor. They need to get away from those guys. No one can do that for them.

It easy for you to say. You not poor.

²⁹ Is that really so?

³⁰ Ouch.

Chapter 5: Monkey see.

It is time to pick up the kids from school, but Kaysi's ass is still a bit tender. Anabel volunteers to go, and leaves to get them in our pickup. I sit down at the table with Kaysi. *Well, you are now my mistress. I hope you do not come to regret this decision, because as far as I am concerned, you do not have permission to leave. You are as bound to me as is Anabel. You are not a girlfriend, from whom I can walk away.*

You mean this Ray, I can tell. I am glad of it. Anabel tell me that if I convince you, I better mean it. But I already know, you the one I want. Right now, Ray, I must get up and start cooking. OK?

OK.

I decide it's time to read another chapter or two in my book. But before I have finished even one chapter, two sprites come charging in through the door and reach out for my hand. They are honoring³¹ me and calling me Tito Ray. Anabel is watching at the doorway, approvingly. The two run into the bedroom and change out of their school clothing. It is Friday night and the weekend has officially begun.

Anabel exits into the dirty kitchen to assist with the cooking, as I pick up my book, only to be interrupted yet again. Kaysi has received a text. Jack has returned and is roaring drunk already. She says she is not afraid for herself, but for me. I understand her concern. I ask Anabel to text her second cousin. She has a relative, Ting2x, who is retired from the PNP, the Philippine National Police. I ask her to see if she can talk to him and find out if we can get any assistance to strike a bit of fear into Jack.

The answer is, yes we can. Ting2x is buddy-buddy with an enforcement officer from the Bureau of Immigration. Ting2x asks where they can find the guy and then rings off. We wait to hear the results. In the meantime, we get to eat a very nice meal of [Batchoy](#).

³¹ To “honor” an older or respected person. You take the person’s right hand with your right hand and bring the back of the hand to your forehead.

The kids are in bed by eight. The kitchen and dishes are cleaned and all is done even before that. I get another two chapters read. We are all a little tense, waiting to hear what might transpire regarding Jack. The girls watch some TV and ask me if I am willing to play a few hands of [Tong-Its](#). I am, and so sitting at the dining table we are playing cards two hours later when Anabel's cell chimes an incoming call. Worry on her face, transforms, to concern, to confusion, to amazement. When she finally ends the call, she just sits and looks at us, without speaking for a bit. Finally Kaysi can contain herself no longer, *Ate*³², *what happen?*

Jack is in jail. He threatened to kill Ray, right in front of PNP and BI officers. That was enough to hold him. He admitted choking Kaysi. He will be put on a [BI blacklist](#) and deported. He will never be able to return to the Philippines! It's done. He was arrested at the bar, in front of the other drunks. Ting2x say, the PNP officer asked if anyone else wanted to hurt Ray. All the guys say, 'No Sir, we will stay far way from him!' The officers say, if anything happens to Ray, they will be the prime suspects! Ting2x say, no one will mess with Ray now.

I am relieved for my own safety, but I sense that others may now be in danger. These guys are more a danger to their women, than they ever were a danger to me. If they get fully loaded up with a crew full of anger, they just might take it out on their girls. I would warn the girls, but that might just make it worse. I say nothing to Anabel and Kaysi about my concern.

With all that has transpired today, I suggest an early night of it, and that we go to bed now. I bet Kaysi's ass is still a little sore. Anabel has had her own surfeit of orgasms for the day. No one is in need. After showers, we are in bed before eleven. I am hoping we can sleep through the night. I have an uneasy feeling that we might not.

The gate-bell is ringing and it's not one AM yet! Kaysi offers to go see who it is. I tell her no, put a robe on and go to the Window to see who is out there.

I recognize the girl. It is Lailani. She is alone and she is bleeding. I call to Anabel and Kaysi, telling them Lailani is injured, as I rush out to bring her in to the house.

³² Older sister or respected older female. [Pronounced:ah-TEH].

The girl is badly bruised, bleeding from her mouth, nose, and forehead. We clean her up a bit and put some compresses on her. I quietly ask Anabel to call Ting2x. Lailani and Kaysi do not hear me ask and I do not want to frighten them, but I want something done about this right away. Lailani is the girlfriend of the Aussie. I ask her and, yes, he is the one who did this to her. Kaysi tells me, that it is Lailani, who told her that Jack was back. The Aussie evidently checked Lailani's cell, saw the call to Kaysi and flew into a rage.

Lailani was a beautiful young girl of twenty years. Right now I have seen T-bone steak that looks less bruised than she does. She's a mess. Anabel gets her a couple of [Paracetamol](#) tablets. They are probably too weak, but it's all we have.

We are just sitting up with her, as I do not know if she has had a concussion, but fear that she has. I don't want her dosing off just yet. About an hour after she arrives, Anabel gets a call. The PHP and BI officers are outside but have been told by Ting2x not to ring the bell as it might frighten the girl. I really am going to owe Ting2x a great deal. Anabel quietly tells me what's up and I go to get the guys into the house.

When they see Lailani and the bloody discarded gauze around her, three things happen. Very carefully and with great tact, they request Lailani's permission to take photographic evidence. They take her statement in writing, and they ask, with a tape recorder running for her to name, who did this to her, where and when it happened. They verify the address of the Aussie and then they are gone, with my thanks.

I hope that there is no more damage done to other girls tonight. It is bothering me greatly. But once again there is nothing I can do.

An hour later we are still up and sitting with Lailani when Anabel gets a call. The Aussie has been arrested. He is in jail.

I guess I should mention that jail in the Philippines is not a nice place. But maybe that goes without saying. Anyway, he is not going to get out anytime soon and may be deported right along with Jack. I am relieved.

It appears that Lailani is probably safe to lie down now, and we put her in a back room that is currently unused with a fold up mattress we have for

just such eventualities. Kaysi decides she will spend the night with Lailani, in case there becomes a need for any assistance. Anabel and I go back to the master bedroom. It is almost morning and we are exhausted.

Anabel and I are too tired to speak and sleep is all we do. When we finally get up on Saturday morning, the sun has been up for hours. Sam2x and Boy2x are in the Sala watching cartoons. There are two mugs that had contained [Milo](#), now empty, sitting before them.

Kaysi and Lailani are not in sight. But considering everything, that is probably a good thing. *She's going to look horrible for a few weeks, Ray.*

Yeh, I know.

She will not want to go out and see anyone until the bruises are gone.

I know that, also, Anabel. I figure she is here for a month.

You going to be OK with that?

Yes, it's fine. She stuck her neck out for Kaysi. It's the least we can do.

Agreed. Good. I will tell her when she gets up that she is safe here until she wants to leave.

Anabel, she is going to need her stuff from the apartment. I think you and I need to go get her things.

No, take Kaysi. She knows the place. I do not.

And so, a couple of hours later, Anabel speaks with Lailani, who does not want me to see her. Kaysi and I take off with Lailani's keys, to collect the girl's things from an apartment Lailani never wants to see again. There isn't much there and we are done in less than an hour. On the way back, we stop at a [Watson's Pharmacy](#) to pick up some supplies to replace that which we have just used and to add to the medicine stash regarding things we wish we had, last night. I sincerely hope that this last concern is unwarranted.

As we travel Kaysi seems deep in thought until we are almost back home. And then as if musing out loud, Kaysi posits, *You know, Lailani, may not want to leave.*

Oh, Kaysi, that's just silly. Of course she will leave. The creep is in jail. She has no kids to concern her. She is a very pretty and very young girl. There is not one reason why she will want to stay.

Yes, Ray, you're probably right. There's no reason...

So why does that have me worried now?

§ § §

Two weeks. It has been exactly two weeks since Lailani arrived at the gate, all bloody. I didn't see her at all for a good ten days. From the second night on, Kaysi has been back in my bed with Anabel. The kids were oblivious to Lailani's presence in the house. There have been no more reports of violence. The drunks that remained, seem according to sources, somewhat chastened by what has transpired. Jack and the Aussie, voluntarily agreed to the blacklist and left the country.

There were powwows on the terrace a couple of times but Lailani refused to join them.

Life with my two girls, continues to be impossibly great. I cannot explain it. I have never in my life been happier. Anabel does genuinely seem to be in love with Kaysi and for her part, Kaysi, seems to think Anabel, is her forever, best friend and lover. There's a lot of kissing going on here these days. I am getting more and more playful with both of them. It's hard not to as they are getting the same way with me. That includes Anabel, who seems to have rediscovered her teenage enthusiasm.

Three days ago, Anabel wanted me to drive her a good distance from the house and I was grinchy. She should drive herself. But no she wanted me to drive. I was being ornery and so I told her, on the condition that she gives me head right then and there and again right before we leave in the morning. Anabel dropped to her knees, unzipped me, pulled the magic wand out and gave me amazing head for quite a while, right there in the Sala.

At one point I thought I sensed some movement in my peripheral vision, but when I turned to look, I saw nothing. The distraction did have the side benefit of allowing me to last a bit longer, making Anabel's job just that much harder.

The next day, just before we left on what was a three hour drive, I got my second fellatio, right there in the Sala again. Before I agreed to drive her home, I demanded, and got, a third one, right in the pickup in daylight hours. Like I say, things have been getting frisky.

Yesterday, Kaysi wanted me to purchase a new and a little bit pricey dress for her. Feeling randy as hell at that moment, I told her to bend over and took her right in the ass, as she bent over an easy chair in the Sala. I truly love to fuck that girl's ass! Anyway, once done, I took her to get her dress.

Like I said, life has been unreal. I have been getting off two or three times a day, every day and it seems that the more I get off, the more I want. I am constantly horny now. I never was that way before.

Today, Kaysi and Anabel are shopping and I do not expect them back for a few hours. Here I am, having gotten off in Anabel's cunt just three hours ago and I have wood for no damned reason. I am trying to get comfortable in the easy chair when Sam2x climbs up on my knee. She wants me to take Boy2x and her to Jollibee's this afternoon. I am trying to tell her I can't because the girls have taken the pickup truck. I gather that she thinks my reticence is a ploy to get sex, rather than a straightforward, 'hey the truck isn't here,' because she unzips me and reaches in for Willie. Now I'd like to tell you that I stop her. I truly would. I don't. You can say, 'Hey Ray, you didn't because you were just so stunned that it was happening,' or 'She did it so quickly that it happened before you could react,' or 'You didn't know it was happening until she was holding your wood.' I want to think I am a nice guy. I do. But I just sit there and let her do it. I don't know why I don't stop her, but I don't. I don't stop her as she slides off my lap and puts Willie in her mouth. I don't stop her when she applies suction, just like she must have seen Anabel apply, and goes down on me. I don't stop her when I know I am about to blow. No instead I tell her that special stuff is coming out next and she needs to swallow to have me take her to [Jollibee's](#). And I do cum in Sam2x's mouth. I cum hard. I bring Sam2x back onto my lap and just hold her.

She snuggles in for a minute or two and then pulling away says to me with a very serious expression, *Tito, please not tell Nanay³³ we do this, OK? She be angry with me.*

OK Sam2x, I promise not to tell.

Thanks! Go figure. I do take Sam2x and Boy2x to Jollibee's in the afternoon.

§ § §

Lailani is officially out of the bedroom during the day. She still has some bruises, but the swelling is gone and the cuts have mostly mended. There will be no permanent scars. She hasn't lost any teeth. All looks like it will be OK. She has not made any plans to move on, but it is probably too soon to expect that. She is helping with the household chores. Because she still refuses to go outside or see anyone else, she stays in the house, and is helping with the cooking, as well as waxing the floors and washing the laundry. I tell her that this is not necessary. She should rest and recuperate. She thinks I am crazy and ignores my advice. Anabel approves of her decision, telling me that when it comes to women, I don't understand anything. I have to admit, I agree with her.

Life continues to be great. It is a little confusing dealing with Sam2x, who has decided that giving me head, is a fun thing to do. I am not encouraging the practice, but I am not discouraging it either. I am reaping the rewards. I do not touch the child. She is the one touching me. I know it is wrong, but I am enjoying it way to much to want her to stop!

I am also getting all I want from Anabel and Kaysi. Kaysi has been teaching Anabel how to give professional massages and I am the practice dummy. So I have been getting massages every day.

Yesterday, I mentioned to Kaysi that I had not had a sex massage since that one time she did it. Anabel asks to see it, as she had no idea such a thing is possible. The result is another massage where Kaysi torments me before causing me to cum without touching my member.

³³ Mother.

Anabel is enthralled that such a thing is possible and so today, Anabel is getting her first lesson in this type of exquisite torture. I am not sure I fully approve of this!

§ § §

Lailani's bruises are almost completely gone. The cuts are disappearing. Her mood is ebullient but there is still no discussion as to her plans.

Conversations at the dinner table are getting a little risqué and I have been trying to tell the girls to knock it off as Sam2x for one is soaking it all in. They seem to think that the kids are too young to care. I know better, but can't tell them without causing other problems. On top of that, Lailani is also at the table now and I don't think it is fair to be talking about such stuff in front of her. But my private complaints, lodged when we are in the bedroom are ignored.

The result is that at dinner tonight, Lailani, asks Kaysi if she will teach her all the massage techniques that Anabel is learning. *All*, I ask?

Yes, Lailani says, *All*.

I look straight at this incredibly lovely young girl and say, *Lailani, some of these techniques involve sex. Surely you don't mean them, right?*

No Ray, I want to learn everything.

Well, maybe theoretically, but I am sure that Anabel, would not want you to practice sexual things with me.

Lailani looks at Anabel and asks, *Ate, is it OK with you?*

Anabel raises her eyebrows³⁴ twice.

Anabel, you want me to have sex with Lailani?

How else she going to learn to do this? Besides, I am still learning too. We will learn together. It will be fun.

³⁴ Meaning, 'Yes.'

A little more than a month ago, I was a happily married man with one wife and no issues. One month! Look at me now! I am fucking two women, getting head from a nine year old, and it looks like in the next day or too I will be getting head from another girl, if not fucking her as well. My life has come unstuck. Oh, I am having a great time, but really, this is madness. Just when I think things aren't going to get any weirder, they do.

And in case this little detail escaped your notice, the conversation happens at the dinner table. Who is sitting at the table, soaking all this in? Sam2x of course. Sam2x is hearing about sex massages.

§ § §

That was yesterday. I am in the bedroom, naked with three beautiful girls, a teacher and two students of sex massage. I have argued unsuccessfully that Lailani, needs to learn regular massage first, but Kaysi and Anabel point out that those lessons will have to wait until Anabel has mastered the current techniques. Evidently it is not fair to Anabel, to stop this, to allow Lailani to 'catch up' with the other techniques.

The first item that comes up, if you will allow the pun, is that Lailani has never seen a circumcised penis. And so a lesson on penises ensues. In the process, Anabel announces that she is learning things about my rod that she had not known before. Kaysi, it seems has a wealth of knowledge. How she came to know all this is a mystery.

Anabel has been struggling to master the sex massage technique. Lailani, being totally new at it, needs to see it done perfectly, and so today, Kaysi is going to torture me until I cum. Kaysi asks each of the other two girls to hold one of my hands. She tells them that it will give them a sense of my body's reactions to different stimuli. This is of course entirely unfair, but what's a guy to do?

It starts out a little differently today. The other times, Kaysi started with my nipples. This time she sort of squats over my nose, her cunt lips just a centimeter from it, a drop of her vaginal liquid dropping under my nose. The scent of her sex is doing things to me, and I am getting hard as the aroma gets to my brain. She stops and has Anabel try. Oh, so not fair! I smell my wife and want to fuck her right now. And then, she asks Lailani

to do the same. Does the girl say, 'Oh no, I didn't expect to do this?' No, she does it, but she slips, pushing her pussy against my mouth. I invade her cunt with my tongue. Rather than get up, Lailani pushes down harder on my face, grabs my hair and cries, *Oh fuck, do me!*

With a mouth full of cunt, I am not in any position to ask my wife if she is OK with this! Oh fuck, I am here because of Anabel's insistence. What am I worried about?

Chapter 6: Surely you jest!

I reach up and take hold of Lailani's hips as I eat her cunt. I feel a mouth descend on my weather vane. I have no way to see whose mouth it is. With the lessons in fellatio that Kaysi has given to Anabel, it's just damned hard to tell them apart, by the feel of it. However there is one thing I am pretty sure of right now. I don't want to cum in a mouth. I would just as soon, cum in Lailani's cunt. My best guess is, that's what she wants too. Since we have already slid from massage into sex party, I don't see why I shouldn't fuck Lailani good and hard.

I guess I have given up trying to understand Anabel's motivation in all these doings. Rather than the wife I thought I knew, she has become a cheerleader for the ravishment of two girls.

I push Lailani off my face, much to her complaints. I remove my wife from my cock, kissing her briefly on the lips. I pull Lailani under me, something she seems completely willing to do, and run my cock deep into her already wet cunt.

Lailani reaches up, grabs me from behind my neck, pulling me down for a prolonged kiss. I am deep inside the girl but not pumping as the kiss continues.

I break the kiss before diving back into another kiss, after looking into the eyes of a girl, who looks at me, as if she is in the ocean and I am the only life preserver. Her arms are pulling me in tight to her. Her lips are pushing against mine. Our tongues are dancing in each others mouths. And then, I start the rhythm of our sexual dance. She lifts her legs up and locks them around my middle. Her mouth searches out my ear. She is nibbling, talking, pleading, gasping. I continue to fuck her straight ahead. I am having a hard time believing the things she is saying. Surely she does not want to stay here. Surely she does not want to be another mistress to me. This can't be true.

I pull out, turn her over on to her knees and enter her cunt from the back, giving Kaysi and Anabel access to her mouth, her tits and her clit. The two girls take advantage, and go after all the above.

Lailani, starts to cum. A few small spasms at first followed by stronger spasms, that pinch my pole. Finally, Lailani starts bucking and screaming. I keep slamming into her cunt. The girls are torturing her tits and clit.

Finally I can hold back no longer and make my sticky, milky deposit deep inside the girl. When the hot cum hits her cervix, Lailani blows a gasket and then collapses.

I roll off her and onto my back. Kaysi goes down on me, cleaning my member with her tongue. Anabel goes down on a fully compliant Lailani. I honestly thought Filipinas found girl-girl sex unacceptable. Clearly that is not the case.

I have no idea what to say to Anabel, or to Lailani, and so, I say nothing. I am truly confused. I know what just happened, but not **why** it just happened. Is someone going to explain it to me?

Lailani snuggles in on one side of me, Kaysi is on the other, Anabel is on the other side of Lailani. Clearly four can fit on the bed in this way, but it will not do for sleeping at night. Lailani, is kissing my neck. Her hands are on my chest. She throws a leg over my legs. We sleep for a couple of hours.

At some point, Kaysi and Anabel get up and leave the bedroom. When I awaken, I am alone with Lailani. I shift positions and she stirs, pulling me tighter to her, kissing my shoulder and caressing my deflated manhood. The caressing causes a gentle but firm inflation, something that Lailani is evidently taking note of, as the caresses become more rhythmic and insistent. Once the girl has estimated that she has achieved sufficient penile strength, her left leg already across mine, she hasn't far to go, to mount me from above, sending my lodestone into a due north position.

Lailani, says nothing as she rides me, in a steady, unhurried fashion. Her head is back a little, eyes are closed, a gentle smile across her partially open lips, her tongue peeking out from between straight and perfectly white teeth. Whatever is going on in her head, it is unknowable to me. I have no idea why she even wants me inside her.

She keeps this up for a long time before rolling us over, so that we are now in missionary position. I remain inside her, and start, at the same tempo, she has been using. I lean in and kiss her, she returns the kiss in equal measure.

Still inside her with no intention of leaving, I pull my head back and ask, *Bakit? Why do you want me?*

Ray, am I pretty enough for you?

Now what nonsense is this? This girl is beautiful and she must know it. *You know better than that! You are amazingly lovely.*

Then I can stay?

I am still fucking her and she is asking to stay. This is crazy. It is beyond crazy. *Lailani, I am married. You know that. Even if I say yes, it cannot be yes unless Anabel wants you to stay.*

She does, Ray. We talk about it days ago. Oh, Ray, that feels so good. Oh Ray! You get bigger, harder! Oh yes! Mmmm!

Why do you want to stay? I don't understand.

Why you have to understand. What you have to do, is love me. You maybe learn to love me, Ray?

My need is urgent now. I lift up a little and start fucking Lailani harder. I lift up her legs, like I have done to Kaysi and Anabel, pounding her cunt hard with each stroke. Lailani is cumming, nonstop. I am fucking nonstop. And then, there is no way to stop the cum, that explodes from my member. Lailani grunts, cums even harder, and settles down, just as I settle down. I have fucked this twenty year old twice, in three hours. I still do not really know why.

I get her up, shower with her, dress, and leave the bedroom in search of my wife.

I find her on the terrace. Kaysi is painting Anabel's toenails. *Bel, why is this happening? Why does Lailani want to stay here? Why does she want*

to be mine? Why do I get the feeling that this is all with your encouragement?

You ever going to hit her Ray?

No, you know that!

You ever going to throw her out on the street?

No...

You going to love her, if I tell you, I want you to love her?

I guess so, Bel. But why do you want me to love her?

Because she needs you and I not worried you leave me.

Why does she need me?

Same reason Kaysi needs you. She make bad choices with men. Lots of bad men, not many good ones.

OK, OK, say she stays. How do we handle the bedroom arrangements?

You leave that to us, Ray. It will be OK.

OK, she stays. I will go tell her right now, but Bel, this is way beyond crazy.

You angry with me Ray?

No, but I am really confused by you. I don't understand what is happening.

It's OK, Ray. Trust me. It's OK.

I find Lailani in the back room. She looks up at me. She looks apprehensive. Is she afraid I will tell her to go? I extent my hand to her recumbent form, and bring her to her feet and into my arms. *If I take you,*

you are here forever. Would you like some time to think about what that will mean for you?

Will you take me?

Yes.

I don't need any time. I am ready. Am I yours now, truly? You not send me away, ever?

I will never send you away. You are mine. Lailani, you are now equal to Anabel, and Kaysi. I will not place one above another.

Ray, I would like to kiss you, a good long kiss and then I have two questions, OK?

OK. And with that Lailani kisses me in a way that is far from sexual, but thrilling to the heart as it can be. Her hands are in my hair, her lips all over my face. Lailani's happiness is brimming out of her body as water sprays from a fountain. It cannot be contained.

OK, so the first question. Can I look for work?

Of course! Why do you think I would say no?

Because HE said no!

Ah, OK. Next?

Can my sister come to stay with us?

Where is she now?

She stay in the province with my Tita, but Tita want her to leave, they have no money. I will support my sister with salary I earn from work, Ray. Can she stay with me?

How old is she?

Fifteen.

She will have to switch schools if she comes here.

Hindi³⁵, she not in school.

What will she do if she is here?

She will be a maid.

Well, she can come, but we do not need a maid.

She can? You let her come here?

Yes. Lailani, how far did she get in school?

Grade 6 only.

So too young to work, to old to go back to school.

Yes, Sir.

Have you spoken to Anabel about this?

No, Sir.

You know, Lailani, if she comes here, even though she is fifteen, there is a possibility that she will end up in my bed? Do you understand that?

Sir?

Yes?

I am hoping that it happen!

Why? Why Lailani?

It better than anything that happen to her if she not come here. That why. Can we go and get her soon?

³⁵ No.

Yes, I can go as soon as tomorrow. Where is she exactly? And Lailani gives me the exact details. We will need to leave at about 6AM but we can do the trip in one day. I tell Lailani that we had better explain what is going on to Anabel and Kaysi right away.

She takes my hand as if she is a little girl walking with her parent, a half a step behind and head down a little. It is not that she is embarrassed to be with me. Maybe it is that I will be asking a favor as it were from the other adults for her benefit and she feels a little awkward. Maybe it's that she is being presented as mine now and she is a little shy about that. I am only guessing.

OK, Bel, we are now officially a family. However, there is a wrinkle that needs to be resolved.

What that?

Lailani's sister. She evidently needs to be with Lailani. I am going to get the girl tomorrow.

Lailani, is this Miafe? She the one you say you miss?

Oo, Ate. Talaga.

Bel, the girl is fifteen, and has not been in school for three years.

OK, we will figure something out. When are you going tomorrow?

I tell her, Six.

Does Miafe have a cell number?

Hindi, Ate.

OK, we will throw in a bag in the pickup, with some clothing in case you two must spend the night somewhere.

§ § §

When I am ready to go to bed, Anabel informs me that she has started her “red days,”³⁶ and will take the back room. I will be with Kaysi and Lailani tonight. This is the first time I have not been with Anabel and the concept that she should not be with me at this time of the month seems like a flimsy excuse to me.

For Lailani, it is a special night. She is in the master bedroom with me. However, I have asked Kaysi to bring her to orgasm. I will be a spectator. If I will be in anyone tonight, it will be Kaysi. But as fate has it, we are all just tired, and I need to be up very early in the morning. We all just sleep. Sometimes, sex just is not on the menu.

§ § §

The trip, to get Miafe, is long and the roads are not so good. It takes six hours of driving and I am exhausted. It has been raining most of the day and we get word that one of the roads we have traveled over has had a washout after we passed it. I gather that we will be able to get through tomorrow but we would hit it at nightfall if we try to return today with the likelihood that we would not get through anyway.

On the way, I am asking Lailani about her life from as early as she can remember right up to when she ended up at our gate, a bloody mess. I have learned a great deal. Lailani has no fallback alternatives. She is, as it were, on a tightrope without a net. She has nowhere to 'land' except for us. Yes, she could launch herself from our 'pad' out into the world again but then she will still be without 'a net.' So the question I had previously of why an amazingly lovely and young woman would glom on to us, has something of an answer.

When we get to where we are going, it is not even the [Sitio](#) of the [Barangay](#), it is just a wide spot on narrow side road, off a side road, with a cluster of squatter shacks. There are about twenty abodes from what I can see, and the residents are all interrelated, from what Lailani tells me. We go on a meet and greet with a bunch of folks, but I am at a loss to figure out the familial relationships or even the names.

It becomes clear that Lailani will sleep with her sister at her Tita's but that I need other accommodations. There are no public conveniences

³⁶ A woman's period or menses.

here. Instead, another family announces that I will stay with them tonight. It means sleeping on a cement or dirt floor, with a sheet of some type between me and the ground. It is not going to be comfortable, but there are no options. With the pesos I am carrying, I am able to give our hosts enough money to put on what they are considering a real feast. All I have to spend is ₱2,000 for all to think that I have robbed a bank. The food tastes great.

Throughout the supper feast, I have a bevy of teen and preteen girls just hanging around me. I swear, the other females all have babes in arms and are taken. These younger ones all look at me as if they have met the match of their lives. If I smile at one, the only thing that happens is she moves a little closer to me, and maintains a big grin on her young face. These aren't all beauty queens, but none are ugly, and the harsh years that will ravage them have not yet stolen their youthful vigor.

Night and sleep come early. I am settled in for the night at eight, on a cement floor, with the benefit of a real pillow, and a sadly dilapidated comforter underneath me. I am in one of the bigger shacks. This one must hold at least fifteen people strewn around the three rooms inside. I am settled in, as well as I can be. I am more than a little bit restless on the hard surface, when one new person settles next to me, and then so does another. In a matter of no more than fifteen minutes, I have three of the young girls, making my sleeping area, into their own.

In another fifteen minutes, they are draped over me, kissing me and making sure that I have a woody. I am 'sleeping' with my shorts on, but the girls remove them. There is a bit of jostling, before a girl, who I was told this afternoon is eleven, climbs on top of me and spears herself on my cock.

I am both terrified and sexually excited. Terrified to think what will happen to me if the adults in this shack discover what I am doing. Sexually excited, being reasonably sure I have just taken the virginity of this young girl and am enjoying what must be the tightest pussy I have ever been inside. The excitement keeps me hard, but the terror keeps me from cumming.

The eleven year old eventually becomes sore enough that she climbs off, but I am not safe, as a fourteen year old climbs on. I don't think I have

taken this one's hymen. But she is a good fuck and we go at it for a while before she climbs off and a twelve year old climbs on, except she doesn't exactly climb on unassisted. It is dark but there is some illumination, I am on my back, my woody is waving in the wind, and one of the nursing mothers, places this twelve year old on my cock. That is enough to put my head and my balls in a very different place. I am no longer terrified. I want to paint this child's cunt with cum. She is actually a cute girl. I start assisting her in the fucking, but also reach out and pull the mother toward me. I pull up her loose blouse and bring one of her milk filled tits to my mouth, and start fingering the mother's cunt, as I fuck the young girl, whom I assume is her daughter. The mother cums on my hand, and I send my cum deep in the daughter.

I rest up a bit, but an hour later I am hard again. I pull the eleven year old, under me with the intention to fuck her good, but she is too sore. I roll off the girl and look around. Another mother is looking at me. I think, sure, I'll fuck her, and I nod to her. She comes over to me, but she is not alone. She has brought her daughter with her. The girl can't be more than ten. She literally hands me the girl. I pull the shift, the little one is wearing, off her. I am not sure she's big enough to fuck. I pull the mother next to me and kiss her. She is more than happy to kiss back. But then she positions her daughter on my cock. The mother must have slicked the child up with Vaseline because I do get inside without tearing the girl up, other than obliterating the hymen. I am fucking the daughter and kissing the mother. I finger fuck the mom, as my cock has her daughter on my pole, like a piece of meat on a shish-kabob. But the child becomes sore before I can cum. I take the daughter off my manhood and rolling the mother over, fuck her ass hard until I cum a load in the woman.

I am so exhausted, I sleep through the rest of the night, without incident. In the morning I dress and meet up with Lailani, who asks, *Ray, did you get any sleep, or did they keep you fucking all night?*

You knew?

Yes, of course. I told Miafe, she had to wait and let the other girls have you last night. She will get you when we get home. She was unhappy she had to wait but it was only fair! But before you go, Tita, wants you to stop by and see her! I think she want some too.

Chapter 7: The trouble with Tribbles.

What is happening to me? For ten years, my marriage to Anabel was one of marital fidelity. Now, in less than two months, that history of monogamy has been eviscerated. Here, a few hundred kilometers from my home, in this home is a woman I have only met yesterday, for whom I have absolutely no feelings. She is neither lovely, nor ugly. Her age is to my eyes, indeterminate. I am aware how quickly the hard life she lives, steals the beauty she may have been given at birth.

She has all her teeth, and her smile is pleasant. But I simply do not know her. And yet, against all logic, she wants me to bed her. For the love of Pete, why? And why did I fuck three adolescents last night, one only ten years of age?

I know at least two of them, and most likely three, had been virgins. The proof was the blood I washed off my loins this morning. Why would a mother place her ten or twelve year old child on my cock? In what insanity does this become acceptable? And worse, how can I explain that I loved it and will do it again, if given the chance?!

I did love it. The feeling of the virginal cunts as their hymens gave way and I was squeezed so intensely in the girls, must be one of the greatest feelings I have ever experienced sexually. They are small girls, feather light. Is that because of inadequate nutrition? The pressure on my cock coupled with the lack of weight on my loins has left my brain filled with sexual craving. Three of these young girls continue to be with me. They have been constantly by my side all morning and are still likely hanging outside this 'house' as I am with Lailani's Tita. How will they feel, as I drive off in a couple of hours?

At the moment, it is not the adolescent girls with whom I am confronted. Lailani's Tita has insisted I sit down in one of the only chairs in her home as she squats at my feet, a foot in her hand as she washes my feet and proceeds to clip my toenails. She is meticulous and deliberate in the process. I may want to get on the road, but she has no need, her desires have nothing to do with mine. If I dither, she will string me out for as long as she can. While I have no real desire for this woman, I will get out of here faster, if I fuck her now.

As the nail file finishes the last nail, she puts it back in the tray and seeks out the zipper on my shorts. I have every intention to cooperate, so I can leave without a problem, but rather than a good fuck, she tries to take me orally. While I enjoy getting head, I know that the final act we must perform will be coitus. Best not be coy about it and make it an 'us,' in the biblical sense, right now.

I reach down, and pull her up off my rod. She looks worried and confused. I lift up the hem of her ragged shift she is wearing, exposing equally ragged panties. I pull these down over her legs and the woman steps out of them. I toss the offending article across the room. Standing in front of her, I lift her up, holding on to her hams. She spreads her legs, wrapping them around my hips, her arms around my neck, my cock attempting to penetrate her cunt. She winces. Can it be?

With the woman affixed to me, I move us over to a portion of a wall. She is now sandwiched between me and the wall. Just as the little ones I fucked last night, there is very little meat on her bones. She is very light. Holding firmly on to her thighs, I begin fucking her in earnest. She is crying. I ask her if she wants me to stop. What I get back is a '*No stop!*' and a shaking of her head. There is no comma, if you will, between the words. She does not want me to stop. Her head is thrown back, eyes are closed, her mouth agape.

I look down. There is fresh blood on my tool. I'll be damned, this woman was a virgin. With all the young women, clearly and convincingly bred, how was it that this one was virginal and how was it that she wanted me to take her hymen from her?

I had thought she wasn't very pretty, but with the ragged shift off her, the body within is quite amazing. I am impaling a woman with a killer body. Her breasts are C cups and they stand firm with no need of a bra. Her hips flair out wonderfully from her slender waist. Her hair is clearly a mess, but my initial dismissal of the female, was premature. Under the ragged wrapper, her form is much like Lailani's, only more so.

We are continuing the mating dance, but it is time I put her down and give her a good hard fuck. Holding on to her firmly, I move us to her

sleeping mat and kneel down, gently placing her down on her back. Still deep inside her, I lean in for a kiss. It is a kiss she is more than ready to receive. She is desperate for it. Her hands in my hair, behind my head, she clamps my head to her and rams her tongue as far in me as it is possible to do.

I grab a huge handful of tit, and squeeze the nipple. I am pounding her cunt. At that moment, for what may be the first time in close to thirty years, if my guess on her age is right, she experiences an orgasm. It is something she is clearly not prepared to experience, because she panics at the same time as her body jerks, her cunt muscles clamp tight on my cock and juices inside her cunt bathe my member. The expression on her face, is one of total fear and confusion. I fuck her right through it all. By the time the next orgasm hits her just a few moments later, she is no longer afraid. Instead, she has found ecstasy and is reveling in the feelings, urging me on, crying with joy.

I am getting close to cumming, and trying to extend her pleasure by delaying the moment as long as possible. I look around and see the three young ones, all standing inside the door and watching us fuck. Oh fuck, this is too weird. I can't hold back any longer and fill this woman's cunt with hot cum. She cums with me as my donation hits her, her eyes and her mouth as wide open as they can get! And then as the reality of the meaning of the moment sinks into her brain, a huge grin emerges, and she hugs me for all she is worth.

Her name is Grace. Why did I not mention that before? I think, maybe Grace meant nothing to me. A throwaway fuck, if you will. I am not sure I can consider her that now. No, not now. Grace is holding on to me, like I am the last ticket to ride. I am no ticket for her. I must go home. Home to a wife and mistresses. Still, Grace is grafted to me at the moment.

My flag is not flying. It is not at half mast. The only reason it does not touch the ground is that I am on my back. I have no way to cover up and be modest. That is how, Lailani finds me, with an equally disrobed Tita attached and fondling the instrument of her satisfaction.

Ray, we have a problem.

Now, this is not exactly the way I like to have serious conversations. But as there is no easy way to extract myself, I just accept what is and respond. *OK, what is it?*

We cannot go home. The bridge is gone. They say, a day or two, before we can cross.

Huh, OK, well, I don't think I want to sleep on the floor for two more days. What are our options?

We can get to a town, where we can find a place to sleep, north of here. We just can't go south, and back home.

OK, I think that's the plan then. Give me a bit to disengage from your Tita, OK?

It's OK, she will get going right away! Watch! [in a language unknown to me: Lailani tells me later what she has said,] Tita, we are taking you to town. We will take you to the beauty parlor and buy you new dress. OK? And you girls, you come too. Tell your mothers, you will be home in a couple of days. Go now!

And in a flash, the three small ones were gone, Grace is detaching from me and scurrying around in a major way. It is then, that Lailani tells me what she had said. *Dresses and a beauty parlor for each of them?*

Don't worry, it will not cost much, and they need to look good.

Why?

Because we are taking them with us.

Yes I know, we are taking them to this town.

No, Ray, we will take them back home, with us.

What?

Well you took their virginity. I think you will take the older ones. But you take the virgins! They are yours.

OK, so you are saying that by doing that, they are now mine?

Yes.

Lailani, I have complaints about this on a number of levels, but lets take the easiest one first. I did not take the virginity of at least one of them!

Oh! Really?

Yes really. The one who is fourteen. I know I fucked her, but I don't even know her name! And anyway, she sure as hell was no virgin.

I will go talk to her right now. And Lailani, hurried out of the shack.

If these girls are mine, because I took their virginity and that's the way the families here function, it is best to not create even more of a problem by rejecting the girls I have quite voluntarily deflowered.

My head is spinning. What do I do? I decide, first things first. I will text Anabel.

Bel, there are a number of problems here.

What?

First, we cannot get back for one or two days. I think it may be longer. There is a bridge that has completely washed out.

I see. What else?

Lailani tells me I now have more mistresses.

Who?

Lailani's Tita, maybe Miafe, and at least two young girls.

I fucked four last night, but the youngest is not present and the other is the non-virgin.

How young?

Here is where I start freaking out. What will Anabel do when I tell her?

Eleven and twelve.

OMG, Ray! You didn't!

OMG, I did Bel. I did with the mother's urging.

They not angry with you?

No they seem incredibly happy.

I not mean just the girls. I mean the adults there.

Yes, I mean ALL of them.

You like them?

Bel, I barely know them.

OMG, Ray. What we do with them?

I do not know, but if you could see how they live, maybe you would understand why this happened.

They speak Tagalog?

Just a little. Lailani is speaking a language I do not know, with them. Text her and ask.

OK, when you come?

When I can pass where the bridge is out. We are waiting on word.

OK, let me know.

OK.

I put my phone back in the holster on my belt to see Grace just standing there, looking at me. I gather she is already ready. I am still naked, a fact that I just now, re-clue on. As I look around for my clothing, Grace closes the gap and puts her arms around me, bringing me in for another kiss, with one hand snaking down to touch gold.

§ § §

The pickup is a four-door affair and holds five seat-belts, but that means nothing here. In the front passenger seat, sits Grace. In the back we have Lailani, Miafe and two little ones, Mayari (11) and Masaya (12). The fourteen year old, admitted that she had not been a virgin and Lailani told her she was excluded. It evidently causes some tears, but Lailani said it is the right thing to do. The ten year old and her mother are nowhere to be seen. The mothers of the two we have with us, are at the truck to send their daughters off. Both moms have big smiles on their faces. Both give me a big kiss and the mother of Masaya, reaches down, unzips me and gives me a big squeeze during her kiss. I suspect she wishes she could come with us. I must say, I did enjoy fucking her last night.

We back track on the side roads until we get to the main road which will take us to town. When we get there, it is no metropolis, but there are people, and stores and I hope a place to stay.

Lailani directs me to a beauty parlor where four females are dropped off. Lailani and I ask around before securing a room in a hotel that looks more like a dormitory than any hotel room I have ever seen. It can accommodate up to ten people. The rate is ₱300 per person or ₱1800 for all of us! It's cheap. I will purchase some extra boxers, another pair of slacks and a T-shirt or two while the girls shop for dresses later. Now, I am looking for a good shower and a real mattress!

The shower is not the best, but it works. I just don't feel comfortable without a morning shower, even if the shower happens close to noon. The mattress is also not the best, but compared to the floor last night, I am not going to argue the merits of the case. I am out of my clothing and just lie down on the bed, relaxing. Lailani joins me, but I gather she is just as tired as I am and we both just drift off to sleep.

I awaken to Lailani handling my package. But there is something wrong. Lailani, knows how to touch me, these hands do not and are fumbling. My eyes open to find Grace, inspecting the equipment. I guess it's Grace, because the trip to the parlor, and evidently to a clothing store, has had a dramatic impact on her visage. Grace is a good looking woman. Behind her are two amazing young girls. They appear to be waiting their turn, giving Grace the respect she deserves in their young eyes.

The equipment is stiffening. How could it not? I mean, there are five females in this room and all seem to want one thing. I know it makes no sense, but I am beginning to understand what I represent to them.

I pull Grace up to my mouth and kiss her in a way I hope she understands, containing my sincere desire for her, but Miafe, is the only one in the room still a virgin. I think it is time to resolve that. I ask Lailani to ask all the girls except Miafe, to sit on a bed at least a few mattresses from me. They have no English and not much Tagalog. Lailani is speaking something else. When I ask her, she shrugs and just says, it's a native language. I gather not many Filipinos speak it. The language issue is bothering me and I wonder how we will resolve it.

Miafe, comes to me, at Lailani's direction. Lailani, ushers the others into the bathroom. I will thank her for that later. For now, it's just me and Miafe.

I know Asians are not reputed to have large breasts and real hips. But these natives, seem to be the exception to the rule. At fifteen, Miafe is an incredibly stunning girl. Large full breasts, sexy wide hips, for an Asian, and a pencil thin waist. Her face is just wonderfully sweet with pouty lips and a perky little nose. There is no asking her any questions, and so I don't even try. I just reach out for her and she comes to me.

The new clothes, hair and nails make her look older and more mature than the girl I met just yesterday. She doesn't look frightened at all. Nor is she holding on for dear life. She knows she is coming with me. She knows that she is going to be mine. Evidently, it is what she wants. She is comfortable in my arms. It is clear that she will follow my lead. I don't know how much she knows. I am assuming she is a virgin, but the girl, just a year younger than Miafe, was not a virgin when I took her last night. If Miafe is not a virgin, it will make no difference. She comes with me anyway. But as she was being raised by virginal Grace, I suspect that I will find hymen here too.

Miafe and I kiss. It is a sweet and long kiss. I nibble her lower lip, her ear lobe, her neck. My tongue invades her mouth. My hands are on her back, her thighs, her pantied loins. I slide those panties off her without complaint or resistance.

Her skin is smooth. Her muscles, strong but she is not using them to resist. She is using them to bring me closer. She is reaching for my cock, my balls. Her breasts are sensitive and as I slide the palm of my hand over a nipple, I elicit a shiver and a moan. Her pussy is wet. Her clit responsive. I play with it, bringing on mini cums, without intruding, wanting to leave the hymen for my cock.

At this point I know the other girls are out of the bathroom, but they are being quiet and I just don't care, anyway. I have Miafe, out of her new dress, and bra, on her back and I am mounting her. My manhood, is ready to enter her. The outer lips of her Labia encasing me, I push in firmly. Miafe has her pelvic bone tilted up to receive me. I sense the resistance and then quickly I am through. I wait. Giving the girl time.

She wiggles her pelvis under me and I drive down, and in, firmly, tapping what I take to be her cervix. She winces. I back up and start short stroking the girl. She gets into a rhythm with me. Juices start to flow in a meaningful manner and I lengthen my strokes. She is taking me better now. I kiss her, and once again, she is more than happy to kiss back. I roll her over, putting her on top. Once she figures out what I have done and what she can now do, a big smile appears and she goes for a ride. I reach up and grab a breast, squeezing it. She is having fun but the penetration isn't as good. I roll her back over and then put her on her knees, entering her cunt from behind and playing with her clit with my fingers. She is cumming repeatedly, moaning, and hissing. I finally feel the cum ready to fill her, driving me harder, and I pinch her clit hard at the same time. Miafe cums, hard as I do, wailing all the while.

There is blood on the sheets and on my cock. There is cum inside the girl. It is done. Beautiful, fifteen year old, Miafe, who cannot speak a word to me, which I can understand, is now mine. Go figure.

Chapter 8: You just can't put toothpaste back in the tube.

Earlier, when Lailani left me sleeping, she picked up the girls from the parlor and took them shopping, all by tricycle. That is why they were all well attired when I awoke. I find that Lailani also bought me a few articles of clothing. So there is no further need for shopping.

So far there has been little need for dressing. The two young girls tried sitting on the bed Miafe and I have just wrecked. Lailani moves them, Miafe and me to another bed. This bed is designed for one person. But there are four of us on it. I am the only one still naked. Miafe has slipped on a bra and panties. The others remain dressed, but all are touching me, and teasing me. Lailani sits on another bed, just watching. I have no idea what she is thinking.

Something is said between Grace and Lailani. An answer is returned, which I find equally unintelligible. The conversation continues with Miafe chiming in and the little ones paying rapt attention. They are all looking at me and then away. I want to know what is being said! This is making me very uncomfortable.

Finally, Lailani asks me, *Ray, they are asking me about how many children you have. I know there are none with you and Anabel. The rest of us, maybe have not been with you long enough. Do you want children? You never use a condom with me. Can you have children?*

I never use a condom and don't have kids with Anabel because she is on the pill. For some reason that I don't really comprehend, Anabel decided it is best if she does not have kids. She says that she needs to use the pill to keep the menstrual cycle as pain free as possible. Without it she is miserable. Of that, I am full in agreement. I never challenged her on the matter. And anyway, I have grown kids from a previous marriage.

Call me thick. Call me stupid. Call me foolish. As I have been fucking for years without kids, I forgot we needed to get these gals, Kaysi included, on the pill! I say all this to Lailani. I get back an answer I am having a hard time digesting. Lailani and these gals **want** to have children with

me! Lailani thinks that Kaysi will say the same thing. And it is entirely possible that Kaysi is already carrying.

Well, son of a bitch! I sure as hell am not going to have the young ones, and that includes Miafe, pregnant. I tell Lailani, the girls have to get on birth control or I will not touch them again. She wants to argue but I tell her in clear terms to, '*can it.*' *No way!* She reports that to the three who are arguing back to her. She says something and they shut up in a hurry.

Ray, Grace asks, that means she can have a child? Yes?

I don't know. I have to speak with Anabel first. Tell her that. She does and Grace signals acceptance. She is not happy, but she is not going to rock the boat. This is not the best time to have this discussion with my wife. It will have to wait until I get home. So what is to be done with these girls now? They all want to fuck and though I can't do a damned thing about that at the moment, we are stuck here for a bit. I send Lailani out to a pharmacy for some condoms. She doesn't like that, at all, but goes out to get the rubbers anyway.

It is three in the afternoon. The girls have not eaten, nor have I. We find a 'Chicken Hauz' just down the street. The girls eat until there is simply nowhere else to pack the food into their bodies. There is giggling, laughing and things are getting a little looser. A little more relaxed. I wonder, if I can just treat the two youngest ones like daughters from now on; no sex at all, and get them into school, will that cause a wreck? I will speak about the idea with Lailani, later. For now, I just want to get through the day without any more sex and hopefully get home tomorrow. This is a damned mess.

When we do get back to the room there is a major discussion taking place and once again, I am not in on what the subject is that is being hashed out. By the time I do learn, I am a little frustrated. The girls had been working out, who gets me next. The eleven year old, Mayari, it seems is the winner. Masaya gets me after that, by their agreement, and Grace after that. Good grief, I am a commodity.

I decide to burst their bubbles. I am not interested in any more public sex, with the others not in bed with me, watching. So no more sex until we get home! And then, miracle of miracles, what do you know! Miafe and

Grace announce that there is another way back south avoiding the bad bridge.

I have been sandbagged. I have no way of assessing if Lailani was party to this deception. I am truly pissed. It is too late today. We will start off in the morning. It will add a couple of hours more to the trip, but getting home is what I want most.

§ § §

We are just barely out of town, early the next morning, when we pass a fruit stand and Miafe, through Lailani, asks that I stop. The stand is full with [marang](#). At a cost of ₱25 per kilo, Lailani purchases twenty kilo of the fruit, putting five of them in the cab and the rest in the back.

Also in the back are some [pasalubong](#), of some local delicacies, for the families of the girls, who will come with us. I make it clear, via Lailani, that we cannot stay with their people. We are just returning to say goodbye and gather their belongings. I am aware that there are very few belongings but I assume, surely there must be some!

The marang is wonderful and as we had not gotten breakfast before we left, all five of the fruits are completely consumed in what might be record time.

We arrive before seven in the morning, and surprise those who do not expect to see us for at least another day.

Four girls scatter to get their things, and Lailani, explains to the mothers that we must leave immediately, as it is a very long trip, the way we will be going. To be safe, we must do it in daylight hours. They seem to understand and in just ten minutes, my group reassembles and is ready to leave.

I stand outside the pickup, looking at the five females with me and the others who are standing there with us. Yesterday, four of my group, looked like they belonged here. Today, with new clothing, showers, and the trip to the beauty parlor, they do not belong here, at least not by appearance. It is a remarkable transformation. And none of them has transformed more than has Grace.

There are brief but profoundly moving goodbyes between the adults and Grace. Two mothers fuss a bit with their daughters and then we are back in the truck and rolling down the road on what will be the furthest from home four of them will ever have traveled in their lives.

In the back of the truck are their personal items. I have more things in a small plastic grocery bag from the market, when I shop, than are collected here, for all four of them together. They have taken no clothing. Lailani tells me that following the shopping trip yesterday, they, individually, and as a group, came to the realization that no article of clothing they had owned was worth holding on to. And yet, they are filled with laughter and good spirits.

During the ride, I come to realize that I had not been sandbagged. Until Lailani told them how important it was for me to return home, they had not even considered the matter enough to mention that there were other ways.

We have a real problem that is going to take some creative ideas. The four of them have no English and little Tagalog. I ask Lailani how she learned, and the answer was one of a long struggle for her. We need a better answer for these girls.

As we drive along, there are informal English lessons. Lailani decides that it is more important that they learn English, than Tagalog. I disagree with that and all I can say is that neither of us has won the argument, many hours later when we finally drive through the gate and park the truck.

It has been a long trip. The girls have been able to sleep through some parts, but as the only driver, I am exhausted. Lailani has texted Anabel, as we have progressed through the trip. And so Anabel and Kaysi are ready for us, when we arrive. Anabel ushers me into the master bedroom, while Kaysi works with Lailani to get the new girls settled in for the night. We talk very little. I shower, shave and get into bed, next to my wife. That is what I want. I want nothing else at the moment. And then, I sleep.

§ § §

Do you want more children?

Huh? Good morning to you, too!

Ray, do you want children?

Jesus, Bel, that's a hell of a way to greet me in the morning. Let me wake up and shower first.

Ray, this is serious. Do you want children? The girls say you do but they need my permission. Is that true? Is that what you told them?

No, it's not true. I told them I needed to talk with you about it. That's all.

So you do? If it were not for me, then you would say yes?

Oh, hell, Bel, I don't know. It was never an issue for the two of us and so for all these years I never considered it. I never gave it any thought at all. And then they ask me to give them children. I say, I am not sure and need to talk with you about it first.

But if I was not here, you would say yes, right?

Maybe. Hell, I don't know. And anyway, you are here, and you are my wife, and I do not want to do anything that messes that up!

Then do it.

Huh?

Do it, Ray. Give them babies. Be a father.

Bel, I'm not sure. What will it do to us?

I don't know, but you should do it.

Why?

Because they want babies and they are yours now.

Oh. Well not the young ones.

Yes. Not the young ones. But Kaysi, if she wants, Lailani does and this Grace, you bring, wants. Ray, you like this Grace?

Bel, I barely know her and she cannot speak any language I know. How can I know her well enough to answer?

You can say, you like her so far. Do you?

Yes. Yes I do. Why do you ask about her?

Because she swears she loves you and will die for you. Did you know that?

No. How did you learn this?

Because she has more Tagalog than you think she has. That's how.

I'll be damned. Why didn't she speak to me?

She is too shy. She is afraid she will say the wrong thing and you will send her away. You know she was a virgin?

Yes, I saw the blood.

She say she wait for you all her life. She dream you many years ago.

Oh, damn. Really?

Yes, really. Do not hurt her, Ray. Be very careful with her.

OK. OK.

Take a shower. I will send her in to you, when you finish the shower.

I see. OK, Bel. OK.

§ § §

Showered, freshly shaved, and dressed in shirt and shorts, I am sitting on the bed when Grace enters. She has been coiffed and dressed in a way

that defies explanation, other than to say, it is hard to connect the woman before me with the woman I met two days ago. Grace is stunning.

Based on what Anabel has told me, I address Grace in Tagalog, *Good morning, Grace*.

She answers back a good morning, but rather than using my name, she uses the Tagalog for 'husband.' Grace, by her reckoning is now a wife to me. I gather, from Anabel's warning, that I should not correct her on the matter.

She sits down next to me, puts her arms around me and kisses me with sincere passion. It is simply humbling. Anabel told me that Grace would lay down her life for me. At this moment, I believe the truth of it.

She is kissing my eyelids, my forehead, my cheekbones, my nose. She is giggling and kissing. She pushes me back on the mattress and straddles me, resuming the kissing and giggling. She nibbles, nips, licks, kisses, pinches, opens my shirt and kisses my chest. She is at a banquet and I am the meal. And then as a yogi might chant, *om*, or a krishna might chant, *krishna, krishna, hare krishna*, Grace is chanting, *Asawa, asawa, asawa*³⁷.

Mindful of my wife's instructions, I lift her head up so that we are eye to eye, kiss her forehead, pull back and say, *Asawa, ka rin*³⁸. And then we kiss again, a long and heartfelt kiss.

What follows, I guess can be described as sex, but it doesn't feel like sex as much as it feels like emotional bonding. A joining for a purpose. A merging of souls. A mingling of juices to produce something new, unique and profound. Yes, she undresses me and herself. Yes she climbs on top of me and puts me inside her. It is gentle, meaningful, deliberate, thoughtful, and essentially important. It is a ceremony. It is a celebration. It is the consummation of a marriage.

There is a consummation, as my cum enters Grace. And then Grace hums, to herself. It sounds like a spiritual to my ears.

³⁷ Husband. Though the word is not gender specific and can also mean wife.

³⁸ 'You are also my wife.'

I pull her into my arms and hold her that way for a good hour before we kiss again, get up and dress each other, ready to meet the rest of the family, in some ways, a new couple.

§ § §

Kaysi, Lailani and Anabel are sitting at the supper table and if it isn't an argument, it's a damned serious discussion that's in progress. I hold Grace back and just listen. Anabel's back is to us and she does not know we are there. Lailani, knows but is not giving any Anabel any warning. I am pretty sure Kaysi knows we are there, too but she is also being stoic.

The conversation is about pregnancy, childbirth and children. As Grace and I hang back, we can hear everything being said. Lailani, evidently wants to get us up to speed on the conversation without giving away our presence.

Ate, I know you lose two sisters in their first childbirths, but that was a long time ago and if you give birth in the hospital, you will not die. Things are different these days. It will be safe. I promise you. We will see a woman's doctor and talk to her about this. We will all go with you. You will see. It will be OK.

No! Ray not want me to die! I know he love me enough that he not require me to have children. I do not want to die!

Ate, you will not die! I promise.

Friend! That is not something you can promise. You not control such a thing.

Anabel, Lailani is correct. Things have changed. You do not have to agree with us, but at least see a doctor and talk to her about this, OK?

I will think about this. I know Ray not require it of me.

You are correct. I know he will not ever require it, but Lailani is also correct, if we have Ray's children and you do not, there will be problems in this house.

Why? I tell Ray, he should give you babies. He knows this now. There is no problem.

Friend Anabel, saying it is one thing. Having it happen is something else. It will be a problem. Lailani's fear is true.

It went on this way for quite a while before Anabel agrees to at least see a doctor. Grace and I slip out of the room and back into the bedroom. I ask Grace, how much of that conversation she understood. Her answer is that she understood all of it. She offers to talk to Anabel. Grace wants Anabel to have a child by me.

We are noisy as we reenter the rest of the house. The others are no longer gathered around the table and all just look up to greet us. It is as if nothing has happened.

In a follow-up to my conversation with Anabel this morning, I ask that the young ones all be taken to a doctor for birth control. Kaysi pipes up, saying, *Yes! Of course, Anabel and I will take them all tomorrow morning, OK Anabel?*

Anabel looks like she doesn't want to do this, but has been cornered. She agrees, *Yes bukas*³⁹.

Lailani asks if Grace and she can go too. She needs a pap smear and she does not think that Grace has ever been to a woman's doctor before. It would be good to have her get a check-up. Would I agree to that?

Yes, I do agree and so the following morning, all the females in the house, save Kaysi's daughter, go 'en masse' to the OB/Gyn. God only knows what the doctor makes of all this!

³⁹ Tomorrow.

Chapter 9: Reproductive Choice

The trip to the Medical Arts Plaza is the first of many for Anabel, a revelation for Grace, partly a relief for Kaysi and Lailani, in another way a big surprise for Kaysi, and mortifying for Miafe, Mayari and Masaya.

The pap smear results for Grace, Lailani and Kaysi comeback 'negative.'

Anabel, has some problems. She has a low grade UTI, (uterine tract infection,) and two partially blocked Fallopian tubes. The doctor supports Anabel, in her grave concerns, to the extent that if the doctor cannot successfully deal with the Fallopian tubes, a pregnancy is ill advised and risky. But there are things to try. Having received confirmation from the doctor that she was correct in her decision to avoid pregnancy, she is open to resolving the problem in an effort to safely give birth. So, Anabel will be making many trips to the clinic in the coming months. In the meantime, she is to stay on her birth control regime.

The doctor tells my wife that I need to get a lab test for my sperm count. Anabel agrees and receives an order for the test, on a prescription pad. I can get the test at any of the local hospitals.

The surprise for Kaysi is that she is pregnant. Sam2x is about to have another brother or a sister, some months hence. Anabel seems genuinely happy for Kaysi.

But, knowing that Kaysi is pregnant is not proof that it is mine! Exactly who the father is, is something that will only become clear after birth. That is not to say that Kaysi was unfaithful to me. It is only that the timing makes it unclear if she became pregnant before or after she came to live with us.

Any concern about the physician's response to birth control for the three young ones was put to rest when they claim to not understand any but their native tongue and do not seem to understand any Tagalog, or Cebuano when the doctor tries to talk to them. It's a sham, but it works. Lailani plays translator, explaining that in the village they come from, it is common for the young girls to get pregnant. The doctor decides they need IUDs and inserts the devices in the girls. No pills needed. In an

abundance of caution, there is to be no sex for the little ones, for a week. That causes some griping, but the fact that after a week, they can engage in sex, makes the prohibition tolerable.

You can, with some justification, say that I am denying the young ones, their reproductive choices. You see, they would choose to be pregnant. I am denying that choice.

There is something that I don't think folks from other cultures appreciate. These girls and women want to have children. And not just one, but four or five or six or... yes, there are many with eight. They are not being put upon by their husbands. This is honestly what they want. They dote over their nephews and nieces and the children of their friends. Should an older Filipina meet a young woman with an older husband, one of the first questions will be, '*Do you have children?*' My wife's fear of having children makes her an outlier. So the race to get pregnant among these girls is the norm and not the exception to the rule.

The girls have been gone all day getting all the foregoing done and I am gathering the information at the supper table. Since there was no time to cook, the girls have purchased [BBQ pork](#), and chicken, on skewers from a vendor close to the house. There is rice, of course, the BBQ, sliced mango, and two bottles of Sprite on the table. I am drinking a [Cerveza Negra](#). It goes good with BBQ.

When Anabel hands me the lab test order paper for my sperm test, there is a bunch of giggling at the table. Deadpan, I ask Anabel, *Will you help?*

Bastos ka⁴⁰! Doctor say they give you a sterile cup and you go to the CR. I am not going into the men's CR with you!

The next morning I am at the hospital, sterile cup in hand, in a fairly filthy men's CR. The cup is so small that the head of Peter is twice the inside diameter. Just how do they expect me to get the cum inside and not outside as I stroke my member? Stroking away in a filthy cubicle, in which I do not want my trousers soiled, and a cup way too small, does nothing to encourage my flag to fly, much less to leave a deposit! And that just prolongs the whole damned experience. There is no one, to

⁴⁰ "You are rude!" It is often used in a playful way, as it is here.

whom I will complain, once this is over. I just need to get through it and go home.

I do cum, a paltry amount, inside the receptacle and return it to the lab. I am glad to be done with it and trust I will never have to repeat the experience.

I return home feeling anything but horny. The girls are on the terrace with their friends, gossiping and playing Tong-Its. There must be over one hundred peso in the pot as I walk through. The young ones, including Miafe, are watching [Phineas and Ferb](#) cartoons.

I go to the bedroom, strip off my clothing, toss the slacks in the laundry hamper before taking a shower. I want to feel clean again.

For the next two days we live in a sex free world. By that I mean, no one seems to feel sexy at all. Anabel is scared of her body. Kaysi is freaking out, not knowing whose baby she is carrying. The little ones are under orders that there is to be no sex. Only Grace, Sam2x and Lailani are theoretically not involved with this malaise, but it seems to infect them as well.

I get the results of my sperm viability. It seems that I am a grade A stud. Ninety percent, in my donation, are good swimmers, they move forward, just like they should, and there is an 'over abundance' of them according to Anabel's physician. So all things being equal, I gather that I am a baby making machine.

In an attempt to convince Kaysi that her pregnancy is from my efforts, Anabel, without asking me, shares the results of my lab test with the girl. It doesn't help, but what it does do is get Grace and Lailani all revved up.

Anabel is afraid to have any more sex, even though she is still on the birth control pills. My test results in this case, freaks her out. The fear that she has lived with in private, has now become a pervasive and overpowering fright for her. That is not to say, that she has fallen out of love with me. It is just that she is afraid of dying. It is a palpable fear for her. I understand and give her emotional support and my love. I tell her that there will not be any sex until she is sure she is safe. That is what she wants to hear.

Kaysi, in bloom, is still panicking that I may not be the father. The concept makes her feel unclean. She does not want anyone to touch her. I suspect that this will not change until the birth and DNA test of her child.

The young ones are benched for five more days. I would like to bench them for a few years. That may not be possible. I understand that Miafe will be with me next week, but I feel like the two younger ones, ought not to be my consorts. Still the problem is that they, Lailani, and Miafe, do not seem to agree with that.

Grace and Lailani decide I am theirs for the next few days. No one is arguing with them. No one is standing in their way.

But, Grace is no fool. She knows she is potentially poaching in Anabel's waters, even if Anabel says it's OK. Anabel is getting full, no-sex, body massages, every day from Grace. Grace is washing Anabel's clothing. Grace is doing everything she can to let Anabel know that Grace is not a threat to Anabel.

Anabel confides in me that she recognizes what Grace is doing. She is not afraid of Grace. She is allowing Grace to continue with the efforts more to allow Grace to feel safe. Anabel tells me that I am to give Grace a child. *Ray, once she has your child, she will settle down. I understand her. It will be fine.*

I find it odd that while Anabel is afraid for herself, and living in real fear, she can be empathetic in her connection with Grace. Kaysi is equally supportive of Lailani and Grace, though she is shitting bricks over her own pregnancy.

Though she does not engage in any sex herself, Kaysi, joins Grace, in bed with me, to help Grace learn how to give head properly. She is teaching Grace many sexual techniques.

Grace is an appreciative student. She, further, insists on many 'practice sessions' to perfect her techniques. Now that Grace has a sexual partner, she seems like the Energizer bunny. Lailani is getting a bit exasperated, as for five full days, Grace is camping on my bed and claiming all my time.

Grace is also investigating how provocatively she can dress. With her C cup breasts, womanly hips and hour glass figure, she is setting a standard that no one other than Miafe can possibly meet.

It occurs to me that I have begun to think of Grace as a Nun who after a life in a cloistered convent, has taken a sledge hammer to the walls, discovered exactly what is outside, and damnation be damned, wants what she has found.

I fantasize about Grace, seeing her in a habit. I lift the tunic and then her two underskirts, only to find a smooth, hairless, pussy, dripping with the juices of great need. Her garments, of course fabric, are heavy on my arms, as those arms spread her legs, allowing me to enter her with my rigid member. And in that instant, compelling her to renounce her vocation, and attach to me, as she cums for the very first time in her life, much as she did when I took her the first time in her hovel in the mountains. The fantasy plays out, fuck after fuck, as I attempt to inseminate my Grace.

It seems, she will suck all the juice out of the fruits on the table of her sexual awakening. She is insatiable in her thirst. Her thighs contain the portal to a chapel of need and desire, which houses within it, a fire of intense heat. That fire requires constant fuel. My cum is the fuel. My cock, both a piston compressing her desire to a combustible density, and a injector, providing the needed fuel.

Her cunt is in constant need of me and what my body offers her. The reality that she is doing everything she can to heighten my desire for her, has not gone unnoticed, by me and more importantly, by Anabel.

Anabel seems to think this is funny. *Wait, Ray. Wait until she is heavy with child. All this will be a very faint memory. Just get her pregnant! Can you imagine what her breasts will be like? Ray, they do not make bras big enough for her in the Philippines, once she is with child.*

Grace accommodates me anyway I want, so long as my cum will be lodged in her cunt when the session ends.

Lailani is respectful of her Tita and so does not complain, but I can see that she is feeling a bit out of sorts. Since it is impossible to kick Grace

out of my bed, I tell the aunt that her niece should join us. That works for Lailani.

I decide to turn Grace into a handmaiden for my desires. I have her massage Lailani, stimulating the niece's breasts and pussy, and stroking my member, before I enter the younger female. As I fuck Lailani, I have Grace suck on the girl's tits and finger the girl's ass. I am bottoming out in Lailani, and Grace is assisting in driving her niece crazy. When I finally cum inside Lailani, the girl just shakes, quivers and collapses. Grace is smiling. Grace never collapses. All this means to her, is that as soon as she can get me hard again, I am hers.

But I can hold the young ones off just so long. On the eighth day, all hell is breaking loose. When I announce that I will take Miafe to my bed, but not the two young ones, I get what I guess is predictable. Tantrums!

God help me! There must be a rule somewhere, if the female is still throwing tantrums, she is just too young for sex. Grace, Lailani and Miafe, are not supporting me. It seems that this tribe really does think sex begins at menses. Anabel and I are trading looks of real distress. Kaysi seems confused and is trying to get Lailani to explain things to her.

Lailani starts to explain but seeks help from Grace. As Grace joins the two, Anabel sits in and listens too, infrequently, asking a question. I am hearing just bits of this. It seems like an anthropology lesson in tribal culture is in session.

With the four senior females all otherwise engaged, Miafe, Mayari and Masaya surround me. Miafe, speaking for all three, stands directly in front of me and tells me in perfectly clear Tagalog, *It's time, Ray. Take us to bed now.*

No, Miafe. I will take you, but Mayari and Masaya need to wait a few more years, before we have more sex.

Why? You fucked them before. Why say no, now?

Yes, I know. I made a big mistake before. But I don't have to keep on making the mistake.

It wasn't a mistake. It is not a mistake now. My cousins are yours. They will always be yours. Do not hurt their feelings.

Miafe, they are eleven and twelve! They are too young!

They decide if they are too young, not you! And they say that they are not too young for you!

I hate it when I am presented with a logical argument that exposes what a hypocrite I am. Still I am convinced I am right. These kids are just too young. The fact that I fucked them once each, while in their camp, seems to them to be proof that I should continue the practice; to me it just points out what a fool I was back then. I am struggling to know what to do when Miafe asks, *Ray, do we need the mothers here to convince you that you should take these two to your bed?*

That focuses my mind in a way that surprises me. It is true, if the mother places her child in my bed, I would probably take them again. That is pretty much what the trigger was for me when I committed the crime. But I do not need or want two more women in this house. There are too many here, as it is.

OK, you win. Are you all three coming to my bed tonight?

Miafe, is the spokesperson for the three. *No, Mayari will be with you tonight.*

So tonight I will engage in sex with an eleven year old girl. Just because I can think of worse, more wrong, things, doesn't make this right. I take this child, who minutes before had been engaged in a tantrum, and lead her to my bedroom. Anabel's eyes following my progress.

Once in the bedroom, Mayari peels all her clothing off, lickety-split. When I suggest that she might want to do that slowly, sexily, I get a look like I am being silly. The object is to have sex and she won't do that with her clothes on! Mayari, next, proceeds to remove all my clothing, pulls me onto the bed, and pushes me onto my back.

She is straddling me. I can see her cunt lips are dry. I make moves to get the KY ointment from the nightstand, but Mayari puts her palm to her

mouth, spits on to it and uses it to anoint her cunt with moisture. She repeats the process, anointing my cock with spit, and stroking it as the same time. As far as Mayari is concerned, she, and I, are ready.

She maneuvers her cunt over me for the best penetration and sinks down very slowly. It is not that she does not want to do this fast. It is that she is so damned tight that her body simply will not allow it. Things are having to move out of the way deep inside the girl to accommodate my presence. Still, Mayari, presses on pushing me deeper and deeper in until I can go no further. Then, for a bit, she rests.

Mayari wiggles her ass a bit with me deep inside her cunt. She pulls back a fraction and then pushes back down, hard. She yips. The feeling for me is exquisite. Slowly, gently, Mayari increases the tempo. The sensations, for me, beg description. Knowing that I cannot get the girl pregnant is allowing me to enjoy her more than I would otherwise.

I can feel the girl's cunt lubricating freely now. Hot liquid bathes my rigid member. I tell Mayari to slow down if she wants this to last any longer. Her eyebrows flick up once and she does slow down.

There is a big smile on her face. Her eyes are closed. Her cunt is wet. Her body, moving slowly up and down. The slow and intense stroking I am receiving is keeping me just moments from cumming. And then Mayari picks up the pace again. Fast, hard and insistent. This little girl, speared on my cock, is slamming her cunt on my pelvic bone, squeezing my member in an unimaginable way. She is grunting. I am struggling to hold back. It is all too much. I fail.

I cum deep inside her.

Chapter 10: Truth will out.

Mayari slides out of bed, announcing that she will sleep with her cousin, moments after our tryst. Not a minute passes before Anabel joins me.

Well?

Well what?

How do you like fucking a little child Ray? I can't believe you are doing it!

Yeh, me neither. What did they tell you when you joined Kaysi?

Oh, Grace and Lailani say, that this is the age they start. It's normal for them. It just seems real strange to me.

I bet their normal mates aren't old enough to be their grandparent.

Actually, yes, that is also normal. The older virile men get them first. The young boys can't have them until the older men lose interest in them.

Now that's just plain fucking weird. Are you sure they aren't just telling us a load of lies, to justify keeping the girls here? I mean there was a time that I felt like I was being manipulated by them. And then the bullshit they pulled with the doctor, seemed like a pretty slick operation to me.

I don't know Ray. Grace and Lailani seem sincere. So, how is it being with such a young child? You like it? Should I be jealous?

Jealous of what? Jeez, Bel, if you're not going to be jealous of Grace, why would you be jealous of Mayari?

Maybe you like little girls more than you like women. Maybe I am too old for you.

For Christ sake, how can you call yourself old? That's crazy, Bel. No you have nothing to worry about. I do not prefer little girls to you.

But you like it with them, right?

*OK, well I do get hard and I do cum, but that's not like loving my wife.
OK?*

I'll think about that. [pause] Ray, I need to go back to the doctor tomorrow. She wants to take some more tests. She wants to know if I am getting rid of the UTI. When that is clear, there are some procedures she says I need to have to try to fix my problem.

Would you like me to come with you?

No, but thank you for asking. I will be there a long time, mostly just waiting, I guess. I will take Kaysi with me. She wants to know if the doctor can tell who the father is. She say she reads on-line that there are ways to do this. One is called NIPP. Another is by amniocentesis. She says there is also something called CVS. She will ask the doctor if she can get any of these.

You sure you don't want me there too?

Uh-huh. I am sure. We will be fine. And maybe it is better if you are not there because of Kaysi.

Bel, what are you going to tell the doctor if I am the father?

She will not be the one to find out. If she can take a sample, in some way from Kaysi, we will use a different doctor for you. OK?

Yeh, I guess so. Bel, our life has gotten way too confusing and out of control.

It will be OK Ray. You will see.

§ § §

Lailani and Grace leave early in the morning to go to the palengke⁴¹. Kaysi and Anabel leave a little bit later for the Medical Arts Plaza. That leaves me with Miafe, Mayari, Masaya and Sam2x. I can already see that

⁴¹ Open air public market.

Masaya is about to suggest that it's her turn when Sam2x, who has been feeling greatly ignored, decides now is the time to set things back in balance.

I am sitting drinking coffee at the table and minding my own business, when Sam2x places herself at my knees, unzips me and in front of Miafe, Mayari and Masaya, goes down on me in a way that makes it clear to all in the room that this is not an audition. This is a master class in fellatio. Considering the shitstorm last night from my unwillingness to take the eleven year old and twelve year old, this is like throwing a stick of dynamite into a fire.

Sam2x is ignoring everything happening in the room, with the exception of my rigid member. That is getting her full attention, and goddamn, she is doing one hell of a job.

Now, Sam2x knows I will not fuck her and the other girls don't know that, but I suspect it won't matter much to them anyway. The other three of them are tergiversating between piques of high dudgeon and stunned silence with eyes agog.

I signal Masaya, to come to me. Too stunned to refuse, she does come over. I pull her down to my level and bring her in for a big serious, tongue wrestling kiss. She responds with passion.

As Sam2x does her magic on old glory, Masaya and I are having a meaningful moment. The kiss continues for a while before she pulls back and whispers, *Ray, why do you not want to fuck us when you do her and she is younger?*

I whisper back, *Sweet child, I do not fuck her. She insists on giving me head, but that is all that ever happens. I do not and will not fuck her.*

Really?

Yes, really. You can ask her later.

OK. That's better. Will you take me to bed today?

Yes, that was the plan.

Is it still, the plan?

I have to laugh, which causes Sam2x to look up. I smile at her, cock still in mouth and stroke her hair. Sam2x goes back to her activities. *Yes, Masaya, that is still the plan.*

Good. And she reattaches to my lips, arms around my neck.

Getting head while getting seriously kissed is an experience that should not be missed. It ranks right up there, with the really good stuff. And if you are going to get head like that, it helps a great deal if the girl doing it is really proficient. Little Sam2x is a master at it. I am in heaven. Hot mouth and throat on my shaft, hot lips and mouth on my lips and mouth. I feel like I am being consumed while wanting to be consumed even more. But eventually I do cum and end the ecstasy.

My coffee cup sits on the table, coffee significantly cooler than the last time I took a sip.

Miafe is standing by my side, *Ray, why do you say my cousins are too young? You have sex with Sam2x!*

I know it is not much of a difference to you, but I never have sex with her. She does take me by mouth, but that it all I allow.

I don't believe you!

Ask her. She is right in front of you. Ask her.

Miafe does ask Sam2x and gets almost the same answer that I gave. The exception is that Sam2x tells Miafe, she made me promise to not tell Kaysi, because her mom would not like it. Miafe is not buying that and asks, *You mean Ray told you to not tell your mother?*

No, Ate, I tell him. He not want me to do this, but I say I want to. Then he let me. I tell him to not tell Nanay. I scare she will stop me.

I am, at this point a little exasperated by the whole damned thing. *Satisfied?*

Yes, sorry.

I get up from the table and go for a walk.

§ § §

When I return, Grace and Lailani are back from the market. The others are making a racket, but are in one of the bedrooms, out of sight. Lailani looks over at me and asks, *You OK, Ray?*

Yeh, why?

Miafe, say she is disrespectful to you and you get angry. The girls they hide now. They afraid you send them back.

Really? That's all it takes to send them back?

Ray, please do not do this. She be good. She promise me, she be respectful to you always.

I am not sure your sister can be respectful at all times.

She be good. Promise.

We will see. For now she, and your cousins, stay. By the way, when were you going to tell me that the little ones were your cousins?

You not know? Everyone there is my family. Of course they are cousins.

Ah, OK. The three stay for now.

Thank you. I go tell them.

§ § §

Good you make them obey you!

Grace? What do you mean?

Good they have some fear of you. You the man. They should not think they can talk bad to you. You do good. They not obey me right. You make them obey you.

§ § §

Here in the Philippines, houses do not expand as much as people find ways to live more densely within the home. That has happened here. I would have assumed that we were already out of space. But no such deal. Others visit and spend the night, often sleeping on the hard tile floors with just a comforter under them and a pillow for their heads. If a pillow is not available, a rolled up article of clothing suffices. No one seems put out by this nor does it encourage people to leave sooner than expected.

Over the next month, we do have guests and my trepidation about the unusual sexual practices in this house and how they will be viewed by others is a non-issue. Whenever there are guests, the house operates, without my saying a word, as if the only one I am bedding is my wife. No one outside the house knows what is happening inside.

The powwows, with girlfriends and wives of other expats, continue on a bi weekly basis, and sometimes more often. Grace has joined them. As Lailani's aunt, the fact that she is staying with us raises not a single question. For these women, it is as it should be in Filipino homes. The fact that their men would not allow other family members to stay with them, is an indictment of their inhospitality. I am being held up as a good guy. Go figure.

The women all are now greeting me, when they see me, as if I am someone deserving of great respect. It is at once both flattering and absurd, considering the reality. I have been wondering how long we can keep the charade going.

Kaysi finds that NIPP testing is available. It is a DNA test and a swab is required from me. I provide the swab. The results come back two weeks after I sent the swab in to the diagnostics center. I'm the daddy. That is the basis for a huge celebration and a huge outside the house problem.

There is just no way we want all to assume that the child's father is the creep Kaysi left and the reality is, of course, that I am the father. So just

how do we handle this? The cat has to come out of the bag. In reality, the likelihood is that Grace and Lailani will also become pregnant. So it's a bag of cats and why had I not thought about these complications before? I am an idiot!

I sit down with Anabel, Kaysi, Grace and Lailani. This constitutes the council of elders here and also constitutes all those directly involved in the matter at hand. I explain that we have a problem. Or let me say I express my belief that we have a problem. Not a single female appears to agree with me.

What I am told, and this is from Anabel, is, *Ray, relax. We will take care of it. It's fine. OK? No problem.*

How?

All our friends already know about my female problem. They also know you want children, if it is possible. They all know Kaysi, Lailani and Grace live here forever. Our friends will understand. Truly.

If you say so. I am not so sure. I think they will accuse me of being a bad person and being bad to you.

Relax Ray! It's OK!

§ § §

And it is, OK. Go figure. Oh, I am getting a fair amount of teasing from our friends, but there is no adverse blowback. There is also a party for no particular reason other than the women think it is a party to celebrate 'us.' And as parties go here, it includes [lechon baboy](#), [kinilaw](#), [lumpia](#), [afritada](#), watermelon, pineapple, beer, sweet red wine, [rhum](#), sprite and coke.

The party is heavy with females and not many men. Some of these women are in troubled relationships and bringing their guys here wouldn't help them one damned bit. In fact, it might get some of them beaten badly. A few guys do come and I am required to explain how all this came about. Leaving out the bit related to bedding the young ones, I give it to them straight. I get a variety of responses. A couple of these

guys are very 'religious' in a Christian fundamentalist way. To them, they think this is against God's Law. Other guys are arguing with them, telling the holy rollers to cool their jets. One guy pulls me aside and tells me that last week, his wife threatened to leave him and move in here, if he didn't quit coming home drunk all the time. He asks, *You goina fuck my wife?*

Got no plans to. That's for sure. I have never fucked another man's wife and do not intend to start now.

He just looks at me. What can I say? I don't want any other females here. I sure as hell do not want any more in my bed. But this is a fight he is having with his wife because of his behavior and I want no part of it.

Once the party is over and our world returns to what we call normal now, Lailani and Grace both announce they are also pregnant. I figure that once they have their kids, both need to go on birth control. This is going to get out of hand, far too quickly.

On the good side, there is less of hiding our life together from the outside. We still have to keep the stuff about the young ones hidden, but with four adults acknowledged as my bedmates, no one is paying attention to the kids.

Anabel is having some luck with the partially blocked tubes. She says that maybe in a month or two we can try. She will work with her doctor to make sure she is safe.

Kaysi isn't 'showing' yet. So no one looks pregnant, though three of them are with child. I ask where we will put the kids and everyone tells me to relax. There is no problem.

Grace continues to give Anabel back rubs and wash her clothing. None of this has changed, though Grace is no longer camping out on my bed. She is still wanting attention on occasion, and dressing in very provocative ways, but the pregnancy has settled down the desperate need she had been expressing before. Anabel says to not worry about the clothing. As soon as she starts showing, this will end as well.

More of a problem is that Miafe is now copying her aunt's dress code. At age fifteen and dressed like she is these days, it just stops your heart, and causes your tongue to hang out.

Anabel is not as sanguine about this turn of events. Miafe is not going to get pregnant. So this is not temporary. Plus, her youthful trim body is making Anabel feel old. Anabel is far from old, but you can't tell her that. Anabel can't talk to Grace about this as Grace is dressing the same way, so she just holds her tongue, but I can see it is making her very uncomfortable.

Miafe has, as was promised, become completely obedient. She will not challenge me, even if she might have cause. The same is true for Mayari and Masaya. I fuck the latter two as little as possible. I can't explain how that makes it any better, but in my twisted mind, even though I do enjoy the experiences, I know I shouldn't and it makes me feel unclean.

Miafe is another story. It is not possible to develop a serious relationship with someone so young, but for the life of me, it seems like I am doing just that. I enjoy Miafe's company, her beauty knocks me out, and her lovemaking is real and meaningful. Miafe, has my heart. Anabel knows this and like I said, she ain't really happy about it. Still, Anabel is not asking for the girl to leave.

§ § §

Things have been stable for a month. It is afternoon and Anabel has been to the OB/Gyn again. When she walks in, she tells me, we can try for a baby. I ask her if she is really sure. She is and we should try tonight. She hands me a sonogram of an ovary with a huge egg within. It looks like a big black hole on the 'photo' she hands me. There is a big smile on her face. So I guess, tonight's the night. I pull her to me and give her a big and heartfelt kiss. As we break from the clench, there is applause and shouts of joy from all. I guess I am the last to know what is up.

The girls are giggling that they need to make a dinner for me that will be filled with foods that are good for male performance, except that's not exactly they way they express it. Their way has something to do with 'boom-boom.' Anyway the supper is good and for dessert we have [durian](#). I question the reputed health effects of the fruit, but it is good to eat

anyway. Yes, I know some folks can't stand durian, but that's their problem.

Before our assignation tonight, Anabel decides this is a good night for the girls to sing some karaoke. And so, for two hours this evening the stereo has been blaring songs from the 70's and 80's. Good grief, I was glad to see those years go by and now the music is back.

The music is still blaring when there is a ring from the gate/door bell. As it is now 9PM and we are not expecting anyone, I look through the window to decide if I want to go outside. It is the [PNP](#). I go out to the gate.

Magandang gabi⁴², Officer.

Good evening, Sir Ray.

What may I do for you?

We have a woman here. She say she not want to go to the public shelter. She ask us to bring her here.

May I ask, why she needs to go to a shelter?

Sir, her boyfriend, you know him. He is one of you Americans. He beat her up. We have him in jail, but she no want to go back to the apartment. She afraid his friends will provide bail for him to be released.

Does she need medical attention?

Yes Sir, we take her first to the hospital. They take care of that already.

Who is she?

Sir?

What's her name, Officer?

Ah, she is Shirlyn Dinopol, Sir. You know her, yes?

⁴² Good evening.

Yes. Yes, bring her in please.

Sir, she ask that your wife bring her a towel to cover her face first.

I see. OK wait. I will get my wife.

Chapter 11: Goodbye Earl

Sir, before you get your wife, may I ask you something?

Of course, Officer. What is it?

Well Sir. The man in jail is an American and you are American. Why you protect the girl and not pay bail for the man?

He beat Shirlyn, correct?

Yes, Sir.

Then keep him in jail until the Bureau of Immigration can blacklist him and deport him. I have no use for men who beat women. I don't care what passport they carry.

So the woman is right. That is good to know. Because you are American I not sure.

What is she right about?

She say she will be safe here.

Sir, your law does not permit me to arm myself. So she will not be hurt by anyone inside this house, but I cannot protect her from things on the outside.

Yes Sir. Sir, I recommend you hire an armed guard.

I am not rich, I am not sure I can afford that. How much does it cost?

To have a guard for night only, you can get such a service for ₦8,000 a month. If you are going to shelter these women, I recommend it Sir! Sir, if you want I can recommend a service to you. You can get someone here tonight, if you want.

Yes, please help me arrange that for the night. We can discuss later, how long Shirlyn will stay and if there will be any need after that.

Yes Sir. OK, please have your wife get the towel. I will call my friend.

I had to smile. I knew he was going to recommend a friend. I tell him, *OK.*

I entered the house, to many waiting faces. Anabel, Shirlyn is outside, in the Pulisiya⁴³ vehicle. She wants you to bring her a towel to cover her face before she comes in. Please take care of it.

I will do it Madam! And Grace springs into action.

Anabel who has not needed to move, asks, *What has happened?*

Earl beat her. The police have taken her to the hospital and they have taken care of what was needed. She didn't want to go to the Barangay⁴⁴ shelter. She told the police to bring her here. Anabel, honestly, I am not wanting anyone already here to leave, but Shirlyn can't stay and we can't become a shelter for abused women.

Ray, you must not throw her out! If a woman, with a foreign, husband or boyfriend, needs us, we will help her.

No more women in my bed. Understand?

Yes. Of course. No more.

The door opens to admit Shirlyn, Grace and the officer from the PNP. Grace hustles Shirlyn into a back bedroom. The Officer informs me that the guard will be here soon.

Who? That is Anabel. Clearly I have failed to inform her about the guard. I do so now, with the Officer, speaking as well. The fact that we will need an armed guard has an effect on Anabel's understanding of what we are getting ourselves into. She asks, *Is this really necessary?*

⁴³ Police. On buildings you may see it spelled "pulis" and on vehicles, "pulisiya."

⁴⁴ The smallest administrative division in the Philippines. Many towns may exist within a Barangay and a City may encompass many Barangays. See: [wikipedia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Barangay).

The Officer insists that it is necessary. Especially after the men have been drinking. He tells her that it would be best if we had round the clock protection, but we should have protection for the nighttime, in any case.

To get round the clock protection, we are talking about ₱24,000 a month. That's just more than I want to shell out each month! Anabel is in complete agreement.

Since it is clear that the Officer is staying until the guard appears, I offer him, something to drink. We have soft drinks, juice and water, all of which I offer him. He agrees to a glass of water. I notice he is spying a plate of [Goldilocks polvoron](#). I offer him one and he happily accepts.

We sit down and he tells us about the PNP's view, of some of the expats, who frequent the bars downtown. They clearly are concerned about a few of them. Further, a couple have very close ties with some unsavory Filipinos. That's what is causing him concern. They would like to see these guys deported, but the folks at Immigration are having a hard time building a case against them. He agrees that I can't own a weapon, but points out that my wife can get one legally. Anabel jumps in and says, *No way! No guns in this house!*

Grace has joined us. Anabel asks her, *How is she?*

Not good Madam. He hurt her very bad. He cut her, too. He use a broken bottle. It will be a big scar. And then addressing the Officer, Grace pleads, Sir, please do not let this man out. Shirlyn say, he will kill her for sure.

I turn to the Officer, *Sir the last time an expat threatened to kill someone, the Immigration officer, took the guy into custody and then deported him. Why can't that happen now?*

Sir, when we take him into custody, he swear he will not hurt her again if we let him out. He swear that she is wrong. He will not be dangerous. Last time the guy say he will kill, to the officer. This time it is different. But Sir, I do believe the victim. He is a dangerous man.

Anabel does not say anything. She picks up her cell phone and taps out a message. A few seconds later a reply text chimes on her phone and then

another text is sent. This ping pong of text continues for a few minutes. I ask her, who she is texting. It is her second cousin, the retired PNP officer. *Anabel, we already have the PNP here. Why do you need to contact your cousin?*

Ray, this is a family matter. I will explain later.

The Officer speaks to me, *Sir, your wife is right. This is the way to handle it.*

I am at a loss and Anabel has a look on her face which can only be explained as self-satisfaction. I gather, what she and the Officer know, I will learn later.

Eventually, the guard arrives and the Officer leaves. We set the guard up on the terrace with a pitcher of water, some bread and fruit, before retiring for the night. No one wants to stay up and sing karaoke. Anabel and I have serious business to conduct in the bedroom.

We are entering the bedroom when Grace approaches. *Madam, I know this is a special night for you and your husband. May I join you?*

Anabel is flummoxed. She has no idea of what to say, or how to interpret the request. She wants to be gracious to Grace but turn her down, while not hurting the woman's feelings.

Why Grace? I am confused.

Madam. I am your maid. I read in the Bible that I am your handmaiden. This is a maid to the Madam, is it not? This is what I am. I am also in love with your husband. I know you know this. Madam, I will be the one to assist you in raising your child. I will be with you at the birth. I will be with you long after our man dies. I wish to be with you at this special moment in our lives.

Oh Grace! Is this what you truly feel?

Yes Madam. Is it wrong to feel this?

No, Grace, I suppose it is not wrong. I guess I didn't realize how you really felt. Ray, did you know this?

I guess I suspected some of it, but how could I have known what we just heard. I don't think I had ever heard so much from Grace, since I first met her. I sure didn't know that she read the Bible, or even that she could read all that well. My fantasy about 'Grace the Nun,' just got a shot of adrenalin! *No, Bel, I didn't.*

Ray, is it OK with you if Grace joins us tonight?

Bel, I am afraid of saying, 'it's OK,' because I am afraid of what is being done to our marriage. But I think Grace is going to be, exactly what she says she is going to be. Grace is in our life in the most complete and intimate of ways. Plus, she is carrying one of my children. I say she joins us tonight.

Then it is decided. Grace, yes, you are to join us tonight.

It is the three of us, who enter the bedroom. Grace undresses Anabel and escorts her to the bathroom for a shower. She is taking the handmaiden thing a bit over the top, but Anabel is not complaining.

Once Anabel and Grace emerge from the bath, Grace informs me she will bath me. That gets a smile from Anabel, and a cryptic comment, *Prepare yourself.*

Grace undresses me and leads me into the bathroom, and asks, *Sir, do you need to poo or pee?* Thankfully I do not need to shit, but I do need to take a leak. *Pee, Grace.*

Grace raises the seats on the toilet and holds my member, pointing it to the bowl. Jeezus, how do you piss when being held like this? Well, I try and eventually am able to release a stream into the bowl. Grace takes some toilet paper, wipes the end of my member, tossing the result into the bowl and flushes.

She then turns on the water in the shower, tests for temperature with a hand, withdraws the hand, removes a robe she is wearing and guides me into the shower. I try taking the soap, but she takes it from my hand. She

has a washcloth and the soap commandeered. I am told where to stand and am then washed, turned and washed. Everything is washed, including my ass, right into my asshole. I am shampooed.

When Grace takes the razor and indicates that she will shave me, I take the razor from her and let her know she has now gone a bit too far. She backs away as I shave myself while still in the shower. Finishing the shaving, I start putting the razor on the shelf, but she takes it, lathers up her pussy and uses my razor to shave her cunt as I grab a towel. Grace turns off the water and grabs another towel. Once she is dry, she checks every inch of my body to assure herself that I am completely clean and dry. Grace then leads me back into the bedroom where Anabel awaits.

I get into bed, but Grace is moving around the room, lighting candles. It appears she has placed them in the bedroom earlier this evening, for this purpose. The overhead light is turned off and a stick of incense is lit. Grace seems to have given this some real thought. I look at Anabel and from the physical gestures she makes, I gather my wife is as surprised by all of this as am I. Once Grace has done all this, she moves into a corner of the room and sinks down into a squatting position. Essentially, to make herself a piece of the furniture of the room. To not intrude, but to be there for us if needed. Grace will be a voyeur.

Accepting, the real life Grace, as a part of our lives, in the way I gather she wants us to think about her, I return my attention to my wife.

This is a special night for us. We haven't made love in well over a month and I have never been able to impregnate her, ever, in our life together. The concept that my sperm, which I now know to be potent, has an egg waiting for it, is alternately: erotic, scary, and sobering.

I have never had problems cumming, but this night as we go through the foreplay, I am blowing it. One moment I am too hard on Anabel's nipples, later, while sucking on her nipples, I choke on my own spittle and that is sure as hell, not romantic. I rub her clit too hard and make her a little uncomfortable. Just thinking about making a child in my wife has me blowing it! I decide to think about something else.

What my mind comes to is the woman crouching in the corner. A female who will do anything for me, evidently without limit. I see her again as

the Nun. I see her strapped to a large wooden cross, laying on a huge table. Her mouth is gagged with a ball gag that is tied around her head and across the back of the top of the wooden cross. Her arms tied to the cross pieces. Her legs are spread wide with a rope, which is strung around the underneath of the table. She can see, but she cannot speak or move. I lift up her tunic, laying it over her midsection. I lift up her two underskirts and place them over the upturned tunic. Her pussy is glistening, having been recently shaved and then coated with baby oil.

I am naked as I climb over her, insert my member into her virginal cunt and destroy her hymen. As blood flows over my member in the fantasy, I loose ropes of cum inside my wife. It is done.

Did my wife enjoy this at all? I was not paying any attention to her. *You OK, Bel?*

Hehe, got any more of that, Ray? That was nice!

Huh, I think you need to give me a chance to recharge!

Oh darn! Hehe, OK! Later!

And without becoming aware of her movement, Grace appears next to us with a towel, cleaning both of us and rubbing some scented oil onto Anabel's breasts, midsection and pussy. The towel is put away, the oil is placed back on the dresser, the candles are extinguished. Grace slides in, placing me between my two women. Anabel turns her back to me and spoons against me. Grace is to my back. I spoon into her. And we sleep.

§ § §

Morning brings both teasing from the girls who were not with us last night and concern about Shirlyn. Lailani and Kaysi spent the night with her, making sure she was OK. Shirlyn has to go to a doctor today. Anabel will drive her. I am concerned about the safety of them driving to a public place. I say as much to Anabel. She picks up the cell phone and texts someone. I expect it's her second cousin, but do not know. A few minutes later she receives a text. She announces they need to go. I mention my concern again. Anabel, looking like I should know something I clearly do not know says with some exasperation, *It's OK, he's still in jail.*

Shirlyn emerges from the bedroom with another towel over her face. She, Kaysi and Anabel are quickly gone.

The next few hours are quiet. Grace does not want to leave my side. Lailani asks her something in that damned language I do not understand and gets something of a stinging reply. Lailani backs off and immediately goes to the kitchen where she starts cooking. A shout from Lailani to Miafe, brings the younger one into the kitchen where she begins assisting her sister.

I am sitting on an easy chair, Grace is at my feet, clipping my toe nails when Sam2x climbs up on my lap. She is not trying to be sexy. She knows she must keep secrets from the adult females in the house. Still, my manhood springs to attention, inside my slacks. Exactly how Grace becomes aware of this, I am unclear, but while Sam2x sits on my lap, Grace gets up and whispers in my ear, *You want to have her? I think it's OK. You want me to get her ready to take you? I will help.*

I whisper back. *No Grace. No help is needed. She likes to take me in her mouth. She does not do it in front of adults because she is afraid of getting in trouble from her mother.*

I think that will be the end of it, but there is no stopping Grace. *Sam2x, it OK that you do Ray. I not tell Nanay. You want him now?*

That's all the encouragement Sam2x needs. She is off my lap in a flash and pulling old glory out of the cloth. Sam2x goes down on me in a very serious way. Grace, whose face is just inches from me, has been watching Sam2x get to it. I now turn her face back to me and kiss Grace. Grace kisses back with real enthusiasm. Once again I am getting head and kissing at the same time. The feeling is addictive. Grace's tongue is exploring my mouth. Her fingers are in my hair. Her hands holding my head. She nips my lips with her teeth. She pushes her breath into me and wants me to breathe into her lungs. Her passion is real and strong.

Sam2x is taking me deeper than she ever has before. I am not sure where she is taking my member, but it is clearly not all in her mouth. I am back in heaven. Miafe chooses this moment to join us and starts nibbling on my earlobe. She whispers, *Sam2x want you to fuck her. She tell us, she want to feel you inside her. She wants to feel your cum inside, where it*

belongs. I want you inside me too. I want you to take this damned IUD out of me. I want your baby.

I can't answer, as Grace and I are otherwise engaged. The stimulation and the mental pictures are blowing my mind. I cum and have the feeling that it is down Sam2x's throat. Lailani is just watching... and smiling.

By the time Kaysi, Shirlyn and Anabel return, Sam2x is in the bedroom playing with Boy2x, Lailani and Miafe are putting a meal on the table and Grace is buffing my toenails.

Ray, will you tell the guard we will not need him tonight?

Why won't we need him?

Earl is gone.

What do you mean? "gone."

Just gone. He will not be around ever again.

How do you know this?

Not important.

Bel! What has happened?

Nothing. We know nothing. Earl is gone, that's all. Just say, [Goodbye Earl!](#) Hehe.

Chapter 12: The value of life

I am troubled by what Anabel and her relations may have done. But life is in many ways cheap here. People die unnatural deaths far too often in the Philippines. Life here is not, in that way, safe. It is a lesson some expats learn and take to heart, living long and happy lives, while others, well, shit does happen.

Earl's disappearance has raised few official eyebrows. His body has not been found. Those, with official positions, hypothesize that he left the country by a small boat or is traveling within the country and doesn't want to be found.

Word, on the street, is that he is dead. Evidently a few minutes after someone posted bail for him, he was released from jail, but was never seen once he left the jail. The bail was not insignificant, about ₱200,000. Since the guy is gone, that bail will be forfeited. I gather the guy who posted it is screaming that, dead men should be released from bail. The officials are saying, show us a body and we will return the bail. I suspect they are smiling when they say that. There isn't much chance that the body will ever be found. With all the concrete that gets poured here, I doubt that there is anything that can be dug up or wash ashore.

Shirlyn has been here for forty-five days. She eats in a bedroom. When she does appear, it is with a dark veil over her face. The powwows of the girlfriends and wives of expats continue, but the tone is more somber. Shirlyn has begun joining them when they meet. I overheard one of them saying that when her boyfriend threatened her, she told him to be careful or he might be the next Earl.

Clearly, the number of them who are in abusive relationships is very small. The rest of them have good situations. But there has been a disturbance in the force. An anger towards men, who think they can, for whatever reason, strike out at their companions has been, at a minimum, heightened. Filipino men have long been abusive to their partners, and in recent years, there has been a push back against it, both legally and socially in the cities. However in the provinces, the Filipino on Filipina abuse continues relatively unabated.

The anger and hurt these women feel so forcefully, is because they thought they would be 'safe' with their expat guys. That myth has been exposed as a fantasy. These women are coming to terms with the reality that they need to be a little more circumspect when sliding under a man's sheets, even when he is an expat. Of course, there are scores of young Filipinas who will not have been chastened by these events and who will fill the void. Life is cheap here.

In other news, Anabel knows that Sam2x has been giving me head. Grace told her. Grace then said to Anabel, *You must not tell her mother!* Oh good grief. Now it is clear that Kaysi will learn very soon and I had to deal with Anabel asking me, *Just how young, do I think, is too young?*

That was not a fun conversation. I had to pull Sam2x into the bedroom and have her recite: how this started, what I will not allow, and what she really wants. That being done, Anabel was a little less angry with me and a whole lot more confused. I fully understand the 'confused' part. In our world, girls that age are not supposed to be sexual creatures. Well, go tell that to Sam2x.

Kaysi is now showing her baby bump. As she knows I am the father, she is strutting around with some pride. At the same time, Kaysi's strong desire for sexual contact is lessening. She clearly loves me, but she seems to see me as a protector and provider, instead of her sexual partner. Anabel tells me that they are together a great deal sexually. I am processing that.

There is a possibility that Anabel is with child. We will learn soon enough. She is going to see the doctor in a few days. If she is, the only ones not pregnant will be those who are underage.

§ § §

Great news! Anabel is carrying. The doctor assures her things look good. There will not be an ectopic pregnancy. Things are progressing properly. I am with Anabel, when the doctor gives us the news. My wife starts crying and like an idiot, I thought it is from fear. I am trying to console her. She beats on my chest and screams, *No! I was so afraid for so long! I*

can't believe that it will be OK, now! I am so happy, Ray. We are going to have a baby, you and me!

No, actually, she is having the baby. I provided the sperm. It is all about Anabel from now on.

When we come home and tell all those assembled the good news, it becomes yet another excuse for a party. All the females in the expat connected community are here at the house, as is Anabel's family, and our immediate family, which has gotten quite large. Some of the expat guys are here too. I think we should wait a bit, to make sure things progress well for the next few months, but am overruled. There are three pigs, and tables upon tables of food. Over one hundred people come. Anabel is glowing.

A few guys tell me that a couple of the most difficult expats have left the country, following what seems to have happened to Earl. Most of the guys seem to think that while they don't approve of what they think has happened, that Earl certainly had it coming to him. I keep my mouth shut. It is far too close to home for me.

§ § §

Shirlyn stays with us for three months, but I never see her face. She continues to wear a veil at all times. Last week she made the decision to return to the village in the province from which she comes. We put her on a bus yesterday. I am sad for her. No one deserves what Earl did to her. That she should have gotten out of that relationship far earlier is an opinion I keep to myself and do not share it with anyone.

For now there has been a real cessation of abuse, as reported by the women. Now, once again, there were never many of these gals, who were getting abused. Considering that we count Kaysi, Lailani and Shirlyn in their number, I doubt that there were even five more than that we know about. There are hundreds of expats with female companions here, so the number is very small.

For the moment, there appears to be peace in the ranks. I have hopes that our time as a shelter to new females has come to an end. To the extent

that I have a house of females who will never leave, our time as a shelter appears to extend indefinitely.

It was not what I ever wanted, but, if it had not happened, Anabel would not be pregnant now. It took having the others here, for me to learn why my wife was really on the pill. So I can't regret the others, without wishing that Anabel was without child. I will never do that.

In the next seven months, there will be four babes born to these women. I will be a father to each, the consort to three women, and the husband to one.

There are four underage girls, who Anabel and I agree, need to have other men in their lives. Grace and Lailani are having a fit in this regard. Grace insists that, as I took the virginity of Mayari and Masaya, unless I am an evil man, they must stay with me. Lailani dances to her aunt's tune and so her insistence in this regard, is nothing more than a parroting of Grace. But as Grace is not to be ignored, Anabel and I will give it a bit more thought.

As to Miafe, Grace and Lailani say, the sisters insist on staying together from now on, period. Lailani reminds me that I am the only good man she has ever been with and she is not leaving. The matter, according to them, is not open for discussion. Anabel rolls her eyes. She brought this on and she isn't going to blame me. But you can see she knows she has to accept she is part of a harem now and not the 'Wife' she had been. In that way I am sad for both of us. I valued our marriage. It was a good one and I never regretted being Anabel's husband, ever. But that marriage is gone. We are still husband and wife, but the very nature of what that means has been transformed by events. All of them emanating from when we accepted Kaysi and her children into our home as permanent members. And that brings me to Sam2x.

Sam2x is a different matter and Grace has no say in this. It is a point I make to Grace very clearly. I tell her to not interfere in the matter and she accepts my directive. Kaysi is now aware of the fellatio matter but also aware that her child's hymen remains intact.

For Sam2x, what we have is a child who is interested in sex, far too early. Kaysi wants her to find a nice expat and wants Anabel and me to assist in

the process when she is old enough. The job is to keep the wheels on the car until she is 'old enough' without blowing through the hymen. I am anxious to keep her a virgin, but will the others in this house assist me, or sabotage me?

§ § §

We have a birthday coming up for Masaya. She is turning thirteen, tomorrow. Lailani tells Anabel that Masaya, has never had a birthday party. Never had a birthday cake. Never gotten a birthday present. In fact neither has Lailani, nor Grace, nor any of that clan.

Is it possible to be distressed by such a thing? I am, and so is Anabel. We set about learning all their birthdays. From now on, we will not miss them for lack of knowledge. Anabel orders a cake from [Red Ribbon](#), and she shops for a new dress as a present. I provide some funds to Kaysi, who also purchases a present for the girl.

What I am not aware of until the next day is that Grace contacts Masaya's mom, to say we are having a party for her girl, and will she please come. I remember sucking on Masaya's mother's milk filled tit. That was something I have never done before, but guess I will have plenty of such opportunities going forward, given the four pregnant females in the house.

But just how Grace got word to the mother, Ivy, gets me wondering. I was told that Grace had no cell phone. I assumed that was true for all of them. Also, if Grace had no phone, why would she have known the cell numbers of others' even if they did have phones? Once again, I am getting the feeling I have been sandbagged.

There is another wrinkle. Another mother and child are coming. I remember fucking a little one that night and then taking the girl's mother in the ass. But I didn't see the ten year old, and her mother, the next day when the others were following me around. Well, those two, I am told, are also on their way. That requires I sit down with Anabel and take her through that entire night I spent on the floor of the hut.

Ten? You sure she was ten?

No, but that's what someone told me.

You know what's going to happen, right?

I think so.

You are the one who said, 'no more women.' I gather that does not mean no more children!

Ouch, Yeh, I know. Maybe, they won't stay.

Don't bet on it, Stud.

What's the phrase? 'No good deed goes unpunished'? Well, all I wanted to do was give a girl a birthday party. Fuck me... literally, fuck me.

The next day, two women and one child arrive mid-morning. They are dirty, tired and in ragged clothing. Lailani, Grace, and Miafe form a phalanx around them and herd them into the washroom. Miafe, Masaya and Mayari shuttle back and forth between the washroom to a bedroom, carrying things as needed. Kaysi and Grace are busy cooking. I am either staying out of the way or hiding. You can choose which ever term you think best describes my behavior of being unobserved by our guests.

The party is set for late afternoon. And for hours, all are occupied. But at mid-afternoon the mothers and child are considered presentable. They are first brought to Anabel, who greets them, chats with the mom's, teases them about the sex they and their daughters have or had with me, and lets them know, she isn't freaking out about it. She queries Masaya's mom about why her breasts are still wet. Does she have a babe-in-arms? If so, where is the child? It turns out that Ivy has been the wet nurse for a couple of mothers who cannot nurse. These other gals have kept her 'wet' for ten years, between five children.

Friend are you in pain now? It has been at least a day since anyone has been nursing.

No Madam, the pressure has been relieved. And while I am here, maybe your husband will help me more in that matter?

Ha! Hala⁴⁵! Yes I bet he will. Maybe he will do it again while he has his cock in your daughter! I gather, that's what happened before. Di ba⁴⁶?

Yes, Madam. You are correct. So you will allow this?

Yes Friend, I will allow it, so long as you do not try to take my man from me.

Yes Madam. I promise.

I am hearing all of this. I am cringing a bit and rolling my eyes at some of it. But what has me really going is that they are all speaking perfectly good Tagalog. I am convinced that I have been sold a bill of goods. They wanted me to get them out of that place; to gain real, meaningful, shelter. They did whatever it took to make sure it would happen for at least three of them. What this new group of females intend to do, remains a mystery, but it will not be a con that goes unnoticed.

About a half an hour later, they find me and I greet the mothers and the child again. The first time, being in the hut. Since I know what's up, I decide to tease Masaya's mom. After leaning in for a very chaste kiss, I open her blouse, telling her that her breasts need air and then take one in my mouth, sucking hard. *Mmmm, that's good. Oh I guess they are unbalanced now! I better take some from the other side.* And I do. Afterwards, I give her a good kiss and tell her that she had best be a good girl, or I'll fuck her in the ass. She asks, *How bad do I have to be? I want that!*

Next I pull the mother I fucked in the ass, into my arms. *I know I fucked your ass, but I don't know your name. Before I fuck you again, you have to tell that to me.*

In a nanosecond she blurts out, *Mary! I am Mary.*

Good, and Mary, seeing as how you put my cock in your daughters pussy, maybe you should tell me her name.

Sir, this is Inday.

⁴⁵ 'Be careful' or 'Watch out!'

⁴⁶ Is that so?

Hello Inday. Are you going to want me to fuck you again?

Yes Sir.

Is that what you really want to do?

Yes Sir.

Did your mother tell you to do that?

Yes Sir, but I really want to do it.

How old are you, Inday?

Eleven, Sir.

When is your birthday?

It was last month, Sir.

I see. OK. Well, I am sure you are tired and you will have a long trip back tomorrow, so maybe you want to get some rest before the party.

Mary interrupts, No Sir, we are not going back tomorrow.

How long will you all stay?

Bahala ka.⁴⁷

I see. Did you bring all your possessions?

Sir?

Did you bring all you own?

Sir, there is little we have of any value. What we leave, we will not miss.

Where are your husbands?

⁴⁷ It is up to you.

Sir?

Are you married?

Oh, no Sir.

Ivy, who is Masaya's father?

I do not know, Sir.

Mary, who is Inday's father?

I do not know, Sir.

Really?

Yes Sir.

I see. Well if you two are staying, or at least hoping to stay, you might as well assist Anabel and Kaysi in the kitchen! No one here may be tamad⁴⁸!

And the two dash off, in something close to fright. I hold on to Inday.

Damn, this is all I need. Ivy and Mary are cute enough, but I don't want more women in my life. I sure don't need another young one. I am not sure the young one really wants me as much as she has been coached by her mother to say that she wants me.

Inday, you may stay here, with your cousins, without having to have sex with me. Is that OK with you?

No! Sir, I come here because I belong to you. You are my first and I know it is you, so I belong to you.

If that is true, why does your mother not belong to someone else?

Sir?

⁴⁸ Lazy.

Well, if you belong to the first man who takes you, then your mother should belong to the man who first took her.

Oh! I see. No Sir. He is dead.

Truly?

Yes Sir. He die when I am six.

That was your father?

Yes, I think so. I call him Tatay⁴⁹.

OK... OK, you should go find your cousins.

And Inday scoots off. I think I got more truth from Inday than from Mary. But it is possible that Mary does not know who the father is, and was living with a guy who died five years ago. That still doesn't explain why the little one needs to belong to me other than I am a softer ride through life. This is more manipulation. I am not flattered by anything about it, other than they are convinced this is a good place, because Grace, Lailani, and possibly Miafe, have attested to their safety. My best guess is that after taking Mary in the ass, she had second thoughts about sending her daughter the next day. Now, I am their shelter.

It's real simple. You don't have to be an Adonis. You don't have to be wealthy in first world terms. Life here is cheap. You have to be a nice guy, but without too many scruples or hangups. I guess that's me, because I suspect I am going to be inside an eleven year old and her mother tonight.

⁴⁹ Father.

Chapter 13: Get thee to a Nunnery!

But before any bedroom activities, there is a birthday party, and a lot of firsts for a number of those assembled. It's not that they don't know what a birthday party is, it is just that they haven't have one themselves, nor have their cousins, aunts, or sisters.

Birthday parties in the Philippines are much like any other party for the most part. Lots of food and lots of family members. There are cakes for many different reasons, and types of parties, if you can afford a cake. Most Filipinos do not have ovens and most Filipino dessert foods are steamed, such as [puto](#), or fried, such as [bananaque](#)⁵⁰. Cakes come from a bakery, and that means you have peso's to spare. And so it is not that cake is special to birthdays, but that cake is, for the very poor, special, all in itself.

Additionally, because cake is not common among the poor, the participants in parties are often filled long before the cake is ready to be served, and no longer desiring to eat after a serious amount of rice and bihon. I have been to many a party where the cake goes uneaten as no one has room for it.

Today, along with that, there is [Filipino Paella](#), [Dinugan](#) (blood stew), and [Goat Kaldereta](#). Simply more food than could be consumed through two parties. And so the cake, while pretty, is pretty much, uneaten.

Presents are not common among the poor and so gifts are not typically given for birthday parties in many homes, even when such parties occur. The fact that we will give a present, is, in itself, something special. The dress is a big hit and seems to cement in the minds of the newcomers that this house is a sanctuary they will not want to leave.

I had not thought of that consequence when we set out to get the present, because I did not know, Ivy, Mary and Inday where coming when we made that decision. It is most likely that it would have made no difference, but I can see in their eyes, that I will have them for life, unless I forcefully throw them out.

⁵⁰ Pronounced: Banana-Q.

The party is, as expected, a success. Masaya is proud and more importantly seemingly sensing that she has been accepted. Ivy sits in a corner and cries. Seeing it, I ask Anabel to go to her and see what's up with the tears. It turns out that she's just real happy and doesn't know how to say thank you. She doesn't feel worthy.

Mary and Inday stand back a bit. I suspect that they don't feel they really belong here and are out of their comfort zone. I move behind Mary, put my hand on her ass, under the skirt she was given to wear tonight, insert my finger up her cunt and ask, *If I fuck you, with Anabel in bed with us, will you feel more comfortable here?*

You will do that? She will let you?

Yes. Answer the question, will you feel more comfortable then?

No! She will hate me!

No she won't. But she will expect you to lick her pussy too.

I can't! I never do that. I not Lesbian.

Mary, you will do that at the same time I fuck you. If my cock is in your cunt, are you a Lesbian, if you eat pussy?

Bastos ka! You are evil!

Maybe. But you want to stay here. Correct?

Yes. This is true.

You want me to fuck your daughter, correct?

Yes, Sir.

So, Mary, who is bastos? Who is evil?

That not the same. You are a man and Inday is a girl.

Is it normal for a man to fuck the daughter with the mother putting the daughter on the cock?

Maybe.

Well tonight after I fuck you and while you are having sex with Anabel, I will fuck Inday again in the same bed and in front of you and Anabel.

You are truly evil.

OK, well, then take your daughter to another bedroom and go home tomorrow.

No!

No, what?

I am not going home. I do what you say.

But I am evil.

This is true, but we do it.

Well, I have done my best to get the woman to leave. I knew that nothing normal would work. So I figured, freak her out, as she is already feeling out of her element. She had been the one to not give me her child before, so I reasoned, I would give her a reminder of why she had chosen that path. But no dice.

It is clear, Mary will do anything I tell her to do, so long as she is able to stay. Now I wonder how Anabel is going to handle this. She has never seen me take a young one, at least not while in bed with her. I might as well push the issue. We have never had a mother and daughter in the house, both of whom I am fucking in front of each other.

Up until now, I have tried hard to reduce contact with Mayari and Masaya, but now with the addition of Inday and the mothers, that will not be possible. Further, up to now I have tried to balance my time between these females and not push them into girl on girl contact except where they really want it, such as Kaysi with Anabel. But as we add three more

here, that will have to change in a big way. Unless we establish a convent here, which none of them seem to be willing to agree to join, there must be a significant amount of girl on girl activity. I am not going to be inviting other men in to service them and I can't do it all myself.

Anabel, needs to be clear that I am going to be with very young girls and that there will be the girl on girl activities here. It is going to happen often. It is part of Anabel being part of a harem and not the 'wife.'

My finger is still in Mary. I am still playing with her cunt and her clit. Cunt juices are dripping on the floor. I am not stopping. Inday is watching and looking up at me. She is listening to everything.

Mary, look over at Mayari. You are going to eat her pussy tomorrow. Look at the rest of the females in this room. By the end of the month, you will have had sex with every one of them. And Mary, each of them will have eaten your pussy. If you stay here, that is what will happen. Do you understand?

Yes, Sir.

I am still fingering her. She is damned close to cumming.

And Mary, every one of the females here will have sex with your daughter. Is that what you really want?

It's OK Sir. We will stay if you let us. And Mary cums hard on my hand. There is a puddle on the floor. Go figure. I think as much as she says, I am evil, she is wanting this in her heart. I try to make her leave and may have just given her every reason to stay. I'll be damned.

Mary moves to the kitchen to get some paper towel. She wants to clean up the puddle. Anabel comes over to me and asks me what has just happened. I tell her exactly what was said. I leave nothing out. Anabel is looking at me, swallowing repeatedly, breathing short breaths and then says, *You are really evil, Ray. The problem is you are making me as evil as you. I can't wait for tonight! I think I want that one! I want to see you take her daughter and see her watch it and eat me at the same time. God, Ray, she will be our slave! Oh. Shit, I am so horny now! Shit, Ray, I can't wait for you. I'm going to take her right now. You can have her later.*

OK, that's not the response I was expecting. It's not that Anabel hasn't had girl-girl sex before. Clearly she has, and she enjoyed it, but I didn't expect this reaction.

Anabel does just what she says. She grabs Mary, who has been looking at us, and pulls her into the master bedroom. Inday is left standing alone. I bend down, kiss her gently on the head and suggest she find her cousins, once again. It is time to find Kaysi. I don't have to warn her, or soften the blow, about 'losing Anabel.' I don't think they are 'married.' I need to give her a heads up that she is running the show for the rest of the night as Anabel will be otherwise occupied.

When I do tell Kaysi, she is genuinely amused by Anabel's reaction and cheerfully accepts the task I hand to her. Next I seek out Grace, but Lailani and Miafe join her. I explain the current evening's program and ask her assistance in giving Anabel and me some room. Grace is ready to take the marching orders without comment. Lailani, seems to think the plan is perfect and is glad it is happening. Miafe however has grasped the deeper significance and begins to ask the questions that are spot on target.

Ray, will we all be doing this girl stuff?

Why do you ask?

Well, with so many of us here, I think it has to happen. Di ba?

Yes, that's correct.

Does you taking Inday mean that you will be with Masaya and Mayari more?

Probably.

This changes things here, I think. Will you allow Mayari's mom to come to?

She has a husband. Di ba?

Yes, Sir. I think you meet him.

Then no, she cannot come.

What if she leaves him?

I will send her back.

Will you give Ivy and Mary children?

I don't know. Why?

Well, all of us who are old enough now, are carrying your children. I want to do that when I am old enough.

Miafe, you should find a guy who is just for you and marry him.

You kicking me out?

No.

Then don't say that! I am not leaving. Ray, can I pick who I want to have sex with in this house?

What do you mean?

Well, if there is someone I not want to have sex with, that OK?

Yes. But I think you should tell me who that is, so we don't have a problem.

Sure. No problem with that!

Anything else Miafe?

No. That's all for now. Maybe I think of something later OK?

Sure. That's fine.

Miafe and Lailani leave us and Grace gets in my face. You are too nice to Miafe. You should tell her to do what she is told. Tonight you been the strong man and teach Mary to obey you, Sir. Miafe need to learn that.

How about Anabel? Grace, do you think she needs to obey too?

Yes, Sir! But you do not need to be mean to her. She will obey you. I am sure of this.

Grace leans on on her tiptoes and kisses me. *Make us all obey, Sir. It is good for us.*

So says the Nun.

§ § §

I have Inday with me. We enter the master bedroom. There before her on the bed is her mother and Anabel. Both are naked. Mary's head is between Anabel's thighs. My wife's eyes are closed and she is moaning as Mary does what seems to be a credible job of eating pussy.

Without interrupting my wife and her lover of the moment, I undress Inday and myself. I bring her to the other side of the bed. Putting the child on her back, her ass just about off the edge of the bed but on top of a pillow to elevate it, I am standing and put my member on the child's labia. Reaching over to the nightstand, I grab the KY, squeeze a dollop out and anoint her cunt and my dick before pushing into the tightest of tunnels.

Inday is taking me willingly, but I see evidence of discomfort. I stop. She wiggles and pushes against me. Inday does not want a reprieve. I short stroke her, but she wants more. I move into her more forcefully, pushing in deep. She grunts and seems to want yet more. I look up to see my wife watching. Anabel is biting her lower lip. I smile at her and continue to fuck little Inday for all I'm worth. Anabel grabs Mary's hair at the back of the woman's head and pushes Mary's mouth hard against my wife's snatch. Anabel is humping Mary's head in rhythm to my fucking of Inday. I watch Anabel cum on Mary's face, soaking the poor woman in a rush of fluid. And that, it seems is a trigger for me as I flood little Inday with cum.

I keep on stroking in and out of Inday with a semi-soft but not totally flaccid member for a minute before pulling out. I lift Inday onto the center of the bed, my member just waving like the happy soldier that it is.

Anabel, lick my cum from the child's cunt.

Ray?

You heard me.

Yes, Ray, OK. I do it. And she moves over to Inday, spreads the child's legs and goes about the task.

Mary, come lick your daughter's juices and my cum off me. Mary doesn't question, she hops to it. And due to the miracle of pharmaceuticals, I am regaining tumescence. I push Mary onto her knees and take her cunt from the back. I am not going to cum anytime soon, but Mary explodes soon enough on her own, leaking a decent amount of her ejaculate to bathe my member. But I am done with Mary. I get behind Anabel and take her from the rear while she continues to eat Inday. I don't stay in my wife long. Just long enough to give her a few thrills, before pulling her off Inday and taking the little one for a second ride. This time in missionary position.

By now I am ready to cum and it's a good thing as I doubt Inday can take much more of this pounding. I load up the girl with a second helping.

Mary, suck my cum out of your daughter. Mary looks at me, a bit frightened, but she is not about to argue. She moves over to Inday and gets to it, as I take Anabel in my arms. I am about to kiss her, but Anabel needs something else. *Ray, is this really you? What has happened?*

Anabel, you can't bring all these changes into our home and marriage without consequences. You wanted to shelter these girls by making them part of our family. You wanted me to fuck Kaysi, so bad that you left me with her, just so it would happen. You can't do that to us, without changing who we are.

Oh Ray.

Yeh, 'Oh Ray,' is right. With so many females in this house, there is no way I am going to satisfy all of them without lots of girl-girl activities. I expect you to be a big supporter and proponent of this. Do I make myself clear?

But why you make Mary eat Inday?

Because Mary and the other new ones need to know, right from the start that she must do what I say or they are gone. They are here because of lies and games. They lied to me over and over. This is what they want? Well, I am not going to be easy on them. They had better really want to stay, no matter what, or they should go.

You know that just because Mary's face is buried in Inday's pussy, she can still hear you, right?

Yes and that is fine with me.

Why did you make me eat Inday?

Because, you need to understand that I will be with all these underage girls and so you must be too. I am not doing this alone, Bel.

Are you angry with me?

No, Bel, no, but I am frustrated beyond words with this concept of taking care of everyone who is in need. I now have a harem, and I did not want one. I was happily married. Remember?

Yes. I remember. I remember, Ray. Are you going to make Ivy and Mary pregnant?

You think I can stop that?

No. You are right.

I notice a little movement in the corner of the bedroom. Grace is squatting there. She has heard everything. I motion her to come to the bed. She has little on save for a brief panty, and thigh high black stockings. I have no idea how long she as been in the room, but it must have been while I was fucking someone.

Grace climbs onto the bed and into my arms. *Grace, you heard what I was saying?*

Two eyebrows go up, twice.

You have anything to say to me?

You do correct, Sir. You right to make them obey. That way they learn to not lie like they do to me before I come here. I tell them to not do things, they not listen. Maybe they listen to you.

What did you tell them, that they did not do?

I tell all, only those who not virgins to be with you that night. They do the opposite!

I look at Anabel. She has a defeated look on her face. She is finally getting the fact that others have their own agendas and they have taken advantage of her good will, to fix their own problems. Of course it is too late now, but Anabel has, I hope, finally seen how those who are desperate, manipulate others. It started with Kaysi. She didn't believe me then. She sees it now. Will she remember and believe tomorrow?

In the meantime, what we have here is a convent of whores and I am the one and only John, not a Saint John.

Let me go on record and say clearly and firmly that harems are not the fun men seem to think they are. I knew it before the latest entrants. And adding more doesn't make it arithmetically worse. It makes it logarithmically worse. If you're a satyr, maybe it would work for you, but I am no satyr. I can't satisfy all these females! All I can hope to do is keep them pregnant and out of my bed.

Chapter 14: Anger Management

The house is quiet. It's 3:30AM and I have gotten up to relieve my bladder. There are four females in my bed and if I return to it, one will assuredly awaken. God help me but that's not something I am looking forward to happening.

I am considering just sacking out on a couch in the sala⁵¹, but it occurs to me that with all the females currently in the house, that the couch might already have been appropriated. I am feeling like I need a hole in which to crawl into and hide.

I guess I am just standing in the darkened room for quite a while, because Grace has awakened, and figured out where I am. I am aware of this as she has come to me, puts an arm across my bare back and rests her cheek on my arm. She is not trying to move me to the bed, or anything else for that matter. She has just chosen to be by my side. It is a physical manifestation of the emotional reality of her connection with me. She isn't trying to take me anywhere. She simply must be with me.

I put my arm around Grace. She has calmed my heart. For some inextricable reason, I feel safer and more grounded with Grace than I do with Anabel. In some way the earth underneath my feet has shifted. I wonder if Anabel senses this. I know she knows that everything has changed in other ways. But does she know about my heart?

Somehow, Grace and I get back on the bed, though I cannot tell you which one of us made the decision to move. We just moved as a single organism. We find a spot on the mattress and settle back into each other's arms. There is nothing sexual about this. There are no motives, other than love and caring. And yet this is the same female who was just hours ago, urging the most extreme behaviors from me, so as to teach the others that they must 'obey' me. Grace has her own agenda when it comes to these other females, and it is one that is anything but clear to me. But her agenda with me is openly discussed and completely known.

Wrapped up with Grace's arms, I fall asleep once more.

⁵¹ Living room. Most likely comes from the Spanish term "sala de estar."

§ § §

I am alone on the bed. The females are all gone with the morning sun. Swinging my legs over the edge of the mattress, I am trying to make sense of my life. It isn't falling into anything that resembles what reality should look like, as far as I can tell.

I am still just sitting when the bedroom door opens and it is Grace once again who seems to be my anchor. She sits with me and says nothing, asks nothing, and seems to want nothing. After a while she gets up, kisses my cheek and tells me she will be right back.

A minute later she is back with a glass of apple juice, two ibuprofens and two other capsules. I don't recognize this last pill and ask her what it is.

Sir, it is [Drivemax](#).

No this does not look like [Drive Max](#), Grace. I don't use the stuff, but I know what it looks like.

Sir? Wait I get you the package.

She does and I'll be damned. It is not the product I have seen before and it's even spelled differently. The box lists the pharmacology and it is not the same thing as the product I had seen before. I recognize the ingredients. I have my doubts it will do what Grace expects it to do, but I doubt it will hurt me. I take the pills.

You really think this will help?

Sir, you will be very busy today. Masaya and Ivy expect you to be with them. Miafe also says she wants time with you, but I tell her, no! Sir, she is trying to convince Lailani that she can remove the birth control. Do not allow this.

Grace, do I get any say on who I am with and when I am with them?

Of course Sir, but they just come yesterday and it best if you do this, now. Do what you do last night. Have your wife with you same, same.

Have you spoken with Anabel?

No Sir. That is for you to do! Not me!

Why do you want Anabel to be in the bedroom with me?

She must never say, you do things she not do!

Are you worried about her?

Sir, it is safest for you to do this. I only think of you in this.

What about Kaysi and Sam2x?

Yes Sir. This worries me too. Maybe we fix this next week.

You have a plan for this?

Maybe.

I see. OK when do you want me to do Ivy and Masaya?

This afternoon, Sir. I think it is best that way. After dinner, you should have Anabel be with Mayari, Masaya and Inday in bed tonight. Tell the little ones to do sex with your wife. You must get Ivy and Mary pregnant, Sir. This is a good time for them.

And that is why you give me the Drivemax in the morning? Grace, the pills will wear off by this afternoon.

No Sir, not these. I am told you will stay good all day and night.

I doubt this, but still have some Cialis, in the nightstand, if I need it. I give Grace a brief kiss and rouse myself. It is time for a shower.

§ § §

I am sitting reading the paper, drinking my coffee and once again, minding my own business when I am set upon by Kaysi. Kaysi is heavy with child and her movements are, to acknowledge the pun, labored.

Ray? Sam2x think you not love her.

Why?

You not allow her to do what you do with the other girls.

Kaysi, are you wanting me to have sex with a nine year old child?

No, but Sam2x want it. She be ten next week. You know this!

Yes, I know she wants it. You know that I do not want it. What do YOU want, Kaysi?

You have sex first time with Inday when she ten! I not know about you and Sam2x.

Jeezus Kaysi! How can you not know? It should not happen. Sam2x is too young. You know that.

Yes I know.

So tell her that! Tell her I say no. I say she is too young.

When she eleven or you mean twelve?

Tell her that because I love her, she should wait at least seven years.

Ray!

No! Kaysi. NO.

OK, OK. I tell her. She will be very upset.

Oh, hell, tell her I will think about it again in two years.

Which? She eleven or twelve?

If you tell her today... eleven plus six months.

OK, thank you. I tell her that.

My coffee is still hot. I return to it and my newspaper. I am having a hard time concentrating on the news, and find myself just skimming the headlines when Lailani sits down.

Ray? You allow Miafe to remove the IUD?

No.

Ray, she want it out.

I know, Lailani

She old enough.

Old enough for what?

To decide this?

If she removes the IUD, then she will not be allowed in my bed. You tell her, I agree that she is old enough to decide this and I am old enough to decide who gets into my bed.

OK, I tell her, but she will be angry.

Yes I am sure she will be angry, but she does not make the decisions of whom I will attempt to impregnate. She has a choice. She can be with me with the IUD or be without me without the IUD. She can choose.

OK, Ray. OK.

If Grace had not brought me the ibuprofen this morning, I would be running for it right about now. Her actions were prescient. That is something I will keep in mind for the future. She must also be a mind reader because, just as I am about to toss the paper back on to the table, I feel hands on the back of my neck. I twist around to see Grace's face, looking back at me.

You OK, Sir?

Yes. I guess so.

You do right. I am glad you do what you do.

You heard?

Yes. I hear all.

You knew these things would happen?

I pretty sure.

I see. Do I have any more surprises coming?

Sir?

Anything more like want happened?

Ah, I see. No Sir. That all.

Where is Anabel?

She go shopping with Ivy, Mary and Inday. She will buy them some clothes.

Where are Mayari and Masaya?

They go to the mall cinema. They take Sam2x and Boy2x with them.

So it is just Kaysi, Lailani and you that are here?

No Sir. Kaysi go with the kids to the mall. It just me and Lailani. Come to bed Sir. I will give you a good massage.

I get up and follow Grace back into the bedroom, a half-finished coffee cup left behind. Once in the bedroom, I strip down, as does Grace. She places two large bath towels over the bed and has me lie on them.

In the short time that Grace has been learning the art of massage, she has picked up quite a bit. After lighting an incense stick, and pulling the curtains shut to dim the light in the room, she takes some fragrant oil and gently rubs it on to my body. This is already calming.

Grace works the oil into my back, arms, legs, glutes, and neck. She is not being tender about this. The impact is of catharsis. The tension I had felt is gone. I am relaxed and loose. She rolls me over and works my legs. But the Drivemax is engaging and my flag is flying all on its own.

Her hands continue to work my legs, but her mouth engages my manhood and consumes it down her throat. Grace is fucking her head on my pole while pinning me to the bed. Her throat is hot, her arms are strong, her need is readily apparent. Grace simply wants to get me off. I am not uncooperative. The Drivemax, as much as I doubted its efficacy, seems to be truly efficacious. My member, is as rampant as it is able to get, and cum is boiling up in my loins. There is no need for me to prolong this and in less than five minutes, Grace has down her throat, exactly what she had set out to get.

My flag is still flying, if not fully stiff in the breeze. My tensions have been dissipated. I am honestly relaxed and Grace is hugging my oily body with my arms encircling her. It is not even eleven in the morning.

After a few minutes we move into the shower and clean up. Grace dresses fast and exits the bedroom while I finish up. As I am about to leave the bedroom, she appears with a glass of water and another Drivemax. I take the pill.

§ § §

The girls are back from the cinema and Anabel is back with the others from their shopping trip. I take my wife, Masaya and Ivy into the bedroom. Anabel, looks at me with a questioning look before voicing, *Again? This soon?*

I answer a quiet yes⁵². Anabel signals acceptance, telling Ivy and Masaya to disrobe. Masaya and Ivy are all for this and do not need encouragement. Anabel is a bit more reserved but still compliant.

My bed holds three lovely females. I guess any man would call it a wet dream come to life. But for me, it is more fraught with concerns, both emotional and logistical. I do not love Ivy. Not in any way, do I have any emotion for her, other than I find her attractive. Masaya, is a sweet girl

⁵² Eyebrows raised.

for whom I have great fondness, and I am about to turn her and her mother into sex objects. I was resisting this exact thing, trying to keep the girl out of my bed as much as I could. And added to that, I am turning my own wife into a sex object, as well. After this I am going to send her to be with all the young ones, who will keep her busy as I attempt to impregnate the two mothers.

I can say, well this is what Anabel has coming to her. She set this whole damned thing in motion, but I could have put my foot down and refused. I didn't.

As I turn away, emotionally from Anabel, I seem to be turning to Grace. Yet it is Grace who has orchestrated all this today. Am I being played by a master in the game?

Logistically, how am I going to fuck these females now and have anything left for Ivy and Mary tonight? Yes, the Drivemax has some potency, but though I am just learning about it, does it really have enough to make this possible? Four or five cums in one day? If so, why does anyone bother with Cialis or Viagra?

Sitting on the bed with these three, in a relatively unromantic manner, I bring one at a time to me and kiss her. I start with Anabel who kisses me fervently and asks. *Do you still love me, Ray?* It's a good question and one I had just asked myself. For now I can answer truthfully, *I do*. I am not sure that the future will hold the same answer.

Next I bring Masaya to me. I speak to her before kissing, *Happy birthday, I hope you know how much I care for you.*

Yes, Sir. I do.

You know, I would be happy if you didn't want in this bed?

Yes, I know you say that. But it is better this way.

Why?

I don't know. Just is.

I hope you are right. I bring her lips to me and kiss her.

Next is Ivy, who is eager to engage. I bring her to me. Her tits are large and dripping with milk. Ivy and I tongue wrestle for a while before I push her on to her back.

Anabel, suck her left tit. Masaya, suck on your mother's right tit. Anabel makes a face but does what I tell her to do. Masaya, follows instructions without comment. As they each latch on to a nipple, making Ivy moan. I slick up with some KY and ram into Ivy's cunt. I gather Ivy was not expecting that, as she gasps, before grunting and locking her legs around me. I continue to fuck this mother, whose child sucks milk from her breast. She is tight, even after childbirth. Her juices are flowing on my cock as I stroke her canal. Anabel, tit still in mouth, looks up at me. I smile at her and continue fucking.

In no time, Ivy cums. I pull out. Pulling Masaya and Anabel off her, I tell Anabel to get on her own back and instruct Ivy to lean over Anabel to give my wife a tit to suck on while I fuck my wife. I whisper in Masaya's ear to finger fuck her mother. Masaya whispers back, *Yes, Sir.*

Mounting my wife, I find her dripping wet. She is close to cumming the moment I enter her. After just a few moments she cums. I continue fucking her and a second and a third orgasm hits her. I am hard but not needing to cum as her cunt becomes a non-stop cum factory. At the same time Ivy is screaming. I gather she is cumming from her daughter's ministrations.

I pull out of Anabel, who is spent, though I am not. I put Ivy on her back, and Masaya on her hands and knees between her mother's legs. I get ready to mount Masaya from the rear and instruct her to eat her mother's cunt. I tell Anabel to kiss Ivy. I get no looks from Anabel. She simply does as I instructed her to do. Masaya is going down on her mother's cunt. I push my tool into Masaya's oh so tight cunt. I can hear a muffled grunt from between Ivy's legs.

I am not looking at the tableau in front of me and thinking about my power. I am looking at the intense tongue on tongue love fest between Ivy and Anabel. They are really going at it. I think I can read Anabel's

mind as she looks up at me briefly, *'This is what you want me to be. This is what I will be.'*

I look down at the little ass below me, with her juices dripping on the bed sheets, and blow my load in her cunt.

I pull out still semi-hard thanks to the Drivemax. *Ivy, suck my cum out of Masaya's cunt. Anabel lick my dick clean.* Ivy looks at me briefly, and without comment does as I say. Anabel pushes me on my back and does a great deal more than lick me clean. She is going down on me. She grabs my balls, and holds on tight as if to make sure I can't move, and works my rude tool for all she's worth. She snakes her free hand under me and starts fingering my ass while sucking very hard. She is doing the impossible. I am now full staff.

Ivy and Masaya see what is transpiring. Daughter whispers in mother's ear before each takes one of my feet and starts sucking on my toes. Dear god, who the fuck taught her that? Shit, Damn! I am going.. to.. oh.. shit.. cummmmm....

Now I am positive, there will be no evening performance. How can there be after all this? Anyway, we all clean up in the shower. Anabel holds back and the other two are smart enough to leave and give the woman of the house some room.

Is this going to happen all the time?

What do you mean?

What happened just now and last night.

You mean a foursome like this?

Yes, I guess so.

No, sometimes we need to split up. You need to take some of them while I take others. There is no other way to handle so many.

Ray, why are they so horny?

Bel, I don't know for sure, but I do have a theory. Women, when they have their man aren't very horny. I think we can both agree on that, right?

I guess.

When females are dating they are far more sexually active with their boyfriends, right?

OK. Yes.

So women are more sexually stimulated when trying to capture a mate and less so when they succeed.

Maybe.

Well these females are not just thinking they don't have me locked up, like a normal boyfriend/girlfriend relationship. They know that I am getting sex from the others. The competition pushes their horniness.

Are you saying that they are trying to take you from me?

No, I think the horniness is a more basic instinctual response to this type of situation, even though they are not trying to move you out of the way.

So they are going to stay horny?

No. It's like you said earlier, once they have given birth, they will settle down.

Me too?

I think so.

But the young ones. They are not getting pregnant.

Yes. OK.

So they stay horny, by your theory.

Yes, but you will mind less and anyway, they are just too young to be a threat or expect to marry me.

Not Miafe. She is not too young and she is the one who worries me the most.

I don't think it will bother you after our child is born.

Oh, yes it will! Ray you have to fix this.

How?

Get her pregnant!

Chapter 15: Johnny Appleseed

She's too young!

I don't care. Get her pregnant.

I could go to jail!

You won't.

How do you know this? There is no way you can 'know this!'

You won't go to jail. Get her pregnant.

Do I tell her that Grace gave me exactly the opposite suggestion? No, I don't think that would be a particularly smart move. I do not want to get Miafe knocked up. Everything in my head says, don't do it. But how do I play it? Anabel isn't making a request. She is stomping her feet. She is having the grownup version of a tantrum.

Bel, give me a chance to think about it, OK?

Ray, you have to do this.

I hear you, Bel. But tonight, I have to work on getting Ivy and Mary pregnant.

You're kidding, correct? I mean, how can you, after this afternoon? You're not eighteen anymore!

Yeh, you're right, but I need to try. Can you keep the little ones busy tonight?

Including Miafe?

Yes, I think so.

OK, I will do it. Will Grace be with you?

I have not asked her. My plan is for only Ivy and Mary.

She'll be there too.

Anabel, are you getting jealous?

No. Not jealous. But I think I am losing you. I am scared.

Why now. Why not when Kaysi came to us? Why not when Lailani joined us? Why not when Grace and that whole group arrived?

Then I think Grace and Miafe are just like the others. The others are my friends, I was helping my friends, Ray. ...[pause]... But Grace and Miafe are not friends. Ray they are in love with you. They love you every bit as much as I love you. I see this. I know this. Grace say she my maid, but she not really my maid. She belong to you. Miafe also belong to you. I know this. You get them pregnant so that they know they will always be here and maybe they not push me out.

Bel, no one can push you out. You are my wife. This is the Philippines, not the USA. We are not going to get a divorce. Hell, we can't get divorced. You know this! This marriage is for life. There is no way I can ask for an annulment because I have a mistress. We both know this. I love you and that is beside the legal issues. Bel, you brought this on. You know this too! I dare not tell her how I feel about Grace. This is already damned close to a train wreck. I do not need to make it worse.

You watch, Ray. She will be with you tonight and I will be with the young ones. You watch!

And with that, Anabel exits the bedroom, leaving me standing alone. What the fuck do I do? Is this just the emotional roller coaster of pregnancy? Even if it is, don't I need to pay close attention to her words?

How do I deal with my feelings for Anabel and Grace? I feel like I have stepped into quicksand. Any move I make, just makes it worse, but if I do not make a move I just sink in more slowly. Most assuredly, I will sink.

And then, as if by a script, late, in the second act of a three act play, just before the curtain falls, as I stand alone in the bedroom, in walks Grace. I guess I am shaking my head in disbelief.

Sir? I do something wrong?

No Grace. You haven't.

Why is Madam mad at me?

Who?

Your wife Sir. I think she mad.

No, Grace, she is not angry with you, nor is she crazy. She is scared of you.

Why you say she not crazy. I not say she crazy!

Oh, never mind. Grace she is scared that you love me so much that she will lose me to you and to Miafe.

Why she think that?

Do I say, 'Because she is?' Do I say, 'I don't know?' Do I tell her to, 'Go ask her yourself?' All are as acceptable as any other and as true as any other and none seems like the right thing to say.

Because, Grace, she is confused about her own feelings and sees you so dedicated to me. I think she's very confused. But she is even more scared of Miafe.

Sir? Why?

Because I am unwilling to get your niece pregnant.

Madam wants Miafe to have a baby?

Yes. She wants me to give her a child. She thinks that having a child by me will settle Miafe down.

What you think Sir?

Grace I have no idea about how to settle this matter. Miafe is too young. Plus there are four others now who will also want to get pregnant early, if I give in , and impregnate Miafe.

What you going to do, Sir?

I don't know Grace. What do you think I should do?

No Sir. Not for me to say. Sir, you will maybe need some help for tonight?

Oh Grace, are you going to give me more of those damned Drivemax again?

No Sir, you have enough of them for the day. You not need more. But I make you a special dinner to give you extra strength. It ready for you. Come eat!

And that pretty much sums up my life: eat; fuck; and duck! Duck the emotional bombshells that keep on coming from all quarters. Between the emotional seesaws of pregnant women, the emotional needs of adolescents and pre-adolescents, the strictures of the laws, the anger of jilted boyfriends, the presence of law enforcement which I have always wanted to see as on my side and of whom, I now am beginning to fear, life is far from tranquil. I wouldn't call it a living hell. No not with as many lovely females to fuck as are arrayed before me, but the push to get the young ones pregnant is driving me to the edge.

These females have schemed, conned, outright lied, and connived. It is hard to think of them in terms of innocent things of whom I am taking advantage. No, I am the mark and they are the grifters. And yet, they have insinuated themselves into my bed and I am not kicking them out. No, I am getting the older ones pregnant. I am truly fucked up.

And now, there is the question of Miafe. Knock her up, to make my wife quiescent, for the moment, or hold my ground, at which point Mount Anabel Vesuvius erupts.

I guess I am too caught up in my thoughts that I am not even noticing that I have wolfed down a fair amount of food. I don't even know what was on my plate. I am not looking up or around me. All the females are here. Some are at the table. Others are in the Sala watching TV. These females are now my whole life.

You know, I am not seeing my friends any more. Hell, my whole life is consumed by this real life [teleserye](#).

As I get up, Grace and Miafe announce that I need a complete full body massage. I am about to resist the offer which I suspect puts Grace in my bed, but Grace asks Miafe, Lailani and Anabel to join her in a group effort. I gather there will be eight hands on me. I will be quartered. That makes it less sexual and maybe safer. I am about to agree when Ivy says that she and Mary will also be assisting. How will this work?

They move me to one of the girl's rooms, on a bed, that is covered with towels. Grace is directing traffic. Mary is given my left leg. Ivy gets the right one. Anabel gets my left arm. Lailani the right arm. Grace will take my trunk and Miafe gets my head and neck. It's a damned good thing that they aren't angry with me or I would be in deep shit.

They work every part of me. I never knew it was possible to spend as much time on toes or fingers. The massage goes on for a good forty-five minutes and there is no way I am going to sleep. The massage is pushing my body pretty hard. Every muscle is identified and worked. By the end, when they stop, I am exhausted. It has been a grueling workout. But I am now relaxed and sleep for a couple of hours.

Mary is the one who awakens me and asks me to move to my bedroom. A little dazed, I get up, still naked from the massage, and go with her.

Entering the bedroom, it is clear that Mary and Ivy figure it is their turn. I don't see how this is possible. My pride and joy is hanging in complete obedience to gravity's wishes. The females circle around me, teasing, pinching, stroking my chest and my ass. Then Mary drops into a deep squat right in front of my worn out tool. She cups my balls in her left hand while sucking and stroking my flaccid hose. And I'll be damned...

It should not be happening. My member is showing signs of life. How did 'virginal' Grace know this would happen? Mary, seeing signs of life, encourages even more life, before guiding me to my bed. I lie down on my back and Mary climbs on me, guiding my half rigid member into her cunt. I sincerely doubt I can cum, but Mary is working me to get herself off. Ivy is on the bed with me and starts kissing me. *You give us babies Ray. You do this and you give our girls babies too. Then you not make us leave.* Mary is humping away on my now reasonably rigid member.

Ivy, Your girls are too young. But I will give you a child. Ivy sticks her tongue in my mouth, apparently looking for gold, in the forceful manner she approaches her task. As she withdraws she tells me, *OK they too young now, but soon they not. Then you do it. Then we all safe.*

What makes her feel that they will be safe after I have committed felonies? Ivy's breasts are full and leaking. I pinch one and milk squirts out. Ivy moans.

Ray, you like being in Mary and her daughter? You like that? You know she do anything you want? You know I do anything you want? How it feel? How Mary feel now? She feel hot on you? You feel her wet on you? She want you, Ray. I want you. She fuck you now. I fuck you in the morning. We yours. We be good. We give you our daughters. All our daughters. All, Ray, all.

I roll away from Ivy, rolling Mary on to her back. Mary's legs are in the air, as I hold them. I pound the woman, hard. She is just as Ivy said, hot and wet. Mary grunts as I slam into her. But I am no closer to cumming until Ivy sticks a finger up my ass. That does it and Mary gets what cum I have, to give. I suspect it's not all that much, but Mary feels it and smiles while humping me from below.

I am wiped out and start sucking on a milk filled tit. Ivy holds my head to her breast. Mary disengages, slides down and sucks me clean.

I guess I fall asleep.

§ § §

Well I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I know is that someone is taking my hard member orally. It must be early morning as it is still dark outside but I feel rested. The 'wood' must be my morning friend. I moan and am rewarded with a kiss. This is Mary. Her lips are gentle and her hand stroking my hair is equally so. Mary is nibbling my lips, cheeks. She is whispering that I am gwapo⁵³.

Ivy stops the oral ministrations and straddles me, putting my member below her cunt, before sliding down and engulfing it. Ivy is bouncing on me and her tits are anointing me with droplets as we go. It's a bit distracting and I whisper in Mary's ear to suck one breast at a time until the current supply is less bountiful. Mary doesn't seem to want to do this. I put my hand on the back of her head, draw her in for a deep kiss and then pull back and whisper again in her ear. *Do this for me, now.* Mary answers, *Sige.* And moves over to Ivy.

I can't see much in the dim light of the room which comes from a clock on the nightstand. But I can see the two figures. Mary now attaches to that area of Ivy whereby she might suck a tit. Ivy moans and juices bathe my cock.

I am not close to cumming. Morning wood rarely results in consummation. I am enjoying the feeling, but suspect that Ivy will go unrewarded. I am still being anointed by Ivy's other tit as she works my dick in and out of her cunt.

Mary moves to the other side and Ivy moans again. It is feeling better without the fountain of milk dripping on my chest but I am still not close to cumming, when I hear the squeak of the door opening. I was expecting to tell Anabel that Grace had not been in here all night. I guess I will have to grant that my wife was right. I cannot see who it is, but don't expect anyone else would enter.

Grace leans in to kiss me, but it's not Grace. *Good morning, Miafe.*

Good morning, Ray.

Miafe, please play with Ivy's clit until she cums hard.

⁵³ Very Handsome.

Miafe gives me a quick kiss and moves off to do as I asked. Ivy now has a cock in her cunt. A mouth on a milk filled tit and some fingers on her clit. Ivy is ready to explode. And explode she does, screaming, clamping my cock hard with her cunt muscles, and dumping a prodigious amount of fluid on the mattress.

The clamping triggers my balls and I add to the soupy mix. It's one hell of a way to start the day.

Ivy collapses on me. I end up with her on my chest, Miafe on my left arm and Mary in my right arm. There we stay for a good thirty minutes as the sky lightens.

§ § §

Bel, you were wrong. Grace was not with me.

I know. She was with me all night.

Oh?

Ray? Did you say something to her?

What do you mean?

About us. Ray did you tell her I am jealous of her?

No, Bel, you did by how you acted toward her. She came to me and asked me why you were 'mad' at her. I told her you weren't angry, just a bit frightened. Maybe more of Miafe, than of her, but frightened.

What she say?

She asked me, why you think that?

What you tell her?

I told her, I was not sure. But I was sure it was more a fear of Miafe, than of her.

Really?

Yes, Bel, really.

What she say?

She asked me why you were afraid of Miafe. And before you ask, I told her that you wanted me to get Miafe pregnant and I did not want to do that.

What she think?

I asked her that. She says it is up to me, but I think that until she knew of your fear, she was opposed to it. Now that she knows how you feel, she will not interfere.

Ray, you know what she do last night?

No. Of course not.

She hold me all night. She not leave my side. I think she mean it. Maybe I not be afraid of Grace. She loves you but she will protect me because you love me. But I still afraid of Miafe, Ray. I want her pregnant.

I know Bel. But it is dangerous. I know you say it is not. But, Bel, you are wrong.

I will ask my cousin.

No! For God's sake, Bel, no! Do not say a word to him.

Why? He will tell me the truth.

Or get me arrested! No!

Makulit ka⁵⁴!

Ka rin⁵⁵, Bel. We have been over this before and my concerns are valid.

⁵⁴ Beyond difficult.

⁵⁵ You are too.

§ § §

At lunch I find two Drivemax by my plate. I gather Grace put them there. Like a fool I take both. An hour later, I am ready to fuck a hardwood door, if there are no other options. Clearly there are others. The one closest to me is Mary. I grab her and she willingly comes with me to the bedroom. I just about toss her on the bed, whipping her leggings, and panties, off her. I am so hard and so in need, it is just about painful, as I sink my pole into her hole.

If Mary wasn't exactly ready for what is happening, she is getting ready very quickly. She locks her legs around me as I pound her cunt. She still has her blouse on and she is looking up at me with both surprise and hunger on her face. She begins nodding, looking at me. *Do it, Ray. Make me yours. I am. Take me. Never let another man touch me. I belong to you, Ray.*

I am rock hard and she is tight. Her cunt is heating up, cooking my meat. Her cunt is wet, keeping my hot cock slick. Her hands are gripping my arms, tightly. Her ankles are crossed behind me, a heel pounding my back as I pound her cunt. Her breathing becomes ragged. My member is so hot and hard as to be painful. And then there is no holding back that which must be, and I let loose the cum that has welled up. This time Mary gets a real load, deep inside her.

As much as I have cum, I am still hard. I call, through the door for Inday. It is time for her to 'clean us up.' Inday appears with Sam2x. Inday tells Sam2x to clean up Inday's mother while she cleans me up. Sam2x wants no part of that plan. Seeing my still stiff member, she tells Inday to clean her own mother up.

Sam2x starts cleaning my pole and then, as she ostensibly moves up to kiss me, she coyly positions my member exactly where it will do the most damage.... and impales herself on my rigid staff.
Shit!

Chapter 16: Into the Wilderness

(or An Ode to Laurence Sterne)

Pregnancy or no pregnancy, with Miafe, I am royally fucked. I was before and, I guess, refused to acknowledge it. I can't ignore it any longer. This is a goddamned mess.

My member is, at the moment, buried inside Sam2x's pussy. How it got there is fundamentally irrelevant. There is no wiggle room: legally, or physically. Sam2x is so tight that I can't move my member at all and she isn't moving either. Having given herself the prize she sought, she is now having to accommodate the results. I have no way of knowing, but I can't imagine how it feels with my member so completely ensconced inside her. It must hurt and I neither want to hurt her, nor do I want her to associate sex with pain.

I am in a place totally without a compass. What should I do? I don't want to make this worse, but, just how do I avoid making it worse? Just exactly, how the fuck do I do that? I do not want to fuck Sam2x, no matter the clear evidence of my cock inside her cunt. How do I get out of her, without psychic damage to the kid? How much damage has already been done? Hell, how much damage was done to make a kid think she wanted to be fucked in the first place.

And why, for the love of Pete, why am I still hard? I refuse to believe that I want this, but the clear evidence on display suggests that I do.

Mary has moved over to Sam2x and is whispering to her. I cannot hear the conversation. It is an animated conversation, with Sam2x responding and evidently insisting on something. In the meantime, I am still embedded and not diminishing in my presence within Sam2x.

Sam2x. I am not going to tell you what to do. I am not angry with you. May I ask you a question?

*Opo*⁵⁶.

⁵⁶ Yes, Sir.

Does it hurt?

A little.

If I promise you that when you get big enough, I will let you try again, are you willing to end this now?

You promise? Truly?

Yes, Sam2x, I promise. Mary, do you hear that I promise this to Sam2x?

Opo. I hear your promise to her.

OK, Sam2x?

Maybe the pain will go away, Sir.

No, Sam2x. You are too young. The pain will not go away. It will feel very different when you are older.

Really?

Yes. Really. May I ask Mary to help you up?

Opo. Thank you.

And Mary does just that, grabbing Sam2x from behind and pulling up from the girl's armpits, Mary pulls Sam2x off my still rigid manhood. Mary sees all this but says nothing.

Mary, ask Lailani to get one [paracetamol](#) and give it to Sam2x. OK?

Sige, sige.

With that, Mary puts a robe on and carries Sam2x out of the room in her arms. *Inday, do not tell anyone of this. We do not want to embarrass Sam2x. OK?*

Sige.

Inday also leaves the room. I am a little traumatized, with a raging hard-on and very much alone.

I am on my back, very much in the same position that I was in when my member speared Sam2x. My manhood, a [pike](#) rooted in the ground, that someone fell upon. My member is not that big, but Sam2x is so small that the term of reference is right.

My brain is fevered. My rod is coated with Sam2x's blood. I want to wash the memory of this out of my mind. I want to wash the blood off me. For some reason I do not move. I am frozen in place.

How in God's name did I ever get into this mess? My mind wanders back to the day when Kaysi said to me, *'I wish you were my good man'* and I answered... *'you will need to convince Anabel to share me, if that's what you want.'*

What if I had not done that? Would it have changed anything? On one hand, I am rationalizing that it would have still turned out as it did. But I am not sure. Did I do all this to myself? Is this the devil's bargain for my sexual flirtation? Was that moment my allegory to [Tristram Shandy's stairs](#)? Was that me at the top of the staircase? How far down have I descended? How much further must I go before I can get off these damned stairs?

My mind is digressing through subsequent digressions. I can't even remember how I got to some thought when another replaces it. I am completely without consideration to my present state, naked and bloody and still quite rampant. I do not hear the door open, though I surely should as it squeaks loudly when so moved. I do not notice that I am being observed. How long has she been there? Why has she not said anything?

Are you OK, Ray?

Huh? ... No. No, I don't think I am, Miafe.

What can I do for you? You want me to wash the blood off you? Or maybe you take a shower?

Shower. Yes, a shower.

Maybe I lose that nice cock of yours if you shower. Maybe I will wash you first and you shower later. OK?

She wants me to fuck her. Oh, Jesus, yes I want that, and no, isn't that just compounding the craziness of all this? I just look at her and say not a word. Miafe smiles, leaves me briefly, returning with a washcloth from the bathroom, naked. She applies it. The wet towel feels good on my skin. Miafe's hands feel good too, as she lifts my scrotum and cleans me gently but thoroughly.

She drops the towel on the tiled floor. Her hands surround my member. The warmth of her soft touch on my glans is pleasing. Her moist lips surround me next, as her hands move down to allow for her oral activities. She swirls her tongue around my member now encased in Miafe's mouth. Her hair brushing my hips. I relax. Once again my mind wanders, this time in blissful retreat from the problems of the day and toward Miafe's generous gifts. She is a beauty and I am very lucky to have her.

Miafe mounts me, my pole being resistant to deflation. The girl's apparatus is well suited to the task, as I slide into a velvety canal, hot and luxuriant with lubrication. The thrill of the feel, drives any fear of damage far from my mind.

My young beauty, looks down at me and asks, *You OK?*

Yes, child, yes, I am OK.

Good! And with that, Miafe, starts [posting](#). I may not be a horse, but she is definitely taking me for a ride. And I, I am in rhythm with her. It feels good. It feels right. This lazy fucking, this sweet girl's pussy, sliding over my cock, over and over again, brings me delight. Her breast, bouncing and swaying over me; the smile on her face as she looks down upon me, makes me think anew about the consequences of my previous choices. If I had not said what I had said to Kaysi, I would not be here with Miafe now. Do I really want this to not be happening right now? Do I not deeply desire this girl?

I look at her face, her breasts, her waist, to her pussy lips as they consume my member, and back to her face. I want this girl, for the moment, and for, forever.

You really want me to give you a child, Miafe?

Yes! Very much yes!

OK. I agree. You will be mine forever, Miafe. You will have my child. And with that bit of brain magic, cum magic flows into a pussy that still is protected with an IUD. Go figure.

It is not a small amount. I flood the girl. Cum squeezes out between pussy lips and cock. Miafe lowers herself onto me and lays a kiss on me that has nothing to do with passion and everything to do with thanks. Her arms around my neck and head, she is crying, joyfully and saying 'thank you,' repeatedly.

I, now realize, that I have scarcely moved since that momentous moment with Sam2x.

§ § §

I have gone for a walk. Before I did, I asked Grace and Anabel to take Miafe to the doctor, to remove the IUD.

If I was the metaphysical type, I might say, I need to get right with the Universe. But I am far from that. When I chew my food, it isn't to get spiritual enlightenment, it's to soften the stuff up before I swallow. I don't know much about the cosmic order and I can't tell you why things are right or wrong. For me they just are, or at least I know what the laws say about what is right and what is wrong.

I know it is legally wrong to fuck Inday, Mayari, and Masaya, but I know I'm not hurting them physically when I do it. What I am doing to their heads, is frankly way beyond me. Since they seem to want it, it is something that I will never fathom. But fucking Sam2x wasn't just illegal, it was physically wrong. I feel dirty for having her on my cock, even if it was she who put herself there.

The issue of Miafe, is one of both, legality, and the belief in my limited brain, that girls should have a chance to experience life before bearing a child.

I do seem to have those in the house, who do not share my view of the matter, but it seemed to me that Grace, was in agreement. I think Anabel is reacting out of fear, and not careful judgment, in her push to get the girl pregnant. Still Miafe wants a baby. Yes, I know, many teens go through this desire, only to grow out of it, if you believe what is written. But how much that is written, is from those who have a vested interest in seeing a specific outcome? I have no idea. My head hurts, just thinking about all this!

I have been walking for the better part of an hour. I don't know that it has helped. The effects of the Drivemax may have worn off a little, but not completely. I am walking back to the house now. It is getting dark when I let myself through the manhole. Kaysi and Lailani are on the terrace. Kaysi gives me a weak smile before saying, *Ray, sit down here, OK?*

I nod assent. I knew I was going to have this conversation soon. But before I can apologize, or even utter anything, Kaysi speaks again. *Ray, this wasn't your fault. In fact, I could not have asked for you to do anything different from what you did do. This was all Sam2x. Mary tell me what happen. She explain what you do to help Sam2x. ... Ray ... you a good man. I love you for this. I sorry what Sam2x do. Please forgive me for Sam2x?*

Jesus, Kaysi. Forgive you? What did you do that was wrong? It is me, not you, who should be asking for forgiveness. I am very sorry.

No, Ray. No. You not ask. I talk with Sam2x. She is OK and she know you right. She is too young. She believe that now. She will not try this again, until you tell her, she old enough.

I am just shaking my head. This is one crazy conversation. Lailani has moved over to sit by me and has an arm around my back. I know she is trying to comfort me, but it just feels creepy. Both of these women are pregnant with my children. Both will be with me for the rest of my life. Of that I have no doubt. This is not the USA where women and men just take a hike at the drop of a hat. Here it is different. I am not leaving and

neither are they. Something has gone very wrong. We all know that. My need, is to find some equilibrium. I have lost it at the present.

Having failed at their efforts to assure me, all is OK, Lailani tries a new tactic. *Anabel and Grace, can't take Miafe to the doctor with all that cum you put in her. My sister can't take a step without some of you leaking out of her! The trip to the doctor will have to wait until tomorrow.*

I just nod my head.

Ray, I am glad you agree to give Miafe a baby. Thank you.

Really, Lailani?

Yes, I am really happy. Our children will grow up together. I like that so much. It is a good thing.

Huh, I bet Oprah wouldn't agree.

Who's Oprah, Ray? I never hear that name.

No reason why you would. Never mind. We will never meet her.

I now have Kaysi on one side of me and Lailani on the other. Both have arms around me. Their baby bumps are large. Sitting between these pregnant mistresses, puts my brain in yet another place. My life has gone from mundane and normal, to fucking weird as all get out. I have a harem. These lovely females are mine. I am wandering through a world for which there is no map, no guide posts and there are no footsteps for me to follow. Nothing is charted. Nothing can be used as a trusty guide. Just how do I deal with these pregnant mistresses?

Grace comes out to announce supper is on the table. And so, on such a simple and pedestrian matter, much is left unsaid and the moment passes.

§ § §

I will go to bed with Ivy and Mary tonight. I wholeheartedly agree that it is best, Miafe gets no more deposits of love or lust until the IUD is removed. We don't want to alarm the doctor.

Mary and Ivy will need the extra seed to increase their chances of becoming bred. So far, in the balance between the two, Mary has had more of my cum. Ivy needs to get her share. I plan to keep Ivy on her back, as her breasts leak continually.

A long time ago, Anabel and I used to sit at the supper table quietly, just the two of us. Even though she might not be eating, we spent that time together. I liked it. It was a time of quiet intimacy we shared at the close of the day. We used to fill each other in on gossip we had heard that day, and on plans for the next day. It gave the marriage a cohesiveness that, in its gentle manner, bound us as a couple and prepared us to snuggle in together later each evening. We were close. We were a couple. I really liked that.

Tonight I am the only man at a table chockablock with females of varying ages, but none near my more advanced age. They engage each other in various gossip. I am a passive observer. There is teasing and good natured fun, laughter, surprise, news and ribald tales being shared, but not with me, only in front of me.

All of them are mine, but none of them is engaged with me. They seem to think of me as the lord and master for whom they will serve and love, but with whom they are not pivotal in my life. They don't engage with me as a fellow conspirator as Anabel used to do each night.

And so while there is good humor, and more than a modicum of laughter, the ineffable substance of marriage has been lost. Tonight I feel it grievously. Surrounded by good cheer, I feel alone and very lonely. I have gained many women, but lost my soul mate. Every one of these lovelies graces my bed, allows me into her treasured places, and yet I am not connected to any of them. Not even my wife. Yes, tonight I will bed Ivy and maybe Mary, if it is in me. And yes, in some ways I have their hearts. Who has mine?

Ivy has heard that she will be with me tonight. She is giving me furtive glances and big smiles.

Miafe is beaming. She knows the IUD will be out in a few days. She is looking at her sister and the other senior females at the table and hopes to be joining that club soon. And once again, as I see this, I am sad yet

anew. This should not be happening to someone so young. Yes, sure sex. OK... they hook up young in any case. But being a parent is something far different from a hook-up. Being a parent is an obligation to a new life. It is not a nine month obligation, it is a multi-decade commitment. And yet, it will happen. She will carry one of my seed, soon.

Anabel doesn't even notice me. Oh, she knows I am at the table, but she is deeply engrossed in conversation with Kaysi and Grace. Does Grace notice that something is amiss? She looks over questioningly before returning to the conversation.

Lailani is whispering to Miafe. Both giggle.

Mary? Mary is simply eating and talking to her Inday and the other young ones.

Supper ends and I am walking out to the terrace as Grace catches up with me. She takes my arm with both her hands, her face looking up at me. *Sir, why you so sad. What we do wrong?*

You? Nothing. No, you have done nothing wrong.

Who do wrong, then?

Well I am not happy with Sam2x, but she didn't mean to do wrong. Besides she is too young to make good choices. No one really did any wrong, Grace.

Then what wrong, Sir? Why you sad.

Is it that easy to see sadness in my face?

Yes, Sir. It clear that you are sad.

Then why doesn't Anabel see that?

Ah, I see. Sir, I know she your wife and that never change. But maybe I will do these things for you.

Do what things?

Be the one to watch you. Be the one you talk to. Be the one to listen to you. Be the one to make sure you have the clothes you want to wear. Be the one to clip your nails. That OK, Sir?

What if Anabel gets angry with that? She is already afraid of you.

Sir, she will not notice. You will see.

Chapter 17: A vocation

I am a father now, seven times over. Yes seven infants and toddlers live here. I tell each of the mothers, that if they don't go on birth control, I will get a vasectomy. That makes the situation clear to them and there are no more pregnancies.

I have decided to just allow other events to unfold.

Grace was right. Anabel has not noticed that Grace has taken her place at my side. In fact, Anabel seems to be using the 'freedom' to get involved with local social issues. She is very busy outside the home.

Grace is my de facto wife. We have breakfasts together, alone. She tells me what intrigues are swirling around me and keeps me out of the quicksand of stepping into things unknowingly. I share my thoughts and feelings with her. We plan for the future. As Lailani and Miafe are her nieces, Grace uses them to carry out missions I need handled without involving others. It is something of a cabal within the house.

Grace also handles matters for Anabel, in much the same way. They have lunch together alone each day. Anabel sees Grace as an extension of her world, not understanding that Grace is both a bulwark between Anabel and me, and the major power broker in the house. Is that because that's what Anabel really wants? I don't think so. My perception is that she sees Grace as her minion and has no idea that she has ceded all power to Grace.

And so, there is a semblance of a marriage, in my life. It's just not with my wife. This has been going on now, for over a year. It happened initially when all the women were still pregnant. It is now cemented in place long after the births. Simply said, I see Anabel, but I live with, depend on, and trust in, Grace.

Following her pregnancy, Grace worked tirelessly to get back into shape. She's now in those damned sexy outfits that caused Anabel grief before. For that matter, so is Miafe. Both are knockouts and Anabel hasn't said a damned thing about it.

I remember when Anabel said, 'get them pregnant and they'll settle down.' It seems like the one who has mellowed out and is not wanting my attention as much, is Anabel! She hasn't mentioned the sexy outfits. She seems oblivious to them.

She doesn't say a word when Miafe, wearing little more than a hanky and a smile, sits on my lap in the sala, wiggling her ass on my crotch and asking when we can go to bed. For what it's worth, Miafe looks even better now than she did before her pregnancy. I know it's just an age thing, but holy shit, I have no business bedding this teenage bombshell. And yet it's what she seems to want. Miafe's pussy seems to be tightening up each month, since she had her little daughter.

Anabel was right about Mary and Ivy. Once they gave birth and knew that their place here was locked in, they were happy to settle down and relax. Ivy will be wet for a while yet, but once this brood is weaned, she can dry up. Right now there are seven females all lactating. It's a thing to behold. Both Ivy and Mary are good women and I enjoy their company. As mothers, they seem good, but they were the ones who served up their young daughters to me. Can I really think of them as good mothers? Here I sit with very confusing feelings about them. And yet it is I, who has tasted the fruit and continues to do so, now more often than ever before. What does that say about me?

Grace has urged me to let go of those feelings of guilt and doubt. She says that the mothers and daughters did what they needed to do to find a better life. I should not judge them harshly.

I know she is right, but I just can't seem to let go.

When I announced previously that there would be no more additions of other women to the house, it was at the time, accepted, with no issues. That has held, but now there is push back from Anabel and Kaysi on occasion, when some female needs help. I have stood my ground. No new females are to enter the house.

When I made a new pronouncement, that there were to be no more children as well, it caused a furor. But I am holding my ground on that as well. We are as many as we will ever be. It just had to stop!

Seven children is plenty and if I let one of them have a second child then all will want another child! What the fuck would I do with fourteen children? Oh, I know there are families here of that size. They got there the old fashioned way, one at a time, sometimes killing one wife in childbirth before a second one was married. But for me, seven is quite enough. In fact seven is a real handful. The house is just not accommodating all these little ones during the day, especially when they are all active.

Tonight at supper Kaysi suggests that we rent a building and set up a nursery, open to the public, and, in which our children will also be found each day. I agree, with the proviso that we take in enough other children to pay the rent and overhead.

All the others seem to think this is a great idea. The supper table becomes a planning session and the organizational meeting. Tasks are assigned. Roles delegated based on age, personality and talents. The females are excited and once again I feel very alone while surrounded by all of them.

This plan will mean, that during the day, all of them will be out of the house. The younger ones will be at the nursery and the older ones in school. That is going to be a big change for me, but I hold my tongue. The benefit of restoring some sanity to the house, more than compensates for my isolation.

Tonight I will sleep with Inday and Mayari. Everyone knows this and it seems to work for the rest. They can continue to plan for the nursery long into the night. This is a school night and so if I am going to do more than crawl into bed with two sacked out females, I need to go to bed a bit earlier than is my wont.

What a difference a little more than a year makes! Inday is no longer flat chested. She has yet to fully bloom, but she is now on her way. Mayari is emulating Miafe in dress, and possibly body type, as she continues to develop. Mayari and Inday are thick as thieves. If you see one, then you see them both.

Having them in bed together is not really an option. It is the way they are. If I am to be with one, I am simply to be with both. Lord have mercy on me! These two energizer bunnies are likely going to wear me out if I

don't set the pace and hold them to it. I haven't gotten five steps into the bedroom when, giggling and laughing, one is pulling off my shirt and the other is unbuckling my belt.

Whoa, now. Easy! We have all night!

No! No we don't! Tomorrow is test day. Inday and me have to get up early and study more. We have to sleep soon, Ray!

Ah, OK. But a little slower, OK?

Sige, Sige. OK, we go slower. Can we be here tomorrow night too?

I don't know. Did you ask Grace?

Grace say, it up to you. Can we?

I'll think about it. Now why are we here? They burst into giggling and madly attack, pulling off my remaining garments.

All the girls have black hair, but that's not what they seem to want. Mayari's hair is streaked with brown highlights. They would like to be blonde, but when you dye black hair with blonde color, you get orange. It's not a color that they want, and so brown is the best they can get away with.

Both girls are still wearing their push-up bras. Naturally smaller breasted than Europeans, regardless of their cup size or relative youth, they all seem to want bigger breasts. I must admit that it helps them fill out dresses better. But right now, it just gives them more confidence. They do not want to take the bras off, even when we have sex.

But I am being difficult tonight. I tell them that I won't fuck any girl who is still wearing a bra. What I get is a bunch of whining. I am not giving in. I have seen both of them, naked many times. It is not that they need to hide their breasts from me, for that reason. No, the truth is that even if they were alone in the room, they would keep the bras on and sleep in them.

Even now, Anabel does not want me to see her without a cover of some type over her breasts. Grace is the only exception to this behavior, in the house.

I move over and on to the bed, with these two. Mayari wants me on my belly. She announces, that they will give me a massage first. Being a big fan of massages, I get into position. Inday climbs over me, eventually kneeling on the mattress, above my head. Her hands work my neck and shoulders. At the same time, I expect Mayari to work my lower section. Instead she snakes a hand between my legs and under me, grabbing my manhood with one hand, the other hand, grabbing my balls. There is nothing I can do in return. They have control unless I just get up, but I'm enjoying this way too much.

Mayari, whose hand must have been slicked up with KY, is working my member with a determined diligence. I am getting uncomfortably rigid. That evidently is what they are working for. The two of them roll me over, with my assistance, and Mayari climbs on rather athletically, Jesus! I am about to say something about the act when a young pussy drops on my face. A quick lick upwards, slices open labia, exposing, at least to my tongue, a clitoris. My reward is a yelp from Inday, but the thighs bracketing my ears muffle the sonic reward.

Mayari's tight smooth pussy channel is squeezing my cock in ways that is hard to understand, if you have never been in a really small cunt. The heat on my manhood is intense, the friction amazing over my entire length. Liquid leaks out, dampening my loins, and yet weight on me is insignificant. Mayari is grunting and cumming. Inday's pussy is soaking my face. I can't see a damned thing, but the girls must at a minimum be looking at each other. I don't think they are kissing, but are they holding hands?

Inday smashes her cunt down on to my face, releasing a copious amount of fluid. I lap up as much as I can, and in the process, it sends Inday into a second orgasm. God, she has me smothered. I can barely breathe. At that moment, Mayari hits her mark and the muscle gymnastics going on in her cunt, send my pride and joy into hose mode. I shoot my load up and into a crescendo of climax.

They are done for the night, and so am I.

§ § §

Morning finds me alone in the bed, when I awaken. The girls needed to get up early and that's what they did. School is very important to them. It's not something they begrudge, it's a reward they get for living here with me. They get to go to a good school. They would sooner cut off their right arm, than waste the gift of a good education.

I get going, taking a shower, making some coffee in a deserted house. It is quiet this morning. The 'mothers' must have all taken the little ones with them as they pursue the goal of opening a nursery. The house is empty but for my presence. It hasn't been this way for a long time, not since Kaysi first showed up. It's weird, I am just wandering around. I can't seem to settle and do anything. I look in to drawers. I wander into the other bedrooms and look around. I wander out onto the terrace and then back in. I eat, just because I am fidgety. Finally I sit down in front of the TV and decide I might see what's on. I never get to watch anything these days, as it's always on a teleserye or cartoons.

I am watching a rerun of Master Chef. It's pathetic, but I am just filling time, waiting. For what I don't know. The judges are laughable. The contestants, irritating. Still it's me who is watching. So that makes me an idiot, I guess. I am about to give up, but don't know what to do, when Grace walks in with her little one on her hip. She gives me a surprised look, walks over, bends over, babe still on hip, and kisses my cheek. *Just a second. Lilian needs a nap. I come back.* And she walks off to a bedroom. I turn off the TV and just sit. Five minutes later, Grace returns and sits down next to me.

Ray, why you here? Why you not see your friends?

I don't know. I wasn't thinking about going out.

You unhappy we all go out today?

No, no, it's OK. Just a little different I guess.

Yes. Different. Ray they going to rent a house, with bedrooms, and kitchen and everything. I think if women have problems, the women can stay there. That OK for you?

Huh, I guess. This is the first I hear about it. What do you think?

Yes, I think this is good. It gives Mary, Ivy and Lailani a real job. It give them much to do each day. Yes I think this good for us.

Will you be working there too?

No, I talk with Anabel. She agree I run the house here and Miafe help me. We stay here. OK?

And Anabel, is she going to stay here?

No, Ray. She going to be the boss of the nursery. She say, this is what she will do with her life. She will help women, not lucky like she. She there all day and some nights when women in trouble and need help. You see?

Yes, Grace I do see.

Ray, Kaysi say, now that there is a nursery, then can have more children. You agree with that?

What?

Well, you say no more children. We out of space. Now we not out of space. Kids go to nursery. So now room for more children. See?

Oh, I see what they are saying. I do not like it. But yes, I understand. I will think about it. Do you want another child, Grace?

Yes. Please?

Let me think about it.

You want a massage, Ray? I think you are tense. You need a massage. Wait here. I get you some buko juice⁵⁷ and then I give you massage.

A minute later I am presented with a tall, cold glass of buko juice along with a Drivemax and a big smile on Grace's face. *I will make you feel good!*

Grace is a wonder. From the moment she climbed on to me while in her hut in that little village, she has dedicated her life to me.

I take the pill with the very first sips of the chilled buko liquid. It will take close to an hour to receive the full effect of the pill, and in the meantime, I get a good massage.

Grace has stripped. She has heated some massage oil and has me naked as well, as I lie on the bed. She has learned her lessons well and she leaves not a single muscle alone. During the massage, as she progresses, she is gentle, on occasion, playing with my member, as if testing it for readiness.

In the beginning, old glory is not ready in any manner. But as time progresses Grace's touches bring about tumescence. The massage becomes increasingly sexual in its nature. As she works my shoulder, she is rubbing her damp crotch, insistently, on my thigh, leaving no doubt that she is ready for me. I am getting harder. *Ray, suck my breasts. They hurt.*

I put Grace on her back, and take her breasts, one after the other, sucking her milk, getting me even more worked up. *Better Grace?*

Oo, better.

⁵⁷ The liquid of a fresh coconut. The term buko in Tagalog, refers to a young coconut. The fruit is opened with a machete or long knife, the milky clear liquid is poured out and then the soft thin layer of chewy incipient white coconut is scraped by hand with the help of a [scraper](#), about twice as large as a lemon zester, into the liquid. It's a very healthy, refreshing drink, and is often made at home, with coconuts from a tree on the property. It is an eye opening experience to watch your women, squatting on the ground with these fruit, wielding these huge blades, hacking open the coconuts. Especially so when after an effective swing, one of them looks up at you with a big smile on her face! Twenty or more fruit may be prepared at one time and the results held in a two liter, or larger, plastic juice container in the fridge.

I readjust between Grace's lovely legs, get my cock between Grace's obliging labia and enter my refuge. All Grace says is a quiet but emphatic, *Ah!* Her hands grip my arms close to my shoulders. There is a big smile on her face. Her eyes are wide open, looking at me intensely. As I look down at her, her eyebrows go up twice. She knows and she knows that I now know. Grace has replaced Anabel. Grace has her man. Me.

Chapter 18: Family Planning

The International Happy Child Nursery Co-op is a huge success. Anabel has had to move the operation to far larger quarters twice in eight months. It is one of the only full-day nurseries and the only one using English-only in the morning and Tagalog-only in the afternoon. Some of the other Phil-Am wives with English skills have been brought in for the morning sessions. These mothers were given the option of doing full days but opted to just work the half days. The afternoon staff members have less English and are told to stick to Tagalog under all circumstances.

Anabel's desire to provide shelter for battered women is manifestly provided for in their operation. The women, are both protected by armed guards, who she has to employ for the nursery in any case, and provided for by employment at the nursery. Simply speaking, they are singing for their supper. The cost of an armed guard 24x7 is ₱24,000 a month. That cost is completely covered by the tuition fees. The battered women feel safe and useful. Thankfully there are very few battered women who come through her door, but when they need the shelter, it is there for them and their children.

Since it is run as a co-op, all the mothers of my children have ownership stake and there are membership meetings. Anabel is the President of the organization and she is both busy and happy. I see her briefly every day, but her interests have taken her away from me and into this endeavor. We haven't talked about it directly, I think, because both of us are frightened about what this all really means in reality. We both prefer to go about our lives, without coming to terms with the consequences of the facts on the ground. It's a case of mutual denial.

Anabel has not pressed for another pregnancy. She is very happy she has given our marriage a child, but the fear that something might go wrong next time has put her back in the mode of birth control and limiting sexual contact.

Kaysi also seems willing to call it quits on the baby making business. She has her two kids from before we met and one from me. As a three time mother, she feels no pressure to repeat the experience. And just like Anabel, she is desiring time in my bed very rarely.

Others of my harem, are not as willing to leave matters as they are. They want more children. Lailani, Mary, Ivy, Miafe and Grace, all want another child. I don't want that to happen..

Anabel says she doesn't want them all pregnant at once. It would be a challenge for the nursery, if all were carrying at the same time, or even close to it.

Grace proposes that only two of them can be pregnant at any time. She suggests that she and Ivy be first. Following the next year, by Lailani and Mary. Miafe should wait two years. The prospect makes Miafe unhappy, but Grace insists it's the best for the family. Everyone else, with the exception of me, likes the plan.

I tell them 'no' in no uncertain terms. On top of everything else, I point out that Mayari and Masaya are within a year or two going to want to have children as well. So long as there is a ban on all pregnancy, I can hold them off. But with the plan proposed, we will have pressure from the young ones as well. For some reason, Mary and Ivy do not see a problem, and since they don't, no one else does either.

I have lost a great deal of authority. This co-op is accustomed to discussing and voting without me. And they do that now. Yes, they consider my input, and then choose to do what they wanted to do! And in doing so, Grace has put herself at the front of the line with Anabel's blessing.

This has me a bit peeved and if they can act in such a way, so can I. I announced that I will be getting a vasectomy.

Shocked, Miafe screams, *You can't!*

Oh, yes I can. And I will. None of you can make this decision, ignoring my wishes. I have said, no more children. I mean it.

There is a tumult of voices and Anabel calms the females, before addressing me. *Ray, this really is not fair to us.*

Bel, it is also unfair to decide, and not fairly weigh, my position. This is not a matter for your co-op. It is one-on-one. Me and each of you,

separately. In each case I get half the vote. Plus, as you know, 'No means no!' That goes for men as well as women. In this case, I say 'no.'

Can we compromise?

How? Have half a child? This is a yes/no situation.

Ray! Please!

No, Bel.

Ray, please come to the bedroom so we can talk privately.

OK. I start walking to the bedroom as does Anabel when Grace speaks. No! I come too.

Anabel looks at me. I nod. Anabel raises her eyebrows twice toward Grace, who now follows us.

Once behind the closed door in the bedroom, Anabel turns toward me, Ray, we have to find a compromise. I do not want you to get a vasectomy. If I change my mind later and want a child, what will I do if you do this now?

I'm not going to have five more kids. It isn't going to happen.

Grace ... Grace, you want another child, tama⁵⁸?

OO Madam.

Ray, are you going to deny Grace, a child?

Cute, Bel, very cute. If there was a way to give Grace another child without getting four more with it, I would do it. Grace, you know that. But Bel, as soon as I make an exception, it will all explode on me.

Ray, please do not get a vasectomy.

⁵⁸ Correct?

If I don't, they will get pregnant. You know that. I have been conned and lied to and manipulated too many times here and you, Bel, have done your share of it. I am not going to let it happen again.

What if I tell them that I convinced you to not get a vasectomy now, but if they break your rule and get pregnant, you will get one and they will have to leave?

Leave with my child? No Bel, that won't work.

OK so I will tell them that the child will stay but they will have to leave. I will tell them that the only one permitted to get pregnant again is Grace and me, if I want another child.

No! Grace spits it out as if she were to wait a moment longer she would explode.

Anabel is perplexed. She looks a long time at Grace before swallowing hard and asking, *Why?*

Miafe and Lailani! They have only one child. The others who want, they have two already. No mother should have only one! Ray, Miafe should wait three years, but you should give her another child. You can wait Lailani two years, but she should have another.

Anabel is fearful. Her eyes dart up to me to gauge my reaction, but she isn't getting any. I'm chewing on it. I am in love with Grace and do not want to deny her a second child, but putting one female over the others in this way, seems to me, to be setting up a long term resentment between the others and Grace. As far as I can see, there is no good option.

If I acceded to Grace's logic, Masaya, Mayari and Inday will both want two children, in a very few years hence. So in addition to the three she wants to let through the gate now, there would eventually be six more, or a total of nine more children! Add that to the seven we have now and I will have sixteen kids. This is patently nuts.

Bel, get Mary and Ivy married and out of here. Grace, get Masaya, Mayari and Inday, each, set up with a guy of their own, and I will consider your proposition. Until then, no one gets pregnant. If anyone

does, I will get the vasectomy, the child will stay but that person will have to leave.

Grace is about to say something, but Anabel cuts her off. *Ray, you can't do that! They are your girls.*

Bel, you haven't done the math. I have. Think through all the implications of Grace's requirements and what they mean.

Anabel just looks at me and then turns away as if to think the problem through. I guess that is what she has done, because her mouth opens in a huge silent, *Oh!* Before saying, *Nine?*

I nod, *Yes, Bel, even without Mary and Ivy or you, over time, it would mean nine more kids. Add Mary, Ivy and you, and it means twelve.*

Anabel turns to Grace, sits on the bed and pats the mattress next to her, inviting Grace to sit down. Grace does and Anabel turns to her. *Grace, do you understand that if each of us must be allowed to have two children, then, in the next few years, Masaya, Mayari and Inday will also give two each. Add those six to the three you want Ray to give you and your nieces, and that means nine more children. Do you see why he is saying 'no?'*

Yes, Grace gets the point. *I see. Yes, too many children. What we do? They yours Ray!*

It's got to be the way I said. No more children. There are no good solutions.

Anabel and Grace are holding hands and crying.

Ray, please, whatever happens, do not get a vasectomy. I want another child.

Bel, you just told me the other day, you would not have another.

Talaga⁵⁹, talaga, it is so. But I think, OK, maybe I change my mind. If you do this, I can't change my mind. I want to have one same time as

⁵⁹ Truly.

Grace has hers. Ray, you need to give your two girls... No that's not right... Ray, you have to give your two WIVES, children. Ray, you know this. I know this. Grace is a wife. Better than me, di ba⁶⁰?

Bel, you know I will not say, 'better.' But yes, Grace is a wife to me. Grace knows this. I am relieved that you know this too and are not angry.

It make me a little sad for me, maybe, but it allow me to have my shelter. So maybe it God's will. Grace is good to you. I know this. She never hurts me. She is good to me, too. So yes, I am not angry. But Ray, we need your children.

Grace is, of course, hearing all this. She is crying even harder and holding on, as if for dear life, to Anabel. But Grace regains her voice. Madam...

No, Grace, call me Ate, or sister, or Bel. I am not your better.

I am afraid!

Too late for that sister, you and I are wives to the same man.

Sige, sige, OK, Ate. Ate, you are wrong about one thing. Miafe. I not think Ray know this. I not think you know this, but Miafe, she also a wife.

Why you say this sister?

She is. Talaga. She will die before she not be by Ray. She live for Ray. You not see this, but it true.

Ray, you know this?

No, Bel, no, I didn't. I know she is always around. I know she is like a shadow of Grace. But no, I did not know her feelings. I always wonder why a young girl, as beautiful as Miafe, is hanging around me.

Well, Ray, you have your answer. She thinks she's a wife. I know this is all my fault, Ray. I know. You not have to tell me. I start this. Because of that, I must accept it. Miafe is yours too. ... But Grace, Ray is right. We

⁶⁰ It is not so?

have to do something about Mayari, Masaya and Inday. They can't all be wives. If all have more children, there will be more almost twenty of them. Ray is correct. This cannot be. If they want more children, they have to move from here.

Ate, I not know how that can be done. But it OK if we tell them, not now? No children now? If we say, only you and me can have Ray's babies. All else have to wait so we can figure it out? That OK, 'te⁶¹?

Sister, I think we must be more honest. We say that Ray gives you and me permission to have another child. But no one else has this permission. If we can find a way to handle more children, we will consider their desire. But for now, if they get pregnant, they must leave, and leave the child here. That is what Ray say and that is what we tell them. That OK Ray?

I think it will cause many problems. I suggest you go over the numbers with them. See if they can understand the issue.

Sister, are you willing? You are an equal with me now. What do you say?

Ate, you think it OK, if I tell Miafe, to keep quiet, that there will be a way for her later.

Ray, are you OK with that?

Yes, OK. I agree.

Good! Ray, you stay here. Grace and I will talk to them.

And so I am sitting here, in my own bedroom while the currents of emotionally charged females swirls around the dining table. To those guys who want a harem, all I can say is that they must be made of tougher stuff than I am. This shit is driving me crazy. All the intrigue! All the politics! And the demands for children! It's nuts. In no time at all, I would have a tribe. Now I have two or three classes of females. Wives, first and second class mistresses. Lailani is up the ladder from Mary and Ivy. Kaysi is more Anabel's best friend than anything else. I am her guy so that she is safe, and not for deep and abiding love. The young ones? Oh hell, it makes no sense. And on top of that there is Sam2x! What the

⁶¹ A slang for 'Ate.' Pronounced 'teh.'

fuck am I to do with Sam2x? She is not leaving, because Kaysi isn't leaving.

I am ruminating on this when Miafe comes into the bedroom. She sits down on the bed next to me and puts her arms around me. She just holds me for the longest time before speaking. *Tita tell me that I am a wife to you. That true Ray? Am I like Tita Anabel*⁶²?

Yes, to some extent, you are. But you are also young and so maybe you should think of yourself, for now, as a wife-in-training. OK?

Talaga? For real? I will be a wife to you?

If you want that Miafe. But in truth, you should not want it. You should find a boy closer to your age.

Don't say that! I don't want another. I want you.

Yes, I know, your Tita Grace told me that.

Yes, good. So I am a wife-in-training for now. And I can have another child?

In a couple of years... not now and you are not to talk about this with anyone. Do you understand?

Sige, sige. The others, they get jealous if they know this. Di ba?

Yes.

*Ray, may I call you asawa*⁶³ *now?*

I have to smile. Miafe is so earnest. She is looking directly into my eyes. Her hands are clasping mine.

Yes my asawa, you may call me asawa.

⁶² Clearly, Anabel is not a biological Aunt to Miafe. But the terms for Aunt and Uncle are frequently used as affectionate references of belonging to those not part of a real family tree. It is another person who by practice, proximity and behavior fills the role of an Aunt or Uncle. If I wasn't fucking Miafe, she would be calling me Uncle.

⁶³ Means the marriage partner. Not sex specific, it can mean husband or wife.

*Magandang, magandang salamat!*⁶⁴

*Walang anuman.*⁶⁵

And now Miafe is crying what I gather are tears of joy. God save me from the irony of this craziness.

I hold Miafe in my arms. Tears dampen my shirt as this impossibly lovely young female in the most intense bloom of her sexual being seems to want to be wholly and completely mine. This makes no sense.

A cell phone is chirping and I know it is not mine. Mine does not make that sound. Miafe looks at her [Cherry Mobile](#) phone and tells me that we are needed at the dining table.

What I see when we rejoin the others, are many scared faces. Mary and Ivy are crying. Kaysi is somber. Lailani's face is one of frozen fear. It is Kaysi who speaks. She is the only one who, with three children already, was not pushing for another.

Ray, we are scared. No one here wants to be sent away. This possibility is very bad. We not do the math like you do it for Anabel and Grace when you meet with them. We not understand why you so mean before. Now we not like it, but we understand some. But Ray, we have questions. Is it OK if I ask for them. They scared to ask you. ... Why you not want more children? You afraid we not have enough room?

That's part of it. We don't have room for so many. Also, I would feel less like a father and more like a farm animal used to breed. I would not really know my own children! And I could not afford to educate them. Kaysi, that scares me.

Ray, I think we can make the education problem go away. And maybe we can make the room problem go away too. But I don't know how to fix the other problems. Is it OK if we try to find a plan that will work for you?

⁶⁴ Thank you very very much!

⁶⁵ Generically it means 'You're welcome.' Technically it should be translated as the Spanish reply, 'Da Nada,' or it is nothing.

Kaysi, I want to tell you 'no,' but that would be unfair. I can tell you that I do not see any way you can come up with a plan and can work. But I will not stop you from trying.

Good! Then we will not have any more children until you say OK. But we will find a way! We want many more children. We are a family. All of us. No one leaves. We will make sure of that! We are your girls. We that forever. You know there no divorce in the Philippines. We are all yours. No divorce. Not even Mayari, Masaya or Inday. OK, Ray?

I hear you Kaysi. I hear you.

Chapter 19: A matter of fate.

***B**el, when did you realize Grace was a wife to me?*

When she started having breakfasts with you.

That early?

Yes. I knew before you did, didn't I?

Huh, I guess so. But you were having lunch with her each day!

Sure! I decided, better be friends with your other wife. There was no way to stop it. So I accept it.

So what do we do now?

What do you mean? We continue. Our school is growing out of a nursery into a real school. We have decided to add grades K1 through grade 6, one grade a year. I am working with [DepEd](#) on this. We will be hiring teachers for the next school year. We add one year at a time as the kids we have get older. I will be very busy for years to come. Maybe we will have a high school before we are complete! Kaysi is running the business office with help from Lailani. Mary and Ivy are the building and grounds managers. We have found a two hectare plot to put the school on. I am working with the bank to secure a mortgage. Ray, this is a very big project! You may not see me for days sometimes! I will have to go to Manila many times. We are married and I love you. But it is good that you have Grace because I will not be here for you.

And you will still run it as a shelter?

Of course! We will have a separate building on the grounds for battered women.

Bel, you are leaving me with Grace, Miafe and four underage girls. Do you really think this is a good idea?

Why? You afraid they fuck you to death? Hehe!

Jesus, Bel! This is serious!

Yes, I sorry. I know, but many men be happy if a wife do this. Di ba?

Yes, I guess so.

Ray, the school will have a small apartment for me. There will be times when we are busy that I will be staying there.

Is our marriage over?

Silly! Of course not! You're my man, Ray! I just be busy sometimes. Like now, I have a meeting at the bank. Ray I go now. OK. We talk more later?

OK, later, Bel.

I think I need a drink, but I don't really drink that much and it is too early in the day... and oh hell, I guess I'll have a glass of water.

I am pouring the glass, as Miafe walks into the room. She has a pretty, and pretty see-through, top on, over a skin colored bra. Her skirt is so short, it defies being even called a skirt. She is barefoot and while I assume she has panties on, there's nothing else on her. Her straight hair is black without the brown that some of the others are getting at the beauty parlor. She has minimal makeup on primarily because she just doesn't need any. Her nails are painted a variety of colors. One nail is blue, another green, and another blood red.

She slides up next to me, her hip touching my thigh, an arm on my shoulder. *Asawa, I want a ring, and Grace needs one too. We need the world to know, we are married. I don't want men coming up to me. And if they do, I want to flash my ring in their face and say, 'Taken!'*

I see. Are these two rings to be the same?

No! We pick our own, with you of course! I don't want a ring that Tita Grace will like, bobo⁶⁶.

⁶⁶ Means, 'stupid,' but can be used in loving jest as it is here, to suggest the man is being a normal clueless male of the species.

Are you going to wave it under the noses of the others in this house?

No! That would be rude. I am not rude!

How do you think Lailani will feel about it? How about Mayari or Masaya?

Lailani need one too, but the others, they will understand.

Miafe, I am not sure they will.

But they not your wives, Ray. Me and Tita Grace, your wives.

Yes that's true. But all are mine, wives or not. And all will say they need the same protection, as you do when you go out. If you get a ring, they will want one too and maybe you should all have one. Both Tita Grace and Anabel say that all of you are mine forever. I think you are all crazy, but if you are all mine, then I guess maybe you all need the same 'protection.'

But I want something special as your wife!

Miafe, you have it. You have my love. You have Anabel's acceptance of you as my wife. The others do not have that.

Anabel? She say I am your wife? Wow! OK. It OK if I say that to her?

Yes, Miafe. I think you should. I think you should talk to Anabel about being a wife.

And she not be mad with me?

She will not be angry with you. She knows. It's OK. Really.

Thanks! Miafe kisses and hugs me, in a way that seems more childlike than wifely. Oh what has happened to me? After a bit more canoodling Miafe plants one more kiss in a very wifely fashion on my lips and dashes away to handle some pressing matter which is completely unknown to me.

Once again the house is devoid of all but me. Grace has gone shopping. She will return in a few hours. But today I am not edgy. In fact, I am calm. The talk I had with Anabel this morning, which followed the events of last night, have brought clarity and maybe some stability that I was missing before. No more of this confusing game we were playing. Anabel is my putative wife outside the home, but my real wife is Grace. Yes, Miafe sees herself as a wife and she may in time grow into a real one, but for now, it is Grace and only Grace. For some reason, that is working out for me. I love Anabel, but as corny as it seems, sometimes, love means letting go. In this case, I need to let go so Anabel can follow her desires to help women. That it ballooned into this damned school thing is just one of those weird results the world throws at you. This shelter is what Anabel deeply wants, no needs, to provide, and I would be a fool to stand in her way. Grace has provided her a 'graceful' way to exit the marriage without having to leave legally.

Who knows, maybe she will return to me. Maybe once she has gotten all these things running and self-sustaining, she will think she can resign from the front lines. I don't know and I would bet that Anabel doesn't know either. If she does return, Grace will not stand in her way. That's the fascinating thing about Grace.

Anyway, as I was saying, I am relaxed. The other day I was out in the tool shed, or bang-house as it is called here. I haven't messed around in there, for a few years. But I have a bunch of wood working tools, and stacks of wood: Narra, Mahogany, Bagras, Teak and Rosewood. I had plans to make some furniture; plans that seem to have fallen into a pipe dream, as I have not returned to the projects for a very long time. Now for some reason, I feel the need to start working some wood into an object of use and beauty. And so, with a sense of peace settling my heart, I saunter out to see what the wood will say to my hands when I hold it.

§ § §

It's amazing how time slips by when I am concentrating on building something. I decided to do something relatively simple, to get back in the groove. I had a nice block of rosewood, I had forgotten about until I was rummaging around. I decided to make two wall sconces from it. First I use my band saw and trim off corners. Then I set the block on my lathe, and proceed to round the block on the vertical surface. Next, I work the

“inside” with my lathe and make a bowl. Once the walls of the bowl are as thin as I want them, I remove it from the lathe and return to the band saw, cutting the bowl in two. I am working at sanding my sconces before applying oil to them, to bring out the luster of the rosewood, when Grace pokes her head into the shop to ask if I am ever going to come in for supper. She points out that I never stopped for lunch and it is already 7:30 at night. I'll be damned. It has been a good day.

Walking back to the house, Grace asks me how my talk with Anabel went this morning.

You had lunch with her didn't you?

Yes.

Well, what did she tell you?

She say, ask you.

Oh Grace, she said more than that! What did she say?

Why you ask me that?

Grace! You ask me what she told me. Well, girl, what did she tell you?

She say she depend on me to take care of you and be good to you. She say if I have problem, to come to her. She say, she will come back to you later. But she say I will not have to go. Now, what she tell you?

I will tell you what she told me even though these where not her exact words. They were her meaning. She has known for a long time that you are my wife. She says, she decided to make friends with you and be a wife too, or she would lose me to you. She is happy for me to have you and she likes and trusts you. She says she will be gone a great deal for a long time. She does not know how long. Her school is getting bigger and bigger.

So, Ray, you mine now, di ba?

Yes Grace, I am your husband, just like you dreamed.

Good, but I not tell you all my dream.

OK Grace, what did you not tell me.

Years ago, I dream of a man who will be the man for me and my nieces. Ray, you not know this. Lailani and Miafe, they orphans. Their parents gunned down because of a fight about some land. I see this murder in my dream. I go get the girls, because in my dream, they dead if I not get them. But in my dream, I not able to save my sister and her husband. So next morning I go to my sister's house and say, 'let the girls stay with me this week. I am lonely.' My sister allow this and I bring the girls to my parent's house. That day, my sister and her husband, they killed. ... The people who kill them, take our land and we now poor. But I take care of my nieces. ... Then I have another dream. The dream tells me to send Lailani away to search for a man. If she find the right one, she bring him to us. He will be our man and we will be his, all three of us, for as long as we all live. I was young teenager when I take the girls. As soon as I have this dream, I know I not let any man touch me until Lailani grow up and find a man for us. I make sure Miafe also not allow a man to touch her. Everyone where we live think I am crazy. My parents die but I still not take a man. But I do this. I know Lailani find you and bring you and save us. You do this. We all your wives. Lailani too. She know I tell you this today. We talk after I talk with Ate Bel. She know I tell you the real story. She sorry she hide this from you. But I tell her she must not tell you or maybe you not come to us. She afraid today that you will be angry with her. I tell her that you will not be angry. I am right, di ba? You know what else? In my dream you love to make things from wood! I never see you do this until today! See my dream is a true thing.

This is a lot to digest. By the time Grace has finished the tale, I am at the supper table. Sitting there, are Miafe and Lailani. No one else. Lailani hurriedly puts a plate of food in front of me, trying desperately to not drop the plate from her shaking hands. Miafe is just sitting there, holding her breath.

Miafe, did you know about Tita Grace's dream?

Opo.

When did you first hear of it?

I was very young Sir. I do not remember the first time. I always know you would come for us. That is why I am your wife. It is not possible to be a wife to anyone else. We are to be yours.

Lailani, you were the one to give up your virginity to find the right man. Is that what I am hearing?

Yes, Ray. One of us had to do it. Tita tell me, it is to be me to do this. But I only meet bad men. You know this. When I meet you, you are married and I not think it can be you. Then you, and Ate Bel, save me. You make love to me and I do think you show me love. I see Ate Bel allows this and I think, it must be you! The thing with the young girls, that a mistake. I not realize what they do that night until it is too late. Tita Grace teach us to be young virgins. I forget the others, they not do this. Mary and Ivy, they know they here because Grace allows it. They not cause problems like Grace say you think last night. They will be good. They happy to be maids you fuck. They not wives to you.

Lailani, they are more than maids I fuck. They are mothers to my children.

Sorry, sorry. Yes, this is true. I am wrong. But they not the same as us. There was no dream for them. Only us. We are the true ones for you. We are yours. No one can be yours like we are.

OK, I hear you and I guess I understand why you feel the way you feel. Grace, you are telling me that the three of you are one, in the fact that you are all my wives and I cannot separate one of you from the other two. Do I have that right? You are sort of a trinity?

Yes. I think so. I not sure what you mean, trinity.

But you do understand that you have to share me with Anabel. Right?

And now comes a shock as Lailani speaks, No Ray, she is too busy and she will be busy for the rest of her life. Tita Grace not tell you everything. Tita have another dream when she get here. Her dream is Ate Bel is president of a college. We started with the nursery. Now we add grade school. Later we add high school. Then we will add the college. She will be 'busy' for the next twenty-five years. We make sure of this. I tell her to

use the shelter for apartments for herself and Kaysi, because they need to be there so much. This will happen in a week or two, baka⁶⁷. In Tita's dream, Ate never come back to you. She love you and respect you but lives like a nun for the rest of her life. She trades this role with Tita Grace! Before Tita Grace is the Nun! You are friends with her, but no more than that. She has no more children even though she say she want that. She never finds the time! I make sure of that. That why I work at the school. I am the one who keeps things going that way.

What if I go to Anabel and tell her what you are doing?

You won't Ray. We already know this. We know you love Anabel too much to hurt her by telling her. She is happier than she has been in years. You know this. So you will not tell her. Also, you love Grace very much. If you tell Anabel, you hurt both Anabel and Grace. I think you love me too, Ray.

OK, you have gotten Anabel, my wife!, out of your way. Do you have plans to get Mary and Ivy out of the way too?

This time it is Miafe who drops the news, This not a problem. They also very busy with the school. They get good paying jobs there. They will be very busy as the school grows. So they not leave you, but they not here most of the time. We give them apartments at the school, because they need to be there so much! They keep their kids with them in the apartment rooms. So they not here much.

I look at Lailani, And Kaysi? Is she too busy with the school to?

Yes, of course. She loves you and Ate Bel, but she very much wants to help women who get hit. So she is busy with that. She loves you but not need you!

So, Grace, it's just you three and the young ones?

Yes. That is true.

Do you have any idea what I am about to say?

⁶⁷ Perhaps, maybe. But if pronounced a bit differently it means Cow.

No Ray. I scared you are angry. I think maybe I make a mistake in telling you.

Grace, this is maybe the best news I have had in a very, very long time! I can live with the three of you far easier than seven of you. But what do we do with the young ones?

No choice. They are yours. But Mahal⁶⁸, there is one more thing.

And that is?

In my dream, I give you four children. Lailani give you four and Miafe give you six. You do have a tribe, Ray. This is seen, and it will be.

⁶⁸ My love. Literally 'Dear.' Can mean a dear one, or to pay a dear price.

Chapter 20: Land ho!

I don't believe in [mumu](#)'s⁶⁹ or dream prophecy. Dream prophecy is not part of Filipino culture. I have no idea where this came from in Grace's case. But she clearly believes it and bends reality to get the results she expects, if not wants. I suspect there was good reason to believe her sister and brother-in-law would come to a bad end without the dream informing Grace. However, that seems to have been the basis for everything that has followed.

Much of the manipulation from Lailani, and all that came after, has been explained by these revelations of Grace and her nieces. Kaysi's original manipulation was far more crude and more straight-forward. In fact she telegraphed it.

I guess I could get angry with Grace, but I am not sure that damage has really been done. In fact, it was Anabel and Kaysi who did the initial damage. Grace, and her nieces, didn't do the damage, as much as they were swept into my life because of the damage that was already in progress. In some ways, their actions have cauterized the wound and put a bandage over it.

Yes, it feels like a part of me has been severed, and it has. My marriage to Anabel, has been iced. It hurts. But it needed to happen and it would not have happened as cleanly, and as well, as it has, if it were not for Grace. However, my view of Grace as being a passive and supportive member of a complex harem has been replaced by the more accurate view of her as the schemer-in-chief.

Further, I still have no desire to father another eleven children between the three of them. I guess I am happy as I can be, with the arrangement as it is, but will probably end up losing that battle. Lailani does not have an apartment at the school. She is home every night. There is no competition between the Trinity. Life has gotten much calmer. Sam2x and Boy2x are living with Kaysi, at the school. Having Sam2x out of the house relieves me of a huge burden and Grace, just like me, has no desire to bring anyone else into our life. Of that I am supremely happy.

⁶⁹ Ghosts.

§ § §

It has been over a year since Anabel's school moved onto the two hectare site. There had been a small college there, but it had closed its doors. And so following a renovation, Anabel's school was off and running very quickly. A dormitory now functions, following some remodeling, as both the women's shelter and as the staff apartments. Anabel says that having the staff live among these women, gives them 'normative behaviors' to model as they learn to live violence free lives. It makes sense in one way, but it is a male free environment, and that is not normal, a point I made to Anabel, much to her discomfort.

Things have worked the way Grace planned, or prophesied. I rarely have breakfasts with Anabel, and Grace gets to see Anabel about once a week on average. Kaysi stops by on occasion and never brings Sam2x, for which I am grateful. I get to see my children, the ones who live at the school in their mothers' apartments, on Sunday afternoons. Miafe is no longer underage, and she now has two children from me. Grace is pregnant with her second. Lailani, is only working part time in the school now. Even if she was there more, she tells me she would rarely see Anabel or Kaysi. They travel in different circles. Mary and Ivy have a staff of twenty-five to supervise. They rarely come around except on Sundays with the kids.

Mary pulled me aside one Sunday to ask if I was angry with her for abandoning me. She told me that Ivy and she felt guilty that they were no longer with me. I assured them I was happy for them. They are no longer pushing for more babies.

Grace has masterminded a complete and radical transformation of my life. Inday, Mayari and Masaya are coming close to being of legal age and they are still in my bed frequently. That means there are six females in my life and in my bed. It's a bunch better than it was but I have asked Grace if there isn't some way to get the number down to three. She tells me that there isn't. She tells me I am being evil to suggest such a thing. These girls have given themselves to me and they are mine.

As much as Grace had no problems moving the older ones out of my life along with my own children from those females, she has nothing but

problems when it comes to Masaya, Mayari and Inday. Once again there is something going on that I do not understand. Most likely, I never will.

Lailani has made a change in attire. She is now dressing as her Tita Grace and sister are dressing, when she is not at the school. Is it permissible to say that it is incredibly distracting? I mean that it's hard to concentrate on something else when one of them walks into view. If two of them approach, nothing else seems to matter and when it is all three, well, shit, my tongue is hanging out. They know this and push my buttons frequently.

The Trinity, and that's how I think of them, are not hiding that I am theirs now, and no longer Anabel's. Anabel's friends initially shunned the Trinity, after the coup, but Anabel herself put an end to that, by having The Trinity and me attend a function to which she had been invited by her friends. She insisted on having Grace sit between the two of us with the other two of the trinity flanking us. Anabel engaged in an animated and pleasant dialog with Grace and Miafe, who sat on either side of her. Twice she kissed Grace on the cheek and held Grace's hand. Later before the event ended she kissed each of us before the Trinity and I took our leave, before Anabel took hers.

After that, the ice was broken and Anabel's friends started to include the Trinity in the frequent social events. A few of the women asked Grace what the fuck was up with all this. Grace, feeling perfectly OK with all of it, told those who asked that her presence was welcome by Anabel, so that Anabel could pursue her own dreams. Since it was completely true, if not complete in all the details, the questions ended. Women started coming to visit and we have been having some parties here at the house. None of the men believe me when I call myself an innocent victim of female intrigue. They want to believe I engineered all this craziness. All I can manage to do, is to point out, that I am neither that smart nor that good looking.

There is one other odd thing that is going on. The wives of other men are flirting with me in incredibly suggestive ways. I am not going to do anything about this flirting, but I mention it because it makes no sense to me. Many of these women are quite lovely, but I'd have to be out of my fucking mind to indicate any interest in response to the flirting.

How do they flirt? They make suggestive comments like one wishes her husband was as attractive to women as I am. Another asks me if I am lonely! Some brush up against me or lean in to whisper in my ear some inane comment. It makes no sense and for Christ's sake, they are all married!

Would many of them be an interesting fuck, once? Sure. To those of you who think you can have a one time nooner without strings with a woman who is not a prostitute, well fella, you're dreaming. Put your Peter in the magic kingdom and there are always strings attached. No one knows this better than I do now.

If I do not want to live with the female, I do not want to fuck her. I might enjoy it for a moment, but will regret it for far longer. This is a lesson I never would have learned if I wasn't living here; here, where I do not have to be the pursuer, but am rather the object of the desires of others. Think I am blowing hot air? Only those of you who do not live here, would think that!

Even those guys who think I am a mastermind, are talking about how I got the woman/women I am with to not freak out as I added the other women. It is true that the normal behavior of the Filipina is to behave like a pitbull keeping other women from 'her man.' The wives of these other guys would not let any woman near their husbands, even though they flirt with me! All of the men here have women approach them. They know it's not hard to find other women. It's how I got the ones I was already with to allow it that has them flummoxed.

The guys are right in the most part but do not understand Anabel. As for now, they are more right than they know. Grace is just as territorial. It's just that there are more females than normal inside the territorial boundary. Grace will not abide any other female to get that close to me again. I need that and am grateful for it.

Tonight I will lie with Lailani. Of the six, she is the only one who was not a virgin when I first took her. She is still a beautiful young woman and I haven't gotten any younger. She showers first and waits in bed for me to shower. It's not hot steamy romance. We are very much like an old married couple. We have seen each other at our worst, through illness, and other crap. We aren't sneaking around, we aren't hiding and though it

is arguable based on Philippine law, that we might be charged with something like adultery, my wife would have to make the complaint and she will not.

Yes, Lailani looks sexy as hell, but there is nothing sexy in waiting for your lover to take his shower as you lie in bed playing Candy Crush or Angry Birds on your iPhone. I do not look sexy in the least.

Still when we turn off the lights, Lailani drapes her lithe body on me. Her hands go searching over me. She whispers to me that I am her handsome guy. She tells me she is cold and please hold her and make her warm. She feels wonderful in my arms. We kiss. We touch places we know the other likes to be touched. Lailani loves me to touch but not roll her nipples. She strokes my member. At first I am soft and she giggles, saying, *Wala!*⁷⁰ I laugh, and play with her breasts more. My member is becoming a pole as she continues, earning an, *Ummm, nice!*

Her pussy is getting wet. Her hips push up into my fingers. There is silence as we pleasure each other. The soft foam mattress on the king sized bed does not report on our activities. It is mute beneath us. We proceed both lazily and insistently simultaneously, in the dark bedroom. The only sound is of the aircon, running on medium speed and a medium temperature setting. She wants me to mount her. I resist and continue to play with her, bringing her to orgasms, one after another. I don't really want to stop. I just want to keep her going for as long as I can, but she pulls me up on her as forcefully as she can, giving me clear notice that she wants me inside her.

The way into her is easy and well lubricated. My cock is here often. This is a woman who I know in the most elemental fashion. I luxuriate in the sensations, being in no rush to consummate the act. Lailani is breathing hard and experiencing this lovemaking in a way that no man will ever grasp. She is happy to accommodate my cock, but her cunt needs my cum. It's not that she wants it, as much as it is a primal need that cannot be expressed nor explained. Her body pushes me to fulfill the ritual and plant the seed. It is the need of a mate and not a fuck buddy. We are mating. We both know this. It is communicated subtly, through touch, through words, through raw desire induced from within rather than seduction.

⁷⁰ Nothing.

I feel it. I know it and I respond to it. There is no option but to fulfill my role. This is not a game. I am not conning a girl to 'get into her pants.' I am Lailani's man. Her only man. She has needs and I am the only one permitted and expected to meet them. And so, as my cock slides in and out of her cunt, there is a combination of feelings. The excitement of sexual arousal; the intimacy of love; the need to complete the biological imperative.

And I do. I cum inside the cunt of a woman I love and with whom I will live for the rest of my life. The fact that she is not the only woman I will live with is at this moment, irrelevant.

Having cum and rolled off her, I ask, *Well that was good practice. When do we do the real thing?* She laughs, slaps my arms and says, *Bastos ka!*⁷¹

We laugh and hold each other before falling asleep in each other's arms.

In the morning, I am sitting at the breakfast table with Miafe, Lailani and Grace. The discussion is pure gossip, but I am one of the participants. Nothing swirls around me. No, I am included in the swapping of information and planning of our day. Much like it used to be with Anabel, years ago, then replaced with Grace as my confidant. Now it is the Trinity and me; a marriage of the Trinity and me. Yes, Mayari, Masaya and Inday live with us and yes, I do take them to my bed, but they are not part of this ad hoc marriage, at least not yet.

I make a comment to Grace about that and her answer is to be patient. *Mahal, they are too young. Yes they teenagers, but wait a few years and they will be at the table with us each morning, you will see.*

So here I am. Sheltering six females of various ages. None of them are married to me, at least not legally. I will not leave them and they will not leave me. My legal wife is now a professional 'shelterer' if you will. She has made it her life's work to provide shelter and support to women and girls. Her school, though it takes boys and girls, makes a point to teach respect for women and girls, through the curricula and through the lessons and practice of how the shelter operates.

⁷¹ You are rude, crude or bawdy.

I remain ambivalent in that there are no male role models in her shelter or school, but do not want to be that model. Anabel is, what Grace said she would become... a friend, and nothing more. She does not come to my bed at all.

She has her shelter and I guess I have mine. No more females will ever enter my life with the exception of daughters and I have stopped fighting that issue. There are no more seductions. There are no more intrigues. In a very real way, I have my life back... and you should see the new dresser I have just completed for Grace. It's of mahogany.

The End

Recipes:

Ampalaya Con Carne



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Filipino Style Recipe: Ampalaya con carne is another simple yet healthy dish. Bitter gourd or ampalaya cut into thin slices then cook together with beef strips in a blend of soy sauce, oyster sauce, cornstarch, salt and pepper until the ampalaya and beef are tender.

Estimated time of preparation: 15 minutes

Estimated time of cooking: 20 minutes

Good for 2-3 persons

Ingredients:

- 300 grams beef sirloin, cut into thin strips
- 1 medium-sized bitter gourd (ampalaya), cut in half then removing the seeds and sliced crosswise
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon oyster sauce
- 3 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 thumb-sized ginger, julienned
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tablespoon sesame oil(optional)

Procedures:

Part 1

1. In a bowl, combine beef, soy sauce, cornstarch, sesame oil, sugar, salt and pepper then marinate for an hour.
2. In a separate bowl, combine bitter melon, 1/4 cup salt and enough water then soak for 15 minutes. Rinse, drain and set aside.

Part 2

1. In a pan, heat oil then stir fry marinated beef for 5 minutes. Remove the beef from the pan and set aside.

Part 3

1. In a same pan, saute garlic, onion and ginger.
2. Add bitter melon, water and oyster sauce then simmer for 5 minutes or until tender.
3. Put back beef then season with salt and pepper to according to taste.
4. Turn off heat then serve with steamed rice.

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Pinakbet Recipe



Estimated cooking time: 35 minutes

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Ingredients:

- 1/4 kilo pork with fat, cut into small pieces
- 2 Amapalya (bitter melons) sliced to bite size pieces
- 2 **asian** eggplants, sliced to bite size pieces
- 5 pieces of okra, cut in two
- 1 head garlic, minced
- 2 onions, diced
- 5 tomatoes, sliced
- 1 tablespoon of ginger, crushed and sliced
- 4 tablespoons bagoong isda or bagoong alamang (or add some extra salt if you can't get this)
- 3 tablespoons of oil
- 1 1/2 cup water
- Salt and pepper to taste

Pakbet Cooking Instructions:

In a cooking pan, heat oil and fry the pork until brown, remove the pork from the pan and set aside.

On the same pan, saute garlic, onion, ginger and tomatoes.

In a casserole, boil water and add bagoong.

Add the pork in the casserole and mix in the sautéed garlic, onion, ginger and tomatoes. Bring to a boil and simmer for 10 minutes.

Add in all the vegetables and cook until the vegetables are done, careful not to overcook.

Salt and pepper to taste.
Serve hot with plain rice.

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Pancit Bihon Guisado



Ingredients:

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- 2 tbsp cooking oil
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 tbsp fish sauce
- 1 cup boiled meat, cut into strips
- 2 pcs chinese sausage, strips
- 1/2 head cabbage, cut into squares
- 1 large carrots, strips
- 1 cup green beans, sliced diagonally
- 1 cup snow peas
- 3 tbsp soy sauce
- 3 cups broth
- 2 tbsp kintsay / cilantro
- 1 bundle or 8oz rice sticks
- salt & pepper to taste
- lemon

Preparation:

Boil the meat in water until tender. Reserve the soup.
Soak the rice sticks in water.
In a pan, saute garlic in cooking oil. Add onions, meat and chinese sausage. Add fish sauce and cook for 3 minutes.
Add green beans, carrots, cabbage, snow peas and kintsay/cilantro. Cook until vegetables are half-cooked. Remove

from heat. Set aside.

In a wok, boil soy sauce and broth. Add the rice sticks and cook until the rice sticks are tender.

Add the cooked vegetables.

Season with salt and pepper.

Serve with kalamansi.

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Batchoy



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Serves 4 to 6.

Ingredients:

- 8 cups water
- 1/3 lb. pork butt or pork loin (boneless or bone-in)
- 1/4 lb. pork or chicken liver
- 1 chicken breast (bone-in)
- 1/4 lb. fresh shrimp, shelled and deveined
- 2 tbsp. oil
- one (2-in/5-cm) piece ginger, finely sliced
- 1 onion, finely sliced
- 3 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 tbsp. fish sauce
- 1 tbsp. shrimp paste
- 1/4 tsp. sugar
- salt and pepper, to taste
- 8 oz (240g) fresh Chinese egg noodles or fettucine or 4 oz (100g) dried ramen noodles

Garnish

- 4 finely chopped green onions
- 4 tbsp. Fried Garlic
- 1/2 cup coarsely crushed fried pork rinds

Preparation:

Pour water to a stockpot and bring to a boil.
Add pork, liver and chicken; season with salt and pepper.
Cover and cook over high heat for 15 minutes; skim off the fat.
Take out the meat and the liver; let it cool.
Reserve the broth and set aside.
By using your hands (or two forks – one to shred the meat and one to hold the bone) shred the pork and chicken meat; discard the bones.
Slice the liver thinly. Set aside.
Heat 1 tablespoon oil in a large skillet over medium heat.
Sauté ginger for 2 minutes.
Add onion and garlic; sauté until onion is translucent.
Remove from the pan and set aside.
In the same skillet, heat the remaining oil over medium heat.
Stir-fry the shredded pork and chicken for about 5 minutes, or until lightly brown.
Add shrimp; stir-fry for 5 minutes, or until shrimp turns pink and cook.
Remove from the pan and set aside.
Add the sautéed ginger, garlic and onion to the reserved broth in the stockpot; bring to boil.
Add fish sauce, shrimp paste, sugar and salt and pepper, to taste.
Reduce heat and add the noodles.
Simmer for about 2-3 minutes (for fresh noodles) or 10 minutes (for dried noodles), or until noodles are soft.
Ladle the broth and noodles into individual bowls.
Top with the sautéed meat and shrimp and sliced liver.
Garnish with green onions, Fried Garlic, and fried pork rinds.
Serve hot.

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Pork Afritada



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Ingredients:

- ¼ cup oil
- 2 medium potatoes, peeled and cubed
- 1 large carrot, peeled and cubed
- ½ green bell pepper, seeded and cut into cubes
- ½ red bell pepper, seeded and cut into cubes
- 1 small onion, peeled and chopped
- 2 to 3 cloves garlic, peeled and minced
- 2 pounds pork belly or pork butt, cut into 2-inch cubes
- 1 tablespoon fish sauce
- 1 (15 ounces) can tomato sauce
- 2 cups water
- salt and pepper to taste

Preparation:

Step 1.

- In a pot over medium heat, heat oil.
- Add potatoes and carrots and cook, turning once or twice until lightly browned.
- Remove from pan and drain on paper towels.

Step 2.

- Remove from pan and drain on paper towels.
- Add bell pepper and cook for about 30 to 45 seconds.
- Remove from pan and drain on paper towels.
- Remove oil from pot except about 2 tablespoons.
- Add onions and garlic and cook, stirring regularly, until limp.
- Add pork and cook, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned.
- Add fish sauce and cook for about 2 to 3 minutes.

Step 3.

- Add tomato sauce and water and bring to a boil.
- Lower heat, cover and cook for about 40 to 45 minutes or until pork is tender.

Step 4.

- Add potatoes and carrots and continue to cook until potatoes and carrots are fork-tender and sauce is thickened and reduced.
- Add bell peppers and cook for 1 to 2 minutes or until tender yet crisp.
- Season with salt and pepper to taste.
- Serve hot.

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Kinilaw na Tuna



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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 chiles) vinegar
- 4 gloves 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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Lumpia



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Prep Time: 45 to 60 Minutes

Cook Time: 25 Minutes

Servings: 10

Ingredients:

- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 pound ground pork
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup minced carrots
- 1/2 cup chopped green onions
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced green cabbage
- teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- 30 [lumpia wrappers](#)
- 2 cups vegetable oil for frying

Preparation:

Step 1.

- Place a wok or large skillet over high heat, and pour in 1 tablespoon vegetable oil.

- Cook pork, stirring frequently, until no pink is showing. Remove pork from pan and set aside.
- Drain grease from pan, leaving a thin coating.
- Cook garlic and onion in the same pan for 2 minutes.
- Stir in the cooked pork, carrots, green onions, and cabbage.
- Season with pepper, salt, garlic powder, and soy sauce.
- Remove from heat, and set aside until cool enough to handle.

Step 2.

- Place three heaping tablespoons of the filling diagonally near one corner of each wrapper, leaving a 1 1/2 inch space at both ends.
- Fold the side along the length of the filling over the filling, tuck in both ends, and roll neatly.
- Keep the roll tight as you assemble.
- Moisten the other side of the wrapper with water to seal the edge.
- Cover the rolls with plastic wrap to retain moisture.
- 3. Heat a heavy skillet over medium heat, add oil to 1/2 inch depth, and heat for 5 minutes.
- Slide 3 or 4 lumpia into the oil. Fry the rolls for 1 to 2 minutes, until all sides are golden brown.
- Drain on paper towels.
- Serve immediately.

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Puto



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Prep time: 20 mins
Cook time: 10 mins
Total time: 30 mins
Yield: about 3 Dozens

Ingredients:

4 cups rice flour
1-1/2 tablespoons baking powder
1-1/2 cups sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 (13.5 ounces) can coconut milk
1-1/2 cups water
non-stick cooking spray or melted butter

Preparation:

Step 1.

- In a bowl, sift together rice flour, baking powder, sugar and salt.
- Add coconut milk and stir until blended.
- Add water and stir until blended.

Step 2.

- Lightly spray insides of puto molds with non-stick cooking or lightly brush with melted butter.
- Pour puto batter into molds until $\frac{3}{4}$ full.

Step 3.

- Arrange filled puto molds in a single layer on steamer basket.

- In bottom part of steamer, add water and bring to a SIMMER... nothing higher or you will ruin them!
- Place steamer basket over bottom part.
- Wrap lid of steamer with cheesecloth or any cotton material (to prevent condensation from dripping onto puto) and cover steamer.
- Steam puto for about 10 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.
- Allow to slightly cool and gently remove puto from molds.

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Bananaque (Banana-Q)



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Ingredients:

- 12 pcs. Saba Banana (a little soft but not ripe)
- 1 1/2 cup Light Brown Sugar
- (Adjust the brown sugar according to your taste.
- If you want a lot of caramelized sugar sticking to the banana,
- have at least 1 cup sugar per 4-5 bananas)
- 4-6 cups Vegetable Oil for Frying
- 6 pcs. Bamboo Skewers

Substitution if you can't get Saba. Ripe Plantains. Slice into 1 1/2 inch lengths, but make sure the plantains are ripe as they are not as sweet and soft as the saba if unripened.

Preparation:

- 1 Cut one end of the banana and remove the peel.
- 2 Heat up the oil on medium heat add the brown sugar. Cook for a couple minutes.
- 3 Put the banana and stir gently and continuously.
- 4 Cook for 10 minutes or until the sugar has stuck on the banana.
- 5 Skewer the banana directly while taking out of the pan.
- 6 Let it cool down for a bit on a wire rack before serving. Do not cover or the hardened sugar will melt down from steam.

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Filipino Paella



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Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 cup glutinous rice (malagkit)
- 1 1/2 cup white rice
- 1/4 kilo medium sized shrimp
- 1/4 kilo pork liver
- 3 pcs Filipino chorizo, sliced thinly
- (Philippine chorizos are flavoured with indigenous spices
- and are not like Mexican or Spanish versions.
- Find in an Asian food store)
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1/4 kilo chicken fillet
- 1/2 kg pork loin
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/4 tsp turmeric
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1/4 tsp black pepper
- 1/4 tsp paprika
- 1 small can green peas
- 1 red bell pepper, sliced
- 3 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
- 3 pcs dried bayleaf
- 1/4 teaspoon peppercorns
- salt to taste
- parsley or onion leaves

Preparation:

- Boil the pork, chicken and shrimp to 6 cups of water together with onions, bayleaf and peppercorns, add a teaspoon of salt.
- Once the pork, chicken and shrimp are cook, separate the stock and set aside.
- Slice pork and chicken to bite sizes, remove the shell of the shrimp, set aside.
- Mix glutinous rice with white rice then boil the rice mixture with 3 1/2 cups of pork, chicken and shrimp stock, add the turmeric. Stir once in a while to prevent burning.
- Fry the chorizo, separate then on the same oil fry Pork liver, set aside.
- In a hot oil, Saute garlic, and the remaining onions. Season with salt and pepper.
- Add the cooked pork meat, chicken, shrimp, bell pepper, green peas and simmer for a few minutes.
- Add the cooked rice mixture; blend well, then add the rest of the ingredients and combine lightly.
- Arrange on a platter and garnish with sliced hard-boiled eggs, strips of parsley or onion leaves.
- Good for 10 persons.

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Dinuguan or Blood Stew or Pork Blood Stew.



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Serves: 3-5

Ingredients:

- 500 grams pork belly, cut into cubes
- 1 cup vinegar
- 3 pcs long green pepper
- 1 medium sized onion, chopped finely
- 4 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 tablespoon cooking oil
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups pork blood
- 1 teaspoon salt (just add to your taste preference)
- 1/4 teaspoon msg
- 1/4 teaspoon black ground pepper
- 3 pieces bay leaf

Garnish:

One hot pepper

Preparation:

1. Sauté the garlic and onion in a cooking pot.
2. Add the pork belly, salt, msg, black ground pepper and stir fry for about 10 minutes under medium heat.

3. Followed by a cup of water.
4. Simmer for 10 minutes or until the water is almost gone to tenderize the meat.
5. Add the pork blood, vinegar, chili finger and mix well.
6. Let this simmer for 10-15 minutes or until sauce is dry.

Serve hot.

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Goat Kaldereta or Kalderetang Kambing



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Serves 8

Ingredients:

- 2 lb goat meat (chevon), cubed
- 2 tablespoon garlic, minced
- 2 piece medium-sized onion, minced
- 6 pieces medium sized tomatoes, diced
- 1 teaspoon crushed chili or fresh Thai chili (optional)
- 2 cup tomato sauce
- 1 1/2 cup bell pepper, sliced
- 3/4 cup liver spread
- 1 1/2 cup Spanish green olives (optional)
- 1 cup vinegar
- 2 piece large carrot, cubed
- 2 piece medium-sized potato, cubed
- 6 tablespoons cooking oil
- 4 cups water
- Salt and pepper to taste

Preparation:

- Combine the vinegar, salt, and ground black pepper in a large bowl then marinate the goat meat for at least an hour (This should eliminate the gamey smell and taste of the meat) then separate the meat from the marinade.
- Pour the cooking oil in a cooking pot or casserole and apply heat.

- Sauté the garlic, onion, and tomatoes
- Add the marinated goat meat then cook until the color of the outer part turns light brown
- Put-in the tomato sauce and crushed chili then allow to cook for 2 minutes
- Add the water and allow to boil.
- Simmer for at least 45 minutes or until the meat is tender.
- Add the liver spread and cook for 5 minutes (You may add water if the sauce seems to dry up)
- Put-in the potatoes and carrots then simmer for 8 minutes.
- Add the olives and bell pepper then simmer for another 5 minutes.
- Add salt and pepper to taste.

Serve hot.

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Gimme Shelter



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Gimme Shelter



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